

GENESIS

Written by

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**EXT. WOODLAND — NIGHT**

A camouflage of trees.

A pale purple light seeps through a smoky mist.

The light becomes brighter as we reach a clearing.

In the center of the clearing, a disc-shaped craft hovers silently above the ground, its steely shell encased in an eerie purple hue.

**INT. THE CRAFT — NIGHT**

A chamber of intense light.

LUKE, 12, lies on a metallic triangular table. His body thrashes in vain to break free from silver tentacle-like restraints.

From his peripheral vision, the silhouette of a humanoid CREATURE, its features obscured by the blinding light.

Then, in a swift and sudden movement, the creature lurches into view: a naked, wiry frame of leathery black skin, spindly fingers, and an elongated head with elliptical, cat-like eyes.

Luke cries for his parents, pleads for his life.

The creature draws nearer. Luke shuts his eyes, concentrates. The creature is closer now, reaching out with a long, tendril-like arm. More concentration, then Luke's restraints snap, fling towards the creature, lashing it across its vacant face.

An unearthly cry.

Two more creatures, almost identical to the first, emerge from the light and restrain Luke.

He struggles. A desperate cry.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE — AMELIA'S BEDROOM — NIGHT**

Somewhere in suburban America...

PAUL HAMMOND (mid 30s) wears a check shirt, jeans, and a baseball cap. He kisses his daughter AMELIA, 13, on the forehead.

Amelia nestles in her bed. Warm. Safe.

PAUL

Goodnight.

Paul pulls the bed sheets towards Amelia's chin as she glances over to an empty space in the corner of the room.

AMELIA

Night, Mommy.

PAUL

Don't start with that again.

AMELIA

She's right there!

Amelia points to the corner of the room, shrouded in darkness. Paul doesn't look.

PAUL

Stop playing games.

AMELIA

Why can't you see her?

PAUL

Goodnight.

He slams the door behind him.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Paul sits at the dining table, his head burrowed into his arm, weeping.

FLASHBACK: Paul's wife, SARAH, sits on a sofa with her back to him, crying. He leans in from behind her, goes to kiss her, but she recoils with the words: 'get away from me!'

Back to the present...

Paul wipes the tears from his cheek, stands, walks over to a cupboard, grabs a bottle of liquor and a glass.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amelia sits up in bed, glances at the corner of the room.

A ball of light, no bigger than a tennis ball, is suspended in the air. It begins to swirl, then grows larger, brighter.

Intermittently, the light dims, then pulses brightly, radiating upon Amelia's face. She smiles.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Paul sits at the table, taps a number into a cell phone.

It dials. Someone picks up.

PAUL

(into the phone)

I wanna speak to Michael Hammond...A month? No. He ain't called...Sure, if I hear anythin', I'll let you know.

He hangs up. Confused. Anxious. He pours a double shot, downs it, takes a deep breath, punches in another number.

**INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is in darkness.

Professor MIKE HAMMOND (40s) sits on the floor in the corner of the room, his legs tucked into his chest, his breathing heavy.

A phone rests on a table. It rings. Mike panics. Waits.

The ringing stops and cuts to Pauls' voice on the answer machine.

PAUL

Mike. Where the hell are you? I called the lab. They said you ain't been in work for weeks. Look. There's no one else I can call. Amelia's visions are gettin' worse. More frequent. More real. Maybe she's grievin', I dunno. Look. If you get this -

Mike crawls to the other side of the room, grabs the phone.

INTERCUT between Mike and Paul.

MIKE

I can't talk for long. I just came back for some things.

PAUL

What's goin' on?

MIKE

I found something out at the lab. I need to leave town.

PAUL  
What the hell are you talkin' about?

MIKE  
It's in the DNA. It was there all along. I blew the whistle. I had to.

PAUL  
You're not makin' any sense.

MIKE  
Remember I told you about our evolution?

PAUL  
Don't start that shit again.

MIKE  
It's true. It's happening.

The sound of a car screeching up the driveway. A bright light slices through Mike's window, illuminates his face.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
They're here!

PAUL  
Mike? What's goin' on? Mike?

MIKE  
Protect her.

The phone goes dead.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Paul hangs up, puzzled. He glances at a crayon sketch, pinned to the refrigerator, of Amelia, Paul and Sarah, surrounded by a purple bubble underneath a triangular-shaped object.

Paul grabs the glass, hurls it at the refrigerator.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Fraught and slightly drunk, Paul watches over his daughter sleeping.

FLASHBACK: Paul walks into a bedroom. Darkness. He switches on a light, to see Sarah curled up in the corner of the room, sobbing, tattooed with bruises on her face and arms.

Back to the present...

As Amelia sleeps, Paul pulls the bed sheets down to reveal Amelia's bare arm. Bruised. He pulls the sheets back up, even closer to her chin, then scans the corner of the room where she experienced her vision.

Nothing but shadows.

**INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY**

Amelia gazes out the car window as if in a trance.

PAUL

You're quiet.

She continues to stare.

AMELIA

Why can't I take the bus, like the other kids?

No reply. Amelia turns to face Paul.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Fine. Ignore me. Like you usually do.

She turns back to the window.

The car pulls up at the school gate.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Mom used to let me take the bus.

PAUL

Mom ain't here anymore.

AMELIA

You just can't see -

PAUL

Mom's dead!

Anger simmers in Amelia's eyes. Paul places his hand on her shoulder.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

AMELIA

Get away from me.

Amelia slides out the car, slams the door shut.

Dozens of other kids, packed in small groups, swarm towards the school entrance. Amelia walks alone.

**INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM – DAY**

Amelia, lost in her own thoughts, sketches complex geometrical shapes in her workbook.

DANNY, 13, sits close by. As he attempts to listen to the teacher, MISS SCOTT, a group of BOYS tauntingly launch paper balls at the back of his head.

DANNY

(turning around)

Knock it off!

SCOTT

Danny! No talking!

DANNY

But Miss, I –

SCOTT

I don't want to hear it.

The boys hiss with laughter.

Amelia stops sketching and glances out the window, hypnotized by a chevron-shaped pattern of birds in the sky.

A niggling VOICE enters her head.

SCOTT

Amelia! Amelia Hammond!

The voice continues to nag until the spell is broken.

AMELIA

Yeah?

SCOTT

Solve this for the class.

Miss Scott smirks whilst scrawling an algebraic formula on the whiteboard: ' $4(x + 4) + 3(x - 3) = 2(x - 3) + 12$ '.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What is the value of 'x'?

AMELIA

I don't know.

SCOTT

Come on.

AMELIA

I don't know!

A heavy silence.

Miss Scott casts a reproachful glare.

Amelia looks around, sees her classmates giggling, whispering. She sighs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(effortless)

'X' equals minus zero point two. Miss.

Miss Scott drops the chalk. Astonished. Humiliated.

Murmurs erupt amongst the class.

One girl, KAT, fixes on Amelia with hostile eyes.

Another teacher, EMILY SIMMONS (mid 20s) sits at the back of the class, amused.

Amelia glances at her, smiles, turns back to the window.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Paul opens the closet and gently lifts a small box down from a shelf, then places it on the bed.

Inside are photographs of his deceased wife. As he sifts through them, he comes across a picture of himself, Sarah, and Amelia whose body is enveloped by a luminous orb.

Paul delves deeper into the box, unearths more drawings by Amelia from when she was a child.

The pencil sketches illustrate pyramid structures, strange geometrical shapes, humanoid creatures, and triangular shapes in the sky.

Finally, he retrieves a photograph of himself and his wife lovingly embraced.



He traces his index finger round the contours of her face.  
A solitary tear.

**INT. SCHOOL – MAIN CORRIDOR – DAY**

Recess. Students swarm all around, rummaging through their lockers.

Amelia and Danny drift along the corridor, hoping to pass unnoticed. After a short distance they chance upon Kat, with two other GIRLS in tow, blocking their path.

Kat clutches a can of soda in her hand.

KAT

Look y'all. It's the freak!

Amelia bows her head, tries to slip past Kat, but one of the girls accosts Amelia, shoves her against a locker.

KAT (CONT'D)

(to Amelia)

What was that shit in math, huh? You like to show off?

Amelia remains silent.

KAT (CONT'D)

You wanna make us feel stupid?

No reply. Kat grabs Amelia's shirt, tugging her towards her, spits at her.

KAT (CONT'D)

Talk, you little bitch!

Danny gingerly steps forward.

DANNY

C'mon Kat, just let –

KAT

(to Danny)

I'm talkin' to your fucked-up friend!

Danny steps back, now panicked.

KAT (CONT'D)

Can't the freak talk? Or is she dumb?

The gang cackles. Amelia becomes more agitated.

KAT (CONT'D)

She's not so smart. She's just a dumb-ass bitch!

OTHER GIRLS

(chanting)

Freak! Freak! Freak! Freak!

Amelia closes her eyes, concentrates. With an almighty clank, row upon row of open locker doors slam shut.

Dozens of startled students.

Kat drops the can of soda. It hits the ground, erupts, showering her. She whelps.

The gang disperses. Amelia and Danny make a run for it.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD – DAY**

Amelia and Danny sit at a bench, far away from the other kids.

AMELIA

I just can't seem to face up to her.  
Sounds kinda lame.

DANNY

It's not lame. It's survival.

Amelia smiles. She retrieves her cell from her pocket, glances at the screen. Multiple missed calls from her Dad. She sighs, conceals the phone.

Momentary silence. Danny stares at the grass, as if in a trance.

Amelia closes her eyes, raises her left hand to her ear.

AMELIA

Don't worry about your Mom. She's gonna be okay.

DANNY

You really gotta stop that readin' my thoughts thing.

AMELIA

I can tell you're worried. I had to say something.

DANNY

I haven't told anyone. I can't imagine her, y'know, not bein' around anymore. I guess you know all about that.

Amelia nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)

How did she -

AMELIA

Dad says it was an illness they couldn't cure. That's all he tells me.

DANNY

So why not ask him?

AMELIA

He loses his shit when I ask too many questions.

DANNY

Try readin' him.

AMELIA

It doesn't work. It's like a blocked signal. Like he's hiding something.

Amelia looks up at the wispy clouds sprawled across a sapphire sky.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I just want answers.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Paul sits at the kitchen table with a laptop and a cup of coffee. He gazes into space, then picks up his cell phone, dials a number. It rings. Someone picks up.

PAUL

(into the phone)

Charlie. It's Paul. Has Mike been in touch?

**INT. A SCIENCE LAB - DAY**

CHARLIE BELL (late 30s), Mike's co-worker, stares blankly into space.

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

Charlie, you there?

CHARLIE

Paul. I don't know how to say this. The Director received a call this morning. Mike was found at home. Unconscious.

INTERCUT between Paul and Charlie.

PAUL

When?

CHARLIE

Last night. Around seven.

PAUL

I spoke to him at ten. What the hell happened?

CHARLIE

They said an overdose. Diazepam. I know he was stressed with work but never thought he would -

PAUL

What, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I don't know how to say this.

PAUL

Just say it, goddamn it!

CHARLIE

Mike's dead.

Lingering silence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I don't understand why you haven't been informed. I'm sorry you had to find out this -

Paul hangs up.

He grabs the car keys from the kitchen counter, races out the house.

**EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY**

Paul reclines on the side of the car, arms folded. Waiting. Agitated.

Emily approaches.

EMILY

It's Mister Hammond, isn't it?

PAUL

That's right.

EMILY

I'm Miss Simmons. Emily. I'm an auxiliary for the eighth grade.

PAUL

Paul.

They shake hands.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She doin' okay in class?

EMILY

Exceptionally okay. She gets, well, bored.

PAUL

(dismissive)

She's a bright one.

EMILY

She is. She's incredibly gifted. And that's what I wanted to talk to you about. She would really benefit from one to one -

PAUL

I appreciate your support, Miss Simmons. But no thanks.

Amelia approaches.

EMILY

Well perhaps we can talk some other time.

As Emily walks away, a fifth-grade kid approaches her, takes hold of her hand.

PAUL

(to Amelia)

School okay?

AMELIA

The usual.

They climb into the car.

Amelia turns on the radio. A low hum of music.

As the car pulls away, a BLACK VAN – expensive-looking, blacked out windows – emerges from a side road.

Paul drives off. The van follows.

Amelia turns up the music.

Paul glimpses the van in the rearview mirror. It crawls after him for a few blocks.

As Paul speeds up, the van speeds up.

PAUL

Turn that off, honey.

Amelia stares out the window.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Amelia!

Amelia continues to stare.

Paul checks the mirror. Checks again.

The van is gaining on them.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I said turn it off.

Amelia turns from the window, faces her father.

AMELIA

What's wrong?

PAUL

Nothin'.

AMELIA

I don't believe you.

Amelia turns the music up, faces the window.

Turn signals. Paul's car grinds to a halt. The van slowly creeps towards the bumper of Paul's car.

Green light. Paul punches the gas and launches off.

At first the van is slow to follow, but then picks up speed, gaining on Paul, getting closer, closer.

PAUL

Turn that goddamn thing off!

Startled, Amelia turns off the radio.

Paul floors it.

AMELIA

You just drove past our house.

Silence. Paul sits upright, poised at the wheel.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Dad! You just -

PAUL

Not now.

AMELIA

But Dad -

PAUL

Not now!

Paul takes a sharp turn. The van carries on, speeds past, out of sight.

Paul hits the breaks. The car judders as he slumps in his seat. Relief.

**EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Paul pulls up the driveway, opens the garage, pulls up inside.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amelia flops onto the sofa. Paul glances out the window, draws the curtains.

AMELIA

It's still light.

Silence.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Dad!

PAUL

We need to get outta town.

AMELIA

What's going on? Were they following us?

PAUL

Who?

AMELIA

The people in the van.

PAUL

How do you know they were followin' us?

AMELIA

C'mon, Dad. I'm not stupid. I know things.

PAUL

We've talked about this. You're no different from —

AMELIA

I am different. I didn't ask to be. But I am.

PAUL

Look. This isn't the time. I need to get you someplace safe.

AMELIA

They were following us.

PAUL

Go pack your things.

AMELIA

I'm sick of running away.

PAUL

Amelia. Pack your —

AMELIA

I don't want to.



PAUL

Do it!

A look of protest on Amelia's face. She rises, flounces out the room.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY**

Charlie is stood with three colleagues around a computer screen. A number of other scientists are dispersed throughout the lab.

The Lab Director, DR LANG, enters, agitated and stern.

LANG

Listen up everyone. I'm sure you've all been informed of Michael Hammond's untimely death last night.

Whisperings amongst the colleagues. Sadness in Charlie's eyes.

LANG (CONT'D)

There's reason to believe he may have been involved in some illegitimate activity.

The whispers grow louder. Now voices speaking over one another.

LANG (CONT'D)

Quiet!

The noise dwindles to murmurings. An air of curiosity tinged with confusion.

LANG (CONT'D)

The CIA is here to ask each of you some questions.

Frantic whispers. Curiosity turns to distress.

LANG (CONT'D)

I expect you all to cooperate.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - AMELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Various items of clothing are strewn across Amelia's bed. She nonchalantly stuffs them at random into a backpack.

She glances over to the opposite side of the room. A sketchbook and pencil rests on a dresser.

She fixes her mind on the objects. Concentrates. After a few moments they levitate into the air and drift towards her.

She clutches the sketchbook from the air as the pencil drops to her bed. She places the objects carefully into the backpack and hoists it over her shoulder with fierce determination.

But her resolve is soon shaken. With tears in her eyes, she gazes at the corner of the room where she experienced her vision the previous night.

AMELIA

Why am I so different, Mom?

As if expecting an answer, she continues to stare in hope.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where are you?

She picks up an object from her dresser, hurls it into the empty space in the corner of the room.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where are you?!

She collapses onto her bed, sobbing.

Suddenly, she is overwhelmed by panic. She races downstairs.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Paul checks the answerphone for messages.

AMELIA

Dad!

PAUL

Gimme a minute.

AMELIA

Someone's here.

Paul stops.

The sound of someone attempting to open the rear door. It's locked.

The intruder tries again, more forcefully.

Paul creeps into the kitchen. The glass pane of the rear door is covered by a blind, concealing the intruder's identity.

Carefully, Paul opens a drawer, retrieves a kitchen knife.

He inches closer to the door -- cautiously unlocks it -- then in one swift move yanks the door open to reveal...

At that moment Amelia bursts into the kitchen, sees the intruder.

AMELIA

Uncle Mike!

**INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY**

Charlie peers into a microscope. She lifts her head, records some data, then returns to the scope.

Lang approaches, accompanied by two men, a CIA AGENT and a MILITARY OFFICER.

LANG

Miss Bell. You worked with Hammond on a number of projects. These men need access to his work.

CHARLIE

May I ask what this is about?

CIA AGENT

It's classified.

CHARLIE

I'll see what I can do.

CIA AGENT

Files. Pen drives. Notebooks. Anything he had backed up. Anything he had encrypted. We want it all.

Charlie nods. Momentary silence.

CIA AGENT (CONT'D)

Now.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Mike paces around the room.

PAUL

Charlie said you're dead.

MIKE

They thought they could find me.  
Silence me.

PAUL

Jesus, Mike. What the hell have you  
gotten into?

AMELIA

Are they coming for me?

Mike kneels down, takes Amelia's hand.

MIKE

Yes. That's why I needed to warn you.

AMELIA

Why me?

MIKE

It's to do with your gifts.

AMELIA

I don't want them.

MIKE

You have power. You have great -

PAUL

Quit filling her head with that shit!

Mike stands.

MIKE

Face it. She could walk at six months.  
Speak full sentences at twelve. You  
know she's gifted. Just like Sarah  
was.

PAUL

Don't you dare bring Sarah into this.

MIKE

She believed. Why can't you?

PAUL

You know what it did to her.

AMELIA

Stop it!

She cups her hands over her ears.

MIKE

(to Paul)

I know. And I'm sorry. But you can either accept it or carry on living in denial, stifling your daughter's potential.

PAUL

Who the fuck are you to lecture me? I'm tryin' to protect her.

MIKE

'Protection'? Is that what you call it?

Amelia is close to tears.

AMELIA

Stop! Stop!

PAUL

(to Mike)

Like you'd understand. All you care about is your goddamn work. That's the only reason you wanna spend time with her. To study her.

MIKE

That's not true. Sarah knew —

Paul swings at Mike, sending him backwards onto the sofa with a bloodied nose.

Amelia screams, races into the kitchen. Paul follows.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT**

Paul hurries into the kitchen to find the back door wide open.

No sign of Amelia. Panic.

**EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE — REAR GARDEN — NIGHT**

Amelia stops in her tracks, looks at the door, concentrates...

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT**

The door slams shut. Paul grabs the handle, but it won't budge. He tries again. Nothing.

PAUL

Shit!

Back through the living room and out the front door...

**EXT. STREET – NIGHT**

Amelia has a good lead on Paul.

PAUL

I'm sorry. Ok? I'm sorry!

Then, from a side street, the black van emerges, speeds up behind Amelia. She stops, concentrates her mind...

In a sudden movement, the van spasms, topples sideways.

Amelia looks behind at the crippled van, smiles.

AMELIA

Thanks, Mom.

Paul catches up to her as a second van appears from a side street.

A third van emerges up ahead and stops in the center of the road. The second van pulls up closer, blocking the rear.

They're trapped.

PAUL

Flip the van!

Amelia concentrates. Nothing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Try harder!

She concentrates again. Panic. Tears.

AMELIA

I can't! I can't!

She wraps her arms around Paul, buries her head in his chest.

Four ARMED MEN dressed in tactical gear charge out the back of the third van. One man points a handgun at Paul.

ARMED MAN

Back away from the subject.

PAUL

Subject? That's my daughter. What the hell do you want?

Two of the men seize Amelia. She screams.

PAUL

Get off her!

Paul grapples with the men but he is beaten to the ground.

PAUL

Who are you?

The men carry Amelia away. She kicks and screams.

AMELIA

Dad! Dad!

PAUL

Let her go, you son of a bitch!

Paul stands, lunges forward, as the armed man blocks the blow, slams him to the ground. Paul writhes in pain, wailing and spitting blood.

The men force Amelia into the back of the third van. Three of them pile inside.

Residents of the neighboring houses pour into the street. Panic. Confusion.

ARMED MAN

Everyone back inside!

Some neighbors scuttle indoors, some linger, some reach for their cell phones.

Paul is sprawled on the asphalt, blood oozing from his forehead. He raises his head to see the rear door of the van closing on Amelia.

Her screams turn to silence.

PAUL

You bastards! That's my little girl!

One by one, the vans speed away.

Sobbing, Paul begins to crawl back to the house.

**INT. BACK OF THE VAN – NIGHT**

Amelia fixes her eyes on her abductors.

AMELIA

Where are you taking me?

No reply.

She closes her eyes, concentrates, raises her left hand to her ear. She then retrieves her sketch book from her rucksack and begins to draw.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You're taking me to a place where there  
are others like me.

She stops drawing, glances at the page: a sketch of a chevron inside a circle.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

What do you want with us?

ARMED MAN TWO

Someone shut her up.

One of the men injects Amelia with a tranquilizer. As Amelia grows weary, she slurs her words.

AMELIA

They're coming. You can't stop them.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**

Paul slouches in an armchair, a damp cloth draped on his forehead.

Mike is restless, checks the windows, dims the lights.

PAUL

Where're the cops?

No reply. Paul is now more agitated.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where're the –

MIKE

I didn't call them.



PAUL

What? Why the hell not? Those bastards took my daughter!

MIKE

If the police get involved, there's no hope of getting her back.

PAUL

Someone needs to report this.

MIKE

My guess is your neighbors already have.

PAUL

Then we wait for the cops.

MIKE

No. We need to get out of here.

PAUL

No. You need to tell me what the hell is goin' on.

MIKE

We don't have time.

PAUL

I'm not goin' anywhere until you gimme some goddamn answers.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB – NIGHT**

Charlie sifts through data on a computer screen, surrounded by paper files, pen drives, video recordings – anything that relates to Mike's research.

Then, something wrests her attention. She looks at the data in disbelief. Checks again.

CHARLIE

It can't be.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**

Mike stands. Paul remains seated.

MIKE

Over the last decade my research has led to some disturbing revelations.

I've told you some of this before. But not the whole story.

PAUL

Yeah, some shit about DNA.

Paul removes the cloth from his forehead, winces in pain.

MIKE

I know it sounds crazy. I have a hard time believing it all myself. If researchers in my field were to say such things openly, then we'd be -

PAUL

But you did say somethin', didn't you? You said it yourself. You blew the whistle.

MIKE

I had to.

PAUL

Why? Why put your own life, and my little girl's life at risk?

MIKE

What? I didn't put her -

PAUL

You brought them to my house! You brought them right to her!

Paul stands.

MIKE

No. Believe me, I -

PAUL

She's gone because of you, you son of a bitch!

MIKE

They were already onto her. I came here to warn you. You have to believe me.

PAUL

You're full of shit. Why should I believe anythin' you say?

MIKE

You think all I care about is my work. But it's all I have. You had Sarah. You have Amelia. I never had that life. The closest thing I have to a family is Amelia, and I love her like she was my own. So, if you believe anything, believe that.

Tense silence. Paul takes a deep, calming breath.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If we work together on this, it's for her sake. It doesn't change anythin' between us. Got it?

MIKE

I understand.

Paul moves over to the window, peers out from behind the blinds.

PAUL

Is she in danger?

No answer.

Paul turns around: Mike's expression of concern says it all. He slumps into a chair.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I have to find her.

MIKE

We will.

PAUL

How?

MIKE

There's someone we could talk to.

PAUL

This had better be good.

MIKE

John Lear. A physicist from Massachusetts. A fellow whistleblower.

PAUL

Great. Another crank.

Paul stands.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We're leavin' in five.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The box of memories rests on the bed, its contents strewn across the floor.

Paul sits on the edge of the bed clutching a photograph of his family. His hands shake.

FLASHBACK: a bathroom. A steamed-up mirror, with the words 'I'm sorry' written in the condensation.

PRESENT:

He closes his eyes. Tears well.

PAUL  
I will get our daughter back. I  
promise.

He breaks down, weeps.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT**

The three black vans enter the gates of a colossal building surrounded with electrified fencing.

The vans pass security, meander round the labyrinthine structure, and pull into to a loading bay.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - LOADING BAY - NIGHT**

The armed men lift Amelia's limp body from the rear of the van.

A man dressed in high-ranking military attire awaits them. It is GENERAL XANDER: 50s, solid build, stern face and piercing eyes. He carries a black cane with a crystal tip.

XANDER  
Take her to the prep room. She's the  
one we've been waiting for.

Xander retrieves a cell phone from his jacket, punches in a number.

Someone answers.

XANDER  
(into the phone)  
We have her. Get your ass back here.

**INT. A HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT**

A darkened room.

The recipient of the call is revealed to be Emily.

She hangs up. Fear and guilt fill her eyes.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB — NIGHT**

Charlie scans data on a computer screen, shakes her head. Disbelief. Confusion.

CHARLIE  
Mike was right.

Confusion turns to fear. She looks around, takes a pen drive from a drawer, copies the data onto it, conceals it in her pocket.

At that moment Lang enters the lab, approaches Charlie.

LANG  
Finished?

Charlie composes herself.

CHARLIE  
Just a few more files to download. And that's everything.

Lang makes to leave, stops in his tracks, turns to Charlie.

LANG  
Between you and me, Hammond got himself into deep shit with his wild theories. He asked too many questions. Attracted too much attention to himself.

Sadness washes over Charlie's face.

LANG (CONT'D)  
You'd better not be implicated in his work. For your sake.

**INT. PAUL'S CAR — NIGHT**

The car cruises down the street, turns onto the freeway. Paul continuously checks the rearview mirror.

MIKE

You look beat.

Silence.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We should stop off. Get some rest.

PAUL

I can't rest. I want answers. I want my daughter back.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – PREP ROOM – NIGHT**

The armed men escort Amelia's body to a large white room with a one-way mirror at the far end.

They lay her down on a small mattress – the only object in the room, except for a plastic table and chair.

A male scientist wheels a portable observation unit into the room. It is DR ALLAM. He applies a series of sensors to Amelia's temples, taps in some data on a tablet. He then takes a needle gun, injects something into Amelia's arm. She stirs but does not wake.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT**

Xander watches Amelia from the other side of the mirror.

Allam enters, switches on a monitor. The screen flutters to life with an image of Amelia's body strewn across the mattress.

XANDER

Gather the subjects for selection.  
Keep a close eye on this one.

**EXT. LEAR'S HOUSE – DAY**

The car creeps towards a dilapidated house.

Mike and Paul make their way to the front door. Mike presses a buzzer on an intercom. A crackling sound, then –

Silence.

PAUL

Waste of time.

MIKE  
(into the intercom)  
John. It's Michael. Michael -

The intercom hums, then crackles.

JOHN  
What do you want? How did you find me?

MIKE  
They're after me now, John. People are  
in danger. I need your help. Please.

Brief pause, more crackling, then -

The door unlocks.

PAUL  
You'd better be right about him.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY**

Charlie is slouched at her desk, resting her head on her forearm.

A research assistant, JANE, 20s, approaches, a mug of coffee in her hand. She rests the mug on the desk. Charlie sits up.

JANE  
I figured you could use this.

Charlie looks anxious. She reaches for the mug, her hand shaking.

JANE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

Charlie hesitates.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Charlie. What is it?

Charlie swallows a deep breath.

CHARLIE  
I've been going through Mike's work  
and -

JANE  
You've found something.

Jane's expression beams with curiosity. She inches closer to the computer screen.

JANE (CONT'D)

Tell me.

CHARLIE

Jane, I don't think I should -

JANE

I knew Mike well enough to know he wasn't caught up in anything illegal, despite what Lang wants us to think.

CHARLIE

You must keep this to yourself. This could have cost Mike his career. Even his life.

Jane nods.

JANE

You have my word.

CHARLIE

Okay. Ready?

**INT. LEAR'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

The basement is cluttered with arbitrary pieces of lab equipment. Underneath a pile of papers there is a desk somewhere, with a computer monitor that blinks intermittently.

Photographs and newspaper cuttings of UFO encounters are pinned to a corkboard. Books stacked on the floor in no particular order. Various pieces of Christian iconography hung on the walls, lopsided.

Paul's eye catches a framed reprint of Carl Bloch's the 'Transfiguration of Jesus Christ'.

MIKE

Paul. Meet John.

A limp handshake.

John is dressed in a scruffy bath robe. He is scrawny with a pale and gaunt face underneath an untidy beard. A pair of thin-rimmed, circular glasses perch on the edge of his nose.



MIKE (CONT'D)

John has been investigating ETI's ever since blowing the whistle.

PAUL

ETIs?

JOHN

Extraterrestrial intelligence.

PAUL

Right. Aliens.

(to Mike)

You know I don't buy that shit.

MIKE

Just try to understand. There could be as many as five hundred billion galaxies in our Universe, with one hundred billion Earth-like planets in the Milky Way alone. It's highly probable there's other intelligent life out there. And it's likely it has visited Earth before.

JOHN

'Probable'? 'Likely'? Ha! You mean certainly. Consider the plethora of anthropological and mythological clues. Extant images of the Aztec deity, Quetzacoatl. The oval skulls in Peru and Mexico. The Indian God Khrisha with his blue skin and elongated head. We have been visited before. The ETIs were worshipped as deities by long lost civilizations.

(to Paul)

But if it's proof you want, then we have it! We are technologically more advanced than the public is led to believe. For decades the government has used a 'jump room', a sort of teleportation device to explore Mars. Did you know it was created by reverse engineering a crashed UFO back in the sixties?

Paul glances over at Mike, shakes his head.

Still babbling, John wanders over to a tower of books, starts sifting through them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's more! Did you know the Egyptian pyramids were built by an ancient alien race and are in fact portals to other dimensions?

PAUL

(sarcastic)

Think I saw that one on the Discovery channel.

Paul saunters over to the desk, fixes his gaze on a scrapbook containing newspaper cuttings.

JOHN

Should I tell you about the alien bases on the moon? What about the Nazca lines in Peru?

Paul sifts through the scrapbook. There are dozens of stories about missing children purportedly abducted by aliens.

PAUL

What's this?

JOHN

Ah, yes! Fascinating. For decades there have been reports from children of alien abductions. But they're mostly faked. Set up by the government.

PAUL

What're you talkin' about, faked?

JOHN

The government wants the public to fear alien encounters. So, they simulate hundreds of experiences. Horrific experiences.

PAUL

What for?

JOHN

So that the media portrays ETIs as our common enemy.

PAUL

They are.

JOHN

Nonsense!

PAUL

Then why go to all that trouble?

JOHN

It's our natural survival response to fear anything different and superior to ourselves, yes? We regard what we fear as a threat, regardless of whether it is. So, in the inevitable event of an extraterrestrial species revisiting our earth — and the inevitable retaliation of the government — the public won't question anything.

Paul slams the scrapbook closed.

PAUL

What about the families of all these missing kids, huh? They're led to believe their children were what, taken away by E-fuckin'-T?

JOHN

Not in all cases. Simulated abductions are covered up in different ways. Serial killers. Rapists. Pedophiles.

PAUL

(to Mike)

You expect me to believe this shit? I mean, alien abductions, government conspiracies, mind control. C'mon.

JOHN

A skeptic! I could go on for hours about the —

MIKE

(to John)

Another time. We're here to talk about the awakening.

PAUL

What the hell is that?

JOHN

Humanity is asleep. They will wake us up.

PAUL  
Stop talkin' in riddles. Who is 'they'?

JOHN  
Who is 'they' indeed?

John removes his glasses. His voice becomes stern.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The Book of Genesis, chapter one, verse six. Then God said, 'and now we will make human beings; they will be like us and resemble us.' But the question is, who is 'us'?

Paul sighs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The awakening is coming. We've known it was coming for some time. We have been preparing for it.

MIKE  
Preparing?

JOHN  
Yes, yes, you know, the children.

PAUL  
Look. I know I'm not as smart as you, but don't take me for an idiot. It's all science fiction bullshit!

MIKE  
Okay, calm down.

PAUL  
They're just kids, Mike. Kids!

JOHN  
Just kids? Far from it! They're the key to our salvation.

PAUL  
Genesis? Salvation? I don't buy any of that shit either!

JOHN  
An atheist.

PAUL

Quit labelling me!

MIKE

Paul. Listen, please. I know it must sound crazy.

PAUL

You're fuckin' right it sounds crazy! My little girl has been abducted and here we are wastin' time!

MIKE

Just listen. For once. Open your goddamn mind.

JOHN

(to Mike)

He doesn't believe.

MIKE

(to John)

He will.

PAUL

Like hell I will! You can shove your science fiction stories up your ass. I'm outta here.

Paul makes for the door.

MIKE

Where're you going?

PAUL

I'm goin' to get my daughter back.

MIKE

You don't know where to find her.

Paul stops in his tracks followed by the heavy silence of defeat.

JOHN

(to Mike)

He doesn't. But I do.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB — DAY**

Jane pulls up a chair, plants herself down close to Charlie.

Charlie scans the lab. No one within earshot.

CHARLIE

Mike believed it's a mathematical impossibility for life to have formed by chance. In tracing the evolutionary record contained in human genomes, he found an enigma. The human genome contains two hundred and twenty-three genes that do not have the required predecessors on the genomic evolutionary tree. These genes are completely missing in the invertebrate phase of human evolution.

JANE

Meaning?

CHARLIE

Meaning modern humans have acquired two hundred and twenty-three extra genes. But not through gradual evolution.

JANE

Okay. You've lost me.

CHARLIE

Human beings did not evolve from apes.

JANE

C'mon. Seriously?

CHARLIE

See for yourself.

She points to a series of data on the screen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There are discontinuities between the DNA of apes for whole mitochondrial DNA, genes for the Rh factor, and human 'Y' chromosomes.

Another series of data.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Around one hundred and eighty thousand years ago we evolved into *homo sapiens*, acquiring a fifty percent increase in brain size, language capability, and a completely changed anatomy. So, the question is, how did our species miraculously evolve

without any genetic link to previous  
hominids?

JANE

Beats me.

Charlie removes her glasses, turns from the screen and  
looks directly at Jane.

CHARLIE

These anomalies suggest intelligent  
design. The deliberate insertion of  
genetic material.

JANE

What're you saying?

CHARLIE

I'm saying the human species did not  
evolve. Jane, it was created.

Jane stares in disbelief.

JANE

(slightly sarcastic)

Okay. Created by what?

CHARLIE

A more advanced species. Not of this  
world.

JANE

What, you mean...C'mon Charlie, if  
this is a joke then it isn't funny.

Charlie wrests her attention with steely eyes.

CHARLIE

We are a hybrid species. We are only  
part human. The proof is in the DNA.

JANE

Overworking is getting to you. Like it  
did with Mike.

Frustrated, Charlie slips her glasses back on, spins back  
to the computer. She juggles between screens and points to  
more data.

CHARLIE

Look. These case studies show children  
with an exceptional resistance to

disease. They were born with extra DNA strands.

Charlie picks up a tablet, scrolls down the screen, more data.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

These studies display a unique patterning of twenty-four active codons.

JANE

Wait a minute. Humans only have twenty active codons, right?

CHARLIE

Precisely. This child was diagnosed with HIV at only twenty days old. At age four the disease had been eradicated through no medical intervention.

JANE

How is that possible?

CHARLIE

Advanced DNA. His body fought it off.

JANE

That can't be right.

CHARLIE

It is right. And it gets better. Not only do these studies show remarkable pathological advances. They show the brain operating at much higher frequencies.

JANE

What's brain frequency got to do with anything?

CHARLIE

We know that over ninety-eight per cent of our DNA has an unknown function.

JANE

Yeah. I get that.

CHARLIE



And geneticists believe it to be molecular junk. Right?

JANE

Right.

CHARLIE

But if that were the case, then the nucleotides would be random. But here's the thing. They're not. Mike knew this. He discovered hidden patterns. Codes.

JANE

But we don't know the function of the coded information.

CHARLIE

Now we do. Mike discovered the DNA is waiting to be activated by remote frequencies, when the person has reached a certain level of conscious awareness. When the person is ready.

JANE

Ready for what?

CHARLIE

To be contacted.

Jane looks confused, even uncomfortable.

Charlie hesitates, takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

By our creators.

JANE

C'mon. You expect me to buy -

CHARLIE

They brought the seeds necessary for life to our planet. Now the DNA of humankind is changing in ways that are allowing us to expand in consciousness.

JANE

I don't believe this.

Shaking her head, Jane bolts up, poised to leave.

CHARLIE

Sit down. There's more.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – SELECTION LAB – DAY**

Soldiers herd two-dozen CHILDREN of varying ages into a bright white room.

The children are dressed in a plain white boiler suit with a tag: a letter, followed by a two-digit number stitched to their shoulder. 'F' denotes female, 'M' denotes male.

There are CCTV cameras dotted around and armed soldiers posted in each corner.

A group of scientists enter, equipped with tablets. Allam is among them.

Xander follows.

Allam points to a teenage Muslim girl. A soldier grasps the girl by the arm.

XANDER

Sticking to your own kind.

Another scientist, DR SIMMONS, then singles out a boy: it is Luke.

A soldier seizes Luke, escorts him with force out of the room. Simmons follows.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Along a sinuous corridor, Luke struggles to free himself, wincing in pain.

LUKE

You're hurting me!

The soldier tightens his grip.

SIMMONS

(to the soldier)

Go easy on the boy.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB – DAY**

Jane is sat down at Charlie's desk, Charlie stood beside her.

CHARLIE

The basis of Mike's research wasn't all that new. Most of this stuff we've had theories about for some time. But he discovered something else. And this is where it gets serious.

JANE

How do you mean?

CHARLIE

It's not only the advanced species – aliens – or whatever you want to call them who engage in DNA hybridization. Similar genetic modification programs have come to light, orchestrated by the military.

JANE

For what?

CHARLIE

Advanced immune systems for fighting off viruses. Trans-psychosomatic healing to advance medical science. Higher forms of brain frequency for direct mind manipulation. All of this points to one thing.

Charlie hesitates.

JANE

What? Tell me!

CHARLIE

Preparation.

Jane shrugs her shoulders.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

For war.

Jane's expression turns from intrigue to distress.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hybrids, super-humans, whatever you want to call them. Studied by the military to weaponize their abilities. Mike was on to this.

JANE

War! Jesus, Charlie. What if our enemies got wind of this?

CHARLIE

You misunderstand me. Not war against each other. War against them.

Jane is perplexed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Our makers.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — INTERVIEW ROOM — DAY**

The room is lifeless, clinical. A one-way mirror at one end, a steel door at the other.

Luke sits opposite Simmons at a table, rubs his arm where the soldier grasped him.

Simmons starts a recording device.

SIMMONS

September seventeenth. Zero ten hundred hours. Interview reference 'ICM two hundred and ten'. Subject 'M' Sixty-Six.

LUKE

Doctor, my name is —

SIMMONS

'M' Sixty-Six. At our last interview on September fifteenth you claimed that you are a hybrid being. Please reiterate what you mean by that.

LUKE

I am part human. Part Pleiadian.

SIMMONS

And by 'Pleiadian' you mean —

LUKE

Extra-terrestrial. Light Being. Whatever you choose to call it.

SIMMONS

Are all of you in this facility —

LUKE

Prison.

SIMMONS

Very well. Are all of the children in this 'prison' hybrid beings?

LUKE

We prefer the term Indigo Children.

Simmons types some notes on a tablet.

SIMMONS

And you all share extra-sensory abilities?

LUKE

Yes.

SIMMONS

Tell me about your abilities. How did you acquire them?

LUKE

Our earth has been visited by the Pleiadians and other advanced species for millennia. They used their technology to modify and add their own DNA to ours, gifting us with preternatural abilities.

SIMMONS

Can you explain what you mean by 'preternatural'?

LUKE

Some of us have heightened physical senses. Some have hyper-cognition. Some are telepathic, and some are clairvoyant. Some have an advanced immune system. Some can impart healing energy from their own body to another body.

SIMMONS

Why do you think you have these abilities?

LUKE

To show people they can be different.

More notes.

SIMMONS

Why do people need to be 'different'?

LUKE

The DNA in its dormant state causes people to have a mindset of greed and violence, leading to global unrest and environmental destruction. Their heads are ruled by a thirst for power. Their hearts are ruled by fear. The human race is destroying itself. Does that answer your question, Doctor?

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY**

On the other side of the one-way mirror, Xander listens to the interview, tightly gripping his cane.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB – DAY**

Charlie scans the lab, sees Lang enter from afar, accompanied by the CIA agent.

CHARLIE

We'd better get this boxed up.

Charlie places a handful of pen drives and files inside a large box brimming with sundry research materials.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I think that's everything. Except for this.

She retrieves a pen drive from her pocket.

JANE

What's that?

CHARLIE

Evidence.

JANE

Charlie, you could get into serious shit for this!

Charlie conceals the pen drive back into her pocket, grabs the box. Then, from behind -

Lang is stood with the CIA Agent and the Military Officer.

CIA AGENT

We'll need to search you before you leave.

Shock. Fear.

Charlie hands the box over to Lang, then glances at Jane. She begins to perspire. Jane returns an expression of worry.

MILITARY OFFICER

Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart.

(to Jane)

You too.

Charlie empties her pockets – keys, ID card, loose change.

MILITARY OFFICER (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Raise your arms.

The military officer frisks her, reaches her armpits, then stops.

MILITARY OFFICER (CONT'D)

Empty your inside pocket.

Charlie hesitates, retrieves the pen drive from her pocket.

CIA AGENT

(to Lang)

Check the contents.

Lang inserts the pen drive into a computer, opens the file. Photographs of Charlie, her girlfriend, and their dog. Pictures of holidays and birthday celebrations.

CHARLIE

Is everything alright?

Lang removes the pen drive.

CIA AGENT

(to Charlie)

Go.

(to Jane)

Your turn.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY**

Simmons taps more notes on his tablet.

LUKE

Our purpose is to wake people up, to secure survival for all life on this

earth, to accelerate its evolution to the next stage of its development.

SIMMONS

And what is the next stage, 'M' Sixty-Six?

LUKE

A higher level of consciousness. Should I elaborate, Doctor?

SIMMONS

Please.

LUKE

Every situation in life, including all of our human history, has been embedded in the memory of the cells of our body. We can advance our state of consciousness by transforming this memory, by eradicating fear and the programming that does not serve us.

SIMMONS

'Programming'. Please explain.

LUKE

Attempts by the power structures to keep people asleep. The rules, conventions, even the technologies of society that have been encoded from birth and continue to be reinforced through education systems, the workplace, the media.

SIMMONS

And you believe these rules, conventions and so forth are 'bad'?

LUKE

In so much as they promote a low frequency, keeping us in a state of apathy. You might say our minds are enslaved. But we are born with infinite potential. We are born free.

SIMMONS

And you believe that your freedom will come about through...

Simmons scrolls through his previous notes.



SIMMONS (CONT'D)

...an awakening?

LUKE

A rebirth.

SIMMONS

Please explain, 'M' Sixty-Six.

LUKE

Every person is empowered to raise their level of consciousness – their frequency – and break free from the low frequencies that enslave them. Once we understand that, then we need to choose.

SIMMONS

Choose what?

LUKE

We can choose to be fearful and remain enslaved by a low frequency. Or we can choose to be compassionate and raise our frequency.

Simmons types more notes.

SIMMONS

How do you know all this?

LUKE

From the Light Beings.

SIMMONS

You were abducted?

LUKE

Yes.

SIMMONS

Was it a –

LUKE

A real abduction? My first experience was real.

SIMMONS

Your first experience?

LUKE

I have experienced many abductions.

Luke glances over to the one-way mirror.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm sure that comes as no surprise to you and your colleagues.

Simmons types more notes, stops the recording device, removes his glasses, takes a deep breath.

SIMMONS

'M' Sixty-Six. What's your real name?

The boy smiles.

LUKE

My name is Luke.

SIMMONS

(sotto)

Luke. I'm a prisoner here too.

**INT. LAB CAR PARK — DAY**

Charlie and Jane scuttle through the car park.

JANE

What the hell just happened?

CHARLIE

What just happened is the art of distraction.

Charlie removes her shoe, pulls out a second pen drive.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I made them think I had something to hide. So, when they figured it was just family photos, it put them off the scent.

JANE

How did you know it would work?

CHARLIE

I didn't.

Jane laughs.

JANE

So now what?

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

As Simmons exits the interview room, he is startled to see Xander waiting for him.

XANDER

The subjects do not question their identity. Is that understood?

SIMMONS

Yes, General.

XANDER

See that 'M' Sixty-Six is punished.

SIMMONS

But General, he's only –

Xander edges closer to Simmons, towers above him. His eyes are searching, menacing.

XANDER

I don't need to remind you of the consequences of fucking with me.

**INT. SARAH'S CAR – DAY**

Paul is driving. John is riding shotgun. Mike sits in the back.

PAUL

So, this facility. What is it, exactly?

JOHN

The consensus from fellow whistleblowers is that it's a military base, operating under the cover of a research facility. For vaccines, so they say. It's where they conduct the experiments on the children.

PAUL

What has this got to do with children?

JOHN

The government simulates alien abductions that portray ETIs as a threat to humanity, yes? Covert agendas of shadow governments, such as this, create a false flag event so that

the public would believe an alien invasion to be imminent, as an excuse.

PAUL

An excuse? For what?

JOHN

For the government to weaponize space.

PAUL

What the hell has that got to do with my little girl?

JOHN

They want to harness the children's special capabilities. It's the only way of defending ourselves against an alien attack.

MIKE

But if the ETIs have manipulated our DNA to help us evolve, then how can we be sure they would be hostile?

JOHN

Precisely. There's more to their covert agenda than it seems.

PAUL

Fuckin' hell, there's more? Like what?

JOHN

Control. We live in fear of what is alien to us. But humans themselves have invented that fear.

PAUL

I said no riddles.

JOHN

It's really quite simple. Those in power are afraid of losing that power.

PAUL

It makes no goddamn sense.

JOHN

Let me put it this way. If an alien species were to teach humanity how to evolve, how to rise above our social conditioning by raising our

consciousness, then the powerful would lose their stranglehold. Yes?

MIKE

This isn't biological or nuclear warfare, Paul. It's a war of consciousness. Because they can't stop the awakening, they will try to contain it.

JOHN

But they made a huge mistake.

Mike launches forward from his seat, turns to John.

MIKE

What mistake?

JOHN

By bringing all the children together in one place, they have created a sort of collective, concentrated consciousness. Increasing the combined frequency on such a scale could backfire and send a message...back to them.

PAUL

What kind of message?

JOHN

An S.O.S.

The facility is now within sight. The car pulls up on a dirt track some distance away.

As they climb outside the vehicle, they look upon the sprawling structure, isolated and yet somehow domineering in the desolate surroundings.

MIKE

How're we going to get inside?

PAUL

'We' aren't.

MIKE

Paul, don't be -

PAUL

I'm goin' alone.

A moment's pause. Reluctantly, Mike nods in agreement.

JOHN  
(to Paul)

How are you going to get inside?

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – PREP ROOM – DAY**

Amelia lies on a plastic examination table. She is now dressed in an all-white boiler suit, the tag number 'F' Forty-Four stitched to her shoulder.

She stirs, mutters something incomprehensible, her eyes struggle to open. She touches the sensors on her temples, yanks them off.

She opens her eyes to see a triangular-shaped lamplight shining down on her, blinding.

She sits up. Next to the table, a plastic chair, her sketch book and clothes piled on it.

Amelia slides off the table, staggers over to the chair, retrieves her sketchbook. She turns to the picture of the chevron inside a circle and draws a triangular shape next to it.

Allam enters, syringe in hand.

AMELIA

Where am I?

Allam approaches Amelia with the syringe. She panics, concentrates her mind, then...

A force of energy catapults Allam backwards, slamming his body against the one-way mirror.

An alarm sounds.

Within moments, two soldiers race into the room and seize her body.

Xander enters.

XANDER  
(to a soldier)

Put the little bitch in isolation.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

As the soldiers lead Amelia down a long corridor, they pass a number of observation rooms, each fronted with a large pane of glass and occupied by a child and a scientist.

As they pass each room, Amelia peers inside.

In one room, a young girl levitates objects with her mind.

In another, a small boy focuses his mind on a volumetric flask filled with water, causing the water to boil.

In a third room, a girl concentrates on a vase of flower buds which blossom before her eyes.

They arrive at a room with no glass front.

The soldier swipes a key card, followed by the sound of the door unlocking.

SOLDIER

Get inside.

Cautiously, Amelia enters the room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – ISOLATION ROOM – DAY**

The room is dimly lit and sparse, save for a table, a chair, and plastic jar of drinking water.

As the door slams behind her, Amelia can vaguely see a small figure crouched amongst the shadows.

AMELIA

Is someone there?

Silence. Then a voice from the darkness.

LUKE

Hello. What's your name?

AMELIA

Amelia. What's yours?

LUKE

My name is Luke.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – MAIN ENTRANCE – DAY**

Cautiously, Paul walks slowly towards the main entrance, blocked by a barrier. He notices a sign above the gate: no words, just a chevron inside a circle.

A SECURITY GUARD emerges from a small control room.

GUARD  
This is a restricted building.

PAUL  
You have my daughter. I want her back.

The guard reaches for his radio, panic in his voice.

GUARD  
(into the radio)  
I need immediate assistance at gate  
one.

The guard draws a gun, aims at Paul. Paul raises his arms.

PAUL  
There's no need for that.

**INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Two soldiers lead Paul down a winding corridor. His hands are cuffed.

PAUL  
Where are you taking me?

No answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I asked you a question!

A soldier tears a piece off a roll of industrial tape, fixes it to Paul's mouth. The second soldier places a black hood over Paul's head.

Paul is led into a room with a large pane of glass facing onto the corridor.

SOLDIER  
(to the other soldier)  
Tell the General we have leverage.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – ISOLATION ROOM – DAY**

Amelia crouches next to Luke.

AMELIA  
How did you end up in this place?

LUKE



I questioned my assignment number.

AMELIA

Is that it?

LUKE

That's all it takes. The General doesn't tolerate any form of disobedience. Why're you here?

AMELIA

I kinda flung a scientist across the room.

Luke giggles.

LUKE

You're telekinetic.

AMELIA

I don't know what I am. I saw a boy in this place, just before, and he could boil water with his mind. I can't do that.

LUKE

You have that power too.

AMELIA

Really?

Luke picks up the jug of water, pours some into a transparent plastic cup.

LUKE

Focus on the water. Understand that it is made up of millions of atoms.

AMELIA

Yeah. I get that.

LUKE

Now believe that the mind can alter the form of those atoms. You can displace them and make the water boil.

A look of doubt on Amelia's face. She fixes her eyes on the water, concentrates.

AMELIA

I can't do it.

LUKE

You're trying too hard. Your mind is programmed to think rationally. Use your imagination. See the water boiling in your mind's eye.

Amelia tries again. The water stirs. A bubble, then another.

AMELIA

Look!

LUKE

You have rare gifts.

AMELIA

Do all the children here have, you know, 'gifts'?

LUKE

Yes. Some are more advanced than others.

Momentary silence, Amelia sighs.

AMELIA

If I'm so 'rare' then why does the world reject me?

LUKE

The world doesn't understand you. The world isn't ready to open its eyes. Most people are still afraid. They are not ready for the shift.

AMELIA

What shift?

LUKE

A shift to a higher consciousness. The beginning of a New Earth.

AMELIA

Why do we need a 'new' earth?

LUKE

We live in a world torn between extremism and apathy. On one side of the world children are armed with machine guns. On the other side empathy has become a buzzword. We pretend to care whilst we plod on with

our lives, squabbling over trivialities, losing all perspective, and sacrificing real compassion for self-interest.

AMELIA

What has that got to do with us?

LUKE

We can show the world that it can be different. It can be better.

AMELIA

What if the world doesn't want to listen? What if the world thinks I'm crazy? I've had enough of rejection. At school. From my Dad.

LUKE

Rejection from your own father?

AMELIA

He's never wanted people to know about, y'know, the things I can do. It's like he's ashamed of me or something.

LUKE

He's not ashamed.

AMELIA

Then why can't he just be proud of me, just once? I don't know whether he's holding me back out of love or fear.

LUKE

What is holding you back?

AMELIA

I'm scared.

LUKE

In every moment we can consciously decide to create our world or let fear create it for us.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — INTERVIEW ROOM — DAY**

An empty room save for two chairs at a small table.

A soldier dumps Paul in a chair, removes the black hood and the tape from his mouth, places the hood and a roll of industrial tape on the table.

Xander ceremoniously enters the room, stands behind Paul, looms over him.

The two soldiers cover the doorway.

XANDER  
(to Paul)  
How did you find my facility?

No reply.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Fine. We'll make your brother talk.

Paul turns to face Xander.

PAUL  
My brother is dead.

XANDER  
Don't fuck with me. I know he's alive.

PAUL  
What makes you think he's alive?

XANDER  
Overdosed, did he?

PAUL  
Somethin' like that.

XANDER  
We've been watching him. And we've been watching you.

Paul's glare simmers with anger.

PAUL  
Where's my daughter, you son of a bitch?

At that moment a radio splutters, a voice erupts from the handset.

VOICE  
(on the radio)  
General. Subject 'F' Twenty-Five is prepped for final testing.

The radio cuts out. Xander stares at Paul with penetrating eyes.

XANDER

We'll finish this.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — ISOLATION ROOM — DAY**

Amelia and Luke sit on the floor, legs crossed, facing opposite each other. Amelia is fixed on a plastic cup that levitates in the air.

LUKE

They are getting ready. They are coming.

AMELIA

I've seen them in my dreams. I've always known they were coming, one day. But what are they?

LUKE

Pure energy. The Light Beings have evolved over thousands of millennia from a physical form, not unlike ours.

The cup plummets to the ground as Amelia shoots Luke a blank expression.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We are all made of energy. Of light.

AMELIA

I don't get it.

LUKE

Our bodies are made of ninety-nine point nine per cent empty space.

AMELIA

But we have bodies. How is that even possible?

LUKE

Because the material world is an illusion.

Now Luke concentrates on the cup. It leaps into the air and begins to spin.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Everything is made of atoms, yes?

AMELIA

Yeah.

LUKE

The size of an atom is determined by the location of its electrons and how much space there is between the nucleus and the atom's shell.

AMELIA

Right.

The cup spins faster, faster.

LUKE

But a nucleus is around one hundred thousand times smaller than the atoms they are contained in, so if the nucleus were the size of a peanut, the atom would be the size of a baseball stadium.

AMELIA

So, energy fills the empty space.

LUKE

Right. Energy. Light. We have more in common with Light Beings than you might think.

Amelia bows her head.

AMELIA

But what happens when the body, y'know, dies?

The cup descends, rests gently on the ground.

LUKE

Energy cannot be created or destroyed. It can only change form. If we are made of energy, then nothing and no one really dies. We just change form.

Amelia raises her head, smiles.

AMELIA

I knew it.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — LAB — DAY**

A GIRL, 15, lies on a plastic table. Sensors are attached to her temples with wires trailing to a remote console.

Simmons takes notes as he adjusts the sensors, taps a few buttons on the console.

Xander oversees the experiment.

SIMMONS

'F' Twenty-Five. Ready for test cycle thirty-three.

XANDER

Get on with it.

Simmons turns a dial on the console. The girl screams in pain.

XANDER (CONT'D)

More.

Simmons looks concerned. Tentatively, he turns the dial. More screams, louder this time.

XANDER (CONT'D)

More.

SIMMONS

But General, she's in pain.

XANDER

More!

Simmons closes his eyes, turns the dial. The girl thrashes around in pain, screaming, crying.

Xander smirks, retrieves a circular device from his pocket, runs his thumb up and down its steel coat.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Is it linked to the remote?

Simmons' eyes peel open, tears forming as he nods nervously.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A security door pings and slides open. Emily enters the facility.

Two soldiers stand watch. Waiting.

SOLDIER  
(to Emily)  
The General wants to see you.

EMILY  
I was going to see my father -

SOLDIER  
The General wants to see you. Now.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - XANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Emily enters a gloomy office.

With his back to Emily, Xander stands at a window. A metronome ticks in the background. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. Xander's gun rests on the desk along with his radio.

XANDER  
You led her to us.

Emily bows her head.

EMILY  
What have you done with her?

XANDER  
She's in isolation. For now.

EMILY  
Isolation? But she's just a little girl.

XANDER  
You sound like your father. Pathetic.  
There's no place for compassion here.  
Is that understood?

Silence. Xander turns around.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
Is that understood?

Emily nods, makes for the door and leaves.

Xander sits, rigidly at first. He opens a desk drawer, pulls out a photograph of a woman, 30s, and a child, 13.

He slumps into the chair as his breathing becomes heavier, and heavier, as if on the verge of a panic attack.



He returns the photograph, slamming the desk drawer shut.

With fierce determination in his eyes, he picks up a remote control, presses a button.

A series of monitors, embedded into the wall, light up at the opposite end of the room. Each screen displays a different room within the facility.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

Emily wanders down the winding corridor. As she passes a series of interview rooms, she recognizes Paul through the pane of glass. She stops in her tracks, thinks for a moment, then cautiously enters the room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT**

Emily stands in the doorway. Paul bolts up from the table.

PAUL

Miss Simmons! What the hell.

EMILY

I wish I could say I'm surprised to see you too.

PAUL

You expectin' me?

EMILY

It's hard to explain.

PAUL

Try me. But don't bullshit me.

EMILY

I'm caught up in this...program.

She hesitates.

PAUL

Spit it out.

EMILY

The experiments.

PAUL

Where do you fit into all this?

Emily pauses, bows her head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Spit it out!

EMILY

They post me in schools. Throughout the State. To identify children. The gifted ones. You see, I was, I mean I am one of them. I was one of the first they brought here, almost fifteen years ago.

PAUL

You're a spy.

EMILY

If you want to put it like that.

PAUL

You 'identified' my daughter.

EMILY

I had to.

PAUL

Bullshit.

EMILY

To protect my father.

PAUL

You're gonna to have to do a hell of a lot better than that.

EMILY

My father is a scientist here. He runs the lab. If I don't do what General Xander wants, well, I don't know what he would do. I'm trapped.

Silence. Paul reclines in the chair. Emily has his attention.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I didn't know they were going to take Amelia. I swear. They told me it was just surveillance.

PAUL

Well 'they' lied. They also lied about my brother. And if you're workin' for them, why should I trust you?

EMILY

I can make it up to you.

PAUL

I'm listenin'.

EMILY

I'll get you out of here.

PAUL

It's a start.

Emily swipes her access card. The door opens.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait.

He picks up the industrial tape and the black hood from the table.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - XANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The sound of the metronome: tick, tick, tick. Xander picks up his cane, taps the butt of it on the floor in perfect time to the metronome: tap, tap, tap, tap. He studies a surveillance monitor capturing Emily conversing with Paul.

He slams his fist on the desk, retrieves his gun, checks it is loaded.

At that moment, the sound of a resounding alarm. A red warning light flashes on the wall. Xander glances towards a large monitor, watches in astonishment.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - NIGHT**

Three triangular-shaped objects, massive and luminescent, emerge like bright beacons in the night sky.

Mike and John watch from afar.

JOHN

They're here! My God they're here!

The objects hover over the facility, still and soundless.

Mike is dumbfounded. Exhilarated. Scared. He begins to panic.

MIKE

C'mon Paul. Where the hell are you.  
(thinks for a moment)

Paul was right. We need to call the police.

JOHN

What will the police do? No. We need to call someone else. Someone with more power and influence.

MIKE

Who?

JOHN

The media. I have a contact on the inside.

MIKE

They won't believe us.

JOHN

The police will?

John retrieves a burner phone from his pocket. He dials a number. It rings. No answer. Hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No-one there.

Mike thinks for a moment.

MIKE

Let me use your phone.

Reluctantly, John hands the burner to Mike. He taps in a number.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

As Charlie dumps a couple of plates into the sink, her cell phone vibrates on the counter. Fearfully, she glances at it. A moment of hesitation follows, then she picks it up. Before she can speak -

MIKE (V.O.)

Charlie. It's Mike.

INTERCUT between Mike and Charlie.

CHARLIE

Mike who?

MIKE

Mike Hammond.

CHARLIE

Is this some kind of sick joke?

MIKE

I'm serious. It's me. It's Mike.

Charlie makes to end the call but hesitates.

MIKE

Don't hang up. Please.

CHARLIE

Look, whoever you are -

MIKE

We were freshmen together at Harvard. Members of the humanist society. We had a run in with the minister, about the literalism of the Bible.

CHARLIE

Mike! It is you. Thank goodness you're alive.

MIKE

Charlie. Listen. It's happening. It's happening right now.

CHARLIE

You mean the -

MIKE

It's true. All of it.

CHARLIE

I know it is, Mike. I saw the evidence. But the CIA came to the lab. They've destroyed all your work.

A prolonged silence. Nothing but static. Then -

MIKE

I guess that's it. There's no way we can prove -

CHARLIE

There is one thing.

MIKE

You made a copy! Charlie, you're brilliant! They're here Charlie, they're actually here!

JOHN (O.S.)  
They're here alright.

Two soldiers approach from behind with their guns sighted. Mike spins around, drops the cell phone, crushes it under his foot, then raises his hands into the air.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – XANDER'S OFFICE – NIGHT**

Panic as Xander watches the screen.

XANDER  
(into the radio)  
Release the subject from isolation.  
She is the conduit.

SIMMONS (V.O.)  
(on the radio)  
And the boy?

Xander thinks for a moment.

XANDER  
(into the radio)  
Release 'M' Sixty-Six as well. Send all other subjects to the holding room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

A juncture. Paul makes to go in one direction, Emily makes to go in another. They both stop in their tracks.

PAUL  
Where're you goin'?

EMILY  
To find my father. They took Amelia to the isolation unit. Level 'B'. Good luck.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT**

Two soldiers are stationed either side of the exit. One soldier restrains Luke.

Amelia is strapped to a table. Her eyes are closed, blinded by a triangular lamplight that cranes over her body.

Simmons and Xander stand next to the table. Simmons passes the sketchbook to Amelia.

XANDER  
(to Amelia)  
We will communicate with them through  
you. Understand?

Amelia fixes her attention on Xander's uniform, the various accouterments signifying authority, in particular a series of chevrons running down the shoulders.

AMELIA  
I can't.

XANDER  
You can. You will.

AMELIA  
I won't. I don't know how.

Xander retrieves the circular device from his pocket.

XANDER  
Do it! Now!

Tears begin to form in Amelia's eyes.

AMELIA  
I can't, I can't!

Xander turns the dial on the device. A high pitch noise follows.

Amelia and Luke wail in pain. Luke clasps his hands to his ears. Amelia struggles to break free from the restraints.

Xander turns the dial again. The noise stops.

Amelia opens her eyes, just enough to glimpse the light shining in her face, and to see Xander emerge from the brightness, a silhouette: an image reminiscent of Luke's abduction at the start of our story.

LUKE  
(to Amelia)  
Clear your thoughts.

XANDER  
Listen to me. Your father is here.

Amelia's face comes alive.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
I suggest you do as I say.

Amelia takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, concentrates.  
Nothing. She opens her eyes.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Try harder. Try again.

She shuts her eyes, focuses her mind, then...  
Her body convulses, she mutters something incomprehensible.  
Her eyes peel open, now a ghostly white. She mutters  
something else from unfamiliar language.

Then...

All the lights go dead. In the darkness, an otherworldly  
voice...

AMELIA/ETI  
*Can you see?*

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

Emergency lights flicker intermittently along the corridor.

Paul treads carefully, his back pressed against the wall.  
He reaches a juncture, peers around the corner.

A lone GUARD patrols, his back to Paul.

Paul creeps up behind the guard, the guard swivels  
around...

As the guard reaches for his holster, Paul drives his elbow  
in his jaw sending him backwards, knocking a fire  
extinguisher off the wall. Paul goes in for another blow –  
but the guard blocks him – and pummels Paul in the ribs,  
followed by a series of ferocious blows to the head.

In the strobe light there is confusion, disorientation, the  
splatter of blood.

Paul collapses to the ground, groans in pain, blood  
streaming from his nose. Without mercy, the guard kicks him  
repeatedly in the ribs and head. Paul raises his arms to  
shield himself. The guard reaches again for his holster,  
draws his gun, when...



A bright flash as the lights return to full, momentarily blinding the guard. Paul kicks the gun from the guard's hand, then sends him plummeting with a sweep kick.

The guard falls. Paul stands.

Paul grabs the fire extinguisher, smashes it between the guard's shoulder blades, then maneuvers behind the guard, wraps his handcuffs around the guard's neck, squeezes tight. The guard chokes.

PAUL

The key!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT**

Amelia's body continues to spasm.

AMELIA/ETI

*You cannot see.*

Fearfully, Simmons glances at Xander.

Xander nods.

SIMMONS

(to Amelia)

I don't understand.

AMELIA/ETI

*You are not ready.*

SIMMONS

Ready for –

AMELIA/ETI

*A New Earth.*

SIMMONS

Why? Why aren't we ready? How can we shift our consciousness?

Xander looks anxious.

Simmons grabs a tablet. Amelia thrashes on the table, knocks it out of his hand.

AMELIA/ETI

*Every human being is surrounded by a field of energy. A frequency. Do you see? That frequency contains all*

*thought and all emotion. Can you see? You are all connected to one another by a collective frequency that surrounds your entire world. But you cannot see, you cannot see. Your frequency is too low for you to awaken. You are not ready.*

SIMMONS

How will we know when we are ready?

AMELIA/ETI

*The children will make you see.*

SIMMONS

But how, as a collective species, how can -

XANDER

That's enough.

Amelia breaks free from her restraints, frantically opens the sketchbook, turns to the page of the chevron inside a circle, then scribbles it out, the pencil tearing through the page.

XANDER

(to Simmons)

That's enough!

(to a soldier)

Take them to the control room.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Paul stands over the guard who is now cuffed to a railing. He tears off a piece of industrial tape, fixes it over the guard's mouth, then wraps the black hood over the guard's head.

He retrieves a handgun from the guard's holster, removes his access card, and an ammunition clip from his belt.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Two soldiers stand beside Luke and Amelia. The latter is in a trance.

A scientist, DR DYER, busies himself on a computer.

Xander turns to CAPTAIN MOLOCH, second in command.

XANDER

Green light the program.

MOLOCH

But General. The ETIs aren't -

XANDER

Do it!

Moloch turns to a console alight with various buttons, a keypad in the centre.

He punches a code into the keypad. A red light turns green. He lifts the lid on a small metal box, retrieves a key.

The attendant soldiers and scientists watch in fear.

Moloch inserts the key into the console. A flashing green button turns crimson red.

MOLOCH

Ready.

XANDER

Send them a message.

Moloch's finger hovers over the red button.

He takes a deep breath. Hesitates. Another deep breath. He retracts his finger.

MOLOCH

General. I -

XANDER

Pathetic.

(to Dyer)

Get me 'F' Twenty-Five.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - SIMULATION LAB - NIGHT**

Paul wanders into a spacious room filled with pieces of otherworldly technology including parts of strange craft, various high-tech gadgets.

Suspended from the ceiling, a triangular-shaped examination table with silver tentacle-like restraints attached to it.

Next to it, a transparent locker containing a leathery black body suit, humanoid in shape, but with long, wiry arms and fingers, and an elongated facemask, a slash mark between two elliptical cat-like eyes.

Then, footsteps...

A figure emerges from behind a large metal panel, looks like the side of a space-tech vehicle. It is PROFESSOR MOORE, a scruffy, eccentric looking woman in her 50s.

MOORE

A visitor!

Paul is startled.

MOORE (CONT'D)

I haven't had one of those in a while.  
R and D or military?

PAUL

(nervous)

Military. I was lookin' for someone.  
Must've gotten lost.

MOORE

You're new here?

PAUL

Yeah.

MOORE

Welcome! I'm Professor Moore.

Paul hesitates.

PAUL

What is this place?

MOORE

This is the simulation lab.

Paul absorbs more of the surroundings.

PAUL

What do you simulate?

MOORE

The abductions, of course. You haven't  
been briefed?

PAUL

First day. You said abductions?

MOORE

If the subjects experience a  
threatening encounter with an

otherworldly species, then they are more willing to share their abilities. As a defense against them.

PAUL

You're using their abilities as a weapon.

MOORE

Well, yes. This place is part of the weapons research division. We have learned a great deal about their technology and means of defense.

PAUL

How?

MOORE

By studying the craft that crashed on our soil. Dating back to the mid nineteen-forties. That's when they started visiting in their multitudes. We've been building an arsenal ever since.

PAUL

You're planning a war with, whatever they are?

MOORE

Oh gosh, no. Provoking conflict with them would be a terrible mistake! We simply don't have the means to retaliate. We are limited in what we have achieved here. There's still so much about their technology that eludes us.

PAUL

So, what's all this stuff for?

MOORE

We have made some progress, albeit limited progress.

PAUL

Like what?

MOORE

Let's see. We have replicated their energy sphere.

PAUL

Their what?

MOORE

A high frequency bubble, if you will. It surrounds a physical body or bodies of any size. The energy sphere absorbs any less powerful forms of energy that attempt to penetrate it. A shield, of sorts. Let me show you.

Moore walks over to a table, picks up a small metal cylinder no bigger than a cigarette lighter. She flips a button on the side of the device. A bright purple bubble of translucent energy surrounds her.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Shoot me.

PAUL

What?

MOORE

I'm quite safe.

PAUL

Listen. I don't think —

MOORE

Shoot me. I insist.

Tentatively, Paul fires a shot. The shield absorbs the bullet, then spits it back out, blasting a hole in the wall. Moore presses a button on the device. The purple bubble vanishes.

PAUL

Holy shit!

Moore returns the device. As she turns away, Paul edges closer to the table.

MOORE

There's more. Let me show you.

PAUL

No. I got to go.

Paul edges towards the exit, stops.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Professor.

Moore turns around, faces Paul.

MOORE

Yes?

PAUL

They're not 'subjects'. They're kids.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Dyer escorts 'F' Twenty-Five into the room.

DYER

'F' Twenty-Five as requested.

Moloch is anxious, perspiring. He loosens his tie.

XANDER

'F' Twenty-Five. Captain Moloch has been ordered to green light the program.

'F' Twenty-Five fixes her lifeless eyes on Moloch. She tilts her head, focuses her mind.

'F' TWENTY-FIVE

Captain Moloch will proceed as ordered.

The emotion drains from Moloch's face, his eyes turn ghostly white.

DYER

What's happening?

XANDER

(to Moloch)

Fire.

Without hesitation, Moloch turns to the console, pushes the red button. A display lights up, reading 'armed'.

Dyer watches in horror.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – GROUNDS – NIGHT**

The grounds are lit up by a series of floodlights.

At the side of the main entrance, a missile launcher rises from an underground bunker.

Dozens of armed soldiers spill out into the open grounds and position themselves, ready for attack.

All artillery points to the three craft that continue to hang in the night sky, still and silent.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Amelia's body begins to convulse.

AMELIA/ETI

*Can you see?*

DYER

(to Xander)

General. There's no proof that these visitors are hostile.

AMELIA/ETI

*Can you see? Can you see?*

XANDER

(to a soldier)

Get that little bitch out of here!

A soldier grabs Amelia by the arm. She does not resist.

AMELIA/ETI

(more frantic)

*Can you see? Can you see?*

SOLDIER

(to Amelia)

Shut your mouth!

(to Luke)

You're coming too.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

A few meters down the corridor, away from the console room...

The color returns to Amelia's eyes. She sinks her teeth into the soldier's hand. He winces in pain, releases her from his grip.

She then fixes her eyes on the soldier, focuses her mind. The soldier's body slams against the wall, flops to the ground. Amelia unclips a swipe card from the soldier's belt.

AMELIA



(to Luke)

Run!

They race down the corridor.

LUKE

Where are we going?

AMELIA

To find my Dad.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Moloch reaches over to a monitor, presses a button on the console. The monitor lights up with an image of the craft.

Dyer steps forward, panicked, enraged.

DYER

(to Xander)

General, you don't know if these weapons will -

XANDER

Do you have something to say to me?

DYER

The DNA we discovered in the subjects was supposed to be studied to treat cancer, dementia, to advance medicine. But you took these children's abilities and weaponized them, for what? Mind control? Power?

XANDER

Your conscience is your downfall.

DYER

Conscience? Don't talk to me about conscience. You're playing God with our research!

XANDER

No. God is merciful.

DYER

And now you want to start a war with a species you don't understand! It's insanity!

XANDER

I swore to protect my country. To protect humanity. So that when one species is a threat to another –

DYER

You have no proof they are a threat. It's nothing but fear of –

XANDER

It's survival. Fear ensures our survival.

(to the soldier)

Remove this piece of shit.

SOLDIER

General?

XANDER

Put a bullet in his head!

SOLDIER

But General. We have a code.

Xander clasps the soldier by the throat, squeezes tight.

XANDER

Fuck your code and follow my orders!

He releases his grip, the soldier gasps for air.

The soldier raises his handgun, aims at Dyer. He hesitates, begins to sweat, retracts his weapon.

Xander whips his gun from its holster, fires at the soldier. A bullet bursts through his skull, blood splatters on the wall behind.

Dyer turns away in horror. Xander turns the gun to Dyer...

DYER

No. Please!

He fires. Dyer's forehead splits open, his body crumples to the ground. Xander continues to fire several shots into Dyer's lifeless body.

MOLOCH

General. He's dead.

Xander stops, turns to Moloch, madness in his eyes.

Xander's radio crackles.

SOLDIER (V.O.)  
(on the radio)  
General. We have the brother.

MOLOCH  
(to Xander)  
Are you going to apprehend the father?

XANDER  
I need to deal with someone else.

He turns to 'F' Twenty-Five.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

He exits the room. 'F' Twenty-Five follows.

At that moment, Moloch's pupils dilate, the color returns to his eyes. He shakes his head, regains his senses, then glances at an image of the craft on the monitor.

He looks in dread at the display flashing 'armed'.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - LAB - NIGHT**

Luke and Amelia stop to catch their breath.

LUKE  
This looks like the main lab. I don't think they would have brought your father here.

AMELIA  
We need to look everywhere.

Amelia swipes the access card, they enter, look around.  
Then -

LUKE  
Listen.

The sound of someone else entering the lab...

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Hide!

They scurry to the far corner of the room, concealing themselves behind a stack of canisters of hydrogen gas.

They wait. Then -

Footsteps. Getting louder. Getting nearer.

Amelia covers her mouth with her hand, her eyes shut tight. Panic.

The footsteps stop. A lingering silence. An unbearable tension.

Reveal Emily. She looks around. No sign of her father.

Amelia opens her eyes. Sees Emily. Relief. Then -

A voice booms from the shadows.

XANDER (O.S.)  
Looking for someone?

Xander emerges into view, clutching his gun. Emily is stunned into silence.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Traitor.

Xander prepares to fire...

At that moment Allam enters the lab, unawares.

He looks at Xander in shock.

ALLAM  
General. What -

Emily seizes the moment...

She concentrates her mind on Xander's gun - it slips from his grasp, flies across the room into her hand - she aims for Xander's leg, as Xander grabs Allam, using him as a human shield, pushing him towards the ground, just as Emily fires a shot.

A bullet bites into Allam's back. As his body flops to the floor, Xander lunges towards Emily, wresting her hand, squeezing hard until she releases the gun.

He strikes Emily across the face. She stumbles backwards, struggling to maintain balance as Xander picks up the gun, aims, fires. Emily slumps to the ground, blood oozing from her side.

Xander kneels beside her, digs the muzzle into her temple.

XANDER

Mercy is a weakness. You will suffer.

He spits on her. Leaves.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

'F' Twenty-Five is stood outside the lab.

Xander wipes Allam's blood from his face.

He strides down the corridor. 'F' Twenty-Five follows.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – LAB – NIGHT**

Emily writhes in pain, struggling to breathe.

Luke rushes to her. Amelia watches from a distance.

LUKE

Let me help you.

Luke places his hand on Emily's abdomen, clenches his fist, closes his eyes.

As he concentrates his mind, a warm, yellow glow envelops the wound. Emily's breathing stabilizes.

Luke opens his eyes, unclenches his fist: a bullet, smeared with blood, rests in the palm of his hand.

EMILY

How did you -

AMELIA

Miss Simmons!

Luke helps Emily to sit up as Amelia comes forward.

EMILY

Thank goodness you're alright.

AMELIA

Where's my Dad?

EMILY

He didn't find you?

Amelia shakes her head. Emily stands, glances towards Allam's corpse.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(to Luke)  
Can you help him?

LUKE  
I cannot heal a body once it is clinically dead. I got to you just in time.

Emily nods, smiles.

EMILY  
I've never seen anyone do that before.

Luke returns a smile. Emily turns to Amelia.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Let's find your Dad.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT**

A soldier yanks a black hood off Mike's head.

Xander sits in front of the prisoners at a table, arms folded.

XANDER  
(to Mike)  
Back from the dead.

Mike is fearful. Panicked.

MIKE  
Where's my brother?

XANDER  
We're looking for him. He won't get far.

MIKE  
If it's me you want, then I won't resist.

XANDER  
You thought you could expose us. We stopped the leak before it could spread. But I'm no idiot. Traitors like you always have an insurance policy.

MIKE  
I don't understand.

XANDER

Allies. People on the outside fighting for the same bullshit cause. You're all the fucking same.

MIKE

There's no one else I -

XANDER

Bullshit!

He slams his fist on the table, bolts up.

MIKE

I swear to you, there's no -

Xander draws his gun from its holster, points it directly at Mike.

Mike closes his eyes, squirms.

XANDER

Tell me what I want to know.

Xander fires a warning shot. The bullet buries deep into the wall. Mike remains silent, shaking.

XANDER (CONT'D)

You have a choice. Either tell me what I want to know, or that little bitch you call a niece will suffer for your unwillingness to cooperate.

MIKE

You wouldn't.

XANDER

Choose.

Mike panics. Xander cracks his cane on the table.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Choose!

MIKE

Okay. If I have your word she will come to no harm.

XANDER

You have my word.

MIKE

A colleague. At the Cambridge center.

XANDER

I want a name.

MIKE

Charlotte Bell.

Mike sinks into the chair, weighed down with guilt.

XANDER

(to a soldier)

Throw this piece of shit in isolation.

MIKE

I told you what you wanted to know.

XANDER

We can use you here.

A look of dread in Mike's eyes, the color seeps from his face.

The soldier yanks Mike out of the chair by the armpits, drags him out of the room.

Xander turns to John.

A soldier removes a black hood from John's head.

XANDER

(to John)

Good work.

JOHN

What now?

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — CONTROL ROOM — NIGHT**

Distress in Moloch's eyes.

MOLOCH

(to a soldier)

Dyer was right. They've shown no sign of being a threat.

SOLDIER

The General believes them to be hostile, Sir.

MOLOCH

The General is wrong.



**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

Amelia, Luke and Emily wander down a winding corridor.

AMELIA

(to Emily)

What're you doing here, Miss Simmons?

EMILY

Let's just say we have a lot in common.

AMELIA

How do you mean?

EMILY

I was brought here myself, for the experiments. And I'm looking for my Dad. Just like you.

AMELIA

Shouldn't you be looking for him, instead of helping us?

EMILY

No. I need to do this.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – XANDER'S OFFICE – NIGHT**

Xander sits at his desk, cane in hand. 'F' Twenty-Five stands adjacent to him. A soldier guards the door.

Xander watches the surveillance screens, presses a button. The images change to show different parts of the facility.

Simmons enters the room, dejected.

SIMMONS

General. You wanted to see me.

XANDER

Miss Simmons returned to base.

Simmons' expression lights up.

XANDER (CONT'D)

She also turned a gun on me.

The color drains from Simmons' face.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Naturally, I had to defend myself.

Silence. Anticipation. Then the tap, tap, tap, tap of Xander's cane.

XANDER (CONT'D)

She's dead.

Simmons' face contorts. Pain. Confusion. Disbelief.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I warned you about consequences.

SIMMONS

My daughter is dead?

A momentary silence, he drifts towards the door.

XANDER

Where do you think you're going?

SIMMONS

To make peace with myself.

As Simmons exits the room, Xander's radio splutters, a voice crepitates through the speaker.

SOLDIER (V.O.)

(on the radio)

General, we need you in the control room. Moloch has gone crazy.

XANDER

(to the soldier)

Wait here.

(to 'F' Twenty-Five)

Come with me.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – ISOLATION ROOM – NIGHT**

Mike sits on the floor in semi-darkness, his knees tucked into his chest, his head bowed. Then, the sound of an access card being swiped. The door opens.

PAUL

Mike! I thought I told you -

MIKE

They caught us on the perimeter. They still have John.

PAUL

Where's Amelia?

MIKE

She isn't here.

PAUL

Shit! They must've moved her.

Paul helps Mike to stand.

MIKE

How do we find her?

PAUL

We find the General.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

Moloch frantically tries to disarm the weapons, punches various buttons on the console.

Nothing. Panic.

MOLOCH

We need to override it!

SOLDIER

But Sir, we had orders from the General.

MOLOCH

We have to abort the program!

XANDER (O.S.)

Retract that statement. Captain.

Moloch freezes, slowly turns to see Xander emerge from the shadows. 'F' Twenty-five is close behind.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I said –

MOLOCH

No.

XANDER

Have it your way.

Xander pulls a gun, fires. The bullet tears through Moloch's shoulder. Blood splatters across the console.

XANDER (CONT'D)

(to the soldier)

What happened?

SOLDIER

The Captain changed as soon as you left the room.

XANDER

What do you mean, he 'changed'?

SOLDIER

He went back to, well, the way he was, before the subject gave him the order.

XANDER

(to 'F' Twenty-Five)

We need to do more research, don't we, 'F' Twenty-Five? It seems you need to stick around to be of use to me.

'F' TWENTY-FIVE

I failed.

XANDER

(to 'F' Twenty-Five)

I have another use for you.

(to the soldier)

Get me Simmons.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRDIOR – NIGHT**

Amelia, Luke and Emily continue down a corridor, their pace quickened. After a short while...

EMILY

We're here.

AMELIA

Where?

EMILY

The General's office. He has cameras watching all over. It's the best way of finding out where your Dad is.

AMELIA

What if he's in there?

EMILY

Then we take our chances.

Emily nervously knocks on the door. The soldier's voice booms from within.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Who is it?

EMILY

Emily Simmons. Identification seven, two, two, one, zero, three. I have the subject, 'M' Sixty-Six. The General requested to see him.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Miss Simmons? That's impossible.

The soldier unlocks the door. Emily bursts through, knocking the soldier to the ground.

He stands, ready to apprehend Emily.

Amelia focuses her mind. A locker cabinet flies across the room, crushing the soldier's leg.

EMILY

Check the screens.

Amelia and Luke scan the surveillance monitors. Amelia points to a screen.

AMELIA

There he is! He's with Uncle Mike.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – LAB – NIGHT**

Simmons heaves a canister of hydrogen into the center of the lab, releases the valve.

The gas rushes out.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet and a lighter.

He opens his wallet, pulls out a photograph of himself with Emily as a young girl, a halo of light surrounding her. He holds the photograph to his chest, glances around the lab.

A final look at his life's work.

He flicks open the lighter. The lab erupts in flames.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT**

The sound of an immense explosion followed by a wailing alarm.

SOLDIER

What was that?

XANDER

They're attacking! Arm all ground missiles. Blast those fuckers back to

-

PAUL (O.S.)

Where's my daughter, you sick bastard?

Xander swivels around to see Paul sighting a gun at him. Mike is close behind.

XANDER

Brothers reunited. How precious.

PAUL

You'd better gimme some goddamn answers.

MIKE

What have you done with John?

XANDER

Told you he was calling his contact, did he? In the media?

MIKE

So what?

XANDER

Told you there was no answer.

MIKE

No. Not John. He blew the whistle all those years ago.

PAUL

Mike, he's fuckin' with you!

XANDER

Lear is a creationist. His motive to expose the project was different to yours. But to get him onside I needed more.

MIKE

What did you do?

XANDER

Lear believes humans are incapable of anything other than subservience to a higher power: God. His fanaticism forbids any sort of human transcendence.

MIKE

No. John said the children are the link. The link to salvation.

XANDER

Salvation? Is that what he told you? He lied. I convinced him that it's better to conceal what's going on than expose it. To protect humanity.

MIKE

I don't believe you.

XANDER

You venerate these alien beings. Why? They experiment on humans to accelerate their evolution. What I do here is no different.

MIKE

It's different alright. It's insanity.

Mike edges closer, angrier.

XANDER

Remember when I said the little girl would be safe?

Mike lunges at Xander, strikes him across the face.

MIKE

You son of a bitch!

Paul moves in towards Xander, rage in his eyes.

PAUL

Where is she?

The soldier reaches for his holster. Xander signals for him to stand down. He feels his mouth, licks the blood.

XANDER

(to Paul)

Put the gun down.

PAUL

Tell me!

XANDER  
The selection lab.

PAUL  
Where?

XANDER  
Level 'A'. East wing.

PAUL  
How do I know you're not bullshitting  
me?

Xander removes his gun from its holster, slowly places it on the side of the console.

XANDER  
(to Paul)  
What would the little bitch think of  
you?

Paul lowers his weapon for a few seconds, then...

Xander seizes the gun from the side of the console, aims at Paul.

At that moment Moloch rises from the floor - knocks the gun from Xander's hand - wrestles him to the ground.

The soldier reaches for his gun. Mike lunges toward him. They grapple. Mike lands a blow across the soldier's face. He recoils, slumps to the ground, out cold.

Moloch clasps Xander's neck with his hand, squeezes tighter and tighter. Xander struggles for breath, his legs flailing, attempting in vain to free himself from Moloch's stranglehold.

Xander's eyes close. His body goes limp.

Moloch stands, catches his breath, confiscates Xander's weapon.

A series of lights flash intermittently on the control panel. A warning sound erupts from an alarm attached to the wall.

Moloch glances at a monitor, now flickering with red lights.



MOLOCH

Shit.

PAUL

What is it?

MOLOCH

Whatever that explosion was, it was  
has destabilized the fuel reserves.  
The temperature's rising. Fast.

PAUL

So?

MOLOCH

So, you have about twenty minutes to  
find your daughter and get out.

PAUL

What happens in twenty minutes?

Moloch gestures an explosion with his fingers.

PAUL

(to Mike)

Go. Now.

MIKE

I'm not leaving.

PAUL

Tell the cops. Tell the press. Tell  
whoever will listen. Tell them  
everything.

MIKE

What about Amelia?

PAUL

I'll get her back.

MIKE

But —

PAUL

I'll get her back.

The brothers embrace.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where you been hidin' that right hook?

Mike smiles, turns to leave.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Mike.

Mike faces Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Mike nods, exits the room.

MOLOCH

There's something else.

PAUL

What now?

MOLOCH

Xander developed a type of defense system based on the emission of high frequencies. It sends a potentially fatal frequency to the brain which affects humans and any other 'beings' attuned to it.

PAUL

You mean the children?

MOLOCH

(nods)

But there's more. He's inserted a chip inside each subject. The chip is linked to the security systems. If any subject escapes from the building without the chip being deactivated, it automatically sends out the frequency to wherever the subject is located.

PAUL

Tell me you're fucking with me.

MOLOCH

I'm not fucking with you.

PAUL

There's no way of getting' them outta here?

MOLOCH

Not without deactivating the chips.

PAUL

How do I do that?

MOLOCH

Only Xander knew how.

Moloch glances at Xander's lifeless body.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Mike treads slowly, carefully, searching for an exit, nervously checking behind him for patrolling guards.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Paul races down a corridor. He doesn't look back.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – DAY**

Moloch watches the craft on a monitor.

From behind, the sound of a radio crackle, followed by tap, tap, tap, tap...

Fear in Moloch's eyes.

XANDER (O.S.)

(into the radio)

He's on his way to the selection lab.

Moloch turns around slowly to see Xander, gun in hand, poised to fire.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Captain. Let me tell you about the importance of following orders.

Moloch is frozen.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I was a grunt with first Battalion, thirty-second Infantry Regiment, tenth Mountain Division. We were ordered to fire on hostiles in Barge Matal during Operation Mountain Fire. A small village. Women. Children. But the Lieutenant pulled the plug. Said he couldn't do it. Said it was inhumane. We entered the village to get the women and children out of danger. And all along it was a trap. The hostiles used the villagers as shields. We were

gunned down. Only two of us survived to see the rest of our platoon massacred like pigs. Twenty-eight soldiers. And for what? For showing humanity. For not following orders.

Moloch hesitates, then —

MOLOCH

I didn't know.

XANDER

You see, watching your brothers in arms being slaughtered in front of your eyes stays with you. It haunts you. It destroys you. I alienated my wife. Drove her away. She left with my daughter a year after I was discharged.

MOLOCH

I'm sorry.

XANDER

I don't want your pity. I want you to understand that compassion costs lives, and following orders saves them. But you have compassion for the alien hostiles and for Hammond: both of them our enemy. And where does compassion get you, Captain?

Moloch is panicked, shakes his head.

XANDER (CONT'D)

You just sent Hammond to his death.

Before Moloch can speak, Xander shoots him in the chest.

Moloch falls. Xander fires again, then again, and again.

He turns to the control panel, arms the missiles. Fires.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY — DAY**

A series of missiles bolt through the sky towards one of the craft.

As they hurtle towards their target, a gossamer-like purple shield envelops the craft.

The missiles explode against the shield, the flames absorbing into it. A few seconds later the shield spits the missile fire back out into the sky.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CONTROL ROOM – DAY**

Xander watches the assault on the monitor. Zero impact.

He storms out the room.

Moloch, holding onto his life, crawls across the floor towards the exit, a trail of blood behind him.

At that moment the door opens.

EMILY

Captain!

MOLOCH

(to Amelia)

The selection lab. It's a trap.

Moloch coughs up blood, his body convulses.

EMILY

Oh God!

MOLOCH

He's started a war. Stop him.

AMELIA

Too late. They're coming inside.

Amelia points to a surveillance monitor.

The screen flashes intermittently. On it there are a dozen amorphous shapes made of ethereal light – the ETIs – gliding towards the entrance of the building.

MOLOCH

(to Amelia)

Find your Dad.

Moloch coughs more blood, spasms, dies.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – DAY**

Two guards watch in disbelief as the ETIs skim past the gates, swift, silent.

GUARD

They won't get through.

The ETIs approach a large steel door, float towards it, then through it, re-emerging on the other side.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – DAY**

The ETIs glide down a corridor emitting a golden light, their center pulsating with multi-colored swirls of electricity.

A dozen armed soldiers appear, line up in parallel, half down one side of the corridor, half down the other.

LEAD SOLDIER

Fire!

A dozen rifles erupt. Deafening. Futile.

The bullets pass straight through the ETIs, puncturing the walls behind. At that moment, one of the ETIs morphs into a humanoid shape: elongated head, lifeless black eyes, stringy body.

LEAD SOLDIER

Mother of God.

The soldiers simultaneously rise into the air, and simultaneously each one is flung against the sides of the corridor with intense velocity. One by one they crumple to the ground.

The ETIs disappear at speed down the corridor.

The lead soldier reaches for his radio.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – XANDER'S OFFICE – DAY**

Xander looks around the office, sees the soldier lying on the ground, the filing cabinet next to him.

The radio splutters.

XANDER

(into the radio)

What?

SOLDIER (V.O.)

(on the radio)

They're inside the building. Our weapons do nothing.

Xander scans the surveillance monitors, picks up a phone.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – SIMULATION LAB – DAY**

A cell phone rings.

XANDER (V.O.)  
(on the phone)  
Get me the arsenal.

Moore casts her eye over the table littered with weapons.

MOORE  
(into the phone)  
But General, the weapons aren't  
tested. We don't fully understand  
their –

XANDER (V.O.)  
(on the phone)  
Then use the generators. Full  
capacity.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – SIMULATION LAB – DAY**

Horror in Moore's eyes. She trudges over to the other side of the room and checks a digital display on a massive, cylindrical generator.

MOORE  
(into the phone)  
We're still in the pilot phase. Are  
you certain the generators can take  
it?

XANDER (V.O.)  
(on the phone)  
Do it!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – SELECTION LAB – DAY**

Paul swipes the access card, the door slides open.

PAUL  
Amelia!

Two soldiers appear, guns sighted at Paul.

SOLDIER ONE  
(to Paul)  
Drop it!

PAUL

Where is she?

SOLDIER ONE

There's nobody here. Drop it!

Tentatively, Paul places the gun on the ground, raises his hands into the air.

PAUL

I know you got your orders. But listen. This entire building is a ticking time bomb.

SOLDIER ONE

Shut it!

PAUL

The fuel tanks are gonna blow. Everyone needs to get outta here, right now.

SOLDIER ONE

I said -

Paul drops his arms, lunges forward.

PAUL

Listen to me! Let me find my daughter. Let me get her out. Then I'm yours. I swear.

SOLDIER ONE

(to Soldier Two)

Cuff him.

Soldier Two returns his weapon to its holster, draws a pair of handcuffs from his belt.

At that moment, Amelia bursts into the room.

AMELIA

Dad!

PAUL

Thank God.

Emily enters the room followed by Luke.

Soldier Two drops the cuffs and draws his weapon. As Emily focusses her mind, the gun flings out of Soldier Two's hand.



Soldier One fires a warning shot.

SOLDIER ONE

(to Emily)

Do that again!

Emily stands in front of Amelia and Luke.

PAUL

(to the Soldier)

I'm takin' my little girl outta here.

SOLDIER ONE

I don't think so.

PAUL

Then shoot me.

SOLDIER ONE

Don't tempt -

Tense silence. The soldier lowers his gun.

Paul embraces Amelia.

PAUL

Are you okay?

He squeezes her tight.

AMELIA

I'm okay.

PAUL

(to Emily)

What's the fastest way out?

EMILY

The lab. East exit.

PAUL

You sure?

EMILY

You still don't trust me.

A momentary silence.

PAUL

I trust you.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - XANDER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Xander reaches into his pocket, retrieves the circular device, turns the dial half-way.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – HOLDING ROOM – DAY**

A high pitch noise blasts throughout the room packed with dozens of children, screaming, claspng their hands against their ears.

Some swoon to the ground. Some are paralyzed.

Soldiers are positioned round the periphery. They look at one another. Confused. Helpless.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Paul, Amelia, Emily and Luke race down a corridor. All but Paul stop in their tracks, screaming in pain, clutching their ears.

EMILY

What's happening?

AMELIA

Make it stop! Make it stop!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

The light at the center of the ETIs flickers intermittently, their shape distorts. A series of sinuous blue lights, like veins, pulses through them.

Each of them transforms into a humanoid shape, expressions of pain on their faces.

A group of armed soldiers turn the corner, bullets flying.

Moore is amongst them. She watches in astonishment as the bullets pass straight through the ETIs.

SOLDIER

(to Moore)

How do we break their defense?

MOORE

The high frequency generator is debilitating them, at least for now.

SOLDIER

How do we kill them?

MOORE

We can't.

An ETI glides behind the soldier, enveloping him. His eyes open, turn pale. He speaks with an otherworldly cadence.

SOLDIER/ETI

(to Moore)

*Show me where this pain comes from.*

Moore is frozen in fear.

A second ETI – in humanoid form – looms forward, its face only a few inches from Moore's, its eyes pitch black, lifeless.

Now Moore's eyes turn white.

SOLDIER/ETI (CONT'D)

*Show me.*

The ETI looms closer.

Moore's face turns ashen, her mouth agape.

Silence.

The ETIs return to their immaterial form, glide at speed down the corridor.

At a juncture the ETIs disperse in different directions.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – HOLDING ROOM – DAY**

Dozens of children herded into the center of the room, guarded by soldiers.

Screams of pain. Cries of panic.

Blood streams from a child's nose. Another child has collapsed, the color drained from his face.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – XANDER'S OFFICE – DAY**

Xander watches the surveillance monitor linked to the holding room. On the screen, children flop to the floor one by one.

He smirks, madness in his eyes. He returns to the monitor for the simulation lab and watches as four ETIs approach the generator.

He grips the circular device, turns the dial to full.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - SIMULATION LAB - DAY**

Each in turn, the ETIs attempt to reach the generator, but the force of the high frequency repels them. The closer they move towards it, the more distorted their humanoid form becomes, their light refracting in all directions.

The ETIs let out an unearthly, haunting sound.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY**

A drop of blood trickles from Amelia's nose.

She wipes it away, looks at the blood on the back of her hand. She falls to the floor, blood now streaming.

PAUL

Oh my God. No!

Paul kneels beside her. He turns to Emily, tears in his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm losin' her!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - SIMULATION LAB - DAY**

Four ETIs form a circle, their centers of energy merge into each other, creating one large concentration of shapeless light. As one, their energy is stronger.

They surround the generator.

It vibrates violently, becomes unstable.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

A child turns pale, slumps to the floor. A soldier walks over to her, kneels beside her, shakes her. Her body is lifeless. A second soldier attends to the child.

SOLDIER

Jesus. He's killing them.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Emily embraces Luke. Both hold each other, tight, the pain becoming more unbearable.

Amelia's body starts fitting. Paul attempts to restrain her.

PAUL

Stay with me!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – SIMULATION LAB – DAY**

The generator shakes faster, fiercer. Then –

The outer shell cracks, flames erupt from its core. The lab is consumed by fire.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – HOLDING ROOM – DAY**

The door bursts open. Four ETIs enter.

Soldiers watch in fear and astonishment.

The ETIs fling the soldiers to the side of the room, their bodies breaking against the walls.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – XANDER'S OFFICE – DAY**

On the surveillance monitor, children now standing up, while some remain on the ground, lifeless.

Xander hurls the circular device at the surveillance screen. In a fit rage he picks up his cane, smashes several of the surveillance monitors. He discards the cane, picks up his gun, marches towards the door.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – CORRIDOR – DAY**

Luke's body, flat against the wall, slides down to the ground. His eyes are closed, his face pallid.

Paul holds Amelia in his arms. The fitting has stopped. He wipes the blood from her nose.

She opens her eyes, confused.

PAUL

Thank God.

AMELIA

What happened?

Four shapeless globes of light hover down the corridor.

Paul stands. Disbelief.

A nervous shock pulsates through his body. His eyes turn ghostly white, his voice alters.

He turns to Amelia.

PAUL/ETI  
(to Amelia)

*Whoever follows you will never walk in  
darkness.*

Mesmerized by the light, Amelia nods, turns to Luke, smiles.

Paul's eyes return to normal as the ETIs evaporate into light.

LUKE

They saved us.

Then, the distant sound of a colossal explosion.

PAUL

The fuel reserves!

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – LAB – DAY**

The lab is littered with smoldering flames, the air thick with smoke, the ceiling poised to collapse.

Paul and Amelia make for the exit, when...

Xander emerges from a curtain of smoke, blocks their escape.

Emily and Luke catch up. Xander stares at Emily in disbelief.

EMILY

Where's my father!

PAUL  
(to Xander)

It's over. Whatever you had planned here. It's over.

XANDER

Not yet.

Xander draws a handgun, aims for Amelia.

PAUL

No!

Amelia concentrates her mind. A bullet erupts from the gun, freezes in mid-air a few inches from her face, drops to the ground.

Xander ditches the gun, draws a knife, lunges towards Amelia. Paul dives forward, grabs Xander's wrist, tries to shake the knife from his hand, but Xander grabs Paul's throat, squeezes tight. Paul chokes, recoils, as Xander delivers a blow to Paul's abdomen, then his head. Blood. Screaming. As Paul collapses to the ground, Xander kicks him repeatedly, goes in for a blow to the head, when –

AMELIA

Stop! Stop!

Paul can barely stand. Bloodied. Beaten.

A blow to the ribs from Xander knocks him to the ground.

But he summons the will to stand.

Xander plants his fist in Paul's face, sending him down again.

Amelia rushes to Paul's aid, as Xander seizes her, holds the knife to her throat.

XANDER

You flinch. You die.

Emily helps Paul to his feet. He is disorientated, blood oozing from his mouth.

Tears stream down Amelia's face.

PAUL

I just want my little girl back.

Xander stares at Paul, bloodied and beaten.

XANDER

They left. They left me. I want my little girl back, too.

He lowers the knife.

Then, an ETI emerges in front of Xander, humanoid in shape, with an expression of anger, a red light pulsating inside its body.

Xander is frozen. His hair turns white.

As the ETI disappears, Xander turns to Amelia.

XANDER  
You brought them here!

As Amelia breaks free from Xander, Paul lunges forward.

Xander plunges the knife into Paul's side, twisting the blade.

AMELIA  
Dad!

Amelia concentrates, catapults Xander to the other side of lab. Xander lies in a heap, disorientated.

The steel structure groans.

EMILY  
(to Paul)  
We need to go!

PAUL  
I'll slow you down. Get Amelia out.

AMELIA  
(to Paul)  
I'm not going without you.

PAUL  
I'm right behind you. Go!

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – DAY**

Mike, now outside, watches as the three craft bolt through the sky, one after the other, disappearing into a blood-red sunrise.

**INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – LAB – DAY**

Amelia takes Luke by the hand, they sprint ahead.

Emily helps Paul to walk. He staggers, falls.

Amelia and Luke make it outside the building, Paul and Emily still trailing behind.

Xander stirs.



Paul collapses to the ground. As he crawls towards Xander, a second portion of the roof gives way, collapses, blocks the exit.

**EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY – DAY**

A siren wails. A guard opens the main gates to the facility.

Mike watches as crowds spill out: children, soldiers, scientists, medics. Amelia and Luke are amongst them.

Mike wades through the crowd, frantically searching.

MIKE

Paul! Amelia!

Amelia hears him.

AMELIA

Uncle Mike!

Mike runs towards her, embraces her.

MIKE

Where's your Dad?

AMELIA  
(crying)

He's still inside.

Then, the fuel reserves explode: the entire facility bursts into a ball of flame. The structure collapses, engulfed by smoke.

MIKE

Oh my God.

Amelia buries her head in Mike's chest, weeps.

The crowds watch the building burn, an expression of joy on the children's faces.

As the children run free, the soldiers attempt to herd them together.

Mike gazes at the remains of the building. A pillar of fire stretches towards the sky.

Moments later, Paul and Emily emerge from the crowd.

AMELIA

Dad!

Amelia, Mike and Luke run towards them. Mike notices Paul's wound, now bleeding heavily.

MIKE

Jesus. What happened?

Paul collapses in a pool of blood, clutching his side.

AMELIA

(to Luke)

You have to help him!

LUKE

It doesn't work like that.

AMELIA

You have to try.

LUKE

I can't heal once an organ has been damaged; once there is a threat to life. I'm sorry.

AMELIA

(to Mike)

What're we going to do?

MIKE

I'll get help.

Mike sprints off. Amelia kneels beside Paul.

AMELIA

(to Paul)

Tell me it's gonna be okay.

PAUL

There's somethin' you need to know.

AMELIA

Don't leave me, Dad.

PAUL

You know your Mom was gifted, just like you. She had visions of other worlds. Other beings.

Amelia nods her head. Paul reaches up to her face, wipes away her tears.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It drove her crazy. She felt like she belonged someplace else. Not in this world. Not with me. It broke my heart.

He swallows a deep breath.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You need to know. She took...she took

—

He can't say it.

Amelia raises her hand to her left ear, closes her eyes, and reads Paul for the first time.

FLASHBACK: a bathroom. Running water. The words 'I'm sorry' written in the steam on a mirror. A lifeless body in a bloody bathtub. One arm is dangled over the edge of the tub. A slit wrist. It is Sarah.

PRESENT: Amelia weeps.

AMELIA

I didn't know, Dad. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

PAUL

When you got older, and I saw you were like her, I had to protect you. There's no way I could've lost you the way I lost your Mom.

They embrace.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I was too afraid to believe in you.

AMELIA

It's okay. It's okay.

Paul struggles to breathe.

PAUL

I've always been afraid. Afraid of losin' your Mom. Afraid of losin' you. And I'm afraid now. So afraid.

AMELIA

Don't be afraid. Nothing dies. It just changes —

Paul's body convulses.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
No! Dad! Don't go!

He struggles for breath.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
Dad! Dad!

She holds his hand, squeezes tight, and concentrates her mind on the wound. Paul continues to struggle.

Mike returns.

MIKE  
Help is coming. Hang on in there.

Paul looks at Mike with imploring eyes.

PAUL  
Protect her.

Mike nods, tears welling. Amelia concentrates harder, begins to panic.

AMELIA  
No, Daddy, no! Don't leave me!

Paul's body spasms, he closes his eyes, passes away.

As his body collapses, his fingers unfurl to reveal the shield device in the palm of his hand.

Amelia weeps hysterically. Emily helps her to stand.

AMELIA  
I couldn't save him.

Mike embraces Amelia. Holds her tight.

MIKE  
It's alright. It's alright.

He takes a deep breath.

Then —

XANDER (O.S.)  
Your father saved my life.

Amelia turns, and in a fit of anger, focuses her mind, raising Xander off his feet, suspending him in the air.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
He lost his wife. I lost my wife.

She breathes heavier, faster, angrier.

MIKE  
(to Amelia)  
It's not what Paul wanted.

Tears in Xander's eyes.

XANDER  
Please! Please!

Amelia turns away, closing her eyes, as Xander tumbles to the ground, unharmed.

He stands. Tears of remorse.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

He leaves.

Emily looks towards the crowds of children, now beginning to disperse.

EMILY  
(to Luke)  
There's so many. Where will they go?

LUKE  
Some will go home to their families.

EMILY  
Then they will finally know the truth.  
The whole world will know.

LUKE  
No. The families will either be bought  
or threatened into silence.

EMILY  
But people need to know.

LUKE  
They will. When they are ready.

EMILY

What about you? Where will you go?

LUKE

I have nowhere.

MIKE

(to Luke)

Yes, you do.

He squeezes Amelia tighter.

MIKE

(to Amelia)

You both do.

Mike takes Amelia's hand, followed by Luke's hand. Amelia joins hands with Luke. Together they form a triangle.

Emily wanders off, searching.

EMILY

Dad! Dad!

Luke gazes at the facility, flames raging.

LUKE

That was the only proof of what happened here.

From the depths of sadness, Mike smiles.

**INT. HOSPITAL — SIDE WARD — NIGHT**

Amelia waits outside the room with DANNY'S FATHER.

Danny exits the side ward, tears streaming down his face. He hugs Amelia.

DANNY

I'm gonna lose her.

AMELIA

Can I go in there?

Danny's father nods.

DANNY'S FATHER

Sure. Why not.

Amelia enters the side ward, sees DANNY'S MOM lying in the bed, pallid, lifeless. Tentatively, Amelia takes hold of her hand, closes her eyes, concentrates.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD – DAY**

Recess. Amelia and Danny sit on the grass amongst the other kids.

Kat walks by with her posse, smiles at Amelia.

DANNY

You haven't done that mind readin' thing in a while.

AMELIA

Your thoughts belong to you.

DANNY

So, I guess I'll just tell you. Dad texted. Mom's gonna be okay!

AMELIA

What happened?

DANNY

They don't know. She just fought it off. Can you believe it?

AMELIA

(smiling)

I can believe it.

**INT. A DESERTED CAR PARK – NIGHT**

A heavy rain beats down. A solitary car waits, lights beaming, engine chugging. A second car pulls up next to it. The drivers step out.

JOHN

Doctor Bell.

They shake hands.

CHARLIE

They took all Mike's work. Except for this.

Charlie retrieves a pen drive from her pocket.

JOHN

Is that all of it?

CHARLIE

It's enough to blow the whistle.

Charlie hands the pen drive over to John.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Guard it with your life.

Then, John brandishes a handgun, silencer attached.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What. No. Wait. Please -

A bullet rips into Charlie's chest. She slams against the side of her car, slides to the asphalt.

John places the pen drive on the concrete, smashes it into pieces with the butt of the gun.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The rear door is ajar.

Pinned to the refrigerator, a crayon sketch of Amelia, her mother and her father holding hands underneath a brilliant yellow sun.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mike is asleep on the sofa. Luke is stretched out across him, eyes wide open. The TV hums in the background.

A hazy purple light seeps through the window, slowly and softly illuminating the room.

Luke slides off the sofa, creeps to the window as if under hypnosis, peers out.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amelia sleeps soundly in her bed, the sheets halfway down her body.

A luminescent orb, no bigger than a tennis ball, shines brightly in the corner of the room.

Out of the darkness, a second orb bursts into light next to it. Both orbs shine brighter, as if as one, together.

Amelia stirs, wakes, sits up. She looks lovingly upon the orbs.

MIKE (V.O.)



You have great power, Amelia. Great gifts. You can inspire the whole world.

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**

Emily picks up a suitcase, a handbag, takes one last look around the room, switches off the light.

AMELIA (V.O.)

We are all powerful, because each person has the power to choose for themselves...

**EXT. A HOUSE – DAY**

A hand knocks on the front door. It opens half-way.

A WOMAN peers around the door. Shock. Confusion.

MIA, early teens, races to the front door, pulls it wide open to reveal:

Xander stood on the porch, dressed in a check shirt, jeans, and holding a suitcase.

As Xander crouches down, Mia wraps her arms around him.

Xander glances at his wife. Tears of joy turn to tears of remorse.

AMELIA (V.O.)

...In every moment we can consciously choose to create our world, or let fear create it for us...

**EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE – BACKYARD – NIGHT**

Luke creeps out the rear door. The yard is drenched in purple light.

He gazes up at a triangular-shaped craft, massive and luminescent, hovering in the night sky, still and soundless.

The craft is cocooned in purple light, changing intermittently: pastel pink, sapphire blue, emerald green.

MIKE (V.O.)

...What will you choose? Will you show us how to create a New Earth?...

Amelia walks up behind Luke. They stand together, hand in hand, mesmerized by the light.

AMELIA (V.O.)

...The New Earth is already here. We are already a part of it...

An IMAGE of our Earth nestled amidst a canvas of stars, shimmering in the silence of space. Eternally beautiful.

AMELIA (V.O.)

...We just need to open our eyes.

FADE OUT.