

THE DAYS BEFORE

by  
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01/17/2009

EXT. WASHINGTON DC (ABOVE) - NIGHT

WE MOVE over America's Capitol. It most definitely "Tis the Season". CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are everywhere. Tinsel and decorations gleam--monuments are bathed in green and red flood lights.

Sidewalks are crowded with PEDESTRIANS--"Christmas Sale" bags in hand. Smiles abound. Goodwill easy to come by. Unless you're trying to drive in this furball. The streets are crowded. Cars as far as the eye can see--one of them is a piece of shit 1979 Bonneville.

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 26th, 2011. 6:58 P.M. EST.**

And right about now, it has half the cops in DC on its tail.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH BONNEVILLE: It bounces over a curb, and cruises up a sidewalk. Mailboxes. Cafe tables. HORN HONKING, it plows over everything in its way...

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

An OLD LADY gives the BLOWN BULB on a strand of Christmas lights over the awning the skunk eye.

OLD LADY

Abner! Abner..! Hurry up. It's cold out here.

ABNER, the long-suffering husband comes out--ladder in hand. He squares the SANTA HAT on his head--climbs up.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

That bulb ain't gonna change itself. What's taking so long? Are you doing it right? I'm going to catch my death waiting on you. Is that what you want?

ABNER

Dear Santa...

OLD LADY

What? What did you say?

(BEAT)

What is that racket..?

VROOM! The Bonneville roars up the street, right by that cantankerous old hussy, and nails the ladder--an UNGODLY melody of SIRENS in pursuit. In a blink, they're gone.

So is Abner.

OLD LADY

Abner! Abner, you come back here  
this instant..

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

THUMP--Abner lands on the hood. He's staring directly  
into the crazy eyes of the guy behind the wheel--JAMES  
SMITH.

He's a man who just looks like he's had 2,555 bad days in  
a row. A JAGGED SCAR runs from his forehead, over an  
eye, down the cheek, and disappears into his shirt--like  
something you'd get from trying to french kiss a  
Wolverine...successfully. A large BACK PACK lays next to  
him on the seat, next to that, a FUTURISTIC ASSAULT  
RIFLE.

Riding shotgun is a pretty girl trying really hard to not  
freak out--RILEY HOLLAND. She has no scars. But, she  
does have a TINY CAMCORDER.

She records everything.

RILEY

Smith...there's a guy on the  
windshield.

Santa hat blowing in the wind, Abner SCREAMS his head off  
like a freaked out suction cup Garfield.

SMITH

I wish he'd stop doing that.

He does it again.

RILEY

Shouldn't you do something about  
this?

Smith flips on the wipers.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Something else...

Pointing the Assault Rifle at Abner's face through the  
windshield...

SMITH

Do you mind?

Abner climbs onto the roof as Smith glances at his watch:  
A TIMER COUNTS DOWN: 01:02:22.

RILEY

Gonna be close, isn't it?

SMITH

Every time.

INT. DC METRO HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A SPOTTER watches the car chase below--The White House visible in the distance.

SPOTTER

(on radio)

Suspect has turned onto E Street.  
He might be headed for the White  
House...

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Riley consults a "cartoon" tourist map, as Abner screams.

ABNER (O.C.)

Oh my God!

SMITH

This the right street?

RILEY

Uh...

ABNER (O.C.)

I don't wanna die..!

Smith pounds on the roof.

SMITH

Knock it off!  
(to Riley)  
Tonight, Riley...

RILEY

It's a fast food tourist map. If  
you're in the mood for McMuffin-y  
goodness, we're golden. But it  
doesn't say back door to the White  
House "This Way".

A Police Car careens out of a side street just ahead--  
Smith sheers the front bumper off with the tank of a  
Bonneville.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The Spotter calls the circus below.

SPOTTER

(on radio)

On 18th, heading towards Virginia.

(MORE)

SPOTTER (CONT'D)

Looks like he's aiming for  
President Park...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

Secret Service GUARDS swarm the lush grass of President Park--SWAT ready and manning reinforced barricades.

Tourists snap photos--this kind of shit doesn't happen back in Spokane. DC METRO COPS scream at them to go be somewhere else.

INT. BONNEVILLE - NIGHT

Smith rockets towards the road block at President Park--dozens of rifles pointed in his direction.

SMITH

On the floor board. Hang on.

RILEY

You're not gonna...

Smith stomps the gas.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. You're gonna.

The first bullet cracks the windshield. It has friends.

ON ROOF:

Abner goes bug-eyed, staring down 100 gun barrels.

ABNER

Aw, nuts...

He let's go and sails like one of Santa's reindeer into the night.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

The guns open up on the Bonneville. About now, it's obvious that big assed hunk of Detroit was chosen for this moment. Engine steaming, tires flattened, the Bonneville SLAMS into the police cruisers.

They part like the Red Sea.

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Smith lays in the seat, to the tune of Riley's screams. Glass showers. Bullets pound Morse Code into the car.

Still going...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

The weight and momentum of the charging Bonneville, combined with that of the Cruisers, snaps the concrete drive barriers. The shot to shit car lumbers across the perfectly manicured grounds, fishtailing towards the White House two blocks away.

Until, out of nowhere, a black SUV nails it squarely at the rear axle. The Bonneville spins violently on the grass--tireless rims dig in. It flips.

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Hands drag Smith and Riley out before the car has even stopped moving.

EXT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Tactical Boots step on their necks.

SMITH

The trunk...

GUARD #1

Shut up!

GUARD #2

(on radio)

Vehicle halted. Suspects detained...

SMITH

Look in the trunk.

GUARD #3

I want a perimeter five blocks out. There might be others.

RILEY

Open the damned trunk, Barney..!

Guards stop cold, eyeing the trunk of the destroyed Bonneville for a BEAT.

GUARD #3

Fall back!

GUARD #2

(on radio)

I need EOD on site. We may have a bomb...

As he and Riley are dragged away...

SMITH

Just open it! Just look inside...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pissed and bleeding, Smith sits in a chair in a painfully bright room. ARMED GUARDS stand post inside the door, as the cold eyes of Marine COLONEL "BO" BODETTE stare into Smith's soul and out the other side.

Bodette sets Smith's futuristic assault rifle on the table--scarred and scratched, this thing has been around. Next to it, Smith's back pack and six mags of ammo.

COLONEL BODETTE

We're gonna play a little game, Son. I'm gonna ask questions. If your answers fill me with an overwhelming compulsion to yell bullshit in an unbelieving fashion, I'm gonna stomp you in places you don't want to be stomped. Are we clear?

SMITH

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

COLONEL BODETTE

That gun set off radiological sensors all over town. But it ain't the low level Alpha radiation emitted from this weapon that has got me buffaloed. No, it's how you came across such a very classified, depleted uranium round firing, assault weapon prototype. This is the XM-97, Mark One, Mod One. And, there's only one of these in the world.

SMITH

They're layin' all over the ground where I come from. And, any minute now, you're gonna experience a whole new level of "Oh Shit". So, stop. Wasting. Time.

Bodette shakes a DEVICE twice the size of a BLACKBERRY at Smith--it looks old and is peppered with buttons inscribed with foreign characters.

COLONEL BODETTE

This a detonator?

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

A BOMB ROBOT eases towards the rear of the Bonneville, its arm slowly extending towards the trunk. A block away, a blast proof EOD truck idles.

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two EOD COPS watch a small Black & White monitor--the robot's camera. One operates a joystick, the other keeps a wary eye on sensors.

EOD COP #1

No particles. No radiation. I dunno...

EOD COP #2

Blow it or open it?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colonel Bodette steps out of the Interrogation Room--a POLICE LIEUTENANT waiting for him. Pale as a ghost, the Police Lt. gives Bodette a folder--he peruses.

COLONEL BODETTE

Ain't possible.

POLICE LT.

Eyes on. Confirmed. Same guy.

COLONEL BODETTE

Twin?

POLICE LT.

With identical finger prints?  
That man is James Thomas Smith.  
He's been sitting in a DC jail on  
auto theft charges for two weeks.  
And...

COLONEL BODETTE

And?

POLICE LT.

And, Colonel, the son of bitch is  
*still* there.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

The Bomb Robot's arm grasps the edge of the warped trunk lid.

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

EOD Cop #1 hesitates, his eyes on the monitors.

EOD COP #2  
Instruments say it's safe.

EOD COP #1  
Famous last words.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, inch by creeping inch, the Bomb Robot lifts the trunk lid...

INT. OVAL OFFICE, WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT MALLOY, fifty years of political animal in a suit, sits behind his desk sipping scotch. Dark circles under his eyes. This is a SAD, SAD MAN.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE KRONAU, a man who has the perpetual look of a viper ready to strike, strolls in. He takes in Malloy and his drink--pours himself one.

KRONAU  
No salvation at the bottom of this bottle, Mr. President. I should know.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
How did you get through it? How does anybody get through this?

Kronau drains his glass in one pass.

KRONAU  
Who says I have?

He pours another and has a seat opposite Malloy.

KRONAU (CONT'D)  
Twelve years and every morning I still expect to wake up next to her.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Thanks for coming to their funeral.

KRONAU  
Don't. I was just there for the photo op.

AGENT DAWES, a walking recruitment poster, and the President's personal Agent, enters--pale as a ghost.

AGENT DAWES  
Mr. President...there's something you have to see.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

In a room similar to Smith's, Riley waits--TWO GUARDS as well. She eyes their guns.

RILEY

I *really* hope those are loaded.

Bodette storms in--slaps the folder on the table.

COLONEL BODETTE

James Thomas Smith is in a jail cell five miles from here. He's also sitting in a room thirty feet from where I'm standing. How?

RILEY

They're coming.

COLONEL BODETTE

Who's coming?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

The table flipped over. The chair across the room. Hands now tied behind his back, Smith kicks at the door.

SMITH

Do something *now!* Time is running out. It's always running out...

HALLWAY OUTSIDE

The Guards, now outside the door, trade a look. They can sense it in their bones--something about this guy.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

The Bonneville wreck is surrounded by six-foot tall men in black suits, armed to the teeth--SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

EXT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The Bomb Robot is still there--mechanical arm aimed into the trunk's darkness. President Malloy, Kronau, Agent Dawes, and Colonel Bodette stare inside--thunderstruck. Whatever they're seeing simply does not compute.

KRONAU

What the hell is that?

COLONEL BODETTE

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
 (to Kronau)  
 Recall the Joint Chiefs. Space  
 Command. NASA.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Smith drinks coffee from a PRESIDENTIAL COFFEE MUG.  
 President Malloy, Colonel Bodette, Sec Def Kronau, and  
 Agent Dawes stare at him across the table. Complete  
 silence. Complete shock. Complete horror.

Smith gestures to his face with the Mug.

SMITH  
 You think I got this shavin'? We  
 don't got time to go over all this  
 again.

COLONEL BODETTE  
 What do we do?

BEEP--Smith's wrist WATCH ALARM goes off. BLINKING:  
 00:00:00.

As he RESETS HIS COUNTDOWN TIMER FOR 24 HOURS...

SMITH  
 What yer gonna do is panic, and  
 die screaming.  
 (to Malloy)  
 Where were you forty-eight hours  
 ago?

Malloy shakes so bad, he fades. Smith SLAPS the table in  
 front of him--scaring the shit out of all.

SMITH  
 Where were you?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Riley sits quietly alone, her foot tapping like a jack  
 hammer--eyes glued to a clock on the wall: 8:00 PM.

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

RILEY  
 Oh...crap.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Just as loud in here. Where is it coming from? Growing  
 ever louder, the answer is as unsettling as it is  
 apparent--EVERYWHERE.

Eyes are wide--blood turns to ice water before our eyes.  
But, not Smith--he just sighs.

AGENT DAWES

Mr. President, we have to get you  
out of the area. Now.

Dawes drags Malloy to the door, Bodette and Kronau on  
their heels. Smith yanks Malloy back by the collar.

SMITH

Answer me!

Agent Dawes pulls Malloy free and shoves Smith across the  
room, knocking over chairs.

By the time Smith gets up, Malloy is gone. He runs for  
the door as it closes on it's own...right in his face.  
Locked.

Smith stares heavenward.

SMITH

God, I hate the holidays.

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck may be empty, but the Black & White monitors of  
the Bomb Robot are still on...

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

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Church mouse quiet, Smith hunches against a wall.  
GUNFIRE in the hallway. Screams. WHAM--someone bounces  
off the door.

The BODY OF ONE OF THE GUARDS CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL  
just over his head! Bloody, dead, and hanging through  
the sheet rock, bent at the waist. Dead eyes stare at  
Smith upside down--terror forever frozen on the face.  
Suddenly, the body is JERKED out of the hole in the wall.

As horns, gunshots, screams, explosions, and chaos  
outside crescendo into audio focus, a shadow oozes over  
Smith. Something just stuck its head through that hole.  
Something big...

CLOSE ON SMITH:

He doesn't even move his eyes. A SNIFF. Another.  
Inches above his head. Something reddish drips onto him.  
Saliva. BLOODY SALIVA.

It's a moment of hell that won't stop. Then, the shadow disappears. IT, whatever IT is, has left.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Only a ceiling tile a little off kilter...

INT. CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Riley lays in the dark--a single sliver of fluorescent light carves across her face.

Gunshots. Close. Someone screams. Silence. Right outside her door.

A CREAK--the door of her room opens! Something is moving down there, just under her. She tries like hell to hold her breath, but it escapes in quiet little whimpers.

The tile in front of her moves--Riley vaporlocks in wide-eyed horror as the tile slides back ever so slowly. There's nothing she can do. Nowhere to go.

Just as her heart is about to burst in her chest, Smith's head pokes through the ceiling.

RILEY

(hissing)

Asshole.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Smith motions for Riley to climb down, gesturing that he'll catch her, and...

...giving her the "SHHH" sign. He points--something is in the hallway. Carefully, she dangles her legs down. The ceiling gives way! Tiles CRASH down as she falls onto Smith--they slam into the table, causing it to SCREECH across the tiled floor.

They leap up, hearts pounding--staring at the door in a panic. Waiting.

But, nothing happens.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smith and Riley ease along a destroyed hallway. Bullet holes. BLOOD. Shattered sheet rock.

RILEY

(whispers)

Running away...

SMITH

Huh?

RILEY

See how good it sounds?

SMITH

We can't.

RILEY

We'll try again tomorrow...or, the day before. Whatever. Let's just go...go all...Poof. Please?

SMITH

They took the The Thing. We can't go.

RILEY

The Thing..?

SMITH

The Thing. The clicker. The...

She slaps him in the back of the head Grandma style.

RILEY

Oh my God, you let them take The Thingy?

SMITH

What have I told you about hitting me? It's gotta be in one of these offices, OK?

Riley picks up a discarded M4.

SMITH

(re: gun)  
Those just piss them off.

Screw you--Riley hangs onto the M4.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

MP5's and Sig Sauer pistols spray the hallway, as Agent Dawes, Colonel Bodette, Kronau, and President Malloy run for their lives--half a dozen SECRET SERVICE AGENTS cover them.

The lights flicker OFF.

Men scream in the dark. Faces of agony and terror are briefly illuminated by strobe light staccato muzzle flashes.

The lights flicker back ON.

Only Malloy, Kronau, and Bodette are left, and now they're streaked in blood. It isn't theirs.

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

COLONEL BODETTE

Move your Presidential ass, Sir.

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

Jaw set, Bodette stands and delivers--firing at whatever it is coming down the dark hall.

TRACKING WITH MALLOY & KRONAU:

Running for their lives from God knows what down White House hallways. Somewhere behind them, the last ROAR of a warrior--Bodette goes down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TABLE:

The Presidential Mug Smith drank from. A shadow appears on the table, thrown there from the flickering overhead lights.

A MASSIVE CLAW reaches into the frame and picks up the coffee mug, breaking it between scaly fingers...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Smith kicks open the door of an office--more blood on the floor and massive holes in the walls.

On a desk are his belongings: his back pack, the XM-97, and the BLACKBERRY. It's POWERED ON now. Buttons glowing. The dark screen DANCING WITH INFORMATION in an indecipherable language.

Smith plunders his back pack for a CAMCORDER, which he hands to Riley.

SMITH

Film it.

RILEY

Where are the bodies?

Come to think of it, we haven't seen a single dead body. Smith shoots her a look--she knows the answer.

SMITH

The President. Nothing else matters. No matter what you see. No matter what you hear. OK?

Scared shitless, she nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Don't lose sight of me. Keep your hand on my shoulder. And, for the love of God, tell me if you see *him*.

RILEY

Him who?

Smith covers one of his eyes with a hand.

SMITH

*Him*, him.

Whatever that means, it scares the shit out of her.

SMITH

I won't let it happen again. I promise.

He locks and loads.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Ready?

RILEY

Hell no.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE COMPOUND - NIGHT

There's a flaming helicopter wreck smoking on the ground. Cars are flipped. Fires in the distance. Sirens. Sporadic gunfire.

Smith exits one of the buildings, Riley glued to his back--they make for the White House across the lawn. As they do, they're greeted by BONE CHILLING SOUNDS emanating from the darkness of night. Engines screech overhead--aircraft of some kind. And the screams. Primal and petrified. It's as if everyone in the entire city of Washington DC is screaming...

Because they are.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

President Malloy and Kronau make it to an underground safe room. No dice. The metal blast door has been ripped off the hinges. Blood is everywhere--no bodies.

KRONAU  
 There's no one left. Oh,  
 God...there's no one left!

Malloy is in obvious shock.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
 They'll come for me. We're under  
 attack, and they'll come for me...

KRONAU  
 There's no *them* left.

Kronau rips the MP5 out of Malloy's hand and runs.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
 Kronau! Don't leave me here..!

A BEAT later, Kronau runs back into sight--chased.  
 Something grabs him from behind. He falls to the floor  
 screaming bloody murder--his body tenses, squeezing off  
 the MP5. The rounds nail Malloy in the chest.

The President drops to his knees, while Kronau is dragged  
 screaming God knows where, by God knows what.

INT. WHITE HOUSE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Riley head in the direction of Kronau's  
 screams.

INT. HALLWAY AT SAFE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malloy reaches out to Smith and Riley as they approach.

SMITH  
 (to Riley)  
 You recording?

She nods. Smith kneels next to the dying man.

SMITH  
 Mr. President, where were you  
 forty-eight hours ago?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
 Help me...

Smith shakes him by the collar.

SMITH  
 Listen to me! Where have you been  
 for the last forty-eight hours?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
 I'm dying.

SMITH

Everyone is dying. Where were you? Did you have a distress code? A password? Some security phrase? I need you to tell me everything. Do you understand? *Every* detail.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALL:

Something is coming. Something big...

SOMETHING POV: Nine feet off the ground--moving towards the three people at the end of the hall.

WITH SMITH & RILEY:

She sees it.

RILEY

Smith...

Malloy is dead--his head lolls lifeless. Smith reaches into the dead man's shirt and retrieves a RED PLASTIC CARD, sealed in a plastic case. Then, he retrieves a pair of CUTTERS from his backpack--places one of Malloy's fingers between the blades...

RILEY

Smith!

Smith whips around--grabs Riley and throws her into the doorless saferoom. He raises the XM-97, and...CLICK.

SMITH

Damn, friggin'...!

Jammed. He tries like hell to clear the weapon--stepping back to put distance between him and the SNARLING death coming from the shadows. He fuckin' trips over the dead President--flat on his back.

SOMETHING POV: It's almost on top of him. A few feet away. Then...

Riley empties that M4 on full Auto from the safe room. Smith was right--from the SNARLING that just pissed it off. She drops the M4 and yanks a loose PIPE out of a broken wall--leaps over Smith and charges towards the shadows...

Smith is up--yanks her back by the collar. BOOM BOOM. THUMP. Weapon cleared, he drops the "IT" that we never see before Riley gets to it.

SMITH

Don't ever do that again.

RILEY

Hello, gratitude...

SMITH

Never take one of them on alone.  
Ever. You run next time. Far and  
fast. If you don't have this  
weapon, you run. I swear to God,  
Riley. I can't watch you die  
again. I can't...

A tired smile bends her lips.

RILEY

I love you, too. Can we go now?

No sooner is the question asked...

The wall behind Riley EXPLODES in a cloud of sheet rock!  
SOMETHING drags her through it. Screaming bloody murder.

Smith blasts into the wall with the XM-97, killing  
whatever it was. He pulls Riley back through, but she's  
in a bad, bad way. Her legs bleed heavily--shredded.

Smith rips her shirt for a bandage--feverishly trying to  
stop the blood loss.

RILEY

Let it bleed. Let's just go.

He locks eyes with her--she's already going pale.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm OK. I can do it.

Her legs all but useless, and leaving a river of a blood  
trail, Smith pulls her down the hall.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

They exit the White House, Smith's arms around a lifeless  
Riley. Still, he drags her for several steps, refusing  
the truth.

But, the weight of his pack, the XM-97, and her weight  
are too much. Smith lays her down in the grass. No  
words. No tears. Just weariness.

Smith takes the CAMCORDER from her hand and aims it at  
himself, as he heads across the lawn towards President  
Park--the BLACKBERRY in his other hand.

SMITH  
(to camcorder)  
December 26th, 2011. Failure.

He tosses a baleful glance back at Riley. Then, his attention is seized by a PECULIAR SNARL from the dark.

Smith is TERRIFIED. Like he expects The Devil himself to appear.

Not far behind him, backlit by a flaming building, is a SILHOUETTE--just the outline is enough to scare you stupid. An "IT".

SMITH  
You again.

Something sails out of the shadows, and lands at Smith's feet--a broken COFFEE MUG, The Presidential Seal looking back at him. Smith steps back. IT steps forward. That PECULIAR SNARL once more.

SMITH  
Yeah...not tonight, Cyclops.

Smith flashes a defiant grin and holds up The Blackberry. He presses buttons, and...

NOTHING. He tries again. Nada. He stares at the gadget in horror. The Silhouette lunges!

SMITH  
Ah, shit.

Smith hauls ass, running for all he's worth--pounding the buttons on the Blackberry. Then...something SCREAMS from the sky.

An F-18, flaming and broken in half, streaks directly towards him.

SMITH  
Come on. Come on! You piece  
of...

WHAM--the jet hits the WHITE HOUSE a hundred feet behind him, EXPLODING into a jet fuel fireball.

He jackhammers the buttons on the device. Running at a full gallop, the air around him begins to fracture--the relentless fireball overtakes him...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - 48 HOURS EARLIER

Smith APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR. His clothes smoking in the Christmas Lights--blackened from fire, covered in dried blood. Smoke and debris from the inferno he just escaped falls around him. He coughs.

But, all is quiet. Tourists. The white noise of traffic. There's nothing out of the ordinary at all.

It's as if the preceding had never happened.

Because it hasn't yet.

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 24th, 2011. 8:14 P.M. EST**

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

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Smith staggers through the joint and sits on a bench with the REDEYE TRAVELERS and HOMELESS FOLKS soaking up some warmth.

A man who has just been through what he has been through should be a shaking mess by now. He isn't. He's just exhausted. He just stares at the big assed clock on the wall, and pulls his jacket over himself.

Really, really exhausted...

FADE TO:

INT. BUS STATION - MORNING

With the exception of opening his mouth and drooling all over himself, Smith hasn't moved an inch. Dead to the world asleep.

He wakes with a VIOLENT START, scaring the living hell out of everyone around him. Eyes darting. Head swiveling. He sighs deeply. No danger. Not here. Not yet.

A LITTLE GIRL sitting next to him, all of seven, nods.

LITTLE GIRL

Bad dreams.

SMITH

What?

LITTLE GIRL  
Bad dreams. I have them, too.  
They suck. They say it's your  
subconscious.

SMITH  
I don't dream.

LITTLE GIRL  
Everybody dreams.

Smith checks his COUNTDOWN TIMER: 12:24:02.

SMITH  
Not for much longer.

LITTLE GIRL  
It's Christmas morning. Are you  
going home, too? I'm going to my  
mom's...

Smith could give a shit, and his expression tells her as  
much.

She tries again, as lonely children are prone to do.

LITTLE GIRL  
I'm gonna to be a psychiatrist.  
When I grow up.  
(whispers)  
Then, I'm gonna help my dad stop  
drinking.

Smith eyes the LUSH passed out on the other side of her--  
a bottle of OLD CROW peeking out of his coat.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
So he and mom will get back  
together. I asked Santa for that  
last year, but I didn't get it.  
So, I'm gonna do it myself.  
That's a good plan, right?

SMITH  
Good plan.

INT. BUS STOP RESTROOMS - LATER

The Little Girl enters the Ladies' Room, leaving her Lush  
father swaying against the wall. Smith approaches.

SMITH  
Cute kid. Your daughter?

LUSH  
What's it to ya?

Smith shoves the XM-97 into the Lush's ample gut.

LUSH

I don't have any money, man. I don't have any...

Smith slaps him--yanks the Old Crow out of his jacket.

SMITH

You're not going to drink any more of this today.

LUSH

What..?

SMITH

You're going to do anything your daughter wants to do. You're gonna treat today like it was her last day on Earth. You're going to spoil her rotten. You're gonna tell her you love her a hundred times, and you're gonna be sober for it. Right?

LUSH

Yeah...yeah...whatever you say.

SMITH

Or, I'll come down your chimney tonight, and break things you didn't know could be broken. You readin' me, Prancer?

Smith walks away, swiggin' the hooch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Riley delivers a steaming cup of coffee to a PATRON, and retreats behind the counter to talk smack with her friend JOY--the EMO lady at the register, who is entirely too old to be EMO.

JOY

(re: patron)

Look at 'em. He makes me sick.

RILEY

Everybody makes you sick, Joy.

JOY

We're workin' on Christmas, of course everyone makes me sick. But this guy...this guy deserves something awful on general principle. Truly awful.

RILEY  
I went Llama in his coffee.

JOY  
You spit in it?

RILEY  
I did.

JOY  
You are so lying.

RILEY  
OK, I'm lying. But, I wanted to.  
Bad, Joy. Real bad.

Smith enters. Joy pings him with the bitch radar.

JOY  
Look at this winner.

INT. SMITH'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Riley approaches--NOT A HINT OF RECOGNITION on her face.  
She has no idea who he is.

RILEY  
Hi. What can I get for you?

SMITH  
I'm sorry.

RILEY  
I'm Riley.

SMITH  
It was my fault. I swear to God,  
I won't let it happen to you  
again.

RILEY  
Do I know you?

Smith brushes hair out of her face...

SMITH  
Not yet.

...and walks out.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

DC POLICE and SECRET SERVICE cover the area. Security is  
ridiculously tight.

A small crowd of PEOPLE IN BLACK are gathered...

EXT. GRAVESIDE - CONTINUOUS

President Malloy stands stone-faced before two caskets-- one of them a child's.

MILITARY COLOR GUARD are at attention, as DIGNITARIES and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS look on. The familiar faces of Kronau and Agent Dawes aren't too far away...

EXT. OUTSIDE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

A REPORTER speaks into a camera, the cemetery in the far background.

REPORTER

...since the tragic helicopter crash two days ago that took the lives of the First Lady, and their daughter Sophia. On this sad Christmas Day, Flags are at half mast across the country, and across the world, as government leaders have expressed their condolences...

ACROSS THE STREET

More DC COPS ensure that no one in crowd comes too close. There aren't that many people, just a couple of dozen mourners with signs and banners of support for the President...

Among them, Smith--keeping his eye on the gates of the cemetery, waiting...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

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

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. DC STREETS (ABOVE) - DAY

Some asshole in a Taxi is ripping off bumpers, sideswiping buses, and causing all kinds of hell and mayhem at 75 MPH.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives it like he stole it, glancing at his watch.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Taxi SCREECHES to a halt at the sidewalk. Smith leaps out and retrieves a Styrofoam Cooler, a jug of gas, a paint brush, a bucket, and a coil of rope from the trunk.

He disappears into a nearby tenement.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Smith crushes up the Styrofoam and mixes it with the gas in the bucket--the mixture turns into a jellied poor man's napalm.

He ties the rope around his waist, the other end to a pipe, and over the edge he goes.

WITH SMITH ON SIDE OF TENEMENT

Smith smears the gas jelly in large strokes across the brick face with the paint brush.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - CONTINUOUS

President Malloy gazes out the window--lost in thought as the city passes by...

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Smith ditches the bucket and pats himself down. Whatever he's looking for, he can't find.

SMITH

Son of a...

A LITTLE BOY pokes his head out of a window, not five feet from where Smith dangles by the rope.

LITTLE BOY

Hi.

SMITH

Hi...

LITTLE BOY

Are you an Elf?

SMITH

Yeah...yeah, I'm an Elf. You got a match, Kid?

LITTLE BOY

Why do elves need matches?

SMITH

I'm...would ya just get me a friggin' match.

The Little Boy starts to cry.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm tryin' to signal Santa.

LITTLE BOY

Really?

SMITH

Yeah. He left me behind. So, unless you want me to tell him what an uncooperative little bastard you are, you'll make with a match. You don't wanna get on Santa's shit list, Munchkin...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - DAY

Something catches President Malloy's eye as he gazes out the window. Something he can't believe he's seeing.

Dawes turns to the President--just as stunned.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Stop the car.

EXT. STREETS (ABOVE) - CONTINUOUS

The whole motorcade comes to a stop in the middle of the street. Secret Service AGENTS pour out of SUV's, establishing an immediate perimeter--scaring the shit out of everyone on the sidewalks.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - CONTINUOUS

President Malloy, Kronau, Agent Dawes, and the Driver stare...

A block away, three foot tall FLAMING LETTERS on the side of a brick building--a fiery message reads: "RAZOR RED. 6BRAVO."

DRIVER

What does it mean?

Dawes retrieves a red sealed plastic card from his jacket, exactly like the one Smith took from Malloy earlier--cracks it open...

AGENT DAWES

It's the President's personal distress code...

...the card inside reads simply: "6BRAVO".

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)  
Authenticated.

INT. DC STATION (DARK ROOM) - DAY

President Malloy watches Smith sitting in the interrogation room through a two way mirror. Agent Dawes enters...

AGENT DAWES  
Blood samples in his backpack.  
And a finger...  
(BEAT)  
They're both yours.

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

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)  
Gets better. Bone and tissue  
samples that are unidentifiable.  
Not human. Not animal. They're  
either from an as of yet  
undiscovered species on Earth.  
Or, an as of yet undiscovered  
species...from some place else.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Some place else...

AGENT DAWES  
See the videos?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Manipulated?

Dawes shakes his head--hands the President a tiny piece of plastic.

AGENT DAWES  
The hard drive out of one of his  
video cameras. DC Metro eggheads  
say it can hold three hundred  
*terabytes* of data.

It's no larger than a quarter.

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)  
That technology does not exist  
today. Not even in Japan.  
They're still reviewing it, but it  
looks like he has years' worth.  
He's been documenting something.

Kronau enters with our old salty friend Colonel Bodette.

KRONAU

This is Colonel Bodette, he's in charge of the XM-97 program at the Pentagon. I thought...

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Your prototype is accounted for.

COLONEL BODETTE

Disassembled. Non-functioning for the last three months.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Smith sits on one side of the table, President Malloy, Kronau, and Bodette on the other. Agent Dawes stands over the President--a DOZEN DC OFFICERS keep an eye on Smith, who sighs like he's done this a few times before.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

What are they?

SMITH

Hungry.

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

SMITH (CONT'D)

Galactically speaking...turns out, we're the other white meat. Cattle. A never ending food supply.

Uncomfortable glances fill the room.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Never ending...

SMITH

They arrive. Death. Destruction. Mayhem. Then...they feed on us. They travel backwards in time. Killing us over and over. They jump back forty-eight hours, spend about twenty-four taking us out, and do it again. And again...

Smith's trembling hand grabs a paper coffee cup, as Malloy taps the BLACKBERRY--screen blank and off.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

This is how you stay ahead of them?

SMITH

Yeah. They show up, I haul ass back forty-eight hours. The twenty-four hours they spend taking us out in the future, I usually spend trying to get to you in the past. Before they show up again.

GENERAL BODETTE

Let me make sure I got this. Tomorrow night, you jumped to last night, fell asleep in a bus station, and now you're here.

SMITH

Ta-da.

BEAT as the crazy sets in.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Why do you wait for them to show up? Why not just leave now...

SMITH

'Cause this gizmo don't work until they show up. It's powered by their ships somehow. Comes on by itself. Useless until they come. They all have them. It's what they use.

AGENT DAWES

Why not give yourself more time? Go back further than forty-eighty hours...

Smith points at the HUNDRED BUTTONS of indecipherable language.

SMITH

Can you read that? All I know is press five buttons in sequence, and I go back. You wouldn't screw with it either. It's impossible to get one of these from them and live. They make sure of that. They're...wired. Implanted. When they die, they disappear...

KRONAU

This is ridiculous...

SMITH

Still diving for your wife in a bottle of scotch?

Kronau lunges for Smith--is held back.

SMITH (CONT'D)

This is the ninth time we've had this conversation. Punchline's always the same.

(to Kronau)

And you're always an asshole. Kill them, their bodies go back to the Harvester ships, and they take anyone within ten feet with them. Keeps us cows from getting their technology.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

How did you get this one?

SMITH

This Old Man just picked me out of a crowd seven years from now. Gave me that thing and the gun. Showed me the buttons to press. Said he couldn't do it anymore, and that I'd figure it out from there. I thought he was nuts.

GENERAL BODETTE

Who was he?

SMITH

Jumped in front of a bus before I could ask him. Two minutes later, they came.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Seven years? You've been doing this for seven years?

Despite the evidence, they obviously struggle to believe. Smith notices--leans over the table to Malloy.

SMITH

You're wearing green boxers with white stripes. Your wife bought them for you on your last trip to France. You had a bagel and two eggs, over easy, for breakfast this morning. And you cried yourself to sleep last night reading old love letters from your wife's college days. That's what you told me when you died in my arms...tomorrow night. And right now, you really need to find Dr. Constantine Oro.

Speechless comes to mind.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Can I have my gun back?

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With President Malloy, Colonel Bodette, and Kronau.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

You explain it. Forget for the moment we have one individual in two places at the same time...

KRONAU

What do we tell the American people? Hell, what do we tell the governments of the world?

PRESIDENT MALLOY

The Truth.

KRONAU

We're looking at a Global panic.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

*I'm* panicking. Do what he says. I want this Dr. Oro located ASAP.

KRONAU

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY

No...why?

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

TRACK WITH F-18

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

Malibu.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Our Malibu buzzing F-18 joins TWENTY OTHER FIGHTERS patrolling the sky over the City of Angels.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS cruise in pairs just over rooftops, as F-16 Eagles and F-22 Raptors roar overhead.

PEDESTRIANS stare at the birds

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

Panic arrives.

MONTAGE:

Atlanta. Houston. Chicago. Over and over. Every major city in America.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Smith sits across the table from Bodette and TWENTY LAPTOPS, on which are TWENTY GENERALS AND ADMIRALS VIA VIDEO.

SMITH

Heavy weapons are key. Depleted Uranium ideal. You can kill 'em. But, they don't go down easy...

ADMIRAL #1

Any other strengths besides their armor?

SMITH

Are you listenin'? Imagine the perfect killing machine. Make it nine-foot tall. Armor plate it with scales. Fast as all hell. Strong as ten men. Fangs. Claws. Zero emotion. Amazing intelligence. Got that? Now give the unpleasant son of a bitch technology a thousand years beyond anything we have. Repeat a billion times or so...

GENERAL #1

They must have a weakness.

SMITH

Well...they smell really, really bad.

COLONEL BODETTE

And, you're sure they always come at the same time?

(MORE)

COLONEL BODETTE (CONT'D)

I don't want these things showin'  
up for the big dance while we're  
still in the shower.

SMITH

Always about eight o'clock here.  
Once in a blue moon they come a  
bit early. Guess they chow down a  
little faster on them days. But,  
you can usually set your watch by  
'em. Half past kiss your sweet  
ass good-bye, and not a minute  
later.

Horrified silence.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What? Too soon?

INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A PRESS SECRETARY speaks to REPORTERS.

PRESS SECRETARY

...and in response Department of  
Homeland Security has elevated the  
threat level to red, or severe,  
until more information is  
available...

A REPORTER cuts him off.

REPORTER

Can you give us any particulars?  
What's the nature of the threat?

PRESS SECRETARY

Not at this time.

A BLONDE REPORTER chimes in.

BLONDE REPORTER

The sky over DC, New York, and  
several other cities is...

REPORTER

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

BLONDE REPORTER

And National Guard Units.

PRESS SECRETARY

Precautions are being taken until  
more concrete information is  
available.

(MORE)

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)

There is no cause for panic. This  
is not the time for speculation.  
Thank you.

The Reporters go crazy with questions as the Press  
Secretary exits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Joy and Riley stare at the TV with a few other PATRONS.

RILEY

No cause for panic...

JOY

Eh, somebody carried toothpaste  
onto an airplane. They do this  
crap all the time.

RILEY

Jets? You think they'd send up  
jets because somebody left  
Aquafresh in a carry on?

JOY

Yes. Yes, I think they would.

MAN IN BLACK #1 (O.C.)

Riley Holland?

Two MEN IN BLACK are standing at the door.

RILEY

Who's askin'?

MAN IN BLACK #2

Please collect your things and  
come with us.

MAN IN BLACK #1

A Mr. James Smith has requested  
that you meet him.

RILEY

What the hell is a Mr. James  
Smith?

Man In Black #2 grabs Riley by the elbow.

RILEY

Hey! Don't get grabby. What do  
you think you're doing?

JOY

(calls after)  
Send me a postcard from Gitmo!  
(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

(to Patron)

Wow. It's always the quiet ones.

INT. SUV - DAY

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

DR. ORO

Pretty exciting, huh? Oro. Dr.  
Constantine Oro.

RILEY

Doctor..?

Riley looks at him. Then at the Agents.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. Is this one of those  
outbreak thingys? We're all gonna  
die of the Monkey Flu, or  
somethin'?

DR. ORO

Not *that* kind of Doctor.

Riley leans over the seat.

RILEY

(to Agents)

Look, you got the wrong girl. OK?  
Unless this has something to do  
with unpaid parking tickets, and  
believe me, I feel bad about  
those...

She's interrupted by a tap on the shoulder from Oro. She turns to find him giving her the creepy uncle smile. Wags his eyebrows.

DR. ORO

One of us is wearing mistle toe  
underwear.

BEAT.

She leans over the seat again.

RILEY

(to Agents)

Is this guy OK? I didn't bring my  
pepper spray with me.

MAN IN BLACK #1

Please sit back, Ms. Holland.

RILEY  
Where are you taking me?

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

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

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

INT. UNDISCLOSED FACILITY - AFTERNOON

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

KRONAU  
Most of your aides and advisors  
left DC after the funeral. They  
were still in the air when...

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Were?

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

KRONAU  
We grounded all air traffic as  
part of the increased threat  
level.

COLONEL BODETTE  
On Christmas Day.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

RILEY  
The future.

He nods.

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

SMITH  
Married, yeah.

RILEY  
In the future. Where you're from.

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

SMITH

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

She yanks her paw back.

RILEY

I kiss every frog in DC looking for my prince, and you're the guy I end up with? No offense, but you're so not in my league. OK, Mr. Car Stealer Person...Guy?

SMITH

Honey, there's a big picture goin' on here I think you're missin'.

Agent Dawes enters.

AGENT DAWES

The President would like you to join us.

INT. WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The President and his entourage are seated, as Smith and Riley enter. The former still stinging.

RILEY

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

SMITH

Or something? I'm not even a something?

TECHNICIANS work at several stations scrutinizing the video footage that Smith has shot. Various moments of his travels are "freeze framed" on large monitors, while other monitors run loops of frightening footage.

At a table are seated various MILITARY and GOVERNMENT personnel, along with DR. ORO.

RILEY

You're making a scene.

SMITH

You get fat.

She GASPS like he just slapped a kitten. Malloy interrupts before she counter strikes.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

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

DR. ORO

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

Kronau motions for Smith to join him outside.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kronau leads Smith to a quiet corner--speaks in hushed  
tones.

KRONAU

Mr. Smith, I'd like to ask you  
some questions.

SMITH

Told the guys with the pocket  
protectors everything I know.

KRONAU

Who led the Nation? In the future.  
In your time. Who was...is the  
President?

Smith looks at him like he has three heads.

KRONAU (CONT'D)

It was me, wasn't it?

Smith shakes his head.

KRONAU

Mr. Smith, when we have defeated  
this threat, or prevented it from  
happening, life will go on.  
You've lived every day for the  
last seven years twice. Your  
knowledge of the future could  
be...beneficial to a man of my  
political aspirations.

SMITH

None of that shit matters any  
more. We don't have a future.  
They erased it, and all the guys  
like you.

(BEAT)

Which ain't all bad, now that I  
think of it...

Kronau leans into Smith's face.

KRONAU

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

And heads back into the War Room.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Oro stares at THE BLACKBERRY--his face a whiter shade  
of pale.

DR. ORO

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

Smith returns and yunks the Blackberry back.

SMITH

You're kibbles-n-bits tonight.  
It's possible.

DR. ORO

You're the one from the future..?

SMITH

You got it, Poindexter.

DR. ORO

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

BEAT.

SMITH

Geez, what is it with you people?

DR. ORO

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

COLONEL BODETTE

Worm holes?

DR. ORO

Tunnels through space and/or time.

RILEY

It's like they could be standing  
right here, you know?

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

They're just not standing right here *right now*. They're standing right here tomorrow. Same space, different time. Bend 'em together, or make a passage from there to here. Ta-da.

The room goes quiet.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, and *you've* never seen an episode of Star Trek?

DR. ORO

Wow. Are you seeing anyone?

Smith grabs Riley's hand and pulls her close.

RILEY

No.

SMITH

Yes.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

OK. Can we stop these wormholes?

DR. ORO

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

SMITH

Tell 'em about your project.

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

Establishing of the biggest piece of shit building in DC. Boarded up and graffiti tagged. A broken sign reads: "ORO INDUSTRIES".

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

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Steam pipes, water cooling pipes, and flickering lights. No one has been down here for years based on the cob webs. Dr. ORO, President Malloy, Dawes, Kronau, Smith, and Riley descend.

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

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

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

DR. ORO  
I call her Bertha.

Oro flips half a dozen breakers. The contraption HUMS to life like a 1976 Pinto that's been sitting in a barn for a decade. Thin beams of LASERS bounce off the mirrors, creating a small cube of empty space between them.

A fuse POPS. Sparks. A small fire ensues. Oro sprays it with a fire extinguisher.

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

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

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

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

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Yeah.

DR. ORO  
Oops. Requires more juice than we can...

He wags his eye brows at Riley's chest.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)  
Squeeze.

RILEY  
Ew.

SMITH  
If energy wasn't a problem, you could send a message back as far as you wanted, right?

DR. ORO

If energy wasn't a problem, you could send *anything* back. Messages. Hookers. Elephants. Hell, the whole *planet* if you were feelin' really froggy. But we're talkin' like infinite power here. We can't even...

SMITH

They can.

Smith holds up the Blackberry as he peruses the innards of the Time machine.

SMITH (CONT'D)

This Thing here draws its power from their ships. It doesn't work till they appear, but when they do, it powers up. Feeds directly from their energy source somehow. There's a billion of them and a million big ass ships. If your lookin' for infinite power, Chuckles...they got it.

Something shiny catches Smith's eye--A TRIANGULAR LASER MIRROR in the Time Machine. He touches it...

DR. ORO

Use that thing to tap into their power..?

The friggin' MIRROR SNAPS OFF IN SMITH'S HAND. He sticks the mirror back in place, trying to play it cool.

SMITH

Huh? Yeah, it was your idea. We've met. Had this chat a month ago...from now. Whatever.

BEAT.

DR. ORO

That is so freakin' cool.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

(to Oro)

A message with particles?

DR. ORO

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
And we'd have fifteen years to  
prepare for this moment, instead  
of hours.

SMITH  
Correctamundo.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
(to Oro)  
Can you do it?

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
How about every resource of the  
United States of America at your  
disposal...

He checks his watch: 3:00 PM.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)  
For the next five hours.

Oro takes the Blackberry from Smith. Well, tries to, he  
ain't lettin' go--it's his safety, and has been for  
years. Riley slaps him in the back of the head.

RILEY  
Idiot.

Smith lets go.

DR. ORO  
If we find out fifteen years ago,  
that the world is going to end on  
a specific day in the future...I  
can't even speculate what the  
result will be. We'll be changing  
the past...

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
To prepare for now.

DR. ORO  
Yeah. But who knows the  
ramifications. Every single thing  
in each of our pasts has led us to  
where we are. Change anything in  
the past and we don't have the  
same present. You may not be  
President.

(MORE)

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

I may not have been acquitted of that sexual harass...well, you get my drift. Who knows?

BEAT.

SMITH

(to Malloy)

What color undies were you wearing two days ago?

INT. BASEMENT LAB - LATER

This place is a buzzing with activity and the sputtering of that piece of junk Oro calls a Time Machine. Dozens of TECHNICIANS and SCIENTISTS work--more arrive every minute.

WE FIND President Malloy quietly sitting--a picture of he and his family in his hand. Lost in wallet sized memories. Kronau watches him quietly, as Agent Dawes approaches.

AGENT DAWES

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

Malloy stashes the photo, chagrined Dawes read his mind. He nods towards Smith across the room, standing over Riley--guarding her like a like a pit bull. She steals glances at Smith on the sly, a smile on her lips when he ain't lookin'--X-ray eyes of death when he is.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

(re: Smith)

He told me he's watched her die one hundred and nine times. Can you imagine that? Watching this happen to who you love over and over? I'm not sure I'll make it through this once.

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

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

WITH SMITH:

Agent Dawes pulls him aside--Riley eavesdrops.

AGENT DAWES

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

SMITH

His wife and daughter?

AGENT DAWES

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

SMITH

Do what I can. You have my word.

Oro announces to the room excitedly.

DR. ORO

You guys gotta see this.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

All are gathered around Oro, who rewinds VIDEO FOOTAGE from Smith--Dragon Ships and countless failed attacks by American Forces against them.

Oro stops on a stormy night. Lightening. The sky covered with ships...

DR. ORO

Based on the density of the craft over DC, and applying the same ratio to population dispersion globally, there are roughly 1.2 Million of these Harvester ships...

GENERAL BODETTE

Moving in tandem? There's gotta be a Command Ship...

CLOSE ON VIDEO: Ever so slightly, one ship moves in formation. A fraction of a second later, every other ship makes the same move in perfect unison.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

That one.

DR. ORO

Keep watching.

The exact thing happens once more, only this time, a DIFFERENT ship moves first--the others match it.

DR. ORO

Truckin' all that hardware through space/time, what happens to the other ships if your command ride gets a flat? Scientific term for that? Screwed. And, you sure as hell wouldn't want a million individuals controlling a million ships. Simple probability. Somebody is bound to screw up eventually. No, these things move as one.

GENERAL BODETTE

Like a swarm...

DR. ORO

The ships gotta be operating on some hive-like communication platform. Any one ship makes a change, they all follow suit automatically. Safest way to move through space/time, if ya think about it. Now, here's a D Cup full of interesting...

REVERSE ON FACES:

We don't have to see what they're seeing--we'll see that soon enough. But, the horrified reactions on the faces of all watching says plenty.

Except for Smith. He's just bored.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Is that..?

SMITH

Oh, yeah.

DR. ORO

They ain't space ships. Not even pressurized. No shielding. You can see they're wide open as the...uh, that horrendously awful thing there is happening. Guys, I think these things were built to fly in our atmosphere.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

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

MONTAGE:

Families in different homes across America.

HOLIDAY SHOPPERS stare slack-jawed at a bank of TV's in an electronics store...

PRESIDENT MALLOY

(on TV)

The militaries of the world are dedicated to engaging this threat, and protecting our species. But, you must understand, if you call for help, there will be none. If you are hurt, there will be no rescue. When the lights go out, they won't come back on...

TV's across the world play the address. Families in Japan. Russia. China. Etc. His words translated into a dozen languages on the TV screens...

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

(on TV)

You must band together. Do not, under any circumstances, get caught alone. Do not attempt to engage one on your own. Run. Fight back only in numbers.

INT. AIRFORCE ONE - CONTINUOUS

The President sits behind a desk, a small VIDEO CAMERA recording...

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

If you are a member of the Armed Forces on leave, please report to your nearest airport. A transport and orders are awaiting. If you have any combat, or law enforcement training, please report to your local city hall. Weapons and ammunition will be provided to you. We need militias in every state and city. EMS systems nationwide will keep broadcasting messages for as long as they can...

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

An ANCHOR stares, dumbfounded at her monitor.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

I've instructed all networks to broadcast footage of what we're facing.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

You will find it graphic and disheartening. But, it is the reality we will all soon face. Mankind has many times stood at the edge of extinction; now we find ourselves here again, at a time known for peace. But, this time we can fight back. We *will* fight back. We must.

The monitor plays the VIDEO CLIPS we have seen before--glimpses. Screams. Shaky. Disorienting and terrifying.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Holiday Shoppers in shock and horror, as the Clips are played on the bank of TV's.

INT. HOME DEPOT - AFTERNOON

PEOPLE are just taking plywood and supplies.

EXT. VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS ACROSS AMERICA - AFTERNOON

Houses are boarded up--make shift defenses against an enemy one cannot defend against.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

The PROPRIETOR is just handing out bullets and firearms to desperate PEOPLE. A SCUFFLE breaks out over a box of ammo. Someone fires a shot. Another...

Of course.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON

All present stare, jaws on the floor and horrified, at the terrifying footage played on a TV. The ambient sounds picked up in the video turn blood to ice. SCREAMS. GROWLS. A cacophony of death.

Riley grabs Smith's hand. Then, his arm.

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

When she does look at Smith again, it's with new eyes.

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Air Force One cruises through the clouds--SIX F-22 RAPTORS flying guard...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - AFTERNOON

Oro is one of ten faces on ten small monitors on the wall of the Air Force One office. The others are MILITARY and WORLD LEADERS...

DR. ORO (ON VID)

Well, theoretically...depending on what is done with the information fifteen years ago. If the time is spent preparing, *instantly*, from our point of view, things should change. Weapons we devised in the past, based on the data we send should...well...just kinda...Poof.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Oro speaks into a LAPTOP VIDCAM...

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

But, we're screwing around with a time line. There could be any of a number of outcomes. Absolute, soul-crushing failure being one of them.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (ON VID)

How much more time will you need?

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

DR. ORO

All of it.

AT TIME MACHINE:

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

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

SMITH

What are you doin'?

Kronau turns with an unnerving smile. He doesn't reply. He just slithers away. That bastard is up to something, and Smith knows it. But, before he can beat it out of him...

RILEY (O.C.)

I usually can't find a guy who'll hold a door open for me...

Smith finds Riley behind him, looking like she has to get to third period Algebra in two minutes. He sucks in the gut--stands a little straighter.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I guess I should thank you.

SMITH

Be a refreshing change.

She touches the scar on his face.

RILEY

I'd hate to see the other guy.

SMITH

You have no idea how right you are.

Riley fidgets--trying to find her way to someplace without a map.

RILEY

How did we meet? In the future I mean.

SMITH

I ran over your cat.

RILEY

You ran over my cat?

SMITH

It's not my fault. That thing wasn't all there...

RILEY

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

SMITH

Not the next day or anything.

She wraps her arms around herself. Smith lifts her face to his, a gentle finger under her chin.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe the things I've seen you do. Hate to tell you this, Cupcake...you're actually as tough as you think you are.

RILEY

Stop calling me that.

She catches herself gazing into his eyes. Turns away--damnit. He noticed. She knows he noticed. That wise ass "I'm under your skin" smirk broadcasts it.

She levels a finger at him, ready to give him both barrels. But, something kills the words on her tongue...

In a shower of disassembled SPARKS, THE BLACKBERRY HUMS TO LIFE.

Then...THAT SOUND. Like groaning metal, but not quite-- It stops everyone in their tracks.

RILEY

Oh, my God. What the hell is that?

The blood drains from Smith's face, as he checks his COUNTDOWN TIMER: 02:03:03.

SMITH

Oh, shit. They're early.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - AFTERNOON

Through the windows we can see the sun low on the horizon, as Kronau, Dawes, President Malloy, and a few other AIDES vaporlock at the SOUND...

Malloy looks out the window.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Oh...Dear God.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Against the bleeding sunset--THOUSANDS OF ALIEN CRAFT. Shimmering black, all. Massive TRIANGLES--The Harvesters. Still they come--appearing in thin air out of shimmering holes of atmosphere.

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

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

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

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - AFTERNOON

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

Snarling and methodical, razor sharp talons fire wrist mounted weapons that PARALYZE all they hit. SCREAMING PEOPLE, running for their lives, drop to the sidewalks--awake and conscious, but unable to move.

Then, The Paralyzed RISE...

EXT. DC SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES STREET - AFTERNOON

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

They bleed black blood, but they bleed. Bodette, firing a belt-fed SQUAD AUTOMATIC WEAPON from the hip, retreats into the building...

TRACKING WITH BODETTE:

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

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

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

COLONEL BODETTE

(to Oro)

You might wanna consider gettin'  
the lead out.

DR. ORO

Hey! It's only six o'clock!  
*Somebody* told us we'd have another  
two hours.

SMITH

It's not my fault!

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

RILEY

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

Oro flips a few final switches.

DR. ORO

I think it's ready...

SMITH

Then call Christmas Past already.  
And tell 'em they came two hours  
early!

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

DR. ORO

In three...two...one!

CLACK--the power goes out. PITCH BLACK.

DR. ORO (O.C.)

Well...Spock's balls, man.

A meek little emergency bulb flickers on.

DR. ORO

I think I tripped a breaker.

RILEY

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

SMITH

Things that eat us.

RILEY

Them.

DR. ORO

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

GENERAL BODETTE

Yeah, this is definitely a  
government operation...

DR. ORO

Musta created some kind of  
feedback surge. Somebody's gotta  
fix the breaker.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ORO INDUSTRIES - MOMENTS LATER

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

SMITH

Shit. Shit. Shit...

INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. ORO INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Till, he hears the heavy CLICK of claws on tile behind  
him...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON

Oro, Riley, and Bodette hear the muffled firing of the XM-  
97, and Smith's screams of profanity. Bodette doesn't  
skip a beat, he charges up the steps.

Riley bounces from foot to foot.

RILEY

Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod...

She grabs Oro by the shirt.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I can't die now. I just met a decent guy. Get this...this time thingy to do its timey thing!

DR. ORO

What?

RILEY

Do not make me go Chick Norris on you!

DR. ORO

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

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

At the top of the steps, Bodette cuts loose with the SAW--it's deafening. We can't see him from down here, but the hot brass is plinking down the steps.

A BEAT later, BODETTE'S HEAD TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Followed by Smith, sliding down the stairs on his back, head first, and firing the XM-97 wildly up the stairwell.

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

SMITH

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

RILEY

Scales, right...

BAM-BAM-BAM. She squeezes off a few rounds, damned near taking off Smith's head--gingerly pushes her barrel vaguely in the direction of the stairs.

SMITH

Scales, Honey. Scales.

DR. ORO

Data uploaded. Ready! In three...two...one.

Oro hits the transmit button--a small swirling ball of atmosphere appears in the empty space between a series of intersecting lasers.

DR. ORO

I think it's working...

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

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

SMITH

Did it send?

DR. ORO

I don't know...

RILEY

Immediately! You said  
Immediately...

DR. ORO

Well...change the past, it should  
change the present! Pretty much  
the scientific consensus  
since...ever...

SMITH

You just discovered germs a  
hundred years ago. Maybe you  
mathletes don't have a real firm  
grip on time travel.

BANG BANG--the metal door at the top of the steps has a visitor. Something big. Something strong.

Riley cuts loose with the SAW--the muzzle strobe flashing in the near dark basement.

Smith grabs up the pieces of THE BLACKBERRY.

SMITH

You got about thirty seconds to  
put this back together.

RILEY

Smith?

SMITH

I won't let them get you.

She grabs him by the shoulders.

RILEY

No, if they get me, you kill me.  
I'll do the same for you.  
Promise, OK?

SMITH

They're not going to get you.

RILEY

Don't let me die like that.  
Promise me. If you love me as  
much as you say, you'll promise  
me.

SMITH

I promise.

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES - AFTERNOON

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

DC is eerily quiet under a SETTING SUN. No more jets.  
Just an occasional scream or gunshot. Something wet  
drips onto Riley. Smith grabs her face, forcing her eyes  
to his.

SMITH

*Do not look up.*

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

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

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

Smith looks at the ground.

SMITH

Get up.

They don't. Smith shakes Riley.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You've done it before. Get  
up...get up! You can do this

Riley struggles through the terror to her feet--not Oro.

DR. ORO

Hopeless...

SMITH

Doc? Doc...

He's checked out. Nobody home. Smith yanks the Blackberry out of his limp hands and slides last piece back into place...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Something moves around in here.

A PECULIAR SNARL echoes. It's the Silhouetted Dragon from earlier! And he is one sinister looking hombre.

Missing one eye. Half his face torn away and healed over. A foot taller than the others. His armor deeply dented and scorched, yet more ornate than that of the others. We'll call him the obvious--THE ONE-EYED DRAGON.

He SNIFFS the air--hunting. Something glints, catching its eye--THE TRIANGULAR LASER MIRROR. He touches it--damned thing breaks off just like it did with Smith.

He eyes it with intelligence--fondles some of the other parts with a knowing growl. You just know this damned thing is figuring out what Oro's machine is...

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES STREET - AFTERNOON

Ready to rock, Smith pulls Riley close, presses the button sequence on the Blackberry and...

SMITH

Watch this.

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

RILEY

Well!

SMITH

Um...

Down the street, THREE DRAGONS spot them. Smith feverishly takes the Blackberry back apart and puts it back together, dropping a piece in the process...

He grabs it off the ground. When he stands back up, Riley has the SAW pointed at his head--BAM! Smith slaps the barrel away at the last instant.

SMITH

What the hell!

RILEY

We had an agreement...

SMITH

Well, Damn! You wanna give me  
half a chance to...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Riley's ECHOING GUNSHOT grabs The One-Eyed Dragon's attention.

With a angry SNARL and another SNIFF of the air, he takes off...

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Engines SHRIEK from above--a DRAGON "M" FIGHTER glides over the building and stops directly above Smith and Riley. They haul ass, as pulses from the Alien Paralysis Weapons slam into brick and mortar just behind them. Somewhere behind them, Dr. Oro SCREAMS...

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

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

That's the moment he spots The One-Eyed Dragon on a nearby rooftop. Smith freezes at the worst possible moment. Gripped by terror at the sight of the One-Eyed Bastard.

Riley slaps the shit out of him.

RILEY

Hello!

Smith hits buttons while Riley fires from the hip.

Gunfire be damned, THE ONE-EYED DRAGON leaps off the roof after them--fangs barred. Murder in its eye.

Smith and Riley dive for safety, as the air begins to warp...

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES - 48 HOURS EARLIER

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 23nd, 2011. 6:13 P.M. EST.**

Screaming bloody murder, Smith and Riley fall flat on their faces out of thin air--Riley staring at the TRIANGULAR MIRROR on the ground in front of her face.

Smith is too busy resetting his Countdown Timer to notice, and in about half a second, he won't care...

SOLDIER #1 (O.C.)

Drop your weapons!

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

SOLDIER #2

(on radio)

Sector seven, we found them.

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

The wall of Soldiers parts--from their midst emerges...

KRONAU

Mr. Smith, we've been expecting you.

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

DAWES

The *President* is addressing you, Citizen.

They're unceremoniously dragged away as the sun's light fades, and night arrives.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Decay. This is not the DC we know. This is Sarajevo 1995 without the bomb craters...yet. Vines creep up the sides of broken windowed buildings. Concrete is cracked. Disrepair.

The CAPITOL BUILDING. The WASHINGTON MONUMENT. All the familiar landmarks are overgrown and unused.

At least THE PENTAGON is in good shape. But, three more have been build around it--all meeting at the points. The massive complex now looks like a giant IRON CROSS or "PLUS" SIGN.

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

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

EXT. DC STREETS - NIGHT

WE MOVE through the decaying city. Cars burn. Dogs roam. SOLDIERS are everywhere. Every corner.

TRENCHES cut into the streets. All manner of Hi-Tech weaponry is on display--futuristic TANKS and APC's.

And, on the side of nearly every building is a LARGE MONITOR. All across the city, they all run perfect synchronization--counting down. At this moment they just blew by 23:11:05, and falling...

You know what happens when it hits zero.

INT. ARMORED SUV - NIGHT

Smith and Riley stare aghast at the decaying city. Across from them sits Bodette--here a GENERAL. His face is heavily creased with sorrow.

SMITH

Where are the Civilians?

GENERAL BODETTE

Hundred and forty million people all over the world died in the riots when the message went public. I'm curious, what exactly did you think would happen when you sent that message back? Ain't no more Civilians.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

A BLACK FORTRESS takes up an entire city block. Fort Knox was never this secure. This is the hub of power now--COMMAND AND CONTROL.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL HALLWAY - NIGHT

PRESIDENT KRONAU strides down the hallway with a squad of his RED GUARD, including Dawes. With him is MALLOY--here a VICE ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

She hasn't been through the process yet. But, Smith is proving a gold mine of intel.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

It's been almost *eight hours*, Admiral. I was told a full debrief would be available by now.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

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

PRESIDENT KRONAU

I am not concerned with one man's well being. The fate of the world depends on what he knows.

Metal doors open--WE CAN HEAR SMITH SCREAMING.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

TEN FOOT VIDEO MONITORS across the wall. SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS man HOLOGRAPHIC COMPUTER DISPLAYS--faces bathed in the green glow.

Strapped to a dastardly looking metal chair, we find Smith. He convulses, screaming through clenched teeth. His body is covered in electrodes and sweat--the top of his head covered by a round metal device.

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

Each memory video is processed in real time by software that calculates speed, distance, tensile strength, weapon power, etc. Impressive.

DR. ORO (O.C.)

No...no...no...

Dr. Oro comes out of a darkened corner waving like a pissed chimp. He may be the only thing in the world that is unchanged--makes a beeline for the Technicians at Smith's side.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

Dude. You got the cortex feedback loop bleeding into the neural mapping threshold inhibitor, man.

Riley is dragged kicking and screaming towards a similar chair. Her turn.

A monitor catches her eye...

SMITH'S MEMORIES OF HER. A hundred versions of her, in various states of disarray. In various states of love. She sees herself kissing Smith. She sees herself bitching him out. She sees herself dying before his eyes.

Over and over...and over...and over. Before her eyes, the images vanish.

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.C.)

(Intercom)

Everything not of tactical  
importance is irrelevant. Delete  
it all.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits, arms around her knees. The door opens, and  
TWO SOLDIERS bring Smith in. They lay him on the cot and  
exit.

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

SMITH

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

(BEAT)

Can you smell purple?

A clock on the wall--3:30 AM.

Kronau enters with Malloy and Dawes.

RILEY

Oh, you...big sacks of...big jerk!

SMITH

You tell 'em, Cupcake.

Smith sits up--bad idea. Malloy notices.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Some of the information in the  
original message was  
indecipherable. Every detail of  
what we're facing is vital. We  
don't have the luxury of the video  
you kept in the future. Sorry to  
put you through that.

SMITH

You coulda asked.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

And trust the fate of mankind to  
your recollection?

SMITH

How 'bout ya just gimme back  
The...the, uh...

RILEY

Thingy.

SMITH

And we'll be on our way.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

We are at the pinnacle of what mankind can accomplish, Mr. Smith. We'll never be this capable again. These Aliens are going to walk into ambush the likes of which they can't imagine. It *will* end today, I assure you. Besides, your device...that technology, was an intolerable threat to our global security.

SMITH

What dya mean was?

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Its been destroyed.

Smith goes primal--lunges for Kronau. Malloy holds him back...

SMITH

You stranded us? Trapped us here..!

Dawes rifle butts Smith across the room, knocking him back into Riley's arms.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

(to Malloy)

Place them under General Bodette's command.

Kronau exits with Dawes.

RILEY

What...what does that mean?

ADMIRAL MALLOY

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

SMITH

The hell we are.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

There are seven billion people on planet Earth. Maybe half of them are in any shape to fight back. At best, we'll outnumber them three, maybe four, to one. Everyone fights. Or, we're dead before they get here.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL MALLOY (CONT'D)

You've been trying to save the world for seven years. Here's your chance.

Smith wipes the blood from a split lip--looks at Riley.

SMITH

Ain't the world I'm trying to save.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

I truly am sorry.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - NIGHT

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

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

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

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.C.)

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

Oro leaps a foot--finds Kronau behind him.

DR. ORO

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

PRESIDENT KRONAU

That was a man I never became. *I* didn't ask for this.

DR. ORO

You sent yourself enough knowledge of the future to grab control. Told us this was the only way. God, man, look what you made of us.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

We are at the cusp of annihilation, Doctor. It is terribly important my authority, for the sake of mankind, not be undermined.

Oro backs away--bumps into DAWES oozing from the shadows.

PRESIDENT KRONAU (CONT'D)

If I'm not mistaken, your  
expertise here is no longer  
required. Is it?

EXT. DC SKYLINE - NIGHT

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

ATTACK AIRCRAFT circle like sharks, some soaring high  
above, some patrolling at tree top level.

A Chinook-style TROOP HELICOPTER rises over buildings...

INT. TROOP HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Riley sit with half a dozen STEELY-EYED  
SOLDIERS. Our boy Smith looks like he needs a gallon of  
Pepto--you can see the wheels spinning.

Riley is a foot tapping mess and giving him the dreaded  
"Disapproving Girlfriend Glare".

RILEY

Good thing you came along, or I  
could be in *real* trouble, huh?

SMITH

What the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

RILEY

Uh. Hello?

SMITH

How about thanks, Smith? Thank  
you that I'm not Riley-chow.  
Thank you...for the distinct, and  
very noticeable, lack of fangs  
stuck in my neck right now!

RILEY

Where's your ring?

SMITH

What?

RILEY

You're wedding ring! We're  
supposed to be married. Where is  
it?

SMITH

It crawled off my finger and tried  
to strangle me one night.

Riley's nerves go into overdrive. She pulls something  
out of her pocket and toys with it. Tapping it. Shaking  
it. Annoying as hell. Smith gives her a look.

SMITH

I'm tryin' to think of a way outta  
this. Please stop doing that.

RILEY

I'm nervous, OK? When I'm gonna  
be killed and eaten, and not  
necessarily in that order, I  
fidget. Deal with it.

Smith catches a glimpse of what she's toying with--yanks  
it out of her hand. It's the TRIANGLE LASER MIRROR!  
There's a thought rambling around his skull looking for  
something to connect with as he stares at it.

SMITH

Where did you get this?

RILEY

That cyclops growly thing dropped  
it when he went all "GRRRR".

The light bulb flickers on over Smith's head.  
Recognition gives way to panic.

SMITH

The Dragon with the one eye? *He*  
had this?

RILEY

Isn't that what I said?

SMITH

Oh. Shit. Not that one. Don't  
tell me it was that one. Are you  
sure?

RILEY

Does he have an evil twin?

Smith races to the cockpit, scared to death--a GUARD  
stops him.

SMITH

Turn this tub around.

GUARD

Sit down, Citizen.

SMITH  
Listen Lurch, land this freakin'  
thing now. He's on to us.

Riley leaps up.

RILEY  
On to us? Who's on to us?

SMITH  
That one-eyed wonder lizard! He's  
been onto me for years, tryin' to  
get the Thing back. *This* was part  
of Oro's Machine. You think he  
can't figure out what it was and  
what we did with it? They travel  
through time every friggin' day...

GUARD  
My orders are to transport this  
platoon to...

Smith gets in the Guard's face.

SMITH  
Just gimme the radio!

Smith shoves him, tries to get to the Pilot. That brings  
the SOLDIERS into the fray, who have no idea what's going  
on.

They pull Smith back, which gets Riley involved.

RILEY  
Hey, hey! Don't get shove-y.

GUARD  
You're going to fight. Everyone  
fights!

SMITH  
You jack-booted morons, I'm tryin'  
to save your...

The Guard clocks Smith, who levels him back and dives for  
the cockpit--only to get dragged out by the feet by the  
Soldiers. Riley tries to help--bashes a Soldier in the  
melon with the butt of her XM-97.

Which gets her shoved on her ass. She hits the deck  
HARD.

So hard, HER WEAPON GOES OFF--BAM! Eyes go wide. Fists  
stop in mid-air. Everyone freezes for TENSE BEAT.  
No...no one is shot.

Till the PILOT FALLS OUT OF THE COCKPIT, a bullet hole in his helmet. All eyes go to Riley.

RILEY

That so wasn't my fault.

The Helicopter auto-rotates out of control.

EXT. PENTAGON (STREETS) - NIGHT

TANKS rumble down the street. ATTACK AIRCRAFT screech overhead, racing down the concrete city canyons. Soldiers take position in WWI style trenches.

A familiar voice floats over the noise--Bodette barking at an OFFICER.

GENERAL BODETTE

...cleared to fire for effect at will. I want artillery dropping on the bastards most ricky-tick. We only got twelve hours, and we're behind schedule!

Something catches his attention--AN OUT OF CONTROL TROOP HELICOPTER careening wildly through the air. Over the nearby area known as CRYSTAL CITY--a garden of fifteen to twenty story hotels and office buildings on the banks of the Potomac River.

The helicopter SLAMS into the top of the buildings--pin wheels off...

INT. TROOP HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Alarms scream. Men scream. The collision with the building has ripped a hunk of bulkhead away--sparks and exposed wiring.

The centrifugal forces sling Riley towards to breach--out she goes! She hangs on by her fingertips.

SMITH

Riley!

Smith watches in horror as a Solider is thrown directly into her. She disappears, as...

EXT. ROOF #1- CONTINUOUS

The Troop Helicopter slams into an Antenna atop a tall building--skips and hits another building...

EXT. ROOF #2 - CONTINUOUS

The mangled bird slides across the roof, throwing Smith out. He claws at the roof, momentum sending him towards the edge.

JUST manages to stop himself, as the Helicopter topples over the edge fifteen stories below. Freaked the fuck out, he staggers to his feet--calls out to the night in a panic.

SMITH

Riley..! Riley..!

RILEY (O.C.)

Oh, could this suck any more?  
Help me, damnit...

Her voice echoes down the street, from Roof #1. But, it's across the street and five stories above Smith. He can hear her complaining, but he can't see her.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A bright flashlight carves through a cobweb filled stairwell. A silhouette ascends the stairs--the unmistakable cut of a Soldier in FULL BATTLE ARMOR. A hand rips the cobwebs away...

EXT. ROOF #1 - CONTINUOUS

The stairwell door creeps open, and out steps...

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

He staggers to the edge--the tallest building around.

DR. ORO

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

...and ralphs over it.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

That'll show ya...

RILEY (O.C.)

Hey, Chess Club.

Oro gives the bottle the skunk eye.

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

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

Oro aims his bloodshot eyes skyward.

There's Riley, hanging from a rat's nest of wires and hoses, that are tangled around the Antenna Array atop the building.

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

DR. ORO  
 That is one saucy pinanta.

RILEY  
 Get me down, you idiot!

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - PREDAWN

The first signs of light are bleeding into the night sky. Darkness still reigns, but the morning is coming.

We find the wreckage of the Troop Helicopter burning. SOLDIERS tend to survivors. Smith picks up an XM-97. Bodette follows, looking at the TRIANGULAR MIRROR now in his hand.

Smith yanks another gun from a Soldier's hands and straps it to his back.

GENERAL BODETTE  
 We don't stand a chance 'cause you found a mirror?

Smith wrestles ANOTHER XM-97 out of a Soldier's hands--grabs Bodette by the armor.

SMITH  
 They found Oro's machine, you think they can't figure out what it does? If you knew what I did. All of this. If you figured out we sent a message. What the hell would you do, Napoleon?

"Oh Shit" gut punches Bodette.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Exactly. Now, if ya don't mind, I gotta find the woman I love before the intergalactic man-eating geckos come.

Smith hops in a HUMVEE and takes off. Bodette glances up at one of the COUNTDOWN MONITORS on the side of a building: 12:10:02.

GENERAL BODETTE

Shit...

He grabs THE NEAREST OFFICER.

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)

Get Command and Control on the horn. Tell 'em they'll be comin' early. Expect the invasion immediately!

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL HQ - PREDAWN

Voices and radio chatter. A kaleidoscope of HOLO-TERMINALS and MONITORS. A HUNDRED SOLDIERS work. Panic in the air.

Standing over a Hologram of Planet Earth, Admiral Malloy zooms all the way in to DC. Speaks with a HOLOGRAM OF KRONAU...

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malloy's Hologram appears on Kronau's desk.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Our entire battle plan is based on the Dragons walking into a coordinated global attack. Catch them off guard. If we don't have the element of surprise, if they're anticipating this...

(BEAT)

Basic strategy, Sir. If you get wind of an ambush, you attack first.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

How far from ready are we?

ADMIRAL MALLOY

For the original scenario? Hours. For the possibility, that at any second, we'll be on the receiving end of a global pre-emptive Dragon assault? We wouldn't...

THAT SOUND kills the words on his tongue. Like the groaning of metal, but not quite...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND echoes through the concrete canyons. Blood turns to ice. Soldiers stop in their tracks. Fingers tighten on triggers. Hearts POUND. Waiting for it...

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Smith stops as the SOUND reaches its crescendo. He cracks his knuckles. Stretches his neck. Hefts two XM-97's in both hands.

SMITH

Come on, you One-Eyed Bastard.

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - CONTINUOUS

Eyes wide. The momentary paralysis terror brings. THAT SOUND ebbs into silence. Then...

GENERAL BODETTE

Contact! Contact! Contact! Fire at will..!

And all Hell breaks loose on Planet Earth.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - PREDAWN

Thousands of M-Fighters appear first this time. Tight formations--WWII bombing run style. THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS.

En masse, they drop SHIMMERING BLUE ORBS on the city. PARALYSIS BOMBS drop Soldiers by the hundreds with every individual blast. Dresden style.

SAM MISSILES streak skyward. TRACERS arc from Anti-Air Batteries atop buildings into the inky night. Dragon ships come down in flames, crashing into the city's buildings. Entire blocks destroyed in seconds.

ON THE STREETS:

The DRAGONS appear--UP ARMORED. The battle gear they wore previously has nothing on this--damned near an EXO-SKELETON, already blackened from old battles. This ain't the first time they've been to a dance like this.

The Exo-Skeletons make them even stronger. Claws tear into concrete and brick. Some scamper up the sides of Skyscrapers. Paralysis Weapons holstered for rifle-like PLASMA WEAPONS that burn through flesh, steel, and any damned thing else they're aimed at...

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL HQ - PREDAWN

In a cacophony of digitized and terrified voices radioing in from the field, Admiral Malloy stares at the DC HOLOGRAM before him--Green Dots for Human Forces, Red Dots for Dragons.

The whole fucking thing is turning red. He ZOOMS out--all of America. Further--Europe. Further...the planet swims in red...

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Oh, Jesus...

Mankind's surprise attack just got rammed down its throat.

EXT. ROOF #1 - PREDAWN

Oro creeps along the erector set construction of the bent Antenna, inch by inch closer to Riley, as an areial battle rages above them. His helmet falls over his eyes. Again.

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

RILEY

Oh my God! Are you looking down my shirt?

Yes.

DR. ORO

No.

RILEY

Pervy nerds. Man eating growly things. Bombs falling from the sky...

Riley goes ballistic like an epileptic marionette.

RILEY (CONT'D)

This is the worst Christmas ever!

The Antenna shudders. Groans. Sways.

EXT. STREETS (WITH BODETTE) - PREDAWN

Bodette and his Soldiers pour the fire down a street from their trench. Dragons keep coming.

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

Bodette blows the thing away--a TERRIFIED SOLDIER reaches for the The Blackberry mounted on the Dead Dragon's armor. Bodette sees, shouts to the CLOSEST SOLDIER.

GENERAL BODETTE

Get that idiot before he...

Just as the Closest Soldier reaches for the Terrified Soldier, the Dead Dragon disappears, just like Smith said.

It takes a ten-foot divot of dirt and concrete with it. AND THE TERRIFIED SOLDIER, as well as the arm of the Closest Soldier.

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

GENERAL BODETTE

Hell, Son...he left ya one.

MORE DRAGONS appear in the trench.

GENERAL BODETTE

Fall back!

Bodette climbs out the trench--seeks cover behind a FLAME THROWING TANK, his previous position OVERRUN.

GENERAL BODETTE

(On Radio)

Sector Seven, falling back to Rally Point Alpha Twelve...

The Flame Tank spews fiery napalm down the street, engulfing oncoming Dragons, as Bodette catches the eye of another STEELY-EYED SOLDIER.

GENERAL BODETTE

Think it's too late to join the Navy?

About then, A FUCKING AIRCRAFT CARRIER FALLS OUT OF THE SKY and SLAMS into the street behind them--destroying a whole city block...

EXT. ROOF #1 - PREDAWN

The ship's impact shakes half the city--rattling the building HARD.

The Antenna gives way! Toppling over--the top twenty feet protruding over the edge. That's where we find Riley and Oro, 200 FEET OVER the street below...

And hanging directly in the path of an M FIGHTER swooping between buildings, a Human Fighter hot on its tail and firing. Cannon rounds ZIP through the air past their heads as the Dog Fight STREAKS just below their dangling feet.

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

It breaks off and comes directly for Riley and Oro.

RILEY

Ohmigod, Shoot it...Oh. My. God.  
Shoot it..!

Oro goes for the XM-97 on his back, fumbling like he's got hooves for hands--HE DROPS IT!

Riley grabs the thing out of thin air as it falls, and blasts the approaching M Fighter cockpit full of depleted Uranium, screaming like a banshee.

The ship careens out of control, spinning wildly by, just feet over their heads. It clips the Antenna! Severing the portion that Oro and Riley are on from the rest of the structure.

The whole ball of wax falls fifty feet, till cables and wires go taut, SLAMMING them into the concrete building, bouncing them outward, and back towards the building like a pendulum...

INT. BUILDING #1 19TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

DR. ORO

Damn!

RILEY

What? What!

DR. ORO

I left my bottle on the roof.

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - PREDAWN

A familiar hideous face and a PECULIAR SNARL emerge from the night into the midst of the battle. Completely disregarding the battle around him, THE ONE-EYED DRAGON rolls the Helicopter wreckage over with one powerful hand...

He peers inside, SNIFFING the air. With a satisfied growl, he pulls his head out and looks the direction that Smith drove off in.

The One-Eyed Dragon takes off, killing anyone in his way savagely, swiftly, and with his bare claws.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - PREDAWN

A din of TERRIFIED BATTLEFIELD VOICES--transmissions from the field. Admiral Malloy commands from the DC Hologram.

An ASHEN MAJOR delivers bad news...

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

A PETRIFIED SOLDIER adds to it.

PETRIFIED SOLDIER  
So are Moscow and London. Berlin  
is off grid...

ASHEN MAJOR  
Admiral...what do we do?

Silence.

PETRIFIED SOLDIER  
Sir?

All eyes turn to Malloy. Hope. An order that will help. Something. Anything. A moment hangs for an hour.

His reply is a pained look. There's nothing we can do.

XM-97 FIRE from a hallway reverberates--SOMEONE SHOUTS.

SOMEONE (O.C.)  
Dragons in the wire!

Metal doors slam shut, only to be dented from the other side almost instantly. BAM. BAM. BAM...relentless.

CLOSE ON MALLOY: The Hologram reflects in his eyes. WE HEAR Dragons bust in. WE HEAR the guns. The SCREAMS. The GROWLS. Blood splatters across Malloy's face...

CLOSE ON HOLOGRAM: Blood oozes along green holographic streets, all the way to the holo representation of Oro Industries/Command & Control...

INT. BUILDING #1 19TH FLOOR - PREDAWN

Riley is in a panic, as Oro picks up his gun.

RILEY

I yelled at him. Everything he's done and I yelled at him. Now he's out there with those things. I'm awful. I'm just awful.

The elevator DINGS, scaring the hell out of them. They share a quick look--Oro shoves the gun into Riley's hands.

DR. ORO

Um...I'm a bleeder.

Riley levels the gun at the doors. Teeth clenched. Heart pounding. They begin to open, she cuts loose a REBEL YELL and...

Finds Smith, looking like he was frisked by a mountain lion, yelling right back--gun aimed.

It takes a BEAT for it to sink in.

Smith grabs her and lays a zinger of a kiss on her. He pours his heart and soul into that kiss. Her knees actually buckle, as they gaze into each other's eyes.

She smiles. Then she slaps him in the back of the head.

RILEY

Where the hell have you been?

SMITH

I...

RILEY

You didn't even come after me.

SMITH

You fell out of a helicopter.

RILEY

Oh, so it's my fault?

SMITH

But...

RILEY

I don't wanna hear it.

Oro puckers up for his turn with Riley. Smith grabs him by the ear.

DR. ORO

Ow...ow...that's attached.

SMITH

Remember our little stroll down  
memory lane?

DR. ORO

That wasn't my idea! You don't  
tell Kronau no. Not more than  
once anyway.

RILEY

Can you get slappy with the muppet  
later? What are we gonna do?

Their eyes drift to the horrific view framed in the floor  
to ceiling windows--DC AFLAME. A waning battle. Arma-  
friggin-geddon.

A BODY floats by a window. Another...and another.  
Hearts sink. They're trapped. It's over. They're going  
to die and know it.

Smith holds Riley's face.

SMITH

I tried, Cupcake. I tried so  
hard...

She puts a fingertip on his lips. A tear spills from her  
eye.

RILEY

I know. I know. I'm sorry. I'm  
sorry for everything. I would've  
been proud to marry a man like  
you, James Smith.

SMITH

Riley...I have to tell you  
something.

She goes doe-eyed.

RILEY

Yes..?

DR. ORO

Aw, for Kirk's sake. Let's go!

RILEY

Hey! Shut it, Nerd boy!  
(to Smith)

Yes?

SMITH

It's over, Doc. No place to go.

RILEY

Hello? You were about to say something...

DR. ORO

Well, may I suggest we catch Kronau before he jumps back?

SMITH

How many times has she hit you in the head tonight? He destroyed The Thing...

BEAT.

DR. ORO

No he didn't.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - PREDAWN

The black behemoth of a fortress is surrounded by fire and destruction. WE MOVE UP...

COMMAND AND CONTROL FROM ABOVE:

And see for the first time, that the entire facility is BUILT AROUND THE OLD ORO INDUSTRIES BUILDING.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL HALLWAY - PREDAWN

Lights flicker. Sporadic gunfire reverberates. Kronau strides down the hallway with DAWES and a DOZEN RED GUARD.

DAWES

Sir, we're receiving calls from small pockets of Forces still alive around the city. We should send...

Kronau jacks Dawes up against a wall.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

To hell with them! Your men will defend this complex to the last breath. Do you understand me? I am all that matters now.

He leaves Dawes standing. Hell, the entire Red Guard Unit trades looks. We see a flicker of the Old Agent in Dawes' eyes for a moment. But, just a moment.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - PREDAWN

Oro's old basement lab within the C & C complex. Same place, but it's had a major technological makeover. TECHNICIANS work on the Time Machine.

Kronau enters.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Is my message ready?

TECHNICIAN #1

Matter of minutes, Sir.

EXT. ROOF #1 - PREDAWN

SCREAMS in the distance. An occasional GROWL. An occasional FULL-AUTO GUN BLAST. The Doppler SHRIEK of M-Fighter engines passing.

The One-Eyed Dragon stands on the edge of the roof Riley crashed on, staring down into the street below as droplets of blood rain fall on its face. A forked tongue slides out of its mouth--licks the blood from its scales.

His one eye narrows to a hate filled slit.

EXT. STREET - PREDAWN

We find Smith, Oro, and Riley creeping along an alley. They whisper...

DR. ORO

What? Kronau lied? Gasp. Oh, horror of horrors...

RILEY

(to Smith)

Can I hit him?

DR. ORO

Of course he lied about it! That thing is a threat to his power. Had me connect it to Bertha as soon as you two got here to send another message.

RILEY

Another message? What, did he forget to oppress somebody?

DR. ORO

Intel. Send back what worked and what didn't if things...went the way they went. With his ideas on how to not lose again, of course.

(MORE)

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

You think property values suck now, imagine what life'll be like after he sends *that* message.

SMITH

And we'll jump into the middle of it.

DR. ORO

*If* we get to him before he finishes sending it. 'Cause I promise you, two seconds after that...POOF. Hasta la see ya later. We gotta hurry.

Smith shoots a look around a corner. Nothing but burned out cars.

But, there is an old Firehouse across the street...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - PREDAWN

Data flickers across a holographic computer display with lightening speed. Bertha purrs like a kitten. Kronau watches impatiently.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

How much longer?

TECHNICIAN

It's a lot of data, Sir...

PRESIDENT KRONAU

And?

TECHNICIAN

We have no way of knowing what the transfer rate will be. Could be immediate. Could take several minutes.

Kronau slings a backpack on. Arms himself with an XM-97. Right about now, he looks like the Anti-Smith.

EXT. FIRESTATION - PREDAWN

A dusty, cobweb covered RED FIRE ENGINE smashes through the Fire Station's metal doors--SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING...

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives. Riley freaks. Oro flips switches.

SMITH

Turn it off! Turn it off!

RILEY  
I didn't turn it on.

DR. ORO  
It was an accident!

RILEY  
Wonder what this does? Sound familiar?

DR. ORO  
OK, yelling at me is just making me nervous.

Oro flips a few more switches.

SMITH  
Off, man. Off!

DR. ORO  
That *was* off. It's stuck...

SMITH  
Well find the frickin' fuse box, before...

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

SMITH  
Nevermind.

EXT. STREET (ABOVE) - CONTINUOUS

A Dragon on a rooftop leaps onto the passing Fire Engine. He has friends. Lots and lots of friends...

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The windshield is full of Dragon, as one leans over the cab and punches through the glass--reaching for Smith.

Riley and Oro are too busy leaning out the side windows--shooting at two on the back to notice.

SMITH  
Gun...

RILEY  
What?

SMITH  
Gun!

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

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

SMITH

Whoops.

Riley is on the verge of launching an ass chewin', when the Fire Engine SHUTTERS--Plasma rounds slam into the ass end just one block from COMMAND AND CONTROL.

It topples onto its side, sliding down the street. Oro, Riley, and Smith holding on for dear life to avoid being thrown out the open top.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The sliding Fire Engine takes out a fire hydrant before lumbering to a halt--shooting a geyser that says, "Come and get it" to every Dragon in town.

Smith falls out first, followed by Oro. Riley pokes her head out the window and vapor locks.

RILEY

Guys...

The street is full of SNARLING DRAGONS--fifteen of them fifty feet away.

MORE SNARLS to the left and right. More Dragons. Closing in on all sides.

Smith and Oro back up against the Fire Engine, Riley joins them. No where else to go. No where to run.

Riley grabs Smith's hand. Smith grits his teeth. Oro, for once, is utterly silent. This is it. The Dragons come closer. Closer. Twenty feet. Ten. Our heroes are staring down snarling fang filled mouths. Then...

THAT SOUND. Like the groaning of metal, but not quite.

The Dragons stop! Five feet away from our terrified trio. The growling things turn around, and line up in the street. Then, they do the damnedest thing...

They kneel.

Too scared to move. Too scared to breath. Everyone without scales watches in amazement.

RILEY  
 (whispers)  
 What. Is going. On.

SMITH  
 Beats me. I never stuck around  
 this long.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ROOF) - PREDAWN

Kronau steps out, drawn by THAT SOUND, with the  
 TECHNICIANS and Dawes.

Over their heads, the M-Fighters have stopped--they  
 hover, facing the same direction as the kneeling  
 Dragons...

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - PREDAWN

THAT SOUND ebbs. The air down the street WARPS, as if  
 the atmosphere were breaking glass.

But, not like before. From the street, upwards...a  
 hundred feet high. What appears this time is so heart  
 attack inducing, it doesn't actually have to bite...

Asphalt crunches as a SIXTY-FOOT TALL DRAGON appears out  
 of thin air.

Thinner. More lithe. It's movements suggest femininity.  
 It ROARS--slightly more high-pitched, shattering windows  
 and shaking buildings.

More ROARS join in. Echoing throughout the city...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC (ABOVE) - MORNING

As the sun just breaks the horizon, spilling orange and  
 red...

There must be a thousand of them ROARING in chorus, as  
 the infant dawn sky is blotted out by the appearance of a  
 ten-mile long MOTHERSHIP.

They grab handfuls of FLOATING BODIES out of the air, and  
 toss them into their mouths.

THE DRAGON QUEENS have arrived.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - MORNING

Riley, Smith, and Oro--jaws on the ground.

DR. ORO  
 I think I know what they've been  
 feeding...

SMITH

Holy shit.

RILEY

Oh, my God. They...they're  
Queens.

Without further ado, they run for it.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ROOF) - CONTINUOUS

Kronau's knees buckle from fear as a Queen leans over him. Everyone else runs. Primal panic. They leave Kronau.

A GIGANTIC CLAW grabs Kronau--he screams his head off in terror.

The Queen bites the son of a bitch in half.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ENTRANCE) - MORNING

Red Guard Soldiers manning the defenses don't even try to stop Smith, Riley, and Oro as they run by.

They're too scared. Too traumatized by the soul-crushing horrific realization they are most DEFINITELY all going to die--eyes glued to The Queens.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Smith, Oro, and Riley run along hallways--grabbing XM-97's off the floor. As the round a corner, they run dead into DAWES and the TECHNICIANS.

For a BEAT--everyone aims guns at everyone else.

DAWES

We've been fighting *the little ones?*

Smith lowers his gun.

SMITH

They gotta be the...the, um...

DR. ORO

Drones. Gathering food...us...for  
The Queens.

BEAT.

SMITH

Yeah. That...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Smith, Riley, Oro, Dawes, and two TECHNICIANS enter.

SMITH

Doc, unhook the...

Suddenly, BLOOD SPLATTERS--the heads of the Technicians hit the floor, and Dr. Oro bounces off a wall.

A PECULIAR SNARL.

Dawes raises his weapon--Smith knocks it away just as he FIRES...

SMITH

No..!

...sending rounds into the ceiling, splitting open LARGE WATER COOLING PIPES. A shower of water falls in the room.

THE ONE-EYED DRAGON leers at them from a shadowy corner-- A CLAW WRAPPED AROUND RILEY'S THROAT. It was waiting for them...

It tightens the grip on Riley's--she gasps.

RILEY

Smith...

SMITH

(to all)  
Put 'em down.

DAWES

Like hell..

Smith BASHES Dawes in the face with the butt of his rifle. Did the trick. Smith puts his own weapon down with the others'.

Blood trickles down Riley's neck as a claw breaks the skin. The One-Eyed Dragon licks the blood from her throat with a forked tongue. Smith shrinks a foot before our eyes, as the damned thing bares its fangs to him. Hell, it might even be smiling.

It aims a claw at Oro's Time Machine.

SMITH

You want The Thing? Take it...

Points again with a SNARL. Then, in its gravely, guttural voice...

ONE-EYED DRAGON

Un...do...

It squeezes tighter, threatening to snap her neck.

RILEY

Oh God...

SMITH

I don't understand!

Oro staggers to his feet--WOUNDED BADLY.

ONE EYED DRAGON

Un...do...

DR. ORO

(dawning)

It doesn't want us fighting  
back...

SMITH

What?

DR. ORO

That's why it hasn't killed us. I  
think it wants us to undo what  
we've done...

SMITH

Undo what?

DR. ORO

Send back a message. To disregard  
all previous messages. If I never  
show the first one to anybody.  
None of this ever happens. Their  
next jump, it'll be like it was.  
Back to normal.

Holding his broken nose...

DAWES

We'll never see it coming. We'll  
never stand a chance.

SMITH

You still under the impression we  
ever stood a chance?

DAWES

No! I'm not going to let..!

THWACK--Dawes is silenced mid-sentence by a sinister  
black blade fired from The One-Eyed Dragon's wrist.  
Right through the forehead.

## ONE EYED DRAGON

Un...do...

The GUNFIRE and SCREAMS return. The ground SHAKES. The ROAR of The Queens reverberates. The Dragons are back on the prowl.

SMITH

Doc, do it.

Oro raises his hands, nodding. Eases to the Time Machine.

The One-Eyed Dragon walks to Smith, dragging Riley. It shoves a claw under his chin, raising his face. Snarls.

Riley's eyes lock with Smith's. A hanging moment, till...

SMITH

I love you.

She tries to say it back to him. But, she can't. The grip is too tight.

DR. ORO

Ready to send. In  
three...two...one...

Bertha CRACKLES TO LIFE. HUMMING. Electricity arcs off of her. Lights flicker.

CLOSE ON SMITH:

He looks at the arcing electricity. He looks at the water collecting on the floor from the busted water pipe. He looks back at Riley. She saw. She nods...

Smith makes his move--goes for an electric conduit...

THWACK--The One-Eyed Dragon fires another blade. Smith's hand is impaled to the wall. He takes it. Refusing to scream. Then...

Someone whistles.

GENERAL BODETTE (O.C.)

Hey, Smiley...

Bodette at the top of the stairs behind the Dragon. And, man, he is tore up. Shredded armor. Covered in wounds. Bloody as a butcher. And aiming an XM-97 at The One-Eyed Dragon.

Who has exactly enough time to widen that one eye in surprise, before...

BAM! The One-Eyed Dragon drops Riley and dives for cover--he's hit, but not fatally.

SAME INSTANT: Smith pulls the blade from his hand, grabs Oro and leaps onto a table, as Riley yanks an ELECTRICAL CONDUIT FULL OF SPARKING WIRES out of the wall...

She dives onto a table the exact instant the wires hit the water...

ZAP! Sparks and arcs of electricity dance across the water, as The One-Eyed Dragon is FUCKING fried--growling and convulsing where it stands.

Finally, something burns out--the charred Dragon splashes into the water. The air wavers around it, as we've seen happen before when they die and disappear. But this time...

The wavering air dances with ELECTRICAL ARCS--expanding to ten feet quickly...and still going.

Smith grabs The Blackberry. Backs up the stairs with the others...

Still expanding. Wider. Smith, Riley, and Oro back up. It fills the entire Lab Basement...

The wavering air moves through the walls! Our heroes retreat into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Before their eyes, the wavering air coalesces and...POOF. The One-Eyed Dragon disappears, taking a sixty-foot circle of everything right out of the center of the building with it...

Smith, Oro, Riley, and Bodette stand at the edge of a massive sphere of empty carved out in the middle of the building. Stunned. Confused. Dead Dragons return to their ships taking everything in ten feet with them, not sixty plus feet.

DR. ORO

I...I guess all that electricity overloaded it.

RILEY

Some genius.

Smith looks at the nothing, then The Blackberry in his shaking hand.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

RILEY

You wanna do what? Let's just go!  
We got The Thingy.

SMITH

And then what?

Smith slaps four XM-97's on a table and a dozen mags.  
While Bodette wraps DUCT TAPE around Oro's torso for a  
bandage.

SMITH

Doc said their ships communicate  
on some kind of hive-like  
platform...

DR. ORO

I did?

SMITH

They move as one through space and  
time. One makes a change...

DR. ORO

They'd all make the same change.

Smith nabs the roll of duct tape--rips off pieces and  
tapes mags together 2 x 2.

SMITH

220 volts just overloaded that  
critter's implant so much it took  
half the building with it. Those  
ships gotta be producing nearly  
infinite power to move through  
time, right?

DR. ORO

(dawning)  
Overload one and all the other  
ships would make the same  
change...

SMITH

Pop the cork on whatever that  
power source is. Ka-boom. Or,  
somethin'.

DR. ORO

Wait. There's more than a  
million ships...

SMITH

Fine. *Big* friggin' ka-boom.

DR. ORO

You don't understand. Each one overloaded with that much juice? Each one opening a worm hole only God knows how big?

SMITH

Whatever that means. Yes.

DR. ORO

It means ripping a million or so ginormous tears in space and time.

RILEY

See! That's like really, really bad.

DR. ORO

It could rip the planet apart bad.

GENERAL BODETTE

That'd do it.

SMITH

Well, shit. We're not gonna be using it today.

Smith hefts a rifle.

SMITH

We already undid everything we've done. The past is normal again, right? We kill them now, they can't go back and kill us. Destroy the now to save the then. This is only chance we've ever had. Hell, the only one we'll ever have. Anybody got a better idea, I'm listenin'.

GENERAL BODETTE

You wanna go into one of their ships? Full of them things?

RILEY

Go *in* to Growly Central? Oh, that's brilliant. .

SMITH

They're all down here. They'll never see it comin'.

DR. ORO

Because no human could possibly be *that* insane.

SMITH

The silly bastards.

RILEY

Hello? Have you ever even been in one? Do you even know what to do?

INT. HI-TECH LAB - MORNING

The place is a blood splattered mess. Riley sits on a table, PISSED. Concerned and angry eyes glare at Smith, who Smith stares at now broken monitors. Oro monkeys with computers with Bodette over his shoulder.

GENERAL BODETTE

We threw up every kinda bird we could think of for recon and real time intel...

SATELLITE IMAGERY appears on cracked screens.

DR. ORO

X-ray. Broad spectrum. Infrared. Thermal. Penetrating Sonar.

Every kind of Satellite Imagery you can imagine. The Harvester ships are easily visible. Oro picks one and zooms. In seconds, he's created a composite of a Harvester using all the data. A fuzzy and jagged 3-D model--inside and out. It looks like it was made by a three-year old and a box of crayolas, but it works.

A glowing UPSIDEDOWN PYRAMID SHAPE pulses in the center of the ship. Looks are traded. Has to be it.

DR. ORO

That space above it? There's a heat and electromagnetic signature coming from it.

GENERAL BODETTE

The control computer.

DR. ORO

That's where I'd put it. Get into that room, shut the fail safes off.

SMITH

Then, we jump.

DR. ORO

OK, Science Lesson. Those ships are a few thousand feet up.

(MORE)

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

And they won't be there when we go back. The a scientific term for that is splat.

RILEY

This gets better by the second...

SMITH

So we do the thing, figure out how to get back on the ground, and then...

DR. ORO

*If* a chain reaction is set off that gives us the time. But, it's just as likely we'll be instantly ripped apart, and sent God knows where into space. Fifty-fifty shot.

The choice weighs on each of them. GROWLS float into audio focus. The ground shakes from a nearby Queen. Snaps their attention back to the moment.

Fuck it.

SMITH

Now or never.

Bodette and Oro nod. Riley grabs a rifle, kicks a table, and storms out. Smith goes after her.

INT. BASEMENT LAB HALLWAY - MORNING

Standing at the edge of the huge gouge in the building the One-Eyed Dragon left when it disappeared, Riley fumes. Smith approaches, knowing full well what she's thinking. Neither speaks for a moment.

RILEY

Ever feel like somebody stole somethin' outta your house, and you don't know what? Just a feeling that something is missing...

She turns on him.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch.

SMITH

Riley, this is the only chance we've ever...

RILEY

I just got you, and you're going to die. You're not gonna make me feel better about that.

SMITH

Listen to me. They'll never stop. Ever. Kronau was right. Today was everything we had. The best we can do. The best we can ever do.

BEAT.

RILEY

I know. I know.

Smith hugs her tight.

SMITH

They'll never hurt you again.

She smiles. Then, SMITH SHOVES HER AWAY. She lands ten feet away on her ass...

RILEY

What the hell!

CLOSE ON RILEY'S BACK: The Blackberry is Duct-Taped to her back...ACTIVATED.

The air around her begins to warp.

RILEY

No...no...

SMITH

I swear I'll find a way back to you.

She disappears into thin air, reaching for Smith in protest.

INT. ORO INDUSTRIES - 48 HOURS EARLIER

Riley appears out of thin air in the dark and dusty abandoned hallways of an Oro Industries building not used in years.

RILEY

No...

TRACKING WITH RILEY:

She runs through the place--swatting cobwebs and making for the front door. Slivers of morning light cut through the boarded up door.

She BASHES the boards with the butt of her XM-97. Over and over.

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES (SIDEWALK) - MOMENTS LATER

Riley breaks through the door and stumbles into a Winter Wonderland. EARLY MORNING SHOPPERS STROLL BY with packages. Christmas decorations hang.

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 22, 2011. 7:20 A.M. EST**

She staggers into the street in disbelief. A CAR SKIDS to a stop. The DRIVER yells...

DRIVER

Are ya nuts? What the hell is wrong with you?

It's one of The Technicians we just saw die.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ROOF) - MORNING

It's hell on earth. Queens shaking the Earth. Ships. Bodies floating. Blood rain falling. Growls. Screams.

Smith, Oro, and Bodette gaze over the destruction. Armed with XM-97's, bloodied, beaten, wounded, and looking like the Wrong Stuff.

They're a sad sight.

DR. ORO

So, what's the plan, Ghengis?

SMITH

Kill them all.

Smith LEAPS OFF THE ROOF!

A BEAT--he comes back up...KNEELING ON A FLOATING BODY. It carries him up, up, up--towards a Harvester Ship.

Bodette and Oro trade looks...

GENERAL BODETTE

Wish I could say this is the weirdest thing I've done today.

...and do likewise.

TRACKING WITH SMITH:

Rising above DC, it begins to snow. The Queens ROAR.  
The Dragon Drones are everywhere.

From up here we can see millions of them. Smith looks up--  
a Harvester Ship awaits. Then, as he steels himself  
up...

THE GUY he's kneeling on SCREAMS, scaring the living shit  
out of him--he almost falls off.

SMITH

Damn!

THE GUY

Help me!

SMITH

You almost gave a freakin' heart  
attack, asshole...

The Guy commences screaming his head off.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Could you please stop doin' that?

He does it again as he and Smith disappear into a  
Harvester...

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES (PAST) - MORNING

Riley pulls The Blackberry from her back--still trying to  
cope with what just happened. Still wrapping her mind  
around it.

Panic sets in. She begs the thin air...

RILEY

Please. No, God. Please,  
Smith...

PASSERSBY toss uncomfortable glances her way.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER - MORNING

Huge. Old. The bodies enter via a LARGE OPENING into a  
cavernous INVERTED PYRAMID SHAPED BAY bathed in blue  
PULSING light.

It's easily a five-hundred yards across at the top, with  
walls slanting steeply down to the opening outside. The  
only thing just as immediately obvious as the size, is  
the INVERTED PYRAMID STRUCTURE hanging from the top.

The source of the Blue Glow. ENERGY CRACKLES along its  
slanted sides. Bands of SHIMMERING BLUE PLASMA encircle  
it.

The very air around it is warped like heat coming off hot asphalt. Swirling. A rail thin tornadic vortex extends from the upside down tip.

Smith and The Guy continue to float upwards past it, with a thousand other poor souls. Smith looks down. Past Bodette and Oro following, past the heart-wrenching sight of doomed humans. There's nothing below--just that huge opening and destroyed city a few thousand feet below. Don't fall.

His breath visible in the cold air, Smith looks up. The only ways to the Inverted Pyramid structure are two catwalks on opposite sides of the craft. And they're both way the hell to his right and left.

Smith leaps off onto a platform at the mouth of a DARK CORRIDOR, as The Guy floats into a tunnel at the very top with all the others.

The screaming ENDS ABRUPTLY with a sound that's just close enough to a BUZZ SAW to make your spine tingle.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Quiet as church a mouse, eyes wide, Smith creeps along a wall to a shadow. He pauses for a second, eyes adjusting. Oro puts his hand on Smith's shoulder...

He jumps a foot and threatens to slap Oro stupid.

GENERAL BODETTE

Any ideas on how to get up there?

DR. ORO

Please don't say the scary dark corridor. Please don't say the scary dark corridor...

Smith peers down the dark corridor.

SMITH

Looks like its the...uh...

DR. ORO

...scary, creepy, bad place.

Smith sighs.

SMITH

Yeah. That.

They creep into the dark.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER GARBAGE BAY - MORNING

A massive area full of Earthly debris. Some of this junk looks familiar--like perhaps the now missing hunk of Command and Control...

A RECOVERY DRAGON tosses a large hunk of concrete aside, and drags the CHARRED BODY OF THE ONE-EYED DRAGON out. He tosses the body on a steel table that floats by, and keeps hunting for more dead Dragons...

INT. DRAGON MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS

It may be whiz technology in here, but it looks like its ten thousand years old.

All manner of Dragon limbs are suspended in RED GOO. Instruments, sharp and pointy, lay everywhere.

A WOUNDED DRAGON SCREAMS as it is cut open by ROBOTIC SET OF ARMS hanging from the ceiling--looking for all the world like an octopus with elbows.

A MOTIONLESS DRAGON is deemed dead by another set of ROBOT ARMS--the steel table it's on tips, and unceremoniously dumps it into a chute.

The One-Eyed Dragon floats in. Robot Arms shove a dozen SPIKES into various parts of its body. KA-THUMP, it convulses--the Dragon equivalent of a defibrillator. Once. Twice. Three times. A foot long needle is shoved into its skull--RED GOO is pumped in.

All the pointy things are pulled out. A BEAT passes. Nothing. The steel table it's on tips--it slides towards the chute...

But, a blackened claw grabs the edge of the table!

The One-Eyed Dragon pulls himself up and breaks off one the Robotic Arms furiously--the rest skitter away in Robotic fear.

Severely charred and severely PISSED, he leaps off the table GROWLING. Cocking his head suddenly and ...

...SNIFFING THE AIR.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CORRIDOR - MORNING

Scary. Creepy. Dark. Easily twenty-foot high and made of metal. The occasional SNARL and GROWL echo with a metallic ring, sending chills up the spines of Smith, Oro, and Bodette.

CLANG! CLANG! Hearts leap into throats, as Smith and Bodette whip their guns around...

To find Oro sheepishly looking at them. His XM-97 on the floor.

DR. ORO  
(mouths silently)  
I dropped it.

SMITH  
(mouths silently)  
No shit.

Bodette squints in the dark. Nods.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Stairs.

INT. DIFFERENT DRAGON CORRIDOR - MORNING

The One-Eyed Dragon exudes rage and hate as it strides down the corridor. SNARLING and SNIFFING the air.

A PASSING DRAGON gets too close in the corridor. The One-Eyed behemoth jerks the PLASMA WEAPON out of the other's hand and knocks it across the way.

He marches on--claws loading and prepping the weapon. His forked tongue TASTES the air.

He breaks into a run, sensing his prey.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CATWALK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Smith, Bodette, and Oro creep off the stairs into a corridor that is ever so slightly blue-tinged with ambient light. No doubt, *that* way leads back to the Inverted Pyramid...

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CATWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Our heroes peek out of the corridor that leads to the catwalk. No handles, these are Dragons for crying out loud. Just a flat grate a couple hundred yards long and six feet wide--straight into the Inverted Pyramid.

CLICK CLICK CLICK...claws on metal. Behind them. A Dragon is coming down the corridor...

SMITH  
That's not good.

Closer. It's running.

GENERAL BODETTE

Too far. Never make it...

DR. ORO

Oh, crap. Oh, crap! What do we do?

Good question. There's no where else to go.

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CATWALK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The One-Eyed Dragon runs towards the blue glow. Salivating. Drool dripping from its snarling maw...

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

It runs down the catwalk. Stopping halfway along the length.

No Smith. No Oro. No Bodette in sight.

CLOSE ON CATWALK:

Fingers.

UNDER CATWALK:

We find our boys dangling--fingers hanging onto the grating for dear life. It's a long way down.

ON CATWALK:

The One-Eyed Dragon SNIFFS the air. His eye narrows--walks forward...

UNDER CATWALK:

...and steps on Smith's fingers.

Smith makes the worst "O face" mankind has ever witnessed. Screaming silently. Gritting his teeth. Bodette and Oro watch in horror, pleading with their eyes for him to not make a peep.

He keeps silent. But he's kickin' the hell out of his feet.

ON CATWALK:

The One-Eyed Dragon turns around. Heading back the way it came. Slowly.

TRACKING WITH IT:

Over its shoulder WE CAN SEE Smith, Bodette, and Oro climbing back onto the catwalk. Carefully. Smith shaking his fingers in a silent pain dance.

The One-Eyed Dragon stops. Over his shoulder, Smith, Oro, and Bodette unsling their weapons quietly--raise their guns...

It cuts that one eye sharply to the side. IT KNOWS!

SAME INSTANT: Our boys FIRE, as The One-Eyed Dragon leaps off the catwalk, and swings under it. Bullets ricochet. Sparks fly from the metal.

Ridiculously agile. It crawls along the bottom of the catwalk towards them just as fast as you can run, and our Boys can't hit it...

DR. ORO

Run!

Baby, they do. Beating feet for the Inverted Pyramid as The One-Eyed Dragon swings back onto the top of the catwalk.

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - CONTINUOUS

Scared shitless, Smith, Oro, and Bodette run in.

For a BEAT--they look at the floor in wonder. It's like glass. TRANSPARENT. A mesmerizing view right into the swirling energy inside that Inverted Pyramid below.

A PLASMA BLAST jerks them back. Controls near the entrance--Smith and Oro start pressing buttons, as Bodette drops to a knee and FIRES down the catwalk...

GENERAL BODETTE

Hurry up!

He unloads down the gangway--PLASMA ROUNDS rip through the air in reply. Bodette drops the mag--swaps out another...

GENERAL BODETTE

Tonight..!

He sprays another burst down the catwalk, as one of the others FINALLY hits the right button. A DOOR ROLLS DOWN...

But, one more Plasma Blast makes it in. And, that is the one that General Bodette takes to the chest--it knocks him across that room.

SLAM. The door closes.

SMITH

That thing is *really* startin' to piss me off!

DR. ORO

Oh, man. Oh, man. You know what this means, don't ya? *I'm* gonna get it next. Sweet flamin' Elvis, man...I'm a Red Shirt.

SMITH

Pull it together...

DR. ORO

Pull it together? You're not the science wienie with zero Kung Fu. I am so unbelievably screwed.

WHAM! The One-Eyed Dragon is knocking. Smith and Oro turn their attention to the room.

There are representations of the SOLAR SYSTEM flickering in mid-air. Earth in a different place in each. Past, present, future. Coordinates. Tracking.

Smith and Oro look at swirling energy below their feet.

SMITH

So...what now?

DR. ORO

Oh, man. It's a simple containment field. Oh, this is too easy! Turn off the containment and the power should flow into the circuitry and overload.

They turn to the computer control station behind them. A disorienting kaleidoscope of about ten KA-BILLION buttons. Levers. And Dials.

And they're all labeled in Dragon Language.

SMITH

Um.

DR. ORO

The blinking one.

SMITH

They're all blinking, Nimrod.

DR. ORO

Well, hell, I don't know.

SMITH  
 You're the friggin' scientist.  
 So...science, already.

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES (PAST) - MORNING

Riley runs up and down the sidewalk. Shivering. Wet. Snow stuck to her hair. She doesn't care. A trembling nervous wreck.

She looks like just another crazy person on the streets of DC about now.

Searching the faces of everyone she passes--looking for the man she loves. Grabbing people. Turning them around. Pushing others out of the way.

Desperate powerlessness.

Praying.

Trying to will a miracle out of thin air with hope alone.

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - MORNING

Oro runs his hands through his hair.

SMITH  
 You said you could figure this out!

DR. ORO  
 No, I said I knew how to do it.  
 Not, you know...how to do it!

Smith paces. The BANGS on the door are relentless. GROWLS from outside. He looks down again...

DR. ORO  
 Any breach in the field should do it. But, I don't how we'd get down...

SMITH FIRES HIS XM-97 into the transparent floor--emptying the magazine into it. It splinters and cracks where the rounds impact. He stomps the area. Over and over, till he stomps a hole into the floor.

DR. ORO  
 What the hell are you doing!

In reply, Smith drags Bodette's body over to the hole, and pushes it in. The corpse drops like a stone, punching a General sized hole through the containment field.

Immediately, the controls behind them light up--screeching alarms. Below, the breach grows, as dancing snakes of energy Arc. Spreading.

BOOM! A small explosion happens on the console. The blue light PULSES BLINDING BRIGHT. The floating representations of the Solar System begin to move. Chaotically.

One spins backwards.

DR. ORO

It's losing its place in space  
and time...

A SCREECHING ALARM blares behind them. A representation of the ship appears in the air, a blue orb surrounds it. GROWING. What must be Alien Numbers tick next to it--go red and blink.

The floating Solar Systems flicker on and off. Planets. Saturn. Mercury. Earth. Mars...

Smith smiles the world's greatest self-satisfied grin. Till...

Oro taps him on the shoulder--points down.

The glass-like floor is cracking--spider webbing beneath their feet. Pieces fall into the swirling energy below.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

The air around Smith's Harvester Ship WARPS. A growing blue iridescent sphere emanates from it. Then, as far as the eye can see, the same thing happens to the other ships.

Cascading. Spreading like a wave.

Then, the very fabric of empty space bends around them...

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - MORNING

The floor is falling apart--the hole spreading out from the middle. And, we find Smith and Oro banging on those door controls for all they're worth--backs against the wall.

A few more seconds and they'll fall in.

DR. ORO

Nice goin', man!

SMITH

Open the damned door!

KA-THUNK--the door opens four inches and stops as a POWERFUL SHUTTER shakes through the ship, knocking it off its track.

DR. ORO

I told you! I told you I'd be next...

SMITH

We're both next!

Powerful blackened claws appear under the door. With a furious GROWL, the door is thrown up, SCREECHING ON THE RAILS.

Smith and Oro find themselves standing two-feet away from The One-Eyed Dragon.

Smith throws up his XM-97--the Dragon knocks it out of his hands with a lightening quick swipe, and follows through to Oro...

Eviscerating our dear Doctor where he stands.

Smith doesn't waste a second--rolls between The One-Eyed Dragon's legs...

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

The ship is shaking itself apart. Pieces fall. The blue light of the Pyramid is BLINDING Almost strobe like.

And Smith runs for his fucking life.

SMITH

Shitshitshit...

The One-Eyed Dragon LEAPS, tackling Smith...

Both go tumbling off the Catwalk.

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES (PAST) - MORNING

Riley stops in her tracks.

Like she senses it.

Like she can feel it.

RILEY

Smith...

She looks up. A Christmas decoration on a light post...

IT'S SANTA CLAUS. And the Jolly Bastard is smiling at her.

A hopeful little smile creases her mouth.

RILEY

I know you can do it. You can do  
it. Come back to me...

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER BAY - MORNING

Smith and The One-Eyed Dragon SLAM into the downward  
slanted walls. And slide...

The Dragon rolls over, tries to claw itself to a stop.  
Smith rolls onto the thing's back, grabs its head and  
BASHES ITS FACE repeatedly into the wall as they slide...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The curves of a million iridescent blue orbs break the  
edge of the atmosphere. And they're still growing--  
bending the space around them...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

The orbs extend DEEP below ground, as well. They're  
beginning to overlap. Bending. Concrete and asphalt on  
the ground start to crack...

Buildings are being torn in half. The GROUND SHAKES  
VIOLENTLY...

And for once, The Dragons are running around in a panic.  
Even The Queens...

INT. DRAGON HARVESTER BAY - CONTINUOUS

Smith tumbles ass over tea kettle down the wall--a dozen  
new bloody wounds. The edge is coming. He claws to stop  
his fall. No dice. He can't stop himself from sliding.

He disappears over the edge of the opening he came in  
through!

EXT. DRAGON HARVESTER (UNDERNEATH) - CONTINUOUS

Smith hangs from the edge with one hand, dangling under  
the ship. Instinct--he struggles to pull himself up...

Then, The One-Eyed Dragon falls out, raking RAZOR CLAWS  
DOWN SMITH'S BACK--deep and horrendous wounds, before it  
tumbles out of sight.

Smith SCREAMS. His grips slips.

Down he falls...

EXT. SKY OVER DC - CONTINUOUS

Tumbling ass over tea kettle, Smith lands on one of the floating bodies!

In agony and bloody as a butcher from his wounds. Weakening by the second. He falls off. Just managing to hang on to a belt. Dangling.

The One-Eyed Dragon is twenty feet below him on another floating body--barring fangs and ROARING white hot fury at Smith. In two leaps, it jumps from body to body, till it's standing on the one Smith hands from.

It leans in--sticks its hideous face to within an inch of Smith's face. Drool drips from fangs.

Smith looks down--a death inducing fall below. A murderous Dragon in his face above. Fucked comes to mind. No way out of this one.

Then, something out of the corner of his eye...

A PISTOL! The body they're on is a dead Soldier! His sidearm less than a foot from Smith's hand.

The sneering One-Eyed Dragon lifts Smith up to his face by the back of the shirt.

The damned thing actually laughs. Guttural. Croaking. Practically demonic. Pale as a ghost and bleeding out, Smith chuckles with it.

Then, he wraps his arms around the son of a bitch's head, and shoves the pistol into its one eye.

SMITH

Didn't see that comin'. Did ya,  
Gomer?

BOOM! He blows half the Dragon's head off. Dropping the gun, Smith grabs The Blackberry strapped its chest and falls...

Just as The One-Eyed Dragon's corpse disappears above him, taking the dead Soldier with him.

TRACKING WITH HIS FALL:

Smith's bloody fingers press the Sequence...

Plummeting towards the ground. Coming fast. The air around him begins to warp...

He vanishes into thin air--four feet from the ground.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

At the same moment, the first Harvester ship disappears--  
TAKING WITH IT A MILES AND MILES DEEP HUNK OF EARTH...

Molten rock SPEWS.

MOVING OVER THE PLANET:

Over and over. Ship after ship. Again and again.  
Deeper and deeper. The Earth shakes. Fissures, miles  
wide and deep, appear as the planet rips itself apart...

Dragons are melted. Crushed. Decimated...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Planet Earth comes apart. Ripped in half by the rending  
of space itself. Then, suddenly, half of it just  
VANISHES...

The remainder tumbles out of orbit. Oceans freezing as  
they float away. The molten core hardening. The blue  
atmosphere fading away in wisps like so much smoke...

EXT. SATURN - CONTINUOUS

The rest of Earth appears silently out of bending space.

A debris trail following it for millions of miles. Dead  
Dragons and their Ships tumble with it.

The One-Eyed Dragon floats past us...that snarl frozen on  
its dead face...

EXT. ORO INDUSTRIES - MORNING

A crowd is gathered around something on a sidewalk.  
Riley shoves her way through them, smiling from ear to  
ear.

RILEY

Smith? I knew it! I knew  
you'd...

She breaks past the crowd, and finds our boy Smith.  
Laying in a pool of his own blood, and pale as a sheet.

Riley drops to her knees.

RILEY

Oh, no...no, no...

She cradles his head.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
 Smith? Oh, God. Please. You  
 gotta be OK. Marry me. OK? It's  
 over. I want to be Mrs. Smith.  
 Just be OK...

Smith gives her a weak and crooked smile.

SMITH  
 I...I...

RILEY  
 Yes?

SMITH  
 I...you never married me...

RILEY  
 What!

SMITH  
 Couldn't even get you to go out  
 with me. Wouldn't give me the  
 time of day...

He touches her face, goes on with labored breath.

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

She's at a loss. Smith goes still.

RILEY  
 Smith? James..!

Nothing. She shakes him. Screams at the crowd.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
 (to Crowd)  
 What are you lookin' at? Call an  
 ambulance!  
 (to Smith)  
 No..wake up. Wake up!

He's dead. It takes her till this moment to accept it.

Tears running down her face, she takes the watch off his  
 wrist--clutches it tightly.

RILEY  
Merry Christmas, James Smith.

Filthy. Crying. Shivering. Riley disappears into the crowd...

FADE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC (ABOVE) - NIGHT

WE MOVE over America's Capitol. It most definitely "Tis the Season". CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are everywhere. Tinsel and decoration gleam--monuments are bathed in green and red flood lights.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Riley sits alone at a table--the cafe empty. Her wounds are bandaged. Her clothes clean.

A TV IS ON. Something on it catches her eye.

CLOSE ON TV: PRESIDENT MALLOY at a Press Conference. The FIRST LADY and their DAUGHTER look on.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
Though the Secret Service wasn't able to identify the source of the anonymous tip, sources have confirmed that there was an unknown mechanical problem found with the helicopter the First Lady and their daughter were due to fly on. Word is, a catastrophic failure was avoided.

She smiles.

RILEY  
Don't mention it.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
However, during the Press Conference addressing the anonymous Christmas Miracle...

Riley picks up her coffee cup and heads for the door, as the video cuts to Oro getting dog piled by Secret Service Agents.

Our old pal Agent Dawes drags him away...

REPORTER (V.O.)

An apparently crazed man, one Dr. Constantine Oro, made a scene by charging the podium and demanding a one billion dollar grant to the SETI Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence program, of all things...

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

You know, there's something familiar about this cafe. Maybe it's that blown bulb in the strand of Christmas lights.

Riley exits--stares at the stars.

SOMEONE approaches, waving a note.

It's SMITH. The Smith from this day.

SMITH

You the one that bailed me out?

She nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

RILEY

Not yet.

The OLD LADY from the beginning of our story comes out of the cafe, and lays the skunk eye on that blown bulb.

OLD LADY

Abner? Abner? Abner!

Abner comes out, sporting his Santa hat and carrying a ladder.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

There's a light out. Didn't you hear me yelling for you?

ABNER

France could hear you yelling for me.

OLD LADY

What did you say?

ABNER

Nothing, Honey.

As the Old Lady bitches at Abner...

RILEY  
(to Smith)  
How about a walk?

He's smitten.

SMITH  
I think I'd like that.

The watch on Riley's wrist, Dead Smith's watch, BEEPS.

She freezes. Listening. Waiting. Looking around, as ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAPPENS. She cracks a mile wide smile. They head off down the sidewalk.

Riley tosses The Blackberry into a trash can, wraps an arm around Smith's arm, and lays her head on his shoulder.

SMITH  
You gonna tell me who you are?

RILEY  
James...we've got all the time in the world to get to that.

Picture perfect. Arm and arm, they stroll down the sidewalk, as a gentle flutter of snow falls. The lights and decorations blink. They pass other smiling couples. Norman Rockwell couldn't have painted this ending...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON TRASH CAN:

The Blackberry among empty coffee cups and newspapers. As the Christmas Carols play in the background...

...it POWERS ON.

FADE TO BLACK.