

MONKEY TRAP

by

Denning Powell

©2011 Denning Powell (PAu3-119-612)

PO Box 1368  
Honokaa, HI 96727  
808-776-1935  
denning@monkeytrap.us  
www.monkeytrap.us

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE - APPROACHING EARTH

Approached from the side, the planet is half in darkness, half in light. A crescent glow outlines its dark side. Two indecipherable voices muse as the planet grows larger. A minor-key WHINE ramps up to blot out the voices.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - DAY

JOHN CONNARD, 30's, camouflage gear, painted face, perches in a large tree. He holds a small drone aircraft in one hand, his other works a computer pad in his lap. Status messages scroll down the pad's screen in green letters:

--Power and controls functional.  
--Darts armed.

The wing fans in the drone spin up; it tugs at his hand like a hunting dog. John steps outward from the tree trunk and the leafy limb bends down to reveal a distant guarded compound. He releases the drone.

JOHN  
Fly true, Angel.

The device recedes into the dawn light. John watches his screen. It shows the compound approaching. A naked DRUG LORD, 50's, big, fat over muscle, hairy, steps out onto a balcony, yawning. The screen flashes in red:

--Target confirmed.

John smiles, taps the screen. The image jitters, then shows the drug lord looking down stupidly at a dart buried in his hairy abdomen.

JOHN  
A slow genomic poison. All your  
drug money can't help. I own  
your sorry ass now.

The pad beeps, and the image on its screen wheels as the drone rolls. It shows jeeps with armed soldiers pouring out of the compound. A flashing yellow message warns:

--Bandwidth detected. Homing on  
you.

JOHN  
Huh. Smarter than I thought.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CLOSER TO EARTH

The WHINE shifts higher in frequency, and the image of the earth starts to jitter. A blue circle snaps into place on the dawn line over Colombia, South America. It vibrates.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

AARON O'MEARA, 30's, crippled astrophysicist, propels his wheelchair into this high-tech control center. A missile intercept exercise is in progress, but people talk and joke on break as the day team comes on shift. Aaron cheerily hails EDWIN EDWARDS, 50's, the exercise director.

AARON

Yo, boss! While we're changing shifts, can I turn the array? Jupiter's storm is interesting.

Edwards gives the half-dozen people in the room a questioning look. They all nod and smile at Aaron.

EDWARDS

Sure, knock yourself out. You've got... twenty minutes.

Aaron wheels into place at a computer console, taps a keyboard, moves a joystick. On his monitor, the satellite view swings west over the dark U.S. then rotates spaceward.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - BIKE TRAIL - DAY

LARA PICARD, 30's, toned and lithe in biking tights and a shirt with a triathlon logo, pumps down a bike trail above the Potomac River. Heavy BREATHING, intense focus.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - YET CLOSER TO EARTH

Further north along the dawn line, a green circle snaps into place on the Washington area. The WHINE pitches higher, the earth-image jitters more. The green circle vibrates, then tightens down.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - DAY

John rappels down from the tree, reaches into a knapsack on the ground and twists a canister. He sets the computer pad gingerly in the knapsack on top of the canister, picks up a machine pistol and lopes off down a game trail.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - VERY CLOSE TO EARTH

We fall into the vibrating blue circle and drop fast toward dense Colombian jungle. An instant later we fall into the green circle and speed down toward DC and the river. The WHINE raises to a feverish pitch.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

Aaron grins as he watches the view on his monitor swing spaceward. Suddenly his jaw drops and he screams.

AARON

Sweet Jesus! Tracking on! Turn  
the fucking tracking on!

A TECHNICIAN reacts and the big screen in front of the room comes alive. Intertwined spirals of blue and green light race toward earth in a mad dance, then diverge. The missile software plots two impact zones on the surface.

AARON

Footprint for the blue one looks  
like South America... Green  
one... Mother of God! The  
sucker's gonna hit us! Brace  
yourselves!

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - DAY

John exits the game trail onto the edge of a high cliff overlooking a river in the dawn sun. A distant EXPLOSION in the jungle behind him brings a smile. He turns and trots along the cliff top, then...

Rifle fire stitches his back, knocking him off the edge.

John twists in space, falling, colliding with tree branches and a white dove. A bright blue light flashes in the sky.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - RIVER BIKE TRAIL - DAY

Hitting a swarm of bees, Lara turns her head and loses focus for a second. Her bike tire catches a rut, then...

She cartwheels through the air. A bright green light flashes in the sky.

She smashes onto the rock ledge below. Her helmet flies off as she hits.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

Aaron's white-knuckled hands grip his wheelchair wheels. He gasps air as the mad spirals on the big screen flash toward earth. Abruptly the screen goes empty, the spirals vanish. The plotted impact zones snap off.

AARON

No boom! What the hell?

EXT. RIVER ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

A bee flies into Lara's open mouth. Her face twitches. Her pupils dilate, then her eyes close.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - LATER

A video of the strange space event replays across the big screen in a repeating loop. Aaron punches down hard on a keyboard, freezing one single frame.

AARON

Dammit, just look! Controlled motions! Way too much delta-vee. Not a natural event!

EDWARDS

Pentagon saw some radar anomalies, but nothing hit the ground. Whatever it was burned up on entry.

AARON

Burned up, bullshit! Those suckers were not meteors. More like mini-black holes. And they came outta nowhere!

INT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - CAVE IN CLIFF - DAY

John lies face-down on the sandy floor of a cave inside the cliff. His body twitches as the rising sun illuminates...

A ghostly LITTLE GIRL, 5, in a pretty white dress, a unique birthmark on her neck, kneels over John crying, MOS.

Her tears drip on the entrance wounds in John's back.

The wounds stop bleeding and start healing rapidly.

The girl's image flickers, shrinks to a vanishing point, then returns to a more solid image as...

## FLASHBACK - JOHN'S AGONY - MEMORY UNSPOOLING

The little girl sits on a teenage John's shoulders. They both stare intently at a painting in progress, a bridge.

The unseen artist's hand morphs into a dim translucent white-garbed figure who makes brush-like hand motions.

Images accelerate in a blurred fragmented kaleidoscope, a sense of video fast-forwarding, then slow to...

## INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Older now, in Army uniform, green beret in hand, John stands over a morgue table. DETECTIVE #1, 50's, sad-faced, graying, lifts the sheet off the face of a pretty young woman with deep throat cuts. Her unique birthmark is clearly visible. John's eyes close.

DETECTIVE #1

This is your kid sister then,  
Captain Connard? For the  
record, please.

JOHN

Yes... my... sister. Jessica.

DETECTIVE #1

The perp is a crackhead, Duane  
Lee Smith. We have his D-N-A on  
file. We'll get the bastard.  
Jessica was just in the wrong  
place, wrong time. I'm sorry.

## INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

A laptop screen shows a data table, with faces in the left column, names and descriptions in the right. The top face is a mug shot of Duane Lee Smith, a big black X through it.

A bloody surgical glove comes off and a bare finger punches the keyboard. A big black X crosses out the second face.

John smiles coldly.

## INT. BAR - NIGHT

John sits on a bar stool, empty shot glass and half-empty beer glass in front of him. Detective #1 sits beside him, staring into his empty coffee cup.

DETECTIVE #1

Forensics comes up empty every  
time, John. You're alibied  
every time but...

John doesn't answer, just makes wet X's on the bar with his beer glass. He is weary, drawn, deep-shadowed eyes.

DETECTIVE #1

... I know you're killing your way up the drug chain. Just for Crissakes stop spiking their heads in public places.

JOHN

To serve and protect... isn't that the L-A-P-D motto? Papers say drug traffic is way down.

DETECTIVE #1

Touché. But you're worth a zillion of those scumbags. So... forget the heads, please. One day Forensics will figure it out. I'll have to arrest you.

BACK TO SCENE

Inside the cave, John's body twitches, his hands claw the cave's sandy floor as he cries out his agony.

The shimmering image of 5-year old Jessica studies him.

A sunbeam slants into the cave and a star-cross pattern glints in ghostly Jessica's teary amethyst eyes.

She touches John's cheek and the agony in his face eases.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

Aaron argues with Edwards; both are frustrated.

EDWARDS

F-16's scrambled out of Andrews saw nothing. Now the Marines have three choppers up; they're not seeing a damn thing either. Had to be meteors.

AARON

Double bullshit! Look at that pattern! Gotta be some kind of deceleration vector. Yo, Ed! We got visitors. E-T's!

EXT. RIVER ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

A distant helicopter crosses the sky as Lara's body lies inert on the rock outcrop. A crow lands and pecks at her bloody cheek, but a green static discharge knocks it off. The bird squawks and flies dazedly away as...

FLASHBACK - LARA'S AGONY - MEMORY UNSPOOLING

The accident event plays in reverse and Lara rejoins her bike in mid-air and shoots backward along the bike trail.

A dim, translucent white-robed image appears, weaving hand motions as Lara shrinks down into a vanishing point.

From that point, kaleidoscopic images play backward in a sense of fast-reversing video, then suddenly slow to...

INT. LARA'S FORMER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A 1-year old baby wails in Lara's arms. Lara screams at former spouse MALCOLM O'DONNELL, 40's, lean and handsome but with crazed face. Lara's face is bruised and bleeding.

LARA

I will not let you have Joshua!  
He's terrified of you!

MALCOLM

He's my son too, Lara.

LARA

You're crazy! You need help.  
Go get it, goddamn you! If  
you're here when I get back I'm  
calling the cops.

Lara whirls and runs out, clutching baby Joshua, sobbing.

INT. LARA'S FORMER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm lies on the bed in the darkening room, pill bottle by one hand, note by the other, plastic bag over his head.

LARA (O.S.)

Malcolm? You better not be  
here.

Lara walks into the bedroom, flips on the light, stares. She runs around the bed to look in the foggy plastic bag. It moves very slightly over Malcolm's nose.

Lara reaches for it.

She pulls her hand back.

She retreats to a chair, watches the bag move a last time.

LARA  
You're too dangerous...  
Joshua...

Lara bends over, hugging herself, sobbing in spasms.  
Her hand reaches out toward the body, then drops. SIRENS  
sound in the distance. The image freezes on her hand.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

Aaron continues arguing with Edwards. Team members cluster  
around, fascinated. The event replay loops on the screen.  
A whiteboard to the side has equations with ETs underlined.

EDWARDS  
The choppers haven't seen a  
thing. Nothing made it down to  
the surface.

AARON  
Wrong, Ed. Something did. We  
just don't understand what.  
Look at those vectors. That's  
control! Intelligence!

EXT. RIVER ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

SIRENS get louder, approaching the bike trail, then whine  
down. Lara's hand moves a tiny bit, eyelids twitch.  
Uniformed POLICEMAN #1 scrambles down the rocks, speaking  
into his lapel communicator.

POLICEMAN #1  
Okay, I see her. The choppers  
called it on the nose. She's  
not moving. Hustle the E-M-Ts.

INT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - CAVE IN CLIFF - DAY

John wakes, rolls to his knees, looks out the cave at the  
sun, then presses the new pink flesh on his side. He  
shakes his head in disbelief. He walks to the cave  
entrance, stands in the sunlight, opens his arms wide.

JOHN

Okay. I get it -- I'm dead now.  
I'm ready to go, I guess.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Not dead, but will be if target  
yourself in full view. They  
still search for you in valley  
below.

John springs backward into the cave at the voice. Eyes scan, feet dance, hands weave defensively. Nobody's there.

An image forms in the air in front of John. DUC LI, 60's, oriental, in a white workout gi, sits cross-legged and shimmers like the image of John's dead sister Jessica.

JOHN

Sensei? Duc Li?

ALIEN #1

A familiar image.

JOHN

Sensei? I haven't died? Would  
you enlighten me?

ALIEN #1

I not your former teacher, John  
Connard. This only familiar  
memory, to ease your mind's way.

JOHN

My mind's... You've been in my  
mind? You... you healed my  
body? I'm...

John pinches himself, strips off the bloody remnants of his camouflage shirt, feels his now-intact shoulder and ribs.

JOHN

No... not possible. I'm  
hallucinating. Or gone insane.

ALIEN #1

Neither. You are sane and  
rational member of your species,  
John Connard.

John sinks to his knees, sniffs at congealed blood on his shirt, sits back on his heels and contemplates the image.

JOHN  
Species. Homo sapiens? Then  
who...

ALIEN #1  
I am observer, monitor of your  
planet. I was attacked.

Alien #1's Duc Li image dissolves and morphs into a dogfight in space. Blazing blue and green energy vortices scream down toward earth. The blue vortex wraps itself around a white dove, then around John's falling body. John slams into the cave floor and skids across it, a blue aura crackling around him. That image morphs back into Duc Li.

JOHN  
You saved my life...

ALIEN #1  
And my own - I cannot exist long  
on planet without native host.

John studies the image of Duc Li, absently fingering the pink flesh that was recently a ribcage exit wound.

JOHN  
A monitor. Why? And why were  
you attacked? By whom?

ALIEN #1  
Your species about to evolve in  
ways that will make you  
extraordinarily powerful. I  
was... following your  
development.

JOHN  
Our development...

ALIEN #1  
An Other attacked me. It wants  
power of your new species. It  
wants to subvert you for own  
foul needs...

Fragmented scenes of death and destruction replace Duc Li's image. New York in flames. Explosions dot the globe. Mobs overwhelm police. A shadowed face hangs over it all.

JOHN  
Worse than the drug lords.  
Power gone mad. The death of  
everything good.

A vision of John's slaughtered baby sister Jessica on the morgue table slides beneath the dark shadowed face. Then the image fades back into Duc Li.

ALIEN #1

I need your help, John Connard.  
This Other on your planet now,  
taking human host.

Duc Li's eyes study John. John raises his eyes to study the image in return. Finally John nods, slowly.

JOHN

You're truly real, aren't you?  
I'm not dead. I'm not dreaming.  
I feel you in my mind... you're  
like a part of me...

ALIEN #1

Our Covenants require your help  
be given freely. If you not  
want to engage in battle, I  
withdraw, find different host.

Doubt lingers, but John fingers his intact ribs. He nods again, slowly.

JOHN

You saved my life. Of course  
I'll help.

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - ER - DAY

Lara awakens on a trauma table. A DOCTOR, male, 30's, gently probes her head and neck, dictates into a recorder.

DOCTOR

... confirms what the E-M-Ts  
reported, blood on torn clothing  
but no visible lacerations, just  
some pink skin...

Lara's eyes pop open and she sits up, fully alert.

DOCTOR

Whoa, young lady, no sudden  
movement!

LARA

Went off my bike, didn't I? I  
feel good, though... damn good,  
actually. Never felt better.

DOCTOR

Please lie back, Ms. Picard. So you remember flying off into the rocks? How many fingers...

LARA

I'm fine, doctor. Where's a phone? I have a busy morning.

The doctor tries to push her down, gently. She casually holds his wrist immobile and swings off the table. She looks straight at him, green eyes flashing in a star-cross pattern.

DOCTOR

A phone. Yes. In the corner, there.

The doctor looks at the redness around his wrist, wiggles his fingers experimentally while Lara talks on the phone.

LARA

... dumped my bike... no, I'm okay, Ham... I'll start walking back to get it... yeah, Reservoir Road. Thanks.

Lara scrawls a signature on a release form the doctor holds out and walks out the ER door. Behind her, the doctor rubs his wrist and shakes his head as if to clear it.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

Lara strides down the street, empty in the early morning.

LARA

I know you're there, I can feel you... You saved my life, whoever you are. Talk to me. Please.

An image appears in front of Lara, holographic, not very substantial in the bright morning light. It is an image of Lara herself in a long white robe.

ALIEN #2

I am you, Lara. A manifestation of... your greater reality.

LARA

My ki? My spiritual dimensions?  
But I was hurt, dying. I know I  
was. Now... I feel great. It  
just isn't possible...

ALIEN #2

In those dimensions time has  
little meaning. Look inward.  
See the truth.

Lara stops walking. She reaches out tentatively to touch  
the image, to make sure it's really part of her.

LARA

Still... repair at the cellular  
level? A new kind of being now,  
am I? Are we?

EXT. DC STREET - HAM'S CAR - DAY

JOSHUA O'DONNELL, 9, precocious genius with an off-scale  
40-year-old IQ, rides in a vintage Edsel convertible, top  
down. HAMILTON (HAM) O'DONNELL, 60's, a short rotund  
leprechaun-like Irishman, drives. He is Joshua's great-  
uncle Ham, friend and mentor to both Lara and her son.

HAM

Ach, there she is, laddie!

Joshua jumps out, charges at Lara, embraces her.

LARA

Umff! Easy, kiddo! You knock  
me over, I'll be back in the  
hospital.

A green aura flashes around them for an instant as Lara  
hugs him back. Joshua pulls away and looks at her.

JOSHUA

You feel... different, Mom.  
Like... like some kind of  
energy.

LARA

Well, I never finished my bike  
ride. Maybe I haven't burned it  
all off?

Joshua jumps into the back seat, Lara in front. As they  
drive off, he touches her shoulder. A green aura flashes.

JOSHUA

Weird, Mom!

Lara puts her hand on top of Joshua's. The aura fades.

EXT. RIVER ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

Lara and Joshua, trailed by Ham, arrive at the bike trail and look off a vertical drop.

Scraps of cloth and blood mark the rock Lara landed on.

Lara casually steps off the drop and flows like a panther across the uneven ground.

Joshua stares, his mouth open.

Lara retrieves the bike, hands it up to Ham, then just as casually springs up onto the ledge.

JOSHUA

Mom!

LARA

Josh? What?

JOSHUA

What? You jumped down ten feet, like nothing. Then back up. Your knees barely flexed! Impossible!

LARA

Well, honey, you said I have a lot of energy. And it's more like six feet.

JOSHUA

Six feet my ass! And that's not energy, that's freakin' magic.

LARA

Joshua! Language!

JOSHUA

You're different, Mom. Wanna tell your kid about it?

INT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - CAVE IN CLIFF - DAY

John sits, open hands on his knees with palms up, eyes closed, expression neutral. The image of Duc Li floats in front of him. A blue aura envelops them both.

The aura morphs into an image like a radar screen -- concentric circles with John at the center. A green-tinged black blob pulsates at its outermost circle.

JOHN

I sense it now. A darkness in the field. Far away. So what will we need? Support? Weapons?

ALIEN #1

Your mind sufficient weapon. Turn mind's sight inward...

A thread of blue light flares out from John's right thumb and snaps around to his little finger.

He opens his eyes to see ovals of crackling blue energy enclosing planes of empty darkness, coming from both hands.

He turns his hands experimentally and the energy blades turn, extend, shorten, widen. They hiss through the air.

The image of Duc Li stands and bows, and similar blades of energy snap from his hands, crackling and spitting.

The two spar, dancing across the floor in a metaphysical swordfight, blue flames bursting out at each contact.

ALIEN #1

Enough! I see you understand.

Returned to a lotus, eyes closed, John smiles. As he opens his eyes a star-cross of blue light flickers in them. His open hand, pointing toward a loose rock, lifts it then accelerates it toward the cave wall where it smashes.

ALIEN #1

Excellent. As always, Duc Li's best student. Now the null-field. Turn mind inward to see.

A ball of nothingness, an absence of light, forms above John's open palm. He flicks it casually toward the cave wall, but gets little result except a dust pattern.

JOHN

Not much damage. But on humans?

ALIEN #1

A subtler weapon. Disrupts neural pathways, disabling thought. Defensively... draw it over you...

John re-creates the blackness in his hands, raises it above his head and draws it down over his body, and...

He disappears, visible now only as a flickering distortion. Energy blades flare out of the blackness as his apparition dances backward into the cave, slashing off rock outcroppings and hurling them at the wall to smash.

ALIEN #1

Yes! Now transposition.

JOHN

Teleportation? Moving objects?

ALIEN #1

Moving self. Bending space.  
Changing coordinate system...

Mathematical symbols flash across in front of Alien #1. John nods.

JOHN

I need line of sight? I can't  
just visualize where to go?

ALIEN #1

Your mind has not power of  
abstraction required. Your eyes  
must see destination. Try, now.

With a POP of air, John disappears from the front of the cave and reappears in the back. Then to the front. He looks down at the troops searching the valley below.

JOHN

All right, this extraction zone is  
too hot. I'll use the backup...

He pauses, considering, then smiling crookedly.

...but I'll pass by their compound.

John sticks his head out of the cave opening, looks up at a tree hanging over the top of the cliff, and is gone with a pop.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - GAME TRAIL - DAY

John trots down the trail, transposing across open areas. As the drug lord's compound comes into view John fades from sight, leaving only boot prints in the soil to mark his passage.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Lara stands in her bedroom, toweling off after a shower. Sunlight streams in behind and through the robed image of herself - the avatar for Alien #2 - floating opposite her.

LARA

A step forward in evolution?  
Me? No, I don't think so! Josh  
maybe... but not me... I'm sure  
there are...

A cloud blocks the sunbeam coming in the window. As the room dims, the Alien #2 image brightens. But then a darkness grows behind it. The image looks terrified.

LARA

...others... more qualified...  
Oh! What?

ALIEN #2

Things happen for a reason. A  
Beast has been born this moment.  
Feel it?

Lara sits on the edge of the bed and closes her eyes. A green aura envelops her and Alien #2. It morphs into a radar screen image, Lara at the center with circles outward. Blue-tinged blackness pulsates at its outer edge.

LARA

Yes. Far away, I think. It  
feels like a predator...  
hungry. It will hunt me, won't  
it? Sooner or later?

ALIEN #2

Sooner. The Beast feeds on  
power. You are... an obstacle.

LARA

It wants power. I can taste it.

Lara pauses a moment, eyes closed, contemplating the pulsating blob of darkness.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

We understand, don't we?

LARA

That thing... is regression.  
It's death and destruction, not  
evolution. But why me...

Lara pauses another moment, then her eyes snap open, wide-eyed at the Alien #2 image as the radar screen fades.

LARA

Joshua! My God, Joshua! If I'm  
an obstacle, he is, too. More  
so. He could be hurt! Killed!

ALIEN #2

You have been born into your new  
reality for this. Will you  
choose to destroy this Beast?

LARA

I did before... a different  
beast...

Lara nods slowly. The sky brightens outside, darkness fades in the room. Alien #2 smiles, green eyes flashing in the sunbeam shining through its translucent form.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

Edwards talks on a video link, facing a camera and a screen. Aaron sits at the end of the table from Edwards, out of the camera's view. On the screen is...

INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A harried-looking Air Force COLONEL, 50's, male, buzzcut, flips through computer printouts as he listens to Edwards.

INTERCUT - VIDEO LINK

EDWARDS

... that's our consensus, too,  
Colonel, meteor burn-up. But  
one of our astrophysicists  
doesn't agree...

COLONEL

Yeah, you said. Visitors. E-  
Ts. But there's not a damn  
trace of anything on the ground.

EDWARDS

Just passing it along. Dr. O'Meara is probably the best in the business. So we can't rule out his hypothesis.

COLONEL

Okay... I'll put it in the sitrep. But classified -- shit'll hit the fan if the media gets ahold of this.

END INTERCUT

Screen goes black, Aaron drums his fingers, Edwards shrugs.

EDWARDS

Best I can do, pass it up the chain. And the Pentagon's right -- with nothing on the ground, what the hell do you look for?

AARON

More than you would look for if you just write it off, boss.

EDWARDS

Well. Aaron, go back to your duty station. We've got to restart the exercise, or we lose our satellite window. Big bucks tied up here.

AARON

But I'll think about it during our breaks.

EDWARDS

Sure, absolutely. And I mostly agree with you -- too much order in that chaos. Keep me posted.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - DRUG LORD COMPOUND - DAY

John sits in a tree overlooking the compound, cloaked in his null-field, just a shimmer. Below is a building, patrolled by two armed GUARDS, a third one in a jeep.

JOHN (V.O.)

That's their drug storage warehouse. Keypad, but there's a window on the door. Glass is no barrier?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
No path traveled; locations made  
congruent. Barriers not exist.  
If you see it, you can go there.

A POP of imploding air in the tree, and the guard in the jeep slumps out.

Two guards at the warehouse drop to the ground, blood spurting. Air shimmers briefly beside the door.

INT. DRUG LORD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Just a blue-tinged shimmer in the air, John stalks down an aisle inside the warehouse, between pallets of bagged cocaine. A crushed body lies behind him. Then...

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOHN INVADES DRUG WAREHOUSE

- A) Encountering two more guards, John beheads the larger one with his energy blade in one hand, holding the smaller one helpless in a gravity field with his other hand.
- B) It's a teenage BOY-SOLDIER, terrified. John collapses the energy blade and instead pulls a null-field over the boy-soldier, who collapses unconscious.
- C) Leaving them, John runs to an engine-driven electric generator and yanks off the fuel return line. Gasoline spurts out to flood across the warehouse floor.
- D) He grabs a rocket-propelled grenade and launcher from an armaments rack, shoulders the boy-soldier, and kicks out the door. Alarms go off in the warehouse.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - DRUG LORD COMPOUND - DAY

John runs to the jeep, still cloaked in his null-field, the boy-soldier seeming to float in the air above. He drives out the gate, stopping behind a clump of trees to lay the boy on the ground. He watches the warehouse, then...

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOHN DESTROYS DRUG WAREHOUSE

- A) Many ARMED MEN rush around the corner of the warehouse, pause briefly at the guard corpses then run inside.
- B) When all are inside, John grabs the grenade launcher and fires it through the door. The warehouse explodes in a huge fireball, the roof lifting off.

C) The jeep drives away down a jungle road. John's shimmering outline is replaced by his solid body.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - ROAD INTERSECTION - DAY

John stops the jeep where the road intersects a game trail toward a plateau visible in the distance. He shoves the jeep into a gulch, turns and runs up the trail toward a distant plateau, speaking into his wrist communicator.

JOHN

Magician for pickup. Backup E-Z  
in... twenty minutes.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

ADRIENNE BAXTER, not yet 20, a studious-looking Korean girl in glasses, enters an empty computer center. She yawns, sits at a small terminal and keyboard and opens emails. Aaron's inquiry scrolls onscreen. Adrienne giggles.

ADRIENNE

Wow! Goddard Space Flight  
Center, huh? What are you guys  
putting in your morning coffee?  
There aren't any...  
(switching to adjacent  
keyboard)  
...anomalies like that in our  
data, it isn't possible...

A big wall screen lights up and rows of numbers scroll down it. The scrolling stops with two times highlighted, 0548 and 0549. Adrienne jerks upright, stares at the screen.

ADRIENNE

... it can't happen... Wow!

Her fingers fly over the keys. Scrolling resumes.

ADRIENNE

Can't be real. A hacker?

As data scroll down the big wall screen, Adrienne studies the status messages appearing on the small monitor:

--Viruses detected - 0.  
--Malfunctions in REGs - 0.  
--REG net and server - nominal.

ADRIENNE

Wow! It is real! Two minutes  
of complete freezing! Then this  
crazy coherence...

Adrienne studies the data scrolling down the big screen,  
then reverses it back in time to the highlighted rows  
marked 0548 and 0549. Her fingers fly over the keyboard as  
she responds to Aaron's email:

--No hardware/software problems.  
--The data appear real.  
--All our global consciousness  
detectors went crazy at five  
forty eight this morning.  
--Still seeing localized effects  
in two areas - around DC, and  
Ecuador or maybe Colombia.

Adrienne hits Send, then picks up the phone.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lara enters. Joshua has a big paper taped together on the  
dining room table, arcane sketches, scribbled equations.

Ham smiles indulgently at Joshua's enthusiasm as he pushes  
part of the diagram aside to set down plates of breakfast.

Lara plows through her meal. Joshua is visibly shocked at  
her intake. He pulls the diagram toward him, makes a note.

JOSHUA

Energy... some kind of  
conservation principle? Mom,  
look at what you just scarfed  
down! We gotta talk!

LARA

Sure, hon. But later, okay? Go  
on with your Sunday plans with  
Ham -- I need to think a bit  
before we talk.

Joshua looks disappointed but nods, kisses Lara, and walks  
out the door with Ham. They carry tennis gear. Lara waves  
at them from the porch.

LARA (V.O.)

Okay. Let's talk. This thing  
is coming for me, I can feel it.  
How do we get ready?

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
Detach your mind from analytical  
thought.

LARA (V.O.)  
Detach? I'm too wired to  
meditate.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
A meditation-in-motion, then.

LARA  
A training kata? Good idea. I  
can get nicely zoned in those.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DOJO - DAY

Lara enters, changed into a workout gi. Her black belt has three stripes. She dances into the kata, fluid and graceful, striking and kicking a body bag. A green aura forms around her. Alien #2 stands to the side, watching.

ALIEN #2  
Faster. Harder. Detach your  
mind. Feel the power. Be one  
with it!

The pace picks up and Lara becomes a blur, whirling, kicking, almost flying around the body bag. Her rhythmic grunts come faster, almost orgasmic.

LARA  
Yes! God, yes! I feel it.  
Like opening a floodgate!

A hard kick knocks the bag almost off its ceiling hook. On its rebound Lara somersaults and her hand slashes out.

Green energy flares and shears the bag in half.

The bottom of it hits the floor and geysers water.

Lara stares stupidly at the mess, then at the crackling green energy from her hand.

LARA  
What...? Oh! Found my energy  
dimension?

Lara looks at her other hand and forms a second blade.

Twin blades hiss in the air as she moves them around experimentally.

Lara smiles, and a starcross pattern flares brightly in her green eyes.

ALIEN #2

Yes. You have a fine intuitive sense of the energy field. Its use as a weapon suits you well. Now for other skills...

Lara's mental radar screen fades in. The blue-tinged black blob has moved closer.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

Adrienne squirms at the small monitor, reading Aaron's email reply. She mutters portions as it scrolls.

ADRIENNE

...running an exercise...  
satellite cameras... two  
objects... Colombia and DC...  
timing consistent with anomalies  
on your G-C-P network...Omigod!

Adrienne collapses back into her chair, mouth open. NATHAN RODGERS, 60's, white-bearded, grandfatherly, Director of the Global Consciousness Project, bursts in the door.

NATHAN

Adrienne! This can't be for real?

Temporarily speechless, Adrienne gestures to the analysis results on the big wall screen. It shows various statistical test results with a big "Anomaly Confirmed".

NATHAN

Wow! Great analysis! Would've taken me all day, probably...  
(suddenly concerned)  
Hey, you okay, Adrienne?

Adrienne, pale, nods but can't coax a response out of her dry throat. She gestures toward the monitor with Aaron's last email. Nathan reads it, and pales himself.

NATHAN

Holy cow! The timing... this can't be coincidental!

Nathan kneels beside Adrienne's chair as if driven down by the weight of the implications; puts his hand over hers.

NATHAN

His email says no damage,  
Adrienne. So if these effects  
are E-T's, there's no indication  
that's a bad thing. Our job  
seems clear -- feed him data.

Adrienne swivels to the other keyboard, taps it and talks  
as the big wall screen displays a sequence of green circles  
of varying sizes and intensities, each with a time-stamp.

ADRIENNE

The size of the circle  
represents the ninety-five-  
percent probability that the  
source is inside it.

NATHAN

You mean... Holy cow! You've  
got these things located that  
precisely?

ADRIENNE

Only the one in Washington.  
There aren't enough detectors in  
South America, so the equations  
blow up.

EXT. COLOMBIA JUNGLE - COASTAL AIRFIELD - DAY

A helicopter flies over a low ridge with the Pacific  
beyond, sets down on an airstrip where a Harrier jet  
awaits. John jumps out of the chopper, climbs in the jet.

INT. HARRIER JET - DAY

A PILOT, 30's, nods to John, who is brusque, all business.

JOHN

You have enough fuel to make  
Panama City, direct?

PILOT

Yes sir.

John dons a helmet and the Harrier lifts off. He closes  
his eyes and Alien #1 appears, an image of Duc Li floating  
in empty blackness. They commune.

JOHN (V.O.)

What else can I do?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 A traveling companion, on your  
 pants. Embrace with your mind.  
 Then form construct.

John cracks his eyes open to see a dwarf tarantula crawl up over his right knee. He doesn't flinch, just smiles. A duplicate image of the spider forms on his left knee.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 A hologram? Looks pretty  
 solid...

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 You have strong talent for  
 creating deception, Magician.  
 Make it act.

The image performs, scuttling forward, backward, changing size, stopping and rubbing two of its hairy legs together.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Ah, good, you understand.

EXT. PANAMA - AMADOR/TOCUMEN AIRPORT - DAY

The Harrier sits on a military helipad as refueling trucks arrive. Beyond is a sign "Tocumen International Airport". John walks away, pauses beside some flowers and vegetation, opens his hand and gently releases the actual spider.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

Adrienne and Nathan stare at the big wall monitor. Blue circles, overlaid on a red outline map of the US, track across the Gulf of Mexico toward south Florida. At the upper right of the monitor, green circles in DC don't move.

ADRIENNE  
 The brightness of the circle  
 represents the intensity of the  
 effect -- how much order is  
 created out of randomness.

NATHAN  
 Adrienne, you're amazing!

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - AARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Aaron is on break. His computer monitor shows the same image Adrienne sees. His phone RINGS.

## INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

AARON

Fantastic! Blue is definitely coming to see Green. We've passed that along, but it hit a wall of disbelief.

NATHAN

Hello, Aaron. I'm Nathan, Adrienne's boss. Can't blame the Pentagon for being skeptical, I guess.

AARON

Yo, Nathan. Took me maybe ten minutes to figure out they couldn't be meteors, then when I saw your G-C-P data...

ADRIENNE

And when I saw your email...

AARON

But I'm worried. Maybe it was a dogfight in space; looked violent.

NATHAN

Well, yes. But it could have been an accident, and now a rescue, since Blue is coming after Green.

ADRIENNE

It's a mating. Pursuit, and a mating. That's why Blue is coming for Green.

A silence, while Aaron and Nathan digest that hypothesis, and its flat delivery as fact. Nathan strokes his beard.

AARON

Well... you know... the progression of those Blue circles across the Gulf? Very close to jet plane speed.

NATHAN

A pure consciousness wouldn't need an airplane, would it?

AARON

Right. Hosts. Human hosts.

Nathan and Adrienne nod agreement, eyes wide.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DOJO - DAY

With her new energy blade, Lara slices the body bag into pieces, tossing them into the trash. Alien #2 watches.

LARA

Other skills? What...? Oh, more dimensions. Yes, I sense them.

ALIEN #2

From this energy field... turn your mind's intention just a half-turn... there. Gravity.

Energy blades snap off as Lara gestures at the dojo mat. A wave runs through the mat, channeling water out the basement door. A green glint flickers in Lara's eyes.

ALIEN #2

Excellent. Now lift yourself and fly.

LARA

Fly? Really? I've always wanted to fly! How do I... oh!

Tentatively, Lara levitates, then twists sinuously and darts through the air, bouncing off a basement column.

LARA

Ouch! I'd better practice. What else?

ALIEN #2

You haven't the spatial sense for transposing; flying must suffice. The null. For which you have a natural talent.

Lara nods understanding. A black nothingness forms above her cradled hands. She snaps it toward the wall then forms another and draws it over herself, becoming a shimmering dark emptiness surrounded by a thin pulsating green aura.

LARA

And put them all together? Yeah. I can do that...

As Alien #2 stands off to the side, Lara dances back into the kata, her cloaked outline flying around the room, blades of green energy slashing outward, ionizing the air.

Hours pass as Lara practices her new skills in the basement dojo, until a door SLAMS upstairs.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Mom! We're home! I beat Uncle Ham, tiebreaker third set! Mom? Where are you?

LARA

Basement, honey. Blowing off some of that energy you talked about.

The null cloak snaps off. Lara looks at her hands in satisfaction and collapses the energy blades. She flies to the stairs but catches herself as Joshua trots down.

JOSHUA

Smells like a thunderstorm, Mom. Like ozone. Working out, huh? Energy, huh?

LARA

Yep. And I'm starved again! How 'bout you and your uncle pull that lasagna out and heat it up while I shower?

Lara ruffles Joshua's hair as she turns and trots up the stairs. His hair stirs again after Lara passes, though there's no breeze. He feels his head with his hand.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - DAY

On the Panama-Miami flight, John finishes another meal, and closes his eyes. The image of Duc Li forms in the darkness and they commune.

JOHN (V.O.)

I felt a light touch on my mind, a probe, I think. Was that the Other?

ALIEN #1

Yes, I sense great finesse. The Other has chosen human host with subtle and formidable mind.

JOHN (V.O.)

I only got a vague impression --  
darkness and an ugly green  
light.

ALIEN #1

Darkness is absence of soul.  
The Other is master of  
deception; you may never see it  
clearly until you kill it.

JOHN (V.O.)

The human host is a psychopath?  
Like most of the drug lords?

ALIEN #1

If not now, soon will be.

JOHN (V.O.)

You're positive there's no way to  
kill the Other but not its host?

ALIEN #1

They may not be separated  
against will of the Other. So,  
both must die.

JOHN (V.O.)

I have problems with collateral  
damage. Innocents killed.

ALIEN #1

Yes... I see that. Your  
morality has served you well in  
past, John Connard. Rest now  
while you can. Seek eye of  
storm, the quiet in battle.

The Alien #1 image shrinks, pulling away into a tiny dot of  
pure white light. John sighs; his eyes remain closed.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joshua and Ham discuss the strange events as they work  
together in the kitchen preparing the meal.

JOSHUA

Mom was fooling with her new  
energy. That's why she wanted  
us gone. That's what logic  
says.

HAM

Ah. Your wonderful genius  
logic. But 'tis your Mum's  
place to answer, not mine.

Joshua and Ham bring the food out. Lara enters. They all  
sit down and start to eat. Lara shovels it in, again.

JOSHUA

So, Mom...

LARA

Umm... Josh, why I've got this  
energy... there's a battle  
coming. I've been... chosen.

JOSHUA

Chosen is dangerous, isn't it?

LARA

Yeah, 'fraid so. I called TC at  
the Bureau. He's setting  
something up.

JOSHUA

Mom! You know who we need! And  
it's not the freakin' F-B-I.

LARA

I tried. He's still in Africa,  
I guess, outside satphone  
coverage. Right now I need you  
and your uncle somewhere safe.

JOSHUA

No! I'm staying with you, Mom!  
I can help. I'm pretty smart,  
you know.

Lara sighs and tousles his hair.

LARA

Thanks, hon. But I can't have  
you or Ham around. The danger  
to you would distract me.

JOSHUA

Mom, I'm not...

Joshua looks at Ham, who shakes his head no, then at Lara,  
and back and forth several times. He nods, finally.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

Adrienne talks on the phone. Nathan studies data on the big wall monitor. Blue circles, overlaid on a red outline map, approach south Florida from the west. At the upper right of the monitor, green circles in DC don't move.

ADRIENNE

Sure I can tell you, Aaron, I'll zoom...

She taps the keyboard, the big screen adjusts the view to display a green glowing circle centered on an underlying street map of Georgetown, a DC enclave.

ADRIENNE

...in. See, Green hasn't moved.  
I'd say Rock Creek Park, behind  
Phoenix Place... You're there?  
Omigod!  
(hitting speakerphone button)  
...be careful! Wow! Doctor  
Rodgers!

AARON (V.O.)

Yo, hang on a minute, Adrienne.  
Here's somebody leaving a house,  
I'll ask them how to get into  
the park...

Adrienne claps her hands to her head. Nathan's jaw drops. Distant muffled conversation comes out of the speakerphone.

EXT/INT. PHOENIX PLACE AND AARON'S VAN - DAY

Aaron stops his van and opens the door to ask directions.

Ham points and gestures MOS, while Joshua studies the handicap van controls and Aaron curiously.

Aaron drives off, turns left at the end of the street, then left again into the park, talking on his carphone.

AARON

...okay. Hang on, I'm heading  
into the park. Here's a good  
spot for the van. Getting dark,  
but I can see the woods. I  
can... oh, sweet Jesus...

Adrienne and Nathan's yelled inquiries are damped out by Aaron's sudden gasping breathing over the speaker.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Adrienne clamps a hand over her mouth. Nathan leans in toward the speakerphone, looking very worried.

AARON (V.O.)  
 (voice cracking)  
 ...some kind of green glow,  
 moving through the trees real  
 fast... impossibly fast...

Adrienne and Nathan stare at each other.

AARON (V.O.)  
 ...it touched my mind for a  
 moment, I think. Sweet Jesus!  
 An E-T! Contact!

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Lara flies zig-zag between the trees in the fading light, an emptiness with a green flickering halo, moving north.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
 Interesting. A partial adept.  
 He saw your aura. Did you feel  
 his mind?

LARA  
 Yes. I think so. Curiosity, a  
 little fear? But open, and  
 wholesome. Not a Beast mind.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

John's eyes stare ahead, unfocused. As the pilot announces the approach to Miami International, a radarscreen-like image forms on the seatback in front of him, with a pulsating black/green blob a thousand miles to the north.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - CALVERT ST BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lara exits the woods as just a dim green glow rustling treetops where no wind is blowing. The glow flies under a bridge, pausing upside down on the arch as her cellphone RINGS. It's Agent TC Demuzzio - her FBI mentor, and soon-to-be guardian. Lara turns visible, catching her breath.

TC (V.O.)  
 We're waiting for you at the  
 safehouse, dammit.

LARA

Ah... yeah. I was running,  
working out a bit, blowing off  
tension. Be there in a few.

Lara fades back to a glowing outline, drops vertically down  
off the bridge, flares out over the creek, flies north.

INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lara meets TC DEMUZZIO, male, 50's, and her three new  
guardians: FBI AGENTS DITTA, male, 40's; BLACK, male, 30's;  
and LOVELOCK, female, 30's, who is similar size and passing  
resemblance to Lara. TC points out the house safeguards.

TC

Features are the same as last  
time you holed up here, Lara.  
Bulletproof glass, titanium  
backs on the furniture...

Lara nods. TC slaps a wall molding by the fireplace and a  
concealed panel pops open to reveal a human-sized pod.

TC

...and the escape pod... drops  
you through the basement and  
under the street to the park.  
Paralysis gas fills the chute  
behind you.

LARA

Yup. Okay, I remember. Same  
upstairs. Check.

In the background, Ditta closes the panel, slaps the  
molding to open it, then closes it again. TC draws Lara  
aside, lowers his voice, uncertainty in it.

TC

So who's hunting you, Lara? And  
why? Going after a federal  
prosecutor? Goddamn dumb!

LARA

I don't know. But trust me, TC.  
He's coming. I can feel it in  
my gut. Intuition.

TC

Yeah. Well. Your gut's never been wrong before. But there's a shitload of taxpayer dollars tied up here. I'll have to answer to the brass Tuesday A-M. They don't know from intuition.

Lara puts her hand on TC's shoulder. Her eyes flicker with a green light.

LARA

Thanks for the trust. You're a friend.

TC

All right. Agents are guarding your boy and his uncle in a hotel room. And you're in good hands here.

TC exits. Lara smiles tentatively at the three agents. Her eyes mist up. Her avatar materializes beside them, visible only to her. She speaks to it in her mind.

LARA (V.O.)

Hate to lie to him, he's an old friend.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

No choice. He could not understand.

LARA (V.O.)

Good hands, yeah. I just hope they're all still here in the morning.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Nathan looks at a clipboard and writes another flight path notation on a whiteboard next to the big wall monitor. On the screen, blue circles move up the South Carolina coast.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

On the Miami-to-DC flight, John's eyes snap open, focused on his avatar Duc Li sitting in the adjacent empty seat.

JOHN (V.O.)

Four times I felt it probing, while I rested. An odd seductive feeling.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
The Other has chosen host with  
truly devious mind.

JOHN (V.O.)  
You're sure there's no way to  
separate them, kill the Other  
but not the host?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
No. Unless Other wills it, they  
joined now. As you and I.

John rubs his hands over his eyes.

JOHN (V.O.)  
The Other's human host... what  
if they're an innocent? And  
somebody's soulmate?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
One lost life? That by now  
truly lost to evil anyway?

JOHN (V.O.)  
I sense it's female... the  
host.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
The Other and its host cannot be  
separated. So she must die too.  
What is that weighed against all  
humanity?

John sighs, but his eyes narrow, his jaw clenches.

INT. DC HOTEL SUITE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Ham sits outside on the balcony, half his face in shadow. In the background, FBI AGENT SCHMIDT, male, 30's, and AGENT SOCRATES, male, 50's, converse MOS in the suite's main room. Joshua walks through to join his uncle on the balcony.

HAM  
Canna sleep, laddie?

JOSHUA  
Weird dreams, Uncle Ham.

HAM  
Eh? Tell me.

JOSHUA

Threads. They ran through my fingers. They almost looked like D-N-A spirals. I tried to get them to come together, to weave a pattern. To make like a... a tapestry. But they wouldn't.

HAM

No?

JOSHUA

But I think I... changed their patterns?

HAM

Aha! A dream-workin', is it?

Ham stares outward from the balcony, distracted. To the right of the illuminated Washington Monument twin bright lights descend slowly through the humid midnight air.

HAM

Airplane comin' in there, laddie. See the landin' lights?

JOSHUA

Landing at National. So what?

Ham continues staring ahead. A tear forms in his left eye.

INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lara lies on a bed in the dim room, still fully clothed. She communes with her alien avatar, who floats off the foot of the bed. Her mental radar screen superimposes on the view. A blue-tinged darkness throbs on it, very close.

LARA

Won't be long now...

ALIEN #2

Yes. Focus your full intent on his destruction. Trust in your new skills, their power.

LARA

The agents will die, probably.

ALIEN #2

They will slow him, give you an opening.

Lara sighs and looks up at the room ceiling, but the line of her jaw tightens.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

On the big wall monitor with an underlying street map of Washington, a dim blue circle pulsates in lower Georgetown, a dim green circle near the National Zoo a few miles north. Neither is moving. Adrienne yawns and stretches as she exits, waving to Nathan in the office behind.

ADRIENNE

Call my cell if anything happens.

NATHAN

Have a nice nap.

INT. AARON'S HOME- BEDROOM/COMPUTER CENTER - NIGHT

Aaron sits in his wheelchair in front of a computer, rubbing his head and yawning. His monitor shows the same picture. A clock shows 2 AM.

INT. DC OFFICE - NIGHT

John stares out the window at a well-lit Washington Monument. The only other light is a wall TV where CNN is doing a story of the morning's event, running the Goddard tape. It catches his attention. He turns up the sound.

JOHN

That's your battle in space, huh? Only they're wrong about nothing coming down to the surface, obviously.

ALIEN #1

Your military has no way detecting such as us. Yet.

INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lara sits on the bed in the dimmed room, forming null-fields in her hands, and flinging their black emptiness at the wall. The paint lightens each time she does it.

ALIEN #2

Good. That will disorient the Beast.

LARA  
He's coming.

ALIEN #2  
Yes.

LARA  
No other way?

ALIEN #2  
No other way. For your own  
child, for all of humanity's  
children, you must kill this  
Beast. With its human host.

Lara sighs, and looks down at her hands. She flattens and  
twists her right hand, and a hissing arc of green energy  
flares out from it, reflected in her glinting green eyes.

LARA  
I understand.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Nathan reclines back in a comfortable office chair, puts  
his feet up on a desk and makes notes on a clipboard. His  
head nods, the pencil slips from his fingers. He sleeps.

EXT. DC SAFEHOUSE - NEARBY TREE - NIGHT

John crouches high in a tree overlooking the safehouse and  
its front yard. He studies the situation. A dark figure  
stands in the shadows on the front porch, perfectly still.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Yeah, a trap. One guard here in  
the front. Another in the back.  
They're very good. More inside,  
certainly.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
The Other picked resourceful  
host. It has not been full day  
yet.

JOHN (V.O.)  
They're well trained. Police or  
an agency, or a top security  
company.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 You intend to disable, not kill?  
 It is dangerous, John Connard.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 One innocent is enough burden.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIRST BATTLE

-- EXT. DC SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT -- John cloaks himself in the null-field, and then...

- A) He transposes to the roof. With a null-field waved from his hand he drops Agent Black on the front porch.
- B) He shoots over the roof and down onto the back porch to drop Agent Lovelock the same way.
- C) He glances through the kitchen window.

-- INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT -- Lara screams and explodes off the bed and flies downstairs, where...

- A) Agent Ditta swings around and fires on instinct at the sense of an intruder in the kitchen.
- B) John dives behind the kitchen's central counter.
- C) Lara, behind Ditta, flings a null-field, catching John's trailing leg as he dives.
- D) John bellows with rage and pain, a deep awful primal roar.
- E) Ditta fires into the counter, switches gun hands, body-blocks Lara into the escape pod and slams the door.
- F) Ditta changes magazines, firing more into the counter rubble as he cautiously approaches.

-- INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - ESCAPE POD - NIGHT - Lara screams curses at Ditta as the pod drops, taking her to safety.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John hangs in a skylight shaft overhead, grimacing in pain, null-field flickering in and out. Below him is a chaos of gunsmoke, particle dust, and water spray from a sheared pipe. Ditta approaches, talking into a headset mike.

DITTA  
 Okay, SWAT, move in. Agents may be down outside. Picard is secure, in the escape pod. The suspect is down.

Ditta bends over, FBI letters visible on the back of his vest. He lifts the countertop and flings it aside, then stares at the rubble beneath. There's no body.

DITTA

SWAT, be advised the suspect is not...

John tries to wave a null-field down on Ditta but it won't form. So he drops out of the skylight shaft and clubs the agent on the back of the neck.

JOHN (V.O.)

What happened to my null-field?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

The Other's null struck you.  
Your reality is distorted.

JOHN (V.O.)

Can I transpose?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

That function appear stable.

EXT. PARK/ZOO - NIGHT

Lara runs out of a storm drain culvert that empties into Rock Creek. Her null-field flickers in and out around her. She turns back to look at the house, crying, screaming.

LARA

Ditta, you asshole! I had him!  
I had him! And now you're dead!

Lara stumbles down the creek bed, launches into flight and promptly curlicues into the water.

LARA (V.O.)

Wha... what's happened to my powers?

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

The null you cast was so powerful it depleted your reality. Your powers will stabilize. Concentrate.

Lara claws up the creek bank beside a bridge into the Zoo, pauses and collects herself.

EXT. ZOO - ROAD - NIGHT

Lara goes airborne into the Zoo, following the empty road, fragments of the null-field skittering around her.

LARA (V.O.)

He's alive, I sense it. That SWAT team may slow him, but I need more time.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

The null-field will take time to re-cohere to your body. But you may leave fragments on these animals, as decoys.

LARA (V.O.)

Apes? That will fool him?

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Not long. But he'll have to investigate.

EXT. ZOO - APE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Lara flies over the top of a glass-walled enclosure, landing in front of three sleepy FEMALE APES. She slaps null-fields on them. Not perfect, but good facsimiles.

A huge MALE APE barrels forth, but the three females - now just black shadows - run chittering around him and the big male retreats to cower in a dark corner in confusion.

Lara flies out of the compound and away.

INT. DC SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

John's eyes scan the room and light upon the escape pod door. He walks over and yanks it open. Gas boils out.

Holding Ditta's body in front of him, he charges out the back door as a SWAT van screams up to the curb below.

John looks upward and instantly transposes away.

Ditta, unconscious, tumbles down the lawn toward the van.

EXT. DC SAFEHOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

From the darkness of the roof, out of view from the ground, John looks down at the confusion below. He walks across the flat portion of the roof. He turns in a slow circle.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 Okay. My spatial sense is  
 coming back, vaguely. She's...  
 northwest of me?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Best not pursue. You weakened.  
 It risky.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 A reasonable risk. I'll take  
 it!

A chopper approaches, its spotlight beam arcing toward the house. John disappears off the roof in a POP of air.

EXT. ZOO/CONNECTICUT AVENUE - NIGHT

Lara flies over the west Zoo fence, runs between two large apartment buildings and out onto Connecticut Avenue. She flags down an early-morning taxi and jumps in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

LARA  
 Go! Up Cathedral Avenue. Fast!

Lara pulls out her cellphone, hits a speed dial. The driver does a U-turn and accelerates.

LARA  
 TC. I'm in a taxi, headed west  
 on Cathedral from Connecticut  
 Av. Is that your chopper behind  
 us? Any helipad...

Lara uses her hand to gesture the driver for greater speed, while listening to the phone. Then she snaps it closed.

LARA  
 Naval Observatory. Main Gate.  
 Fast!

In the rearview mirror, Lara shivers as reaction sets in.

EXT. ZOO - APE COMPOUND - NIGHT

John appears in front of the ape compound, looks at the flickering black huddle, and transposes inside the cage. Energy planes leap from his hands, but fade down to mere shimmers as he moves, hands weaving, in a cautious crouch.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Her resonance, but it doesn't  
fit.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Careful, John Connard.

John touches the black shimmer, almost gently, with an energy blade, and the null-field fragments dissolve to reveal three small cowering female apes.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Not her. Just a diversion,  
trickery...

The huge alpha male slams into John's back, knocks him against the glass, then tosses him to the middle of the compound and charges.

Dazed, John instinctively sweeps a blazing energy blade up. The blade shears off the ape's arm and head.

The body staggers sideways, spurts blood and drops.

JOHN  
Ah, Jesus! What have I done?

John kneels beside the quivering mass, his face agonized. He limps three steps and disappears with a pop.

INT. DC HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joshua sweats profusely in an uneasy sleep. His left hand makes a sudden slashing motion. Sweat droplets fly off it, spattering the wall, looking like blood in the dim light.

INT. FBI HELICOPTER - DAY

Demuzzio reaches out his hand and pulls Lara up into the chopper, which promptly lifts off. As it gains altitude the dawn sun illuminates her agonized face. He hugs her.

TC  
I'm sorry, Lara. Should've had  
a fuckin' platoon of Marines  
there.

LARA  
You couldn't have known. I  
didn't.

TC

This perp's a real piece of work. Three of the Bureau's best...

Lara reacts, shaking and sobbing into TC's shoulder as he guides her gently into a seat. His cellphone rings.

TC

Say what? An ape? Decapitated? How the fuck do you... An arm, too? Jesus...

Lara yanks a barf bag from under the seat and heaves into it while TC keeps a steadying hand on her back. She finishes vomiting and looks up at him plaintively.

LARA

He's sending me a message.

INT. DC OFFICE - DAY

John eats in the office, a map spread out on the table in front of him alongside a huge pile of food. The window looks out at the Washington Monument. It's a bright early morning. John looks up at Alien #1, points outside.

JOHN

She's there. I can sense her location much better since we've had contact. About fifty clicks, south-southwest.

ALIEN #1

You must rest, John Connard, now that you have eaten. You need to heal.

JOHN

And what's there? A Marine Corps base. Quantico. This woman, the Other's host... she has some high-level connections. Changes the equation.

ALIEN #1

Yes. But rest now, while I aid your body in restoration.

John limps over to a couch and drops, instantly asleep.

As the light coming into the office window shifts, his ankle swelling reduces and cheek abrasions fade.

His hand, hanging down, develops DNA-like spirals of light.

INT. FBI QUANTICO CENTER - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Two monitors show Lara sleeping, with readouts for pulse rate, blood pressure, brain waves. A third monitor replays Lara's debriefing session. TC watches, with DR. SAM ROSEN, 50's, bearded, shaved head, FBI psychiatrist/profiler.

TC

Damn she's good! Helluva  
debrief, huh? Even with her  
mouth full of food she's a great  
witness. Cogent, believable...

Rosen nods absently, intent on the monitor. He freezes the picture and scrawls a note on his clipboard.

TC

...but she's lying, isn't she,  
Doc?

ROSEN

Oh, yeah. No question.

Rosen holds up a finger again, unfreezes the picture and watches Lara answer another question.

TC

I've known that woman almost ten  
years. She's prosecuted some of  
our biggest cases. We're good  
friends. Why lie?

ROSEN

I don't know, TC. But I can  
tell you there's no malice in  
it. She's very principled, so  
her deception must have a strong  
moral purpose...

Rosen freezes the picture again and looks at TC.

ROSEN

...and her behavior together  
with her physiology? The amount  
of food she ate? How fast it  
brought her back from total  
exhaustion? Pretty surreal.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

Nathan jerks awake as the phone RINGS. He glances quickly at the big wall monitor, which has changed to show a different location for the green circle.

NATHAN

Uh-oh.

(picking up the phone)

Aaron. I fell asleep. What happened?

Excited unintelligible sounds come out of the phone. Nathan holds it off his ear, grimacing.

NATHAN

Sorry! I was feeling very alert. I don't know what happened... Okay, I'm calling it up. Oh-four-thirty, huh?

Nathan sets the phone down as he fingers the keyboard. At 4:30 AM the screen shows blue circles almost overlapping green. A stab of his finger on the keys, and time advances rapidly. At 4:45 AM both circles flash intensely.

NATHAN

Holy cow!

More excited unintelligible sounds from the phone. Nathan taps the keyboard; both circles dance and move. The screen fast-forwards to present time. He picks up the phone.

NATHAN

Quantico. So what... oh, Marines. So now the government's protecting Green? Looks like your info got through. I'll wake up Adrienne.

INT. ARMORED SUV - I-95 IN MARYLAND - DAY

Agent Socrates accelerates away from the restaurant stop and hands an Egg McMuffin over the seat to Ham.

AGENT SOCRATES

TC's orders, Mr. O'Donnell. The Brooklyn safehouse is much more secure than a hotel room.

Ham nods thanks to the agent and slips the sandwich into Joshua's twitching hand. The boy wakes up smiling.

HAM

Your fingers were twitchin',  
laddie. Figured they be wantin'  
breakfast.

JOSHUA

Having the dream again, Uncle  
Ham. Threads of D-N-A, moving  
through my fingers, playing  
like...music?

HAM

Eh? Evolutionary music? Movin'  
the race forward?

Joshua bites into his muffin, nodding.

HAM

Ah. Well then. Let us  
sincerely hope!

INT. AARON'S VAN - DAY

Aaron drives up Connecticut Avenue in DC toward the main  
entrance to the National Zoo, talking into his carphone.

AARON

Where the action happened --  
near the Zoo's back entrance --  
the streets are all blocked,  
Adrienne. Taped off.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Crime scene? Uh oh.

Aaron ignores the uniformed PARK POLICEMAN trying to wave  
him off, and pulls into a barricaded spot.

AARON

(to Adrienne)

I'll get back to you.

(to Park Policeman)

Officer, I have information that  
may be related to this... event.

The policeman studies Aaron, notes the handicap sticker and  
van controls, directs him to a spot past the barricades,  
and fetches DETECTIVE #2, female, 30's, disheveled, weary.

INT. AARON'S VAN - DAY

Sitting in the van's passenger seat, the detective alternately studies Aaron's printouts and his face.

DETECTIVE #2

Yeah. The timing, the location, both are consistent with our... event. But aliens, Doctor O'Meara? E-T's? C'mon!

AARON

I know what it sounds like. But it's independently verifiable. And I'm an astrophysicist, not a nut-case. Can you at least tell me what happened?

DETECTIVE #2

Three FBI agents down, in a house behind the Zoo. And a big ape, in the Zoo, missing his head and an arm.

AARON

Sweet Jesus! Somebody... something... killed three FBI agents and an ape?

DETECTIVE #2

No. Just the ape. The agents are in the hospital, but apparently not seriously hurt.

She exits the van, slaps the printouts against her hand.

DETECTIVE #2

I'll make sure the Bureau gets these, sir. Thanks for coming forward.

Aaron pulls out in traffic and hits his phone's speed-dial.

AARON

Wow, Adrienne...

INT. FBI QUANTICO CENTER - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Rosen stands in front of the brainwave monitor, gesturing.

ROSEN

Look at this! See this wave pattern? Beta superimposed on top of delta.

TC

And that means...?

ROSEN

A lucid dream state. I've only seen it once before. A Zen master. Years ago.

TC

So, you put this together with her body's recovery when she eats, and whadda we got? Superwoman?

ROSEN

Yeah. Maybe. I don't know. Outside my experience, for sure.

On the video monitor, Lara's fingers twitch at her side and her face expands, filling the screen as Rosen zooms in.

DREAM - LARA AS DESTINY WEAVER

Lara stands in black emptiness. Shining threads of twisting light, like DNA spirals, flow through her fingers. She moves her hands and makes the threads interweave, forming an intricate pattern of glowing light. She smiles. A blue-tinged blackness forms in the center of the pattern and eats outward. She frowns.

BACK TO SCENE

TC

Hey, Doc! Her hands are moving!

Rosen snaps around to look at the video monitor.

ROSEN

She's coming out of it. Waking up.

INT. DC OFFICE - DAY

John shifts position on the couch, turning onto his back, ankle swelling and cheek abrasions gone. Blue and green lights chase over twitching fingers but he doesn't wake.

FLASHBACK - JOHN FIRST MEETS LARA - THREE YEARS AGO

EXT. DC URBAN STREET - NIGHT

In jogging shorts and sweatshirt, John runs hard down a deserted street. He sees three men stealing toward a woman and child in a deserted parking lot -- an attack unfolding.

One man slugs the woman on the back of the head with a pistol, the other grabs the child.

John attacks, lethally, puts the three down bare-handed, catches the child as he falls from the last one's grasp.

John turns to face a snarling woman.

The woman's head still trembles from the blow, but the silenced pistol pointing at John's chest doesn't waver.

Joshua is six years old, but very smart. He grasps what just happened, and clamps himself around John's chest.

JOSHUA

Mom! No!

John sets the boy down gently, spreads his arms wide, his hands empty and open.

JOHN

I'm really a peaceable soul,  
ma'am.

Lara looks at the three inert bodies, back at John. Joshua runs to her. She gestures with the pistol.

LARA

Get in the car, Josh. You too,  
mister!

INT. LARA'S CAR - NIGHT

Lara slams the Porsche over a curb and speeds down the street. SIRENS sound in the background.

JOHN

Uh... might be better to wait for  
the police, ma'am.

LARA

Police! Those idiots were  
supposed to be watching us.  
Something stinks.

She glances at John briefly.

LARA  
Your hip's bleeding. You okay?

John looks down and fingers his hip. He picks the silenced pistol off the floor mat and sniffs it curiously.

JOHN  
A scratch. Didn't realize they  
got off a shot. You hear it?

Lara squeals the Porsche around a few corners, slides it under an opening garage door at her house, slams to a stop.

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lara puts the pistol on the kitchen counter.

LARA  
Josh, the first aid kit. Bottom  
drawer.  
(to John)  
You. Come here under the light.  
I want to see if you need a  
doctor.

Joshua hands her the kit. Lara dabs the nick with peroxide, tapes gauze over it, inserts a safety pin in the ripped waistband. Bemused, John holds out his hand.

JOHN  
I'm John, ma'am. John Connard.

Lara glances at Joshua, who grins. She takes John's hand.

LARA  
Lara Picard, John. Thank you for  
rescuing us.

Their eyes meet, emerald green to amethyst blue, flickering in the kitchen's light. Their clasped hands don't let go.

END FLASHBACK

John jerks violently awake and flips off the couch in a defensive crouch, energy blades flaming from his hands. They retract when there is no threat. He walks to the table and stares down at the map. Quantico is circled.

INT. FBI MEDICAL HOLDING COMPLEX AT QUANTICO - DAY

On the big monitor, Lara sits up, totally alert. She pulls off the fingertip monitoring cups and headband, and looks directly into the hidden camera at TC and Rosen.

LARA

I'm awake, gentlemen. Let's finish the debrief. Oh, and rustle up some more food, please? I'm starved.

TC

(to Rosen)

Starved? A few hours ago she ate a fuckin' horse.

(togglng intercom to Lara)

Okay. No more debrief, though. We've got a plan. Military help.

DISSOLVE TO:

Same room, but the monitors are turned off. Lara, TC, and Rosen study a topo map taped to the wall. They're being briefed by COLONEL MERTON SHAUNDEE, 40's, Army Special Forces type in fatigues, green beret tossed on the table.

SHAUNDEE

Ma'am, if you're sure this man can track you and will follow you into this trap, then I'm sure we can nail him.

Lara grabs another sandwich quarter off the tray on the table and gobbles it. Eyebrows raise in amazement at her intake. Lara taps the topo map as she chews.

LARA

You really can turn this into a live-fire exercise? Don't you need some kind of special permission?

SHAUNDEE

D-O-D's signed off on it. The state of New Hampshire has too.

Lara studies TC a moment, then scarfs down another sandwich quarter while studying the map's topography. Steep-banked hills surround an old rock quarry.

LARA

Colonel, TC... I like your plan.

INT. BROOKLYN - FBI SAFEHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Late afternoon sun slants in through the windows, illuminating the sketched diagram that Joshua taped

together from ripped-out notebook pages; it now covers most of the table with arcane symbols and arrowed pathways.

JOSHUA

Told ya, Uncle Ham! Feedback loops! From the culture back into individual D-N-A threads... the loops are evolving us!

HAM

Ach, laddie, good that somethin' is...

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

Nathan and Adrienne watch as green circles move northward from Quantico, and blue circles follow after a slight lag. The phone RINGS and Nathan puts it on speaker.

AARON (V.O.)

Blue was down there for awhile, at Quantico. But nothing happened.

NATHAN

Green's just got too much protection? Blue can't get to her? Lots of Marines?

AARON (V.O.)

But the three FBI agents weren't hurt; maybe it's neither battle nor rescue.

ADRIENNE

I still like my mating theory. And by the way... Blue is male, Green is female. I just know this. Somehow.

Nathan rubs his beard to conceal a smile. The wall monitor begins to show increasing separation as the green circles pull away from blue, moving north. Adrienne taps keys.

ADRIENNE

Look at the speeds...

AARON (V.O.)

Blue's in a car, looks like. But Green's in... what? A plane?

NATHAN

Helicopter, maybe? It's a Marine base. Well, while you two follow it, I'm going out to grab us some sandwiches.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

John drives over the bridge across the river into New Jersey, tracking the green blip on his mental radar. The bridge merges into a vision of the past...

FLASHBACK - JOHN MEETS HAM'S OTHER PERSONA (ALEX)

INT. AUTOMATED PET FOOD FACTORY - NIGHT

A worker slumps over a food processing line control console, inert but breathing.

Partially visible behind the console, John -- in a blood-splattered hazmat suit -- slashes a big machete downward.

Whistling cheerfully, he tosses a human arm into a grinding hopper. When he looks up, Ham has appeared.

HAM

Ah! Wondered how you did it, John Connard. Disposin' of the bodies.

Shocked, John whirls to a bag, yanks out a machine pistol and points it at Ham's chest, rock-steady.

HAM

Apropos, mind you. The heads an advertisin' campaign, the bodies dog food. Artistic, actually.

John's eyes whip around the factory, but see no one. He closes on the little man, pistol steady, dangerous smile.

JOHN

Ireland. The south. A Kerry accent? How do you know me? You a leprechaun?

HAM

Ah, laddie, 'tis the good ear you have... but a leprechaun I'm not...

Ham laughs easily, ignoring the pistol.

HAM

I am an admirer, Captain John  
Connard, of your very fine art.  
I would like to help you do it  
on a much grander scale.

John's eyes flash around the factory again, and he circles  
to check other areas. His finger taps the trigger guard.

HAM

Come now, lad. I mean you no  
harm. Give me one of your nice  
suits and I'll help finish up  
here. Then a proper Irish  
breakfast, what do you say?

JOHN

My art? A grander scale?

HAM

Art. Your brush strokes, John  
Connard, are pain and sufferin'  
and death. You use them well  
and boldly. And morally.

JOHN

Morally?

HAM

Aye. Oh, and I'm Alexander  
Shaunnessy, by the by.  
Philosopher. Absurdist. Art  
lover. And I have enormous  
resources.

Ham sticks out his hand. John studies him, puts down the  
pistol, pulls off a bloody glove. They shake hands.

END FLASHBACK

John speeds north, his mental radar overlapping the  
unwinding highway. A sign reads 'New Jersey Turnpike'.  
His pensive demeanor suddenly shifts to full alert.

JOHN

Something is... is touching my  
mind, I think. But not the  
Other. It's a soft feel.  
Cautious. But friendly.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Yes, a partial adept. Thoughts  
 of your lover sensitized your  
 mind. This one has similar...  
 resonance.

JOHN  
 But a young girl, I think.  
 Wait, I'm getting a picture...  
 I'm seeing what she's... it's  
 some sort of computer setup.

A dim translucent vision replaces the mental radar over the  
 hood of the car. A big wall monitor shows green and blue  
 circles superimposed on a map. John roars in rage.

JOHN  
 They're tracking me!

A bright blue aura flashes around John, funneling into a  
 vortex, which dives into the vision. A girl SCREAMS.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - DAY

A beast flashes into the room between Adrienne and the wall  
 monitor, crouching and roaring, blood slavering from fangs.  
 Adrienne screams, hurtles backward, knocks over her chair  
 and slams against the wall, frozen there in terror.

INT. ARMY HELICOPTER - DAY

The chopper with Lara and TC flies northward, approaching  
 New Hampshire. The late afternoon sun slants in, shadowing  
 Lara. TC thumbs through his notes, questioning her.

TC  
 Um, coupla loose ends here,  
 Lara? Need to tidy 'em up? The  
 last thing Ditta reported before  
 he, ah... well... You threw  
 something black at the perp?

LARA  
 Yeah. A black shift. Agent  
 Lovelock brought me some of her  
 clothes. I had it my hand, so I  
 tossed it to distract him, give  
 Ditta a better shot.

TC  
 Did it?

LARA

Think so. But then Ditta shoved me in the escape chute. He was still firing as I dropped. I'm so sorry they all died.

TC doesn't correct her about the agents' survival, just cocks an eyebrow expectantly as he continues.

TC

No black shift at the scene, Lara. Forensics was clear about that.

Lara just shrugs, looking at him evenly.

LARA

Don't know, TC. Maybe the perp took it. What's the other thing?

TC scribbles in his notebook, eyebrow higher. Then he shrugs, too.

TC

Sam Rosen says you've got brainwaves he's never seen except in a Zen master. You're different, Lara. Wanna tell your old buddy TC about it?

Lara and TC trade looks, both poker-faced. Lara reaches her hand toward him, but it stalls, never makes contact.

LARA

You are an old friend, TC. A good one. Believe me, if there were anything I could tell you about this I would.

Lara shakes her head with a half-frown, half-smile, her eyes moistening.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Painful, to deceive him. But necessary.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - I-95 AT TAPPAN ZEE - DAY

John drives down the interstate toward the bridge across the Hudson River north of New York City.

JOHN

What happened back there?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Neural and psychological  
barriers between brain segments  
have lowered. Much power lurks  
in primitive segment. It see  
you being hunted. It reacted.

JOHN

The brain stem? And the only  
reactions it knows are fight or  
flee? Shit! I scared that poor  
child to death, probably.

John's hand pounds the steering wheel as the highway  
unreels in front of him.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

No. She lives. But you walk  
thin line, between primitive and  
rational.

JOHN

I've walked thin lines before.  
I'm a soldier. And an assassin.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

This line is razor. Power here  
much greater. Moral shift  
required for misuse much smaller.  
You very dangerous, John Connard.

John's hands grip the wheel tensely; the highway descends  
to the bridge.

JOHN

My primitive side might take over?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Useful survival trait for your species  
in past.

JOHN

I will need its power to kill  
the Other.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Likely you will.

JOHN

But I won't let it take me over!

A full moon hangs on the eastern horizon ahead as John drives out onto the long bridge. The fat red setting sun glows in his rear-view mirror, then brightens into morning sun streaming in a window...

FLASHBACK - JOHN MEETS HAM'S SECOND PERSONA (HAM)

INT. LARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's New Year's morning. Lara buttons up John's borrowed shirt, too tight a fit. She strokes his cheek. The bed behind them is ruffled. John's shorts hang over a chair.

LARA

Come on, I smell breakfast cooking. Ham must have come over.

JOHN

Ham? Who's that?

They go downstairs.

INT. LARA'S KITCHEN - DAY

LARA

John Connard, meet Joshua's uncle, Hamilton O'Donnell. Grand-uncle, actually.

HAM

Alexander Hamilton Shaunnessy O'Donnell, actually...

Ham sticks out his hand to a totally nonplussed John.

HAM

...and I want to thank you for rescuin' my favorite two people in the entire world. Joshua told me all about it.

JOHN

(with irony)

I feel like we might have met before at one time, Mister... O'Donnell.

Six-year-old Joshua looks back and forth between the two, his genius mind discerning some subtext. He looks at Lara.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

Lara, TC and Shaundee walk the floor of an old rock quarry as the chopper lifts off behind them. Twilight fades into night. Shaundee gestures, Lara nods.

LARA

All right, Colonel. Nice trap.

SHAUNDEE

Thank you. But if he senses it, he may not come. I sure as hell wouldn't.

LARA

With me as bait? Oh, he'll come.

Lara, TC and Shaundee walk past a shack elevated on the rusty conveyor latticework above the quarry floor. Lara studies it. They move toward a concrete structure at the far edge of the quarry -- a camouflaged command bunker.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

An Army Special Forces SERGEANT, 50's, male, sits in front of a bank of video monitors showing various quarry views and sniper positions. Lara studies the monitors.

LARA

Impressive.

TC

I like it, Merton. Classic crossfire.

LARA

Live fire, right? It's all approved?

Shaundee hesitates, glances at TC.

SHAUNDEE

Yes, ma'am. Approved.

Lara looks at him, then studies TC for a moment.

LARA

Good. Then when he gets into the quarry, blast the bastard into hamburger. You hear me? Hamburger!

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
Overwhelming power. The safest.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Adrienne shivers in her chair, even though she's wrapped in Nathan's sweater. Nathan crouches, arm across her trembling shoulders. Spilled sandwiches lay across the table where he dropped them. He stares at the floor.

NATHAN  
A half-man, half-beast? Big  
bloody teeth? But no marks on  
the floor...

ADRIENNE  
I know. I know it wasn't real.  
But I... even smelled it.  
Predator breath.

NATHAN  
A projection of some kind. From  
within your own mind? And after  
the thing disappeared... you  
got...

ADRIENNE  
...yeah, a sense of... self-  
loathing. Sorrow. An apology,  
I think.

NATHAN  
Well, Aaron got some sense of  
Green, in Rock Creek Park. Some  
kind of contact clearly happened  
here, with Blue.

ADRIENNE  
I sent him a message back,  
Doctor Rodgers. I told him...  
to... to...

Adrienne trembles. Nathan squeezes her shoulders. Adrienne screeches into near-hysterics -- simultaneously sobbing and laughing as she gets it out.

ADRIENNE  
...never let it happen again!

NATHAN  
Adrienne! Blue may be  
dangerous!

Adrienne takes deep breaths, calming herself.

ADRIENNE

Maybe... Oh, I don't know...  
Hey! I know who to ask, though.  
Sarah's dad!

NATHAN

(confused)  
Sarah? Sarah Rosen, your  
roommate?

ADRIENNE

Yeah, her dad's a shrink.  
Forensic stuff, a profiler for  
the FBI. He knows dangerous.

NATHAN

I'm not sure that...

But Adrienne is suddenly galvanized, she grabs the phone and punches in a number.

INT. ROSEN HOUSE - HIS STUDY - NIGHT

Rosen flips pages in one of several reference books open on a work table. Next to it is a file folder titled "Lara Picard Profile". A computer monitor plays a split-screen view of her sleeping form and the brainwave monitor output.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey, Dad! Pick up on the house  
line. Adie's got a shrink  
question for you.

ROSEN

Adie! What's the matter? Got  
boy problems? Thought you  
dumped that turkey.

Rosen absently sorts Lara's brain-wave printouts as he listens. Then he leans forward intently and frowns.

ROSEN

Well... actually, no, that's not  
crazy. It's a fairly common  
survival reaction in certain  
highly trained people, like  
military. And if somebody's  
hurt they're sorry as hell.

Rosen stands and paces as he listens.

ROSEN

Adrienne... if this isn't  
hypothetical, if you need  
help... Okay, start at the  
beginning. I'll log onto your  
G-C-P website.

He cradles the phone to his ear while keying into the Project website. A clock runs at high speed as blue and green circles move across maps. When the green trace overlays Quantico, his hand slams down on Lara's file.

EXT. SMALL AIRSTRIP - VERNON, VT - NIGHT

John drives past a small airstrip along the Connecticut River, slams on the brakes, backs up and turns in. A sign says "Ultra-Lights, Lessons, Sky-Diving". He cuts the lights, drives to a hangar, gets out, looks in a window.

JOHN

I've flown that model. It's  
nice and quiet. With an  
inversion over the valley  
they'll never hear me coming.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Some friends from old Army units  
likely be in valley.

John's hand flares, and the padlock drops off the hangar bay door hasp. He swings the doors open.

JOHN

Yeah, likely. I'll be careful.

John wheels out the ultralight aircraft, takes off.

JOHN

I've done night exercises there;  
the valley will be fogging in.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

An advantage. But your other  
skills...

JOHN

Right. A decoy for my old Army  
buddies, while I kill the Other.  
Zero collateral damage.

The aircraft climbs over the river, then northward into hilly terrain. Under the full moon, a giant spider walks its wings. Below, a coyote looks up and howls.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - NIGHT

TC watches a monitor showing Lara moving back and forth across the quarry floor in the bright moonlight.

TC

What the fuck is that woman doing out there, Mert?

SHAUNDEE

Blowing off tension, TC. Martial arts katas, shadow-dancing... She's very good.

TC

Well, she's making me nervous. I'm gonna call her in.

SHAUNDEE

She says she has good intuition for how close this man is, TC. I'd trust her.

TC

Trust. Yeah. Listen, there's shit she's not telling us. That bit about blasting the perp into hamburger...

(shaking his head)

... don't. Just pin the fucker down. I'll take him out with a taser. He's got a lotta questions to answer.

SHAUNDEE

Well... you're in command, TC. Sergeant, put the word out.

TC

(to the monitor)

Goddammit! Now what the hell are you doing, Picard?

EXT. OLD ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

Lara scrambles up the conveyor latticework, agile as a monkey. She disappears into the old control shack at the top. TC runs across the quarry floor and yells up.

TC  
Get down here, Picard! You're  
driving me nuts!

Lara makes some hand motions as she backs out of the shack.  
A green flash answers. Lara scrambles down the  
latticework, fast, almost floating. TC's jaw drops.

LARA  
Time for the bunker. He's  
getting close. I can feel it.

EXT. ULTRALIGHT - VALLEY TO ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

The ultralight clears a ridge and John watches the valley  
drop down toward the distant quarry. He descends below the  
treeline on either side. A vision of the battle zone shows  
on his mental radar screen. A green-black blob pulsates in  
the quarry. Red spidery threads run outward from it.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Many troops... Abort?

JOHN  
Not a chance.

The spider simulation walks the wing, inboard.  
John disappears from the ultralight with a pop, and it  
bumps up a little in altitude.  
The spider leaps into the cockpit.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROCK QUARRY - TREE - NIGHT

The aircraft flies steadily onward, down toward the quarry.  
John sits in a large dead tree sticking up on the ridge and  
watches it go. His hands move. The aircraft responds.

JOHN  
Fog's rolling in fast. They'll  
be socked in pretty soon.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Confusion.

JOHN  
Perfect timing for us.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
The Other appears to be in the  
elevated structure in the  
center.

The ultralight flies down the valley, into the quarry.

JOHN

Right. Gives her a commanding view...

(to himself, coaxing)

Okay, boys. Now the plane will drop through the inversion, you'll hear...

RIFLE FIRE erupts from a hillside, ripping into the aircraft engine. The ultralight falls, hits the ground, skids across the quarry floor into the trees.

JOHN

They only shot the engine. Means they want me alive. We have an advantage.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE SECOND BATTLE

-- EXT. ROCK QUARRY FLOOR - NIGHT -- John transposes to the quarry floor, a flickering black nothingness cloaked in his null-field. He crouches in a slight ground depression under the control shack, where...

- A) John glances toward the ultralight wreckage.
- B) His hands twitch as he sends the spider from the wreckage directly at the approaching soldiers.
- C) The soldiers fire, but the spider leaps over them.
- D) They scream in horror but turn and give chase.
- E) The spider runs off through the trees. Fog thickens.

-- INT. CONTROL SHACK - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT -- With a POP of displaced air, John appears at the control shack door, rips it open, and then...

- A) John is immediately attacked by a blackness like his own, green energy blades hissing from its hands.
- B) Strike and block and counter-strike, the shack rocks with their violence.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

TC and Shaundee's full attention is glued to a monitor running a five-second loop of a giant spider leaping over a soldier. Behind them, Lara makes fighting motions.

SERGEANT

(into his headset mike)  
 Bravo, Echo, converge on the  
 access road. Charlie, intercept  
 by the pond. It's heading  
 southwest.

Lara's fighting motions get more pronounced. Her face  
 locks in a grimace, sweating. She gasps out a warning.

LARA

No! That's not real, it's a  
 decoy!

Lara flies backward over a table, but flips upright. Her  
 hands make defensive motions in the air.

LARA

Tilt the cameras up! At the  
 shack!

Light blazes from two monitors, saturating the cameras  
 briefly before they can adjust filtering. Lara screams.

LARA

He's in the shack! Shoot the  
 bastard!

TC

No! Just chew the roof off!  
 Pin him down. I want him alive.

LARA

I'll kill him myself!

The Sergeant shouts out orders. Lara moves toward the  
 door. Shaundee blocks it. She tosses him into the  
 Sergeant. Both men slam into the wall as the table  
 collapses. Monitors drop to the floor, explode in sparks.

TC

Lara! Stop!

Lara yanks the bunker door right off its hinges. TC shoots  
 her in the back with a taser dart. She shudders and drops  
 to her knees. He hits her with another dart. From outside  
 comes the noise of GUNFIRE ripping into the control shack.

INT. CONTROL SHACK - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

John crouches on the shack floor as the metal roof above  
 him blows apart in a hail of bullets. Alien #1

materializes in the haze, an erratic-pixel pattern. John sniffs around the shack, like an animal.

JOHN  
Something familiar...

ALIEN #1  
Unimportant! You must escape,  
now!

EXT. OUTSIDE COMMAND BUNKER - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

TC grabs Lara and drags her out, into the arms of two big AGENTS with FBI vests. They throw her across the back seat of an SUV idling behind the command bunker.

TC  
Cuff her. Get her down to the  
ambulance!

TC whirls away, taser in his right hand, handgun in his left. Shaundee staggers into the doorway of the command post as TC runs past. Ahead, the shack roof explodes under the rifle fire. The fog thickens. TC yells to Shaundee.

TC  
Work your fire lower! Force the  
fucker down! I'll nail his ass!

INT. CONTROL SHACK - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

John slices out a floor section with an energy blade. Below, through the fog, he sees an armed man approach. The gunfire diminishes. He glances up, sees the top of the conveyor system through the blown-off roof.

JOHN  
I can't sense the bitch anymore.  
Where did she go?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Your attack on her decoy may  
have disabled her mind  
momentarily. Escape!

Single shots slam into the walls below the roof. John looks at the holes. Others slam in, lower. He snarls.

JOHN  
Want me to come down and play?

John gestures with his hand and a spider-construct forms. It scuttles down the ladder, growing bigger. He gestures again; it charges the approaching man, who fires a taser. The man stumbles backward and sits down hard in the debris.

JOHN

A taser. Why do they want me  
alive?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

The Other must not have  
sufficient control over them  
yet. Escape! Now!

John glances up, transposes to the top of the conveyor, a hundred feet above the shack.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROCK QUARRY - TREE - NIGHT

John appears with a POP in the tree. He looks back at dense fog filling the valley below. Muted GUNFIRE flashes for a few moments from within the fog layer, then slows.

INT. FBI BROOKLYN SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joshua twists uneasily as he sleeps, then rolls onto his side, eyes closed. Blue lights around his left hand and green lights around his right hand spiral around a central darkness. He works his hands and groans. Sweat pops out.

INT. FBI BROOKLYN SAFEHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Downstairs, Ham studies Joshua's diagram on the table, tracing pathways with a finger. Within the drawing, dim blue and green spirals chase his finger. It trembles.

HAM

I dare not. Heisenberg truly  
rules within such chaos. Too  
delicate ...

As Ham traces the pathway down toward Joshua's crash symbol, darkness develops between the two spirals.

HAM

... our mind-dance, young man?  
The one in which God and Satan  
are Siamese twins?

INT. FBI SUV - ROAD BELOW QUARRY - NIGHT

Sweat pops out on Lara, like it did on Joshua. Face-down across the back seat of the SUV, her hands are cuffed behind her back. Her mouth drools, but her eyes blink.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
Drive the paralysis from your  
body! You must recover!

Lara twitches. More sweat pours off her. She levitates experimentally, an inch off the seat, then settles back. As the vehicle slows, Lara glances at the door and it immediately pops open. She flies out. Brakes SCREECH.

EXT. ROAD AND RIVER - BELOW QUARRY - NIGHT

Lara barely clears a guard rail, then zig-zags between trees down to a small river.

A small energy flare from a finger shears the plastic cuffs and frees her hands. She rages at the betrayal.

LARA  
TC! You idiot! All that  
firepower, you could have  
pulverized him!

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
He betrayed you. He wants the  
Beast alive. He is no longer  
our ally.

Lara flies down the river in a dense fog, a few feet off the water surface. A bridge appears, a glow of lights on the road above as she passes underneath.

Her eyes show a glittering green, with a tinge of red.

INT. AARON'S VAN - NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT

Aaron drives slowly north in dense fog. He squints at an exit sign while talking on his carphone. Propped on the center console, his laptop shows only blue circles. Then green circles suddenly re-appear.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)  
Thank God! Green is back!

AARON  
I see it! Great! But with  
government protecting her, why  
did she flat-line?

ADRIENNE (V.O.)  
 She's hurt, I think they both  
 are.

The exit sign for Princeton looms up out of the fog. Aaron drives past it, accelerating a bit.

AARON  
 Passed the Princeton exit,  
 folks. I'm heading north.

NATHAN (V.O.)  
 You can take the next exit,  
 Aaron. Route six-twelve to five-  
 twenty-two.

AARON  
 No, I'm continuing north. Into  
 New England. To intercept Blue.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)  
 No! It's too dangerous!

NATHAN (V.O.)  
 How can you even find him? The  
 whole east coast is fogged in,  
 up to Maine.

AARON  
 Your software can spot me to  
 within a few hundred meters. My  
 mind felt Green in that range.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)  
 Aaron! Then what?

AARON  
 Blue and I have a conversation.

The carphone begins to break up.

ADRIENNE (V.O., static)  
 Aaron, don't. Please don't.

AARON  
 If Blue is at all moral, like  
 your shrink buddy says, I can  
 jawbone him. Hey, I went to  
 Jesuit schools before  
 Princeton...

The carphone connection breaks off.

## EXT. ROAD AND CONNECTICUT RIVER - NIGHT

John runs down a deserted road, passing a sign that says "Boat Ramp". He veers off, following it. His mental radar projects a picture with the green-tinged black blob off to his left as he heads westward.

JOHN (V.O.)

Damn fog. I can't see far enough to transpose. She's getting further away.

He runs down a boat ramp. Without hesitating, he dives into the water and swims strongly across the river.

John climbs the rip-rap bank on the other side and is at the airstrip where he left his car.

## EXT. OVER CONNECTICUT RIVER - NIGHT

Lara flies south in the fog, staying just above the river surface. Green eyes glitter in a star-cross pattern as she turns her head to check for obstacles. Her eyes flash red as she shoots over a big dam, momentarily above the fog.

LARA

What the...? I felt him more strongly. But I don't think he's any closer.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Yes. The fog is a damper on your mind's perceptions of the Beast.

LARA

Fog! How? Oh, never mind.

Lara dives down back into the fog. She stops just above the water surface, slowly rotating full circle. Her mental radar paints a blue-tinged black blob north of her. She levitates straight upward out of the fog layer and the black blob intensifies. She drops down and resumes flying.

LARA

You should have told me!

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

But you already knew. Intuitively.

LARA  
 I... oh... yeah. Guess I did.  
 Then...

Lara dives below the surface. The black blob disappears off her mental radar. She surfaces, and it reappears.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
 Your intuition improves.

A train whistles into a curve on the river bank, headlight glowing in the fog.

LARA  
 I'm going to run out of gas  
 soon. I'm cold. I need to eat.  
 And rest.

Lara turns sharply right, flies up over the river bank, then flies westward just above the railroad tracks.

An owl in a dead tree hoots as she passes underneath.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

John speeds south in the dense fog. On the passenger seat is a pile of Danish and large coffees. He wolfs them down. Blue eyes glitter in a star-cross pattern as he stares down the road. Red flashes in them as he passes under lights.

JOHN  
 ...and fog droplets are a damper  
 and water is a shield?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Yes. Microtubules in brain.  
 Resonance with forms of reality.

JOHN  
 So she could hide from me,  
 underwater.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 And you from her. With air  
 supply.

JOHN  
 Why would I want to hide from  
 her?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Other's host learning faster,  
 John Connard. Soon she be more  
 dangerous than you.

JOHN  
 Then I'd better nail the bitch  
 quick.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

Lara rides south down the fog-shrouded highway. WALLY,  
 50's, a big friendly trucker, drives. He steals admiring  
 glances at chilled nipples pushing against her sports bra  
 as she dries her shirt in the heater output. He sighs.

LARA  
 Thanks for stopping, Wally.

WALLY  
 Swam the river and ran down the  
 railroad tracks? Uh, Lara...

Wally glances over. Lara's green eyes glitter in a  
 transient star-cross pattern. Wally is mesmerized.

LARA  
 Just drive, Wally. Can you do  
 that for me? Just drive?

Wally swallows reflexively and blinks a few times. The  
 tires hit a rumble strip. Lara gently steers him left.

WALLY  
 Sure, Lara. Drive. I can do  
 that.

LARA  
 And speed it up, okay?

Lara watches Wally drive for a moment.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
 It was necessary. He'll be  
 fine.

LARA (V.O.)  
 He'll be killed if he's anywhere  
 around me and the Beast catches  
 up.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
 Likely.

LARA (V.O.)  
I don't need a fifth on my  
conscience!

Lara's mental radar screen forms in her vision. The blue-tinged blackness is behind her. She studies it, blinking tears away, picks Wally's cellphone off the dash and dials.

LARA  
Ham. I need your help. I'm on  
I-91 in... Greenfield. Where  
are you? Is Josh okay?

She listens while studying the radar screen image.

LARA  
Get out of there. They're not  
our friends anymore... We need  
some serious distance. A safe  
place, out of the country.

She listens more, nodding. The blue-tinged blackness on the image inches a tiny bit closer.

LARA  
Ireland is great. Meet you at  
the airport... And if John  
calls, fill him in. Bless you!

She puts the phone on the dashboard, forces herself to sit back, takes deep breaths, closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK - LOVE ON THE BEACH - TWO YEARS AGO

The radar screen image morphs into John and Lara lying on a deserted beach. Her fingers trace circles on his chest.

LARA  
I answered you about Malcolm.  
Now it's your turn. What's love?

JOHN  
Love is the glue that holds the  
universe together.

Lara draws back a bit, studying his half-smiling face.

LARA  
Wow. Deep thought.

JOHN  
Mama told me that. Love  
connects us all.

LARA  
Smart woman. You believe that?

JOHN  
I do.

LARA  
Smart man...

END FLASHBACK

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Nathan heads out the doorway. Adrienne is distraught.

NATHAN  
I'll be careful. I'll be on the  
phone all the time, with you and  
Aaron both.

Adrienne hugs him impulsively. Nathan pats her on the  
shoulder and leaves. Adrienne turns back into the room,  
runs her hands through her hair, contemplates the blue and  
green circles moving down I-91, nervously shakes her head.

ADRIENNE  
Something's not right...

Adrienne picks up the phone, punches numbers.

INT. ROSEN HOUSE - HIS STUDY - NIGHT

Rosen sits with his feet up on his desk, studying the blue  
and green circles moving down I-91 on the G-C-P website.  
Empty cups of coffee, a digital voice recorder, and pads of  
scrawled notes litter the desktop. The phone RINGS.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ADRIENNE  
Doctor Sam? I didn't wake you?

ROSEN  
In the middle of the seminal  
event of the twenty-first  
century. No, Adie, I'm staying  
awake for this. You okay?

ADRIENNE

Aaron's driving up into New England. Nathan just left to follow him. I'm worried. Something's not right here.

ROSEN

They know about your mind-contact with Blue? They know the possible danger?

ADRIENNE

Yes. And I'm supposed to triangulate them to intercept when they get close.

ROSEN

Adie... the government knows about all this, right? From Aaron's info?

ADRIENNE

Yes... at least, I think so. Aaron says we're not hearing back probably because it's classified. But Green got help from the Marines, so they must know.

Rosen's feet drop off the desk. His mouth frames a silent expletive, but he remains calm and pleasant on the phone.

ROSEN

Um. Listen, Adie, I'll contact a few folks and call you back.

END INTERCUT

Rosen stands, paces back and forth, rubs his head.

ROSEN

Oy vey! Too many channels. The Center to Goddard to the Pentagon to... bet it's a classic government cluster-fuck.

Rosen hits the speakerphone and punches in numbers. The FBI duty officer answers.

ROSEN

This is Sam Rosen. Patch me into Agent Demuzzio, a Category Five. Now!

INT. FBI BROOKLYN SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ham gestures Agent Schmidt into a chair, then sits down talking to him MOS. Soon Schmidt's eyes close and his body slumps. Ham pulls up the footrest, smiles, and leaves.

SAME - KITCHEN

Ham enters the kitchen, where Agent Socrates is sitting in the dimness watching the back yard. Ham talks MOS, and the agent's head slumps down on the kitchen table. Ham pats the big man, sticks a pillow under his head, and leaves.

SAME - BEDROOM

Joshua turns uneasily in his sleep as Ham enters.

HAM

Wake up, laddie. It's off to meet your Mum, we are. Then flyin' to Ireland.

JOSHUA

Ireland?

HAM

Well, possibly.

JOSHUA

Possibly? To your old castle?

HAM

Come, lad. Now!

INT. FBI BROOKLYN SAFEHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ham positions himself so that Joshua doesn't see the sleeping Schmidt, opens the door, ushers the boy out.

JOSHUA

Huh? Our buddies aren't taking us?

HAM

No, your Mum has... dismissed them. Here, take your things.

Joshua looks at Ham questioningly, but takes his laptop and shoulders his knapsack, and they exit the safehouse.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE BROOKLYN SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Ham whispers into his cellphone in Gaelic. Joshua is confused -- Ham's Edsel is parked around the corner.

HAM

Well, that's it. All arranged.  
A jet awaits us and your Mum in  
New Haven. We'll be drivin'  
there, in the fog.

JOSHUA

Neat trick... a trained Edsel?  
Follows you everywhere?

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

TC bends over a table, face contorted, as an Army MEDIC pulls slivers of glass and metal from his butt. Shaundee holds ice to his own bruised face. The monitors on the wall show only ghostly infrared soldiers in the fog.

SHAUNDEE

No trace of anything out there,  
TC.

TC

I can see that. Owww,  
Goddammit, doc... shoot some  
more fuckin' Novocaine in there.

The field phone RINGS. Shaundee picks it up, listens, hands it to TC, eyebrow raised.

SHAUNDEE

Your duty officer... a Cat-5  
call from Sam Rosen.

TC

Sam, what the hell...?

ROSEN (V.O.)

TC, are you by any chance no  
longer in control of our, uh,  
friend Ms. Picard?

TC

How the fuck you know that?

ROSEN (V.O.)

So you don't have her stalker  
either. And you haven't heard  
anything about E-T's, have you?

TC  
 E-T's? You mean extra-  
 terrestrials? No! What the...  
 Aw, talk to me, Sam.

ROSEN (V.O.)  
 It's quite a story. You'd  
 better sit down...

TC grimaces at the thought. The medic finishes and exits.  
 TC listens, stares at Shaundee as he hands the phone back.

TC  
 We got a problem.

SHAUNDEE  
 I heard. But that's not all of  
 it.

TC  
 Aw, shit! What?

SHAUNDEE  
 Your forensic team at the  
 Washington Zoo came back with a  
 D-N-A hit off human blood in the  
 ape cage.

Shaundee spins his laptop around to face TC. The screen  
 shows a military file photo of Captain John Connard, green  
 beret, hint of a smile.

TC  
 Shit! This the perp? One of  
 your snake-eaters, Mert?

SHAUNDEE  
 Used to be. Captain John  
 Connard. Brevetted to major and  
 out three years ago. Went off  
 the grid. Almost always means  
 they've gone black ops.

TC  
 Hey, this is good news. We got  
 an I-D. We can find his ass.

SHAUNDEE  
 I know John. Personally. We  
 all called him the Magician.

TC  
 So?

SHAUNDEE

He's the best there ever was in our line of work. Maybe the best there ever will be. And that was before he got... an E-T for company.

TC

So... if he can toss people around and shake off tasers like Lara, and make spider illusions... you're saying...?

SHAUNDEE

We're fucked, TC.

TC and Shaundee contemplate the image on the laptop. TC smacks his hand on his forehead.

TC

Shit! Now I remember where I heard that name! Lara was dating a John Connard.

SHAUNDEE

Recently?

TC

Yeah. End of last year, anyway. But I never met him. Goddamn, this is fuckin' crazy.

Shaundee throws up his hands. TC grimaces, takes back the field phone, barks orders to the Bureau duty officer.

TC

Demuzzio. I want a team into Picard's place in DC, now! Use a national security writ. Look for anything related to a John Connard... Do it!

Shaundee studies the laptop screen, shaking his head.

TC

Call the choppers back, Mert. We're gonna track 'em down I-91.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

John speeds south in the fog, eyes glittering red. His mental radar shows the green-tinged blackness south of him.

JOHN  
I'm gaining on her.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Yes.

JOHN  
And I'm closer to the edge.

Alien #1, in the form of Duc Li, materializes in a lotus position above the passenger seat. John glances at him.

JOHN  
My baby sister, lying in the morgue. That edge.

ALIEN #1  
Yes. When you first met thing within you... that you call Assassin.

JOHN  
It's closer to the surface now.

ALIEN #1  
As segments of brain integrate, yes. Much closer.

JOHN  
And if I can't control it? All that power. What if I become the Other? An uncaring killer? So close to the edge.

ALIEN #1  
Edge, yes. Still, you must act. You know that.

John sighs, face fatigued, lined with his pain. The fog-shrouded highway unwinds ahead, the dashed-line lane markers a hypnotic rhythm.

FLASHBACK - LOVE ON THE BEACH - TWO YEARS AGO

The rhythmic lane markers meld into small waves as their tandem kayak approaches a deserted beach. John twists in the rear seat and dumps them into the water. They drag the kayak up onto the sand, laughing, and pull out a blanket.

Later, both naked on the blanket, Lara props her head on hand and looks down at John's post-coital sleepy face.

LARA

Smart man... tell me more about love. As you see it.

JOHN

You love Joshua. And you loved your ex Malcolm, at some level. But he was a psycho, a threat to Josh, so you let him die.

LARA

Would you have done differently?

JOHN

No. That's love. Tough decisions, sometimes.

LARA

You were a soldier. Have you killed people?

JOHN

Yes.

LARA

Did you feel bad afterwards? Remorseful?

JOHN

The secret is to know who you're killing and why. Otherwise...

Lara studies his face, intent.

JOHN

...it becomes too much of a power thing.

LARA

Power over life and death?

JOHN

The ultimate seduction. So you need to be careful. Know your enemy. Understand the consequences. Accept them.

LARA

A slippery slope? Tell me about who you've killed. And why.

John sighs, closes his eyes for a moment, shakes his head.

LARA  
Some other time?

JOHN  
I promise. But today is so  
bright, and my story's too dark.

BACK TO SCENE

The rhythm of the waves morphs back into dashed-line lane markers slipping by the car on fog-shrouded I-91.

ALIEN #1  
She shared secret; her agony and  
remorse. You not. Is that love?

JOHN  
She's a federal prosecutor.  
We're not married. She could be  
forced to testify. My ongoing  
elimination of drug lords hasn't  
exactly been legal.

ALIEN #1  
You protect her.

JOHN  
That's love, too.

ALIEN #1  
Now you may die protecting her.  
And her son. And the planet.

JOHN  
A fair trade.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

Wally drives fast and nervously, squinting out the windshield, sweat on his face. Lara drains a bottle, stifles a burp, studies Wally briefly, then studies the foggy highway. Mental radar forms to overlay that view.

LARA (V.O.)  
It's going to be close. Even  
with the airplane on the ramp  
and warmed up.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
A contingency plan? If we are  
slowed?

LARA (V.O.)

I understand. Water for concealment. Then work him close to a high energy source. A substation. Or transformer.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Aikido. Remember your training.

LARA (V.O.)

If only John were here... we could tag-team this Beast. He'd never know what hit him.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Remember John's teachings, then.

LARA (V.O.)

Deceive, like a magician. Then strike fast, an assassin.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Dead men can't hurt you. Or Joshua.

INT. ROSEN HOUSE - HIS STUDY - NIGHT

Rosen studies the blue and green circles on his computer screen, holds a ruler up against it, picks up the phone.

ROSEN

Adrienne, I hate to tell you this, but our government's been flying blind.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

They don't know? Didn't Aaron...?

ROSEN

Oh, he did. But his messages got sidelined. Somebody at FBI thought it was an X-Files joke.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Uh oh. And now?

ROSEN

Now they've got the word; they're tracking Blue and Green on your website. I'm going to patch in an FBI agent named Demuzzio... hang on a sec.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Did they say what this is about?  
Is it a battle? Can they  
protect Aaron?

ROSEN

They don't know what it's about.  
Demuzzio's got troops airborne,  
headed south, but their choppers  
can't set down in the fog.

INT. PRINCETON - GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS PROJECT - NIGHT

Adrienne walks to the big wall monitor, holding the phone to her ear. Green is almost in New Haven, Blue close behind. She moves a small Post-It note with Aaron's name on it closer to New Haven. She moves Nathan's up I-95.

INT. ARMY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

TC swears MOS at the fog blanketing the ground below, billowing and wavy under a setting full moon. His cellphone RINGS and he pulls the headset mike to his mouth.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TC

She patched in, Sam? Good. Ms. Baxter, Adrienne, you hear me okay?

ADRIENNE

Yes sir. It's noisy.

TC

We're in a helicopter. I want to thank you for all the good work you've done.

ADRIENNE

Um, you're welcome.

TC

I got just one urgent issue, Adrienne. Can your software tighten down those circles? Give us a smaller search area? Like only a minute old?

ADRIENNE

I... um... yes, I think so. But it will take some time to re-program.

TC

How long?

Adrienne taps an adjacent keyboard. A message scrolls under the plot on the wall monitor: 'Estimated time to contact 27 minutes'. It clicks down to 26. Adrienne fingers the Post-It with Aaron's name on it.

ADRIENNE

Um... about an hour, sir, I think.

INT. HAM'S EDSEL ON I-95 - NIGHT

The Edsel plows through the fog. Signs for New Haven start to appear. Highway lamp stanchions run alternating bands of light and darkness over Joshua's face as they pass by.

HAM

Evolutionary uncertainty, you say? So how would you test its probabilities?

JOSHUA

Don't know. Too many variables.

HAM

Hmm... in India, years ago, the natives would catch monkeys. They'd hollow out a gourd, and rope it off to a tree.

JOSHUA

A gourd to a tree. Monkeys. And...?

HAM

They'd cut a hole in the gourd, barely big enough for a monkey to slip in his hand...

JOSHUA

Okay.

HAM

...but not big enough for a monkey to get his closed fist out. Then they'd put the monkey's favorite nuts inside.

JOSHUA

Oh! The monkey would grab the nuts? And if it wouldn't let go...?

HAM

The natives would have monkey burger.

JOSHUA

But why wouldn't the monkey just pour the nuts out? Or just let go and run away?

HAM

Well, y'see, me lad, monkeys know what monkeys know...

JOSHUA

Genetic instincts? What about learned knowledge?

HAM

Most times, laddie, turns out both are conspirin' against them. 'Tis a rare monkey will let go of the nuts.

JOSHUA

An evolutionary breakpoint? The smarter monkeys survive?

HAM

Well... smarter, yes, but in a broader sense than mere intelligence. Wisdom takes many forms, Joshua.

JOSHUA

A monkey trap. Many variables, only one decision. But... human beings are more complex... aren't they?

HAM

Are they? What would you be puttin' in a gourd to trap a human bein', lad?

Joshua pauses a long moment, staring out at the fog.

JOSHUA  
Power, Uncle Ham... power.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

Wally slams on the brakes as a pileup appears out of the fog. He yanks the wheel to the right and fishtails down an exit ramp, screaming obscenities. The truck skids to a stop. A flaming mass of wreckage covers the highway above.

LARA  
Wally! That entrance ramp is  
clear!

Wally, shaken, starts to pull across the divider separating the ramps, to get back onto the highway past the wreckage. Halfway, he shivers, stops the truck, grabs the cell phone.

LARA  
No time!

Lara snaps her hand and a dimness runs over Wally. He slumps, words cut off. Lara opens the door and levitates Wally out, nestling him between guardrails, protected.

LARA  
Sorry. I'll send you a check.

Lara slams into gear and rips up the entrance ramp back onto the highway, the wreckage behind her. It disappears quickly in the mirror, just a glow in the fog.

LARA  
Maybe we'll get lucky and the  
Beast will slam into it.

The highway divides, and Lara careens into the left lane at the last minute, responding to an airport sign. She roars up onto a tall bridge. Her mental radar screen pulses with blue-tinged blackness; it expands, almost upon her.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - BRIDGE - INTERSTATE-91 - NIGHT

Ahead of John, a small truck tops the long bridge and starts down, barely visible in the fog. His mental radar screen pulses with the green-tinged blackness ahead. The truck taillights switch off. John tromps the gas pedal.

JOHN  
 Too late, bitch! I know that's  
 you.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Caution! Her skill grown.  
 Deception likely.

John shuts off his headlights and his car accelerates --  
 impossibly fast within the shuddering gravity wave he just  
 wrapped around it.

He pulls even with the truck, and the blackness driving it  
 is visible for an instant. He grunts with supreme effort.

JOHN  
 Die!

John stiffens his right hand, makes a pushing motion. The  
 passenger door explodes off his car. The truck slams into  
 the bridge rail and over it, falling out of sight. John  
 skids sideways down an exit ramp. A fireball erupts below.

JOHN  
 That took everything I had! Did  
 I get her? Kill the Other?

INT. JOHN'S CAR - INDUSTRIAL STREETS - NIGHT

John turns the car, on flat tires, off the ramp and back  
 under the bridge toward the water. At an oil terminal a  
 fuel tank burns, the truck body crushed into it.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 Try your senses.

John's mental radar screen re-forms, erratically, pixels  
 shifting. No greenish-black blob appears. SIRENS sound.

John turns down a dark side street by the water, pulls the  
 car into a dump area. He looks back at the fire.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NEW HAVEN HARBOR - NIGHT

Lara knives through murky darkness, arms steepled in front  
 of her. A school of fish scatter ahead of her. The hull  
 of a boat passes over. She surfaces, gasping for air. Her  
 mental radar shows a weakened blue-tinged blob. She dives.

LARA (V.O.)  
 He's still there. But he's hurt  
 or something.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

The Beast spent enormous energy.  
He needs time to re-cohere his  
reality.

LARA (V.O.)

Energy... I saw power lines  
above me.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Excellent! The plan... the  
trap. While he is weakened.

EXT. OLD POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Lara porpoises out of the water onto the seawall of a power  
plant. Power lines hum and crackle in the fog.

She raises a hand and green energy flickers down from the  
lines and wraps itself around her.

She snarls, bloodshot green eyes glittering.

LARA

Come get me, you miserable  
bastard.

Her mental radar shows the blackness flare and start to  
move. Its blue outline has deepened almost to violet.

Lara smiles coldly as she runs toward the power plant door.

EXT. HARBOR AREA - INDUSTRIAL STREETS - NIGHT

John transposes through deserted streets, in small  
increments, as far as he can see in the fog. His mental  
radar picture shifts to accommodate each transposition.

JOHN (V.O.)

A good tactician. Setting  
another trap.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

She know you depleted, John  
Connard.

JOHN (V.O.)

Yeah. But so is she. This is  
my best chance. Overpower her.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

An abundance of power demands  
its use.

John's eyes glitter a deep violet as he passes under a street light. The distant BEAT of helicopter rotors makes him look up. He gives a guttural snarl, eyes flaring red.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Lara, a green-tinged blackness, slithers through the door of the plant. Inside, she flies around fast, scoping it.

A WORKER enters the turbine deck. She drops him with a tossed null-field, pushes him behind a pedestal, glances into a control room and drops two other WORKERS.

LARA (V.O.)

They'll be safe?

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

We can do nothing more.

Lara flies to a generator housing, lays a hand on it. The outline of her head nods, wreathed in flowing green energy.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)

Quickly now; the field of  
battle. Place our decoy.

Lara flies off, flashing around the steam boilers and piping, pausing at a nook near a catwalk. She leaves an image of her form there; it backs into the shadows. Lara zooms down to the turbine deck, in pulsating blackness.

EXT. OLD POWER PLANT - NIGHT

John follows the black blob on his consciousness radar, transposes until a building materializes out of the fog. Most of it is derelict, but a newer portion is lit up.

JOHN

She's in there. That plant.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)

Yes.

JOHN

She's set a trap. I want more  
power.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 You may draw more from primal  
 mind... but it dangerous. You  
 walk edge of abyss already.

JOHN  
 Help me. Now!

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
 As you wish, John Connard.

John waves his hand at a steel door in the derelict end of  
 the power plant and it collapses inward.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - NIGHT

John bounds inside, up some stairs and out onto the turbine  
 deck. A hundred yards down the long open floor, green-  
 tinged blackness awaits, pulsating.

INT. HELICOPTER - APPROACHING POWER PLANT - NIGHT

TC stands in the open bay door of the chopper yelling MOS  
 at the undulating fog blanket beneath. The night sky  
 begins to brighten above the fog layer. TC slams the door.

TC  
 Why the fuck can't we catch a  
 break here? You sure we can't  
 go down?

SHAUNDEE  
 Not in that visibility. Too  
 many high voltage lines.

TC  
 Shit! They're there, aren't  
 they? In that plant?

SHAUNDEE  
 Looks like it. But nobody's  
 picking up the phone in the  
 control room.

TC moves around to stare at the laptop display. Blue and  
 green circles overlap, pulsating intensely.

TC  
 Weatherman says this fog's  
 gonna break up in another half-  
 hour. After sunrise.

SHAUNDEE

Maybe. You want to call in  
locals on the ground? Tell P-D  
to crash the gate?

TC

My instinct is to keep this  
thing suppressed. No locals,  
no cops. But...

TC stares at Shaundee, then at his cellphone, deciding.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FINAL BATTLE

-- INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT -- Lara stands at one end of the long turbine hall, John at the other. Both are cloaked in dark null-fields, Lara's with a brilliant green nimbus, John's with dark blue. Air between them shimmers with building energies, then...

- A) With a primal roar, John throws a massive gravity wave at Lara and transposes behind it.
- B) Loose equipment and debris smash against a concrete pedestal, but Lara flies up and it passes underneath her.
- C) John's nimbus darkens to indigo.
- D) Lara somersaults in the air, slashing down with an energy blade from her foot at the back of John's head.
- E) John whirls and knocks it away with a blade from his hand.
- F) Their blades hiss through the air and screech when they meet.
- G) John follows up his block with a wave of blackness from his off-hand.
- H) Lara flies backward away from it, side-slipping in mid-air to let it hit the side of a big boiler. Paint peels.
- I) Lara disappears into a narrow passage between two boilers.

-- INT. OLD POWER PLANT - BOILER CATWALKS - NIGHT -- John transposes to the spot where Lara disappeared, dodges immediately as a wave of blackness rolls past, then...

- A) John transposes to a catwalk higher up on the boiler, and instantly downward behind the black form peering around a corner.
- B) John slashes out with an energy blade, but it passes right through the decoy and shears a steam pipe.
- C) The real Lara, behind John, hurls a fire extinguisher driven by a gravity wave.

- D) John is blasted off the catwalk, and a sheared-off section of catwalk falls alongside him.
- E) John falls to the turbine deck a hundred feet below, but disappears with a POP before he hits.
- F) Lara dives downward, eyes glittering in the null-field.
- G) Steam screams out of the sheared pipe, condensing into a mist at the high ceiling.

-- INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT -- Lara flies down to the floor where John crouches, the nimbus around his null-field blackness now a deep purple, then...

- A) Lara makes her decoy appear off to the side.
- B) John throws a gravity wave at it, to no effect, so he's not fooled and springs straight at Lara.
- C) Energy blades spring from their hands and feet and hiss through the air and screech with strike and block and counterstrike.
- D) Loose debris is hurled and dodged or blocked.
- E) Lara is gradually backed across the floor.
- F) Lara fakes a move, but John anticipates, catches her in a gravity field, pins her spread-eagled against the generator housing with his trembling left hand.
- G) The green nimbus around Lara pulsates desperately.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

John raises his right hand, an energy blade crackling.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Kill it, John Connard! Now!

John draws the blade down to just a small arc. He raises it to the face of the squirming blackness, gasping with the effort to maintain his control.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I need to know what I'm  
killing... strip off the null...  
like the apes...

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
No! Kill it, John Connard!

JOHN (V.O.)  
I need to know...

The instant John's blade touches the null-field around Lara's face, green energy leaps out of the generator, runs across Lara's form and slams into John.

John explodes off Lara, flies through the air and crashes to the floor in a senseless heap, his null-field fracturing into erratic pixels.

Lara collapses, slumps down to sit on the floor, her body intermittently visible as her null-field wavers.

LARA

Ten thousand volts, fucker.  
Take that.

INT. HAM'S CAR - I-95 - NIGHT

Joshua squirms in the passenger seat as the Edsel shoots by a broken portion of bridge railing. SIRENS sound in the distance behind them.

JOSHUA

Turn around! Back over the bridge.

HAM

Joshua? The airport is this way.

JOSHUA

Mom's behind us. She's in trouble.

HAM

Behind us? How do you know this, lad?

JOSHUA

The threads. In my dream.  
They're coming alive. I feel them!

Ham yanks the wheel, shoots down an exit ramp and crosses over onto an entrance ramp. The Edsel accelerates up it.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

Lara groans her way erect, hanging onto the generator, then limps to John's body, which lies face down on the floor.

John's nimbus is now a barely visible indigo glow. His null-field flickers erratically, faded but still concealing him.

An energy blade sputters from Lara's hand. Her null-field has re-cloaked her in blackness; red static runs across it.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

John is in total darkness. From it, Duc Li's voice struggles to become coherent, partial phrases crackling in and out like a cellphone running out of tower range.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Return to me, John Connard.

JOHN  
Where are you? Where am I?

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
In null. Focus mind.

A spot of light forms, showing Duc Li in a lotus. John's view homes in, then moves through him.

On the turbine deck twenty feet below, John sees his body. The Other approaches, blade hissing and crackling. John's view dives toward his body.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

Lara puts her toe under John's shoulder to flip him over.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
No! Kill the Beast now!

LARA (V.O.)  
I have to know who I'm killing.  
I have to live with that.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
No! Power! Obliterate the  
Beast.

LARA (V.O.)  
I watched Malcolm die. I have  
to... I can't... I just... have  
to know.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)  
Why?

LARA (V.O.)  
So... I can accept the  
consequences.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - THE TABLES TURN

- A) Lara's foot flips John over on his back. The pixelated fragments of the null field chase across his body, but for a brief moment his face is revealed.
- B) Lara screams his name. She drops to cradle him.
- C) John's eyes snap open; he sees the Other's null-cloaked form dropping toward him.
- D) John snaps a gravity wave upward, hurling the thing high into the steam mist hanging below the ceiling.
- E) A deep purple nimbus, flecked with streaks of red static, curls around his darkened form.
- F) John transposes to the sheared-off catwalk high above, and suspends the body in a gravity wave as it falls back down out of the mist.
- G) His hand outstretched and trembling, he holds the body suspended in mid-air as he gasps to catch his breath.
- H) His nimbus flickers, he's burning out.
- I) The damaged catwalk shakes and shivers underneath him.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

## INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

Joshua runs up the same stairs John did, followed by Ham, and out onto the turbine deck floor. At the other end of the long room a dark form hangs suspended high above in the steam mist, another dark form on a catwalk just below.

JOSHUA

Mom! John!

Oblivious, the figure on the catwalk beckons the suspended form and it slides obediently downward through the air.

Joshua freezes. He looks at Ham, then turns and stretches his hand out toward the distant Lara.

A turquoise helical thread reaches outward from Joshua's hand, but only a few meters; he looks at Ham imploringly.

HAM (V.O.)

Aye, laddie. If you will play  
with uncertainty... then... so  
must I...

Ham puts his hand on Joshua's shoulder. Joshua's turquoise eyes glitter in a star-cross pattern. The thread brightens and spirals fast toward Lara.

HAM (V.O.)  
...but carefully, boy,  
carefully.

The darkness of a null-field chases up the turquoise helix toward Lara, mostly obscuring it.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - HIGH CATWALK - NIGHT

John eases the suspended body cautiously down toward him, controlling it with his left hand. Pixels of the null-field blackness chase over it, obscuring. The body faces away from him as it descends. A turquoise flicker, and the hint of an erratic green nimbus chases over the body.

Red lightning flashes around the indigo star-crosses in John's eyes.

The image of Duc Li forms to the right of the descending body, sitting in a lotus, expression stern.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
It recovers. Kill this time,  
John Connard!

An indigo energy sword flares from John's right hand. Red pixels race around it, like drops of blood. John raises it overhead, ready to slash the body in half. Then he pauses.

JOHN (V.O.)  
No. I still need to know...

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Why?

JOHN (V.O.)  
You taught me yourself, Sensei.  
To look in the eyes of the one I  
kill. To accept the  
consequences of that power.

ALIEN #1 (V.O.)  
Another trap! Kill thing! Now!

John trembles. The energy blade flares and hisses in his right hand, but slowly shrinks into the size of a knife.

John gestures at the body with his left hand and it rotates slowly toward him. He sniffs the air like an animal.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Something... something...

Pixelated blackness parts to reveal Lara's bruised and battered face.

JOHN

Lara? Omigod. Lara?

John grabs her to him and embraces her with his left arm. He raises his head slowly to look at the floating image. Duc Li's expression is impassive. Red star-crosses flare in John's eyes as he roars his rage.

JOHN

Liar! You're the Other!

John clasps Lara's unconscious form to him. His right arm flares as he sweeps it up through the image of Duc Li. A screeching dissolution, a rip in the image, it pixelates and explodes. John's energy blade winks out. Null-field fragments disappear. Nimbuses brighten and expand, then snap back around their bodies, but pixelated. The damaged catwalk collapses beneath them. John and an unconscious Lara fall into empty space, a hundred feet above the floor.

INT. OLD POWER PLANT - TURBINE DECK - NIGHT

At the far end of the turbine hall, Joshua SCREAMS as the catwalk collapses and two entwined figures fall in the air. Joshua SCREAMS, the sound's frequency dropping as all motion slows down.

Ham ROARS, a stentorian authoritative demand, an order, but undecipherable at the low frequency.

The figures slow in their fall; just before hitting the floor they wink out of existence.

Joshua SCREAMS again, the deep sound ramping up to normal frequency as time speeds back up to normal.

JOSHUA

Mommmmmmm!

Ham grabs Joshua up and hugs him tightly. Joshua sobs incoherently into Ham's neck. Ham pats his back.

HAM

Your Mum is okay. John, too.

Ham turns and walks quickly back toward the stairs, Joshua sobbing in his arms. Tears roll down Ham's cheeks, but he has the beginnings of a smile as they exit.

INT. LARA'S DC HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

In slow motion, Lara and John fall through a milky plane of light just above her bed, power plant visible behind them. Their clothing stays behind as they transit the plane.

Naked, bruised and bleeding, the two fall onto the bed. The plane collapses in on itself, a METAL-SHEARING sound.

Lara's eyes change from fear to wonderment but she lapses quickly unconscious and her head drops onto John's chest.

Lara snuggles against him. Though unconscious, he smiles. Their cuts and wounds begin to heal.

EXT. OLD POWER PLANT - FRONT PARKING AREA - DAY

Ham exits the plant door and sets Joshua down. Sunrise pervades dense fog with a golden glow, but visibility is still very limited. A THWACK-THWACK of helicopter rotors comes from above. Ham crouches to eye-level with Joshua.

HAM

They're okay, laddie.  
Everythin' worked out.

JOSHUA

(sobbing)  
Everything... okay. Okay?

HAM

Right as rain.

JOSHUA

And exactly where... where are  
they, Uncle Ham? Where it's  
right as rain?

HAM

Why, at home, lad. Sleepin'  
peacefully, I trust. A busy  
night, indeed.

JOSHUA

Home. Our home? In Washington?  
DC?

HAM

The very one.

JOSHUA

The home that's three hundred miles from here?

HAM

Aye. Bit less, as the crow flies, I believe.

JOSHUA

Yeah? And how far would it be as they flew, Uncle Ham?  
(sobbing tapers down)  
How far?

HAM

Um. Bit of a mystery. Problem with the concept, y'see. Can't really use a ruler.

JOSHUA

But...

HAM

Later, lad. We have company now.

Aaron drives up in his van, stops it, stares, bewildered.

AARON

You! In Washington... You gave me directions to Rock Creek Park!

HAM

And poor ones they must have been, young man, you bein' three hundred miles north of your target. Sorry.

Ham waves a hand over Aaron's face and he slumps in the seat. Ham lifts Aaron out as Joshua watches, astonished.

HAM

Open the back hatch, lad, quickly now!

Ham lays Aaron in the van back, rolls him and yanks out his shirt. As the CHOPPER sounds get louder, Ham gestures Joshua to lay his hands on Aaron's lower back. Ham puts one hand on Aaron's shoulder, one on Joshua's.

HAM

A brave man. A nice genetic line. To be treasured. Make him well, Joshua.

JOSHUA

Heal him? But I don't... I haven't...

HAM

In this time and place, reality is fluid. You are a magician here, boy. A healer. Quick now!

Ham exhales toward Joshua's back. A turquoise glow forms around the boy. It runs into Aaron, and decreased, runs back through Ham into Joshua, a circle. Joshua gasps as the glow snaps off. The choppers get louder, descending.

HAM

Aye, smartly done! Come, laddie; away we must!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Edsel shoots out of the plant entrance, skids onto a city street then slows as police cruisers race past.

In the Edsel's rear view mirror, the cruisers scream into the plant, sirens blaring. Ham smiles.

EXT. OLD POWER PLANT - FRONT PARKING AREA - DAY

The fog dissipates as sunlight punches through it and a breeze picks up. Two helicopters land, disgorging TC and his troops. Some run into the plant, some secure the perimeter. TC holds his FBI ID and walks to POLICEMAN #2.

POLICEMAN #2

Yeah. We already got the word, Agent Demuzzio, federal jurisdiction...

TC

Good.

POLICEMAN #2

...so we stayed out of the plant. A gentleman is sleeping in the back of that van there. A pulse, but not responsive...

TC  
All right. Thanks. Just pull  
back and block the gate, please.  
We got it now.

POLICEMAN #2  
Press will be here any minute...

TC  
It's an exercise. Simulated  
terrorist threat to the  
electrical grid. The Bureau  
will put out a news release.

Policeman #2 looks at the deploying troops, looks back at  
TC, snorts at obvious bullshit, waves his men back to the  
gate. Shaundee walks over to TC, talking into a headset.

SHAUNDEE  
Two plant operators and a  
mechanic, inside. They're  
woozy, but okay. No sign of  
John Connard or Lara.

TC shakes his head, walks to the van, opens the hatch,  
checks Aaron's pulse and breathing, fishes out his wallet.  
Then he grimaces, slams the wallet down on the van floor,  
turns to Shaundee.

TC  
Get your medic to look at this  
bozo.

SHAUNDEE  
Who is?

TC  
Aaron O'Meara. The guy from  
Goddard. Astrophysicist.

Shaundee thumbs his headset and talks into it MOS. TC's  
cellphone RINGS. He walks away from the van to answer it.

TC  
They're where? Show me!

TC takes the phone from his ear and looks at a transmitted  
cellphone picture of John and Lara naked and bloody but  
asleep on a bed. He puts the phone slowly back to his ear.

TC  
No wounds? They're breathing  
okay?

TC looks over at Aaron, snoozing comfortably in the back of his van. TC rubs his head, frustrated.

TC  
No! Don't roust 'em. Not sure  
you can anyway. Just slip out.

A SOLDIER runs up to deliver Lara's shredded, bloody shirt to Shaundee. TC clicks off the cellphone, muttering.

TC  
Nobody's gonna believe...  
Merton, call off the search. We  
found 'em.

SHAUNDEE  
What? Where?

TC  
Lara's place.

SHAUNDEE  
In DC? That's three hundred  
miles from here. How...

TC  
Yeah.

SHAUNDEE  
But this is Lara's shirt. From  
last night. I'm sure of it.

TC  
Me too.

INT. LARA'S DC HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in through the blinds, painting slats across the bed. Lara wakes, smiles, spoons into John. Then she pulls away, brushing dried blood off his back.

LARA  
Sweetheart, wake up. You okay?

John gives a pleasurable moan into the pillow. Lara's hand moves down, brushing flakes off his hip. Her hand lingers. She nibbles his ear and whispers in it.

LARA  
You have a great ass, John  
Connard.

JOHN

I love you too, Lara Picard.

John rolls over. The comforter comes unstuck from him, showing a mess of dried blood.

LARA

Yuck. How'd that get there?  
You sure you're okay?

JOHN

Don't think I've ever felt so  
good.

Concern fades from Lara's face as suddenly as it came on.

LARA

Um hmm. Me too.

JOHN

But I bet we can feel better  
yet...

John reaches for Lara. She swats his hand away, laughing.

LARA

We need a shower.

JOHN

Oh, good!

LARA

But I've got to put this in the  
washer!

Lara yanks the comforter effortlessly from underneath John, tumbling him on the floor. He sits up and grins hopefully as she gathers up the comforter.

JOHN

Shower first?

John stands up. Lara throws the comforter over him and spins toward the bathroom, laughing over her shoulder.

LARA

Catch me if you can, big boy!

EXT. OLD POWER PLANT - FRONT PARKING AREA - DAY

In the background, three power plant WORKERS sit, being examined by an Army medic. One of the two remaining helicopters lifts off.

Nathan has arrived and sits on the van's rear deck, his arm around the shoulders of a woozy Aaron.

TC talks on his cellphone, agitated, kicking stones off the pavement.

TC

Naw. No A-P-B on the boy and his uncle. We got no probable cause anymore. They'll turn up.

TC clicks off, looks up at the sky, throws his arms wide, and stomps to the van, frustration in his gait. Aaron is standing up, but his expression is still spacey.

TC

O'Meara! What the fuck happened here?

AARON

There was a man. A short little Irishman. And a boy...

TC

Aww, shit!

Aaron's spacey-ness is shocked away when he realizes he's standing. He totters a few steps. Nathan moves to help him. They walk slowly over to a low wall.

TC turns to Shaundee, letting out a big sigh. Shaundee gestures that he's on his communicator, but TC talks on as he watches Aaron walk away.

TC

Dammit, Mert! We got a cripple walking. Two agents snoozing. An old man and a boy gone missing. A wrecked power plant, with operators who don't remember jack shit. Clothes here from Picard and Connard, but those two are asleep in DC naked as jaybirds. I leave out anything?

Shaundee nods, clicks off his communicator, taps it.

SHAUNDEE

Yeah, TC. One last thing.

TC clicks his cellphone at the first ring. He listens. His shoulders slump. He shuts it off.

TC

Aw, shit! Dammit, you too?

SHAUNDEE

Yup. Stand down. Say nothing. From the very top, I hear.

TC

Me too. Back to DC, soonest.

The two men look at Aaron and Nathan, then at each other, helplessly. Then they start laughing uproariously.

INT. HAM'S CAR - TAPPAN ZEE BRIDGE - DAY

The Edsel tools over the long bridge John crossed the previous evening, going in the reverse direction. Bright summer sun bounces off waves in the Hudson River. Joshua laughs with Ham, probing at the mystery.

JOSHUA

The monkey trap, Uncle Ham. First to recognize the bait of power, then to reject it...

HAM

...for love, lad. The ability to sense love, to unite, become whole... a key for any reasoning species to evolve.

JOSHUA

But the fate of the species tested by just two samples? Is that reasonable?

HAM

If the best cannot pass, Joshua, the rest will not.

JOSHUA

And if the best had failed?

HAM

The clock of evolution always resets itself... one way or another.

JOSHUA  
Self-destruction? Are we close?

HAM  
An abundance of power demands  
its use.

Joshua studies the river, and changes tack.

JOSHUA  
You're a gatekeeper? For  
evolution of the species?

HAM  
No, lad. A simple monitor.  
When the time is right, I call  
the gatekeepers.

JOSHUA  
You gave these gatekeepers the  
best to test. Mom and John.

HAM  
Aye.

The highway to home unwinds ahead, as Joshua's genius mind  
works it out.

JOSHUA  
So, what's 'the best'?  
Morality, intelligence,  
compassion? Enough to escape a  
monkey trap?

HAM  
Necessary but not sufficient.

JOSHUA  
A capacity for redemption, then.  
Love over power.

HAM  
Ah. Joshua, you have no idea  
how very, very bright you are.

JOSHUA  
Are the gatekeepers angry that  
you cheated? Using me somehow?

HAM

Oh dear me! I never cheat.  
Shade probabilities a bit.  
Hedge Heisenberg a tad. But  
always within the rules.

JOSHUA

Always?

Ham studies Joshua, takes a long time to answer.

HAM

I love you, laddie.

At noon they pull into the driveway of Lara's house in DC.  
Ham shakes his head, warning the boy.

HAM

They will not remember, Joshua.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ABOVE EARTH

An image of Ham, starlight shining through it, stands in front of Alien #1 (in the image of John), and Alien #2 (in the image of Lara). Beside them, the full globe is illuminated; it's noontime on the east coast of the U.S.

Alien #2 smiles at Ham. Alien #1's expression is more studied, analytical.

ALIEN #1

The test ran cleanly in the subjects...

Ham nods, smiling, a mild sheen on his brow.

ALIEN #2

...but... the boy is a puzzle.

HAM

Anomalies exist in any experiment, no?

ALIEN #2

Thank you for warning us when they fell. Avoided a difficulty.

The aliens study Ham, look at each other, a mutual shrug.

ALIEN #1

The Covenants were observed.

ALIEN #2  
I certify it. The hold on  
evolution of this dangerous  
species is released.

Ham breathes a sigh of relief. A tear forms in his left  
eye, a star reflected in it.

HAM  
Thank you.

ALIEN #1  
The genetic controls are  
removed. The initial pregnancy  
may proceed...

ALIEN #2  
...if it hasn't already. The  
power sequences have been  
uninstalled from the minds of  
our two test subjects?

HAM  
Aye. Energies will decay out.  
I'm workin' on the support cast.  
Memories will fade over time.

ALIEN #1  
Very well. Return then to your  
gardening of this planet...

Alien #2 reaches out a ghostly hand and strokes Ham's  
ghostly cheek.

ALIEN #2  
...old friend. You are mid-wife  
to its new species.

The Ham image nods, spins into a white vortex and shoots  
back toward the earth's surface.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The perspective rotates away from the earth; the darkness  
of space becomes the background for Alien #1 and Alien #2.  
Stars shine through their ghostly bodies. Alien #2 smiles.

ALIEN #2  
How do you think he finessed it?

ALIEN #1  
Ah. Not if, but how? A good  
question. No traces in our  
hosts. The boy, I suppose.

Alien #2 chuckles.

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF DC FBI HQ - DAY

TC stands on the sidewalk outside the FBI building main entrance. He looks up at the granite facade, irritated.

TC  
Forget it? How the fuck can you  
forget this shit? Presidential  
order, my ass!

TC snorts. He pulls a miniature digital recorder from his pocket and begins dictating as he strides off.

TC  
On Sunday, May 30, 1921 hours,  
D-O-J prosecutor Lara Picard  
called in a Cat-4 situation...

He doesn't notice that the tiny screen is flashing a message: "Memory Full".

INT. LARA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lara and John trade loving talk MOS as they sit across the table from Ham and Joshua. With the remains of a brunch pushed aside, Ham pops the cork on champagne and pours into four crystal glasses, just a little taste for Joshua.

Turquoise light slants in through the trees outside. It flashes around Joshua's glass, ending in his eyes, a star-cross.

VISION - JOSHUA SEES THE FUTURE

Lara and John go transparent, like their alien images.

Behind and between them, Joshua sees himself, older. He holds the hand of a little girl with bright indigo eyes. They stand on a cliff high over pounding waves.

He pushes the child behind him and faces forward, hands weaving defensively, snarling at some unseen danger.

BACK TO SCENE

Joshua's vision flickers out. Ham lifts his glass in toast, MOS. Joshua sips, then puts down his glass. He gets up and walks to a window. Ham follows, putting an arm across Joshua's shoulders.

HAM  
 Another dream-workin', then,  
 lad?

JOSHUA  
 They'll name her Eva.

HAM  
 Ah. Their child.

Joshua's voice hoarsens, and his eyes tear.

JOSHUA  
 A new species. Tough to be the  
 first.

HAM  
 Expect so, Joshua.

JOSHUA  
 I'll protect her, Uncle Ham.

Ham sighs, squeezes the boy's shoulder.

HAM  
 Yes, lad. I know.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - ABOVE EARTH

Alien #1 and Alien #2 tarry a bit over the planet below.

ALIEN #2  
 A child. First of the new race.  
 And we have fine memories to  
 comfort us on our long way home,  
 my love...

Alien #1 smiles. His eyes flash brilliant blue.

ALIEN #1  
 I see we do...

Alien #2 shifts slightly, and re-appears dripping wet from  
 a shower, a towel wrapped around her. She drops it as a  
 cloud nebula to her feet. Her eyes flash brilliant green.

ALIEN #2  
 Catch me if you can, big boy!

Alien #2 whoops in delight, spins into a green vortex  
 headed spaceward. Alien #1 follows behind, a blue vortex.

INT. GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - X-ROOM - DAY

The SDI exercise winds down, technicians stretch and relax, Edwards pats people on the back MOS. The wall monitor shows an "X" off the coast, labeled "Successful Intercept". The DC area shows on the left side of the screen. Then...

TECHNICIAN

Holy shit! Look at that!

Blue and green vortices spiral upward from the planet.

EDWARDS

Center that! Zoom it!

The screen view shifts left and the spirals flare brightly as they flash past the satellite. The technician works a joy stick frantically.

TECHNICIAN

Tracking... tracking... too damn  
fucking fast...

The satellite cameras swing spaceward just in time to see the vortices disappear into a collapsing black point. Edwards is trembling, so is the technician.

EDWARDS

Jesus! You got that recorded?

TECHNICIAN

Yessir. Looks like the reverse  
of what happened Sunday morning.  
Looks like Aaron was right.  
Visitors...

EDWARDS

Aw, damn! Don't say that too  
loud!

TECHNICIAN

'Course... it came outta DC...  
so it could just be some high-  
energy bullshit from the Senate  
or House...

Edwards pauses to consider that possibility.

EDWARDS

No... Memorial Day weekend.  
They're not back in session yet.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DEPARTING EARTH

As the perspective recedes from earth, angling eastward, the day/night line moves westward across Europe and Africa toward the Atlantic. The planet is again half in darkness and half in light. It shrinks into a field of stars.

FADE OUT