

WOLFEN

Screenplay by David Eyre & Michael Wadleigh

from the novel by Whitley Streiber

Revised 28 Nov 80

1  
EXT. NIEUW NEDERLANDT - 1660 - NIGHT - FULL MOON

From blackness, the underworld of macrophotography -- the rocky landscape of particles of earth. Suddenly, a huge BUG appears. A rasping, grating sound as it looks round. It moves on as several more INSECTS appear. Tracking with the insects past a huge water droplet with microscopic ORGANISMS swimming lazily about -- through giant blades of grass. A loud chomp and crunching as an INSECT bites a chunk out of a single blade of grass. A roaring like a helicopter as a BEE hovers in the dazzling colored cavern of a wild flower --

Suddenly the muzzle of a DEER tears at the grass and wild flowers, chomping. Insect sounds and birdsong in a lush meadow where a DEER HERD grazes. The moon rises from the sea over a vast wilderness of forests and grasslands.

A huge eye looks through grass: an INDIAN hunter, a young CHIEF, naked, moving slowly, stalking the deer with two COMPANIONS.

On the other side of the herd, other hunters close in on another deer, low in the grass, other eyes: three WOLVES.

A burst of light - polished metal glistening. High technology in the wilderness: a bit in the mouth of a HORSE - a spur near scared flesh - an armour buckle - eyes enclosed in a metal helmet: a Dutch Horseman - PETER VANDERVEER, hidden in trees with other armed HORSEMEN. He looks out over the meadow where the herd grazes. In the distance across a bay, MANAHATA ISLAND and the tiny fortified town of Nieuw Amsterdam.

A tinder box is opened: fingers take up sharp flint. It strikes against metal - a spark -- another spark - a torch blazes.

In the meadow, the Indian chief, unaware, stops fifty yards from the edge of the herd. He lays back in the grass, his Bow against his feet. He threads an arrow, pulls back the gut string, taking aim at a deer...

On the other side of the herd, the wolves surround an isolated deer... Suddenly a wolf lifts his head. He senses something -- FIRE in the trees.

A tremendous BLAST from GUNS. The arrow goes wild. The deer stampede through a stream. Sheets of water spray in the air.

Havoc in the macro world -- gigantic water drops smash against grass blades and insects. Tiny BUGS hang on for dear life. Others are thrown to the ground. Drops smash into a BUTTERFLY's wings. It tries to fly and fails.

Giant HORSE hooves thunder through the grass, smashing tiny life.

CONTD

1 CONTD

The horsemen gallop through the meadow. Behind them comes the sheet of flames. In the trampled grass, deer, a wolf and an Indian lie dead. VanderVeer looks down at the Indian. The young chief is gone. VanderVeer looks back at the flames then gallops after his companions.

The flames move with loud cracks and sizzles through the macro world, frying an earthworm, scorching and popping insects. The butterfly flutters into the air, wings on fire, then falls back into the flames.

Sudden loud surround sound - animalistic wailing of primitive instruments. Encircling penetrating anger.

2 EXT: FARMLAND - DUSK

The smouldering skeletons of charred trees in the setting sun. A plowshare cuts through scorched earth, a DUTCH FARMER moves behind a horse, turning burned wilderness into farmland. Beyond the new farmland, across the bay is Nieuw Amsterdam.

The Dutch Horsemen ride from the burned forest fleeing the devils of some inferno. In among them is the young Chief, bound on a horse, a prisoner. VanderVeer glances at him, troubled.

3 EXT: LAND GATE - NIEUW AMSTERDAAM - NIGHT

VanderVeer's windmill, its vanes cut through the moon. GUARDS patrol the walls of the town, the Dutch houses within, a few tame impoverished INDIANS around fires outside.

VanderVeer and Indian Prisoner ride into the town, past Het Cingle, the narrow wall street, down De Herre, the broad way. Dutch CITIZENS look at the Prisoner.

4 INT: STAR CHAMBER - NIGHT

The wailing Indian instruments cut off abruptly. The frail sound of human voices, Dutch BOYS wailing a religious chant. The epicycles of the Ptolemaic universe orbiting the earth. Moving through candle flames, following a procession of ROBED MEN with tapes that flicker in the semi-darkness.

A COURT of five JUDGES is in order by candlelight. VanderVeer is one of the judges, the Indian is the accused. The HEAD OF THE COURT, an old sort, looks hard down on the Indian. The Indian stares at him, at each and every one. Only VanderVeer drops his eyes under his calm gaze.

4 CONTD

The Head Man nods and each Judge in turn snuffs out a candle. VanderVeer does so after great inner agony, staring at the smoke rising from the sizzling wick.

The following dialogue is in Dutch with English subtitles.

HEAD MAN  
The all merciful court and her servants...

He nods to VanderVeer who haltingly translates for the Indian as the Head Man continues.

HEAD MAN  
...created in the image of God on earth, the known center of the universe...

The Indian makes a sound of disgust.

HEAD MAN  
...have found you guilty of sedition & sorcery. Do you have words?

VanderVeer translates. The Indian cuts him off sharply indicating he understands. The Indian stares at the ceiling of painted stars, then makes gestures in sign language.

HEAD MAN  
What does he say?

VANDERVEER  
In our...arrogance as...man... we know nothing of what exists.

The Indian's face, his arms and fingers moving.

VANDERVEER  
There exists on...earth...such as we dare not...imagine. Life...as certain as our own...death. Life that will...prey on us...as we prey on this earth.

The Indian tears a feather from his hair. He points at them all with its tip. They are caught in his aura of power save for VanderVeer whose head is caught in his hands. The Head Man nods, and MEN come out of the shadows. They place a wolf's skin around the Indian's shoulders. The wolf's head comes to rest on his.

5 EXT: TOWN CENTER - NIGHT

VanderVeer's windmill vanes against the real stars and moon. The defiant sound of the primitive instruments in the distance. The square is empty. At the center is the smouldering remains of the Indian's auto de fe.

Kneeling before it in guilty supplication is VanderVeer. He gets up and walks across the square hurriedly. The Indian's macabre black face looks after him.

6 EXT: STREETS - CANAL - NIGHT

The sounds drawing him, VanderVeer walks with furtive purpose through the narrow streets. Rats scurry about like stray dogs. At a canal he unties a boat and steps in. His windmill groans, its shadow cutting through him.

7 SHORE ACROSS FROM NIEUW AMSTERDAAM - NIGHT

The eerie sound of the primitive instruments now very loud, drawing VanderVeer on. The fortified town looms out of the sea, windmills and spires silhouetted against the night sky. The moon is full and low.

VanderVeer is walking on the sand toward the mainland. He stops and looks ahead at the mist, forest beyond. Indiscernible, almost subliminal shapes move in the darkness.

VanderVeer steels himself and takes hesitant steps toward the forest. The droning sounds cut off abruptly to silence. He stops, his face reacts -- he senses something moving toward him through the trees.

Suddenly from the POV of whatever is in the forest, night turns into day. It sees in the dark, magnifying existing light and ultraviolet and infrared. Leaves and flowers which were in shades of black and grey boil to life in vivid saturation; it is as if one had never experienced the full beauty of color until now.

Nature's forms in man's rather two-dimensional world are now seen in heightened three dimensions. The feeling of motion and speed and depth is extraordinary as the POV glides through trees, leaves and tall grasses.

So is the intensified sound perception of whatever this is. Minute sounds far beyond human range are sharp and full -- NIGHT BIRDS, INSECTS...The sound of its own MOVEMENT through leaves and air.

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It emerges from the forest and stops, a steady omniscient eye on VanderVeer. The night stars are brilliant around him, like they've never been to man. Craters on the moon are visible, shooting stars.

Everything man-made, the town, VanderVeer's clothing is flat and artificial in this vision.

VanderVeer stands absolutely still. His emotional changes are visible in his skin hues -- apprehension, fear, relief, loving acceptance.

He removes his clothing and stands naked in nature. Then in slow motion, silhouetted against the fortified town, he rolls in the sand as if imitating some animal. He stands, weaving signs and symbols in the air. His heart and BREATHING and MUSCLE MOVEMENT are magnified.

VanderVeer stops and looks in wonderment at what it is. The vision holds momentarily, then glides in on him ominously. VanderVeer's face reacts, then disappears.

The primitive music resumes. VanderVeer's tiny windmill turns in the moonlight. Seventeenth century Manhattan island surrounded by the sea.

8 EXT: PRESENT DAY NEW YORK - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A million hazy stars come slowly into focus as lighted windows in towering spires of Manhattan Island, now a gigantic skyscraper city. A dark yellow moon hangs low in a polluted haze. The Statue of Liberty shrouded in pollution, the gothic arches of Brooklyn Bridge standing sentry in the night.

9 INT: ARMoured LIMOSINE - NIGHT

Electronic moon images on a video screen, electronic rock music accompanying. Through a glassy moon reflection, the ghostly face of CHRISTOPHER VANDERVEER, heir to Peter VanderVeer's fortune, encapsuled in bullet-proof glass, watching the video screen. He's in his early forties, handsome, powerful, dressed in black tie.

His wife is next to him, PAULINE VANDERVEER, a Finnish beauty in her late twenties, watching the video, holding his hand to her lips. She is elegantly dressed in a white gown with a deeply scooped neckline.

They are drinking, a bar set out above the television. Pauline moves forward - suddenly something cries out loudly. A dogs head appears, their BORZOI, Pauline has stepped on him, she comforts the dog then moves to a few lines of cocaine.

Beyond bulletproof glass is the driver and bodyguard, SAYAD ALVE, a huge Haitian dressed in black tie. He watches Pauline in the mirror. She moves from the cocaine, touches a switch and her window slides down a few inches. She closes her eyes, enjoying the cleansing rush of air. She leans back in her seat. Christopher watches her a moment then reaches for a gift and opens it. Pauline smiles as she lifts a pearl necklace from the box, almost soundlessly mouthing the words, "They're beautiful". Christopher, almost inaudible, "So are you". He helps her on with them, she leans to kiss him, his hand moves to her breast.

Christopher looks up, touches a microphone switch to speak to Sayad. "Before we go to the penthouse, stop at Battery Park". Sayad turns his head in a show of questioning. To his right is a Mobile Computer with two video screens and a key board. A sawed off shotgun rests on the top of the computer. Sayad types on the keyboard. Letters appear on a video screen: "ROMULUS"...

10 EXT: BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A dark steel tunnel to infinity. Lights that could be eyes glide slowly into view. Sleek metal, black glass and steel, the VanderVeer armoured limousine with lights blazing moves through the metal skeleton. The bridge is deserted. Suddenly something dark and animalistic moves across the roadway and climbs rapidly up the bridge work. The face of an INDIAN comes into view. He watches the limosine approach, holding a bottle that could be a Molotov cocktail.

10 CONTD

Across from him a second INDIAN watches the limousine close - the Indian throws the bottle hard at the VanderVeers.

13 INT. VANDERVEER LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The bottle smashes against the window next to Christopher but does not explode. The VanderVeers react, Sayad grabs the shotgun.

10A EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Indian who threw the bottle watches the limousine disappear toward the city. A grim smile as if bottle were just a warning, a harbinger of things to come. The Indian moves lithely across the gridwork and up the suspension cable toward the top of the bridge. Across from him is the other Indian moving up the parallel cable. Below the Indians, caught in the cable web the great city of Manhattan.

The limousine continues on toward a video camera monitoring vehicles entering the city. Scrawled near the camera is a word: "GOTTERDAMMERUNG".

11 INT. EXECUTIVE SECURITY SYSTEMS - NIGHT

On a video monitor: the VANDERVEER LIMOUSINE moves across the deserted bridge.

OPERATOR #1 voice

No one tailing. All clear Romulus.  
Roger Manhattan arrival.

On another screen: a gothic helmet logo, above it: EXECUTIVE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS LTD.

A central information center. Banks of video screens and communication equipment. A WOMAN and two MEN sit at the consoles speaking in low voices. An illuminated map of Manhattan is above them. Rings of colored lights show two zones: the first around the island itself, the second around its lower tip, Wall Street, the financial center of the world, the site of the original Dutch settlement.

On a computer screen, a communication readout from the VanderVeer limousing: "Romulus destination Towers Penthouse by Z9 reconfirmed -- Battery Park stopover".

OPERATOR #1

Roger routing change, Romulus.  
Penthouse ETA?... 0615...  
affirmative.

OPERATOR #2

What's VanderVeer going to do at the Battery at six in the morning?

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OPERATOR #1  
Visit his ancestors.

OPERATOR #3  
Whatever he wants.

Other video monitors show empty streets, tunnels and bridges, building entrances, including a disco.

OPERATOR #2  
Mitsubishi and Mobile.

He nods to the disco monitor showing a JAPANESE and two AMERICAN oil executives with their women coming out and getting into a limousine. Operator #3 looks at another video image of an airport.

OPERATOR #3  
Texaco chairman ETA 0925 on the  
Rockefeller lear...

10B EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Indians, now tiny figures high on the bridge cables, near the top, disappearing into night mist.

17 EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

A nineteenth century Dutch schooner rides at anchor, lines creaking ominously. The VanderVeer limousing moves through the deserted park past the ship toward an ancient fort.

A18 INT. EXECUTIVE SECURITY SYSTEMS - NIGHT

On a video monitor fed by a fort camera: the limousine is tracked by the camera until it is lost from view. On an electronic map showing the old Dutch area is a symbol marking the progress of the limousine and the words: "Romulus - 29 - Battery Park".

18 EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

An old Dutch weathervane turns, musical sounds from tall brass windchimes swaying in the breeze like cattails. Through the bars of the old fort, the limousine comes to a stop, the exhaust curls up in the air.

Sayad gets out, looking about the deserted park as he rounds the car. He opens the rear door and the Borzoi lopes out followed by Pauline. She sees the display of wind sculptures and smiles to her husband as he emerges. Pauline crosses to one of the sculptures and moves her fingers across them. The sound delights her. Christopher watches her then turns away.

A dozen ten foot high weathervanes tower above Sayad and Christopher, One of the seventeenth century Dutch vanes is of an Indian. Pauline moves to Christopher's side looking up at the godlike images. Christopher moves on into the park as

CONTD

18 CONTD

she stoops to read a plaque. Beyond it is a full scale replica of the New Amsterdam windmill, Christopher approaching it.

PAULINE (reading)

A replica of the first windmill in America. A Dutch horizontal mill erected on this site in 1625 by Peter VanderVeer... Oh Chris...

She looks up for her husband. He has vanished. She moves toward the creaking mill calling his name. Something moves around the windmill startling Pauline. It is Sayad. He looks about for Christopher, concerned. Pauline calls again.

Suddenly something huge and black leaps out from the mill enveloping her. Sayad reaches for his gun - It is Christopher in his evening cape doing a Dracula imitation. He laughs, bites Pauline's neck.

PAULINE

Baby you scared me...

He laughs and kisses her. And then...

Slowly, from blackness, the EXTRAORDINARY VISION of whatever was in seventeenth century New Amsterdam is there. The ALIEN VISION turns night into day. There is more than one of whatever it is. Moving inside the fort, beneath a metal grating, toward the windmill.

The VanderVeers have climbed onto the turning three-story high mill. Christopher stands precariously on the very top clowning, Pauline watches him seated on a crossbeam a few feet below. Their voices are magnified in the EXTRAORDINARY HEARING as whatever it is closes on them.

CHRISTOPHER (balancing)

Whoa, do I jump, do I walk to the end and jump?

PAULINE

Oh baby, I don't want to lose you.

CHRISTOPHER

Shall I howl at the moon?

PAULINE

How did your grandfather think of this?

CHRISTOPHER (his cape out)

I think, I think I'm going to fly...

PAULINE

Oh darling don't fall.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh this is an eagles' nest.

CONTD

18 CONTD

Sayad shakes his head at his employer's antics and moves away.

As he walks on the grating, the ALIEN VISION moves beneath it watching him, his footsteps magnified. Other VISIONS move past and over the park fence, through trees and shrubs; slowly, then dashing ahead with incredible bursts of speed, zigzagging, gliding over objects, stopping, hiding as they zero in on the VanderVeers and Sayad.

In the fort they move across the open space, past the pillars to windows to look out. On the waterfront, they move across the schooner deck, past rigging and pilings.

The Borzoi raises its head, sniffs the air curiously and whines. Some yards away Sayad looks out at the Statue of Liberty. A sound sculpture moves as if something rubbed against it. Sayad looks around idly, sees nothing. Suddenly a loud sound, Sayad's head jerks up. It is the harbor clock tower bonging six AM.

In the EXTRAORDINARY VISION from behind: Sayad relaxes, looking out to sea again. The VISION studies him, in its HEARING sounds fade, his heartbeat and breathing relaxed. From the source of the VISION, a sound as if it is calling Sayad, like "Hey motherfucker".

Close on the back of Sayad's neck as he senses its presence and slowly turns to face it. The sounds of his neck muscles and cartilage as his face comes into view. His eyes peer into the darkness and lock on whatever it is. His nostril hairs move as his breathing and heartbeat quicken. His face changes hue to stunned puzzlement. His eyes change markedly. The change triggers a response in the ALIEN.

It knows Sayad is going for his gun.

Sayad's hand, with a Voodoo ring changes hue before it moves, and as it does

A second ALIEN from Sayad's blind side moves toward him in a great burst of speed. As Sayad draws his gun - his hand is severed at the wrist. It flies through the air and lands on the ground with the gun still in it.

Sayad looks at the bleeding stump where his hand used to be, then looks up just as something slams into his neck with a great explosion of blood. He falls without uttering a sound.

The Borzoi takes a look, turns and runs away.

The windmill sails turn: Pauline is on the mill but Christopher is not. He is standing some distance away lighting a cigarette.

The fingers of Sayad's severed hand tighten around the pistol grip in a spasm. Christopher unaware as the cylinder rotates, the gun almost fires - then the fingers relax.

CONTD

18 CONTD

Christopher feels something watching him. He looks up at a weathervane: a seventeenth century Dutch Devil looks down on him.

From beneath the turning mill, the VISION studies Christopher, zeroing in on his face...

A19 EXT. DRESDEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Images of an apparent war: buildings exploding, rubble falling, helicopters flying over bombed out buildings - then a silver helmet tilts up to reveal the face of Christopher VanderVeer. He smiles to an unseen assembly - his face is obliterated.

B19 EXT. BATTERY PARK - NIGHT

In the ALIEN VISION beneath the turning mill: Christopher peers into the darkness at whatever is watching him. His eyes, his mouth, in close, changing hue as he says one word: "Pauline"

The ALIEN VISION streaks toward him, roaring into his neck.

Christopher is driven back, slamming against a tree. His throat is torn out. He struggles in vain for air as he staggers away. He falls on the metal grating. From beneath his blood pours down into water, echoing in the concrete enclosure.

PAULINE's voice

Darling...

Inside the windmill Pauline moves from the center post toward the sails. She turns as she senses something watching her from above. She looks directly at the ALIEN POV and smiles.

PAULINE

Susi!

Her eyes, lips, hair, magnified in the ALIEN VISION. She sees a second of whatever it is, then a third. They seem to be debating whether to kill her. Her smile fades, she moves against the turning sails. A post hits her hard in the back.

The shadow of a death angel weathervane on a mill sail - the shadow of Pauline slamming against the sail as she is hit by something. Her pearls sail through the air. Her hand spasms in blood. She sits beneath the turning mill like a broken rag doll, her throat torn out, blood pouring over her breasts.

In the EXTRAORDINARY VISION beneath the grating - Christopher VanderVeer lies dead, eyes open.

Beyond the Statue of Liberty, the sun rises over the water, the sound sculptures moving in the wind.

## C19 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN

The sun rising beyond the great bridge guarding the city. The Indians are no where seen in this surreal view of of the island. The sound of "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL" played with angry dissonance on electronic instruments.

## 19 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

DEWEY WILSON's eyes snap open as if he's come out of a nightmare. His face is moist, he blinks, trying to fasten onto reality. Dewey has fallen asleep on his livingroom floor. Above his feet a television set left on shows images of American might: Mount Rushmore, Jets screaming through skys, flags flying on the moon. Wilson half sits up. Sleeping on the floor seems to be his habit. Around him is his nest - record albums, magazines, Chinese food containers and an empty wine bottle from the night before. Wilson wearily watches the video images as if they're assulting him as "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL" continues. He closes the containers, corks the wine and gets up, dressed in an old robe and white wool sox. He snaps off the television, turns over a record and turns on the stereo. A rock song plays, the lyrics to the effect that its the twentieth century, a technological nightmare and that the singer, and probably Dewey Wilson, doesn't want to be here.

## 22 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Wilson comes in with the food, drops the garbage in a trashbasket. He takes an orange juice carton from the refrigerator and moves to the bathroom.

## 23 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

He opens his robe and pees as he drinks the juice. The rock song continues loud from the living room. He turns on the light, winces at the brightness, turns it back off. He takes off his robe and eyes a chinning bar in the doorway. His naked forty-year-old body has seen better days. He tries a behind the neck chin and almost makes one. Wearily he takes down his jogging clothes.

24 INT: WILSON'S BEDROOM - DAWN

24

He throws the jogging outfit down on the bed. He pulls on a jockstrap, then a tee-shirt, shorts, sweatpant. He picks up a pouch on a belt and puts a gun in it.

25 INT: ESS

25

"ROMULUS X - BATTERY is flashing on a Terminal. On a video screen: an electronic map grid of the Battery area shows the limousine CODE flashing where its parked next to the fort. The time is printing out in the corner of the screen: 6:19:23.

OPERATOR # 1

Nothing on camera one. Nothing on two.

OPERATOR #2

Are they in the car?

OPERATOR #1

Can't tell.

Operator #2 pushes some buttons. On a video monitor: INFRARED: an image of Battery Park trees and walks pan until it is blocked by the Fort Wall. A weather vane is in view.

OPERATOR #1

Infra red.

On a second video monitor: an image of the Statue of Liberty pans to show Ellis Island, the waterfront, schooner, fire boathouse, wind sculptures and three-fourths of the VanderVeer limousine. The INFRARED image zooms in until the limo fills the screen.

OPERATOR #2

Motor's still running.

OPERATOR #3

Alert #12, mombo 182 Battery Park.

Operator studies something in the corner of monitor one beneath a weathervane.

OPERATOR #1

Is that an arm?

A26 EXT: WILSON'S HOUSE - FIRST LIGHT

A26

Wilson comes out in a ratty hooded sweatshirt, sweat pants that have shrunk short, scuffed tenny runners and wearing a New York Yankees-ball cap. He ties his sneakers on a rail. Far across the bay is the Island of Manhattan. He descends the stairs slowly, accelerates, reaches the bottom and jogs up the street. A FEMALE JOGGER passes.

26 EXT: SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - GOLF COURSE - FIRST LIGHT 26

Wilson jogs down a side walk, across a major street and up a path into a woods. He jogs to a hole in a fence crawls under and jogs onto a fairway where earlybird GOLFERS on the links stare at the illegal jogger. Out of their sight he stomps one ball onto the grass and kicks the other onto the green and into the hole. He races off.

He stops and sits BREATHING hard. He catches a movement out of the corner of his eye. It is a RABBIT. He edges toward it, creeping. The rabbit darts off and Wilson takes off in hot pursuit. Wilson runs along at high speed across a sand trap and green, bounding through bushes, zig-zagging through trees after the rabbit which disappears down a hole. He stands over the hole, BREATHING hard, MUTTERING. He circles around and sees another hole.

He bends down and peers into the dark hole.

WILSON

Come out of there, rabbit. Hey rabbit.

He looks around to see if anyone is in sight -- unzips his pouch and takes out a gun.

WILSON

Come out buggy. We got the place surrounded. Come out or I'll shoot.

He inserts it in the hole. One more look to satisfy that he's alone, then squeezes off a MUFFLED SHOT. The rabbit bolts out the other hole. Wilson chases him then catches the rabbit.

WILSON

Come here, buggy. There, it's okay. Just wanted to say hello. You alright? Go on.

He lets the rabbit go, watches for a moment then jogs off.

27 INT: VANDER VEER LIMOUSINE - FIRST LIGHT

27

The clock on the fire boat tower reads 6:21. The limousine is still idling. On its video screen: the limousine itself, and an ESS car pulling up behind it. In the ESS car, two SECURITY MEN look round and see nothing but deserted park. One speaks on the radio.

The two SECURITY MEN get out of their car and move to the limousine. One Security Man opens the door, looks in, turns off motor.

29 EXT: BATTERY PARK - FIRST LIGHT

29

Security Man #2 moves ahead to where the monitor saw the foot. He draws his gun, stops, looks down at his feet as if annoyed by something. He looks up and then does a double take down at his foot. Red droplets fall off the grating cement onto the toe of his shoe. A little red stream is channeled down a crack in the cement. The Security Man cautiously moves up the grating toward the windmill. A LAPPING sound grows louder as he approaches the mill. His POV: an animal shape is drinking from a pool of blood. It looks up startled, moves --

The Security Man FIRES - the animal is sent flying through the air and lands in a skid beneath the mill. It's the Borzoi, its white muzzle sopped in its master's blood.

SECURITY MAN #2

Jesus God.

Security Man #1 runs up with his gun drawn. Security Man #2 moves back toward the grating. He comes to a sudden halt, looking down in puzzled horror. He backs up ramming into Security Man #1. He yells, startled. Security Man #1 moves past him and looks down at VanderVeer's body. He looks about to get sick.

SECURITY MAN #1

His...his brain's gone!

EXT. VILLAGE SHOPPING STREET - DAWN

Wilson, carrying a bag of groceries, reading a Sunday Times and drinking coffee from a steaming container comes down the sidewalk. He steps into the street to cross as a FEMALE JOGGER passes. His BEEPER goes off. He doesn't seem to hear it. It beeps on. He turns it off, looks at a phone booth and continues on as if he's not going to phone in. Then he stops, re-crosses street to phone. He sets his things down, gets a dime and dials.

WILSON

What's up?

VOICE

Wilson?

WILSON (drinking coffee,  
reading paper)

Ummm.

VOICE

Where are you?

WILSON

In the village.

VOICE

Staten Island?

WILSON

Ummm.

VOICE

Hold on.

A DOG comes shuffling up to Wilson, sniffing at his sweat pants and grocery bag. The dog looks up at him, he eyes the dog.

WILSON

Forget it kid.

WARREN's voice

What?

WILSON (as the dog trots off)

You're up early.

WARREN's voice

We got a heavy triple.

WILSON

I'd love to see it but I'm late  
for mass and a heavy golf date.,,

WARREN's voice

You're at the ferry?

EXT. BAY - DAWN

The Staten Island Ferry moves away from its landing.

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WILSON's voice  
It just left.

WARREN's voice  
We're sending a helicopter for you.

WILSON (as receiver clicks)  
Sure you are.

Wilson's POV: a helicopter descends to the ferry landing.

A35 EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - MORNING

Wilson hangs up, picks up his grocery bag, paper and coffee and heads toward the helicopter.

35 EXT. FERRY LANDING - MORNING

Wilson boards the helicopter. It takes off and flies toward Manhattan.

AA36 INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING

Wilson looks down. His POV skimming along, close to the water: The Staten Island Ferry, Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, the looming Battery skyscrapers. At the top of one of the skyscrapers...

A36 INT. VANDERVEER BUILDING - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Wind sculpture sounds. E.S.S. MEN enter the dark penthouse with ROSS. The is completely walled with mirrors. The Security men pull chains: sections of the mirrors rotate to reveal: the panorama of lower Manhattan and New York Bay. The tall mirrors create a forest of reflected images of the tops of other skyscrapers.

Ross moves through the maze of images. This is Christopher VanderVeer's office and living quarters. Ross stops at Christopher's desk. On it is a photo of VanderVeer on a horse. Ross looks at the photo, fingering a small sound sculpture. A Security Man hands a phone to Ross.

ROSS (into phone)  
Nothing.

B36 INT. HELICOPTER - BATTERY PARK - DAY

Wilson's POV as the helicopter descends: the windmill, the fort and ship. The chopper lands at a smoke marker.

37 EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

Wilson gets out of the chopper with his grocery sack. He sees WARREN at the schooner. He heads toward him, coming up against E.S.S. security barriers.

CONTD

37 CONTD

CONTD 37

Wilson moves to pass and a plainclothes SECURITY MAN flanked by SECURITY GUARDS stop him. Wilson looks at them, sets his groceries on their car and pulls out his I.D. He is allowed to pass. He walks toward the ship, past more SECURITY MEN, A Scientific Research Mobile Lab Van, a public and a private ambulance.

Warren stands at the railing doing nothing, sees Wilson and assumes he's coming over. Wilson veers to the SR vehicle where coffee and donuts are set out. He selects a donut and coffee. Warren gives him an impatient look.

WILSON (as he comes over)  
You look tired, Boss.

WARREN  
Our granddaughter's staying with us.  
She slept all night in our bed.  
...how can you eat that crap?

A morgue worker passes.

WILSON  
It settles my stomach.

Crack SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH TEAMS scour the area with sophisticated gadgetry. Electronic flashes go off as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes stills of everything. A LAB MAN scans the line with Ultra-Violet light photographing fingerprints. Another LAB MAN walks the grass in the cemetery with a metal detector. Yet ANOTHER is meticulously vacuuming the area. ANOTHER is picking up the scattered pearls.

WARREN (to a policeman searching  
the boat)  
Well?

The policeman gestures he's found nothing. Warren and Wilson walk toward the chauffeur's body.

WILSON  
So?

WARREN

So, what?

WILSON

So who got snuffed? El Presidente?

WARREN

Someone bigger... Christopher VanderVeer.

WILSON

Mega bucks.

WARREN

Heir to the fortune, maybe even the  
presidency. So much for heirs.  
His bodyguard and his wife's over there.

WILSON

Witnesses?

WARREN

If seagulls could talk, sure.

WILSON

Kidnapping?

WARREN

No sign of a struggle. Take a look  
around. See what you can sniff out.

WILSON (nods)

Old Dutch windmill?

WARREN

Yeah. First VanderVeer built one.

WILSON

Foundation of the empire? Beats  
farming. The miller got ten  
percent.

WARREN

Goddammit. Death should be dignified.

Wilson puts arm round Warren, leaving powdered sugar.

WILSON

You always were a romantic, Boss.

A limousine has pulled up. The MAYOR and the COMMISSIONER get out and are met by Ross.

WARREN (brushing off sugar)

Oh Christ. Let me do the talking.

WILSON

Don't I always?

WARREN

Commissioner, Mr. Mayor.

They walk right by him as if he doesn't exist. Warren looks at Wilson who has pointedly looked away. They follow the Mayor and his entourage. Silence as they all stand looking at the bodies waiting for the mayor to speak.

CONTD

MAYOR (looking from bodies to skyscrapers)

This is just wonderful. This'll cinch it. Now they will move the whole damn Stock Exchange to Jersey. That's all we need, God knows what next...

COMMISSIONER

Where's the M.E.?

WARREN

We haven't located him, sir.

MAYOR (to Warren)

I want him here. VanderVeer was my friend. This is just wonderful.

WILSON

You've got your best man here already..

They all look at him, he nods to a young black Doctor with an earring. Sound of rock & roll, DR DICK WHITTINGTON, at work over VanderVeer. They look back at Wilson, then ignore him.

CONTD

MAYOR

Warren what the hell happened?

WARREN

It wasn't robbery, your honor. Their money and jewelry weren't touched. There was cocaine - party favors - more than that...

He spreads his hands. Ross picks up a dead leaf, crumbles it near a scar on his cheek.

ROSS

There's a pattern to these things. To executions... and terrorists.

COMMISSIONER (after silence)

It makes the bombings look like child's play.

MAYOR

Seven years to catch one Puerto Rican bomber. Then he escapes with both his hands blown off.

Wilson, hands in pocket, nudges leaves with foot, looks up at trees.

WILSON

Isn't it a little early...

WARREN

I wouldn't want to say it was definitely terrorists...

MAYOR

Wonderful.

WARREN

We'd better hope to God it isn't.

ROSS

Hope won't get the job done.

WILSON (looking up)

Branches are prettier bare, don't you think? You'll excuse me...

He turns, walks to Sayad where the Morgue Crew is waiting for him before they take the Hatian away. He passes sound sculpture.

CONTD

ROSS

Dewey Wilson?

WARREN

Homicide, kidnapping and results,  
I'm sorry. I don't know you.

COMMISSIONER

Jonathan Ross, bureau chief of Executive Security. His firm is responsible for many of the world's top executives. They have resources we don't have.

MAYOR (cutting through)

You're working with them.

Warren and Ross look at each other.

WARREN

Your honor, we're going to need some time.

MAYOR (looking at Ross)

I know.

WARREN

I'm going to need a press gag for at least...

The Mayor has started back for the limo.

COMMISSIONER

Just wrap this up fast down here.  
Neat and tidy.

The Commissioner moves off leaving Ross and Warren.

ROSS

Until we make some arrests...  
this just didn't happen.

Wilson moves into the park. He looks at the Dutch imagery. He stops abruptly, bends to look at the Borzoi. He strokes it and looks at his hand. A lot of hair is on it.

Whittington is at VanderVeer's body with Polaroid, tape recorder, transistor radio playing Rock & Roll. Wilson waits for him to break his concentration before he speaks.

WILSON

The Grateful Dead, eh Doc?

WHITTINGTON

Devo, man, devol-lution.

(turning, sizing him up)

Hey, Dew...The old jogging trip, huh?  
The six month's annual bionic shed-  
the-twenty pounds marathon resolve.

WILSON (eating)  
Sound mind, sound body.

WHITTINGTON  
Chemicals, you gotta get into  
chemicals, man. They'll keep  
you going. Body's just gonna  
malfunction on ya one way or another.

WILSON (looking at VanderVeer)  
Tell me about it.

WHITTINGTON (nods)  
Wanna peek? Something you can tell  
your grandchildren about?  
(pulls back sheet)  
Took his brain. What the hell  
do you suppose they did with it?

WILSON  
Dribbled it down wall street.

WHITTINGTON  
Yeah, Magic did it. Come on around here.

Wilson looks closely at VanderVeer's neck.

WILSON  
They were all killed the same way.

WHITTINGTON  
Yep. Throats ripped out like pull tabs.

WILSON (stands)  
So what have you got?

WHITTINGTON  
Got my time of death - hour and half ago,  
give or take. Got my cause - the throats.  
I got this cranium half split like a walnut.  
And I got a hand in a baggy. Belongs to  
that guy over there. Had a gun in it.  
SR says he didn't get a shot off. How's  
that for fast?..

Wilson examines the Voodoo ring on Sayad's severed hand.

WHITTINGTON  
Fraternity ring?

WILSON (looking round)  
Voodoo.

WHITTINGTON  
Oh yeah?

Wilson is looking up at the sixteenth century Dutch Devil.  
The same weathervane Christopher looked at before he was killed.

WILSON  
Pentagram and a goat.

WHITTINGTON  
What's that mean?

WILSON  
I don't know... what else you got?

CONTD

20.

WHITTINGTON  
I got a big dead Borzoi. (to Attendant)  
You can take these two away - security  
man zapped it.

WILSON

In self defense...

WHITTINGTON (as they walk,  
pause, after great thought)  
No animal could have done this.  
This was thought out. By something  
with a brain. So to speak.

They walk beneath the Dutch medieval imagery to the windmill  
where Pauline is. Whittington lifts the sheet. Wilson  
stares at her, transfixed and curious.

WHITTINGTON

How ain't this a shame? His wagon full  
a long green and all the bandaids in  
the world won't put her back together  
again...Almost severed her head.

WILSON

It was instantaneous.

WHITTINGTON

Instantaneous...you seen a chicken  
run around with its head cut off?

(Wilson nods)

Nobody ever thinks about the head.  
During the French Revolution -  
Robespierre terrorism - when they  
chopped the heads off, they'd quick  
pick'em up outta the basket and  
look'em in the face. Most went  
out right away in shock. But every  
fifth head or so was alive and wide  
awake -- eyes would blink, mouth tryin'  
to say something...

WILSON

Yeah, sure.

WHITTINGTON

Brain can live without oxygen for  
more than a minute. Long time

They'd show the head  
its body and laugh. How'd you like  
to see your own body, know you're dead...  
Instantaneous?

WILSON

Gimme a nice death in bed.  
Preferrably with a partner.

They turn away. The Morgue Crew move to pick up Pauline.

WHITTINGTON (to Attendants)

You can take her now.

37

. CONTD

WHITTINGTON (turns)

CONTD 37

Careful with her....

Wilson turns.

WHITTINGTON (quiet)

Head...

Wilson reacts. Whittington goes to a morgue vehicle, leaving Wilson looking at the place where Pauline's body was. The Morgue Crew puts hers, the last body in the private hearse and it follows the public hearse away. A Man washes off the bloodstained sail and grass. Another man scrubs off the blood stains where VanderVeer's body was. Wilson bends down, picks up a pearl and puts it in his pocket. He moves to join Warren in the center of the exhibit.

WILSON

Very tidy.

The license plate changed, a tow truck tows the limousine off. The Men finish their clean-up, get into a van and drive away. The area is back to normal. The windmill turns.

WILSON.

Extremely tidy.

He looks at Warren curiously - what's going on? Statue of Liberty in BG.

WARREN

Well, you see...this never really happened.

WILSON

Freedom of the press. For how long.

WARREN

We'll have these butchers or heads are gonna roll.

Wilson looks at him. Warren goes to his car, drives off. For a moment Wilson is alone, then as the barricades are removed, a few parkgoers move into the area. He looks up at weathervanes, at one in particular: a horse galloping flat out, and mounted on the horse with a spear in his hand: an INDIAN. Then, as if in the extraordinary hearing - silence.

42

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOWER - DAY

The whisper of wind, the cry of a single gull. In extreme close up, the head of a black bird. It takes a kernel of corn from the clenched teeth of an INDIAN. The Indian is sitting casually at the very edge of the top of the bridge tower. The INDIAN who through the bottle at the VanderVeers, EDDIE HOLT, is near him. Holt, a rugged Indian in his late twenties who looks like a political radical, is holding a bullroarer. The musical instrument was used by the Indians to summon the gods. Holt slowly swings the bullroarer round his head, faster and faster. Its sound loud, threatening and exhilarating. Holt turns, looking out

CONTD

over the city, either casting a spell or celebrating some victory. The other Indian releases the bird. As it flies off, the two Indians are seen from far below - tiny figures on top of the gothic tower. The sound of the bullroarer continues over

## 45 INT. BATTERY FORT - DAY

Wilson steps through the fort door and walks inside the open, circular fortress. He's alone, his figure small the massive structure. He looks around, lighting a cigar, thinking.

The EXTRAORDINARY VISION, from the roof of the fort, watching Wilson. Wilson senses some presence, he turns. The VISION withdraws to darkness.

## A44 INT. E.S.S. - DAY

A monitor showing Battery Park. Wilson appears, exiting the fort, walking toward a waiting police car. Ross watches Wilson on the monitor.

## B44 EXT. BATTERY FORT - DAY

The ALIEN VISION also watching Wilson as he enters the car.

## C44 INT. E.S.S. - DAY

Ross watches as Wilson's car drives off, then turns to other monitors. The security room is abuzz with activity, a red alert. On screens: high target executives are holed up in protected offices and estates. No other assassination attempts have been reported. On other screens: New York is in touch with key offices: Washington, London, Paris, Tokyo. Pictures of SUSPECTS, international TERRORISTS and GROUPS, profiles, MOs, histories, come up on data readouts. On one screen: a picture of CICELY MARIE RENSSALAER appears. Ross studies her profile.

ROSS (to operator)

That's VanderVeer's neice. Locate her.

The operator nods, Ross continues through the room looking at screens.

ROSS (to another operator)

No other assassination attempts?

The operator shakes her head. Ross continues to monitors showing the photographs and background data of available Executive Security staff to be assigned to the VanderVeer case. On one screen: the picture of an attractive young woman: REBECCA NEFF, an expert in terrorist psychology. Ross taps her picture.

ROSS (to operator)

Have her teamed with Captain Wilson.

## 44 EXT. MORGUE - LOADING RAMP - DAY

Wilson walks through a traffic jam of hearses loading and unloading BODIES. Wilson eyes the confusion mater-of-factly, WORKERS pass with CADAVERS, almost all black or brown.

45 INT. MORGUE - DAY

Wilson makes his way down a long hallway sided with shining stainless steel refrigerators. Gurneys with BODIES on them are parked casually everywhere. A BLACK MORGUE WORKER talks to a black male CORPSE as he examines it.

MORGUE WORKER

Well, let's see what happened to my man... Two bullet holes upside the head... (shaking finger at corpse)  
See, you shouldn't have been fucking with that bitch.

He slaps the face of the corpse. He pushes the gurney down the hall.

WORKER (to a second worker who is not helping)

Well, you gonna push? I'm working by myself today, right? Aint nobody workin but me? Shit.

Wilson falls in alongside the worker, obviously a friend.

WILSON (gesturing to the cadavers)

Another hot Saturday night, huh Reggie?

WORKER

I heard that.

WILSON

What's today's special.

WORKER (sizing up his jogging outfit)

Tennis shoes and jock straps.

WILSON

Yeah, sure.

WORKER

A lot of joggers are biting the dust.

WILSON

Yeah, yeah.

At the end of the hall is the VIP Autopsy Room, guarded by a POLICEMAN, two PRIVATE SECURITY MEN and a VANDERVEER ATTORNEY, all of whom were at Battery Park. As Wilson approaches, Whittington passes with X-rays of the injuries. His smock is blood-stained.

WHITTINGTON (as he sees Wilson)

Some really weird shit's happening, Dew. Give us a few more minutes.

Wilson nods and turns toward the mass autopsy room.

Autopsies are being performed on 7 stainless steel tables. Wilson walks down the long room watching the autopsies. He stops and leans against a counter, matter-of-factly watching as braincases are sawed open, organs are cut out. Ross appears next to him.

ROSS

They ready?

WILSON

Not yet. Had this strange taste in my mouth for a couple of days.

WORKER (to burned female cadaver)

Baby, what a pretty face. They shouldn't have tried to keep you alive. They should have let you go.

WILSON (looking at Ross' hands)

You garden?

ROSS

Uh - planted some trees.

WILSON

Willows?

ROSS

Hawthornes.

WILSON

You got property?

ROSS

Couple of acres.

WORKER (looking at bloody bra hanging

Ice pick. next to another cadaver)

WILSON (to Ross)

Anyone call to take the blame?

ROSS

The credit? ...Not yet.

WILSON

You've been working with these groups awhile?

Ross nods.

WILSON

Europe?

ROSS

America.

CONTD

45 con't

WILSON

Got that from your work?

He motions to Ross' scar.

ROSS

Argentina.

WILSON

Oh?

ROSS

Attempted assassination, President  
of Exxon.

WILSON

Acid, uh?

ROSS

Burned through to the bone.

WILSON (points to his own nose)

68' riots. Broken nose. Escorting  
a Columbia coed to her dorm.Ross almost smiles. Wilson pulls a cookie out of his grocery  
sack, offers it.

WILSON

Cookie?

ROSS

Chocolate chip?

He shakes his head no, looking out over over the  
bloody bodies as Wilson munches on his cookies.

46

INT: VIP AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

46

Three stainless steel tables hold the bodies of the Vander Veers and Sayad. Bright surgical lights shine down giving the room a stern white glow. A WCMAN removes the jewelry from Pauline and Christopher, their hands pale from exsanguination. The CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER pulls off his rubber gloves. Ross crosses to him and they talk quietly in a corner. Wilson moves to Whittington who walks back and forth in front of a wall filled with backlit X-rays of Pauline's severed neck, Christopher's torn skull, Sayad's severed hand.

WHITTINGTON

(nods to Ross and Chief)

The Chief'll tell him what we've got -- severance of the jugular and carotids, destruction of the esophagus, lethal trauma on the throats resulting in... (he makes a sound). What's really interesting is what we haven't got.

Whittington gestures to the X-rays.

WHITTINGTON

There's not a trace, not a speck of metal ...You know how every piece of metal, no matter how smooth or sharp, leaves a residue when it cuts...as finite as dust -- but soft x-rays should pick it up...nothing.

(he thumps the X-rays)

And, well, nothing softer could have ripped...ravaged like this.

Whittington hands Wilson the M.E. report. Wilson looks at X-rays.

WILSON

Some plastic weapon?

Turns to body, looks at them.

WHITTINGTON

(pause, distressed)

Synthetics - I don't think there's anyway I can check that and their throats weren't just slashed, they were removed, whoever did this made off with a few handfuls of vitals epithelial tissue -- the works, not to mention my boy Chris' skull and the power with which that was done...synthetics.

CONTD

46    CONTD

Wilson stares at him, his seriousness, as Whittington examines the X-rays of Pauline's severed head.

                  WHITTINGTON (comes out of it)  
                  You know Dew... you could use a  
                  haircut... Wanna lie down...

He clicks the scissors at Wilson and gestures down to where Pauline body is being hosed off. Wilson looks sadly down at her.

From blackness, the EXTRAORDINARY VISION comes rapidly into focus. In bursts of speed and graceful sweeps, it moves through a vast boat graveyard with rusted ships lying at various angles. In the distance across the water is Manhattan. The ALIEN VISION disappears into the black depths of an old ship.

Oars dip in the water. A GRANDFATHER and a small BOY row in a tiny boat among the ships, looking for scrap metal.

Out of their sight, on an old deck that tips into the water, an old PORTUGUESE sits down to fish, his worms in a beer can.

ALIEN POV: The GRANDFATHER gets out of the row boat with a wrench to pry off a brass handle he's spotted. Metallic sounds magnified.

ANOTHER ALIEN POV: The FISHERMAN arthritically threads a worm onto his hook and drops his line into the dark hole under the edge of the hull.

The GRANDFATHER scavenges about, checking bits here and there.

The FISHERMAN pulls a fish up from the dark water and takes it off the hook.

ALIEN VISION: Fish flopping on the deck.

Through holes in a rusted ceiling hatch, the GRANDFATHER approaches above. He looks round then bends and pulls up the creaking hatch. He peers into the darkness. The ALIEN VISION moves up for the kill - when suddenly the BOY appears beside him. The VISION hesitates at the sight of the CHILD.

BOY (looking down into the darkness)  
Finding anything Grandpa?

GRANDFATHER

Not much.

The VISION withdraws, it will not kill them. The hatch clangs.

The FISHERMAN reaches down into the dark water to unhook his line. He is jerked suddenly into the water. He thrashes feebly, emerges, claws at the slanted deck with a gashed, bloody arm. Then he is pulled slowly and surely below the bloody water, in under the hull.

The rowboat with the GRANDFATHER and SMALL BOY moves slowly around the corner of the tipped deck, oblivious. The Boy picks the aluminum beer can out of the water and puts it in the boat. On the deck, the gill of the fish flaps shut one last time.

A48 INT. N.Y.P.D. - CORRIDOR & OFFICE AREA - DAY

Wilson comes out of the shower room with only his trousers on, carrying his jogging outfit, a towel around his shoulders. Another DETECTIVE who looks as if he's been working around the clock enters the shower. Wilson moves along a corridor to his area and enters. A sign on the door: SPECIAL INVESTIGATION DIVISION.

B48 INT. N.Y.P.D. - WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Another sign on a door: CAPTAIN D. WILSON. The office is a duplicate of his house only ten times smaller - cluttered, cramped, filled with the eclectic gatherings of a pack-rat. He puts on his shirt, grabs up Whittington's file and goes back out of his office.

C48

INT: CORRIDOR - WAR ROOM ENTRANCE - POLICE HQ - DAY

C48

Wilson turns a corner. A uniformed POLICEMAN stands guard by a door. A sign is tacked to the closed door: "SPECIAL INVESTIGATION UNIT: TASK FORCE 'DUTCHMAN': SECURED AREA: NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT CREDENTIALS."

WILSON (to Policeman)  
How's it going?

Wilson starts to open the door. Rusty stops him.

RUSTY  
Credentials.

Wilson puts his face up to Rusty's.

WILSON  
My face.

RUSTY  
Identification, Captain.

WILSON  
All that seperates you from a guard dog is a brain. Don't prove to me you don't have one.

RUSTY  
Okay, Captain.

He opens the door. Wilson goes by him. Smiles.

WILSON  
Good dog.

Rusty reacts.

48

INT: "WAR ROOM" - DAY

48

A task force of DETECTIVES is at work, the Big Apple's finest. There is the sense that Detectives have been called in, having started the Sunday in another way; some are in golf clothes, work clothes. The room, a contrast to the Executive Security Systems: no electronics; the walls are papered with large artist's tablet sheets containing hand drawn flow charts, profiles, clue sheets; black and white photos and old fashioned black boards -- all related to the Vander Veer murders. The Detectives are at work at desks butted up against one another, with manual typewriters and old fashioned phones. There's a hum of constant activity, a cacophony of sounds. A couple of Detectives are moaning about the interruption of their Sunday.

Warren, calm in the eye of the hurricane, sits eating a salad and talks with a DETECTIVE. Wilson makes his way to him.

CONTD

WARREN  
So, what's with the morgue?

WILSON  
No answers to a lot of questions.

WARREN  
Is that it?

WILSON  
That's it.

WARREN  
What's a matter with you, you bored?

WILSON  
I'm thinking. You're just not used to the expression.

WARREN  
Oh, hey - Did you find out what they were doing down there?

WILSON  
Anniversary party with a hundred of their closest friends.

WARREN  
We know that. We're checking out the guest list...big party...

WILSON  
...It breaks up at 5 AM. They head back to their penthouse. A little pearl gift, a little booze, a little cocaine and they decide to boogie.

WARREN (stops chewing salad)  
Yeah but why there and who knew they would?

Takes another bite of salad.

WILSON  
VanderVeer financed the exhibit, his wife hadn't seen it. He had a thing for wind. Yachtsman, glider pilot, balloonist...

WARREN  
How do you know?

WILSON (holding out brochure)  
I asked.

Warren takes brochure.

WARREN  
You really are thinking.

WILSON  
Better than the Sunday crossword. Maybe.

Warren stands, moves to a DETECTIVE.

WARREN

We got any Jack the Rippers  
out there?

DETECTIVE

No psychos missing from the loony  
pits.

WILSON

If it's a Ripper- the M.E. can't  
find any trace of any weapon.

WARREN

What?

WILSON (gestures to report)

Who knows.  
Filipino faith-healers remove  
organs with their hands. That driver  
was a Haitian? Right?

ROUDENBUSH

Yeah. One tough SOB. Worth three  
normals. Ex-Papa Doc Secret Police,  
Ton-Ton Macoutes. Vander Veer had  
a big liquor import business in the  
islands. How he gets jumped beats  
the shit outta me.

WARREN

Vnader Veer had a big liquor import  
business down in the Islands?

WILSON

You check on the Voodoo angle?

ROUDENBUSH

Voodoo? Hey there's eighty goddam  
sects in Manhattan alone. A lotta  
bizzare crap goin' on. Gimme the  
willies. Pass.

WARREN

Just a goddam minute. This isn't  
some poor dead Puerto Rican with  
chicken livers and lamb cunts  
dangling from his neck. This is a  
brace of VanderVeers. Now you put  
someone onto Rastafarians, and the  
Columbians playing stick-ball with  
machetes:

ROUDENBUSH

We got guys uptown in Katanga province. Nothin' so far.

WARREN (moving on to a robust man)  
• Scola, anything from little Italy?

SCOLA

He was clean with the big boys.

WARREN

Vander Veer welch on a deal?

WILSON

This isn't his style.

WARREN (to Wilson)

You want to wait for an anonymous tip? We check everything. And speaking of boys. Harrison..

anything from Christopher Street?

HARRISON

No secret trips to the baths.

WARREN

Nothin' kinky?

HARRISON

Looks like he was straight.

WILSON

I think he loved his wife.  
It happens sometimes.

HARRISON

Too bad. The MO isn't far from homosexual mutilation.

WARREN

Maybe he was into pain. Check the S&M joints.

Warren moves to another part of the room.

WILSON

Executive Security checked their tapes?

WARREN (nods)

• No one prints out that wasn't supposed to be there.

(reaches a desk)

Come here, want to show you something. The meat and potatoes, business and political enemies. Fuchek, what have you got?

Fuchek, flanked by two other DETECTIVES has piles of files<sup>37</sup> and a big tablet on an easel with lots of names of corporations and countries. A map of the world is on the wall.

FUCHEK

Business enemies he ain't got, just one big corporate family. Political ...there's the action...  
(he gestures to the map and files)  
The family has interests on every continent...

They move to the wall map. Fuchek points to different countries.

FUCHEK

Funding a government overthrow here, putting a mine in holy ground there, taking a river away from peasant farmers...moving a town...

WILSON (looking at files)

A real friend of the third world.

WARREN

International Terrorism. I just don't know.

WILSON

Ha, a local one sure as hell ain't up to it. The PALN waves flags, the Weathermen give interviews for People Magazine...

Warren gazes coldly at Wilson.

WILSON (contd)

...the Indians kill each other, uh, Serbo-Croates capture priests...

WARREN (quiet passion)

Just a minute, Dewey. You know I'm not your basic flag waver, but all this political intrigue scares the shit out of me. This country has never fought a foreign war on its shores. I lost a father and two uncles in the anarchy that swept across Europe, and I got a scary smell that it's coming over here. I don't know who killed the VanderVeers, but I do know that this cancer that is coming from Africa, South America and Europe is not spreading here. Not while I fucking live.

Wilson watches him as the color in his face settles.

WARREN  
Terrorism- I don't know. You find  
out. You'll be partnered with someone  
from Executive Security.

WILSON  
Do I have a choice?

WARREN  
Yeah., could retire a little early.

WILSON  
I thought so.

WARREN  
Ross is bringing in a shrink.

WILSON  
You think I need one?

WARREN  
I always have. This one's an expert  
on terrorism from Washington. Used to  
be with the State Department. The  
CIA will be in liason too.  
(Wilson raises his brows)  
National security.

WILSON  
(looks at him)  
Corporate insecurity...Know  
what I'm thinking?

WARREN  
Do I want to know?

WILSON  
What'd Vander Veer ever do for me?

WARREN  
No. I don't want to know.

56 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

A woods, birds chirping in the coun walking through trees. Ahead is a a car comes up the drive, screechin Wilson, blocking the drive. MEN ex Down the drive from the mansion con like a kidnapping or assassination approaches the roadblock, its drive 180° turn and roars back the way h

From the 'assassination' car steps his fellow 'assassins', who in fac looks at them curiously as he appr

INSTRUCTOR

Now that gentlemen was a Turn ...a maneuver developed by moonshine runners the day after the automobile was invented. A classic in the realm of evasive driving. Next, Ed will demonstrate the J-turn, a maneuver designed to...

Wilson turns to see:

ED screaming down the asphalt drive in the limousine and demonstrating a J-Turn for the gathering.

Wilson walks to a side entrance, protected by barbed wire and guard dogs. He is stopped by Security, where his picture is taken on a still system and video. He shows his ID, goes in through a metal detector; the detector sounds.

57 INT: SAARTJE INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

57

Wilson's face develops on a Polaroid. A WOMAN affixes the picture to a pass and clips it on Wilson.

WOMAN

Have a nice day.

The Institute is laid out to facilitate conventions. Registration and information desks, well-dressed BUSINESSMEN are in the lobby. While his picture is developing Wilson goes to a large easel-like sighbord and runs his finger down it.

EASEL:

WELCOME TO THE SAARTJE INSTITUTE  
Fifth Annual Conference on Corporate Security  
and Executive Protection  
A SYMPOSIUM ON TRANSNATIONAL TERRORISM

0800 The Terrorist: Aberrant Behavior of the Privileged  
Intelligentsia Dr. Phans

CONTD

1400 STAYING ALIVE: Dr. R. Neff --- etc....

Wilson traces up and down the easel. His finger stops on "Staying Alive" and he moves it across to the name: Dr. R. Neff.

A58 INT: DE SEVERSKY INSTITUTE - EXHIBIT HALLS - DAY

Wilson walks through a country fair display of the objects produced by security oriented businesses. He peruses the HAMMERS and wares with a mixture of curiosity, envy and amusement. Weaponry, electronics and security gadgetry.

He picks up a rifle and puts it to his shoulder to aim. The aiming device is a laser. Wilson aims the lazer at a mirror. He reflects the ruby beam so that it comes to rest between his own eyes.

WILSON

Bang.

B58 OMIT

B5 INT: CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The door opens, Wilson's rumpled outline is framed in the bright light. His shadow fills the darkened room.

REBECCA

They actually found sperm...

Laughter. The room is crowded with YOUNG BUSINESS EXECUTIVES. An attractive woman, REBECCA NEFF, smiles at Wilson. He quietly closes the door and stands in the back.

REBECCA

The discovery of semen after this hostage situation led to our understanding of a syndrome that could save your life. Although intercourse between hostage and captor is rarely literal, understanding this re-alliance of affection can be paramount to survival. You don't need to get laid to live.

EXECUTIVE

Learning how to flirt may keep you from getting hurt.

More laughter, a few snickers. Wilson has helped himself to a silver and china coffee service.

Rebecca walks over to the Executive, raises him from his chair with the tip of her pencil under his chin.

REBECCA

Pencil, up, up, up...higher, higher.  
Try and flirt with an Ulrika Meinhoff  
and you may not live to tell it, sir.  
Think it's funny? Kidnapped in a foreign  
country. Make your wife a rich widow. Now,  
let's assume you've survived the kidnapping and  
not been assassinated. Now, that's a big  
assumption.

(aside) Are you looking at my tits or are you listening  
to what I am saying? (Wilson reacts)

So what'll they do to you? Very little.  
Take the case of Joseph Richmond, in Col-  
umbia. NOW, he was a typical executive; an  
anal retentive, clean, you have spaghetti  
on your tie, orderly, nice suit, liked his  
privacy, smelled good. Now who would like  
to play Joseph? Any volunteers? Captain  
Wilson? (He looks up, she gestures)

It won't hurt. Come on...Come on...

Wilson comes up to the front of the room. Rebecca smiles at him  
as she pulls his tie loose, puts a pillow case over his head and  
secures it with his tie.

REBECCA (as she does this)

You are Wilson.

WILSON

How could you tell?

REBECCA

Your sox. (to audience, turning Wilson)  
They put a pillow case over Joseph's head  
as he was taken. Then they stripped him  
naked.

(she undoes Wilson's belt)

And tied his hands.

(she ties them behind his back)

They put him in a small, warm enclosure  
where he could sit and lie down but could not  
stand.

She leads Wilson to a corner and sits him down. Some laughter in  
the room, he looks rather funny. Rebecca nods to her ASSISTANT who  
turns down the lights. A slide is projected on a screen. Terrorists  
and their victims. The projectors click methodically in the silence.

## REBECCA

In four hours Joseph couldn't hold his bladder any longer and urinated on himself. In eleven hours he couldn't hold his bowels and he defecated. The stench was so nauseating that Joseph vomited in his pillow case. For the next five hours he alternated between screaming and sobbing.

(the projectors click)

He volunteered fifteen pages of detailed information concerning his corporation's negligence, exploitation of workers, bribes, corruption. They were published on the fourth day of his captivity. Joseph Richmond was ransomed for ten million dollars...383 days later.

It is very quiet. The slides change showing executive victims - dead and alive.

## REBECCA

In the last ten years, terrorist acts against multinationals have accounted for 4,000 kidnappings, netting ransoms in excess of a billion dollars, and forcing the expenditure of fifty billion in corporate security measures. Transnational terrorism would rival their victims in profit - if you guys didn't pass the costs on to the consumer. But there is one thing you cannot pass on...Gentlemen, some where in the world, every other day a corporate executive is kidnapped...or assassinated.

The faces of the young executives as that sinks in.

## REBECCA

So how do you survive? First, don't rat on your company. The minute you denounce them, you lessen your self-esteem - and that threatens your survival.

(pause)

two, get the hood off - beg, cry, persuade your captors whatever it takes. The hood de-humanizes you, makes it easier for them to treat you like an animal. And it deprives you of your senses, which can drive you mad.

(pause)

three, physical exercise. Even if you're tied, rigorous isometrics. And last, a rich fantasy life. One executive relived every detail of hanging wall paper with his wife. I'm sure you all can come up with something at least as interesting.

(pause)

Now, if you'll pair up as terrorist and hostage, my associate will assist you with improvisations... Really commit yourself. I'd rather see you get killed in here than out there.

I don't want to lose any of you. Good luck and thank you.

She goes over to Wilson

REBECCA  
Thank you Captain... If you'll  
excuse me, I'll be right back.

WILSON  
I'll try to keep myself amused,

59 -  
60 OMIT

A61 EXT: INSTITUTE - DAY

A61

What looks like a hooded executive prisoner. The laser  
beam comes to rest on his head, then moves down his  
body to his heart as

WILSON's voice  
A million bucks, huh?

SALESMAN's voice  
Only if it fails.

WILSON's voice  
And has it?

SALESMAN's voice  
Not yet.

The sound of a shot & the hooded man flies backward.  
He gets up as Wilson walks forward with the Salesman and  
Executives. The target opens his torn shirt revealing  
dented body armor.

SALESMAN  
It's the state of the art. I know  
it's \$2,000 and change, but you  
only have to buy one.

Rebecca arrives with her coat and luggage as the salesman  
takes off the vest.

WILSON (looking around)  
Fifty billion bucks.

REBECCA  
Pardon me?

WILSON  
Quite a growth industry.

REBECCA  
You're a very hard person to find.

WILSON (holds out vest)  
Would you like to try?

A61 CONTD

CONTD A61

REBECCA

I only sign up for medical experiments.  
Where's your vehicle?

WILSON

You mean my car? My car is  
over there. We're leaving?

REBECCA (starting off)

Do you sense an urgency here?

WILSON

Yeah...I'm a detective. I kinda  
picked up on that.

REBECCA (as she goes)

Well?

WILSON (nodding to parking lot)

Start running. I'll walk over with  
the keys

That amuses her. She slows as Wilson stays a few paces  
behind her.

B61 EXT: INSITUTUE DRIVE - DAY

B61

Wilson's car heads up the drive toward the institute.

REBECCA

I think you're going to wrong way...

WILSON

Hold on.

Wilson throws the car into a skid, does a badly executed Bootleg turn and heads down the drive past the Instructors and Chauffeurs.

WILSON

That was a J turn... I feel sick.

REBECCA

You feel sick.

61 INT/EXT: WILSON'S CAR - HUDSON RIVER ROAD - DAY

61

Wilson's car moving along the river. Comfortably driving along.

WILSON

Must be the pillow case. I thought you were quite impressive back there. You like cigars?

REBECCA

I hate them.

WILSON

Dr. R. Neff...What's the R, Robert?

He lights a cigar.

REBECCA

Rebecca.

WILSON

Such an adorable name. Now Mophiy or Mahoney, I'm comfortable with...

REBECCA

You're uncomfortable?

WILSON

With surprises.

REBECCA

What surprises?

WILSON

Like, where we going?

CONTD

61 CONTD

REBECCA  
We have recommended and mobilized  
a personal interception.

WILSON  
A what?

REBECCA  
A bust.

WILSON  
We-have-recommended-and-mobilized...  
we're not in chile, Roberto.

REBECCA  
Don't be surprised. That incident  
this morning was a revolutionary  
act designed to terrorize those  
who control the economy.

WILSON  
That's your guess.

REBECCA  
An educated guess and we're acting  
on it.

WILSON  
Who's your victim - 'scuse me --  
who's de alleg'd poipetraita?

REBECCA (handing him a computer  
photo of a young woman)  
Cicely Marie Rensselaer...AKA Hati  
of the Leukos group. She's a cousin  
of the VanderVeers...

A61 EXT. HUDSON RIVER DRIVE - HOT DOG STAND - DAY  
Wilson gets out of the car and heads for the stand, looking  
at the photo of Cicely.

WILSON  
This sweet looking kid ripped  
out their throats?

CONTD

REBECCA

Jurgen Ponto's daughter, a society beauty, brought him roses and blew his head off.

(reading from dossier)

She gave \$10,000 to the Black Liberation Front, another 15 to purchase arms for the SWAPO of South Africa.. .

He checks the picture again, shakes his head.

WILSON

Too feminine, she wouldn't know how to mutilate a duck.

REBECCA

You're an expert?

WILSON (Sighs, puffing on cigar)

Probably not on women...you hungry?

REBECCA

What do you mean, am I hungry, NO.

WILSON (to Hot Dog Vender)

One with kraut and mustard. So what's new on the internatinal mutilation front? Run down the list.

REBECCA

Well, knee cappings--Red Brigade, Italy. Slashed Achilles tendons. Eyes gouged out, ears cut off- Red Army, Tuperamos, Baader Meinhof...a few decapitations... the Fifth Estate... Let's see...

WILSON (chewing on hot dog)

Umm...

REBECCA (sizing him up)

The Uno Mondo...They slash off the male genitalia...

Wilson stops mid-chew, mouth full of hot dog.

REBECCA (looking at him)

The cock and balls. They stuff them in their victim's mouth.

Wilson exchanges looks with the hot dog Vender, then takes Rebecca aside. He pulls out several 8x10 color glossies.

61 CONTD

CONTD 61

WILSON

Have you seen anybody killed?

REBECCA

Pardon me?

WILSON

Anybody's insides on a wall?.. Hold your nose.

He shows her the photos.

Rebecca reacts, shakes her head. It's the Vandeer Veers.

WILSON

So who collects brains?

REBECCA

It's probably a symbol.

WILSON

And Ms. Rensselaer went to  
Radcliff, probably took a course in  
Symbolism.

62 OMIT

OMIT 62

63 EXT: SOHO STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - EMPTY STREET 63

Wilson and Rebecca walk in the middle of a quiet street, looking around. It's empty, nothing unusual. They walk on for some moments, their feet hollow on the pavement. A GAY COUPLE passes.

REBECCA (stopping)  
This is the street

Wilson looks around. Two identical trucks. Then crosses to parked truck. He looks at the truck for a moment, then yanks open the rear doors. A shotgun is leveled at him. Wilson's POV - a SWAT TEAM in flak jackets inside. He pushes the shotgun aside.

WILSON  
For Chrissake who recommended this?  
This is not Los Angeles. This is  
just a very good way to get people  
killed.

Ross appears with the SWAT LIEUTENANT in plain clothes. Ross quietly stares at Wilson. He turns his collar up to keep the cool afternoon air off his cheek.

ROSS  
What we're trying to do here, Captain  
Wilson is speak softly and carry a  
big stick.

WILSON  
The last time a shrink told me  
that I lost two of my men.

ROSS  
You're the ranking officer.

WILSON  
Where's Rensselaer?

ROSS (nods)  
Down the street. #173, 4th floor loft.

WILSON  
Is she alone?

ROSS  
Couple of people.

WILSON  
They armed.

CONT

63 CONTD

ROSS

Could be dangerous. Single stairway.  
Fire escape on the south side freight elevator  
opens into the loft.

WILSON (to cameraman)

Gimme that. Get out of there. Where's  
the one with the flap jacket. Lieutenant,  
show 'em your jacket.

REBECCA

You want me along?

ROSS

It might be a hostage situation.

WILSON

Live dangerously. Come on, let's go,  
let's go.

65 INT: SOHO LOFT - LATE AFTERNOON

Wilson and the Cameraman stop into the loft where three  
YOUNG WOMEN including CICELY sit with some CHILDREN on the  
floor. There are games, books and toys. Day care. Cicely and  
the women are surprised to see the camera, Wilson is surprised  
to see children. Two more run over to him -- "take a picture  
of me", etc. as:

WILSON

Hiya fellows, Cecily...Dan Wallace ABC  
news. We're doing a special segment on  
radicalism today.

CICELY

How did you? Oh my God...get out.

WILSON

Police. Everybody freeze. Now.  
Nobody gets hurt.

The booming voice and drawn guns make them comply.  
Cicely struggles. Wilson grabs her hair firmly. A Policeman  
moves through other rooms.

One girl moves. Ross dispatches her with his gun butt.  
Wilson looks at Ross.

He begins to handcuff Cicely, looking at Rebecca who is  
transfixed. SWAT TEAM bursts in.

WILSON (eying Rebecca)

I 've been authorized to arrest you.

CONTD

65 CONTD

CICELY

What for?

WILSON

Poisoning children's minds, I suppose.

(to Rebecca)

Isn't that what it was?

The face of one of the CHILDREN, looking up at Wilson.

CHILD

You don't look like Dan Wallace.

EXT: DEVASTATED CITY STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON / NIGHT

A VOODOO IDOL around a BLACK MAN's neck; the same design as the ring on Sayad's finger. The black man, Mule, is at a fire barrel inside a gutted store front, along with other ragged REFUGEES speaking in foreign languages. Mule barter the idol for powder which he quickly swallows.

He moves from the store to a ruined street lined with junked cars, mattresses, fire gutted buildings.

He passes an ELDERLY WOMAN who drags a shopping cart with no wheels.

A MAN sits on a chair on cinder blocks in a vacant lot.

Humming and babbling to himself, Mule wobbles past a FAMILY.

An ELDERLY MAN sweeps his dirt yard.

A GANG mills about a rubble field that goes thru to another street.

Other REFUGEES move slowly through the ruins.

A siren in the distance, smoke from a burning building. Other cooking fires.

Around a corner, down another street; darkness is descending.

The MOON over gutted, half-standing buildings looming out of rubble. A vast expanse of ruin.

Mule is uneasy. He passes between gutted buildings. A SOUND. He stops, feverish, paranoid, turns, feels he's being followed.

ALIEN VISION: There's nothing but a scavenging RAT.

The drug is taking effect; Mule begins a kind of animalistic dance, moving slowly then faster.

From his POV: the darkness comes alive and becomes a primeval wilderness of green plants and flowers and BLACK FACES. INSECT & ANIMAL SOUNDS mix with his SINGSONG BABBLING. Among the images are deadly calm, God-like EYES watching him.

CONTINUED

SOMETHING slides along the rubble as he dances.  
ANOTHER SHAPE moves in the shadows behind him.  
ANOTHER in a building  
ANOTHER in a gutted car.  
There is a sense of slow, circling movement.

ALIEN VISION: Mule moving dreamily.  
Then he stops. He focuses on whoever is watching him.  
He starts to turn in terror. The reaction is  
immediate.

Death is so sudden, his face only registers astonishment.  
His body lies still on the ground, the throat gone.  
*Then his body glides noiselessly along the ground and  
disappears into a dark basement.*

From the darkness, the sound of ripping clothing. Then the  
odd muffled sound of tearing and cracking. In a faint shaft  
of light, something fleshy lands.

67 INT: E.S.S. - NIGHT

A girl's face in multiple color infra red displayed on the large central video screen. The face changes color as the girl speaks. Warren, holding his overcoat, looks round at the elaborate electronics, the big screen, slack jawed.

Ross, with EXECUTIVES, watch the big screen from the room above. Warren's ESCORT shows him into the interrogation room.

Wilson, with earphones on, in a room full of technology. TECHNICIANS are at the controls. Through a one-way mirror disguised as an art object, Rebecca is questioning Cicely. They cannot be heard.

WARREN (to Wilson)

It's incredible. What network studio's this?

WILSON (didn't hear)

What?

WARREN (indicating women)

Which one's which?

WILSON (nodding)

She's an urban guerilla fighting the the just war against us fascist swine. She's a chain-jerked pussy of an amoral society - that's what she just got called.

TECHNICIAN (w/ earphones)

Broke the Doctor's serve on that one.  
40 - 30 Neff.  
Two smart cookies.

Cicely's facial colors change dramatically on a video screen.

WARREN

Is that thing a lie detector?

WILSON

For prospective employees.

TECHNICIAN

The whole room's a lie detector. (points)  
This is a high end infrared imager.  
Vietnam-CIA tech spin-off. Registers heat changes- in the 8-12 micron range.

WARREN

And all the other stuff?

TECHNICIAN

Thermographic systems equipment, voice analyzers, computers.  
frequency levels indicate psychological stress. Check it: Washington: she's tellin the truth; Nixon: she's lying her ass off...which she just did.

CONTD

WILSON

These oughta be monitoring Congress  
and the White House.

(Tech gives him a look:)

Maybe they are.

The country'd grind to a halt.

TECHNICIAN

If the information got out.

this stuff's all remote, covert

It's not like hookin'

anybody up with your bandage-round-  
the-arm sweat-meter.

WARREN (looking at equipment)

It's also highly illegal.

WILSON

What isn't?

WARREN (gives up, nods to Cicely)

What's she saying?

The Technician throws a switch: the interrogation is piped in.

CICELY

...Skoll, Managarm, Hati...

Gotterjammerung - you must have  
had mythology in college, Rebecca.

REBECCA

How do they relate to terrorism?

CICELY

What is terrorism?

REBECCA

It's war, isn't it?

CICELY (nods)

War, poor people's war.....

TECHNICIAN

You're real poor, sweetheart.

CICELY

For those who can't afford B-52's  
neutron bombs, napalm, defoliants, nerve gas...

REBECCA (nods)

An armed struggle. . . .

CICELY

Until this "me" society grows sick  
and chokes to death on its own selfishness.

REBECCA

Entailing bombings, kidnappings,  
murder...

CICELY

We've sown the seeds of despair,  
Rebecca, now we reap...

REBECCA

It entails murder.

Visual stress indication.

CICELY (vocal stress indication)

What is murder?

TECHNICIAN

She's hiding something.

REBECCA

Dead innocents, dead hostages...

CICELY

One death is a tragedy  
A million is just a statistic.  
Tell me about our wars, our  
undernourished, our lack of health  
care. Tell me about your job,  
Rebecca.

REBECCA

Tell me about three deaths.

Visual stress fluctuating.

CICELY (vocal flux)

Three deaths?

TECHNICIAN

Watch it.

REBECCA (picks up pencil, makes note)

Are we in New York City?

TECHNICIAN

Base level.

CICELY

That's a real good question.

REBECCA

Well, are we?

CICELY

Yes, we're in New York...What is this  
crap? Am I on some sort of lie detector?

REBECCA (vocal stress)

You know that would be illegal -  
what is your name?

CICELY

Ummm...Cicely Marie Rensselaer.

REBECCA

Did you or anyone you know  
participate in the murder of  
Christopher VanderVeer?

Pause: the infrared image of Cicely's face changes markedly.

TECHNICIAN

There's one startled kid.

REBECCA

Are you aware of any information about the murder of Christopher and Pauline VanderVeer?

Marked color change. Cicely's face, dead calm.

CICELY (no vocal stress)

It wasn't murder, Rebecca.  
It was an execution.

WARREN

Jesus Christ!

Ross and Executives react in upper room.

Rebecca looks toward the mirror, shakes head slightly.  
Wilson watches.

TECHNICIAN (into mike)

She's lying, Mr. Ross. She knows nothing of the murders...

(clicks off mike, points finger at Cicely)  
Gotcha. Urban guerilla? Til your goddamn trust fund runs out.

WARREN

Wait a minute, wait a minute. You're sure she's lying?

TECHNICIAN

Absolutely.

WARREN

Great. Where does that leave us?

WILSON

Like, uh this just didn't happen.

Ross in upper room at monitor.

Warren looks at Wilson, picks up his coat and leaves. Wilson remains watching Rebecca and Cicely. The Technician pans the camera down to Cicely's breasts.

TECHNICIAN

Now that's what I call radical.

WILSON

No where to hide.

TECHNICIAN

Not with those beauties.

In the upper room, Ross watches Cicely's chest image as it pans back up to her face. Wilson crosses the room below looking up at her face.

68 EXT: "DRESDEN" - NIGHT 68

The EXTRAORDINARY VISION glides rapidly over the rubble, looking about with interest, enjoying the motion and exertion. It moves rapidly past the courthouse.

69 EXT/INT: RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT 69

The ALIEN VISION flies rapidly up the dark stairwell, over broad gaps in the destroyed stairs.

70 EXT: CHURCH ROOF - NIGHT 70

The ALIEN VISION emerges onto the roof. BIRDS wings in slow motion as PIGEONS take off into the night. Silence. The ALIEN VISION at rest. The pleasure of the sights and sounds of a starry night. Then, the lights of Manhattan. A pool of water with the city reflected in it. The sound of lapping, and ripples obscure the image.

71

INT: POLICE HEADQUARTERS - WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

71

Wilson is at his desk in the glow of a single light. Rebecca is looking around his small, very crammed office. He is reading, smoking, nowhere to go, no hurry.

Rebecca's luggage sit on the floor.

REGGAE from a tape deck. His walls are plastered with his personality. Placards: "The Captain's Word is Law" and "You Want It When"! Cartoons: Two men talking: "I'm really just a nobody, but my beeper makes me feel important". And a monster clinging to a skyscraper, the Police Chief to a Rookie: "I want you to try to talk him down". NO NUKES bumper sticker.

Photos and headlines of homicide incidents -- kid-nappings, rapes, riots, "Son of Sam", "Diamond Merchant" ...A graph with the number of homicides per month. And a Revolutionary War Woman coming up behind an Indian with a tomahawk to split his head. A poster of orphans and starving kids. Einstein on a bicycle. The china tea cup from the Institute has made its way to his desk.

REBECCA

No Hustler pin-ups?  
You don't like girls?

WILSON

Blonde fourteen-year-olds.

REBECCA (smiles)

Now what does that mean...

WILSON

You're the shrink.

REBECCA

Hmm. You live alone. You look like you live alone.

WILSON

Why were you so sweet to Cicely and so hard on me.

REBECCA

Well, when you become a terrorist I'll be nice to you to.

WILSON

I don't think this has anything to do with terrorism.

REBECCA

What does it have to do with?

CONTD

71 CONTD

WILSON

Paranoia.

71 CONTD

REBECCA

Paranoia?

WILSON

.Your people want it to be political.  
It justifies your existence.

REBECCA

And I'm being hard on you? She  
was a logical suspect.

WILSON

(gesturing to pictures)  
Look, what weapons did that?  
And why hasn't someone called  
the press? Especially for  
such a beautiful job.

REBECCA

They all don't right away.  
We could be in for a lot more.  
We'll hear from them soon.

WILSON

Yeah, one way or another.

Wilson stops packing. He shakes his head and tosses  
a couple of files across the desk to her.

WILSON (contd)

Weathermen, Puerto Ricans,  
Serbo-Croates, Indians...  
a few bombs here and there,  
but nothing like this.

Rebecca looks at a picture of Eddie Holt. Another of  
Indians around a statue of Roosevelt painted red. Wilson  
considers her.

WILSON (contd)

(serious, pointing to Holt)  
You know how that Indian  
terrorist burned his lips  
...(she looks at him)  
He tried to blow up a limo  
...(gestures)...see...he  
put the exhaust pipe...to  
his mouth and...uh...

Rebecca breaks out laughing and sits in a chair. She  
recovers.

CONTD

71 CONTD

CONTD 71

She looks at clippings and memorabilia. Finds a beer mug with the name "Dewey".

WILSON

Want a shot?

REBECCA

A small one. Got any ice?

WILSON

Only in my heart

REBECCA

Very cute. Dewey?

WILSON

I was named after one of Donald Ducks nephews. I was the middle duck.

REBECCA

Huey, Dewey, and Louie.....  
~~God, guns, and guts made America~~  
 Let's keep all three. 200,000  
 assail nuke plant...

Wilson laughs, then Rebecca. Silence.

REBECCA (contd)

(Looking at his clippings  
 and memorabilia, comments on them)  
 Why are you a cop?

WILSON

I like to kill. It's a habit I picked up. It's hard to shake.

REBBECA

Killed anyone lately?

71 CONTD

CONTD 71

WILSON  
(musing)

I tried to kill a rabbit  
this morning...but it  
ran down a hole. Whatta  
you make of that?

REBECCA  
Well, something sexual I  
suppose.

Pause. She gets up, picks up her coat.

REBECCA (contd)  
Good night, Huey, goodnight Robert.

WILSON  
Where are you staying?

REBECCA  
A company apartment.

WILSON  
You have a ride?

REBECCA  
You asking?

WILSON  
Ummm.

REBECCA  
Nope.

WILSON  
You want one?

REBECCA  
Umm... not tonight.

She goes out the door, stops, backs up, picks up her  
forgotten bag.

REBECCA (mouths the words)  
I forgot my bag.

Wilson smiles as she leaves. He puffs on his cigar,  
turns up the rock music, thinking about the case.

A73 INT: BASEMENT - DAY

What appears to be a TERRORIST sets explosives, sniffs, leaves.

3 EXT: DEMOLITION BUILDING - DRESDEN - DAY

The "Terrorist" exits the derelict building escorting an old RESIDENT carrying a chair. He joins other DEMOLITION WORKERS who are exiting building and laying detonation wires. The Resident and Demolition workers move between buildings.

74 OMIT

A74 INT: SEVERAL DERELICT TENEMENTS - DAY

The ALIE VISION watches the Workers, agitated, moving from window to window. There are several ALIENS watching from several points, all agitated.

The figure of another RESIDENT appears at an upper window of the demolition building, then disappears.

The "Terrorist" throws a switch as 1st Resident watches sitting in her chair. Another switch is thrown and

In the EXTRAORDINARY VISION and HEARING - the building EXPLODES in slow motion from the several POVs. The 1st Resident watches placidly.

As the building falls away, a ruined CHURCH is dramatically revealed.

The "Terrorist" walks through the rubble with a FIRE MARSHALL. The 'all clear' is signaled and several pieces of earth moving equipment converge on the building.

75 EXT: DEMOLITION BUILDING - DAY

A noisy cat shoves rubble. Reaching out of the rubble is a rigid human arm. Shouts are barely heard over the machines. The cat stops and idles before the arm.

76 INT: SEVERAL DERELICT TENEMENTS - DAY

Workers gather around the arm. In the BG is the cross of the ruined church. A Worker pulls on the arm - it comes loose. Near it, the "Terrorist" turns to a hole leading to the basement of the building. He sniffs, moves to the hole and bends to peer into the darkness: A rotting maggot infected HUMAN HEAD. The man recoils.

"TERRORIST" (voice magnified)

Jesus Christ...

Sounds from the Alien POV, beyond the range of human hearing - whatever is watching is now very agitated.

77 EXT: VANDER VLER TOWERS - DAY

Down the stainless steel ribs of the building to an abstract sculpture.

Wilson and Rebecca move beneath the sculpture into the building. Through the glass walls, SECURITY MEN look at their identification.

78 INT: VANDER VEER TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - DAY  
17th Century Map:

78

An elegant combination of living quarters and executive offices with a panorama of Manhattan and the Bay.

Part of the decor is a myriad of floor-to-ceiling mirrors. It's difficult to tell where anyone actually is for all the reflections.

Wilson and Rebecca stroll along a wall covered with old and new paintings, autographed photos of the great and powerful. Vander Veer family pictures interspersed. The Vander Veer Attorney is a few paces behind them, like a guard in an art gallery. Silver helmet, shovel,  
Wilson's POV - large photo of the Vander Veer clan: Christopher, Pauline, Cicely and in the center, tall and erect, the patriarch of the empire.

WILSON

Peter VanderVeer, and old John Joachim himself.

REBECCA

He even looks like God...  
except his hands are in his pockets.

WILSON

They'd better be. He's got  
at least four dead Presidents in them.

Rebecca looks at him strongly, then turns to see if the Attorney overheard. Wilson looks at the photos.

A 17th century map: MAN-A-HAT-A Island, unsettled WILDEN Land over most of the island, the walled settlement of NIEUW AMSTERDAAM at the tip. The map is a crude version of one of the Executive Security electronic maps, as is another, showing the walled town, where the financial district now is, in detail: the Dutch buildings are labeled -- STUYVESANT, VANDER-BILT, VAN WYCK, ROOSEVELT, VANDER VEER, ROCKEFELLER.

An illustration shows 17th century Indians, naked MAN-A-HAT-A WILDEN, outside the town wall.

A 17th century Dutch master's portrait of a Vander Veer in a gilt frame.

CONTD

78 CONTD

CONTD 78

Rebecca stops in front of a painting of a woman and two children done in the School of Angst.

REBECCA  
Mrs. Vander Veer painted this?

The attorney nods, moves away.

REBECCA (contd)  
(analyzing painting)  
Such a disturbing picture.

WILSON  
It sure disturbs me.

REBECCA  
She's asking for help.

WILSON  
With her art lessons.

REBECCA  
I have these women in therapy.

Wilson looks at her.

WILSON  
They probably need it.

REBECCA  
Executives and their wives have  
become prisoners of their  
own wealth.

WILSON  
Uh huh.

REBECCA  
The have-nots don't just demonstrate  
write pamphlets, they chop off heads.  
The fears of the rich are very real.

WILSON  
You want to see fear, get out with the  
poor...

REBECCA  
Everybody has problems.

Wilson's beeper goes off.

WILSON  
Everybody.

CONTD

78      CONTD

CONTD 78

REBECCA

Not me.

WILSON

You have another phone?

ATTORNEY

On the desk.

Wilson picks up the phone and dials. He looks at a large collection of home and business video tapes as he waits. An architect's plaster concept of a very large development, including marina. Wilson turns to the Attorney.

WILSON (to attorney)

What's this? (into phone) It's Wilson.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Vander Veer's real estate project. The ground breaking ceremony was last week.

WILSON (into phone)

Whittington?

ATTORNEY

But now...

WILSON (into phone)

Dresden? What's the South Bronx got to do with...I'll be right there. Thank you.

Wilson's POV of the plaster buildings -- multiple images of them reflected in the maze of mirror walls.

79      INT:      CRUMBLING APARTMENT - DAY

79

SALSA music playing. OLDER GIRLFRIEND carefully wraps a little bundle. A pale, thirteen year-old girl lies on a rumpled old mattress on the floor, stares at the wall. In the next room, two very young CHILDREN watch a sitcom on TV.

80      INT:      MORGUE LABORATORY - DAY

80

A bald nude pin-up. TECHNICIANS are at work in a large, modern lab. In a corner cubicle sits a BALD TECHNICIAN, the hair identification expert. Above

CONTD

him is the pin-up showing pubic hair and a chart of human races and their hair types. He hovers over a comparison microscope. Whittington, Wilson and Rebecca walk toward him.

WHITTINGTON

This is where I live. This is what we get paid for. A hair can make the difference.

They arrive at the Bald Technician's cubical. He nods to them.

WHITTINGTON

Baldy usually spends his time combing the pubes of rape victims.

(to Wilson)

You gotta watch what you leave behind.

BALDY

Or I'll get ya.

Wilson smiles.

WHITTINGTON (introducing)

Rebecca...Baldy.

BALDY (gesturing)

We've got files of every human hair for every race running - plus your basic sub-flavors - facial, axillary, chest, pubic... They're all different, all identifiable.

WILSON

So?

WHITTINGTON (to Baldy)

So hit em with the Dutchman connection.

BALDY (motions to evidence baggies)

This case is a Lulu - we got Borzoi, mink, Haitian, Caucasian...

WILSON

It's a hairy case.

BALDY

And I've got something that may shed on it - no light intended.

(a groan from Whittington)

Captain, this morning some things came in on the Dutchman APB...

WHITTINGTON

Mutilations. Cut out pieces of folks - if you can dig that. Without the APB they'd be in the Bronx garbage. Nobody gives a shit what people do to eachother up there... Among the pieces they sent us was a human kidney... There was a hair on it...

CONTD

80      CONTD

CONTD 80

Baldy motions for Wilson to take a look into the comparison scope.

BALDY

The one on the left came off the Bronx kidney.

WILSON

(looking through scope)

Yeah...

BALDY

The one on the right came off the female Dutchman victim. Identical.

COMPARISON MICROSCOPE VIEW OF two highly magnified hairs. The striations and colors are identical.

Wilson looks up sharply as Rebecca bends to peer through the scope. Wilson looks a little puzzled.

WHITTINGTON

A hair is like a fingerprint. These hairs are from the same source.

Pause.

WILSON

What are they?

BALDY

(shaking his head)

They don't match anything I have, Captain? All I know is they aren't human.

WHITTINGTON

And in New York, it could be anything.

Rebecca looks at him puzzled.

REBECCA

The South Bronx and Wall Street... what's the connection?

WILSON

To have and have not.

81 EXT: DRESDEN - LATE AFTERNOON 81

The young girl is walking through the rubble carrying the small bundle, crying. The old woman with the walker walks in the same direction. She comes to the ruined church, looks at the desolation around her, then pulls the door open with some effort and enters. \*

82 INT: RUINED CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 82

The church looks as if it has undergone bombing and ransacking. A broken marble altar remains, parts of the stained glass window.

The girl sets the bundle before the altar. She lights a candle. And then:

The ALIEN VISION, from high overhead, watching. The girl kneels and begins a prayer in Latin, her VOICE MAGNIFIED. She senses something watching her. She becomes afraid, rises and moves to a door. She pushes on it, it won't open. She becomes hysterical, looking behind her. The baby begins to cry.

A dead body on an autopsy table. Rebecca's face. Whittington :  
Rebecca and Wilson walk through the mass autopsy room. It's  
business as usual.

WHITTINGTON (to Rebecca)

...You ever been in a "spare  
parts" department?

REBECCA

I've never been in a morgue.

WHITTINGTON (arm around her)

It'll turn ya on to living. We're going  
to be dead a long time. ..

They go out into the corridor. ~~A MORGUE WORKER manhandles a particularly~~  
They go out into the corridor. A MORGUE WORKER manhandles a  
particularly awkward body, finally gets it under control,  
heaves the body into the refrigerator with a thud, the gurney  
crashes to the floor, Rebecca jumps. He rams the body in and  
slams the refrigerator door shut.

Whittington, Wilson and Rebecca walk down the corridor lined with  
stainless cadaver refrigerators. Rebecca holds her hands over her  
mouth and nose in reaction to seeing bodies treated this way. The  
Morgue Worker sidles past the trio in the hall and places his hands  
on Rebecca's elbows to guide himself by. She cringes.

At the end of the corridor is a large walk-in refrigerator.

WHITTINGTON

We get about a dozen unidenti-  
fiable pieces of folks a day.  
Save 'em for evidence in case we  
find the rest.

He opens the walk-in frig and they go inside. The door closes.

Out-of-focus views of pieces of human beings, each with a  
tag. Boxes, jars, bags, a fellow laid out on a shelf in  
several pieces.

WHITTINGTON

Somebody made themselves a jigsaw  
puzzle outta this guy. He's been  
comin in a piece at a time, one from  
every borough. That foot came in first,  
then a leg, an arm, the torso- probably  
saving the head til last. (moves to another  
shelf) Here's the stuff that came in with the  
kidney hair,,,a liver, some bones, a heart,  
some chunks we haven't identified. In various  
states of decomposition. All killed at  
different times.

WILSON  
All found together?  
(Whittington nods)  
How many people?

WHITTINGTON  
Five... maybe six.

WILSON  
Any common denominator?

WHITT  
I don't know... I'll tell ya, Dew,  
I'd sure like to have another  
look at the Vander Veers.

WILSON  
You won't get much outta ashes.  
They were cremated last night.

WHITTINGTON  
What are they trying to do? Set a  
record?

WILSON  
The body-guard's planted in the John  
Doe cemetery.

WHITTINGTON  
Let's trot him out and have another  
look at him. I'll need your autograph.

WILSON  
You got it. Where in the bronx did  
they find those?

WHITTINGTON  
Seabury, near Charlotte. What's  
up?

WILSON  
Nothing.

Wilson shakes his head, he's looking at Rebecca. She  
has turned and is looking at a shelf. Whittington sees  
her reaction. The hand of a dead baby, a baby's blanket.

WHITTINGTON  
We get dozens each week. Almost all black  
and brown. Abandonment, infanticide, mutilation.  
Sometimes I wish I sold shoes.

Wilson turns away. Rebecca locks at the babies.

85 EXT/INT: WILSON'S CAR - MANHATTAN TO DRESDEN - LATE AFTERNOON 8

A beautiful sunset over the Manhattan skyline reflects on the window over Rebecca's face. The security of the island is left behind as Wilson drives over a century-old drawbridge guarded by a video camera. His car moves gradually into the Bronx wasteland.

WILSON (VO)  
...Staten, Brooklyn, Harlem, Bronx...  
all Dutch names.

REBECCA (VO)  
Manhattan?

WILSON (VO)  
Nope, Indian - 'the place where  
you go to get drunk'. And  
Wall Street - the old city wall...  
to keep the savages out.

They move past businesses and apartment buildings in progressive states of decay.

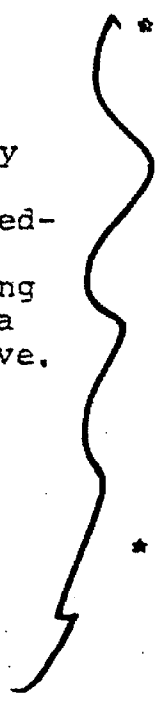
Smoke from a burning building ahead as Wilson's car travels beneath an ancient elevated subway. Old garishly painted subway cars roar overhead, frighteningly loud. A few PEOPLE descend the platform stairs into the underworld of filthy streets, automobile skeletons, burned-out storefronts, gutted apartment buildings. Few people on the dark streets: ALCOHOLICS, ADDICTS, a WOMAN getting water from a broken hydrant, a MAN at an open fire with a BABY, people with nowhere to go, nothing to do but survive.

REBECCA  
My God...

WILSON  
The garbage heap of unskilled human labor.

Wilson's car glides deeper into the most desolate, uninhabited areas. Miles of scorched devastation, the faces of abandoned PEOPLE.

*Flood of an animal  
among the human  
Scene*



CONTD

## WILSON (contd)

Our economy has no place for them.  
Our schools don't educate, our  
bureaucracies don't give a shit,  
our health programs don't even  
keep 'em alive. Our police...  
we don't police, we contain.  
They stop looking for jobs that  
don't exist, stop going to schools  
that don't educate...

Faces, watching, emotionless, vacant unfocused eyes.

## WILSON

We pacify them with alcohol and drugs  
and welfare and television...to make  
them forget the reality of their  
existence. If we didn't...we'd be in  
a lot of trouble.

Flash of an animal face among the human.

Wilson stops his car at the end of the street where the  
body parts were found.

CONTD

86 EXT: DRESDEN STREET NEAR CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Wilson's car pulls up, he and Rebecca get out and walk some distance in silence in the deserted streets.

REBECCA (looking round)  
My God... Why were these buildings destroyed? Riots?

WILSON (moving up a street)  
Landlords...More interest in profit than providing heat, sanitation, upkeep. Tenants burned themselves out of worthless apartments to collect \$1,000 relocation money. The city stopped paying but they keep on burning. 30,000 buildings gone. Why not? Hopelessness, dispair, rage...  
(he stops)  
When I was a kid, I lived right there?

REBECCA  
Where?

He points to an empty space above rubble.

WILSON  
Right there. Five flights up. So much for roots.

Now she understands why they came. She nods toward the ruined church.

WILSON  
I was an altar boy there. Old nun ran the show. She use ta Beat the shit outta me.

REBECCA  
Why?

WILSON  
I'd forget things. Gooda reason as any.

REBECCA  
You don't strike me as the religious type.

WILSON

I got to light candles,  
 filch some of the wine the priest  
 didn't chug and wear a cute little  
 lace dress. Better than  
 pigtail-sideburns and a beanie -  
 Who knows what ya are when you're a kid.

REBECCA (smiles)

I haven't been in a church in years.

She moves toward the church. Wilson hesitates, then follows.

WILSON

Lost your faith?

REBECCA

No, I got married in one.

WILSON

Is he still around?

REBECCA

Not any more.

WILSON (touching her)

You didn't? Did you?

REBECCA

What?

WILSON

Well, his parts have been coming  
 in for months now. When we piece  
 that guy together, you'll be in  
 deep trouble.

Through the ALIEN VISION from somewhere across the  
 rubble - Wilson smiles a wan smile at Rebecca. She  
 looks at him and shakes her head.

REBECCA (voice magnified)

Actually, I put him in the blender.  
 They'll never find him.

Wilson laughs, Rebecca also. They look at each other  
 for a moment.

A87/B87 OMIT

87 INT: RUINED CHURCH - SUNDOWN

Another ALIEN VISION looks down on them from high  
 within the church through a broken stained glass  
 window of what used to be the face of a child.  
 The VISION moves in on Wilson and studies him.

88 EXT: WALL STREET CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The ALIEN VISION of Wilson alone in the cemetery.

EYES Behind  
 the child's FACE

89 OMIT

OMIT 89

INT: RUINED CHURCH - SUNDOWN

90

Wilson and Rebecca outside the church. A verification is made: this is the same man.

EYES behind the child's face. Wilson looks up. The eyes are gone.

A flurry of the VISION from various positions within the church. Three or four of SOMEONE or SOMETHING is watching them. ALIEN SOUNDS, ultra-high-frequency communication as the VISIONS zero in on Wilson and Rebecca. They are now on the steps in front of the church.

REBECCA (voice magnified)  
Take a look inside?

WILSON  
No thanks.

The COMMUNICATION SOUNDS are intense, then mellow until they are gone. Rebecca and Wilson start to walk away.

91 EXT: RUINED CHURCH - SUNDOWN

91

The church, fireball sun descending. A faint sound, not unlike the BABY CRYING. The BABY SOUND louder. Rebecca stops, looks around and cocks her head.

REBECCA  
What was that?

WILSON  
What?

Wilson and Rebecca from inside the church: the baby sound there.

REBECCA  
That sound...like a baby...  
There...inside.

She goes to the door, tugs and it opens with a heavy creak.

92 INT: CHURCH - SUNDOWN

92

Rebecca steps into the church looking around and walking as if everything were fragile. Her neck is arched and exposed as she skylarks toward the ceiling. Christ's neck, his head back over Mary's arm. The young mother looking down on him as if a lover.

CONTD

Wilson comes slowly in the door. He looks around at this once beautiful church: the bombed out ceiling, the wreckage on the floor, broken walls and ceiling. Broken stained glass: the Apocalypse - famine, Plague, War, Malleus Maleficarum, the Inquisition.

Wilson walks slowly to the altar, stepping through the wreckage to where Rebecca is. He runs his fingers along the broken communion rail. The single burned out candle flickers weakly on the altar. The baby is not there. Lucifer in stained glass, red-tongued, sulphur breathing, yellow eyed, a human cannibal. Magnified sound of an insect.

WILSON (murmurs, slaps bug on neck)  
The devil on one shoulder,  
an angel on the other...

REBECCA  
What?

WILSON  
Let's get out of here.

She observes his superstition...the BABY SOUND - now from above.

REBECCA(looking up)  
There. Did you hear that?

WILSON  
Wind?

She looks for the way up, moving toward the front of the church.

It suddenly seems very dark. Wilson looks around, moving his head slowly as if he doesn't want to startle anything. He closes his eyes and opens them trying to sharpen his vision. He sniffs and his face screws up in puzzlement.

Rebecca pulls open the stairwell door. She listens.

Wilson's head moves very slowly. The candlelight from the altar flickers off his face. He feels watched. He cocks his head. All senses alert. They BABY SOUND, ever so soft, Wilson looks up sharply. Rebecca has disappeared.

93 INT: STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rebecca starts up the stairs climbing carefully over rubble. Her white neck curved upwards. She hesitates. The BABY SOUND louder. She still hesitates in the darkness.

The ALIEN VISION of Rebecca from the darkness. The BABY SOUND, coming from the ALIEN POV, pleading beckoning her upward. She slowly moves up the stairs toward it. Her HEARTBEAT & BREATHING MAGNIFIED.

94 INT: RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

Wilson's head jerks up. His POV of a black SHAPE in the choir loft, disappearing so quickly that he's not sure he saw it. He finds himself staring down at the altar steps. He slowly kneels and reaches out his hand. He draws it back: there is something dark and wet on his fingers. He looks at it in the candle light. It is blood. He leaps and runs toward the stairwell door, drawing his gun.

95 INT: STAIRWELL - NIGHT

ALIEN VISION of Rebecca half way up the stairs. The high frequency COMMUNICATION SOUNDS at an intense pitch. Wilson comes crashing up the stairs and grabs Rebecca, tumbling her backwards. She SHRIEKS in surprise. The ALIEN VISION makes a move toward the two people who are now in a heap at the bottom of the stairs. The VISION freezes as it sees Wilson pointing up the stairs with his revolver.

Wilson's POV -- EYES huge in the dark at the head of the stairs. They move.

ALIEN POV - Wilson FIRES: the bullet moves in SLOW MOTION toward the vision - as it moves easily aside and watches the bullet shatter a mosaic wall.

Wilson pulls a confused and frightened Rebecca out a stairwell window.

96 INT: RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

Four ALIEN POV's in rapid succession -- moving to vantage points where they can look out: Wilson and Rebecca outside running away from the church over rubble. Rebecca stumbles, cries out and falls. Wilson whirls and FIRES three times irrationally at the church. A stainglass fragment of a DEVIL-WOLF, a WEREWOLF explodes, shattering in slow motion. The ALIEN SOUND rises in intensity and fury as Wilson and Rebecca make their way to the car.

97 OMIT

98 INT: WILSON'S CAR - NIGHT

They reach the car and get in. Wilson rapidly reloads and starts the car. He throws it into gear and screeches up the hill to the church. He brakes and clicks up the high beams to light the church from a distance. He stares out at it, BREATHING HEAVILY. Rebecca looks at him, OUT OF BREATH, HEART POUNDING, knees skinned.

REBECCA

What? What was it?

Wilson keeps eyes on church, flicks switches on the car tranceiver.

WILSON (into mike)

Dutchman unit Alpha 3. Code 19,  
Seabury and Charlotte.

REBECCA

What was it?... What's the matter.

WILSON (holds up hand)

Blood... fresh blood. Not mine.

OPERATOR'S voice

Code 19, Seabury and Charlotte.  
Verify, Alpha 3.

WILSON (into mike)

Verified - 29D.

CONTD

Wilson hangs up the mike, looking out the window rivited on the church.

REBECCA  
Did you see anything?

WILSON  
Eyes...

REBECCA  
Eyes. The baby's eyes?

WILSON  
There was no baby... You were being lured. We were being separated...

REBECCA  
By what?

Wilson comes out of it. Shifts his gaze from the church to Rebecca.

WILSON  
Those eyes...I don't know...

He closes his eyes for a moment, as if trying to conjure up what he saw. Rebecca looks at him -- he was spooked in there.

A99 INT: RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

ALIEN POV of SIRENS, HEADLIGHTS, YELLOW & RED FLASHING LIGHTS moving up various streets converging on Wilson's car. MEN get out. FLASHLIGHTS and SPOT-LIGHTS sweep the darkness, moving toward the church. The ALIEN SOUND rises with a feel of rage and frustration.

99 EXT: RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

Unseen, a line of black SHADOWS streak, one by one, across ten feet of space that separates the church from a gutted tenement.

100 OMIT

A101 EXT: MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT

A SAX wails in the darkness of a passage lined with basement openings and fire escapes. Two figures are moving through the passage, Rebecca and Wilson. Wilson opens an unmarked door-the sound of the SAX grows louder as they enter what is now seen as a bar.

101 INT: BAR - NIGHT

NELSON sits at the bar with CUSTOMERS. Wilson comes up to his back and grabs hold of him. He turns.

NELSON

Wilson. Heard you were on a bicycle trip in the Himalayas.

WILSON

Yeah, I couldn't stand the noise.

NELSON

Humh, business gets any better and I'm opening a chinese pizza parlor... Who's this and what's she drinkin'?

WILSON

Rebecca... This is Nellie...and...

REBECCA

Ah... beer.

NELSON (to Wilson)

And...

WILSON

Well, let's see, well, you see we've had a real frightening experience tonight, so I'll have an Edgar Allan Pernod...

(Rebecca groans)

and a beer.

NELSON (to Bartendress)

Freddy - a Pernod and two Deaths.

(to Wilson)

So how's Dick Tracy? Any interesting cases.

CONTD

A real hairy one.  
Rebecca fakes a move to the door, Wilson snags her coat.  
Freddy sets the drinks in front of Wilson.

NELSON (nods)

Take my table. Nudge her if she snores.

Rebecca follows Wilson into the main room where the sax is playing.

REBECCA (nods back to Nelson)

Who's he?

WILSON

He owns the place.

Rebecca looks around the club. Sits at table with sleeping GIRL.

REBECCA

I haven't been in a place like this since school. You really know how to treat a woman, Wilson.

WILSON

This isn't a date, Neff.

REBECCA

Not if I have to suffer through your rotten puns.

WILSON (drinking)

You suffer? I can't stand Pernod.

Rebecca drinks, looks at the Girl, listens to the music.

REBECCA (eventually)

So what do you think it was?

WILSON

Kids. junkies, hallucinations.  
I don't know..

REBECCA

Have you ever killed anyone?

WILSON

Why don't you ask how many?

REBECCA

Have you?

WILSON

I wounded someone. Shot a rookie in the leg cleaning my gun in the locker room. My second week in uniform. It's been down hill ever since.

Rebecca smiles at him, then laughs. Across the room Nelson is on the phone, an American Express card in his hand. He hangs up the phone, hands the card to a WAITER.

NELSON

Tear it up, man, it's garbage.

He moves to the microphone in front of the band and begins to sing. He is not only the owner, he's the main attraction. Rebecca reacts to him and the lyrics of his song.

NELSON (singing)

Daggers of moonlight murder the sheets...

103 EXT: DRESDEN CHURCH - NIGHT

Midnight blackness, nothing seen outside the Ruined Church;  
then:

The ALIEN VISION turns night into day, moving to where  
Wilson's car stopped near the church.

It stops and stares at the patch of broken street ---  
Images of things, people, vehicles almost form as  
if the ALIEN is searching for something. Then it  
has it. It locks: the distinct image of tires  
appear - Wilson's car materializes from the tires  
up. The car moves off and disappears. The  
ALIEN VISION follows in the direction it went.

104 EXT: DRESDEN - ELEVATED STREET - NIGHT

ALIEN VISION: Wilson's car moves from a deserted  
side street onto a now empty main street. All at  
once it disappears among a jumble of criss-crossing  
images of other vehicles and people. The ALIENS  
have lost it.

They move rapidly and erratically, searching for the  
car among the maze of images. It appears suddenly -  
the ALIENS lock on it and all other images disappear.  
They follow in the direction it goes.

The sound of a piano, Nelson playing. Rebecca's face looking down at her skinned knee, her bloodied knee sox turned down. Her feet up on the bench.

REBECCA (looking at her knee)

Gross.

She feels Wilson's gaze, looks up. His face is near hers. He is looking at her legs, puffing on his cigar. She registers the look, smiles slightly and begins to roll her socks down almost in time to the music.

He watches her as she takes the sock off and deposits it on the table near Wilson's elbow. He ignores it, looking at her. She slowly rolls down the other sock and puts it with the other. As he looks at her he takes the socks from the table, placing them on the bench beside him and continues to look at her.

She picks up her beer bottle, one of several emptys on the table, takes a swig and looks at him.

REBECCA (holding bottle)

Why is it called Death?

WILSON

Short for Green Death. Most people can't stand the taste. Some call it Old Socks.

REBECCA (laughs)

That's disgusting.

He grins at her. She nods to the sox.

REBECCA

Got some use for those?

WILSON

Not now that they're empty. Here's sniffin' at you, kid.

He puffs, looks at her. Nelson, at the microphone.

NELSON (talk song)

Pasties and a G-string,  
Beer and a shot...  
She's so good she makes a  
Dead man come...

106/108 EXT: BROKLYN BRIDGE - DAY FOR NIGHT

ALIEN VISION sweeps up a grassy slope to deserted approach ramp; the deserted bridge and city ahead. It dodges out of blackness around a wall, locks down on deserted approach ramp.

SMELL: Out of ghosts of approaching cars, ALIEN VISION singles out WILSON's car from the others, pans with it til it locks again, watching his car vanish into town.

ALIEN VISION unlocks, goes into darkness, comes out of darkness, dashes down the hill, and up out of a dark stair case. It peers cautiously over the top of the stairs down the deserted wooden walkway that crosses the bridge. It bullets forward along the walk, pauses at another set of steps, then continues. TWO BRIDGEMAN work up ahead.

AV approaches a massive pillar and start around one side when a BRIDGE WORKMAN suddenly comes around that side. AV sidles around to the other side but the second Bridgeman has come around that way.

Trapped. They must decide which one to take. They decide and go for him. THE BRIDGEMAN sees them just as they blast into him with such horrid force that -

NIGHT FOR NIGHT

- he is thrown into the air, tumbling over the railing out of sight. He falls onto the top of a passing truck driving out of the city. The surviving workman circles the pillar, looking for his buddy, calls out, looks below, sees nothing on the deck.

DAY FOR NIGHT

ALIEN VISION is now barreling along far down the walkway toward the city.

109 INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT

Rebecca puffs thoughtfully on Wilson's cigar, leaning back against the bench with him.

WILSON

So how'd you become a cop?

REBECCA (a little drunk)

A cop? A cop? Well, I got my doctorate and went to work for the State Department. We wrote psychological profiles of heads

WILSON

You mean foreign leaders...

REBECCA

Umhm, their perversions... superstitions... choo choo train fetishes...

(she makes a loud train noise,  
Wilson smiles)

Racists, mama's boys, black messiahs. We found out what they were really like so the Prez could hit em there.

WILSON

My Prez? Break my bubble.

REBECCA

Oh, fat chance.

She hands him his cigar. He puffs.

WILSON

What's my psychological profile... Becky?

REBECCA

Becky?... That makes me feel like a ten year old... with freckles.

Wilson looks at her, reaches out his hand.

WILSON

My god...

REBECCA

What?

Wilson touches her face with his finger.

WILSON

They're poppin' out all over your face.

She bites his finger, smiles, takes his hand.

CONTD

109 CONTD

Across the room, Whittington comes in. He says something to Nelson as he plays the piano. Nelson breaks up. Whittington continues on to Wilson and Rebecca. She sees him coming and lets go of Wilson's hand.

WHITTINGTON

Rebecca Neff...

REBECCA

Hello...

WHITTINGTON (to Wilson)

And what's his name.

He spears a bottle of beer and sits down. Rebecca listens to Nelson's playing. Whittington leans close to Wilson.

WHITTINGTON

O negative.

(Wilson looks puzzled)

The sample you sent me...

And not a hair to be seen.

He takes another drink.

WHITTINGTON

It couldn't a done you no harm.

It was a baby's blood.

Wilson looks at him, then over at Rebecca. There was a baby.

110 EXT: STREET OUTSIDE MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT

110

ALIEN VISION moves cautiously down the Manhattan street staying out of view behind hedges and gratings. It stops at a corner: Wilson's car materializes, comes to a halt and parks. The ALIENS move to another grating. Images of feet appear on the sidewalk. Vague images of people rise from the pavement. The VISION locks on one image of feet: an image of Wilson materializes. Wilson reaches out and opens the door of the car. There is nothing inside. Then from the curb, Rebecca's image builds as she rises from the car seat and exits the car. She and Wilson walk across the street and disappear in a maze of people. The ALIENS move rapidly down the street searching for where they went.

111 EXT: MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT

The door to the bar. Door handle glows with layers of skin oils. Wilson's hand then his arm and body MATERIALIZE from the impression on the door handle. He and Rebecca DISAPPEAR into the bar.

The door to the bar opens. Rebecca and Wilson come out into the deserted night street. The ALIEN VISION closes in on them...

The bar door opens again - a shadow dodges away unseen. Whittington had come out. He lights a joint. \*

The ALIEN VISION zeros in on him. Wilson materializes near Whittington - then vanishes as Whittington starts off.

Whittington turns down a dark side street... they let him go and return their attention to the main street.

Rebecca and Wilson's IMAGES appear again and get into their car. The car drives off and the ALIENS follow.

112 OMIT

OMIT 112

B113 INT: ESS - NIGHT

B113

A video monitor shows an empty foyer and street beyond. Wilson's car pulls up and stops. Wilson and Rebecca inside.

113 INT/EXT: WILSON'S CAR - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

113

Wilson is preoccupied. Rebecca is loose, feet up on the dash, fiddling with her sox. The radio is on.

REBECCA

Dewey? You know what?

WILSON

What?

REBECCA

You know what? You know what I think?

WILSON

No, what?

REBECCA

I think-- I think...

The car is rocked violently. Wilson looks round. A car has bumped them backing up. Rebecca laughs and it seems to make her change her mind about what she was going to say.

REBECCA

I think I should shut up and go to bed.

A114 OMIT

A114

B114 INT: ESS - NIGHT

B114

On the video monitor: Rebecca gets out of the car and comes around to Wilson's window. A TECHNICIAN watches.

C114 EXT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

C114

Rebecca leans on the window. Wilson offers his hand for a handshake. That catches Rebecca by surprise. She takes his hand.

REBECCA

Thanks for....

She makes a gesture, smiles and enters the foyer. Wilson looks after her. The security camera guards the entrance. Rebecca pushes some numbers on a finger matrix ID device. the door clicks open.

114 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Another video screen shows Wilson in his curb. A door clicks open and closed. Rebecca looks at the screen as Wilson drives off.

REBECCA  
Goodnight, Dew...

She moves through the luxurious apartment to the bathroom, dropping her coat on the floor, singing happily.

REBECCA  
Daggers of moonlight murder the sheets  
In the stink of a four dollar room...

She splashes water on her face and looks at her image in the mirror over the sink. Dark streaks of mascara run down her cheeks.

REBECCA  
Dresden...

EYES in the darkness watcher. She feels the gaze, then sees the glowing eyes in the mirror. She turns. A CAT sits quietly watching her. She yowls at it and ruffles its fur as she goes into the living room.

She sits on the couch and opens a type-writer-like case revealing a computer terminal. She connects it to her television, picks up the phone and touchtones a number.

COMPUTER VOICE (on phone)  
Please enter your access code...  
now.

REBECCA  
One - three - D - H - three - eight.

COMPUTER  
Access Code 13DH38... Cleared.  
Proceed.

CONTD

114 CONTD

CONTD 114

Rebecca places the telephone in a special cradle at the rear of the terminal. She thinks then types slowly. On the TV screen her typing appears:

D-E-W-E-Y W-I-L-S-O-N

115 INT; WILSON'S OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

115

Close-up of Wilson fingering the pearl. The Music continues in the night, the lighted FM stereo dial. Wilson, alone in the dark, sitting at his desk, brooding. A 1-inch cigar ash falls on his chest. He doesn't notice. Then he picks it up. There is a graphic of a cigar store Indian on a cigar box lid. The piles of photos of the Indians and other New York terrorists in the foreground of his desk.

On his large desk paper blotter covered with doodles, notes and phone numbers, he places the specimen bottles with the two hairs. Next to one hair he draws a brain, next to the other a kidney shape. Over the kidney he sketches a stick outline of the "Dresden" church -- over the brain, \* the Windmill.

A116 EXT: CORPORATE RIVERSIDE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A116

The entrance to Rebecca's brownstone. The security camera pointing at the empty street. Movement up past brownstone windows to Rebecca's front window. Through the window the living room is empty. The video screen is lit showing terrorist data. The CAT is curled up in the equipment. MAGNIFIED SOUNDS sound of its purring, of the video hiss, of breathing.

In the mirror, Rebecca is in bed surrounded by a litter of files and photos of terrorists.

Through the bedroom window: Rebecca's face and throat in the street light. Shadows of branches play on the bed, scrape against the window. Rebecca closes her eyes, the POV shifts to the alley below. A second POV is looking up at the window, then moves to the deserted street. The higher POV moves back to Rebecca's window.

116 OMIT

OMIT 116

117 OMIT

OMIT 117/

A118

A118\*

118

118

119 EXT: SOUTHSTREET SEAPORT - FULTON FISHMARKET - NIGHT

The Gothic Brooklyn Bridge in the BG, the SOUND of a FOG HORN now loud, ominous. Wilson walks through the waterfront fog, dwarfed by the creaking rigging of the great nineteenth century whaling ships. He moves by the sinister warehouses of the old fishmarket. Shadows flicker behind rusted grating.

A faint SOUND is heard, like something out of "Dresden". He stops, peers into the dark market and walks on. Wilson looks around suspiciously as he picks up his pace. The eerie surroundings play on his imagination. He begins to trot. A flash of black, either real or imagined. He begins to run.

A SOUND again and Wilson runs around a corner and finds himself trapped against a fence. For a moment he is overcome with panic. Silence. NIGHT CITY SOUNDS. Wilson, straining to listen, turns...

Suddenly out of a dark shadow, a WINO bursts up, thinking himself about to be rolled, and runs past a startled Wilson, colliding with garbage cans. There is a horrible SCREECH of ALLEY CATS, then CRASHING of garbage cans.

A small, stray DOG comes out and GROWLS at Wilson. He gives a high-pitched foolish chuckle and heads toward the ferry, not totally convinced he's not being stalked. The FOG HORN in the distance.

120 INT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

120

Rebecca's asleep in the bedroom. She wakes, listens. Wind. The street lights cast branch shadows on the livingroom ceiling. Rebecca freezes. There is another ceiling shadow. A low lump like something crawling across the livingroom terrace.

She moves to look at the terrace windows. The shadow is there on the curtains. She gets a gun and crosses to the windows. She hesitates then slams them open.

A121 EXT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A121

From above: Rebecca steps out and looks around. The balcony is empty.

B121 INT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

B121

Nothing suspicious, she turns. Suddenly something leaps up. It is the CAT, she almost shot it. It sits on the railing looking at her. She calls it in, closes and locks the windows.

REBECCA

Oh! One of these days...

122 INT: WILSON'S LIVING ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

122

Wilson is at the living room window. It is quiet, save for the WIND. He listens. He peers out, shadows playing against his face. His POV of the neighborhood, the New York City skyline. It is deserted, the dark trees swaying gracefully in the windswept night.

Suddenly a loud sound behind him. Wilson turns. He can't see anything. The PHONE RINGS -- Wilson relaxes. That was the sound. The PHONE RINGS again. He goes to the phone and picks it up, walks on into the bedroom.

REBECCA'S VOICE

Dewey?...Dewey, it's...it's  
Rebecca..Rebecca Neff... Hello?

WILSON

Yeah... You alright?

REBECCA

Yes, sure... You're asleep.

WILSON

No.

123 INT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

123

Rebecca is on the phone.

REBECCA

I just wanted to thank you for the day.  
Hello?

WILSON'S VOICE

Thanks.

REBECCA

Good night.

WILSON'S VOICE

Night.

She hangs up the phone. The cat watches her.

124 INT: WILSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

124

Wilson hangs up and puts the phone  
on the table. He looks at the gun next to it.

125 EXT: MANHATTAN FERRY LANDING - NIGHT

125

Through the ALIEN VISION, Wilson moves down the  
empty street as he had earlier. He boards the  
ferry. The ferry moves out.

CONTD

125 CONTD

CONTD 125

The ALIEN stops, watching the image of the ship dissolve into the night mist -- and then into blackness.

126 EXT: CENTRAL PARK - STORM DRAIN #1 - DAWN

126

A dark skyline of treetops and building spires forms. Then through the EXTRAORDINARY VISION a giant sun boils up from the horizon eating into buildings, leaves and clouds.

The MAGNIFIED sounds of BIRDS and INSECTS. The eye of a bird, its head slowly turning. Its wings hunch and spread as it glides from a tree and burns away into the sun.

The VISION retreats into a dark storm drain to hide. Inside with whatever it is, is a white human foot.

127 CONTD

OMIT 127

128 EXT: CENTRAL PARK DRIVE - MORNING

128

Wilson's car moving past horse buggies and autumn colors into Central Park. Beneath a bench is an empty shoe.

REBECCA's voice

A naturalist at the zoo?

WILSON

The hair isn't human. It's got to be an animal... doesn't it?

129 INT: CENTRAL PARK - STORM DRAIN #1 - MORNING

129

The loud echoing sound of a PING. From black the ALIEN VISION comes rapidly to focus on the blazing white half-circle of the tunnel opening. Another MAGNIFIED PING. The white darkens to show shattered sunlight on a water surface.

A nineteenth century China clipper comes into VIEW, its sails billowing. The sound of the BREEZE, the water RIPPLING as it knifes through. Another loud PING. The ALIEN VISION switches focus.

A small BOY with a wooden staff in his hand. He watches his model craft intently, then strikes the staff smartly against the concrete side of the boat pond. Another PING. The clipper changes course slightly.

The boy circles the pond, coming dangerously close to where the ALIENS are hiding. The ALIEN SENSES zero in on the boy to detect the first awareness of their presence. The boy strikes his staff in front of the storm drain -- the PING, resounding very loud.

The boy continues around the pond to safety to a bench where his FATHER is mending the sail of another craft.

Another sound. The ALIEN VISION rapidly switches focus down into the water. A large GOLD FISH is visible beneath the surface, pacing the sailboat like some great golden mythological whale.

130 INT - ZOO - ELEPHANT & SNAKE HOUSE - DAY

The head of a BOA, tongue flicking.

A white rat dashes across the floor of the elephant cage, a young naturalist, RICHARD FERGUSON catches it, approaching Wilson and Rebecca. He swings out through the cage bars.

FERGUSON

Snake. You sure it wasn't a snake.

Rebecca eyes him curiously as he feeds carrots and bread to an elephant, still holding the rat.

FERGUSON

New Yorkers are absolutely apeshit over snakes. Don't have to walk em. Boas, rattlers, cobras, pythons. More snakes in the Apple than the Amazon.

(to elephant)

Here you go, want a sandwich? Bread sandwich.

(continues to Rebecca)

The ME sends us dozens to identify. Comin up outta toilets, bitin people on the ass...

He offers the rat a carrot.

FERGUSON (to rat)

Want some?

(the rat sniffs the carrot)

You aint hungry? Big boys hungry, lets give it to big boy.

He gives the last of the carrots to the elephant then moves to the snake cage and enters. He crouches down near the boa and kisses the rat.

REBECCA (watching, to Wilson)

He's not, is he?

WILSON

I think he is.

Ferguson puts the rat down in front of the snake. The rat promptly runs up the snakes back, unafraid. The snake ignores the rat. Rebecca has closed her eyes, she ventures a peek, then turns away as if something has happened.

FERGUSON

Course snakes don't have hairs. You people got something with hair.

A131 EXT. ZOO - BEAR CAGE - DAY

A polar bear takes a huge chunk of meat from Ferguson, Wilson and Rebecca with him, watching as he supervises the feeding of the bears.

WILSON

Any idea what it is?

FERGUSON

Eyeballing it, I'd say you could eliminate vegetarians?

WILSON (looking at Rebecca)

Oh yeah?

FERGUSON

A carnivore. You got yourself some kinda meat eater. A bear, a cat, something like that.

B131 INT. ZOO - CAT CAGES - DAY

Ferguson throws a piece of meat to a lion. The lion ignores.

FERGUSON

Dead meat. Takes all the spirit outta them. I'm a vegetarian myself.

They move down the cages, past cheetas, panthers, other cats.

REBECCA

Which is your favorite, Dr. Ferguson?

FERGUSON

I'm into predators. What do you do?

REBECCA (looking at Wilson)

I'm into predators too.

WILSON

The sex lives of dictators.

FERGUSON

Oh yeah? Homo Sapiens. The only species that preys on more than it needs. I'll finish up here and we'll see what you got.

An old black panther stares at them, blind in one eye.

FERGUSON

Sorry sons a bitches.

A132 INT: DRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

A132 \*

The ALIEN VISION moves along in the dark storm drain tunnel, then turns down an intersecting one. An alligator flashes by. The ALIENS move toward an opening \* to look out...

132 INT: CENTRAL PARK - STORM DRAIN - DAY

132 \*

Live vibrant nature. A single brilliantly colored autumn leaf slaloms lazily through the air. It comes to rest in front of the ALIEN POV. In the magnified VISION, eye level down in the grass -- a giant fuzzy CATERPILLAR crawls out from under the leaf. It lumbers through the jungle tree grass blades. The sounds of its dozen legs, the grass bending aside as it moves. An ANT watches the monster approach, then scurries away.

A slowly growing THUNDERING sound rapidly approaching. The ALIEN POV racks focus to see giant wheels rolling rapidly over asphalt scattering leaves.

It is a GIRL ROLLER SKATER in shorts coming rapidly down hill. She goes out of control and sprawls in front of the storm drain. The ultra-frequency ALIEN SOUND, intense. She turns over and sits up, examining her skinned knees. Blood oozes from one knee. She squeezes the knee, drawing in breath.

GIRL

Damnit.

Her BOY FRIEND comes skating down the hill WHOOPING. She gets up and goes over to the pond with him to wash her knees. The boy LAUGHS, kisses her wound.

The VISION returns its view to the caterpillar, now contently munching on a flower petal.

B136 CONTD

FERGUSON (looking)

You're serious... No way.  
These wounds aren't random enough.  
An animal wouldn't make wounds  
like that.

WILSON

Can you train a wolf?

FERGUSON

Then it wouldn't be a wolf.

REBECCA

But could you train a wolf to do  
that?

FERGUSON

Absolutely not. People kill people.  
Wolves don't kill people, that's  
a myth.

He moves about the office, thoughtful.

FERGUSON

You know, in Yellowstone, this guy's  
wife was killed by a grizzly, and  
see, he remarried. And on his  
wedding night, while he was doing  
the deed, he told his new bride  
that he had killed his former  
wife with a bear claw.

(Rebecca reacts)

Don't lay this shit on animals.

REBECCA

So you can't train a wolf.

FERGUSON

Could someone train you?...  
They're too smart. Great apes,  
dolphins, wolves. There's nothing  
as smart. People once thought they  
were human.

He moves toward Wilson, thoughtful.

FERGUSON

You want to know about wolves?  
Talk to an Indian. They evolved  
and were destroyed together. Their  
societies are practically one and  
their same. They're tribal, they  
look out for their own, they don't  
over populate, and they're superb  
hunters... Infact, for many Indians,  
the wolf in the prime totem.

B136 CONTD

REBECCA  
Their alter ego.

FERGUSON  
It's deeper. It's the id, the  
unconscious.

Wilson looks at the stuffed wolf.

136 EXT. ZOO - DAY

Wilson and Rebecca exit the zoo under a musical animal  
clock.

WILSON  
What do you have on NAM?

REBECCA  
As in Viet?

WILSON  
As in Native American Movement...  
Broken Elbow, Wounded Knee...

REBECCA  
Very little. They haven't been  
active on the corporate front.  
I doubt that Indians have anything  
to do with this.



137 EXT. BROOKLYN SHORE - BENEATH MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Two INDIANS talking together on a dirt road.  
In the distance are the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan  
where the VanderVeers were killed, framed by the Brooklyn  
Bridge where their limousine passed and Holt watched.  
The Indians look toward Wilson and Rebecca in the foreground.  
They walk to them.

FOREMAN

You're looking for Eddie?

WILSON

Yeah.

FOREMAN

Wilson looks up. He's up there.  
The huge skeleton of the iron bridge.  
Atop the ball on the bridge arch in the tiny figure of  
an Indian.

WILSON

Can you get him down?

FOREMAN

I will. In four hours. You want  
to talk to him. Go on up. You  
want to wait. The bar's over there.

WILSON (to Rebecca)

Want to see the sights?

REBECCA

Where's the elevator?

FOREMAN

It's a walk up.

REBECCA

WILSON (looking up)

Where are the stairs?

FOREMAN (throwing him a safety belt)

There aren't any.

138 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Wilson gets out of his car in the middle of the bridge. He has  
the safety belt on.

WILSON (to Rebecca who is in the car)

I'll see you later... I hope.

He

looks up to see an Indian moving rapidly up the suspension cable,  
carrying a large section of pipe easily. At the top of the  
bridge arch, other Indians are erecting some communication  
equipment. Wilson climbs up on the cable, looks down at the  
water and clips in. He moves awkwardly up the cable.

CONTD.

CONTD

38  
Far below REBECCA stands at Wilson's car, looking up at the tiny figure which is WILSON, now halfway up. An INDIAN moves rapidly up the cable toward WILSON. WILSON plods slowly along, clipping in, sliding his hands along, stepping carefully. The INDIAN approaches, WILSON unclips and allows him to pass. The INDIAN looks at him curiously as he passes, carrying equipment. WILSON's foot slips and he catches himself. He looks down as a boat passes beneath, dizzily. He glances at Rebecca who is looking up at him. His stomach lurches.

At the top of the bridge, a derrek swings around, bringing up the top part of an antenna tower. On top of the lower part of the tower is EDDIE HOLT, gesturing to the derrek operators to guide the tower into position. The piece comes down and HOLT and another INDIAN bolt it into place. WILSON watches as he inches his way up the last part of the cable and crawls onto the upper platform. He clips onto a safety cable and stands erect in the eerie, whispering wind. The INDIAN WORKERS finish setting the antenna tower in place. Only then do they notice WILSON. HOLT looks down. He grins seeing WILSON immobile. He climbs down gracefully and ends up standing easily and unconcerned unclipped in front of WILSON, his back to empty space.

WILSON

So, you guys are born with no  
fear of height.

HOLT

Like we're born alcoholics? You want to be  
a hero, you get a hero's job.

WILSON

Keeping out of trouble up here?

HOLT

I got a good job and good pay. That's about  
it.

WILSON

Any politics on the side?

CONTD.

HOLT

Politics? You live in the past as much as I do. A little drinkin', a little smokin'. That's about it.

WILSON

You're still in touch.

HOLT

With what? The guy next door? Your mother?

WILSON

Mother nature.

HOLT

Sure. I swim like a fish and fuck like a bunny. I can shift with the best of them,.

WILSON

Shift?

HOLT

Shape shift. We do it for kicks.

WILSON

Oh yeah?

HOLT

Turn into some other animal. One night a salmon, the next a deer...

WILSON

Or a wolf?

HOLT looks at WILSON. Smiles.

HOLT

Sure. Or an eagle.

(he unclips one clamp)  
It's all in the head.

(he unclips the other,  
now behind WILSON)

Try it Dewey. Flap your arms and jump.

(he clicks the clamps)

It's easy.

HOLT nudges him toward the unprotected edge. REBECCA watches the tiny figures.

WILSON

That'd be murder. You wouldn't kill anybody else, would you.

HOLT (shrugs mysteriously)

That's what they pay you to find out.

He swings away easily leaving Wilson alone at the very edge. Wilson backs slowly away, reaches out and grabs a safety cable. He clips in, then looks out at the great island city.

A141 INT. E.S.S. - DAY

Video screens: INDIAN RADICALS, GROUPS, statistics, background data. Images of violence from the American Indian Movement. Eddie Holt's photo appears.

REBECCA's voice  
He works for us.

She and Wilson are looking at the video screens.

WILSON  
Eddie Holt works for you?

REBECCA  
Indirectly. He's installing communication equipment for E.S.S. More interesting than that, he was on the bridge when the Vander Veers crossed Sunday morning. He showed up about five A.M. drunk or stoned or maybe it was an act.

WILSON  
And climbed to the top.

REBECCA  
Strange bird. He's always on those bridges. Guards thought nothing of it. They watch him through night viewing devices. He just sits up there.

WILSON  
Talking to ancestors.

Wilson looks at an image of Indian violence on a monitor.

WILSON  
Some kind of advance scout...  
He didn't come any nearer the Battery?

REBECCA  
Not that anyone saw.

WILSON  
Maybe they didn't recognize him.

An image of an INDIAN RADICAL wrapped in an animal skin.

## A139 INT. STORM DRAIN - TWILIGHT

The ALIEN VISION moves silently along the dark passage toward an opening...

## 139 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT FALL

Through the EXTRAORDINARY VISION - the craters of the moon. The giant ice blue sphere rises slowly through the trees in a skyscraper canyon. It is night.

The ALIEN VISION moves from the storm drain. It glides slowly, cautiously through park trees and shrubs. FAMILIES, CYCLISTS and JOGGERS passing nearby, their sounds magnified and monitored. The ALIEN movement is not particularly purposeful. The POV switches from one ALIEN to another as they cruise through the foliage cover.

Checking each direction for people, the ALIEN POV moves across the path that leads to the zoo entrance. It suddenly stops and moves back to the path, concentrating on the pavement, motionless.

Images of PARK GOERS pulse in ghost images and then vanish. The ALIENS are searching for something. Other PARK GOERS materialize, then vanish - Then images of Rebecca and Wilson - entering and exiting the zoo - then an image of Ferguson with them.

The images vanish - the ALIENS move through the foliage toward the zoo.

141 INT: MORCUE - MASS AUTOPSY - NIGHT

141

Whittington alone working over a table with the Haitian on it. An eerie cone of light coming down over him. Next to him on another table are some body parts. Rock & roll music.

There is a SCRAPING sound. Whittington looks up, into the deep shadows of the empty morgue. He squints then turns back to his work.

POV through SCOPE -- strange multi-colored bacteria eating away at diseased cells.

Behind Whittington a shadow moves across the floor toward him as he continues to look through his scope. Wilson touches him. WILSON

Ha, ha.

WHITTINGTON

Jesus Christ man, don't do that kind a shit.

WILSON

So you ghouls do get the creeps in here. (He nods to the Haitian). What's he have to say?

WHITTINGTON

It's what Ferguson'll say. He's on his way down. These Bronx parts are mighty interesting. Pal, they came from eight different men and women... And each piece, each fucking piece -- standby -- is diseased. Boom. Hear what I'm sayin?

WILSON

Yeah, boom.

WHITTINGTON

(pointing)

Cirrhotic liver, cancerous lung, diseased heart...

Out of focus parts.

WILSON

Hospital garbage?

WHITTINGTON

a heart, a liver -- Dew-- you can't live without 'em -- why take 'em out?

CONTD

141 CONTD

WILSON

So mutilation. Some clown in...  
a morgue.

CONTD 141

WHITTINGTON

That's what I was thinking... Until  
Sayad shows me his card. Look...

They peer over Alve's body. Wilson looks through a gross  
tissue scope.

WHITTINGTON (contd)

Those faint striation patterns on  
his throat and on the parts...they're  
identical...not cuts...tears.

WILSON

Like teeth.

WHITTINGTON

Very sharp teeth.

Wilson raises up.

WHITTINGTON (contd)

Something up there might be eating  
people...

WILSON

But not eatin' those.

WHITTINGTON

Right, not eatin' those. How did  
they know they were diseased? It took me  
a day with all this shit I got to work with  
to find that out. Must be something smart.

WILSON

Damned smart.

FERGUSON'S voice

A predator.

They turn as Ferguson walks across to them.

FERGUSON

One with two fuckin' feet and a  
warped brain. Homo Sapiens.  
The worst in the lot.

WHITTINGTON

Canibalism? People eating people? Come  
on, Ferguson. These arne't human teeth marks.  
I ain't that dumb.

Ferguson looks down at Sayad. He and Whittington become  
progressively fascinated with the marks, excluding Wilson.

FERGUSON

Look at the way the carotids are torn,  
and the frenetic nerve severed. You know what  
kind of mind that takes?

CONTD

141

CONTD

WHITTINGTON

Come on around here, man, and look at the striations in the scope. Now that's off his wrist, that's off his throat. \*

Fergie looks. \*

WILSON

Is it an animal?

Whittington adjusts device.

FERGUSON.

Maybe...

WHITTINGTON

Well, it ain't human.

WILSON (Murmurs)

Shape shifting.

FERGUSON

See, the body is just a physical expression of the soul. The soul can shift its body into any shape it wants. Kinda the survival of the shiftiest. \*

WHITTINGTON

What is that shit?

WILSON

Someone changed into an animal?

FERGUSON (shrugs)

Reality is a state of mind.  
Change the mind and... \*

WHITTINGTON

Fergie, the striations, man, in the scope.

FERGUSON

I just got here, gimme time. \*

WHITTINGTON

What are you, double parked?

Wilson, left alone, drifts away. Long walk out past refrigerators and the lone coffin. Sayad was buried in. \*

FERGUSON

What else have you got? \*

WHITTINGTON

I got my Bronx liver. Comin' up.

FERGUSON

You got a phosphoresus?...

142 EXT: CENTRAL PARK - WALL - EVENING

ALIEN VISION: Through foliage examines people the park -- a FAT JOGGER, sitting under a tree, winded. A CHILD tricycling alone behind his PARENTS.

In the shadow of the park wall, shapes glide in single file.

ALIEN VISION: Moves along the wall. Street sounds from beyond are magnified. The wall "melts" away. Whatever it is "envisions" beyond the stone wall-- on streetside benches -- A COUPLE necking, KIDS drinking soda, and OLDER MAN reading a newspaper...

Then a hundred yards ahead -- a BLACK GAY SKATER, swishing and jiving down the sidewalk in tight pants, shirt and rainbow suspenders. He stops at a bench, checks his watch, looks around, dances a little on the spot, then sprawls provocatively on the bench waiting for his date. Behind him a war statue.

The shadows move on the other side of the wall from the skater. Something jumps up on the wall.

ALIEN VISION examines him; his throat as his head is tipped back over the bench, his squirming in time with a tune on his headset.

The VISION looks and listens up and down the street. Only traffic, no one on foot for at least fifty yards -- except a POLICEMAN outside the building across the street, listening to a RADIO. He glances back into the lobby...

The skater hears a noise behind him. He purses his lips, makes kissing noises...

SKATER

Jaque....?

The skater opens his eyes. They widen in terror. His POV -- descending on him.

In SLOW MOTION the VISION descends plunging, ripping out the throat.

CONTINUED

142

CONTINUED

In the shadows a shape is on the skater, then back up on the wall in a split second. The sounds of the street resume.

ALIEN VISION: the body in convulsions.

The Policeman returns his glance to the street. The ALIEN VISION monitors him, his facial heat, heart and respiration. He has noticed nothing.

Shadows work around the body of the skater. It lifts and soundlessly disappears over the wall.

The bench is now empty, the blood gone, nothing happened. Beneath the bench blood seeps into the dirt.

A143 EXT: INDIAN BAR - CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

A143

The flaked paint and broken lights of the WIGWAM BAR, the rusted skeleton of the Coney Island parachute ride, a totem pole in the distance. Wilson is standing beside an unmarked police car down the street from the bar. A DETECTIVE is in the driver's seat, his partner beside him.

DETECTIVE

These guys sure live up to their reputation.

WILSON

Uh hum...

DETECTIVE

I wouldn't want to wake up an Indian, Captain. You want to collar them?

WILSON(Shakes head)

No, you can take off.

The Detective starts the car, hands Wilson a coffee container.

DETECTIVE

All right, inject this into your system.

WILSON

Thanx.

DETECTIVE

Captain? Remember, you want to sneak up on them, you put your toes down first.

WILSON

Yeah, get outta here.

The Detective drives off. Wilson goes to his car and gets in.

An INDIAN comes out of the bar. It isn't Holt.

B143 INT: WILSON'S CAR - NIGHT

B143

Wilson starts the engine, turns on the heater and radio. He sips coffee and waits.

143 INT: FERGUSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

143

An AERIAL SHOT down through timber of a pack of wolves pursuing a moose through snow. Ferguson is running a wolf film alone in his basement office. Through a high window it is dark outside. Ferguson, more than the film, is absorbed in graphs, charts and computer data on wolves scattered about. He records wolf data into a tape recorder.

CONTD

## FERGUSON

Maximum speed, 40 miles per hour...Jaw pressure, 1500 pounds per square inch, pulverizing bones as big as ball bats... Auditory range, 100,000 cycles - bat sonar down to earth tremors. Visual acuity, 20 over 1200 at 5 lumens - starlight. Range 1000 millimicrons infra-red to 200 microns ultraviolet. Heat vision... The organ olfactus, their most sophisticated sense. 10 million times more sensitive than the human nose...

He stops recording, the film has drawn his attention. It shows the slaughtering of wolves from planes. Men in military helicopters fly low over running wolves, killing them with automatic rifles. Two men hold up a dead wolf between them, posing for the camera as if with a dead outlaw. Another man cuts raw meat from a freshly killed wolf and eats it, a tradition to gain the wolf's courage and strength.

Ferguson watches the slaughter with tears in his eyes, deeply moved. He picks up the tape recorder and dictates.

## FERGUSON

Chapter nine, the conclusion - the deadly dialogue. Man is the only animal what takes life without asking. The wolf, the wolf speaks to his world... When a wolf pack confronts a moose in the wild, they lock eyes. If the moose stands his ground, the wolves will pass. But if the moose turns and runs, the moose is saying, 'I'm ready to die, there is dignity and meaning to my death. My life becomes the life of the wolf... Man made himself, God created the wolf. Don't fuck with God... Amen...

## A144 EXT. INDIAN BAR - NIGHT

The bar door opens. Holt comes out with the Indian Foreman and another young Indian. They're a bit drunk. They move past Wilson's car speaking Indian. Wilson gets out of his car and follows at a distance. Coney Island rides ahead.

## B144 EXT. OCEAN BLVD - CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

A full moon, the three Indians stop, looking up at it. The Foreman turns to Holt, and in a kind of ceremony puts something in Holt's mouth, making a sign and saying something in Indian. Holt moves away from the other two, heading for the ocean. He stops, leans against a fortune telling sign to take a leak. Wilson comes up behind him.

HOLT (without turning to see who it is)

You're late, Dewey. Rides are all closed.

## WILSON

Christopher VanderVeer.

CONTD

B144 CONTD

B144

HOLT  
He's dead... (turns, grins)

Holt continues to walk on toward the ocean.

C144

EXT: BOARD WALK - BEACH - NIGHT - THUNDER

C144

The moon, a half crescent shimmering over the sea.  
Rain clouds.

HOLT (change of tone)  
What are you after?

WILSON  
Wolves.

HOLT (grins)

Wolves...you've never seen one, have you?

Wilson shakes his head slowly. Holt looks up at the moon.

HOLT  
Would you like to?

They are standing on the sand. Holt looks enigmatically at Wilson and begins unbuttoning his clothing.

HOLT  
Sure you would.

His eyes lock on Wilson's. He takes off his jacket, his clothing.

Holt turns and looks out to sea. Naked, listening to the sea, the wind.

Beneath the dark pylons of the pier, fresh water bubbles out in the sand from a broken main, forming a large clear pool like a pond in a night forest.

Holt moves to the pool and bends to the sand. With his hand he makes four wolf-prints in the sand. Down on all fours he puts his feet and hands in them.

The moon and Holt are reflected in the still pool. He brings his face down and slowly laps the water like a wolf. The ripples shatter the moon's image and Wilson's reflection. The sound of a gull's wings and a lazy sea.

Holt's face is changing, his spine arching, his eyes wild -- his body spasms as if going through some shift in shape... Then he slowly rolls in the sand, legs and arms pawing the air gently. Wilson watches, fascinated, almost hypnotized.

CONTD

C144 CONTD

CONTD C144

Holt rolls up on all fours again, sniffs the air, nostrils flaring. He makes louder wolf sounds, then

He takes off leaping and bounding across the sand like a wolf, splashing through the surf and leaping up on a rock. He howls at the moon. Wilson comes out of his spell. From his POV Holt is now just a drunken, howling Indian putting him on. Wilson smiles grimly and turns away... On the rock, Holt howls again - this time as if he has really changed into a wolf. His face is wild. He whirls and races back toward Wilson who continues on, no idea he is being stalked until - Suddenly Holt leaps in front of him, blocking Wilson's path. Holt circles him, a low guttural sound comes from his throat, foam is on his lips. Wilson backs away uneasily.

WILSON

You made your point, Eddie...

Wilson moves again. Holt moves swiftly, almost magically, again blocking his path. Holt draws his lips back showing his teeth. His fingers arch, his nails and teeth threatening. Wilson watches Holt circle. His snarl and growl very ominous. Wilson backs away.

WILSON

Cut it Eddie...

Holt comes on, more ominous. Wilson draws his gun.

WILSON

Cut it...NOW!

Holt stops. He feigns a turn away, then knocks Wilson's gun away with a quick paw-like swipe. Holt backs Wilson away til he stumbles and falls in the water.

Holt stops. He breaks into a grin, human again. He's been putting Wilson on.

HOLT

Shape shifting... Dewey, I told you man... It's all in the head.

Holt laughs maniacally. Wilson looks at him, uncertain whether he is being put on or if this too is another mind game.

EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

The EXTRAORDINARY VISION moves through the zoo, past animal cages. Loud sounds as the ANIMALS react to the alien presence. The VISION searches, moving to a lighted basement window. Ferguson is at his desk inside.

INT. FERGUSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ferguson, thoughtful, then...

FERGUSON

Wolves howl when they hear sirens...  
sirens...

He glances out the dark window, then picks up a phone and dials.

FERGUSON

I'd like to report a fire... At  
64th and fifth near the park.  
I don't have the exact address.  
You can't miss it, its in blazes...  
I'm Peter... Peter Wolf. Yeah,  
goodbye.

He hangs up and hurries to a quarter inch tape deck and an elaborate sound system. He picks up a microphone, opens the window and puts it outside. He turns on the tape deck as... SIRENS approach from a distance until they are very loud. Ferguson adjust an equilizer to filter out certain frequencies as the sirens continue. He stops adjusting the equipment and smiles. He hears something. He rewinds the tape deck, plays back the sound: mixed in with the sirens, very faintly, are wolf howls.

FERGUSON

They're out there.

He turns off the equipment excitedly, picks up his coat and goes out the door.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Ferguson, riding a moped comes out of fog. He drives into a dark tunnel. The sound of his moped cuts off. Ferguson dismounts and walks to one end of the tunnel. He peers out into the dark fog. He waits a moment, then cups his hands to his mouth and howls like a wolf. The sound echos loud in the tunnel. Ferguson speaks quietly into the darkness.

FERGUSON

I know you're there... I know you  
can hear me...

(no reply)

I just came cause I wanted to know  
what you wanted... Hello?

CONTD.

CONT

No response from the darkness. Ferguson cups his hands and HOWLS again, very loud. Silence, he waits, and then.... very, very loudly whatever it is answers him...a SHRIEKING, HOWLING sound so loud it terrifies Ferguson...He backs away down the tunnel in fear as the sounds continue. He turns and runs for his moped, mounts it and rides off in panic.

A155 EXT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - FOG

A155

Fog, trees, street wet with rain. Wilson is standing across from the brownstone. The lights are out in Rebecca's apartment, a window is open, a curtain blowing. Across the street are park trees where anything might be hiding. Wilson looks at the trees, down the alley. He puts his hood up, gun in hand. He goes to his car and gets in.

B155 EXT: CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

B155

Ferguson undulates along a path on his moped. He senses something and glances to the side. On the other side of the bushes something is pacing him. He looks worried and opens out the throttle. It remains even with him. Ferguson glances to his other side and behind. Something is right next to the rear wheel. Teeth, pounding legs. He panics, the throttle -open. Suddenly claws tear at his leg - he screams as his pants shred, blood flows from claw marks, Ferguson is hysterical.

The ALIEN POV tracking through the bushes,  
pacing him as Ferguson wildly rides his moped.

The moped strains a little faster -- it is outdistancing whatever is after him. Ferguson looks back to either side -- nothing. People in the distance ahead. He is safe. Suddenly, a dark shape dives out of cover ahead. Teeth, jaws flying at him, clamping down on his face and ripping him from the scooter. He disappears into bushes.

CONTD

159 CONTD

CONTD 159

REBECCA (contd)  
 And gets into bed with the wolf.

WILSON (as she gets into tub)  
 Grandma had a double bath.

REBECCA (settling in tub with Wilson)  
 Should she stay and resolve the  
 oedipal conflict? Or bolt from  
 the bed? She is virtuous, but  
 tempted. She wants to experience  
 the complete male nature. The  
 rescuing father figure...  
 the dangerous seducer...  
 The unselfish, thoughtful, protective  
 hero-hunter...  
 or the tremendous excitement, the  
 great anxiety...of the violent  
 selfish, erotic, lustful wolf.

She kisses him. They sink under water, coming  
 up laughing and sputtering.

160 INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

160

Wilson and Rebecca in bed. She is talking, he is touching  
 her face, first comically, then serious. Magnified sensory  
 images, sound, smell, taste, touch.

161 EXT: BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

161

The ALIEN POV - moving through trees, across street  
 up alley, firescape to look in bedroom window.

Magnified sounds and images of Rebecca and Wilson  
 in bed. The ALIENS withdraw.

162 INT: REBECCA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rebecca is asleep in bed with the cat.

Wilson is in the living room buttoning up his shirt.  
 He watches her sleep, then picks up a marking pen.  
 On the TV screen he draws his face smiling: his eyes, nose,  
 mouth, and a cigar and smoke. He turns on the TV: an image  
 of the empty downstairs foyer appears.

Al63 INT: ESS - MORNING

Al63 \*

Wilson appears on a video screen exiting the foyer.

163 EXT: BROWNSTONE - MORNING

163 \*

Wilson comes out the door, hesitates, looks about. The sound of a spuddering moped. Wilson moves to cross the street as a FAT MAN in a jogging outfit wobbles past on Ferguson's moped. Wilson glances at the man and continues on to his car as the fat man moves on.

Al64

Al64\*

B164

B164\*

164

OMIT

OMIT

165

164

Al66

Al66

B166

B166

C166 INT: FERGUSON'S OFFICE

C166

A stuffed wolf in the darkness. The door opens. Wilson finds a switch -- a film projector comes on. It is a CARTOON with the three little pigs SINGING "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf". The pig's house is an armed fortress. A cartoon wolf, a caricature of Hitler in Nazi uniform, is goose stepping toward the fortress at the head of a Panzer Corps.

Wilson turns down the sound, turns on the light and looks around the office. The room is cluttered with wolf reasearch.

Wilson picks up Ferguson's tape recorder, rewinds it and clicks it on.

FERGUSON'S voice

...I'm ready to die. My life becomes the life of the wolf. Man made himself, God created the wolf. Don't fuck with God. Amen.

Wilson reacts to the words, turns off the tape noticing the microphone in the open window. He goes over to the large sound system, turns on the reel to reel tape deck. He rewinds the tape and plays it back. Loud sounds of sirens and wolf howls. Wilson's face, confused by the meaning of the tapes.

D166 INT: REBECCA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

127.  
D166

On the video screen is the empty foyer. Rebecca comes from the bedroom and looks at the screen. She squints - is there something else there? She goes to the TV and sees Wilson's cartoon reacts pleasantly, turns off the TV, the cartoon stays visible, the cigar. She hugs the tv.

E166 INT: FERGUSON'S OFFICE - DAY

E166  
\*

The sounds of sirens and howls. Wilson's cigar ash falls on the floor. A mop sweeps over it. A JANITOR is silently mopping the floor and watching Wilson. Wilson is sitting at the desk reading wolf literature.

Whittington enters, looks at Wilson, Janitor and wolf. He glances up at speakers. Wilson gets up, turns off tape. Whittington gives him a folder.

WHITTINGTON

It's all very weird, Dew, And it ain't just New York. I started with just Newark and Philly, cross-referencing parts rooms with their M.E. reports... Dew, I got verification on our MO. New Orleans came up with a hair... a goddamn canis lupis hair...

He pulls one, glances at Janitor and crosses to Wilson.

CONTD

E166 CONTD

128.  
CONTD E166

WHITTINGTON (quiet)  
On a goddam diseased human liver...  
I'm checking other cities Dew.  
You know how many people disappear,  
vanish every year without a trace?  
I think I know where they're going.

He opens his mouth and points his finger into it.  
Wilson picks up the hair, looks at wolf.

WHITTINGTON  
I dunno, man, last I spoke to Fergie,  
between him and me, we don't come up  
with anything that has the capacity  
to do this.

(to janitor)  
Hey, you seen Professor Ferguson?

Janitor says something in a foreign language.

WHITTINGTON  
Fergie never went home last  
night. His mother called, freaked out!  
(he picks up a graphic of a were-wolf)  
What's this?...  
Maybe you oughtta put out an all  
points for him.

WILSON  
As victim or suspect?

WHITTINGTON  
Fergie? I went to high school with Fergie.  
He's weird but not that weird.

WILSON  
Maybe you oughtta show that to the  
commissioner.

WHITTINGTON  
Show what, Dew? ...how 'bout some  
corroboration. We get slammed  
into a psychiatric review board  
....you know man, this is...  
(He flutters his hand, He picks up a potato chip)  
And you can't eat just one. You like that?  
Can't eat just one.  
So what now, Sherlock?

Wilson looks at wolf.

WILSON (murmurs)  
Dresden.

A167 INT: E.S.S. - DAY

From upper room: activity below, terrorist data on screens, Ross talking urgently. Rebecca is at a computer terminal in the upper room.

REBECCA (typing)  
General encyclopedia.

COMPUTER  
Ready.

REBECCA  
Werewolf.

COMPUTER  
Were = man + wolf: a person transformed into a wolf...generally by means of an exchange with the devil. See: mythology, religion.

REBECCA  
More.

COMPUTER  
A scapegoat: concept popularized by Medieval Catholic Church to eliminate heretics and radicals, generally by burning.

REBECCA  
Graphics.

Several werewolf images come up on the video screen.

REBECCA  
Leukos.

COMPUTER  
Greek root word = light-devil-wolf.

REBECCA  
Hati.

COMPUTER  
German: Skoll, Managarm, Hati -  
mythological wolves: Gotterdammerung.

ROSS (voice on intercom)  
Rebecca Neff.

Rebecca erases screen, goes to glass, looks down.  
Activity below, something's up. Ross gestures to her.

157 INT: WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Hissing scope against the "Dresden" church among the doodles of the clues on the desk pad. Wilson, dressed in black, is at his desk adjusting an electronic night viewing device. He lifts it up. Whittington is standing in the door, dressed in an Hawaiian shirt, old brown leather jacket, dark pants, and a navy blue wool cap. Wilson shakes his head in despair.

WHITTINGTON

Listen..I was in Nam and I didn't have to go.  
I had my 4F. I was safe. Then I got my shingle.  
My ass shot over there in a second.

WILSON

You didn't see any action?

WHITTINGTON

Action? You kidding? Gunshots, bayonet wounds,  
fragging victims....

Wilson looks up.

WILSON

Come on.

WHITTINGTON

GI's squabbling with their girlfriends.

WILSON(shakes head)

What was your 4f?

WHITTINGTON

Nothin'--I faked it.  
Listen, I hate violence, Dew. But if violence comes  
I'm ready. I'm a dead shot and a karate expert. My  
whole body's a weapon, hah.

Whittington kicks and hops about. Warren stands in the doorway. Whittington kicks the door shut on him and continues to maneuver until he sees Warren through the glass. He opens the door.

WARREN

I'm not even gonna ask.  
Ross and the Feds have got  
themselves a big play. You're  
invited. You don't need a tie.

WILSON (shakes his head)

I don't like parties.

WARREN

Alright, you and Whittington  
go right on playing with hair  
and dead derelicts.

WILSON (with conviction)

There's a connection.

WARREN

To Vander Veer? It's a real  
jump from the south  
Bronx to Wall Street.

WHITTINGTON (shrugs)

Sunday mornings -- folks like  
to dress up and go downtown  
to eat.

Wilson shakes his head.

WARREN

Do they?  
Then why didn't they eat  
Vander Veer? He'd taste  
better than a junkie.

WHITTINGTON

I don't know...But you know  
how many people disappear daily?  
(points to mouth)

WARREN (points to self)

Hey, twenty eight years.

WHITTINGTON

Okay, you know, hundreds. And  
nobody gives a leapin shit till  
it's someone who'll be missed.

WARREN (flat)

So what.

WHITTINGTON

So the APB on Ferguson's comin'  
up goose eggs.

167 CONTD

WARREN

Who?

WILSON

Dr. Ferguson.

WARREN

Oh.

WILSON

Listen, what the fuck have you got?

Whittington eyes the two.

WARREN

Nothing... yet.

He goes out the door. Whittington and Wilson exchange the black slap.

WHITTINGTON

All right...

Wilson looks at Whittington's bright red shirt.

WILSON

You look like a goddamn Christmas tree.

WHITTINGTON (looking at shirt)

So I just zip up... A touch a color for special occasions - weddings, barmitzvas, barbeques... funerals...

A168 EXT. "DRESDEN" - LATE AFTERNOON

The surreal panorama of the destroyed, abandoned buildings. Wilson and Whittington moving across the rubble, keeping out of sight, carrying rifles and other equipment wrapped in cloth.

WHITTINGTON

You're sure they're here?

WILSON

I'm not sure of anything - least of all what they are.

Partly hidden in the window of a burned out building, a YOUNG BOY watches them. The WILD CHILD disappears into the darkness inside.

C168 INT. BURNED OUT TENEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Whittington leaps up onto a window ledge, steps carefully inside. He peers up at the skeletal structure, the inside of the tenement largely burned away. He makes his way to what remains of the stairs and heads up.

At an upper landing he pushes open a door. Something moves ahead of him. He cries out. It is his own reflection in a broken mirror. He adjusts his hat in the mirror and moves on up the burned stairway.

D168 INT. SECOND TENEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Wilson comes down broken stairs from the roof. He makes his way cautiously through the broken building. Images of family life in abandoned apartments as he moves to a window and looks out. Across a vast rubble field is the burned out church. He unpacts a rifle and night scope.

F168 INT. TENEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Whittington comes in a burned out apartment. He looks out the window at the burned out church.

WHITTINGTON

Holy shit.

He is 1800 apposite Wilson. He looks about uneasily then sets down his rifle and gear and moves to blockade the door.

WHITTINGTON

Board this place up. Protect my back...

(puts final board in place)

There... mess with that.

E168 INT. E.S.S. - NIGHT

On the thermographic lie detector screen: a MAN with long hair is speaking. Through the one way mirror Rebecca is questioning him. Ross is listening to the interrogation in the control with the technicians.

REBECCA

Wolves are involved?

LONG HAIREd MAN

Sure... What is it?... Armageddon, Apocolypse... Gotterdammerung. A new beginning, after the end of the world by wolves...

Ross watches the infrared image of the man, looks to the Technician.

TECHNICIAN

Everything he's said checks.

ROSS (clicks intercom)

Get me the police commissioner and the FBI.

169 INT. WHITTINGTON'S TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Through Whittington's infra-red night scope: the World Trades and the Empire State as he pans Manhattan Island in the distance.

169 CONTD

WHITTINGTON (singing)  
New York, New York, its a hell of  
a town, The Brcnx is up and the  
Battery's down, The people live  
in holes in the ground...

He pans his scope down to the area the church. It is as  
bright as day through the scope. A figure moves round  
the corner of a building. It is a BLACK MAN moving  
slowly along.

WHITTINGTON  
Umm... green brother.

The scope turns everything shimmering shades of green.  
Whittington lowers the scope and looked out at the rows  
of burned tenements.

WHITTINGTON  
First class... Get me some beer  
here.

He reaches down and picks up a can of beer: He has a  
headset on connected to a parabolic microphone next to  
him. Unintensionally he opens the beer directly in front  
of the sensitive microphone. The pop is like a bomb  
exploding over his headset. He screams out, then realizes  
what has happened. He takes a drink of beer and burps  
into the mike. He turns toward the barricaded door  
as if to make sure it's still secure.

170 INT. WILSON'S TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson is peering through his scope, searching the area.  
Through the scope: the area is now deserted. Nothing  
moving except a paper and dust blowing. Wilson pans the  
church where he saw the eyes...

WILSON (over two-way radio  
throat microphone)  
Whittington... Whittington...

No answer. Wilson moves his scope to scan the windows  
in Whittington's tenement. No sign of Whittington.

WILSON (concerned)  
Whittington...

Through the scope, the flash of a light. Wilson moves the  
scope to a window. Whittington is standing on a window  
ledge flashing a light. He has dropped his drawers - his  
naked black ass faces Wilson.

WILSON (over radio)  
Very funny.

Whittington turns to face Wilson, grinning.

WHITTINGTON  
Black moon over Manhattan!

## 170A INT. WHITTINGTON'S TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Whittington jumps down into his room, pulling up his pants.

WHITTINGTON (talking to  
Wilson over throat mike)  
I tell you, Dew, I'm beginning  
to feel a little foolish out here.

WILSON's voice over radio  
I hear ya.

WHITTINGTON  
Aint gonna bag no game tonight.  
They're too smart for us, babe.  
They're probably eatin' in town.  
A little white meat, a little  
stuffin, brandy and cigars...

WILSON's voice  
They're here.

WHITTINGTON (mocking)  
They're here...

He looks about the room uneasily. He picks up his gun and looks outside. Through the scope: something moves: its Wilson.

WHITTINGTON  
Hey. Where you headin'?

## 171 EXT. DRESDEN - NIGHT

Whittington's POV of Wilson crouching, stealthily moving over the rubble to the ruined church. He carries the assault rifle with the night scope. He climbs into the church through a smashed out window, as carefully and quietly as he can.

## 172 INT. RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

WHITTINGTON's radio voice  
So... anything?

Wilson says nothing, cautiously looking around, retracing his route through the church. Nothing. He moves up the tower stairs.

WHITTINGTON's voice  
So what's with the tower?...  
That thing got a basement.

Wilson moves step by step down the stairs toward the basement. The amplified sound of his breathing and heart-beat is heard.

## 173 INT. WHITTINGTON'S TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Whittington, looking through the scope at the church, listening to the sounds of Wilson's breath and heart.

173 CONTD

WHITTINGTON (singing)  
I can hear your fucking heart beat,  
Like a goddamn freight train rolling...

He laughs, munching on a potato chip.

174 INT. RUINED CHURCH - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Wilson nears the bottom of the stairs, a door ahead.

175 INT. WHITTINGTON'S TENEMENT - NIGHT

A hole in the ceiling of Whittington's room - CLAWS appear.

The ALIEN POV through the hole in the ceiling:  
Whittington, oblivious of their presence, back  
to them, eating chips.

WHITTINGTON (to Wilson)  
Gettin' a little excited huh, Dew?  
Pants wet yet?... You know,  
ya can't eat just one!

176 INT: RUINED CHURCH - STAIRWELL 176

Wilson, at the bottom of the stairs, at a door. His hand reaches out. He jerks it open. BIRDS screech out past him. \*

His ear plug is torn from his ear.

177 INT: TENEMENT 177

WHITTINGTON (whispering into mike)  
Dew..anything? Dew. What's going on?

He feels he's being watched. He whirls -- his gun catches on the bars, his head comes round, shots are FIRED.

A178 INT: RUINED CHURCH - STAIRWELL A178

Wilson hears a shot, hears noise over earphone, puts earplug back in ear, and listens.

B178 INT: TENEMENT B178

Whittington has assumed a marshall arts stance before a huge black WOLF. He moves slowly...then kicks, in slow motion, his leg extended over his head...

178 INT: RUINED CHURCH - STAIRWELL 178

Wilson is listening to the earphone. There is the sound of a crash, then nothing.

WILSON (whisper)  
Whit? Whit? \*

He backs up the stairs.

WILSON  
Whit? Goddam it! \*

A179 INT: TENEMENT A179

Whittington's earphone is on the floor covered with blood. A shadow moves over it.

WILSON's voice  
Whittington!

179 EXT: DRESDEN - NIGHT 179

Wilson comes bursting out of the church and runs across the rubble toward the tenement.

180 INT: TENEMENT 180

Wilson jumps in the window, cautiously. He peers ahead at the maze of rubble. He moves ahead, searching for the way up. His POV of a darting shape. He raises his rifle and FIRES. SLOW MOTION of the tracers coming at incadescent doppler dreamlike speed.

180 CONTD

Wilson moves ahead rapidly. A door is ajar. He kicks it open and scans the rooms... Suddenly something leaps on him, clawing and snarling. Wilson's gun fall through a gaping hole to the floor below. Wilson tears at whatever is on him. He heaves it with all his effort against the wall. Wilson leaps to the floor below to recover his gun.

The thing leaps down at him. He FIRES. There is an explosion of blood. With an agonized HOWL the things slams against Wilson, knocking him down. Wilson pushes it off him. It is a dark hair form. Wilson pulls the shape over--it is the WILD CHILD who watched Wilson & Whittington.

WILSON

A child...

The horribly filthy face of the BOY. His hair is long and matted like a hood of dead seaweed. A human being, perhaps and Indian, almost an animal.

WILSON

Shape shifting...

Blood oozes from the child's chest. The boy is dead. Something glints next to the child's mouth. Wilson picks it up. It's Whittington's earring.

WILSON

Whittington...

Wilson looks up and around. Frustrated, aghast, he screams, a primal sound before the dead aboriginal.

The sound echos far above him in the skeletal tenement. A black WOLF looks down on him from the charred rafters. Wilson's scream fades to the sound of a chant, a single Indian falsetto voice.

181 INT. INDIAN BAR - NIGHT

Wilson stands in the door, eyes dead. The accused before his judges. A score of INDIAN faces watch him. Old and young, men and women, a child. The falsetto chant continues as he walks the length of the bar. He looks at the faces, all eyes on him. Historic relics, prints and photos of the Indian past. Eddie Holt appears, staring at Wilson. Wilson moves to him. Holt stands at a table. He slowly sits revealing - an etching of an Indian hooded with a wolf's skin. It's an old print of the square in Dutch New Amsterdam. The Indian is being burned alive before an audience of Dutch farmers. Beneath the drawing, the old Dutch word: WEERULFFEN. In close on the drawing - the distorted face of the man beneath the wolf's head.

HOLT

The wolves are all dead, Wilson.

Wilson sits opposite. Holt looks evenly at Wilson, at his dead eyes.

HOLT

It's not wolves... It's wolfen.

CONTD

HOLT (contd)

That's what your Dutch  
fore fathers called wolves.

(takes a drink)

They hated them. They hated  
anything that stood in the way  
of their goddam conquest.

(digresses again)

For twenty thousand years...  
ten times your fucking Christian  
era, the skins and the wolves,  
the great hunting nations lived  
together. Hunters and their prey,  
nature in balance.

of more Indians come over  
race memories,

their faces full  
Holt's history.

HOLT (contd)

And then it came--the great slaughter.  
You went after the wolf like  
he was Satan himself...but a  
few survived.

an old Indian looks toward Holt and nods once.

HOLT (contd)

The smartest ones. They went  
underground. Into the new wild-  
erness, your cities. The great slum  
areas - the graveyards of your fucking  
species.

CONTD

181 CONTD

CONTD 181

## OLDER INDIAN

These great hunters became your scavengers  
Your abandoned people, your garbage, became  
their new meat animal. In their eyes you are  
the savage.

## WILSON

But they're only...

## BOTH

Animals?

## HOLT (laughs)

Are you sure, Wilson? They  
might be gods.

(pauses)

You assume man's big fucking brain  
is everything. Your fucking  
technology.

He bends near Wilson and whispers.

## HOLT (contd)

You're blind, Wilson...you don't  
hear...And you smell like shit.

He leans back.

## HOLT (contd)

...you got technology.  
But you lost ...You lost  
your senses.

## OLDER INDIAN

~~They can see two looks away.~~  
~~They can hear a cloud pass~~  
~~overhead...They can scent a~~  
~~heartbeat's breath for miles~~  
on a still, starless night.

## INDIAN #1

Smells. The most primitive  
and powerful sense. The odor  
of the sea and forest. The smells  
of childhood.

## INDIAN #2

Memories of the past, vision of  
the future.

CONTD

OLDER INDIAN  
Their senses transport them into  
your mind. In their world there  
can be no lies...no crimes...

HOLT  
No need for detectives.

INDIAN #3  
They are brothers.

OLDER INDIAN  
No. They are other nations. Their  
world is older...more finished and  
complete. They live by voices we  
shall never hear. They sense pleasure  
we shall never experience.

Silence. Wilson looks in a kind of daze.

WILSON  
They kill.

OLDER INDIAN  
The sick, the abandoned, those who  
will not be missed.. as always.

WILSON  
More than that.

The Older Indian shakes his head

OLDER INDIAN  
They kill to survive, they kill to  
protect.

WILSON  
Family?

OLDER INDIAN (nods)  
And hunting ground. Man kills for  
less, but in the end, it is all for  
hunting ground.

HOLT.  
You're hunting them Wilson.

Two beers appear on the table.

INDIAN #4 (laughs)  
No...he hunts sparrows. He hunts  
what he's told to hunt.

They all laugh at Wilson, except Holt.

(CONTINUED)

HOLT

You've seen them, haven't you?  
You don't have the eyes of the  
hunter, Wilson. You've the eyes  
of the dead.

(he leans close)

You're no hunter, Wilson. You're  
an exterminator.

The other Indian leans back and takes a drink.

INDIAN #5

Aw shit, this is Indian jive.  
We've been watching too many  
cowboy movies.

The audience of Indians chuckles. So does Holt.

OLDER INDIAN (cont.)

(smiling)

I'll tell you a wolf story. Long  
ago, a chief asked an old shaman,  
"Tell me, old wise one, who knows more,  
an old wolf or an old man?" And the  
priest, nodding, half asleep like  
those medicine men thought they was  
supposed to act like when they was  
gonna be wise... said, "The same...  
they know the same." "And what is it  
that they know, wise man?" asks the  
chief...After a long while the old  
Shaman nodded and said, "Nothing."

One of the Indians does a clear, perfect nightbird call.  
Another joins in with a forest animal sound, then a wolf  
call, then another and another...until they reach a full  
chorus. Holt leans close to Wilson.

HOLT

Hey, man...

(shakes his head)

Don't even think about believing  
any of this shit, ... it's  
the twentieth century. We've got  
it all figured out.

Holt smiles as Wilson stares at him. An old light bulb  
with a singing filament. Holt turns out the bulb.  
The ANIMAL SOUNDS taunt Wilson, the etched face of the  
New Amsterdam Indian cloaked in the wolf skin.

## A191 INT: VANDER VEER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Blackness, then Wilson's face reflected a dozen times in the dark mirrors of the penthouse. The sound of wind sculpture blends with the animal crys. Reflected in the same mirrors are the generations of VanderVeer: a Rembrandt painting of Peter VanderVeer, a portrait of John Joachem, of Christopher, their reflections fragmented, intermixed with Wilson's.

WILSON (whisper)

Family.

Reflections of a photo of Christopher on a horse, vaulting a fence in a fox hunt.

WILSON

Hunt.

Wilson's fractured reflections shift as his head move slightly to look at other reflections of things in the penthouse.

WILSON

Hunting... hunting.

*Visual* { He reaches out and pulls a chain - the images of his face disappear as the mirrored blinds turns revealing: a vast lighted panorama of Manhattan. }

WILSON

Hunting ground.

Wilson looks out at the city then slowly swivels around. He is sitting in Christopher's chair at his desk. His hand strokes a small sound sculpture as he looks at a photo of Christopher. The sculpture tines vibrating.

WILSON

Terror.

Across the room, a silver construction helmet on a table. The same helmet Christopher was wearing in the flashback. Wilson's image reflected in the helmet.

WILSON

Territory.

In the reflection, Wilson rises, crosses to the helmet and picks it up. He examines it, then sees a silver shovel leaning against a wall. He picks it up, light reflected off his bloodied face. He reads an inscription.

WILSON

Ground... breaking.

{ He looks up. Across the room is the large plaster model of VanderVeer's reestate project. Wilson crosses to it, bends to examine it. His image reflected dozens of times in penthouse mirrors. }

CONTD

A191 CONTD

WILSON

Groundbreaking ceremony...

He moves to a video projector, looks through rows of video tapes. He selects one and puts it on.

On the screen: Christopher and Pauline with their children at their shore estate. A home video tape of the family.

Wilson looks at it for a time, held by its poignancy. He selects another tape.

On the screen: Christopher presiding over some business affair.

An image catches Wilson's attention. He hits fast forward then play.

On the screen: Christopher VanderVeer, a Senator, The Governor, the Mayor in a helicopter. VanderVeer points to a blueprint and gestures below. Their POV: the ship graveyard and endless blocks of bombed out Dresden buildings. Finally, the ruined church below them.

Wilson sits on the floor, held by the images.

On the screen: The helicopter descends to a triangle of clean white sand. VanderVeer and his entourage exit the helicopter. The Press and a small crowd gather round as they move toward a speaker's platform. Christopher mounts the platform and puts on the silver helmet. He address the the gathering, gesturing to the surrounding derelict buildings. Then he picks up the silver spade and steps down to the sand. He poses for the camera then pushes the spade into the earth.

Wilson's face lighted in the flickering video light, rivited to the image.

WILSON

Ground.

VanderVeer throws the first spade of earth.

WILSON

Hunting ground.

Wilson image reflected in the mirrors around the Development model as he looks at it.

WILSON

They killed to protect their  
hunting ground.

He's figured the mystery. He looks at VanderVeer's video image.

WILSON

They kill to protect their  
hunting ground...

Suddenly a huge wolf comes flying through the air at him. He tears at it as the wolf pelt, head and all lands on him. The sound of Warren laughing as the penthouse lights come on.

CONTD

A191 CONTD

Warren comes toward Wilson, behind him Rebecca and two Security Guards.

WARREN

Sorry, Dewey, I couldn't resist.  
There's your wolf.

Rebecca comes to him, sees his bloodied face.

REBECCA

Dewey.

WARREN

What the hell happened to you.

Wilson looks at the face of the wolf pelt.

WILSON

What's this.

WARREN

Oh, that's your wolf hair.  
We found it when the Gotter-  
ammerung group was captured.

WILSON

The what?

REBECCA

Gotterdammerung. The terrorist motto -  
the end of the world by wolves.

WILSON

Where are they?

REBECCA

Who?

WILSON

These terrorists.

REBECCA

Three are dead.

WARREN

One's in intensive care. There was  
an informer, we'll get a confession.

He glances at the video image then turns the set off.

WARREN (heading for the door)

Come on, lets get out of here.  
Take a week off. Go jogging or  
something.

Wilson rises, Rebecca looks at his torn face and clothing.

REBECCA

What happened?

WILSON

Whittington's gone.

CONTD

A191 CONTD

REBECCA

What?

WILSON (trailing off as they  
walk to the elevator)  
Whittington, Ferguson, VanderVeer...

Left on the floor of the penthouse - the wolf pelt, its  
dead face as the lights go out.

B191 EXT: VANDERVEER BUILDING - NIGHT

The deserted plaza. A surreal sculpture hovering over  
the building entrance. It might hide anything. A Security  
Guard unlocks a revolving door. Wilson comes out followed  
by Rebecca and Warren. He looks up at the towering sculpture  
as if something might be waiting to leap on them.  
Warren touches his arm.

WARREN

Come on, Dewey. Car's over there.

The three of them move across the plaza to Wall Street.

191 EXT: WALL STREET - NIGHT

The famous Wall Street intersection, deserted, steam hissing  
up from gratings. Lady Liberty looks down from the great  
friese of the STOCK EXCHANGE. Slaves crawling up to her  
to be freed. Across from her, the huge statue of GEORGE  
WASHINGTON, his hand held out benevolently. From FEDERAL HALL  
steps he looks down on the tiny figures of Wilson, Rebecca  
and Warren as they move through the night steam. Ahead  
is the third estate - the black gothic spire of TRINITY  
CHURCH.

Wilson looking slowly about as if he expects to see  
something. And then...

Wilson's face in the EXTRAORDINARY VISION. Wilson  
feels its stare. His eyes lock on it as he slows  
to a halt.

Rebecca's face in the VISION as she sees whatever  
it is. Her mouth opens slightly.

Warren's face in the VISION as he stops, looking at  
it. His eyes widen.

There, silhouetted against Lady Liberty - a huge black WOLF,  
its yellow eyes burning in the darkness. On the Federal  
hall pediment, another WOLF stands beneath Washington's statue.  
A third WOLF stands flanked by the Trinity Church spire.

WARREN

I'll be god-fucking damned.

REBECCA

They're beautiful.

CONTD

191 Wilson turns three hundred and sixty degrees in the intersection. A WOLF is on the VanderVeer plaza wall, another in on the Exchange balcony. Blocking all directions are atleast six WOLVES, huge, black, confident, awesome.

Wilson seems to smile slightly. They do exist, he's not mad. The WOLF that is nearest the three humans is the largest and oldest, a few white hairs mixed in his coal balck face. His intelligent golden eyes riviting the humans in the intersection.

In the WOLF's VISION: Wilson, Rebecca and Warren. Rebecca back toward Wilson. Their shoulders touch. Warren looks from the WOLF to his car, a dozen yards away.

In the WOLF's mind: Warren draws his gun and runs for his car - but in reality Warren hasn't moved.

WILSON (sensing his intention)

Don't move.

All around them WOLVES seem to be closing in. One moves slowly down Federal Hall steps, one comes out of a subway entrance. Suddenly Warren draws his gun and bolts for his car.

WILSON (yelling)

John!

As Warren runs through the steam for his car, the ALIEN VISION zeros in on his wrist -

A WOLF leaps, jaws wide...

Warren emerges from the steam near his car door. He looks down. His hand has been severed at the wrist. He looks up - a WOLF has his hand in its mouth. The WOLF drops it.

Horrified Warren gets into his car and locks door. Wilson and Rebecca peer into the steam, unable to see what has happened. A WOLF leaps up onto Warren's car hood. Warren reaches above his visor for his second gun. He makes a mistake and reaches with his stump. He corrects himself and grabs the gun with his left hand. The WOLF paws at the glass, unable to get in. Warren sneers at the WOLF sets down his gun and picks up the radio microphone.

As he does, unseen by him, a WOLF rises from the back seat.

WARREN (oblivious, thinking he's safe)

Mayday, Mayday Stock Exchange...

He freezes. He sees the reflection of the WOLF in his rear view mirror. The WOLF snarls at him, bareing its huge teeth. Warren slowly puts down the microphone and picks up his gun. He throws open the door and falls out of the car.

Wilson and Rebecca peer through the steam trying to see what is happening.

As Warren rises he looks up to see a WOLF coming at him. The WOLF leaps, jaws and teeth coming right at Warren's neck. Warren is thrown back against his car. His head is severed at the neck. Blood spurts on Rebecca's face. She shrieks as Warren's head bounces off his car fender and falls to the pavement.

CONTD

## 203 INT. VANDERVEER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The face of the wolf pelt on the floor. The elevator door opens. Wilson exhausted, stands leaning against the elevator wall. Rebecca sits crumpled at his feet, her head against his legs. He helps her to her feet, she moves into his arms for comfort. He holds her as he cries, the elevator door banging against them insistently. Wilson takes her to a couch and sits her down. He crouches opposite her. Her face is spattered with Warren's blood, tears stream down her cheeks. Wilson touches her face, kisses her. Far below, sirens approaching.

## 201 EXT. STOCK EXCHANGE ROOF - STATUARY - NIGHT

A WOLF looks down.

A hundred feet below Police and ESS vehicles converge on the intersection where Warren's car burns. Men emerge to extinguish the fire, Officers spread out guns drawn, looking for anyone, anything. Lights flash up into the statuary. The VISION withdraws.

## 203 INT. VANDERVEER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Wilson cleans Rebecca's face with a wet cloth. He gives her a drink of brandy. She chokes a little. He touches her hair and face gently.

WILSON

S' okay, its okay...

She nods quietly. Wilson slowly moves away from her. He stands over the wolf pelt, looking down at it. He picks it up and looks at its face.

## 202 EXT. WALL STREET - NIGHT

Ross gets out of a car. The police have found nothing. Ross watches as a Fireman extinguishes the last flames of Warren's burning head and body.

## 203 INT. VANDERVEER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of sirens. Wilson is sitting out of Rebecca's view near mirrored wall. He broods, clutching the wolf pelt near his face.

Rebecca's face, a single tear comes down her face as she sits alone on the couch in the large mirrored room. She looks up -- and there, reflected many times in a mirror - the face of a black WOLF. She turns her head to be sure she isn't seeing things. The penthouse is deserted. She looks back. There is nothing but images of Wilson clutching the wolf pelt - and then - reflections of a real WOLF intermixed with those of Wilson. Rebecca's eyes widen in terror.

REBECCA (whispering)

Dewey...

CONTD

203 CONTD

He does not hear her, brooding, lost in his own thoughts. The reflections of a second WOLF appear in the mirrors. Rebecca sucks in her breath in fear. She cannot see any real wolves, only reflections. She whispers slightly louder.

REBECCA

Dewey...

He looks up, thinking he heard something. Rebecca is out of his view. He sees nothing. He sinks back into his thoughts. Rebecca glances down. On the couch near her is her gun. Her hand moves slowly toward it.

The reflections of the WOLVES, watching her, agitated. Rebecca's hand grips her gun. The WOLF reflections watch her as she slowly raises it. She aims at the reflections.

REBECCA (whispering louder)

Dewey...

Wilson looks up. He's heard her. He rises slowly. Rebecca's POV: jumble of reflected images: WILSON moving, WOLVES, the WOLF PELT in his hand. She aims at one image, then another, and another, trying to find a real WOLF. Suddenly the fierce eyes of a WHITE WOLF appear in the darkness. She FIRES.

Mirrors shatter around Wilson as Rebecca FIRES again and again, screaming his name. Images of WOLVES and WILSON shatter and fall. Rebecca in her hysteria is firing at Wilson. He dives for the floor, grabbing his own gun.

Rebecca's gun clicks empty. The WOLVES make their move. From outside on the balcony. A black WOLF sails in slow motion through the air. Its head smashes easily through a window. A second WOLF smashes through a window, leaping past Rebecca. She falls over the couch, knocked unconscious.

Silence as the glass settles. The whisper of wind in the penthouse. Wilson raises his head from the floor and looks slowly about. Two BLACK WOLVES look down on him from across the room. One standing regal on the bar, one on a table. And there, facing him in the center of the room is a huge WHITE WOLF. The Alpha wolf. The incredibly intelligent eyes of the creature bore into him as Wilson slowly rises to his knees. On all fours. Wilson looks at the creatures -

then in a flash raises his gun and points it directly at the WHITE WOLF. The WOLF doesn't move.

In the WOLF's EXTRAORDINARY VISION: Wilson's eyes, the pupils pulsing as he looks over the barrel at the wolf. His slight eye movements loud in the Wolf's HEARING. Wilson's face sweating, his hand strained on the pistol grip.

EDDIE HOLT's voice

Hunter and prey. Nature in balance.

The fleeting image of Holt looking at Wilson in the bar. The face of Wilson, the eyes of the WHITE WOLF.

CONTD

191 CONTD

The eyes of his severed head are open, they blink in amazement. The head is still alive. Warren's lips move silently as looks about.

His body has not fallen. Propped against the car, it lurches away, gun still in hand. The head watches as the body takes a few steps, walking past the head, kicking it as it does. Warren's face, horrified at the sight of his own headless body.

Rebecca shrieking, Wilson watching, frozen.

Warren's body spasms, still on its feet. The gun in its hand FIRES, then the body collapses near the head.

The WOLVES' faces, powerful, victorious.

Wilson's face in their penetrating vision - what will he do.

In the mind of the WOLF - an image of Warren's car exploding.

A WOLF makes a move for Wilson - but it's too late - in one move Wilson draws his gun and throws Rebecca to the ground. Wilson FIRES into the car's gas tank. In a millisecond Warren's car EXPLODES in a giant fire ball. Wilson is thrown to the ground near Rebecca. Flames lap up the statue of WASHINGTON. Wilson pulls Rebecca to her feet and they race back toward the VanderVeer building.

A200 EXT. VANDERVEER BUILDING - NIGHT

Wilson and Rebecca run toward the glass building. Ahead, the doors are locked, no one is in the foyer. Wilson FIRES at one huge glass wall section. Slowly the glass shatters and crumbles. They run in under the still falling glass.

~~Wilson punches the elevator button to get to safety, fearing they're being pursued. The elevator door opens and they run inside.~~

200 INT. VANDERVEER BUILDING - FOYER - NIGHT

Wilson punches an elevator button to get to safety, fearing they're being pursued. The elevator door opens and they run in. The elevator door closes behind them - then suddenly springs open. Rebecca cries out in fear, pointing her gun at the opening, expecting a WOLF. Wilson punches on the close button.

WILSON

Fuck... come on, come on.

Slowly the elevator door closes. The elevator starts up. They are safe. Rebecca sinks to the floor.

197 INT. E.S.S. - NIGHT

A video monitor showing the image of a camera that monitors Wall Street. The camera pans past the Washington statue. An Operator sees the flames and pans the camera down to Warren's burning car. An emergency alert at corporate security control. Ross looks down from above.

OLD INDIAN's voice  
In their eyes - you are the savage.

For an instant: the face of the DEAD CHILD Wilson killed.  
The face of EDDIE HOLT.

HOLT's voice  
You're no hunter. You're an  
exterminator.

Wilson's eyes pulsing in the WHITE WOLF'S VISION.  
Wilson's gun wavers slightly.

The WHITE WOLF, its eyes soften, its face benevolent, seeming  
to reassure Wilson.

Very slowly, Wilson opens the chamber of his gun. He  
tips the pistol - the bullets fall, sinking into the  
fur of the wolf pelt. Wilson puts the gun down  
on the pelt and holds his open palms toward the WOLF.

The WHITE WOLF doesn't move. He watches Wilson as if he  
expects something more from him.

Wilson's eyes flick.

Video images of VanderVeer at the ground breaking  
ceremony mixed with the Wolf's own memory images  
when he first saw VanderVeer there, identifying  
him as the Alpha of his pack. Images of Dresden,  
of its PEOPLE.

HOLT's voice  
The graveyards of your fucking  
species.

OLD INDIAN's voice  
These great hunters became your  
scavengers. The sick, the abandoned...

HOLT's voice  
People you don't give a shit about...

Wilson slowly rises from his knees, his eyes always  
on the WOLVES. He moves to the video projector and  
turns it so its beams fall on VanderVeer's development  
model. Wilson backs slowly to the model, his eyes on  
the WOLVES. He hesitates.

The god-like face of the WHITE WOLF watching.

Wilson raises his arm and in slow motion swings it  
hard back against VanderVeer's plaster buildings.  
The buildings crumble as Wilson's arm smashes through  
them...

A flash of Christopher VanderVeer, his throat torn out,  
slowly falling like his buildings.

An intermix of images from Dresden as Wilson almost  
goes berserk, reducing VanderVeer's model to rubble  
with his fists.

CONTD

203 CONTD

Wilson stops, breathing heavily, surrounded by billowing plaster dust. He moves to the wolf pelt and bends down as if to pick up his gun.

A BLACK WOLF snarls at him. Wilson isn't after his gun. He lifts the pelt and the gun and bullets slide to the floor. Wilson backs to the model - and drapes the pelt over it.

The claws and face of the dead wolf as Wilson arrange them so they lord over the destroyed city.

The WHITE WOLF, finally satisfied with Wilson's actions raises his head and -- HOWLS. For the first the bone-chilling, exhilarating HOWL of the wolf is heard. Wilson reacts to the approbation he has been seeking. He has communicated, he has changed.

Behind the couch where she has fallen, Rebecca's eyes flutter open. She cannot see anything of Wilson or the Wolves, only a shadow on the ceiling of the penthouse balcony. She gropes for her gun and raises it.

Wilson hears something on the balcony and turns to see - reflected in mirrors - an E.S.S. OFFICER approaching with an automatic rifle. The officer raises his rifle.

WILSON (screaming)

NO!!!

The Officer FIRES. He is firing at Rebecca, who has raised her gun assuming the shadow was a wolf. Rebecca rolls under the couch as the bullets tear into the mirrors around her.

WILSON (screaming)

NO SHOOTING...NO SHOOTING!!!

The firing dies away. Other E.S.S. OFFICERS burst in the lower doors, guns drawn.

WILSON

DON'T!!!

There is no more firing. Wilson looks around. There are no wolves in the penthouse. They have vanished. Wilson's face - were they ever there?

For a moment he stands paralyzed, then he moves to Rebecca and lifts her up. She is terrified but unharmed.

Ross comes into the room. He bends to pick up VanderVeer's ceremonial hard hat. One of Rebecca's bullets has penetrated the silver helmet. Ross looks at the destroyed model, the wolf pelt, then at Wilson for an explanation.

Wilson hesitates for a moment, looking at Ross, holding Rebecca.

WILSON

Gotterdammerung.

CONTD

203 CONTD

Wilson will allow the wolves to disappear as they came. Taking Rebecca he goes out on the balcony, looking out at the coming dawn. Behind Wilson -

The wolf pelt over the destroyed city, and the soul-searing HOWL of the wolves.

204 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAWN

The skyscrapers of the island in the rising sun. Holt and the Indian steelworkers come up the suspension cables to work at the top. Holt hesitates on the cable as if he's heard something. The other Indian's stand motionless listening. Rising from the city, the faint sound of WOLF HOWLS.

An Indian cups his hand to his ear and wails a primitive animalistic song. On the high point of the bridge an Indian swings the bullroarer over the city in defiant celebration.

205 EXT. AMERICAN CITIES - DAWN

The sounds echo over man's great architectural moments - the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument, Saint Louis Arch, San Francisco Golden Gate, a small town church spire. The Indian song is answered, keening on the wind as WOLVES look up from their haunts in other cities. HOWL after HOWL in harmonic relay join with the Indian voices in a song of awesome primeval power and beauty.

206 EXT. BEAR MOUNTAIN - DAWN

A great sea of forest wilderness. And on the horizon, now but a tiny thing choked in its yellow pollution, the city of New York. Below, in the forest, WOLVES and their PUPS at play. A joyous celebration of the supremacy of nature and life.