

SPECTRAL

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by  
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The universe is not only stranger than we imagine,  
It's stranger than we *can* imagine.

**J.B.S. HALDANE, EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGIST**  
**(1892-1964)**

Behind every man now alive stands 30 ghosts,  
For that is the ratio by which the dead outnumber the living.

**ARTHUR C. CLARK, AUTHOR**  
**(1917-2008)**

Astronomers now find they have painted themselves into a corner because they have proven, by their own methods, that the world began abruptly in an act of creation to which you can trace the seeds of every star, every planet, every living thing in this cosmos and on the earth.

And they have found that all this happened as a product of forces they cannot hope to discover. That there are what I or anyone would call supernatural forces at work is now, I think, a scientifically proven fact.

**ROBERT JASTROW, NASA SCIENTIST  
(1925-2008)**

S P E C T R A L

**FADE IN:**

**INT. NEWSROOM -- NIGHT**

PULL BACK from an HD VIDEO IMAGE of a news telecast being broadcast from CNN HEADQUARTERS in NEW YORK CITY.

A male NEWS ANCHOR stares into the camera with poise and confidence. BITS OF FOOTAGE relevant to the broadcast play behind him.

CNN ANCHOR

City officials are still refusing to comment on what caused a vacant building in Manhattan to collapse earlier this morning. The unusual amount of secrecy surrounding the investigation has some claiming a government cover-up. Meanwhile, a series of unusual weather phenomena have struck the city, causing traffic delays and rolling black outs that are expected to affect commuters this Memorial Day weekend.

The Anchor presses a finger to his earpiece.

CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

I understand we've got CNN producer Jim Thompson live outside our studio. Jim, how does it look down there?

The image CUTS TO a LIVE CAMERA FEED of-

**EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER / LIVE FEED -- CONTINUOUS**

It's misting out. Everything's slicked with rain.

SIRENS AND CAR HORNS blare in the distance. NYC FIREFIGHTERS and NYPD OFFICERS on horseback attempt to ferry MASSIVE CROWDS AND HUNDREDS OF CARS around the

COLUMBUS CIRCLE FOUNTAIN

The REPORTER on the ground shouts over the mayhem as the camera finds focus.

CNN PRODUCER

As you can see, the weather's caused some serious delays here, with some estimating traffic jams may continue well into the night.

A HEAVY CLOAK OF FOG begins creeping through the area, undulating as it slides over everything -- PEOPLE, TAXIS AND TRAFFIC.

The reporter turns to watch. It's hypnotizing.

CNN PRODUCER (CONT'D)

Something's happening here.

After a few moments, the haze has engulfed the entire area.

MOUNTED POLICE struggle to control SPOOKED HORSES, grunting and kicking in protest.

Suddenly-

CELL-PHONES across the crowd begin RINGING.

First a few, then dozens. One after the other. Until everyone's phone is chiming at maximum.

Then, as if willed to do so-

The cell-phones stop.

Everyone looks around, surprised and confused.

A LOUD HUMMING builds, vibrating the air just as-

A blackout hits the area.

The crowd GASPS. People begin SCREAMING.

The surrounding fog SWIRLS, quickly displaced by something too difficult to make out.

The REPORTER suddenly jumps back, YELPING in pain, clutching his arm as he turns to face the camera.

CNN PRODUCER (CONT'D)

You feel that? I think something...

CAMERAMAN (V.O.)

Lemme me see.

Wracked with pain, the reporter tilts his forearm forward, revealing-

A HUMAN HAND-PRINT SEARED INTO IT.

CAMERAMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Is that-



**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- AFTERNOON**

The low-hanging sun burns across a long patch of perfectly manicured grass.

Hundreds of identical GRAVESTONES adorned with miniature AMERICAN FLAGS dot the landscape in single file.

**SUPER-TITLE: "ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- ARLINGTON COUNTY, VIRGINIA -- 18 HOURS EARLIER."**

ACROSS THE CEMETERY

Highly decorated U.S. NAVY SEAL LCDR. ETHAN NOLAND (Early 40s) stands before a headstone.

He's clothed in crisp DRESS BLUES holding a bouquet of yellow roses. A LONG SCAR crosses one of his cheeks where a bullet grazed him during an overseas mission. Iron-jawed and intense, there's a quiet sadness about Noland. He's a jigsaw missing a piece.

Noland looks down to the gravestone:

MEAGAN ASHLEY NOLAND  
1978-2014

He kneels, clears dead leaves and dirt from its face.

NOLAND

Hey, Meg.

(re: the roses)

Brought you these. Your favorite.

He lays the bouquet at the foot of the tombstone.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Sold the house yesterday. I know, I know. Market's terrible. Still, figured it was time.

(a beat)

God, I miss you. Seems like I've gotten to that age. Life stops giving you things. Starts taking them away.

Noland looks to the sky, contemplative.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Remember when we used to say, "Sometimes good things fall apart so better things can fall together?"

(looking down)

I just can't see the good in you being gone, Meg. Not sure I ever will...

A few heavy moments of silence pass.

Frustrated, Noland awkwardly fidgets with the gold WEDDING BAND on his finger.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Jesus. This feels so stupid. Shrink said it would help. But, you can't hear me. I'm just standing here. Alone. Talking to a block of Goddamn concrete.

A cold breeze WHISTLES through the cemetery.

Noland rises to his feet and looks on-

DARK CLOUDS have started building across the horizon. A storm is coming.

Noland kneels, kissing the cold tombstone just as a low-pitched GRUMBLE of thunder erupts from afar.

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- MOMENTS LATER**

It's drizzling.

Noland passes through a wrought-iron gate and gets into an idling MILITARY HUMVEE.

**INT. HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

NAVY SEAL 1ST LT. TOM GERBER (40s) is in the driver's seat. Noland's second in command. A bear-of-a-man with short-cropped salt and pepper hair and ice-blue eyes.

GERBER

How's Meg?

Noland takes in a deep breath, exhales a lungful of stress.

NOLAND

I need a drink.

CUT TO:

**EXT. IRON SNAKE BAR & GRILL -- LATER, NIGHT**

A seaside military dive bar fronting a gravel parking lot filled with COMBAT VEHICLES.

**INT. IRON SNAKE BAR & GRILL -- CONTINUOUS**

It's packed inside.

Buzzing neon advertisements glow over dozens of rowdy ENLISTED MEN (ARMY, AIR FORCE, NAVY) living it up as they drink frosty beers and toss back shots.

Gerber and Noland sit watching BASKETBALL on ESPN at the other end of the bar.

GERBER

Christ. Knicks look like shit this year.

An attractive YOUNG WAITRESS switches out their empty beer glasses. She bites her lip, looking Gerber up and down before leaving.

Noland and Gerber both notice, watching as the waitress leaves.

Noland raises a glass to Gerber.

NOLAND

Go for it, Lieutenant.

Gerber blushes, waving Noland off as he takes a big gulp of beer.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

You can shoot out the eye of a man at 800 yards, but you can't walk five feet to talk to a girl?

GERBER

Been out of the game too long. You know how it is.

Gerber pulls back, realizing what he's just said, embarrassed.

GERBER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Ethan. I didn't mean to...

NOLAND

Relax, Tom. I know what you meant.

Noland stares off into the past, eyes glazing.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

I still wake up in the middle of the night thinking she's sleeping next to me. Meg...

Gerber lowers his beer, concerned for his friend.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

She used to wear this perfume. I snap awake trying to catch my breath. And it's there. Hanging in the air.

GERBER

That's tough.

Gerber moves close.

GERBER (CONT'D)

Ever think of taking some time off? You know, clear your head? The rest of the guys would understand...

NOLAND

And do what?

Gerber doesn't have an answer. Noland stares him dead in the eye, waiting.

GERBER

Well, hell, Ethan... When you put me on the spot...

(off Noland's look)

Maybe you're right.

Noland takes another swig of beer, shakes it off.

NOLAND

Gotta hit the john. Hold down the fort.

GERBER

That an order, Commander?

NOLAND

(smirking)

Bet your ass it is.

**INT. RESTROOM -- NIGHT**

The bathroom is empty. We can hear ROWDY BAR PATRONS through the paper thin walls.

Noland walks in, moves to a MIRRORED SINK.

He slides off his WEDDING RING and places it in a frothy soap dish, splashing hot water across his face.

Steam quickly fogs up the mirror.

Face dripping, Noland stares at his blurry reflection.

*INSERT SHOT: NOLAND'S MEMORY -- Noland's wife, Meagan, smiles at him bathed in soft light, her gossamer dress blowing in the wind.*

GOOSEBUMPS suddenly crawl across Noland's neck. He gets a chill -- looks up at the mirror to see-

A DARK SILHOUETTE standing behind him. A WOMAN.

Noland's eyes narrow. He looks afraid. Fearful of what clearing the mirror may reveal.

He moves closer to the mirror, clearing the condensation to reveal-

A BATHROOM MOP leaned against a back stall.

He exhales a deep breath. Reaches haphazardly for his wedding ring, but-

It slips right between his fingers!

He tries desperately to catch the ring as it bounces around the sink and swirls down the drain.

Noland becomes enraged, kicking the sink pipes until they SPURT WATER everywhere.

After a few moments, he gives up. The ring's gone.

NOLAND

Shit!

**INT. IRON SNAKE BAR & GRILL -- MOMENTS LATER**

Noland storms out of the bathroom.

Moving forward, he notices the bar crowd has gone silent-

Everyone is glued to the TELEVISIONS.

Noland slides up to Gerber, who looks worried.

NOLAND

What's going on?

GERBER

(whispering)

Something's happening...

Both men watch the TVs-

BEGIN BROADCAST

A CHYRON READS:

MANHATTAN ISLAND DISASTER  
CITY-WIDE EVACUATIONS BEGIN

The broadcast attempts to make sense of what's happening. People from all walks of life are fleeing the city. In cars. On foot. It's pandemonium.

A LIVE SHOT of New York City from the harbor follows-

All of MANHATTAN is consumed in a dense halo of SOUPY FOG. BRIGHT FLAMES AND THICK SMOKE climb the skyline. Half a dozen POLICE HELICOPTERS shoot spotlights across the city like laser light.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

*"Late breaking news from New York this Memorial Day weekend. CNN has just received word that unexplained phenomena have rendered Manhattan Island a disaster area. Unconfirmed reports suggest some sort of event may have been triggered as an act of terrorism."*

END OF BROADCAST

Suddenly-

An EMERGENCY KLAXON booms outside the bar. Everyone rises to their feet, sprinting for the doors.

Noland looks to Gerber, jaw clenched.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY, PENTAGON -- LATE AFTERNOON**

In a crisp black suit adorned with a colorful ribbon bar, the head of SOCOM (SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND), VICE ADMIRAL ERIC SILVER (60s), quickly walks down a long hallway flanked by SEVERAL MILITARY AIDES.

He turns to one Aide with restrained intensity.

ADMIRAL SILVER

What's coming out of Manhattan?

AIDE #1

Very little.

ADMIRAL SILVER

But you're telling me the Army has actionable intelligence worthy of deploying Spec-Ops?

AIDE #1

Yes, sir.

One of the aides hands the Admiral an ARMY GREEN DOSSIER. He quickly flips through it, confused.

ADMIRAL SILVER

This can't be right.

(to Aide #1)

These scenarios came straight from the Joint Chiefs?

AIDE #1

They're expecting a team recommendation at the briefing.

ADMIRAL SILVER

None of this field data makes any sense. Half of it's been redacted. "An unconventional threat of existential risk?"

The Aides swallow hard as they all round a corner.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

What are our options?

Another Aide hands the Admiral a NAVY BLUE DOSSIER.

AIDE #2

We'd like to recommend assembling SEAL TEAM ZULU.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Under the bright eye of a scorching sun, a solitary BLACK HAWK buzzes over the indigo waters of the Indian Ocean, towards a partially damaged, flaming CONTAINER SHIP taken by SOMALI PIRATES.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The group has a flawless operational record running eight years. All graduates of West Point. Over 500 kills. Targets in Lebanon. Chechnya. Earned Navy Crosses during the hostage situation in Somalia.*

- From the deck of the ship, pirate insurgents use PKM MACHINE GUNS to open fire on the approaching helicopter. Using DUAL GUNSHIPS, the copter mows a sparking path over the top of the vessel.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Commander Ethan Noland is our best Point Man on active duty.*

- Using fast ropes, 8 NAVY SEALs repel from the hovering helicopter and onto the containers. Noland bravely leads the charge through a MAZE OF RECEPTACLES as the team separates into two groups.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Second-in-command is Tom Gerber.*

- Gerber and his men move into the SHIP'S WHEELHOUSE, double tapping FIVE INSURGENTS in the head using M4 CARBINES.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*List of Specialists include: Rick Young as team Scout.*

- Rushing down a long, rusted corridor, Young uses a M32 RIOT GUN to shoot canisters of TEAR GAS through the ship.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Gabriel Del Toro as engineer.*

- Del Toro moves into the steaming, leaky ENGINE ROOM and manually shuts down the ship's oily turbines.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Logan Murdock on electronics.*

- Noland provides cover as Murdock tosses a gel-backed SMART MINE onto one of the ship's walls. Murdock uses a hand-held detonator to trigger a short-wave EMP PULSE that kills the ship's electronics and plunges everything into darkness.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Andre Washington on ballistics.*

- ZULU reconvenes at a metal door to the CARGO HOLD that's been bolted shut. Washington slaps a brick of C4 onto the door. He steps back, the door explodes off its hinges and a thick cloud of tear gas sucks into the hold.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Sean Ridley as team Sniper.*

- The team rushes into the smoky cargo hold. Ridley uses a laser sighted MK-12 sniper rifle to pick off pirates wielding AK-47s from overhead catwalks. The rest of ZULU scatters about, double tapping a dozen hostiles in a matter of seconds.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*And, Michael Lee as Battlefield Medic.*

- The smoke slowly clears from the hold. All of the pirates are dead. Lee pulls through the haze and slides over to a group of TERRIFIED HOSTAGES, reassuring each one as he slips gas masks onto their faces.

AIDE #2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*In less than 5 minutes, ZULU put down 15 hostiles and saved the lives of 8 American hostages.*

- With the hostages aboard, the Black Hawk rises safely over the sinking container ship and into the red hot sunset.

BACK TO SCENE

Admiral Silver and his aides come to a set of double doors guarded by TWO MPs.

ADMIRAL SILVER

(to Aide #1)

You want me to recommend sending the Navy's best SEAL TEAM into the fray without knowing exactly what we're up against?

AIDE #3

They want the best.

The Admiral provides credentials to the MPs. The doors part. The Admiral leaves his aides behind and enters...

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- SAME**

The JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF along with several COMMANDERS IN CHIEF are sitting solemnly at a long oak table in a windowless room.

Behind the officers is a large WALL-SCREEN displaying MILITARY INTELLIGENCE FEEDS of the catastrophe overtaking Manhattan.

Admiral Silver slowly steps forward, eyes widening in disbelief. One of the Chiefs motions to an empty chair.

CHIEF

Have a seat, Admiral.

As the doors close, we-

CUT TO:

**EXT. NAVAL STATION NORFOLK (AERIAL) -- LATE NIGHT**

Churning ocean water and cold sheets of rain blow past floodlights crisscrossing over dozens of NIMITZ-CLASS AIRCRAFT SUPER-CARRIERS moored at the piers.

Several SH-60 SEAHAWK HELICOPTERS buzz above clusters of NAVY SEALS guarding the area with fully-loaded ASSAULT RIFLES.

A long CARAVAN OF HUMVEES approaches the floating behemoth...

**EXT. USS EISENHOWER -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland and Gerber get out of the lead vehicle fully uniformed. Noland's much harder now. Confident. A man in charge.

SECURITY OFFICIALS scrutinize their credentials.

The men are next led onto the SHIP'S GANGWAY by a stoic CORPORAL.

CORPORAL

You'll have to excuse the security, Lieutenants. The Secretary's increased us to DEFCON 3.

**INT. USS EISENHOWER -- CONTINUOUS**

The entire place is on HIGH ALERT.

With several other MILITARY OFFICIALS in tow, Noland and Gerber move through the metal bowels of the creaking ship.

The group passes VARIOUS ROOMS filled with MILITARY TECHNICIANS poring over SONAR AND INFRARED DATA.

NOLAND

What's this all about, Corporal? The media's reporting there's been some sort of attack?

CORPORAL

You two are the last of your team to be brought aboard.

(MORE)

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

The head of Special Operations Command,  
Vice Admiral Eric Silver, will be  
briefing you and the others below deck.

The group passes through a RIVETED DOOR.

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

A group of SIX MEN in navy dress blues sit patiently in  
front of an EMPTY PODIUM. This is DEVGRU SEAL TEAM ZULU.  
Guys with spikes-

The most dangerous men alive.

Noland and Gerber enter, finding seats among them.

Beads of fresh rain at his shoulders, Vice Admiral Silver  
quickly enters, moving to the podium.

The SEALs all rise to their feet.

ADMIRAL SILVER

Please, be seated.

The Admiral immediately launches into his briefing.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Commander Noland, SEAL TEAM  
ZULU has been assembled to deal with a  
situation developing in New York City.

(a beat)

At approximately 0300 hours, Eastern  
Standard Time, a catastrophic event  
occurred in Lower Manhattan that now  
threatens the security of the entire  
Eastern Seaboard of the United States.

Concerned glances are exchanged by shaken OFFICIALS across  
the room.

All of the SEALs look disturbed, even Noland.

The Admiral motions to the back of the room. Lights dim  
and the WALL-SCREEN behind him blinks to life.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

What's happening in New York appears to  
have been triggered as a result of an  
incident in the Industrial Sector. Near  
the Battery.

The wall behind the Admiral shifts. A METEOROLOGICAL  
SATELLITE VIEW of Manhattan FROM SPACE fades up.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

However, the media has incorrectly identified the situation. This is not meteorological, despite its appearance.

The screen blinks, displaying a pixilated, top-down, RADIOLOGICAL VIEW of the city. Green, yellow and red CLOUDS OF RADIATION pulse cross the sprawling metropolis, emanating from Lower Manhattan.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

It is radiological.

The Admiral drags his LASER POINTER across the screen.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

This is a radiation view of the city over the last several hours. It was believed the jet stream would carry any fallout across the Atlantic.

(using the pointer)

This was its projected path.

A MOTION GRAPHIC displays the estimated path the radiation should take across the ocean.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

This, however...

The motion graphic fades away.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

...is where it did go.

The radiation cloud remains firmly anchored in Manhattan -- TINY PINS OF RADIATION spreading in a NORTH EASTERLY direction.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

There is structure to its movement.

The screen shifts for one final time.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS REPORTS from outlets across the world are covering the madness in MANHATTAN.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

Local law enforcement is entirely ill-equipped to handle the situation.

FOOTAGE plays of BLOODIED NYPD OFFICERS in front of WALL STREET firing hopelessly into the mist as TRADERS AND BYSTANDERS scatter through a mantle of gunsmoke.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

People are afraid. Many have been injured. Large-scale evacuations have begun, after which the island will be sealed and quarantined. Nothing comes in. Nothing goes out.

(a beat)

As of one hour ago, the President issued an executive order authorizing all branches of the military to begin mounting a joint campaign to take back Manhattan Island.

Confused, Noland looks to the Admiral.

NOLAND

From what, sir?

ADMIRAL SILVER

The enemy, Commander.

The comment sends a chill through the room.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

LaGuardia is now Central Command. SEAL TEAM ZULU will commence a HALO jump into Manhattan at 0500. You will then rendezvous with Colonel Jason Sterling at FOB Manhattan to receive further mission details.

The Corporal from earlier signals the Admiral from across the room.

The Admiral nods, turning to Noland and his men.

ADMIRAL SILVER (CONT'D)

Good-luck and Godspeed, Gentlemen.  
Dismissed.

The SEALs all rise to their feet, saluting the Admiral as he collects his things and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE (AERIAL) -- SUNRISE**

A gold band of brilliant sunlight spreads across the horizon just as TWO F-22 RAPTORS zoom over the blue-glass waters of CHESAPEAKE BAY.

The aircraft bank hard, revealing the grassy island of

FORT MONROE

It's buzzing with activity.

JET FIGHTERS zoom over a CONCRETE RUNWAY lined with AIRCRAFT HANGARS.

**INT. HANGAR -- EARLY MORNING**

Several AVIATION MAINTENANCE TECHNICIANS fuel up an enormous C-130 HERCULES MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT.

Above a canopy of steel girders, the SEALS are preparing for the jump. All of them wrapped in black HALO UDT JUMPSUITS.

The air feels charged. Electric. Everyone can feel it.

2ND LT. GABRIEL DEL TORO (30s) is the team's COMBAT ENGINEER. A Latino from LA covered in TATTOOS. He begins loading BLUEPRINTS OF MANHATTAN onto a transparent, flexible sheet of OLED.

2ND LT. LOGAN MURDOCK (30s) inches up beside Del Toro with two hands full of hardware. He's the team's ELECTRONICS OFFICER, a bearded techy from NorCal. A lit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

MURDOCK

How are things going, Toro?

DEL TORO

When you gonna shave that beard, Murdock?  
You look like a Goddamn lumberjack.

MURDOCK

Kids love it. Wouldn't let me shave  
after Somalia.

Murdock nods to a large tattoo of a sexy, MEXICAN PIN-UP GIRL inked across Del Toro's arm.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

How does the old lady feel about you  
leaving?

DEL TORO

Queen's makin' me take her to Cabo. Soak  
in the sun after all this blows over.  
(a beat)

You?

Murdock pinches the bridge of his nose for relief.

MURDOCK

Disney World.

Del Toro chuckles as Murdock moves close. He watches emerald glowing lines trace themselves across Toro's mapping sheet.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

(re: the blueprints)

What do you think? CO tell you what he thinks may be down there?

DEL TORO

Nobody off-site knows jack-shit. Heard everything from Afghans to aliens.

(re: the blueprints)

Downtown's a mess. Word is, whole blocks've been damaged.

(a beat)

What you got?

Murdock finishes installing long ANTENNAE to each of the team's HGU 55/P BALLISTIC HELMETS. Takes a long pull of his cig.

MURDOCK

High-gain fractal antennae. Lets us tune in to all frequencies. High and low. HQ says something on the island has been screwing with Comms.

Murdock looks over to 2ND LT. ANDRE "WASH" WASHINGTON (Early 30s), the team's well-built, African-American BALLISTICS EXPERT from Queens. Wearing a NEW YORK YANKEES baseball cap, Washington is loading METAL EQUIPMENT CASES into the C-130.

The group's SNIPER, 2ND LT. SEAN RIDLEY (Late 30s), talks Washington up as he cleans a SIG SAUR P266. A good old boy from Corpus Christi who's traded smokeless tobacco for chewing gum, Ridley always has a pink wad in his mouth and a GOLD CROSS dangling from his neck.

WASHINGTON

Old man called me on the flight out here. Said he heard they're putting everyone in Yankee Stadium. You believe that?

RIDLEY

So? Yankees just buy the pennant every year, anyway.

Washington pulls back, offended.

WASHINGTON

Yeah?

RIDLEY

Yeah.

Washington reverses his hat and steps close to Ridley. He towers over the man.

WASHINGTON

What's the difference between a bucket of shit and a Texas Rangers fan?

Unafraid, Ridley kisses his gold cross, then loads a magazine into his SIG SAUR P266 -- CLAP! He looks up to Washington with confidence.

RIDLEY

I dunno, what?

WASHINGTON

The bucket.

Both men chuckle as Washington's attention turns to the team's CAVALRY SCOUT, 2ND. LT. RICK YOUNG (30s). A Native-American man whose hair has been shaved into a close-cropped Mohawk.

Young is sitting in a chair on OXYGEN. Sucking in deep breaths, he sharpens an M9 ARMY KNIFE. 2ND LT. DR. MICHAEL LEE, a Chinese-American medic, is playing travel-size SUDOKU as he tends to Young.

Suddenly, Lee's watch beeps. He looks down to Young.

LEE

That should do it.

Young pulls the hissing mask from his face.

YOUNG

What's this for, again?

Lee continues solving his puzzle.

LEE

Prevents hypoxia. The oxygen will help clear the nitrogen from your blood. We can't have you getting the bends up there.

Young rises to his feet, looks off contemplatively into a morning sky painted in fiery smears of red.

YOUNG

You have a good feeling about this, Doc?

Lee looks up from his game, concerned.

LEE

What do you mean?

Young slips his knife into a holster on his side, snaps out of his daze.

YOUNG

Nothing.

Suddenly, the sun rises, bathing Young and Lee in pink dawn light.

LEE

(in Chinese)

*"Gaishan dianran yige lazhu bi zuzhou  
heian."*

Both men squint, looking off into the horizon.

LEE

"Better to light a candle than curse the  
darkness."

Young puts a hand on Lee's shoulder, turning to leave.

YOUNG

Let's hope so.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Noland stands before a VIDEO WALL-SCREEN showing LIVE FEEDS from TELEVISION STATIONS across the country. Every one is reporting on NEW YORK.

Noland anxiously massages the pale outline where his wedding band should be. Frustrated, he slides a glove over it.

Gerber finishes talking to the PILOTS of the C-130, then approaches Noland.

GERBER

Looks like they've activated everyone.  
Even the reservists.

Noland stares at the TVs. He nods to the other men.

NOLAND

They ready?

GERBER

Just about.

Noland turns to leave, when Gerber grabs him by the arm.

GERBER

Ethan, wait a minute.

(off his look)

Listen, what sort of a threat is so secret, they don't even trust Spec-Ops with it?

NOLAND

Does it matter? We go in either way.

GERBER

Not even a small part of you is afraid of what may be down there?

NOLAND

Even if I say "yes." Doesn't change anything.

(a beat)

Our job is to make things work out that shouldn't. Everything else is just window dressing.

Gerber moves close, lowers his voice.

GERBER

Did you see the look on the Admiral's face?

(off Noland's nod)

Whatever's over there's got them scared shitless.

Noland looks on, his mood intensifying.

NOLAND

Round up the guys.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

SEAL TEAM ZULU stands fully-gearred in single file ahead of the C-130.

Noland moves across the men as F-22s SCREECH overhead:

NOLAND

Listen up. This isn't exactly a run-of-the-mill, high altitude insertion.

(pointing to his wrist)

Keep a close watch on your altimeter. Peak height of downtown superstructures is 1500 feet. Minimum chute opening is 1000 feet.

(MORE)

NOLAND (CONT'D)

You get into trouble up there, prepare for one hell of a rough ride. Precision landing site is Grand Lawn section of Central Park. From there, we rendezvous with ground forces who will take us to FOB Manhattan. Two clicks south of the Park.

(a beat)

Any questions?

Ridley speaks up, smacking his gum.

RIDLEY

What exactly we jumping into, Commander?

NOLAND

SOCOM says we get briefed after the drop.

(a beat)

We good?

The men all nod in agreement.

Noland waves Lee forward.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

(in Chinese, to Lee)

*"They all medically cleared?"*

LEE

(in Chinese, to Noland)

*"Balls to bones, Commander."*

Noland gives the go-ahead for Lee to start passing out RED PILLS to everyone.

DEL TORO

What's this?

WASHINGTON

Your birth control, Toro.

The others laugh.

NOLAND

Potassium-iodide. Anti-radiation medication. Your kits have more.

(to everyone)

Do not forget to dose yourself once every three hours.

Together, the men set MTM WATCHES.

Everyone but Del Toro gulps the medication down.

He squeezes the pill between his fingers, whispers to Lee.

DEL TORO

Rads. I hate takin' this shit.

LEE

Better than the alternative.

DEL TORO

Which is?

LEE

Sterilization, DNA Damage, and death.

Del Toro quickly pops his pill.

Noland addresses them all, one final time.

NOLAND

You boys know the drill. You follow orders, and we all make it through this. You don't, and HQ brings your family a crisply folded flag.

One by one, they all slip on SKULL FACE INFIDEL MASKS.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

"LIVE AS WE DIE!"

SEAL TEAM ZULU

"DIE AS WE LIVE!"

Noland twirls his fingers in the air, signaling the pilots to start up the C-130.

The plane's propellers WHIR to life, whipping the air into a frenzy as the SEALS pile in.

Ridley is the last to jump inside. He pulls the gum from his mouth, using it to cross himself just before getting onto the aircraft.

After finishing, he slaps the gum onto the aluminum exterior of the plane and the cargo doors lift shut.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SKY (AERIAL) -- MORNING**

Orange rays of sunshine sparkle over the brilliant blue arc of Earth's horizon.

ABOVE

The black cloak of SPACE.

BELOW

A scattered blanket of pearly clouds drifting over the dark, cobalt waters of the ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The C-130 banks hard into frame, riding the curve of the Earth toward the EDGE OF THE EAST COAST.

**INT. COCKPIT, C-130 HERCULES -- SAME**

(NOTE: Unusual ELECTRONIC INTERFERENCE affects all radio communication.)

TWO AVIATOR PILOTS wearing pressurized ANTI-G SUITS man a complex INSTRUMENT PANEL pulsing with green light. Black visors and oxygen masks veil their faces.

Through the cockpit window, bands of MORNING GLORY CLOUDS lead to a thick pall of CHURNING ATMOSPHERE surrounding MANHATTAN ISLAND. From this distance, it looks like some prehistoric isle.

The plane's INSTRUMENT PANELS momentarily dim, fluttering weakly, then returning to full power.

The CO-PILOT turns to the CHIEF PILOT, voice CRACKLING through the radio.

CO-PILOT (FILTERED)  
(re: the flicker)  
*"You see that?"*

CHIEF PILOT (FILTERED)  
*"Probably just atmospheric interference.  
Keep an eye on it."*

**INT. CARGO HOLD -- SAME**

Covered head-to-toe in body armor and equipment, SEAL TEAM ZULU quietly brace themselves in the shake of the fast moving plane.

CLEAR VISORS AND GREY OXYGEN MASKS make them look like surreal, extra-terrestrial astronauts. SKULL PATCHES stitched to their jumpsuits identify each man.

The CHIEF PILOT comes over the radio.

CHIEF PILOT (O.S.)  
*"ZULU, we've reached 35,000 feet. Drop  
Point Manhattan in ten mikes, over."*

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"Roger that, CAG."*

Noland turns to his men.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"ZULU, you follow my lead. Temp right now is minus 50. You find yourself accelerating beyond 200 MPH, and you've got about 15 seconds before you ice up and black out."*

Interference CRACKLES through their headsets.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"You read?"*

The men all SHOUT in unison.

SEAL TEAM ZULU (FILTERED)  
*"YES, SIR!"*

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The cargo hold begins VIBRATING intermittently.

Suddenly, a violent BURST OF TURBULENCE rocks the plane.

Noland comes over the radio-

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"How we doing up there?"*

Nothing.

Odd.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"CAG, this is Team Leader, do you copy?"*

Gerber swivels his head to the windows of the hold. FROST CRYSTALS have begun forming around their edges.

The other SEALS take notice as Noland continues trying the pilots by radio.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"CAG, this is Team Leader, can--"*

Through the static, VARIOUS VOICES slowly emerge -- each too muddled to make out. It sounds like someone wildly spinning the dial on an old AM/FM radio.

Noland turns to Murdock, pointing to his helmet.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"Murdock, you hearing this?"*

MURDOCK (FILTERED)  
*"Must be picking up another frequency?"*

Then, one of the VOICES clarifies.

RADIO (FILTERED)  
*"That... You should... Can..."*  
(a long beat)  
*"CRASH THE PLANE."*

Panic breaks across the other men.

Young jumps to his feet.

YOUNG (FILTERED)  
*"The hell did they just say!?!"*

The other SEALs quickly move to keep Young from sprinting to the LOCKED COCKPIT DOOR.

Gerber blocks his way.

Noland jabs a finger in Young's face.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"I want you cool. I want you calm!  
NOW!"*

Young takes his place with the others.

Noland motions Gerber to follow him to the COCKPIT DOOR, which he KNOCKS on.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"This is Lieutenant Commander Ethan  
Noland. Open this door."*

Nothing.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"OPEN THIS DOOR!"*

Still silence.

Noland signals Gerber.

In unison, both men take a step back, THRUSTING thick-tread boots into the metal COCKPIT DOOR.

After a few kicks, it EXPLODES off its hinges, revealing-

**INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS**

In the background, the aircraft's EMERGENCY GPWS SYSTEM sounds in warning.

Noland and Gerber carefully move forward.

More VOICES come over the radio -- the same, EERIE CHATTER we heard before.

It's getting louder.

The men hurry to the front of the cockpit-

Both pilots are DEAD -- visors SMASHED and bodies HORRIBLY MANGLED. Violent splatters of dark BLOOD AND GORE have been splashed across the instrument panel.

GERBER (FILTERED)

*"JESUS CHRIST!"*

Noland keeps his composure. He tries clearing gristle from the ALTIMETER GAUGE.

To his horror, the plane has climbed well beyond 35,000 FEET.

TINY CRACKS begin fracturing across the windshield. First a few, then several, until the glass of the ENTIRE WINDSHIELD is like one massive cobweb.

Noland immediately reacts, pulling Gerber out of the flight deck and into...

**INT. CARGO HOLD -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland sprints over to a CARGO RELEASE LEVER and pulls it.

Slowly, the BAY DOORS begin pulling open, flooding the hold with angry gusts of thin, frozen air.

Noland turns to the team, SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

NOLAND (FILTERED)

*"WE GO NOW!"*

Young steps forward.

YOUNG (FILTERED)

*"WE'RE TOO GODDAMN HIGH!"*

But, before the men can finish arguing, the worst happens.

The STALL ALARM begins ringing.

RUBY-RED LIGHT bathes the interior of the entire plane and orange sparks EXPLODE from electrical systems across the aircraft.

TIME MOMENTARILY SLOWS-

As the plane stalls out, gravity forces the men out of the hold and into...

**EXT. SKY (AERIAL) -- CONTINUOUS**

...the clear atmosphere above NEW YORK STATE.

The SEALs all tumble through the air at random, their protective visors instantly POLARIZING.

Young is the last to fall out, but, before he can join the others-

Suction forces his body into the plane's MASSIVE PROPELLERS, pulverizing it into a mist of red gore.

Noland SCREAMS into his headset.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
"GERBER, WE LOST YOUNG!"

No one answers.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
"ANYBODY READ!?!"

The radio dies.

The sound drops away.

Only the LOUD THUMPING of Noland's heartbeat. The WHOOSH of shallow breathing.

The seven surviving SEALs shoot through the air at incredible speed, the C-130 spiraling OVER AND AWAY FROM THEIR HEADS as it plummets toward the ocean.

Free-falling, the men look like angry black angels cast down from the heavens.

They glide over the white-capped waters of the Atlantic toward the darkly veiled island of MANHATTAN, harsh streaks of wind clawing at their suits.

*NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH HIS VISOR:*

*TELEMETRIC READ-OUTS* dance across the horizon -- tiny ticks of light displaying barometric pressure, latitude, temperature, etc.

Suddenly-

Noland's HUD begins failing. It BLINKS intermittently, before shutting off completely.

Noland tries banging his helmet. Nothing. It's fried.

He checks his wrist ALTIMETER-

The display is going wild. A thin film of FROST creeps over its screen, freezing it solid.

Noland pulls his arms in, racing toward the fog at terminal velocity, the SEALS following close behind.

Noland's heart races. It's getting louder and louder...

10,000 FEET...

8,000 FEET...

6,000 FEET...

4,000 FEET.

Noland's eyesight begins going. He's falling too fast.

He gets dizzy. Begins losing control.

Clenches his eyes tight, fighting off unconsciousness, bracing as the others descend with him

THROUGH THE FOG CLOUD

stormy weather and mist hurtling past them in thick, blurry streaks.

Noland SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, desperate to remain conscious. Long rivulets of moisture pull across his visor like tears, freezing solid.

*INSERT CUT: NOLAND'S MEMORY -- Noland's wife, Meagan, runs across a sandy beach, toward the crashing waves of the ATLANTIC OCEAN. Her delicate dress flutters in the wind as fine sand sweeps across the empty beach head.*

CLOSE-ON Noland's pain-stricken face. His eyes bolt open.

He drops-

OUT OF THE FOG CLOUD

PULLS on a ripcord, ejecting his PARACHUTE with an explosive force that yanks him into the air above-

**EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN (AERIAL) -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland and the others bank around the twinkling glass face of the METLIFE BUILDING, into MANHATTAN ISLAND-

It's cold and dreary out. Directly below, STRUCTURE FIRES color the "night." THOUSANDS OF CARS are abandoned, the grim OUTLINE OF BODIES dot the street. Pockets of low-hanging fog drift across the broken landscape.

The place looks like an URBAN WAR-ZONE -- after the war has ended.

The SEALs change course, drifting toward the furry elms of CENTRAL PARK.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK (AERIAL) -- CONTINUOUS**

(NOTE: All military technology seen from this point forward appears uniquely HYBRIDIZED. More on this later.)

As they move over the trees, we're able to make out-

DOZENS OF FIRST RESPONSE VEHICLES lighting up the grassy lawn of CENTRAL PARK with winks of blue and red -- HUNDREDS OF MARINES watching guard.

**EXT. GRAND LAWN -- CONTINUOUS**

SEAL TEAM ZULU lands at the center of the dew-drenched lawn.

PARAMEDICS in clear rain slickers sprint across the grass toward Noland and his men -- a caravan of HEAVILY SHIELDED MILITARY HUMVEES rumbling behind them.

The medics tend to each of the SEALs, shining pen lights into their eyes and checking vitals. All of the men look dazed and confused.

Gerber throws off his helmet, gasping for air, just as NAVAL OFFICIALS burst out of the HUMVEES.

The lead official, CPT. EDWARD FANCHER (50s) kneels down to face Noland.

CPT. FANCHER  
Commander Noland?

Noland looks up to the man, gulping down air, exhausted.

CPT. FANCHER  
Captain Ed Fancher.

Fancher extends a hand, just as a low-pitched GRUMBLE OF THUNDER breaks from afar.

CPT. FANCHER (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Manhattan.

CUT TO:

**EXT. 7TH AVENUE -- CONTINUOUS**

A THUNDERSTORM dumps buckets of rain from high above the city, soaking the caravan as it cruises through the concrete maze.

XENON FOG LAMPS shoot blue beams through the thick air, lighting the vehicles' way like high-tech torches.

**INT. LEAD HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

A HONEYCOMB PATTERN OF METAL SHIELDING lines every surface, even the windshield, like a second skin.

EXOTIC MONITORING TECHNOLOGIES pulse across the walls --  
RADAR. SPECTROGRAM. INFRARED.

Drenched with rain, Noland and Gerber sit in the PASSENGER HOLD.

Noland notices the shielding. Goes to touch its hexagonal surface-

BZZZP!

He gets SHOCKED by the static.

Fancher shouts from the front seat-

CPT. FANCHER  
Whole enclosure's electrified. Low voltage. Creates a magnetic field, so, they can't pass through.

NOLAND  
So what can't pass through, Captain?

Fancher nervously looks on.

CPT. FANCHER

Army'll download you boys at FOB. Your men on rads?

Noland's annoyed. Angry.

NOLAND

Permission to speak freely?

CPT. FANCHER

Go ahead.

NOLAND

This is bullshit. Something tore apart our pilots, up there. Killed one of mine. Something I've never seen before. You can't expect-

Fancher lifts a hand in protest, but Noland ignores him.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

You can't expect me to do my job without knowing exactly what we're dealing with, here. My men have families. Families counting on me to bring them home alive.

CPT. FANCHER

I understand this is a difficult situation. I do. And I'm sorry for the loss of your man. Department of Naval Intelligence is working with the USMC and the Air Force to contain this thing. Keep the media out. Separation's the only way to do it.

NOLAND

So, everyone is "need to know?"

CPT. FANCHER

We're working with less than 10,000 boots on the ground. The last thing we need is internal panic complicating things.

NOLAND

(incredulous)

Ten thousand men? That many?

CPT. FANCHER

Once you understand what we're up against...

Noland looks to Gerber, who slumps back into his chair with uneasy realization.

GERBER

Christ.

CPT. FANCHER

It's the most we could get onto the island before the bridges were shut down and it was sealed.

NOLAND

How much of the area's been evacuated?

CPT. FANCHER

Used the ferries and barges to get around 100,000 people off an hour. Cleared most of the "Hot Zones" across Lower Manhattan. Army's got the rest of the population barricaded just North of Yankee Stadium. Waiting for all this to pass.

The Humvee's brakes begin WHINING as the vehicle slows.

**EXT. FOB MANHATTAN -- CONTINUOUS**

An MQ-9 REAPER UAV screeches overhead, shooting through dark clouds on patrol.

The ARMADA pulls through the rain and stops just ahead of a tall, domed structure encircled by SAND BAGS, METAL FENCING AND CONCERTINA WIRE -- MARINES watching guard by the hundreds.

After a few moments, we recognize it as-

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- dramatically transformed by the military into a FORWARD OPERATING BASE.

Two heavily shielded AH-64 APACHE HELICOPTERS hover above the stadium, watching sentinel. One of them pulls away, disappearing into the fog just as the Humvees approach the CHECKPOINT.

**EXT. CHECKPOINT -- CONTINUOUS**

A BARRICADED CHECKPOINT guarded by barking German Shepherds leashed to MARINES. A large AMERICAN FLAG dramatically billows in the wind behind them.

Off to one side, humming ELECTRIC DYNAMOS pump volts into several LOSBERGER RDS INFLATABLE SHELTERS.

Out of the shelters come MILITARY SCIENTISTS donning HAZMAT SUITS AND GAS MASKS. Bright FLOODLIGHTS crisscross their every move.

The scientists approach the vehicles with ULTRASONIC SCANNERS.

The scanners show a highly-detailed GRAYSCALE IMAGE of the Humvees' occupants -- INTERNAL ORGANS appear as transparent shapes of varying gradation, confirming the occupants are "LIVING."

The scientists motion the armada forward, and it RUMBLES past the barricade toward The Garden.

**INT. STADIUM GANGWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

Led by Fancher, Noland and his SEALs walk through the CONCRETE CORRIDORS of the stadium.

They pass abandoned TICKET COUNTERS and empty SOUVENIR SHOPS. It's obvious people left this place in a hurry.

The group rounds a corner and enters-

**INT. ARENA BOWL -- CONTINUOUS**

NEW YORK KNICKS decorations are still up from the game Noland and Gerber watched at the IRON SNAKE only hours earlier.

Seemingly endless rows of VACANT SEATING spiral down to the BASKETBALL COURT, transformed into MISSION CONTROL.

Instead of stats, the HDTV SCOREBOARD plays CABLE NEWS COVERAGE from around the world -- THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK is speaking in front of THOUSANDS OF EVACUEES wrapped in blankets and covered in soot. Some injured. Others crying.

The headline reads:

NYC: NO MAN'S LAND  
MILITARY TAKES OVER MANHATTAN

Noland looks down from the scoreboard to see-

VARIOUS U.S. COMBAT PERSONNEL buzzing about their posts. Some are seated wearing VR GOGGLE/GLOVE SYSTEMS they use to manipulate field data at several ELUMENS VISIONSTATIONS.

Fancher finishes leading SEAL TEAM ZULU to the face of-

**INT. BATTLE STATION -- CONTINUOUS**

A NASA LIQUID GALAXY DISPLAY UNIT filled with real-time battlefield data -- a concave, immersive array of contiguous monitors spanning the floor and walls.

USMC COL. JASON STERLING (Early 40s) is waiting for them -- a tall African-American man with a crew cut wearing black and gray digital camo. All business. Serious as a heart attack.

Beside him stands DR. ANTON FRIEDKIN (Late 30s), a pale-skinned academic wearing MILITARY-GRADE BODY ARMOR and horn-rimmed glasses. Fiercely intelligent, Friedkin is equal parts scientist and soldier.

CPT. FANCHER

Captain Jason Sterling, this is SEAL TEAM ZULU. Reporting for duty.

COL. STERLING

We're short on time.

Sterling motions to a group of MILITARY SCIENTISTS standing behind the SEALs.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

Suit 'em and boot 'em.

(to the SEALs)

These men will gear you up as you listen.

CLINK-CLANK-CLUNK-

The scientists begin fitting the SEALs for MODULE TACTICAL VESTS -- MAGNETIC BODY-ARMOR composed of the same HEXAGONAL SHIELDING seen in the Humvee earlier.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

I know you're all anxious for answers.  
Listen carefully.

Sterling waves Friedkin forward.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

Dr. Anton Friedkin, this is Lieutenant Commander Ethan Noland.

(to Noland)

Friedkin's our PHD from DARPA. He's been helping us understand this situation since it first began.

(to the SEALs)

What he has to say will address most of your questions.

Dr. Friedkin begins his presentation.

An extremely dynamic VISUAL PRESENTATION relevant to the briefing fades over the display unit behind him.

BEGIN PRESENTATION:

FRIEDKIN

During the Cold War, the Department of Defense started a Deep Black Program designated "BLUE-FLAME." They wanted to study why we die. How, we die.

-- Low quality, SUPER-VHS footage of MILITARY SCIENTISTS running VARIOUS TESTS on a GROUP OF MARINES during the 80s. On land. The air. Underwater.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

The USAF was hoping to uncover the secret to outliving our Soviet counterparts. But, researchers stumbled onto something else.

-- A top-down, GDV PHOTOGRAM of a male body on the verge of death. Over a black field, the body pulses with bright clouds of blue and purple.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

They discovered that just before dying, the human body releases a chemical called DMT. The "Spirit Molecule." It prepares the mind to separate from the body just before death.

-- DMT is released into the body, spreading darkness across the PHOTOGRAM like a cancer. The image goes dark.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

See those colors? That's a human soul phasing out of our reality.

-- COMPUTER ANIMATION shows the "soul" shedding its body and transferring to a BLACK ORB drifting through space filled with a blinking QUESTION MARK.

NOLAND

Phasing where?

FRIEDKIN

The Astral Plane. Where we go after our bodies die off. We're still trying to figure out just what that means, though. Obviously we've never had someone come back to tell us about it.

(MORE)

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

What we do know, is this-

-- MEDICAL FOOTAGE of people born with a variety of BIRTH DEFECTS. Malformed faces. Webbed feet.

FRIEDKIN

Just like being born, the process of death is imperfect. Occasionally, something goes wrong, causing a person's consciousness to remain trapped in our reality.

-- COMPUTER ANIMATION shows the soul attempting to shed its body. The body fades away, but the soul remains. Floating helplessly. Lost.

FRIEDKIN

A soul without a body. What we call a "Gamma-Field-Sensitive-Transient."

COL. STERLING

Spooks.

As if to correct Sterling-

FRIEDKIN

GSTs.

Mystified, Noland looks to Col. Sterling. He says aloud what everyone is thinking.

NOLAND

You mean, ghosts?

The Colonel remains stone-faced.

COL. STERLING

That's correct, Lieutenant.

The SEALs all shift uncomfortably. We can see something in Noland's eyes. Something that makes us uncomfortable. For a moment, he looks afraid.

NOLAND

What does this have to do with what's happening?

-- CCTV HOSPITAL FOOTAGE plays of a young woman in a teal medical gown moving a pen across the table without touching it.

## COL. STERLING

This is Christine Tath. A medically confirmed psionic. Been in and out of psychiatric facilities up and down the East Coast for years. Records indicate she was recently a patient at Bellevue Hospital. In Kips Bay.

-- A DIGITAL DOSSIER shuffles through CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS relevant to Tath, including pages and pages of MEDICAL RECORDS.

## COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

Twenty-four hours ago, CCTV cameras captured her being transported from the hospital to an abandoned warehouse near the Battery.

-- Grainy, pixelated STILL FRAMES of a large warehouse lit by overhead fluorescents. At its center is a GROUP OF SCIENTISTS prepping Christine Tath for an experiment. Covered head to toe in ELECTRODES, Tath is laying inside an unusual device, a PSYCHOTRONIC GENERATOR -- like a high-tech MRI MACHINE.

## FRIEDKIN

Columbia University records show these individuals specialized in psychic research. It appears recent budget cuts emboldened them to continue their work in secret.

-- Using a laser pointer, Friedkin circles the GENERATOR Tath is laying inside.

## FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

The DOD has determined this equipment functions as a so-called "psychic amplifier." It's our understanding the group's primary directive was to use Tath in combination with the amplifier, to make contact with the deceased.

-- Friedkin slowly cycles through more stills as a tinny AUDIO FILE plays of Tath during the experiment.

## FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

The following is all we were able to recover from the debris field...

-- The FIRST STILL shows the generator's annular insides spinning around Tath as she speaks.

(NOTE: A "beat" refers to Tath waiting for an inaudible response.)

AUDIO FILE (FILTERED)

*"It's a little girl. She's talking."*

(a beat)

*"What's your name?"*

(a beat)

*"Jessica."*

(a beat)

*"When did you die, Jessica?"*

(a beat)

*"July 4th, 1828."*

(a beat)

*"A fire?"*

-- The SECOND STILL shows an ECTOPLASMIC MIST concentrated around the GENERATOR.

AUDIO FILE (FILTERED)

(CONT'D)

*"Someone's telling her to stop talking."*

(a beat)

*"She says there are no stars. It's cold.*

*She's crying."*

-- The THIRD STILL shows unusual ORBS OF LIGHT flaring through the mist. The researchers appear puzzled. Some of them look afraid.

AUDIO FILE (FILTERED)

(CONT'D)

*"It's okay, Jessica."*

(a beat)

*"There are bad people around you?"*

(a beat)

*"Who?"*

(a beat)

*"Hello?"*

(a long beat of silence)

*"I think we lost her, gu-..."*

-- The audio file continues. Suddenly, a DEAFENING BOOM can be heard. Stutters of HORRIFIED SCREAMING followed by the thunderous sounds of a building collapsing.

FRIEDKIN

This is the last frame we were able to recover. Before the building imploded.

-- The FOURTH and final still fades onto the screen. It's difficult to make out, filled with motion blur and chromatic distortion. A VORTEX OF BODIES AND DEBRIS violently rotating around an unstable orb of light.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

We think the amplifier created a sort of "psychic bridge." Ghosts are now able to travel across it. To enter our reality. Christine Tath's body represents that bridge.

An ominous feeling overwhelms everyone in the room. Noland and the others take it all in. Gerber shakes his head in disbelief.

NOLAND

How many of these things are there?

Friedkin and Sterling exchange worried glances.

COL. STERLING

The population of this planet is hovering around 7 billion. Thirty times as many human beings have died since life began.

The SEALs all go white. Noland can hardly believe his ears.

NOLAND

That's a potential fighting force of around 200 billion.

Gerber looks to Noland, swallowing hard.

CPT. FANCHER

Now, you understand our concern.

NOLAND

How is all of this possible?

FRIEDKIN

This is cutting edge science. Dark Matter, M-Theory, Edge of the Universe-type stuff. We're still trying to figure it all out.

NOLAND

Can they be "killed"?

FRIEDKIN

In a manner of speaking, yes. GSTs function according to the laws of electromagnetism. It's why they're giving off so much radiation.

COL. STERLING

Bottom line is, they don't like magnets. DARPA's retrofitted everything.

(MORE)

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
Shelters. Vehicles. Weapons. All  
electrically magnetized.

Sterling points to the screen behind him.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
These are pieces of Hyperspectral data  
captured by aerial drones one hour ago.  
Just before something crashed them into  
the Atlantic.

-- A TOP-DOWN, HYPERSPECTRAL VIEW of Manhattan from the  
air. But it's incomplete. Parts have been stitched  
together that show a HURRICANE OF COLORS revolving counter  
clockwise around an empty eye. A storm of ghosts.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
A storm began forming over our heads less  
than an hour ago. Cloaking their  
movements.

-- VARIOUS LOCAL NEWS REPORTS play of injured New Yorkers  
being loaded into ambulances while sirens wail in the  
distance. Some are screaming. Crying. Many looking on,  
fearful for what the future may hold.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
The loss of life so far has been  
catastrophic.

The images shake all of the men. Those could be their  
brothers and sisters. Their wives. Their children.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
If you calculate the amount of time it  
takes them to destroy one city block and  
move on, we're looking at the wholesale  
destruction of Manhattan within the next  
12 hours.

Sterling motions the men ahead.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS**

Col. Sterling leads everyone down a flight of concrete  
stairs.

COL. STERLING

Luckily, most of the armed forces stationed on the East Coast were in town for Memorial Day. Normally, we'd send in the Marines. But, these things seem to like crowds. Central Command thinks a tight operation with as few men as possible is the only way to the eye of the storm.

(a beat)

Pentagon wants to know more about what makes these things tick. So, Dr. Friedkin will be embedded with your team to gather relevant field data.

Fancher turns to Noland.

CPT. FANCHER

DOD has assigned SEAL TEAM ZULU to mission designated "SPECTRAL." Your objective is to track and kill Christine Tath. Operational code name: "SUBJECT ZERO."

NOLAND

Any idea where she may be?

CPT. FANCHER

Tath was implanted with an RFID transponder as a condition of her being treated at Bellevue. Every few hours she pops up on GPS. Not the most reliable means of locating her, but it's a start.

COL. STERLING

Paranormal activity appears to be building around her position. She is the key to taking back Manhattan.

NOLAND

Why not just mow across Manhattan? Mount an offensive to take back the city with one campaign?

COL. STERLING

Against an unknown enemy? We can't mount a serious offensive without knowing what kind of numbers we're dealing with. The girl's bringing them here. We'll only know how many have crossed over, after she goes dark.

FRIEDKIN

Tath is just a shell. They are in control of her, now. Whatever was left of Tath died the second that building collapsed.

Together, they all reach a SEALED DOOR. Sterling punches a code into a recently installed DIGITAL KEYPAD.

The door CLICKS open and everyone moves into-

**INT. ARMORY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Formerly the KNICKS LOCKER ROOM. Stacks of HYBRIDIZED EQUIPMENT fill the room from floor to ceiling.

Friedkin moves to several SEAL DEPLOYMENT CASES. Unlocks one. Embedded in foam is the latest in DARPA tech. Each weapon is heavily modified. Tight METAL COILS twist over the barrels-

-- COLT M-4 CARBINE with EoTech sight.

-- MK-18 SCAR-H ASSAULT RIFLE.

-- SIG P-266 PISTOL.

-- SR-25 SNIPER RIFLE.

-- FMG9 FOLDING MACHINE GUN.

Friedkin pulls the FMG9 from the foam. Opens the weapon up like a piece of origami. Flips a switch on the weapon's side. The gun WHINES to life, HUMMING with electricity.

FRIEDKIN

Modified FMG9 machine gun. Works just like the standard issues.

(re: modified gun barrels)

Onboard batteries deliver power to these Tesla coils. Magnetizes any bullet leaving the barrel.

Friedkin motions to the OTHER WEAPONS lining the walls-

-- M203 PISTOL GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

-- SPAS-12 COMBAT SHOTGUNS.

-- ROKS-2 PLASMA-FLAMETHROWERS.

-- M80 ROCKET LAUNCHERS.

## FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

All field-tested. Fuel cells will last 4 to 6 hours on a single charge.

The rest of the SEALs begin gathering around Noland, fascinated.

Gerber grabs two P-266 PISTOLS and a pouch filled with CLIPS. Murdock and Del Toro move to SEVERAL CASES FILLED WITH ADVANCED ELECTRONICS, grab what they can.

Washington picks up the M80 ROCKET LAUNCHER, looks to Ridley checking the sight on an SR-25 as Lee grabs SEVERAL syringes filled with VARIOUS LIQUIDS.

Noland slides his fingers over HELMET-MOUNTED AN/PSQ-20 ENHANCED HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES connected to a paper thin CONTROL TABLET.

## FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

Victims of hauntings often claim to have witnessed inanimate objects moving by themselves. Chairs stacked one on top of the other. Doors slamming shut.

Noland pulls the goggles from their foam, inspects each component.

## FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

Turns out this isn't because those objects suddenly took on lives of their own. The human eye has trouble viewing the entire light spectrum. Around 380 to 750 nanometers. Things like Infrared. Ultraviolet. X-Ray. GSTs seem to take up a portion of that spectrum.

(re: the goggles)

They'll help visualize them.

## COL. STERLING

Spook the spooks.

Sterling pulls Noland into a corner, away from the other men.

## COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

(softly)

National Guardsman imaged one crushing a car like a tin can. Seems they can pass through solid objects. DOD says with enough exposure, these things can even cause hallucinations.

(a beat)

Watch your boys closely.

(MORE)

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

They start acting squirrely, you could have one hell of a problem.

NOLAND

Understood.

COL. STERLING

Storm's made Comms on the island unreliable. So, once we cut you loose, you're on your own.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Sterling turns to the SEALs.

They're all geared up. Gunned up. Boots to helmets. HIGH-TECH ANGELS OF DEATH.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

You've waded into the deep end of the pool, gentlemen. Whatever you think you know, is irrelevant. Ghosts exist. They're walking our streets and killing our people.

Sterling points to the SCOREBOARD playing news overhead.

COL. STERLING

This is our reality, now.

Sterling tosses Noland a yellow PERSONAL LOCATOR BEACON.

COL. STERLING

Activate no later than...

(regarding his watch)

...01100. "ZERO HOUR." Gives you until sunrise. Latest we can wait. Beacon will confirm your kill to Central Command. After she falls, we'll begin a full-scale offensive.

(to all the SEALs)

See you on the other side, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE -- LATER**

It's drizzling. A heavy mantle of FOG drifts across the view. A seething maze of congestion and dark alleyways lays ahead.

TWO HYBRID HUMVEES (DELTA & EPSILON) whine down a broken road littered with ABANDONED CARS and BLINKING TRAFFIC LIGHTS.

The place is empty. Not a person in sight. Eerie.

**INT. DELTA HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

Washington's driving. Lee's in the passenger seat.

Friedkin is in the hold with Noland, closely watching over various MONITORING SYSTEMS.

On the SPECTROGRAM DISPLAY, two pulsing EMERALD DOTS represent the Humvees moving toward the tail end of activity.

Noland comes over the COMM-

NOLAND (FILTERED)

*"Toro, how we doing back there?"*

**INT. EPSILON HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

Murdock's driving. Gerber's in the passenger seat. Del Toro and Ridley are in the hold.

Del Toro's leaned over an extremely complex THREE DIMENSIONAL MAPPING DISPLAY composed of multilayered grids representing each level of the city.

Using two fingers, Del Toro manipulates the display, ZOOMING IN until a path of RUBY DOTS appears embedded inside the grids.

DEL TORO (FILTERED)

*"Target's RFID was last hot near Time Square. 'Bout an hour ago. Looks like she was movin' towards the front."*

Del Toro pulls the dot from the MAPPING DISPLAY and transfers it to the SPECTROGRAM DISPLAY.

DEL TORO (FILTERED)

(CONT'D)

*"Broadway'll take us to the edge of the storm."*

NOLAND (FILTERED)

*"ETA?"*

DEL TORO (FILTERED)

*"Five minutes."*

**INT. DELTA HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland and Friedkin watch the red dot now blinking on their SPECTROGRAM DISPLAY.

NOLAND (FILTERED)

"Roger that."

Noland turns to Friedkin.

NOLAND

Ever seen one of these things up close?

FRIEDKIN

Not yet.

NOLAND

Any idea why they're hostile?

FRIEDKIN

Everyone has a theory. Nobody knows for sure.

NOLAND

What's yours?

FRIEDKIN

My guess is, they don't know they're dead. They're stuck reliving some sort of perpetual past. The memory of a life they still remember and can't let go of. To them, we're the occupiers. Living in their houses. Walking their streets.

(a beat)

What would you do to protect that?

Noland notices Friedkin's wedding band.

NOLAND

Married man?

FRIEDKIN

(smiling)

Three years.

NOLAND

Good for you.

FRIEDKIN

You?

Gerber eyes Noland and Friedkin from the front, curious how Noland will react.

NOLAND

She's dead.

Friedkin becomes flustered, taken back by Noland's aloofness.

FRIEDKIN

I'm sorry.

NOLAND

Don't be. It's the one thing we all have coming.

A few moments of heavy silence pass.

FRIEDKIN

You know, the Ancient Greeks had this idea about heaven. They thought of it as a place cooled by the shore of a deep swirling-ocean. Where people could live "untouched by sorrow."

Noland looks out the side window, contemplating the thought.

NOLAND

Elysium...

FRIEDKIN

(surprised)

That's right.

Noland hardens up. Tries forcing a smile.

NOLAND

It's a nice story.

Before Friedkin can react, Murdock comes over the radio.

MURDOCK (FILTERED)

*"Commander, we're coming up on The Square."*

The vehicle passes through a cloud of fog, dramatically revealing-

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS**

The place is a mess.

The Humvees slowly move through the wreckage.

FRACTURED NEON ADVERTISEMENTS cast a lurid glow over-

Flaming TAXI CABS. STREET LAMPS bent like pretzels. NEWSPAPERS & TRASH blowing through the air like urban tumbleweed.

**INT. DELTA HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland's eyes narrow. There's something ahead.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

SEVERAL STANDARD-ISSUE HUMVEES are on fire. Melted tires have fused them to the asphalt.

NOLAND

Stop here.

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS**

Wielding MAG-ASSAULT RIFLES, the SEALs cautiously dismount, fanning out across The Square.

Noland and Gerber approach the

HUMVEE WRECKAGE

TEN BODIES lay dead across the pavement -- their CAMOUFLAGE in tatters.

NOLAND

National Guard.

Lee leans down, tries to find a pulse.

LEE

(to Noland)

Nothing.

Then-

A GROANING SOUND, like metal grinding against metal. It ECHOES across The Square.

Noland looks all around, comes over the Comm-

NOLAND

Report.

DEL TORO (RADIO)

*"Coming from the scrapers, boss. Load-bearing structures. Probably stressed from all the damage."*

NOLAND

And our target?

DEL TORO (RADIO)

*"Fell off the map."*

Noland notices Friedkin and Murdock hunched over a METAL CASE near the Humvee, moves to them.

Murdock removes an M-32 RIOT GUN from the foam as Friedkin starts calibrating a 40MM ROUND to a CONTROL TABLET.

NOLAND

What's this?

FRIEDKIN

Smart Dust.

MURDOCK

Tiny sensors.

(re: Friedkin's Control  
Tablet)

Particles react to an electrical charge.  
They visualize data on all sorts of  
things. Helps us image light.  
Temperature. Vibration. You name it.

FRIEDKIN

If anything moves through the cloud,  
we'll see it.

Friedkin hands the round to Murdock, who drops it into the launcher. Murdock aims for the sky and pulls the trigger.

WHOMP!!!

The round soars above their heads, detonating in a puff of shimmering METALLIC PARTICLES. The dust falls from the sky, settling into the air like flakes of metal snow.

Friedkin is just about to slip on HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES, when-

Those ODD VOICES come over the radio again. Distant chatter.

Suddenly-

A FAINT THUMPING sounds above their heads. Indistinct, but familiar.

Noland quiets the men, turns to Gerber.

NOLAND

You hear that?

The sound above them is getting LOUDER. CLOSER.

After a few moments, Noland's eyes pull wide with recognition.

He SCREAMS out to the others just as something begins moving out of the clouds:

NOLAND (CONT'D)

INCOMING!!!

The SEALS all dive out of the way, when a AH-64 APACHE HELICOPTER shoots through overhead clouds, violently SLAMMING into the

CENTER OF TIMES SQUARE

where it pancakes ahead of the COCA-COLA SIGN -- its spinning ROTORS crumpling into the street like tin foil!

BEHIND A TAXI

Friedkin slips on HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES. They HUM to life as Noland and Gerber watch the copter ruins in disbelief-

AT THE WRECKAGE

TWO PILOTS covered in blood try unstrapping themselves from what remains of the cockpit.

AT THE TAXI

Gerber turns to Noland.

GERBER

(whispering)

They're still alive.

He tries to get up, but Noland pulls him down.

NOLAND

(whispering)

Wait.

Noland stares ahead. His eyes go wide.

AT THE WRECKAGE

FAINT SHAPES begin resolving around the helicopter. In real time, the shimmering pixels of Smart Dust form a SPECTROGRAPHIC COMPOSITE of-

DEAD HUMAN BEINGS. Walking nightmares. GHOSTS -- like we've never seen them before.

They're digitized simulacra. An optical illusion gives each the appearance of SHAPE AND DEPTH, despite being two-dimensional. The Smart Particles shine MULTICOLORED around each one, like light split through a glass prism.

There are FIVE GHOSTS circling a leader. The ALPHA.

GERBER  
(whispering)

My God...

Suddenly, the Alpha-

PHASES THROUGH THE COCKPIT!

It thrusts a hand into the CHIEF PILOT'S chest, passing through his burnt out MAG-VEST as though it were air.

The pilot squirms, SCREAMING, begging for mercy as the wraith violently rips a fist-full of RED GORE from his chest.

The CHIEF PILOT goes quiet. Dead.

The other spectres watch on in silence.

The Alpha approaches the copter's CO-PILOT, moving in for the kill, when-

CRACK-BOOM!

A MAG-BULLET whizzes through the ghost's "head."

WHOOOOOOSH!

Its delicate form DEMATERIALIZES and a rush of air sucks inward -- the result of a VACUUM created as it flashes out of space.

ABOVE THE STREET / CONDE NAST BUILDING

Ridley leans out of a SHATTERED WINDOW, SR-25 RIFLE smoking -- the emerald NASDAQ SCREEN cloaking his SNIPER'S NEST.

He pulls back, watching as the other ghosts scatter.

STREET LEVEL / BEHIND A TAXI

Just as Del Toro, Murdock and Washington slide up next to Noland, Gerber and Friedkin-

TIMES SQUARE GOES DARK.

*FRIEDKIN'S POV / THROUGH HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES:*

*A SPECTROGRAPHIC VIEW shows 25 GHOSTS spontaneously resolving across The Square. They stand quietly. Motionless. Haunting.*

FRIEDKIN  
(whispering)  
They're here.

Noland gives the sign to his men.

We move across each of the SEALs as they flip down their own HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES, activating COLD-COBALT LASER SIGHTS on their ASSAULT RIFLES.

Noland motions Washington forward. Unclips an M80 ROCKET LAUNCHER slung across his back.

Washington quickly lines up a shot.

Noland pats him on the back, gives the go-ahead.

NOLAND  
Shoot the bastards.

Washington pulls the trigger and a ROCKET EXPLODES from the launcher, WHISTLING through the air-

BOOOOOM!

It DETONATES across a crowd of ghosts. A MUSHROOM CLOUD OF BLUE FIRE rises from the pavement, CRACKLING with thin veins of GLOWING ELECTRICITY.

A DOZEN SPECTERS instantly dematerialize, sucking CARS AND DEBRIS toward the empty space they once occupied.

The remaining spooks RUSH toward the SEALs -- PHASING through cars, debris, anything in their path.

With Ridley providing cover, SEAL TEAM ZULU explodes out from behind the taxi, GUNS BLAZING.

We ramp down to SLOW-MO, as...

ACROSS TIMES SQUARE

A surreal, hyper-visceral fire-fight unfolds unlike anything we've ever seen before.

SEAL TEAM ZULU goes to work. They fan out into the street, past CARS, RUBBLE AND FLYING SHRAPNEL.

ORANGE MUZZLE FLASHES light up the night, as-

NOLAND

Throws Friedkin down. Sees Lee's about to be attacked.

Noland unfolds his FMG9 and spits hot lead into The Square-  
BRRDDTT-BRRDDTT-POP-POP-POP!

Before any shells can hit the ground, SEVERAL GHOSTS disintegrate around Lee.

The air SWIRLS VIOLENTLY, throwing Lee to the pavement.

In the meantime, TWO GHOSTS glide from behind, about to attack Noland, but-

GERBER

Has his back.

Shoots both ghosts in the head, DUAL PISTOLS smoking.

WHOOOOOOSH!

Both spirits go down, sucked out of reality.

Gerber looks to-

DEL TORO

Spinning back-to-back with Murdock, ASSAULT RIFLES spraying as-

A DOZEN GHOSTS move in.

One of them gets to within a foot of Murdock, when-

WASHINGTON

Steps forward with a COMBAT SHOTGUN.

CHCK-CHCK-BOOM!

MAGNETIZED BUCKSHOT tears the thing to pieces.

Before he can take credit-

A SPOOK grabs him from behind.

Its glittery "hand" wraps tight around his arm. Flesh SIZZLES AND SMOKES through the unprotected parts of Washington's tac-jacket.

He SCREAMS. Spins around to face the thing, when-

CRACK-BOOM!

A SNIPER'S BULLET tears through the ghost's abdomen, BLASTING it to Kingdom Come.

RIDLEY

Continues looking THROUGH HIS SCOPE, down to the fight below.

Shoots several more GHOSTS from his nest.

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK-THFF-PING!

After THREE GHOSTS are obliterated, a STRAY BULLET skitters across the pavement. Missed.

The SURVIVING GHOST looks up to Ridley. Starts sprinting toward the base of the building he's in.

Ridley pulls back from his scope.

RIDLEY

Shit.

He spins around to see-

The same ghost is right behind him!

It grabs Ridley by the vest. Brutally flings him into a nearby plaster wall which his body instantly craters.

The impact causes Ridley's gum to come shooting out of his mouth.

He collapses onto the floor, spitting blood.

The phantom pins him down. Moves closer. Its ROTTED FEATURES clarifying.

RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

The spirit tries thrusting a hand into Ridley's chest, but-

BZZZZP!

An ELECTRICAL FIELD crackles across his MAG-ARMOR. Can't get through.

The ghost pulls back, surprised. We can hear its frustration coming through Ridley's radio.

It starts clawing across Ridley's body, tearing off any gear that isn't magnetized.

Frustrated, the phantom throws Ridley across the room.

Ridley SCREAMS, tries to put up a fight, when-

CHCK-CHCK-BOOM!

Buckshot blows the thing through a window.

Washington is at the door holding a SMOKING SHOTGUN, heaving for breath.

Ridley looks up, exhausted-

RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Thanks, brother.

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- LATER**

The firing's stopped. The air is still. Not a ghost in sight.

SEAL TEAM ZULU has successfully cleared the area.

One by one, the battle-damaged soldiers begin emerging from the rubble.

Lee and Ridley tend to Washington, while the others roam about gathering gear. Noland helps Gerber to his feet.

GERBER

(sarcastically)

Well, that was fun.

Noland looks disturbed, catches his breath.

NOLAND

These things are smart. You see how they outflanked us? Used The Square to box us in. National Guard didn't stand a chance...

Noland follows Gerber's eyes looking over to Washington, who is being tended to by Ridley and Lee near a

PILE OF RUBBLE

Washington looks all around The Square, shaking his head.

WASHINGTON

Dad used to take me here every Friday as a kid.

(all around)

Never thought I'd see her like this.

LEE

The Big Apple's rotting.

Using STEEL SURGICAL SCISSORS, Lee carefully begins cutting off Washington's sleeve.

Washington looks down to his arm.

WASHINGTON

One of 'em got me good, man.

Lee finishes cutting. He peels back the sleeve to reveal-

A deep tissue burn in the form of a five-finger HANDPRINT. The wound is so deep it's exposed the glossy sinew of muscle fiber beneath the skin.

Lee pulls back, surprised. Ridley can hardly look.

NOLAND (O.S.)

(in Chinese, to Lee)

*"How's he doing, Lee?"*

LEE

(in Chinese, to Noland)

*"Never seen anything like this before, Commander."*

NOLAND (O.S.)

(in Chinese, to Lee)

*"Keep it to yourself, doctor."*

LEE

(in Chinese, to Noland)

*"I'll patch him up."*

WASHINGTON

How bad is it, Doc?

LEE

You're gonna be okay. Try to relax.

WASHINGTON

What'd it do to me?

LEE

It looks like a...

(finding the words)

...radiation burn. You said one of them grabbed you?

Off Washington's nod, Lee gets out a MEDICAL KIT. Snaps on LATEX GLOVES. Pulls a SKIN-CELL GUN from the kit -- a medical airbrush connected to a tube of pink liquid.

WASHINGTON

The hell is that thing?

LEE

Stem cells. They'll help the tissue regenerate. Speed up the healing.

Lee calibrates the metal nozzle.

LEE (CONT'D)

It's going to hurt. A lot.

Ridley grabs Washington's other arm, squeezes his hand.

RIDLEY

Gonna stitch you up, Wash. Just keep your eyes on me, brother.

Lee begins spraying across the wound.

Washington squeezes Ridley's hand tight, hissing, gritting through bloody teeth.

With each pass, Lee builds up another layer of violet, TRANSLUCENT FLESH over the burn.

The pain intensifies. Washington SCREAMS.

After a few moments, Lee finishes. Wraps Washington's arm in gauze.

Ridley helps Washington to his feet, watches him move toward the others.

Lee slides up next to Ridley.

LEE

Watch him. That burn is pretty deep.

Together, Lee, Ridley and Washington walk over to the other men.

They're all gathered around the Hybrid Humvees. One vehicle's survived unscathed, but the other is TOTALED. Just a SPARKING hunk of twisted metal.

Del Toro kicks one of the melted tires as Ridley shoves a stick of gum into his mouth.

DEL TORO

Shit.

Noland turns to the others.

NOLAND

Looks like we're carpooling.  
(to Gerber)  
How are we doing on ammo?

GERBER

So far, so good.

Noland turns to Friedkin.

NOLAND

Hardware?

FRIEDKIN

Held up well, but...

GERBER

(concerned)

But, what? I thought you boys field tested all this stuff.

FRIEDKIN

We did. These things have strength in numbers we haven't seen before.

NOLAND

So, we re-charge.

FRIEDKIN

Right.

(nodding to the Humvee)

Just have to make sure we don't lose the other Humvee.

Noland turns to Del Toro.

NOLAND

Target?

DEL TORO

Was headed south-easterly before she went dark.

Noland's WATCH ALARM goes off.

NOLAND

Time to re-rad.

(to everyone)

Everybody dose up.

The men each pop anti-radiation medication.

Noland looks over to Murdock-

A TACTICAL ANTENNA sticks from his backpack. He's listening to something with MILITARY-GRADE HEADPHONES -- an EVP RECORDER in one hand, a lit cigarette in the other.

Del Toro pats Murdock on the shoulder, signals Noland wants to speak with him.

Murdock slides off the phones, rises to his feet, pushes the cig in his mouth.

MURDOCK

You guys should hear this. Started sifting through the dust data. I think I figured out what's screwing with the Comms. UHF waves. Same used by police radios. TV stations. Must be how these things communicate without vocal chords. Sounds like there are two layers. I'm still trying to separate them.

Murdock unplugs his headphones from the EVP RECORDER. Plays the sound ALOUD-

The audio is filled with jumbled STATIC. It's too difficult to make out.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

That was before filtering.  
(flips a switch)  
Here's after.

The same audio plays again-

Clearer this time, but still difficult to make out.

FAINT WHISPERS drift beneath building STATIC. Slowly, a cacophony of DISTORTED VOICES begin emerging. Human voices. Male and female.

EVP RECORDER (FILTERED)

*"I see them..."*

(a beat)

*"What are they doing here..."*

(a beat)

*"Look like soldiers..."*

(a beat)

*"There's one by the car..."*

(a beat)

*"Two in the corner..."*

(a beat)

*"Hurry..."*

(a beat)

*"Burn 'em up..."*

(a beat)

(MORE)

EVP RECORDER (FILTERED)

*"Tear them down..."*

(a beat)

*"Kill them all..."*

Murdock stops the recording.

Stunned looks all around. No one knows how to react.

MURDOCK

Easy to forget these things were once  
alive.

NOLAND

Keep working on it.

Another LOUD GROAN echoes across TIMES SQUARE.

Noland looks all around, draws in a deep breath.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

We need to conserve battery power.

He turns to Lee and Murdock.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

You two, load up the throwers. We'll  
juice as we jog.

Noland motions to Del Toro.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Check the GPS.

Noland slings an ASSAULT RIFLE across his chest, addresses  
the group.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Let's keep moving.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATTLE STATION, FOB MANHATTAN -- LATER**

Col. Sterling and Cpt. Fancher stand watching dozens of  
screens, faces heavy with worry.

On the monitors, shots of:

-- HEAVILY DAMAGED infrastructure across New York City.

-- THOUSANDS of cars clogging the freeways leading to  
YANKEE STADIUM, yellow SCHOOL BUSES filled with terrified  
CHILDREN.

-- THE NATIONAL GUARD building a long DEMILITARIZED ZONE stretching ahead of the coliseum.

-- Night-vision of MARINES guarding LAGUARDIA as M1-ABRAMS TANKS move across the runway.

A NERVOUS CORPORAL interrupts the men, whispers to Sterling.

A VIDEO OVERLAY appears on the battle station -- SATELLITE-UPLINK picture-in-picture of Vice Admiral Silver inside the USS EISENHOWER.

The transmission's very weak. It streaks and pixelates with electronic ghosting.

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)

*"You read, me?"*

COL. STERLING

Sterling, here.

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)

*"Colonel Sterling, the Secret--"*

The transmission begins failing. Sterling's brow furrows.

COL. STERLING

Say again?

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)

*"I said, the Secretary has suggested we begin drafting battle plans."*

COL. STERLING

What about ZULU?

Transmission noise interferes with the Admiral's reply.

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)

*"You read?"*

COL. STERLING

Say again?

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)

*"Most of the population is behind the DMZ. The situation on the ground is deteriorating more rapidly than our initial estimates. Marines reported observing a GST resolve at Central Park West. ZULU has until 0900 before we begin major combat operations."*

Sterling looks to Fancher, jaw tensed.

CPT. FANCHER  
(softly)  
That's too early.

ADMIRAL SILVER (FILTERED)  
"You read?"

The transmission goes dead. The screen freezes and pixelates before dying completely.

CPT. FANCHER  
We lost the feed.

Off Sterling's concerned face, we-

CUT TO:

**EXT. FIFTH AVENUE -- LATER**

It's begun raining.

The team's surviving Humvee slowly whines down the broken street. Up top, Ridley mans a 20-MM GATLING GUN shielded by a GPK TURRET.

Lee and Murdock walk guard beside the vehicle, PLASMA-FLAMETHROWERS occasionally spurting drops of incandescent magenta fuel.

**INT. HUMVEE -- CONTINUOUS**

Gerber's driving. Washington's in the passenger's seat watching an HD VIDEO MONITOR. He flips through several LOCAL CHANNELS, all of which have gone totally dark.

Washington looks away from the screen, back to the

CARGO HOLD

where Del Toro is bent over his MAPPING DISPLAY.

Beside him, Noland is acting as lookout, staring eagle-eyed through the Humvee's shielded windows.

Friedkin is pouring over MULTICOLORED SCREENS filled with MONITORING DATA. He replays a piece of FOOTAGE over and over again.

Noland notices, slides up beside him.

NOLAND  
What is it?

FRIEDKIN

The goggles picked up something after the copter went down. Something in the wreckage. I'm trying to confirm.

NOLAND

Show me.

FRIEDKIN

(re: the screen)

This is a recording of the pilots after the crash.

Friedkin replays POV FOOTAGE captured by his NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES-

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

With Night-Vision...

-- NIGHT-VISION VIEW: Awash in emerald hues, the helicopter pilots SCREAM AND SHOUT, torn apart by dim orbs of PULSING LIGHT.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

Thermal-Infrared...

-- THERMAL-INFRARED VIEW: The same footage plays again. The pilots appear as laser-red shapes over a black field. Violet clouds swirl around them, attacking with inhuman brutality.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

And, Spectrogram...

-- SPECTROGRAPHIC-VIEW: Pilots appear as multicolored shapes. Ghosts as grainy, blue outlines. The Chief Pilot dies. The energy of his body scatters like stardust. Then, the body goes dark.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

Nothing too unusual, right?

NOLAND

Besides two men being ripped apart by ghosts? No.

Friedkin continues tapping his own monitor a few times. MERGES all three views. The screen swirls with vivid BANDS OF COLOR.

Friedkin ZOOMS INTO the CHIEF PILOT being killed, slows the footage to 5%.

FRIEDKIN

Watch the pilot closely.

Noland leans in closer. The footage replays in SUPER SLOW-MO-

ON THE SCREEN, the Chief Pilot thrashes violently as the ALPHA GHOST pulls his insides out. Then, the body scatters into a MILLION COLORFUL BITS.

In the span of a few frames, the bits representing the pilot's corpse-

REFORM NEAR THE WRECKAGE! -- joining rank with the other ghosts preparing to murder the CO-PILOT.

NOLAND

Anyone who dies...

FRIEDKIN

Comes back as one of them.

Noland takes it all in.

NOLAND

So, we're not just dealing with civilian forms of these things.

At his display, Del Toro's eyes light up.

DEL TORO

(excited)

Just got a hit, Commander. Fifth and Thirty-Third.

Noland shouts outside the Humvee to Lee and Murdock.

NOLAND

Hop on. We're diverting to Thirty-Third.

The men jump on, snapping carabineers onto the Humvee as it ROARS forward.

CUT TO:

**INT. BATTLE STATION, FOB MANHATTAN -- SAME**

Col. Sterling and Cpt. Fancher stand watching the screens of the station intently. Across the display is a real time, top down view of an AWAC PLANE travelling south over Manhattan.

We can hear the sounds of the plane's crew coming over the radio.

Col. Sterling leans forward.

COL. STERLING  
How we doing up there?

**INT. AWAC AIRPLANE -- NIGHT**

Wall to wall computer, radar and intelligence gathering equipment. Technicians frantically try to adjust as the system goes haywire.

RADAR TECH #1  
(reporting into radio)  
It's no use. The side radar doesn't see a damn thing, sir.

COL. STERLING (RADIO)  
*"We need to know if the storm's getting bigger."*

RADAR TECH #2  
(to Radar Tech #1)  
We're IMC blind.

We TRACK across them over to the PILOTS and into the  
COCKPIT

Stormy skies. Pockets glow with bright shocks of distant lightning. The PILOT squints out the window as he speaks.

PILOT  
(into the radio)  
Still zero visibility.

COL. STERLING (RADIO)  
*"Drop the probes."*

The pilot pulls a RED LEVER hanging above his head.

PILOT  
(into the radio)  
Confirm telemetric probe release.

**EXT. AWAC AIRPLANE -- CLOUDY SKIES -- NIGHT**

ZOOMING overhead as we see the AWAC sailing through a storm intensifying above Manhattan. Thousands of tiny, metal, METEOROLOGICAL PROBES eject from the plane's tail, immediately carried into the building storm.

The AWAC disappears from view into a bank of dark clouds.

**INT. AWAC -- SAME**

The Pilot squints as he tries to see through the clouds.

PILOT (FILTERED)  
*"Wait a minute. Something's  
happening..."*

Suddenly, his instrument panel starts going wild.

PILOT (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"Onboard instrumentation is  
malfunctioning. We can't get any kind of  
reading on what's in front of us."*

**EXT. AWAC / STORM -- SAME**

The AWAC attempts to climb sharply as we get our first real look at the atmospheric phenomenon. Majestic and monstrous. Dark and destructive. Purple, blue, grey and black -- a seemingly endless bruise upon the sky.

Suddenly-

The plane's aluminum siding begins RIPPING ITSELF from the fuselage. The plane wobbles, hopelessly trying to right itself.

**INT. AWAC -- SAME**

The Pilot and technicians look all around, desperate to figure out what's happening.

**EXT. AWAC / STORM -- SAME**

Suddenly, the aircraft's engines begin dismantling themselves -- pulling the gears and rotors apart piece by piece. The engines spit fire.

Part of the aircraft's right wing comes FLYING OFF. The plane goes dark. Its body begins disintegrating -- the terrified crew inside now FULLY EXPOSED to the elements.

Something invisible to the naked eye begins tearing the crew apart, just as the raging storm carries the plane into oblivion.

The phone line goes dead. Col. Sterling spins to an AIDE.

COL. STERLING  
Get them back on the line.

AIDE #1  
(on the other phone)  
Line's gone, sir.

Off Sterling and Fancher's disturbed faces, we-

CUT TO:

**INT. YANKEE STADIUM -- CONTINUOUS**

The arena is filled to the brim with displaced refugees.

Under harsh klieg lights, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE roam about tents erected across the muddy field. Everyone's covered in torn clothing, muck and blood. Lost. Disoriented. Marines tensely watching on.

We move across several of their innocent faces.  
Construction workers. Teachers. College students.

At one corner of the field, a distraught MOTHER stares off into the distance, dazed and shivering. Her YOUNG SON looks up to her, confused.

YOUNG SON  
Mommy, what happened to Dad?

Tears well in the Mother's eyes as she looks to a MEDICAL TENT across the field. She tries thinking of a lie, stuttering over her words just as a MARINE approaches.

The Solider slides a wool blanket over the Mother's back and crouches to face the young boy.

MARINE  
You like baseball?

The young boy hides behind his Mother, too shy to do anything but nod "yes."

The soldier pulls a brand new YANKEE'S CAP from behind his back, slides it over the boy's small head and tosses him a baseball. The kid can barely contain his excitement.

YOUNG SON  
AWESOME!!!

He rushes over to another group of children to show off, his Mother trying to feign a smile as tears slide down her cheeks.

MARINE  
I'm sorry for your loss, ma'am.

The Marine puts a comforting hand on her shoulder as they both look on.

MARINE (CONT'D)

You'll get through this. Both of you. I promise.

The Mother looks up to the Marine, hopeful.

MARINE (CONT'D)

We have our best men on it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. 5TH AVE/33RD STREET -- LATER, NIGHT**

ZULU's Humvee slows to a stop just ahead of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

A blue-green curtain of haze drifts across the darkened landscape.

Geared up, Noland dismounts the Humvee alone, cautiously spreading out into the street.

Ridley provides cover from the Humvee's turret just as Del Toro comes over the radio.

DEL TORO (V.O.)

*"Target blinked off the grid five minutes ago. Right around here."*

NOLAND (FILTERED)

Blinked where? Get me specifics. She didn't just disappear into thin air.

The men all watch as Noland enters the

INTERSECTION

A cool GUST OF WIND kicks swirling bits of paper up into the air.

Noland crouches down to the pavement. Sees it's carpeted with THOUSANDS OF \$100 BILLS. They lead to an overturned ARMORED CAR up ahead.

Wrapped around various TRAFFIC LIGHTS are the flaming remains of several crashed NYPD PATROL CARS.

Noland taps his radio.

NOLAND (FILTERED)

*"Looting. Must've been during the evacuations."*

He turns his head skyward-

A LOCAL NEWS HELICOPTER is smashed into the shattered face of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. Huge flames weep from the upper levels of the skyscraper, like blood from an open wound, splashing puddles of hot fire onto the street.

Suddenly, the building begins making ODD GROANING SOUNDS.

NOLAND

(into radio)

Wash, how long can these fires keep going before this thing comes down?

WASHINGTON (FILTERED)

*"Any copter fuel got into the elevators, whole building could pancake."*

Noland notices FLOCKS OF PIGEONS rolled on their backs, flapping helplessly across the pavement like fish out of water.

He flips down NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES, looks all around.

*NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH HYPERSPECTRAL GOGGLES:*

*A SPECTROGRAPHIC VIEW shows the entire area is teeming with radiation. Grainy, COLORFUL CLOUDS OF GAS rise from cracks in the street, storm grates, etc.*

NOLAND (FILTERED)

*"Friedkin, take a radiation reading."*

(a beat)

*"Murdock, get ready to dust the place."*

HUMVEE

While Murdock and Del Toro prepare to fire a round of SMART DUST into the air, Friedkin pulls a hand-held DIGITAL GEIGER COUNTER. Takes a reading. The needle REDLINES. His eyes go wide, turns to the group.

FRIEDKIN

Everyone in suits. Now.

Noland comes back to the Huvmee. Approaches Lee and Friedkin.

NOLAND

What's the problem?

FRIEDKIN

Normal radiation levels peak at around  
six milliSieverts.

Friedkin tilts forward his handheld.

FRIEDKIN (CONT'D)

This area's registering at 3,000 mSv.

Noland turns to Lee.

NOLAND

What do you think, Lee?

LEE

That kind of exposure will cook a brain  
like a fried egg.

FRIEDKIN

The deeper we go, the worse it's going to  
get.

Noland shouts back to the SEALs.

NOLAND

Suit up.

HUMVEE / A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The entire team wears stealth, MILITARY-GRADE NBC SUITS  
overlaid with hexagonal MAG-SHIELDING. Clear, FULL-FACE  
GAS MASKS cover their faces.

CSHHH-CSHHH-CSHHH-

The masks begin filtering the air as an emerald HUD blinks  
STATISTICAL DATA across each visor.

Lee and Murdock relight their PLASMA FLAMETHROWERS,  
flanking the group as they move to the

INTERSECTION

Noland waves everyone forward, when-

PING-PANG-PONG!

Gunshots ECHO from every direction. Bullets SPARK around  
their feet.

The SEALs disband, taking cover wherever they can find it.

Six uniformed NYPD OFFICERS wielding .9-MM PISTOLS stumble out of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING -- all of them wild-eyed. Each is covered in purple RADIATION BURNS.

BEHIND A NEWSSTAND

Noland calls out to the cops through his mask.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"This is Lieutenant Commander Ethan Noland of the United States Navy. You're in shock. You've been poisoned. We're here to help."*

INTERSECTION

One of the officers steps forward, exhausted, wheezing for breath. His eyes are clouded red with burst capillaries.

NYPD OFFICER  
(echoing)  
It's too late. Can't you see? They're everywhere.

Desperate, the policemen continue looking around frantically. It's as if they can see something no one else can.

NEWSSTAND

Noland comes over the Comm.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"Murdock, I want that dust ready double quick."*

Noland listens as Gerber comes over the radio.

GERBER (V.O.)  
*"They're too far gone. There's nothing we can do for them, Ethan."*

LEE (V.O.)  
*"That's bullshit, Commander. These men can be treated."*

GERBER (V.O.)  
*"Even if they could, we're not equipped for Medivac."*

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"He's right. Mission priority is to locate 'SUBJECT ZERO.' We are NOT cleared for search and rescue."*

## INTERSECTION

Lee cautiously walks toward the cops, PLASMA-FLAMETHROWER in hand.

## NEWSSTAND

Noland watches on as the rest of the team comes over the radio.

GERBER (V.O.)

*"Christ."*

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

*"I don't feel good about this, Commander."*

RIDLEY (V.O.)

*"I'm with Wash."*

DEL TORO (V.O.)

*"The hell you think you're doing, Lee?"*

LEE (V.O.)

*"They're NYPD. I can fix them up and send them on their way."*

DEL TORO (V.O.)

*"Are you kidding? They're hot as Chernobyl. You're gonna get us all killed."*

NOLAND (FILTERED)

(to Lee)

*"Stand down, doctor."*

Lee keeps walking.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

*"THAT'S AN ORDER, LIEUTENANT!"*

(a beat)

*"AND MURDOCK, WHERE THE HELL IS MY DUST!?!"*

## INTERSECTION

Lee reaches the officers, turns off his thrower and slings it around his back. He begins looking over each of the men as the SEALs watch on.

Behind a

CRUSHED CAR

Friedkin helps Murdock aim at the sky and fire a GRENADE ROUND into the air via RIOT GUN.

INTERSECTION

The round sails over their heads, detonating with a loud POP! The dust begins to settle into the air, floating across the broken landscape.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*"Friedkin, I'm not seeing anything here."*

CRUSHED CAR

Friedkin looks down to his CONTROL TABLET.

FRIEDKIN (FILTERED)

*"The particles default at a lower frequency."*

Using a CONTROL TABLET, Friedkin cycles through various view options for "HIGH FREQUENCY WAVELENGTHS" of light -- INFRARED, GAMMA RAY, X-RAY, etc. As he does this, the particles become charged with energy.

Friedkin toggles to "INFRARED."

INTERSECTION

The exhausted officers watch as the particles floating through the air glow a DEEP CRIMSON. Like an undulating sea of digital embers. No GSTs appear.

NOLAND (V.O.)

(into the radio)

*"Negative on a visual."*

(shouting out)

*"LEE, GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR!"*

Lee quickens his pace, doling out more supplies.

CRUSHED CAR

Friedkin prepares toggling to "GAMMA RAY."

INTERSECTION

Lee hurries to finish treating the men as each particle floating around them suddenly glows varying shades of EMERALD. No GSTs appear.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*"Hurry, Friedkin. If there's something out there, I want eyes on it."*

CRUSHED CAR

Friedkin prepares to cycle to "X-RAY."

NEWSSTAND

DISEMBODIED VOICES begin interfering with Noland's Comms. He tries listening more closely. The jumbled static slowly clarifies to a faint whisper.

RADIO (FILTERED)  
(whispering)

"Lee."

Noland's eyes pull wide.

It's a trap.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
(shouting to Lee)  
"THEY'RE USING THEM AS BAIT! GET THE  
HELL OUT OF THERE!"

INTERSECTION

Friedkin activates the "X-RAY" control.

The Smart Dust particles electrify, turning SUPER WHITE-HOT, unexpectedly illuminating the silvery "bodies" of TWENTY GHOSTS surrounding Lee and the cops from all sides.

The SEALs immediately shield their eyes, pulling away from a brightness equivalent to that of the sun.

Everyone but Washington manage to look away. He looks at a ghost FULL-FORCE, without POLARIZING his visor, instantly cooking his retinas.

Washington falls to his knees, WAILING, clawing at his smoking visor in excruciating pain.

Gerber pulls Washington behind a car as the others try getting a glimpse of what they're up against.

These GSTs are stunningly disturbing. Through the team's polarized visors, they look similar to the grainy renders of human beings taken by BACKSCATTER X-RAY MACHINES. Due to their high frequency, anything these wraiths interact with BURSTS INTO FLAMES. The air burns. Even the pavement melts beneath their glowing feet.

Covering their eyes, the cops FIRE desperately into the air as a horrifying show of supernatural violence unfolds.

Bullets shoot harmlessly through the charged particles making up each spectral, SPARKING across the pavement like cheap firecrackers-

COP #1

Is approached by a SPECTRE. It phases a sizzling hand of particles DIRECTLY INTO the officer's neck. SNAPS his spine from the inside. PHASES OUT.

The man's body crumples to the pavement. Dead.

COPS #2 & 3

Are just about out of rounds. TWO GHOSTS throw them to the ground with such IMMENSE FORCE, the men are killed instantly.

COP #4

Tosses down his empty gun. Tries to throw a punch.

A PHANTOM intercepts the haymaker. SNAPS the officer's arm as if it were balsawood. Pins the arm to his back. Sweeps through the poor man's legs, SHATTERING them to pieces.

COPS #5 & 6

Try running. It's no use. SEVERAL GHOSTS rush the men from every direction. SAVAGELY TOSSING their fragile bodies into the street like ragdolls.

LEE

Turns tail. Starts running for the Humvee, but the melted pavement sticks to his boots. TEN WRAITHS overwhelm his body like a school of piranha.

He falls to the ground. RUPTURES the tank of his plasma-flamethrower.

BUH-BOOOOOOOOOOM!

NOLAND

Watches from a distance as MAGENTA FLAMES explode from Lee's flamethrower.

They slide over Lee's body. Melt his suit. Torch him to a crisp.

Noland SCREAMS over the Comm.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

"ENGAGE!!!"

RIDLEY

Washington, Murdock, Del Toro and Gerber provide suppressive fire as Ridley leaps into the Humvee's GPK TURRET-

Grabs hold of the 20-MM GATLING GUN. Its MAG-COILS buzz to life. He immediately LAUNCHES BLUE TRACER FIRE into the street.

CHNCK-CHNCK-CHNCK-CHNCK-CHNCK!

The rounds CRATER the black pavement as though it were fine China.

PFF-PFF-PFF-WHOOOOOOSH!

GHOSTS PHASE IN AND OUT of the air at random. DEBRIS AND SHRAPNEL are tossed about as each one flashes out of reality.

Ridley notices the ARMORED CAR in the street has begun moving inexplicably, SCREECHING AND SPARKING in tight circles across the pavement. A ghost momentarily blinks on and off at its center before disappearing entirely.

Then, some unseen force lifts it into the air, launching it toward the Humvee.

Ridley fires into the metal undercarriage of the armored car, trying to slow its speed as it hurtles through the air.

Moments before impact, Ridley leaps from the turret.

The armored car SLAMS into the Humvee, dragging it into the glass foyer of the Empire State Building where it EXPLODES in an awesome ELECTRONIC FIREBALL.

MURDOCK

Has taken cover behind a DESTROYED COMMUTER BUS. He looks down to his CONTROL TABLET. It's badly damaged. After a few moments it loses juice, cutting off power to the particles that visualize the GSTs-

Now, none of them can be seen!

Murdock watches on in stunned disbelief as THREE POLICE CRUISERS seemingly come alive -- cherry toppers and sirens spinning. Something lifts them off the ground and prepares to launch them toward him.

Noland CRACKLES over the radio.

NOLAND (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*"TORCH 'EM, MURDOCK!"*

Murdock leaps out from behind the bus, pulls the ignition trigger on his PLASMA-FLAMETHROWER.

A SUPER-HOT, violet cocktail of semi-liquid gas EXPLODES from the nozzle, buffeting the cop cars hovering through the air.

A long PLUME OF MAGENTA FLAMES slam into the remaining GHOSTS. The material binds to their invisible "bodies" like jelly on toast, clinging to each as if they were solid.

VACUUMS immediately manifest, sucking the flames into faint vortices which quickly swirl, dissolving into the wind.

The cop cars SLAM to the ground, crashing as the ghosts disappear from the atmosphere.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS

Things go quiet.

The team slowly emerges from the rubble, looking all around.

All that remains of the ghosts are their footprints in the asphalt.

The SEALS rush over to Lee. His body is smoking. His gear melted and singed. He's critically burned.

Noland, Gerber and Friedkin encircle the doctor as Ridley tends to Washington.

They begin going to work on Lee as the others shout in support.

GERBER (FILTERED)  
*"Just hang in there, Lee."*

MURDOCK (FILTERED)  
*"Gonna get you through this."*

Friedkin pulls out a MEDICAL KIT as Lee starts coughing up blood.

FRIEDKIN (FILTERED)  
*"Stay with us, Dr. Lee."*

Friedkin plunges a long MORPHINE NEEDLE filled with amber fluid into Lee's leg.

Noland and Gerber lean down, trying to console Lee.

GERBER (FILTERED)  
*"He's fading."*

Friedkin checks Lee's pulse. Regards his watch.

FRIEDKIN (FILTERED)  
 (to Noland)  
*"We're gonna lose him, Commander."*

Lee looks up to Noland, shivering. The Commander's voice softens. He grabs Lee's hand and tries to steady it.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
 (in Chinese)  
*"Keep your eyes on me. You've got more to do here, Mike."*

LEE  
 (in Chinese)  
*I'm too badly hurt. Body's shutting down, Ethan. I can feel it...*

Noland closes his eyes for a moment. Relives a piece of a distant memory-

*INSERT CUT: NOLAND'S MEMORY -- With her back to him, Noland's wife stands on a beach, mere feet from the edge of a massive wall of blue-green water. The wave grows in size, its cold shadow falling over her delicate features.*

Noland snaps out of it.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"Fight it, Goddamnit! Don't let it take you!"*  
 (softening)  
*"Remember Taipei? First year. That ex-pat bar we used to drag you to?"*

Lee tries smiling, despite the pain.

LEE  
 Whisky Dick's.

Noland and Lee laugh together.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"Whiskey Dick's. That's right."*  
 (a beat)  
*"After we get through this, we're takin'  
 a little trip over there. Drown our  
 sorrows. Find you a wife."*

Lee begins to quiet. The morphine is working.

Noland begins frowning. He can see Lee's eyelids getting heavy.

NOLAND (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
*"No, no, no. Stay awake, Mike. Don't  
 close your eyes."*

LEE  
 (whispering)  
 It's okay. It doesn't hurt anymore.

Lee becomes still.

LEE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 She's here, Ethan.

NOLAND (FILTERED)  
*"What? Who?"*

FRIEDKIN (FILTERED)  
 (to Noland)  
*"It's the morphine."*

LEE  
 (whispering)  
 She says...

Lee's mouth becomes dry. He pulls Noland close, speaking in a rasped whisper.

LEE (CONT'D)  
 ...Don't be afraid.

With Gerber watching, Lee uses what little strength he has to turn Noland's eyes

ACROSS THE STREET

NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH HIS VISOR:

*Two people are watching him in silence. A woman and a man. It looks like Noland's wife standing beside an uninjured Lee.*

*Noland can't believe his eyes. He blinks one time and they're gone.*

Suddenly, the ground beneath everyone's feet begins RUMBLING. The sound is building. Getting LOUDER.

The noise merges with Gerber's voice, shaking Noland back to reality.

GERBER (FILTERED)

*"He's gone, Ethan."*

Noland looks down to see Lee has died in his arms.

Deflated, Noland swipes closed Lee's eyes. Snaps off the man's DOG TAGS.

Then, the familiar sound of METAL GRINDING AGAINST METAL. Noland rises to his feet with the others.

Del Toro moves away from the group. Follows the sound through the air, and is shocked to discover-

IT'S COMING FROM THE BASE OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

LARGE FISSURES begin forming along its supports -- all of them heavily damaged from the firefight.

Del Toro goes white. He SCREAMS out to the others:

DEL TORO (FILTERED)

(terrified)

*"IT'S COMING DOWN!!!"*

The SEALS immediately look up, rising to their feet, as-

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN -- CONTINUOUS**

A DEEP CRACK shoots up the spine of the Empire State Building, SHATTERING WINDOWS AND PANCAKING SEVERAL FLOORS.

Its needle-thin STEEL SPIRE falls forward, taking the rest of the flaming building with it.

The structure's MASSIVE BODY plummets through low hanging clouds of mist, DISINTEGRATING through them as it hurtles back to Earth.

The falling building casts a long, ominous shadow across the entire intersection.

**EXT. 5TH AVE/33RD STREET -- CONTINUOUS**

Ridley throws Washington to his feet, following as the other men all turn, sprinting toward the UNDERGROUND PARK AVENUE SUBWAY STATION.

All around the SEALs-

A hellish meteor shower of PULVERIZED CONCRETE, GLASS AND STEEL falls from the sky. HUNDREDS OF TONS OF MATERIAL.

The amount of destruction is so massive, it throws everything out of scale. Cars look like tin-toys. The SEALs like scattering ants.

Running past CARS, REBAR AND FRACTURED ASPHALT, the men manage to dodge the debris, diving for the SUBWAY STAIRS just as the bulk of the building-

SLAMS into the street with such THUNDEROUS FORCE, it blows out the windows of surrounding structures, CRUSHING TO DUST anything in its path.

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. WAR ROOM, USS EISENHOWER -- NIGHT**

Admiral Silver and VARIOUS MILITARY OFFICIALS nervously analyze battlefield statistics stretched across a large WALL-SCREEN.

Suddenly, one of the Admiral's aides approaches. He whispers in the Admiral's ear just as a section of the screen ahead of everyone blinks to life. On it -- U.S. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE WILLIAM BLACK (60s). He looks stressed.

SECRETARY BLACK (FILTERED)

*"Admiral Silver, I'm not liking what I'm seeing, here."*

ADMIRAL SILVER

Communication with the island has been unreliable, due to the storm. Seems the more of these things there are, the stronger they get. Our team is working to-

SECRETARY BLACK (FILTERED)

*"National Command Authority's authorized use of a nuclear deterrent should the situation continue advancing."*

The room goes quiet. The Admiral can hardly believe what he's just heard.

ADMIRAL SILVER

A nuclear strike? On American soil?

SECRETARY BLACK (FILTERED)

*"In the event your boys go dark. The island's self contained. Los Alamos has given us assurances. A nuclear blast detonated at the harbor would create an electromagnetic pulse they say will destroy any remaining on-ground GSTs."*

ADMIRAL SILVER

We're still waiting on word out of Manhattan. The contingency calls for forces to assemble ahead of Yankee Stadium. Shouldn't-

SECRETARY BLACK (FILTERED)

(interrupting)

*"We cannot allow the situation to continue unraveling. Manhattan's only a stone's throw from Washington. They want the situation brought under control. We're counting on you and your team, Admiral."*

The transmission from the Secretary ends. Admiral Silver motions to an aide.

ADMIRAL SILVER

Get Sterling on the line.

The aide uses the wall-screen to contact FOB MANHATTAN. The line is dead. Blinking across the screen: "OFFLINE."

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOB MANHATTAN -- LATER**

Weather has begun affecting the area more seriously. MIGHTY WINDS whip past surrounding buildings. TREES shed their leaves in bunches -- the dark sky roiling above them.

Col. Sterling sprints out of The Garden surrounded by HEAVILY ARMORED MARINES wielding ASSAULT RIFLES.

They all follow Sterling to the barbed fencing of a nearby BARRICADE.

With squinting eyes, Sterling peers beyond the barricade, into the city, to see-

The MASSIVE EDGE OF THE STORM approaching from afar.

Sterling turns around to see Cpt. Fancher waving him back to The Garden.

**INT. ARENA BOWL -- MOMENTS LATER**

The men weave through MISSION CONTROL on their way to the BATTLE STATION.

Sterling wipes the rain from his shoulders. Fancher begins speaking a mile a minute.

CPT. FANCHER

We just got an SOS from the Coast Guard. Storm surge barriers are beginning to give way. Sections of The Battery are already flooding.

COL. STERLING

Any word from Admiral Silver?

CPT. FANCHER

None.

Fancher leads Sterling to one of the...

**INT. ELUMENS VISIONSTATION -- CONTINUOUS**

Both men watch a MILITARY TECHNICIAN use VR GLOVES to manipulate fresh field data.

COL. STERLING

From the AWAC probes?

The Technician rotates a THREE-DIMENSIONAL METEOROLOGICAL view of Manhattan. An overlay of the storm over the last 5 hours illustrates it's gotten LARGER. The front of the hurricane has begun spreading NORTH.

CPT. FANCHER

It's building. And with all the infrastructure that's been damaged...

Sterling moves closer to the monitor. Takes it all in.

COL. STERLING

They're trying to pull the temple down over our heads. Scorch the Earth. Destroy anything useful to us as they advance.

CPT. FANCHER  
Where does this put ZULU?

Sterling turns to Fancher, methodical as ever.

COL. STERLING  
The wind.  
(a beat)  
We have to consider the possibility they  
won't make it.

CPT. FANCHER  
SOCOM wanted the Navy to send its best.  
That's what we sent. Now, you're  
suggesting we abandon those men before  
they have a chance to achieve their  
objective?

COL. STERLING  
War is hell.

CPT. FANCHER  
War?

COL. STERLING  
What do you think this is building to,  
Captain? These things are trying to wipe  
us off the map.

Fancher shakes his head in disbelief.

COL. STERLING  
I already went to bat for your boys.  
ZULU's got...  
(checking his watch)  
...three more hours to activate their  
kill beacon. Four. Tops. Meantime, I'm  
ordering units begin preparing for a full  
scale offensive. Before this nightmare  
moves further North.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY -- LATER**

It's pitch black. The air is thick with particulates.

A MAGNESIUM FLARE explodes to life in Noland's hand,  
throwing harsh light across the tiled walls of the  
abandoned station.

Everything is covered in a layer of PULVERIZED DUST.  
Turnstiles. Newspaper stands. Everything.

The rest of the SEALs strike more flares, tossing them about the area. The pulsing light radiates over their torn and burned RADIATION SUITS AND CRACKED FACE MASKS.

Del Toro pitches a flare over to the STAIRS.

A mass of stoney rubble has clogged the opening.

DEL TORO  
(back to Noland)  
We're sealed in, sir.

Del Toro looks back to see the other men gathering around an injured Washington.

Noland kneels to face the soldier, who Ridley's trying to console.

RIDLEY  
(whispering)  
Commander's here, Wash.

Washington tilts his face to Noland's, shockingly revealing-

Eyes like milk-white cataracts. Ghostly and ghastly. Looking directly at high frequency GSTs has literally burned the pigment out of Washington's eyes.

Washington can hear the other men squirming.

WASHINGTON  
How bad is it? I'm not gonna go blind, am I? Tell me I'm gonna see again.

Friedkin kneels, attempts to shine a pen light into Washington's pupils. There's no reaction. In fact, the light only further illuminates the horrible extent to which Washington's eyes have been scarred.

Friedkin turns to Noland, shaking his head "No."

NOLAND  
I'm going to be honest with you, Andre.  
It doesn't look good.

WASHINGTON  
What about Mike?

Noland deflates, feeling the burden of Lee's death.

NOLAND  
We lost him.

Ridley helps Friedkin wrap gauze around Washington's face.

NOLAND

We'll do what we can. Couple more hours  
and we'll get you to a doctor.

Noland motions the rest of the team to another area of the station.

Gerber pulls a TACTICAL KNIFE. Slits open a CYALUME TACTICAL CHEM LIGHT filled with glowing emerald liquid and drenches his gloved hand with it.

Gerber walks around the dark station, slapping a glowing handprint onto each man's chest.

Murdock lights up a cigarette, takes a long drag.

Gerber raises a hand in protest.

GERBER

Snuff it. We don't know much breathable  
air's down here.

Friedkin steps forward. There's worry in his voice.

FRIEDKIN

Not sure it'll make any difference,  
Lieutenant. The potassium iodide was in  
the Humvee. We're out of rads.

NOLAND

(to everyone)

We stay down here for more than a few  
hours, and we'll all die of radiation  
poisoning.

Del Toro hits Murdock on the shoulder, reaches for a cigarette.

DEL TORO

Gotta die of somethin'.

Del Toro lights up the cig just as Ridley slides up beside him loading an M203 PISTOL GRENADE LAUNCHER.

FRIEDKIN

It gets worse.

(a beat)

The imaging tech and charging unit were  
in the Humvee.

NOLAND

How long before we lose the guns?

FRIEDKIN

Without a charge? Another few hours.  
Max.

NOLAND

Good. Then, we know our options.

Noland swivels around, sees the subway tracks behind them are empty and dark.

CIRCUIT BREAKER / MOMENTS LATER

MURDOCK

These systems are computer controlled.  
Should have automatically powered down to  
avoid shorting.

Gerber cracks another chemlight, holds it to the breaker like an orange glow stick.

Murdock opens the box. It's toasted.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

Looks pretty bad.

Murdock thinks for a moment, borrows Gerber's tactical knife and begins fraying the edges on a BUNDLE OF WIRES. Reconnects them to another group and-

BZZP-BZZZZZZZZZZ!

A few of the station's dim fluorescents slowly flicker on.

NOLAND

(re: the tunnels)

Great. We follow the tracks beneath the storm and bypass whatever's happening above ground.

Del Toro suddenly looks up from his MAPPING TABLET, excited.

DEL TORO

Commander, just got a hit.

NOLAND

Where?

DEL TORO

Tunnel F, about a mile ahead.

The men all spring to attention, following Del Toro into the tunnels.

**INT. TUNNEL F, SUBWAY TUNNEL -- LATER**

A complex maze of stone passageways slathered with graffiti and teeming with trash and cockroaches. Small trickles of water spurt from the walls.

The men look exhausted. Gerber wipes a forehead soaked with sweat, turning to Friedkin.

GERBER

Hotter than hell down here.

Noland checks his MTM WATCH. The temperature reads "130 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT."

FRIEDKIN

It's the radiation. Tunnels are like one giant microwave.

Noland cranes his neck around.

NOLAND

(to Del Toro)

How close are we?

DEL TORO

Her position hasn't changed. Should be right up ahead, boss.

Noland looks around, confused.

NOLAND

Where's Washington?

The men all stop, looking around. Ridley can't believe his eyes.

RIDLEY

He was here a minute ago.

Before they can argue-

Something makes a sound at the other end of the tunnel.

It's a voice.

Noland squints ahead.

Someone is on the tracks.

The men all bolt into a sprint, racing ahead.

FURTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL

Washington is on one knee, fighting back tears. His back is turned. It looks like he's cradling something.

Noland and Ridley and the others slowly approach.

NOLAND

Washington?

Washington cranes his neck around, shouts back.

WASHINGTON

I found him. Must have gotten trampled trying to get above ground.

Ridley steps forward, concerned.

RIDLEY

Who'd you find, brother?

Washington turns around, wild eyed -- his blindfold torn away. He reveals something held tightly in his hands-

A small wad off BLOODY GRISTLE. A tooth. Some hair.

The men look closer. To their horror, everyone realizes-

It's Christine Tath's RFID CHIP!

WASHINGTON

Can't you see? I found Dad.

*WASHINGTON'S HALLUCINATION POV:*

*An old man wearing Washington's muddied Yankee's cap looks up, fear in his eyes. It's Washington's father. He's badly injured. The man whimpers, hardly able to speak.*

WASHINGTON'S FATHER

(whispering)

*Why'd you leave me, son? Was all alone.  
That what I deserve? To go like this?  
Like some, damn dog?*

Tears fall from Washington's damaged eyes. They splash through empty hands down to the pavement.

Noland tries slowly approaching the injured SEAL.

NOLAND

Washington, it's the radiation. They're screwing with your head somehow.

Noland looks to Washington's burned arm. It hasn't healed. He tries getting closer to Washington, but the SEAL's demeanor turns violent on a dime.

Washington points a loaded pistol at Noland, cocks it, waving both wildly. He points another at Ridley.

WASHINGTON

Not gonna let you hurt him.

RIDLEY

Easy, Andre. Put the guns down. It's me. Sean. You're sick.

He moves closer.

RIDLEY

Your Dad got out. Remember? Told you about Yankee Stadium.

Washington thinks to himself, tries reasoning things out.

He isn't convinced. What he's "seeing" is just too real.

A VOICE unexpectedly comes over the Comm. It's Murdock.

MURDOCK (V.O.)

(quietly, through radio)

*"There's a working train in Tunnel E, Commander. You're 30 yards away. Get to it."*

Noland looks ahead, sees the tunnel split into "E."

He carefully presses a button on his radio.

NOLAND

(into radio)

Target's removed her locator chip. We-

Familiar sounds come over the Comm. Tangled chatter-

DISEMBODIED VOICES.

The hair stands up on Noland's neck. The air becomes charged, filling with static.

Noland is right about to approach Washington, when-

Some unseen force takes hold of Washington's linebacker-sized body! It tosses Washington around the brick walls, CRUSHING every bone in his body and SHATTERING the place to pieces.

RIDLEY  
ANDRE, NOOOOOO!!!

The men waste no time, bolting into a sprint. They pull Ridley away as he SCREAMS out for his fallen friend.

**INT. FRONT CAR, SUBWAY TRAIN -- MOMENTS LATER, CONTINUOUS**

Noland and the others pack themselves inside, forcing the STEEL DOORS closed by hand. The other SEALs lock and load, taking defensive positions across the car as Noland screams:

NOLAND  
STAY OFF THE GODDAMN COMM! IT'S HOW  
THEY'RE TRACKING US!

One by one, the men activate LASER SIGHTS on their assault rifles, lighting up the car with thin lines of electric blue light.

Noland rushes past the others on the way to the CONTROL COCKPIT at the front of the train.

**INT. CONTROL COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS**

Murdock's seated at the CONTROL BOARD, a complex INSTRUMENT PANEL filled with digital gauges and glowing screens. The windshield is a large pane of glass that gives a full view of the tunnel ahead.

Noland lunges toward the control panel, jams forward a RED LEVER that sends the train HURTLING forward.

He looks down to Murdock.

NOLAND  
Whatever happens, don't stop.

Noland moves out of the cockpit and into...

**INT. FRONT CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

...where he too takes a defensive position.

The lights strobe as the car increases speed -- the tunnel ZOOMING past each window in long, gray streaks.

Then, the windows begin fogging over with puffs of HOT BREATH, revealing what look like HUNDREDS OF HANDPRINTS stretched across the car's windows.

GERBER  
Oh my God.

Something starts tracing itself in the condensation streaked across every window: "L... E..." Traumatized, the SEALs watch in nervous anticipation of the message.

After a moment, it finishes writing itself.

The men all look around, swallowing hard -- stunned and confused.

The message reads: "LEE SAYS 'HI.'"

NOLAND

Friedkin, what's happening?!?

FRIEDKIN

Shake it off! They're fishing for nightmares! Trying to distract us! None of it's real!

Noland looks over to the window, is shocked to see-

A DOZEN SUBWAY PASSENGERS SITTING QUIETLY ON THE TRAIN!  
They stare at the men in silence -- DEAD EYED -- rocking back and forth in the shake of the fast moving car.

NOLAND

They look pretty Goddamn real to me.

These ghosts look like warped facsimiles of human beings. Reconstructed fragments of what they were in life. Features disturbingly STRETCHED AND BLURRED, the way an image distorts under a magnifying glass.

It's absolutely terrifying to look at.

Noland's attention is suddenly drawn forward, dumbfounded at what lays ahead-

BEGIN NOLAND'S HALLUCINATION:

It's his wife, Meagan.

*Meagan's skin is GREY AND BLOATED -- eyes streaked with smears of black makeup -- green ribbons of seaweed dangling from her soaked dress.*

*She starts crawling across the floor of the train car as rotted fish inexplicably swim through the air above their heads.*

MEAGAN

*Why'd you leave me, Ethan? It's your fault I'm gone. You did this to us...*

(MORE)

MEAGAN (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
*YOU DID!!!*

*Noland's eyes pull tight. He grits his teeth. Tears well in his eyes.*

*INSERT SHOT: NOLAND'S MEMORY -- Meagan smiles at him, laughs playfully as she bites her lip and turns away.*

*Noland opens his eyes.*

NOLAND  
*No...*

*Meagan HACKS AND COUGHS, spitting sea water out of her mouth as she begins choking.*

NOLAND (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
*It's not real.*

*A tear falls down his cheek. He hardens up. The lights flicker. In-between the blinks-*

*Noland's wife TRANSFORMS into Lee.*

*The man is terribly burned -- body still SMOKING from the fire. He reaches out for Noland, is about to open his mouth, when-*

END NOLAND'S HALLUCINATION

Del Toro's radio WHINES at the back of the car, DESTROYING the illusion and shaking Noland and the others back to reality.

The SEALS look all around, puzzled to see-

The passengers have disappeared.

Before Del Toro can turn off his radio-

The lights go out, plunging the car into DARKNESS.

THROUGHOUT THE CAR

Metal STANCHIONS suddenly begin bending, twisting at awkward angles around Del Toro.

Noland squints, looking to Del Toro's MAG-VEST. It was fried during the earlier fight.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

(screaming)

TORO, GET DOWN!

Something slaps Del Toro's gun away, lifting his body slowly into the air.

The men train their guns on Del Toro, watching in stunned amazement as his body levitates above their heads.

Del Toro tries squirming away, desperately calling out for the others to fire as handprints literally BURN themselves into his face.

Then, Del Toro's body-

BREAKS ITSELF FROM THE INSIDE OUT!

In one swift move, his arms CRACK. Legs SHATTER. Neck SNAPS.

Del Toro's body goes limp, falling from the air and crumpling onto the ground in a heap in front of the SEALs.

Noland and Gerber pull CARBINES, firing around the car-

POP-POP-POP!

Vacuums form, crushing sections of the car inward like a tin can -- SHATTERING several glass windows in the process.

A hot WAVE OF WIND swirls through the smashed windows.

Noland tosses Ridley his carbine, pulls two P-226s and runs into-

**INT. CONTROL COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS**

Murdock is frantically trying to man the controls, which have lit up like a pinball machine.

He turns to Noland, panicked.

MURDOCK

They took over. Locked me out.

Noland looks to the digital SPEEDOMETER. It's redlined to 100+ MPH.

NOLAND

What about an emergency override?

But Murdock's slack-jawed. Staring ahead in disbelief. Noland follows his gaze-

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

CHUNKS OF BRICK AND MORTAR are literally pulling themselves from the tunnel walls ahead of them!

After a few seconds, the ceiling COLLAPSES, bringing with it a dark wall of churning OCEAN WATER.

Noland and Murdock leap to their feet, sprinting out of the control room.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland SCREAMS ahead to the others.

NOLAND  
HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!!!

Everyone immediately grabs hold of various parts of the train. They've just about braced themselves, when-

**INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS**

The wall of water SLAMS into the front of the subway, VIOLENTLY spinning it end over end, causing a chain reaction that throws every car off the tracks and fills each with freezing ocean water.

The entire tunnel is flooded in a matter of seconds.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

The glowing CHEM-HANDPRINT Gerber slapped on each man is the only visible light.

The SEALS float in the watery darkness inside the broken subway cars, past silver-scaled sea bass, kelp and detritus -- desperate to find an exit out of the mangled steel enclosure.

Noland is unconscious.

He drifts helplessly as Gerber and the others squeeze RE-BREATHERS into their mouths, sending bubbles drifting to the ceiling.

Murdock pulls a HANDHELD WATER TORCH and begins cutting an opening out of the top of the car.

Ridley watches guard with his M203 PISTOL GRENADE LAUNCHER.

Gerber and Friedkin begin swimming toward Noland.

Suddenly, a collection of PASSENGER BODIES appears just beneath Noland -- drifting in the water like corpses in a shipwreck.

The ghosts reach out for Noland, getting closer with each second.

Gerber increases his swim speed, gliding past Friedkin, SCREAMING for Noland through his re-breather.

*INSERT SHOT: NOLAND'S SUBCONSCIOUS -- Noland's body floats in endless nothingness. Suddenly his wife, Meagan, appears above him. She floats ethereally with Noland inside the destroyed subway car, drifting toward him, smiling as she extends an ivory hand.*

Noland's eyes snap open, bringing him back to reality.

He sees Gerber's glowing green glove soaked in chem fluid reaching for him.

The ghosts are just about to pull Noland down through the darkness, when-

Gerber grabs Noland's hand, hoisting him to the top of the car.

Just as this happens, Murdock finishes cutting his hole in the ceiling.

Gerber and Noland follow the others as they swim through the opening.

**INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS**

The SEALS all stroke past the crushed SUBWAY TRAIN to the top of the tunnel, ghosts nipping at their feet through the water.

The team's about to get to an overhead STORM DRAIN, when-

Ridley turns around, aims his M203 PISTOL GRENADE LAUNCHER into the crowd of ghosts and FIRES-

A grenade round goes ZOOMING down through the water, like a torpedo, traveling through the ghosts and SLAMMING into the interior of one subway car where it DETONATES in a glowing red FIREBALL.

The water instantly SURGES, sending an ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE rippling through the entire tunnel.

Before the spirits have an idea what's happened, the pulse rips them apart, dematerializing each in a whirlpool of bubbles and flame.

FROM BELOW, we watch as Noland's yellow PERSONAL LOCATOR BEACON falls through the water, swallowed whole by surrounding darkness.

**EXT. CANAL STREET / CHINATOWN -- MOMENTS LATER**

The power's out.

The storm RAGES all around, hot forks of white lightning sending horizontal sheets of rain shooting to the ground.

The area is in ruins -- much of it flooded with ocean water, rain and fog. A CHINESE LION COSTUME bobs helplessly, tangled in web of downed POWER LINES.

RED CHINA BALLS are carried into the air by powerful winds breezing past soaked shops overflowing with HANFU CLOTHING, BAMBOO STREAMERS, PARASOLS and TOYS.

A STORM DRAIN pops open at the center of CHINATOWN-

Out comes SEAL TEAM ZULU. Drenched. Exhausted.

Noland waves everyone toward a BUDDHIST TEMPLE guarded by two BRONZE CHINESE DRAGONS.

CUT TO:

**EXT. USS EISENHOWER / ATLANTIC OCEAN -- NIGHT**

The massive, grey aircraft carrier sails over the calm blue sea. The sky is clear as crystal, distant stars twinkling in the dead of night.

Admiral Silver is standing on the deck, smoking a cigar as he stares out into the dark landscape.

A MILITARY AIDE approaches him from behind.

AIDE

Sir, we just received word. All long-range communication has ceased. Manhattan's gone totally dark.

The Admiral looks to the stars, quietly contemplating. After a few moments, he comes to a decision.

ADMIRAL SILVER

Call Whiteman. Tell them to fuel up the  
B-2. I'm recommending a strike for  
01200.

The Aide swallows hard.

AIDE

Yes, sir.

The Admiral looks up to the glittering sky, tosses his  
cigar down to the water.

ADMIRAL SILVER

God, forgive us.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAHAYANA BUDDHIST TEMPLE -- CONTINUOUS**

Runnels of cold rainwater splash from the ceiling into  
puddles on the floor.

A destroyed, 16FT. TALL GOLD STATUE OF BUDDHA sits at the  
back of the room -- its cracked face lying in pieces  
across the floor.

Noland and the others have taken refuge from the storm  
among holy relics and snuffed out wax candles.

Bloodied and burned, Murdock, Ridley and Friedkin  
immediately begin clearing off an altar to do a gear-  
check.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Noland sits at a pew alone, catching his breath.

Gerber is about to join the others, when he sees Noland  
contemplating over Lee's bloody DOG TAGS.

NOLAND

Sun's not even up and we've already lost  
three.

GERBER

You got us to the eye of the storm.  
They're not your fault.

NOLAND

Maybe not. But they're my  
responsibility. For better or worse.

Gerber sees Noland rubbing Lee's tags together, thinking.

GERBER

Mind if I ask you something?

NOLAND

Sure.

GERBER

Back at Fifth Avenue. After they got Lee...

(a beat)

You saw something, didn't you?

Noland puts the tags away.

GERBER (CONT'D)

It was Meagan.

Noland slowly nods "yes."

GERBER (CONT'D)

What do you think it means?

NOLAND

Been going on for awhile now. Not sure how much of it's real anymore. After what's been happening, I'm starting to think it's not just in my head.

GERBER

You think it's possible, she's here?

NOLAND

I never told you how she died, did I?

GERBER

Cancer.

NOLAND

The cancer was killing her, yeah. But, that's not how she went.

GERBER

(confused)

What do you mean?

NOLAND

Eighteen months ago.

GERBER

Somalia.

NOLAND

I got a call the first night we touched down...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- At night, Noland disembarks with ZULU out of an aircraft carrier parked on a military runway. An MP hands Noland a SATELLITE PHONE he puts his ear to.

NOLAND (V.O.)

HQ patched Meg through. She was trying to be strong, but I could hear it in her voice. Something was wrong.

- Inside a brightly lit beach house, Meagan fights back tears, cradling the phone as she speaks.

NOLAND (V.O.)

Doctors said she only had another week. She told me she'd found a way to stop the pain.

- Noland moves away from the group, nervously repositions the phone at his ear. His brow furrows.

NOLAND (V.O.)

I tried telling her it was going to be okay. To stay strong. Said I'd be on the first plane out of Mogadishu. But, she knew there was no way.

- Meagan wipes tears sliding down her cheeks. Mouths the words "I love you," into the phone before hanging up.

NOLAND (V.O.)

Next day, after the rescue, I get another call.

- Noland, ZULU and the Somalian hostages pile out of a damaged BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER baking in the hot sun. Covered in sweat and blood, Noland is surrounded by cheering soldiers. A group of Noland's superiors slowly approach with bad news.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her sister said she'd gone missing. Took about a week for the locals to piece together what happened.

(a beat)

She put on her favorite dress...

- Meagan finishes zipping herself into a pearly laced wedding dress, smiling at herself in the mirror. She looks beautiful. Stunning. An angel.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ate at her favorite restaurant...

- At a beach side cafe, Meagan finishes paying her bill. She signs the check, then looks out over the watery blue horizon, contemplating the setting sun.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Went down to the beach where we got married...

- Walking down the empty beachhead, Meagan takes off her white shoes. Lets the sand squish between her toes. A cold wind whips her gossamer dress into the air. She closes her eyes.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And walked right into the Atlantic...

- Meagan can be seen at a distance standing at the face of a mountainous blue wave. It momentarily crests, curling over her head then collapsing, swallowing her body whole.

BACK TO SCENE

Gerber pulls back, reeling.

GERBER

Jesus, Ethan. I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

NOLAND

She was the only thing that ever mattered to me, Tom. And I let her die. Alone. Like an animal. Not a day goes by I don't wish I'd made a different choice. Ever since then, she's been...

GERBER

What?

Noland tries to put things into words.

NOLAND

She's been haunting me.

(a beat)

Back at the subway. After the car flooded. I saw her again.

GERBER

It was just those things screwing with your head.

NOLAND

At first. But the second time. After I got knocked out. It felt...

(struggling for the words)

(MORE)

NOLAND (CONT'D)

...real. It felt right, Tom. Like everything was falling into place. Like it was meant to be.

GERBER

What are you saying?

NOLAND

I'm saying, maybe it was meant to be. Maybe I'm here for a reason. Maybe all of us are. If I'd been shipped out of Somalia, they never would have sent us here. Maybe she's trying to help. In her own way. To show me the way.

GERBER

Where?

NOLAND

Home.

Gerber becomes uneasy. He puts a brotherly hand on Noland's shoulder.

GERBER

We're almost through this, Ethan.

NOLAND

No, I know. You're right.

GERBER

You gonna be okay?

NOLAND

Yeah. I'm fine.  
(off Gerber's look)  
Really.

Both men rise to their feet. They join the others taking stock of the remaining gear ahead of the downed BUDDHA STATUE. What's left is spread out across a table.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

How're we doing?

The men all shake their heads, despondent.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

Murdock looks to Friedkin, concern in his eyes. Friedkin delivers the news.

FRIEDKIN

The problem is, that was ocean water that flooded the subway.

GERBER

Storm barricades must have collapsed at the Harbor.

Friedkin lifts one of the MAG-CARBINES. It's covered in brown spots of rust.

FRIEDKIN

Salt water is a natural corrosive. Doesn't react well with electronics.

Friedkin tosses the useless weapon onto the table.

NOLAND

How many weapons have been affected?

FRIEDKIN

All but a few grenades, and Ridley's SR-25.

(pointing to all of the men)

Body armor's also soaked. And with the radiation levels we've been exposed to, it's really only a matter of time until we...

GERBER

We what?

FRIEDKIN

Die of radiation sickness.

Everyone goes quiet.

Murdock steps forward, moves toward Noland with his EVP RECORDER/PARSING SYSTEM.

MURDOCK

Dr. Friedkin and I have been working on separating the transmission interference. The second layer is white noise. A single powerful signal spread across the entire radio spectrum.

FRIEDKIN

It's coming from Tath.

NOLAND

What's in the signal?

Murdock tilts a water-soaked TABLET to the group. Its screen struggles to display a RIVER OF CONSTANTLY SHIFTING DATA.

MURDOCK

Coordinates.

GERBER

Coordinates?

NOLAND

To where?

Murdock swipes at the tablet. A WORLD MAP appears with each of the planet's MAJOR CITIES represented.

MURDOCK

The planet's most densely populated cities. New York. Los Angeles. Mexico City. London. Paris. Berlin. Tokyo.

Everyone is shocked. They all pull back, surprised.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

Tath must be some sort of psychic transceiver. Like, a two-way radio these things use to communicate and organize.

Noland begins putting the pieces together. His mind is reeling. He turns to Friedkin.

NOLAND

Remember what you saw at Times Square? The pilot dying, then coming back as one of them?

Friedkin figures it out, too.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

They're building an army out of our dead. Kill by kill.

GERBER

An army for what?

NOLAND

Invasion.

The room goes quiet.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

These things are burning the earth. Block by block. Just like we would. They move into an area.

(MORE)

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Wipe out the infrastructure. Corner the population. Then, strike.

(a beat)

They did it to us in Times Square. Forced us into the tunnels on Fifth. My guess is, anyone behind the DMZ is next...

Suddenly, Ridley SHOUTS for everyone to come to the roof.

**EXT. ROOF, TEMPLE -- MORNING**

The air is totally clear. Glittery bands of gold dawn light shine down from the heavens, twinkling across the broken remains of downtown.

Everything is still. Disturbingly silent. Calm.

Everything, but-

An ENORMOUS, circular wall of dark weather rotating around the team's position. A mile from them in every direction. They're inside the cyclone supporting the eye-wall of the storm. The psychic bubble. Both magnificent and terrifying.

With a pair of MILITARY-GRADE BINOCULARS pressed to his eyes, Ridley looks ahead, toward the ocean.

RIDLEY

Saw the glint on her medical bracelet.

(a beat)

Must've been using the tunnels to cloak her movements.

Ridley hands Noland the binoculars. He points them to the waterfront.

*NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH BINOCULARS:*

*Several COAST GUARD VESSELS have run aground. MARINES, NYPD AND FIREFIGHTERS guarding the harbor are dead.*

*Noland ZOOMS forward. Finds focus at the on-ramp of New York's mighty BROOKLYN BRIDGE. The water beneath it is glass smooth. He follows a BRIGHT GLINT to a woman in a torn medical gown. She's a third of the way across the bridge, walking alone down the abandoned road.*

*It's Christine Tath A/K/A "SUBJECT ZERO."*

NOLAND (V.O.)

(smiling)

Eagle eyes.

(MORE)

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(a beat)

That's her. She's headed toward  
Brooklyn.

Suddenly, Noland's nose begins bleeding. His hands are shaking. He pulls the binoculars from his eyes, sees the others are bleeding too.

FRIEDKIN

It's the radiation. We're running out of  
time.

**INT. TEMPLE -- MORNING**

Noland unfurls a large, water-soaked TOURIST MAP across a table. Every surviving member of the team surrounds him.

Noland turns to Ridley.

NOLAND

How close do you need to be?

RIDLEY

Winds are flat calm. Within a mile.  
Maybe less.

NOLAND

Alright. Now, there's enough power in  
Ridley's SR-25 to give him what he needs  
to take out the target.

Using a magic marker, Noland draws a thick line from the top of a nearby structure to the BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

NOLAND

South Street Seaport should give you a  
straight line of sight right to her. We  
go radio silent to keep these things from  
knowing we're here, and...

Noland pats himself down looking for something -- his face filled worry.

GERBER

(concerned)

What is it?

NOLAND

The beacon's gone.

The men all become upset.

GERBER

How are we supposed to confirm the kill?

NOLAND

The only thing that matters is killing Tath. Confirmation's useless once we've passed "ZERO HOUR." An attack's coming either way.

GERBER

He's right. If Forward Command's got any sense, they've already started assembling everyone.

Friedkin doesn't look convinced. He pulls Noland aside as the others move outside.

FRIEDKIN

You sure about this?

NOLAND

Aren't you?

FRIEDKIN

Something's not right. It's too easy.

NOLAND

Simple, not easy. There's more than just Manhattan at stake, now. Brooklyn hasn't been evacuated. They're sitting ducks. The five boroughs fall and these things will have the numbers they need to storm the mainland.

Noland puts a hand on Friedkin's shoulder.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

This is it.

Friedkin watches Noland go, jaw tensing.

**EXT. CHINATOWN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Murdock finishes hot-wiring a GARBAGE TRUCK. Its diesel engine roars to life. Everyone jumps on, and the truck rumbles toward the BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOB MANHATTAN / MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS**

The angry tempest swirls all around the SKYSCRAPERS OF MANHATTAN. HURRICANE WINDS AND HORIZONTAL RAIN. From above, a thin vein of WHITE LIGHTNING fractures the sky, flashing bright strobes onto-

THOUSANDS OF MARINES preparing for battle. Some in M1-ABRAMS TANKS. Others in HUMVEES AND JEEPS. All of them drenched in rain.

SEVERAL UH-60 BLACK HAWKS hover about in the air -- four blades whipping the hell out of the clouds.

CUT TO:

**INT. YANKEE STADIUM -- CONTINUOUS**

THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS are huddled together everywhere. Men. Women. Children. Desperate. Hopeful.

We settle on the same woman, child and Marine seen earlier. They watch as GROUPS OF U.S. COMBAT SOLDIERS travel out of the stadium in M35 2 1/2 TON ARMY TRUCKS filled with 25MM rounds.

From afar, a COMMANDER screams for the Marine to move out. Before he can leave, the woman pulls the soldier close.

WOMAN

Good luck.

The Marine finishes hugging the woman, looks down to her son.

MARINE

Your turn to guard mom, buddy.

The boy smiles, watching the Marine join other soldiers disembarking from the stadium.

**EXT. DMZ / YANKEE STADIUM -- CONTINUOUS**

The storm is just as intense outside.

The trucks move past SAND BAGS, METAL FENCING AND CONCERTINA WIRE surrounding the coliseum in concentric circles.

Ahead of the fencing, THOUSANDS MORE MARINES wielding MK-18s ring the stadium from every side. Watching guard. Waiting.

DOZENS OF SOLDIERS move toward the ammo trucks and begin unloading rounds. Each begin feeding belts of ammunition into M42 CHAIN GUNS set up across the perimeter.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CENTRAL COMMAND / LAGUARDIA AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS**

Several SH-60 SEAHAWKS hover above the watery runway past FIGHTER JETS AND HELICOPTERS being fueled up and manned for the coming fight.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SKIES ABOVE PITTSBURGH -- DAY**

A sleek, black, B-2 SPIRIT shoots through overhead clouds on its way to Manhattan looking like a bat out of hell.

CHIEF PILOT (FILTERED)

*"This is Warbird-1 reporting.*

*Approaching airspace above Pittsburgh."*

**INT. B-2 SPIRIT -- CONTINUOUS**

TWO U.S. AIRFORCE PILOTS man a complex instrument panel. The CO-PILOT flips a switch above their heads, reports into the radio.

CO-PILOT (FILTERED)

*"Time to target is two hours, twenty mikes, over."*

RADIO (FILTERED)

*"Roger that, Warbird-1."*

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

The SEALS' GARBAGE TRUCK is parked to one side. ASSAULT RIFLES in hand, Friedkin and Murdock nervously watch guard over Noland and Gerber. The men all look weak. Green with sickness. The radiation's begun taking its toll.

Noland's using binoculars to look across the water to the SOUTH STREET SEAPORT -- searching for Ridley.

Meanwhile, Gerber pops a SIDE VIEW MIRROR off one of the abandoned cars, allowing him to make an improvised HELIOGRAPH to signal Ridley with.

*NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH BINOCULARS:*

*Noland ZOOMS forward. Finds focus at the windowed face of the SOUTH STREET SEAPORT. It's partially destroyed and flooded.*

Gerber slides up beside Noland, preparing to send Ridley a message across the water via MORSE CODE.

NOLAND  
 (to Gerber)  
 Copy this. Begin message.

Gerber tilts the mirror forward, reflecting harsh sunlight across the water as Noland speaks.

NOLAND (CONT'D)  
 "CONFIRM POSITION." Break.

*NOLAND'S POV / THROUGH BINOCULARS:*

*A BLUE LIGHT suddenly flashes from one of the Seaport's darkened windows. It's the laser sight to Ridley's rifle. He uses it to signal Noland back.*

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Position confirmed.  
 (to Gerber)  
 "PROCEED WITH TARGET DESTRUCTION."  
 Break.

*Ridley continues signaling.*

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 "WILL CONFIRM KILL FOLLOWING ACTION."  
 Break.

Ridley signals again.

NOLAND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Copy that.

**INT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT -- DAY**

Ridley pulls back from his sniper rifle, covered in sweat. Nervous. This is it.

He removes the GOLD CROSS from his neck, kisses it, then gingerly returns to the rifle.

Ridley begins whispering something as he lines up his shot -- the SPECIAL FORCES PRAYER.

RIDLEY  
 "Almighty GOD, Who art the Author of  
 Liberty and the Champion of the  
 oppressed, hear our prayer. We, the men  
 of Special Forces, acknowledge our  
 dependence upon Thee in the preservation  
 of human freedom..."

*RIDLEY'S POV / THROUGH RIFLE-SCOPE:*

*A magnified look at Tath struggling to walk down the blacktop of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE. Her medical gown is in tatters -- her body covered in radiation burns. Clumps of her hair have fallen out. She takes labored steps forward, as if possessed.*

RIDLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Go with us as we seek to defend the defenseless and to free the enslaved..."

*Ridley takes aim at Tath's head.*

Ridley draws in a deep breath. Puts his finger over the trigger.

RIDLEY (CONT'D)

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and glory, forever, AMEN."

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

Noland tilts his binoculars toward Tath and watches her continue walking down the bridge.

NOLAND

Come on, Ridley. Come on.

**INT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT -- DAY**

Ridley is quiet as a church mouse.

RIDLEY

For our brothers, Young, Lee, Washington...

(a beat)

...and Del Toro.

He quickly squeezes the trigger -- CRACK-BOOM!

We ramp down to SLOW-MO...

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE (AERIAL) -- CONTINUOUS**

The bullet WHIZZES through the air, just about to hit Tath, when-

SEVERAL TRANSPARENT SILHOUETTES phase into the air around her, glinting in the sun as they absorb the bullet like an invisible force-field.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

Noland pulls the binoculars from his eyes, shocked and upset. He can hardly believe what's happened.

**INT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT -- DAY**

Ridley is just as surprised as Noland.

RIDLEY

The hell...

He tries lining up another shot. Pulls the trigger again. Same result.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

Ridley's gunshot ECHOES across the bridge.

Noland turns the binoculars to the SOUTH STREET SEAPORT in a hurry. He shouts out for Gerber to send a message as he hurriedly searches for a signal from Ridley.

NOLAND

Copy this. "ABORT." Break. "STAND  
DOWN." Break. "DO YOU COPY?" Break.

**INT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT -- DAY**

Ridley refuses to give up. He prepares to line up another shot, squeezes the trigger, but-

The gun POWERS DOWN before he can fire. Out of juice.

Suddenly, Ridley hears something at the door. A THUMP.

He slowly turns to face it, unafraid and expectant. He sets his rifle down and closes his eyes, waiting.

Something knocks at the door LOUDLY. Once. Twice. On the third time, it CREAKS open.

There's nothing there.

Suddenly-

OMINOUS SHADOWS overwhelm Ridley in one push -- beating his body to a bloody pulp before tossing it out of a window.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

Noland immediately rips the binoculars from his eyes, shocked.

Friedkin turns to Murdock, looking to the sky, his brow furrowing with worry.

FRIEDKIN

God help us.

Off Friedkin's face, we-

CUT TO:

**INT. ARENA BOWL, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Cpt. Fancher approaches Col. Sterling staring intently at monitoring screens across the BATTLE STATION. They are all offline.

He turns to Fancher.

COL. STERLING

Any word from ZULU?

Fancher shakes his head, disappointed.

CPT. FANCHER

None.

COL. STERLING

Any luck contacting the outside?

CPT. FANCHER

We're cut off. Blind. All long-range Comms are offline.

Suddenly, an ODD GROANING gives way to a LOUD HUMMING.

Everyone inside The Garden looks up from their stations, confused and alarmed.

Then-

The power goes out.

Sterling's eyes pull wide. For the first time, there's fear in them.

COL. STERLING

They're here.

CUT TO:

**INT. DMZ / YANKEE STADIUM -- CONTINUOUS**

The lights go out here, too. Everyone screams. Marines lock and load, pointing their weapons all around -- preparing for what's to come.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL TOWER / LAGUARDIA -- CONTINUOUS**

MILITARY AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS look out across the packed airfield as runway lights go dark in sequence.

One of the CONTROLLERS picks up a phone. There's no dial tone.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOB MANHATTAN / MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Sterling and Fancher walk outside to find-

The whole area has gone dark.

The storm's reached its peak. THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS flank the men on both sides in HUMVEES AND TANKS. An unbelievable amount of military might has been organized around the area.

Sterling shields his face from the punishing deluge, looks to an AMERICAN FLAG billowing in the wind above a barricade.

The wind pulls the flag from its moorings and carries it into the INTERSECTION several hundred yards ahead of The Garden.

A THUNDERBOLT of lightning fractures the sky, just as-

WHOOOOOOSH!

One GHOST phases through the atmosphere around the downed flag, igniting it in a burst of orange flame.

Then-

THOUSANDS OF PHANTOMS spontaneously phase into the air across the broken streets, rain sizzling and smoking around their transparent silhouettes.

Their numbers are absolutely staggering. As more and more phase into the air-

A mesmerizing blue-green CURTAIN OF LIGHT dances across the metropolitan battlefield -- an AURORA caused by the radioactive soup of particles floating through the air. The light from the aurora illuminates each ghost's form, clarifying their horrifying features in stunning detail.

The military's spectral enemy has The Garden surrounded from all sides.

Col. Sterling immediately grabs a MEGAPHONE, screams out to the stunned soldiers:

COL. STERLING (FILTERED)

*"ENGAGE!!!"*

The men all charge forward!

Absolute bedlam follows. The most spectacular thing we've ever seen -- the dead fighting the living in a fog of brutal war-

MONTAGE -- GHOST WAR

(NOTE: The aurora appears in every location, intensifying in luminosity as additional ghosts appear.)

#### MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

-- M1 ABRAMS TANKS lumber onto the battlefield, blue 105MM rounds exploding from their turrets in every direction as AH-64 APACHE GUNSHIPS buzz through the air.

-- Rounds zoom through the emerald aurora, EXPLODING across the streets, slamming into buildings, SHATTERING GLASS and dematerializing swarms of ghosts fighting crowds of MARINES wielding ASSAULT RIFLES.

-- A collection of phantoms overwhelms one of the tanks. The vehicle's electrified skin CRACKLES. More ghosts appear. They rip out the tank's suspension, destroying its sprocket wheels and unspooling its metal tracking in belts across the pavement.

-- The wraiths engulf the tank in one movement, tipping it to one side and dumping its pilots onto the street. Defenseless, the TANK PILOTS are torn apart by the spirits.

-- The entire tank lifts from the pavement, creaking as it rises into the air. Ghosts throw it into a nearby fleet of approaching Humvees. It sweeps into the Humvees and slams into a nearby skyscraper, detonating in a huge EXPLOSION.

#### YANKEE STADIUM

-- Inside, Families are huddled together. Preparing for the worst. Suddenly, GHOSTS materialize across the stadium. Above the air. On the field. Terrified NEW YORKERS stampede in every direction as MARINES fire wildly into the air.

-- Outside, COMBAT TROOPS shoot chain guns of BLUE TRACER FIRE into the street, dematerializing HUNDREDS OF GHOSTS and tearing the street and surrounding structures to pieces.

-- As thousands fight, groups of MARINES are lifted into the air at random. With horrifying synchronicity, fists full of carnage are pulled from each one -- painting the street red with blood.

#### IN THE STORMY SKIES

-- ABOVE THE STADIUM, THREE F-22 RAPTORS zoom through violent storm clouds and high altitude lightning. SIX AIM-9 missiles launch from their bottoms, spiraling down to the ground and exploding in crackling ELECTRONIC FIREBALLS.

-- The F22s bank hard, preparing to carpet Manhattan again, when the weapons systems inside their cockpits start malfunctioning.

-- ZOOMING THROUGH THE AIR, one of the planes entirely disassembles itself mid-flight. The pilot is swept up into the surrounding storm as the surviving jet streaks forward.

-- Ghosts suddenly materialize around the surviving jet, ripping off its metal siding. The spirits peel back the cockpit bubble and wrestle with the pilot trying to regain control of the aircraft.

-- The pilot ejects, but before he can rip open his parachute, a ghost phases into the air and breaks him from the inside out. He plummets through the clouds and disappears just as the remaining plane craters into surrounding buildings.

#### LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

-- Pilots go sprinting across the runway, attempting to avoid MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS created as ghosts rip open aircraft fuel tanks. Gasoline splashes the pavement, carpeting the runway with a blanket of fire.

-- A BLACK HAWK tries taking off. Ghosts phase around its propellers and twist them to pieces, forcing the machine to crash into the CONTROL TOWER.

-- Inside the flaming control tower, AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS use ASSAULT RIFLES to defend themselves in the dark. There's screaming all around.

Utter chaos, as ghosts phase through the walls and into the building, sowing death and destruction everywhere.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- DAY**

Noland and his broken team rest around the on-ramp -- all of them green with RADIATION SICKNESS. The men listen as distant BOMBING RAIDS echo through the surrounding cloud wall.

Noland turns to Gerber, eyes bloodshot. He speaks deliberately, wheezing as he does. All of them do.

NOLAND

So, this is how we go? After all this.

Gerber stays silent.

NOLAND

With a whimper, not a bang.

GERBER

What would you have us do, Ethan? We're hopelessly outgunned. Out of gear. We're dying, for God sakes.

Murdock lights up a cigarette. Takes a long drag.

MURDOCK

I always figured it'd be some overseas mission that got us. IED. Rocket attack. But this?

Murdock removes a PICTURE OF HIS FAMILY from inside his vest. Stares at it longingly. He chuckles, nodding his head in disbelief.

NOLAND

What's funny?

MURDOCK

Told Toro before the jump I was taking my babies to Disneyland. Said he promised to take his wife to Cabo. Turns out, we'll never leave this island.

(a beat)

Young. Lee. Wash. Ridley. Goddamn waste...

Noland contemplates the loss as Friedkin starts undressing.

FRIEDKIN

Might as well start shedding this armor.  
No use carrying the extra weight.

The men all begin unstrapping burnt-out MAG-ARMOR from their bodies. Piece by piece.

Noland's just about finished, when he gets a pain in his hand. He pulls off a glove, is absolutely stunned to see-

His lost WEDDING BAND on his ring finger.

Noland stares at it, dumbfounded, a GOLD GLINT reflecting in his eyes.

Gerber approaches, looks just as shocked.

GERBER

I thought you lost it?

Noland's trying to process how this is possible. He looks up to Gerber, amazed and energized.

NOLAND

I did.

The distant bombings become LOUDER AND LOUDER. Building in the distance. The sound gives Noland an idea.

Something comes over him. He hurries over to Murdock, who's bullshitting with Friedkin.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

What if we used what you learned about them?

MURDOCK

What?

NOLAND

How they communicate. Radio waves, right? Instead of sound.

(off Murdock's confused look)

What if we used one of the radios to broadcast empty static? Gibberish. Wouldn't that disorient these things? Give someone enough time to get close to Tath.

GERBER

With what? We're out of hardware.

Noland pulls a MAG-GRENADE from his vest.

Noland points to the GARBAGE TRUCK that brought them to the bridge, moves to it.

NOLAND

This thing has a PA system.  
(to Murdock)  
You still have that tablet?

Murdock pulls the cracked-but-repaired EVP RECORDER/PARSING TABLET from his vest.

NOLAND

We hook it up to the truck's radio system. Drive the thing down the bridge right to Tath and blow her back to hell.

Friedkin's eyes go wide.

FRIEDKIN

That could work.

The men all watch as Noland puts his gloves back on, re-energized.

Gerber steps forward.

GERBER

What're you doing, Ethan?

NOLAND

I'm going. Alone.

GERBER

I don't think that's a good idea.

NOLAND

There's no time to argue.  
(pointing to the storm)  
How long do you think we have before all of Manhattan falls? This is our last chance. I go, or everyone dies.

GERBER

It's a suicide mission.

NOLAND

No. It's not.  
(a beat)  
Listen. "Sometimes good things fall apart so better things can fall together."

Gerber looks confused. The radiation may have finally gotten to Noland.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Don't you see? That's what Meg's been showing me. The way home.

Gerber looks deep into Noland's eyes.

GERBER

It's that fearlessness that scares me, Ethan. I've seen it before. The look of a man who has nothing left to live for.

NOLAND

The trick in life isn't being fearless, Tom. It's fighting to find something worth dying for.

Noland turns to the group. He looks each of them in the eye.

NOLAND (CONT'D)

Whoever gets on that bridge, isn't coming back. At least this way, you'll all have a chance.

Gerber shakes his head. He knows his friend is right.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Friedkin and Murdock put the finishing touches on the garbage truck. Murdock connects his tablet to the truck's RADIO SYSTEM.

Friedkin approaches Noland.

FRIEDKIN

You sure about this?

NOLAND

Remember that place we talked about? Where people can live "free from sorrow..."

FRIEDKIN

Elysium.

A beat as Noland contemplates the idea.

NOLAND

Doesn't sound so bad.

Friedkin chuckles just as Murdock slides up beside Noland.

MURDOCK

System's ready, Commander.

(a beat)

Good luck, Ethan.

Murdock and Noland shake hands.

Noland walks over to Gerber, who's staring out onto the water. He pulls off his own STEEL DOG TAGS, hands the tags to Gerber.

Gerber hesitates.

NOLAND

Go ahead. Take them.

GERBER

I can't let you do this.

NOLAND

You don't have a choice. And neither do I.

(a beat)

"Live as we die..."

Gerber looks to his friend, eyes filling. He grabs Noland, hugs him one last time.

GERBER

"...die as we live."

Noland pulls away, rests a friendly hand on Gerber's shoulder.

As the others watch on, Noland hoists himself into the GARBAGE TRUCK.

He turns and shouts to Gerber.

NOLAND

Hold down the fort.

Gerber forces a smile.

GERBER

That an order, Commander?

Noland shuts the door, pokes his head out the window.

NOLAND

(smirking)

Bet your ass it is.

Gerber and the others look on as the truck rumbles toward the BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

GERBER  
Good luck, Ethan...

CUT TO:

**INT. FOB MANHATTAN -- CONTINUOUS**

Ghosts have penetrated its perimeter. Chaos reigns. Gunfire from every direction. Some COMBAT PERSONNEL lay dead across the court next to SMASHED EQUIPMENT.

Bloodied, Col. Sterling has taken cover behind the HDTV SCOREBOARD -- which has fallen from the ceiling and cratered the floor.

He begins firing at spectrals resolving across the court, when Cpt. Fancher slides up beside him. Fancher shouts out-

CPT. FANCHER  
PERIMETER'S BEEN BREACHED!

Sterling gets off a shot. A ghost goes down across the bowl.

COL. STERLING  
NO SHIT!

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS**

The stealth bomber zooms over the water at MACH 3, toward a thin band of DARK CLOUDS spread across the horizon.

**INT. B-2 SPIRIT -- CONTINUOUS**

The CHIEF PILOT reports into the radio.

CHIEF PILOT (FILTERED)  
*"This is Warbird-1. Twenty-mikes from target. Readying package, over."*

The pilot flips a switch overhead. The mechanical inner workings of the plane begin ratcheting to life.

RADIO (FILTERED)  
*"That's a roger, Warbird-1."*

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- DAY**

Noland's truck speeds down the empty bridge toward Tath -- who is at the last third of the structure. Just about to make landfall.

**INT. GARBAGE TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland tunes the vehicle's RADIO TRANSCEIVER to maximum, then flips a control on Murdock's EVP/PARSING TABLET. The transceiver immediately begins broadcasting BLANK STATIC generated by the device.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS**

The static BOOMS from outside the truck, when-

GHOSTS suddenly phase into the air just ahead of the car, but-

They just stand across the road -- motionless. The jumbled transmission broadcast by the truck literally paralyzes them.

After a few moments, they harmlessly phase away -- unable to understand what to do.

**INT. GARBAGE TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland slams his foot on the gas pedal. The truck's engines ROAR, sending it redlining towards Tath.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE-ON Tath as she hears something approaching from a distance. Her skin is mottled and cracked, horribly burned due to radiation exposure. What remains of her hair is stiff with soot -- the whites of her eyes filled solid red.

Tath turns to see-

Noland's garbage truck hurtling toward her, the sound of STATIC building.

Tath grabs her head, clutching her temples in pain.

The static BUILDS.

Her eyes roll back. She falls to her knees and starts whimpering uncontrollably.

Noland is only a few hundred yards from her position, when-

Tath SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, digging bony fingers into her temples in extreme pain.

The scream is ABSOLUTELY DEAFENING -- a wail befitting a banshee.

Tath leans forward-

**INT. GARBAGE TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

Noland is 300 FEET away, when-

Tath uses PSYCHOKINESIS to send a MASSIVE FAULT cracking along the center of the road. The pavement ahead of the truck begins breaking itself to pieces, FRACTURING in a thousand different ways.

CHUNKS OF ASPHALT pull from the road, launching themselves toward Noland's oncoming truck.

Noland's eyes pull wide. He SLAMS the brakes just as the road detonates. Tries to turn the wheel, but it's too late.

The car hits the broken asphalt, launching it into the air like a ramp. The truck tumbles forward, face first, flipping end over end before CRASHING just 100 FEET from Tath.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS**

The bridge supports wobble and sway, stressing as they compensate for what's just happened.

What's left of the totaled garbage truck slides to a rest just ahead of Tath. SPLATTERS OF BLOOD soak the windshield of the vehicle -- the truck's radio now dark.

The air goes silent once again.

Tath calms. The pain stops. She rises to her feet, turns to walk towards Brooklyn as if nothing happened.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS**

The B-2 STEALTH BOMBER approaches the NEW YORK COAST, which is cloaked by an enormous storm crackling with veins of lightning.

The jet streaks over the water toward MANHATTAN, boosters FIRING at maximum.

The craft accelerates BEYOND THE SPEED OF SOUND, sending a SONIC BOOM undulating across the water.

**INT. B-2 SPIRIT -- CONTINUOUS**

An emerald TARGETING HUD fades over the bomber's windshield.

The CO-PILOT pecks codes into a keypad, locking in their target: NEW YORK HARBOR. The HUD blinks red: "LOCKED ON."

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- DAY**

CLOSE-ON the crashed truck's bloody windshield.

Suddenly-

Something stirs inside.

Noland kicks the windshield to pieces. Pulls himself from the totaled car, BLOODIED AND BEATEN TO HELL.

Using his teeth, he pulls the pin on a MAG-GRENADE, spits it out onto the pavement.

Tath turns to face Noland, confused.

Noland rises to his feet, determined as ever. He musters the rest of his strength and begins sprinting toward Tath.

We ramp down to SLOW-MO...

GHOSTS start phasing into the air around Tath. First a few. Then more. Until HUNDREDS surround Noland from every side.

The wraiths claw at Noland's body, singeing his uniform -- BURNING his skin with handprints of radiation.

Noland continues pushing ahead, gritting through bloodied teeth.

He's mere feet from Tath, when one of the GHOSTS sweeps across his leg, SHATTERING it at awkward angles.

With all of his strength, Noland pushes off his uninjured leg, leaping into the air.

Then, the unexpected happens-

TIME RAMPS TO SUPER-SLOW-MO...

Noland's consciousness instantaneously separates from his body-

BEGIN OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE:

-- Noland appears at the OFF-RAMP TO BROOKLYN!

-- From a safe distance, he watches as a LIVING VERSION of himself sails through the air toward Tath, grenade in hand.

-- Noland gets a chill. He looks to one side and sees his WIFE standing right beside him, smiling, her delicate dress fluttering in the wind.

-- A grin breaks across Noland's face as Meagan extends a hand.

-- Noland leans forward, passionately kisses his wife for the first time, two soul mates joined as one-

END OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE

Noland regains consciousness.

Reality returns.

The grenade DETONATES in Noland's hand. A BURST OF ENERGY incinerates both Noland and Tath followed by a MASSIVE IMPLOSION.

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE (AERIAL) -- DAY**

The implosion causes one side of the bridge to see-saw into the air, forcing its STEEL WIRE SUPPORTS to snap like twine.

A BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL EXPLOSION follows, rippling through the entire bridge, disintegrating it in concentric circles. The explosion is so DEEP AND THUNDEROUS, we almost can't hear it.

The road at the other end of the bridge BUCKLES and the ENTIRE STRUCTURE COLLAPSES sending 50,000 TONS OF MATERIAL splashing into the ATLANTIC OCEAN -- displacing SUNKEN BARGES and flooded COAST GUARD SHIPS.

The whole event sends an ENERGETIC TORUS OF INFRASONIC WAVES from its epicenter, which sweep across MANHATTAN ISLAND like a mighty wind.

CUT TO:

**INT. B-2 SPIRIT -- CONTINUOUS**

The CO-PILOT's gloved fingers wrap tight around the bomber's CONTROL JOYSTICK. He's right about to fire.

Then-

The pilots watch in stunned amazement as a ripple of INFRASONIC WAVES undulate from the NEW YORK HARBOR, blowing the entire storm off of MANHATTAN ISLAND.

They're only seconds from the harbor, when-

The CO-PILOT immediately throws his hands from the joystick. The CHIEF PILOT pulls back on the controls as hard as he can.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY HARBOR (AERIAL) -- DAY**

The B-2 banks away from the harbor at SUPER-SONIC SPEED, zooming past the STATUE OF LIBERTY -- mere fractions of a second from delivering its NUCLEAR PAYLOAD.

Disaster avoided.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN -- DAY**

Thick beams of GOLDEN SUNLIGHT shoot over the city for the first time in days.

Col. Sterling pulls himself from the wreckage, covered in soot and bloody -- but still alive.

He walks out into the INTERSECTION, looks all around, shielding his eyes from the brilliant sun.

A good portion of the area is in RUINS. THOUSANDS OF GHOST SILHOUETTES have been burned into the surrounding landscape, like atomic bomb shadows. The BROKEN STREETS are filled with smoking, OVERTURNED VEHICLES. STRUCTURE FIRES toss glowing embers into the wind.

But-

The city is intact.

VOICES begin coming over Sterling's radio. Military transmissions. Comms have returned.

Cpt. Fancher slides up beside Sterling just as he looks up at the bright blue sky and smiles for the first time-

COL. STERLING

They did it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE / ON-RAMP -- LATER, DAY**

The TIDAL WAVE of ocean water recedes.

A UH-60 BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER pocked with bullet-holes touches down just beside what's left of the on-ramp.

Sterling jumps out, searches for signs of life.

Gerber, Murdock and Friedkin begin emerging from the rubble. One by one. Sterling helps them to their feet, waves them onto the helicopter.

After the men have boarded the aircraft, it rises up into the sky.

**INT. BLACK HAWK -- DAY**

Sterling shouts to the men over the THRUM of the copter's propellers.

COL. STERLING

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SAVED THE CITY!

The moment's bittersweet. Sterling looks to Gerber.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

AND, COMMANDER NOLAND?

Gerber hangs his head. Sterling looks to Friedkin, who motions "no."

Sterling moves over to Gerber and Murdock, gets close.

COL. STERLING (CONT'D)

A hero's death. It's how he would have wanted it.

Gerber looks up to Sterling, hopeful.

GERBER

"Live as we die. Die as we live."

Sterling puts a paternal hand on his shoulder.

COL. STERLING

That's Goddamn right.

The helicopter approaches the remains of YANKEE STADIUM. Gerber, Murdock and Friedkin look out below-

**INT. YANKEE STADIUM -- DAY**

THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS AND U.S. COMBAT PERSONNEL cheer as the Black Hawk touches down at the center of the muddy field.

People of all walks of life swarm the copter, WILDLY APPLAUDING the team as they limp from the damaged copter.

As we move through the crowd, we see the Mother and her Son from earlier. Although he's injured, the Marine who helped them has the boy on his shoulders, cheering along with everyone else.

CUT TO:

**INT. USS EISENHOWER -- DAY**

Vice Admiral Silver and his aides are watching a wall-screen of a LIVE CNN NEWS BROADCAST. The reporter narrates over a distant wide-shot of broken Manhattan taken from a NEWS CHOPPER.

CNN REPORTER (FILTERED)

*"With the city still largely intact, CNN can now officially confirm, U.S. Special Forces appear to have retaken Manhattan Island!"*

The entire room erupts in celebration.

The Admiral closes his eyes, falls back into his chair, exhausted and relieved.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- AFTERNOON**

It's a beautiful Fall day. Piles of multicolored leaves scurry across the cemetery, past identical white GRAVESTONES keeping silent vigil.

**SUPER-TITLE: "ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- ARLINGTON COUNTY, VIRGINIA -- 6 MONTHS LATER."**

In NAVY DRESS BLUES, Lt. Gerber walks across the lawn towards ETHAN & MEAGAN NOLAND's headstones. His face is more worn, aged by the wounds of war.

Gerber kneels to Noland's grave, brushes leaves from its face to reveal:

ETHAN NOLAND  
"LIVE AS WE DIE. DIE AS WE LIVE."  
1975-2015

Gerber snaps off a necklace -- NOLAND'S DOG TAGS. He drapes the tags over the head of Noland's tombstone, turns to walk away.

Gerber is half way across the lawn when he gets a chill.

The wind picks up.

The hair stands up on Gerber's neck. He turns to look at the FOREST just beyond the gravestones-

A MAN in fatigues stares at Gerber from across the lawn. By his side is a WOMAN in a white dress. The man smiles as the woman slides a pair of DOG TAGS over his head-

It's Ethan and Meagan Noland.

Gerber's eyes go wide. He lifts his hand to shield his eyes from the sun, and Noland's gone.

Gerber turns to leave one final time, notices Noland's gravestone.

The dog tags are gone.

The sun momentarily breaks through the clouds, beating Gerber's back with rays of hot sunshine.

GERBER  
Good luck, you two.

He looks up to the sky, smiling.

GERBER (CONT'D)  
Wherever you are...

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- MOMENTS LATER**

Gerber exits the wrought-iron gates and walks over to an idling MILITARY HUMVEE.

Beside it stands Lt. Murdock along with his BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND KIDS. Murdock's shaved his beard. Gotten a haircut. He looks clean cut, now.

Gerber kneels down to the kids, saying "hello" to each one before kissing Murdock's wife on the cheek.

MURDOCK  
How's Ethan?

Gerber slaps Murdock on the shoulder.

GERBER  
(smiling)  
I need a drink.

Murdock and his family watch on as Gerber gets into the Humvee, and drives off into a painted sunset.

CUT TO:

**INT. NEW YORK HARBOR (UNDERWATER) -- NIGHT**

SEVERAL NAVY DEEP SUBMERGENCE VEHICLES rove the bottom of the harbor, HIGH BEAMS cutting shafts of yellow light through the ink-black darkness.

TEAMS OF DIVERS are surveying the wreckage of what remains of the submerged BROOKLYN BRIDGE. Jagged chunks of its once mighty form lay across the shifting seabed.

The two-person crew of each sub is fully visible, all of them encased in a bubble of clear PLEXIGLAS.

SUB CAPTAIN (FILTERED)  
*"This is DSV-5, reporting."*

RADIO (FILTERED)  
*"How's it look down there?"*

SUB CAPTAIN (FILTERED)  
*"Visibility's good."*

RADIO (FILTERED)  
*"And the bridge?"*

SUB CAPTAIN (FILTERED)  
*"She's in pieces."*

Suddenly, the subs begin simultaneously malfunctioning in sequence. The lights go out -- 50 FEET BELOW THE ATLANTIC. It's pitch-black.

**INT. COAST GUARD SHIP -- MOMENTS LATER**

We move across RADAR, INFRARED, AND SONAR STATIONS being manned by the crew -- all of the instruments are glitching sporadically.

The CAPTAIN of the ship motions to his CHIEF MATE-

CAPTAIN  
What the hell's going on down there?

CHIEF MATE

DSVs reporting some sort of interference.  
All of them just went dark.

The Captain shouts to a NERVOUS CREWMAN-

CAPTAIN

Try them again.  
(to the Chief Mate)  
Get the mainland on the line.  
There's something down there.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PENTAGON -- LATE AFTERNOON**

A fiery-red setting sun falls behind the geometric fortress, bringing a close to the day.

**INT. HALLWAY, PENTAGON -- SAME**

Col. Sterling and Dr. Friedkin walk down the columned halls of the marble structure flanked by a GROUP OF AIDES.

CROWDS OF ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICIALS part like the Red Sea just ahead of them.

**INT. OFFICE, PENTAGON -- SAME**

Vice Admiral Silver is in the middle of a meeting with HIGH LEVEL OFFICIALS when Col. Sterling bursts into the room, a worried Dr. Friedkin at his side.

COL. STERLING

We have a problem.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**