

V

"Pilot"

Written by
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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK: Three titles...

**Where were you when JFK was assassinated?
Where were you on 9/11?
Where were you this morning?**

In answer to the final question, a CATHEDRAL SONG begins. Angelic voices RING OUT, playing across the following montage of images; all depicting the dawn of a new day:

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - SUNRISE

CLOSE ON a badge sitting atop a nightstand that reads: **FBI Counter Terrorism Division**. The owner of the badge, Agent ERICA EVANS (38), lies sleeping peacefully in her bed...

But the quiet moment is suddenly interrupted as **A SMALL TREMOR SHAKES THE HOUSE**. Erica's eyes pop open. PRELAP:

ERICA (V.O.)

Tyler...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Erica standing outside her son's room talking through the door.

ERICA

...Ty did you feel that?

No response. She cracks open the door to find... An empty bed. An open window. And no Tyler... Off a pissed Erica...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LOS ANGELES - SUNRISE

CLOSE ON a cell RINGING. "Mom calling" flashes. A hand bearing bruised knuckles and dried blood reaches for it.

We follow the hand up to the equally roughed up face of TYLER EVANS (16). He hasn't had a good night to say the least. And it's about to get worse... Answering:

ERICA (ON PHONE)

You're in big trouble...

PRELAP: The sound of birds FLAPPING their wings...

EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

A flock of pigeons head skyward as FATHER JACK LOWERY (30) opens the doors to the inner-city church for the day.

Nothing but junkies and prostitutes outside -- that, and one faithful parishioner in a wheelchair, who's always there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER JACK
Morning Roy.

ROY
Morning Father Jack.

Just as Jack and ROY (45) head into the otherwise deserted church... There's **ANOTHER SMALL TREMOR**. Off Jack pausing...

INT. ALL SAINTS RECTORY - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

FATHER TRAVIS, 60's (Father Jack's mentor), eyes the objects in his room, jiggling from the tiny quake.

The RUMBLING **QUICKLY SETTLES**, and he goes back to what he was doing. Drowning his sorrows in a glass of red wine, despite the early hour.

ADJUST to find the reason for his sadness. A letter from the Archdiocese: **"After 57 years, All Saints Church will be closed due to lack of attendance..."**

PRELAP: the SOUND of a SHOWER RUNNING...

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA MEANDERS along a trail of clothes. Passes an empty wine bottle, a discarded condom wrapper, and eventually comes to a TV.

FRAME is composed such that we're shooting across the end of a bed. A sultry pair of women's feet, toenails painted bright red, are in the f.g.

A dashing, *Anderson-Cooper-wannabe* is on screen anchoring a REBROADCAST of his news show. As we HOLD this shot, we HEAR the SHOWER in the adjacent bathroom SHUT OFF...

EXT. JEWELRY DISTRICT - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

CLANK! A JEWELER (60's) slides an expandable security gate to one side as he opens his business for the day.

RYAN NICHOLS (36) waits patiently with him as he unlocks the front door. The two step inside, the Jeweler flipping the CLOSED sign to OPEN.

As the door closes behind them, **ANOTHER EERIE RUMBLE** rolls through the city... The "Open" sign sways back and forth...

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

VALERIE HOLT (42) asleep in her bed.

DOWNSTAIRS-- Val's daughter, CASSIE HOLT (17), is at the computer having pulled an all-nighter on an English paper. She struggles to stay awake, but is losing the battle.

We jump into Cassie's POV...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she slowly nods off, the ROOM FADES TO DARKNESS, the CATHEDRAL MUSIC CRESCENDOS and the montage introducing our cast of characters comes to an end.

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - SUNRISE

Ryan examines the engagement ring he's selected as the kindly old jeweler rings up the sale...

JEWELER

She's gonna love it. Just don't forget the knee.

RYAN

The knee?

JEWELER

I got down on one knee in the middle of a crowded room. There were cheers -- applause. Thirty years later, she still talks about it.

RYAN

Yeah I'm not big on drawing crowds--

JEWELER

So forget the crowd. But don't forget the knee.

Ryan smiles as he grabs a pen and signs the credit card slip. *But halfway through, the pen SUDDENLY SKITTERS across the signature line -- the counter SHAKING from yet **ANOTHER TREMOR.*** Off Ryan and the Jeweler... What the hell is that?

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK - MORNING

ALISON RAY (40's), the woman with the red toenails, is still lying in bed watching the Anderson-Cooper-wannabe on TV.

ALISON

(calls out)

Last night was amazing...

And into the bathroom doorway steps -- *the Anderson-Cooper-wannabe* -- CHAD DECKER (28). Dripping wet, sexy as hell, towel around his waist. Eyes himself on TV.

CHAD

Were you watching that while we were...?

ALISON

(devilish smile)

You should be on a big network.

CHAD

I'm working on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)

(smiles)
Speaking of, I get my interview now,
right?

ALISON

I'd say you earned it - twice. Expect
a call from the Office of the Vice
President.

CHAD

Pleasure doing business with you.

As he steps past the TV we HOLD on the screen. And we
realize Alison was a guest on his show last night. Her
title comes up: **Press Secretary to the Vice President.**

As we PUSH IN on this shot, the TV begins to **SHAKE**. Like
the others, this **TREMOR** only lasts a moment, but clearly
whatever's happening in L.A. is happening in New York too.

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - SUNRISE

Erica, still on the phone with Tyler; upset. Mid conversation:

ERICA

How exactly did you get beat up?!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

A sheepish Tyler on the other end. His friend BRYCE (16)
sits nearby, equally bloodied and bruised. Both are a little
awkward; cute but in a dorky way. INTERCUT:

TYLER

We were trying to crash a party in
the hills.

ERICA

(unbelievable)
You snuck out in the middle of the
night to crash a party.

TYLER

It was Bryce's stupid idea. We
thought we could blend in with the
cool kids.
(loud; directed at Bryce)
WE DON'T BLEND IN...

But Bryce ignores him. He's distracted -- staring at a
medical tray next to his gurney...

ERICA

But you're okay, right?

TYLER

I said I'm fine.

ERICA

Okay, where are you again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT BRYCE SEES: Some medical instruments are JIGGLING ever so slightly on the tray...

TYLER
Some crappy hospital at Sunset and Vermont.

ERICA
I'm coming to get you.

TYLER
It's not that bad I can take my bike home.

ERICA
I'm coming to get you.

The HUBBUB in the busy emergency room masks the fact that the building is SHAKING -- and the SHAKING is GROWING.

TYLER
It was just a party, mom.

ERICA
Yeah, one I said you couldn't go to. Why would you even want to go? That's not your crowd - those kids do nothing but pick on--

Erica stops, suddenly aware - her house's SHAKING as well. But unlike the earlier tremors, this one isn't stopping.

Tyler and everyone else in the ER feel it now. Equipment starts to ROCK. Windows begin to RATTLE.

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The shaking GROWS EXPONENTIALLY. Picture frames fall. Books TUMBLE from shelves. Loudly, into the phone:

ERICA
Get under something!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Bryce scramble for cover under a desk. People start to freak...

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Same SHAKING! Valerie, now out of bed, races downstairs.

VALERIE
Cassie! Cass...!

As she reaches the ground floor a heavy armoire TOPPLES over. Cassie is SCREAMING, terrified...

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

CRASH! The huge stained glass windows lining the church SHATTER one after another. Father Jack grabs Roy, pulls him out of his wheelchair and under a wooden pew.

They eye the enormous crucifix hanging above them. A bolt securing it to the wall has snapped. IT ROCKS WILDLY back and forth until CRACK! The other bolt snaps!

They duck as the huge plaster likeness of Christ PLUNGES downward, SMASHING to pieces right in front of them...

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Erica scrambles toward the door, barely able to stay on her feet. A DEAFENING ROAR suddenly comes from above. And as she looks up toward the sound...

...AN OMINOUS BLACK SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE HOME, BLOTTING OUT THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT.

The house shifts and part of the chimney COLLAPSES. The falling bricks strike Erica, KNOCKING HER to the floor, trapping a leg under the rubble...

EXT. JEWELRY DISTRICT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ryan, ring in hand, sprints toward his car.

But suddenly there's a terrible NOISE. As if something's falling at high speed. He looks back just in time to see...

...an F-16 fighter jet drop out of the goddamn sky and crash into a building!

KABOOM! Ryan ducks as a massive FIREBALL erupts. Can't believe it. What the fuck's happening?!! He bolts.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan rounds a corner, dodging a shower of SPARKS coming from a blown transformer.

Then, out of nowhere, he's stunned as the pilot of the downed jet floats to the ground directly in front of him, dangling from his chute.

His lifeless and bloodied body gently touches down and crumples to the pavement.

Ryan rushes to the pilot, checks for a pulse - but the pilot's dead. Ryan stands. Looks around, terrified.

He's surrounded by high-rises that mostly block his view of the sky. But then he catches a glimpse...

Reflected in the hundreds of windows lining an office tower is the distorted image of something monstrously big.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan's heart nearly stops. As he stands frozen in fear, the **RUMBLING BEGINS TO SUBSIDE...**

EXT. NYC STREET - MORNING

Chad tears down the street, enters a high rise, having run from the hotel. The shaking **CONTINUES TO WEAKEN.**

INT. NYC HIGH RISE - NEWSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

His co-workers racing out as he races in.

CHAD

Where're you going?!

COLLEAGUE

Basement shelter.

CHAD

We gotta get on the air!

(they ignore him)

You think World News Tonight is heading for a shelter?!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the SHAKING finally **FEATHERS OUT.**

BRYCE

It's over... I think it's over...

TYLER

(into his phone)

Mom...! MOM...?!

INT. ERICA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Erica, leg still trapped under the fallen bricks, struggles to grab her phone which lies just out of reach. With a Herculean effort she's able to snatch it up. INTERCUT:

ERICA

Tyler?!

TYLER

Are you okay?!

ERICA

Stay there, I'm coming for you!

But as she pulls her battered leg from the rubble, she lets out a PAINFUL SCREAM.

TYLER

MOM!!

The line goes dead. Off his panicked look...

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

A frightened Cassie peers out the windows looking around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE
 Seriously, what the hell was that?!

Val's frantically searching the channels on the TV.

VALERIE
 Nothing's coming in.

She spots her cell on the floor. Moves to it...

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 Try the radio.

As Val dials her phone...

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 Come on, Ryan, please pick up.

CASSIE
 (dawns on her)
 Oh God -- Mrs. Belker...
 (races for the door)

VALERIE
 Don't go out there!

CASSIE
 Mom, she's all alone.

VALERIE
 Cassie!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cassie only makes it halfway across the street to Mrs. Belker's house before stopping dead in her tracks.

Val quickly catches up, negotiating her way through the throng of neighbors who've poured onto the road.

Everyone stands in silence staring up at something off in the distance. Val's jaw drops as she sees what they see.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Tyler's foot as he KICK STARTS his motorcycle. Bryce racing up to him...

BRYCE
 Don't go. They're telling people to stay inside.

VROOOM! Tyler ignores him and roars away, off to save his mom. As a panicky Bryce turns and heads back inside, CAMERA TILTS to the second floor windows to find...

Doctors and patients alike, faces pressed against the glass, staring into the distance. A collective look of horror...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NYC - CONTINUOUS

A swarm of office workers all looking skyward. GASPING. CRYING. AWESTRUCK. PUSH IN on Chad as he makes his way through the crowd. No one can believe what they're seeing...

EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Both priests race out of the church, followed closely by Roy, back in his chair. They look to the sky. Father Travis drops to his knees praying. Father Jack crosses himself...

EXT. JEWELRY DISTRICT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ryan stomps on the gas. His car peels away from the curb. He can't take his eyes off what's in the rear view mirror.

As he barrels at us, we CRANE UP HIGH, past the office towers and finally reveal what everyone's staring at...

...A single, massive spaceship - two miles wide - has come to rest, now parked over the majestic skyscrapers of downtown L.A.

TIME CUT:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON Tyler's sportsbike zooming along the crowded road. OVER PICTURE we hear:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It's been three hours since they arrived and still no contact with any of the 29 ships now hovering over the major cities of the world. Reports of damage continue to pour in, especially on the west coast, where multiple ships converged before crossing the Pacific...

Tyler motors up to CAMERA and stops his bike. Pulls off his helmet and looks in awe at THE GLEAMING SHIP.

It's enormous. Stationary. Hovering only twenty feet above the tallest building. The craft reflecting so brilliantly the light of a new day, that he has to shade his eyes...

A large military presence has converged on the area. It's like a war zone. Tyler is suddenly grabbed by A SOLDIER.

TYLER

HEY!

SOLDIER

This area's restricted.

As Tyler's hauled away...

TYLER

It's the only way I can get home!
All the streets are blocked!

INT. MRS. BELKER'S HOUSE - DAY

The doors are barricaded with furniture. PAN OFF to find Val, Cass and their neighbor MRS. BELKER (78), a feisty woman who's legally blind. All are glued to the TV.

Val looks to Mrs. Belker. Addresses the old lady by raising her voice and slowing her words...

VALERIE

Can I get you anything, Mrs. Belker?

MRS. BELKER

(winces)

Sweetie, I'm blind not deaf.

Right. ON THE TV: A split screen with live shots of Times Square and L.A. -- a huge mothership hovering over each city.

REPORTER #1 (ON TV)

The sheer mass of the ships moving through the skies of New York and Los Angeles was enough to rock both cities for miles...

Cassie changes channels, landing on Chad's network:

CHAD (ON TV)

...NORAD is confirming that the first jets to encounter the spacecrafts experienced massive electrical failures...

She changes channels again. Lands on a station airing reactions from people on the street.

COLLEGE KID #1 (ON TV)

Dude, this IS Independence Day.

COLLEGE KID #2 (ON TV)

Independence Day was just a rip-off of any number of alien invasion predecessors...

Val, Cass and Mrs. Belker suddenly JUMP as a NOISE comes from the backdoor.

MRS. BELKER

What was that?!

Someone's trying to get in. A terrified Val grabs a gun sitting next to her. Aims... A tense moment, then... *Ryan steps through the door.*

RYAN

I see you found my gun.

VALERIE

Oh my god... Thank god!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A relieved Val and Cass rush to him. Tears streaming down their eyes. All three embrace. Val kissing Ryan over and over. Cassie holds them both tight.

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - HALLWAY - DAY

Father Travis (the elder priest), and Father Jack move down a long hall leading from the rectory to the church. An uneasy Father Jack is looking over a fax.

FATHER TRAVIS

You still seem troubled.

FATHER JACK

I am, Father.

FATHER TRAVIS

I thought sharing the directive from Rome would ease your mind.

FATHER JACK

I thought so too, but...

(reading from it)

"We're all God's creatures?" That's how the Vatican explains the existence of aliens?

FATHER TRAVIS

Have faith in our leaders.

FATHER JACK

I do, but... We don't even know what these things are yet - I mean this is unprecedented - and we're being asked to embrace them as God's creatures?

FATHER TRAVIS

Yes.

FATHER JACK

Rattlesnakes are God's creatures too, doesn't mean they're good for us.

FATHER TRAVIS

What would you have me do, Jack? Call the Vatican and question their position?

FATHER JACK

No, I just... Don't know what to do.

FATHER TRAVIS

All we can do is pray and minister to our congregation.

FATHER JACK

Our congregation amounts to two bag ladies, a heroin addict and Roy.

As they step into the main church...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER TRAVIS

That may be, Father Lowery, but until they close my church, we will minister to any size congregation, no matter how--
(off their stunned looks)
...Small.

Both have come to a dead stop. They stand SILENT as CAMERA ARCS around revealing...

...The normally deserted church is completely FILLED to capacity with a SEA OF FEARFUL FACES.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - DAY

Groups of civilians are being hustled out of the area by armed soldiers. Abandoned vehicles. Troops on the move.

CAMERA finds an agitated Erica, stopped at a military barricade, holding her badge up to an equally agitated MARINE. Mid argument:

ERICA

Look again, Sergeant, I'm FBI!

MARINE

Counter Terrorism Division, I can read. You're still not getting through.

ERICA

I'm looking for my son.

MARINE

Everybody's looking for their son.

ERICA

He called me an hour ago. Your men are holding him for Evac at 6th and Main. That's only one block up!

MARINE

Turn around.

ERICA

I'm a federal agent!

MARINE

And I have my orders! Turn around!

He gets distracted by two civilians getting into a fight and rushes over to break it up. Erica puts her jeep in gear, stomps on the gas and motors through the barricade.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - HOLDING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler moves through the crowd, eyes searching. Finally, he spots a limping Erica, looking for him.

TYLER

Mom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rushes to her. Tears well in Erica as she embraces Tyler.

ERICA

You're okay. Thank God you're okay.

An emotional Tyler finds his mom's eyes.

TYLER

I heard you screaming. Are you alright? What happened to your leg?

ERICA

I'm okay - I'm okay, Ty. Come on.

She starts to lead Tyler away, but then...

All eyes suddenly turn toward the spacecraft as the ship begins to emit a HUM. The hum quickly ramps to a HIGH PITCHED SOUND. Something's happening to the underbelly.

Erica grabs Tyler. They duck behind a car. The rest of the crowd likewise scrambles to safety.

They look on as millions of various sized panels that make up the outer metallic skin begin to rotate, pivot and slide...

EXT. VARIOUS CITIES - CONTINUOUS

The same phenomenon is happening simultaneously on all of the ships worldwide.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Erica and Tyler watch as the rotating panels begin to interlock - and like a jigsaw puzzle - form one large smooth surface that begins to GLOW BRIGHT WHITE.

SCREAMING. PANIC. The soldiers aim their weapons.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Tyler's fearful eyes. The white light reflects in his pupils. It grows brighter and brighter until eventually it engulfs everything... WHITE OUT...

We hear SCREAMING, CRYING, then... The light BEGINS TO SUBSIDE and it quickly becomes apparent:

It's not a weapon... it's a screen.

And a picture is forming. The crowd falls SILENT. Tyler and Erica look on, hearts pounding, adrenaline pumping. And as the picture finally resolves we reveal...

ANNA (40), the Visitor Leader. Her image fills the screen; the entire underside of the two mile wide ship. Breathless:

TYLER

My god...

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - DAY

Erica and Tyler stare at the enormous image overhead. Anna smiles, and like a benevolent deity looking down on humanity, speaks in a soft tone:

ANNA

Don't be frightened. We mean no harm. Please accept our apologies. We're truly anguished by the turmoil our arrival has caused. It was unintentional, and we're standing by to help in any way we can...

Her voice has a strange HARMONIC QUALITY but other than that she appears almost human.

INT. MRS. BELKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ryan, Valerie, Cass and Mrs. Belker watching on TV:

ANNA (ON TV)

This is a momentous day. Until now we believed we were the only intelligent life in the universe. We're overjoyed to find that we're not alone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOKYO - JAPAN - CONTINUOUS

The same message rings out from every ship simultaneously.

ANNA

(in Japanese; subtitled)

We admit we watched you for a short time, but only to determine if you were friendly. We're delighted to meet you... but we need your help.

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE - ROME - CONTINUOUS

ANNA

(in Italian; subtitled)

We're far from home and require water and a mineral which is common and abundant on Earth in order to sustain ourselves.

EXT. THE PYRAMIDS - EGYPT - CONTINUOUS

ANNA

(in Arabic; subtitled)

In exchange we'd be willing to share some of our technological advances with you.

EXT. SAO PAULO, BRAZIL - CONTINUOUS

ANNA
 (in Portugese; subtitled)
 Technology that will help enrich
 your lives in all areas. Agriculture,
 medicine, transportation...

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

Father Jack and Father Travis watching on TV:

ANNA (ON TV)
 After we've replenished ourselves
 and shared with you what we can, we
 will leave you, hopefully better
 than we found you.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Erica, bathed in the light of the screen:

ANNA
 We look forward to getting to know
 our new friends. There will be more
 communication with your world's
 leaders in the hours to come. Until
 then... we are of peace, always.

And her image fades away... A moment of stunned SILENCE,
 then, a small smattering of APPLAUSE. And then more and
 more until it grows into a tidal wave of CHEERS and ADULATION.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ERICA'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY

A nice two story home in Pasadena.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 Countries around the world are
 scrambling to schedule meetings with
 the Visitors after their astounding
 arrival yesterday morning...

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TV: Shots of the ship over downtown Los Angeles.

TYLER (O.S.)
 Dude, I was standing right there! I
 was *right* under that thing!

ADJUST TO find an excited Tyler on his cell with Bryce.

BRYCE (V.O.)
 Can't believe I didn't go with you.
 I'm an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

I'm gonna text the whole school and tell them I was there. How cool is that?

BRYCE (V.O.)

Dude, half the school watched Derek Strubbs kick our asses at that party. You are not cool and neither am I.

TYLER

What about my bike?

CAMERA follows Ty as he heads to the kitchen for a snack.

BRYCE (V.O.)

Dude, you bought the bike in an attempt to be cool - and it is cool - by itself. But the second you and me get on - it stops being cool.

TYLER

That's harsh. I'm still texting.

As he exits, he leads us to Erica who we find sitting cross-legged in an armchair, her computer in her lap.

She eyes the TV as she talks to her partner DALE MADDOX (44) on her cell.

ERICA

They're calling themselves "The Visitors."

INT. FBI COUNTER TERRORIST DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Dale's at his desk in their shared office, also watching the news coverage. INTERCUT:

DALE

You say that like it bothers you.

ERICA

Visitors are old friends who drop by for a drink.

DALE

Got a better name for 'em?

ERICA

I got a *couple* of names for 'em. You should see my chimney.

DALE

You said something's going on. What's up, partner?

Erica shifts her attention back to her computer. She's logged into an FBI Intelligence database.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

Have you looked at the COMSAT bulletins today?

DALE

Not yet, why?

ERICA

Chatter among sleeper cells worldwide dropped like a rock when the V's showed up -- makes sense, they're just as freaked as the rest of us -- But there's this one cell, their chatter actually spiked. It's like they've been activated or something. And they're based in L.A.

DALE

What kind of intel we got on them?

ERICA

Next to nothing - but we did get a nice little gift this morning. One of them got a bit too excited and sent out an uncoded message by mistake.

DALE

Awesome.

ERICA

They're looking to acquire large amounts of C-4 as soon as possible.

DALE

Not so awesome.

ERICA

Every other cell's quiet and this one's suddenly looking for high explosives?

She eyes the massive mothership on TV.

ERICA (CONT'D)

You only need lots of C-4 if you're gonna hit something big.

DALE

Extremists are calling for a Jihad against the Visitors. You think this cell's looking to blow up a mothership?

ERICA

Hope not. We know what happens when all they do is show up. Imagine what happens if we piss them off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE

I'll run the databases, put together a profile on this group.

(beat)

Won't be ready till tomorrow at the earliest, though.

Erica looks up at the TV. A live shot from New York of Anna's personal shuttle touching down on the roof of a skyscraper. The New York mothership looming in the b.g.

ERICA

(re: Anna)

There she is. You watching?

DALE

I'm watching.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...Once Anna emerges from her shuttle, she's expected to make a brief statement, then a motorcade will take her and the U.N. Secretary to the United Nations building for their meeting...

DALE

(shifts gears)

How you doing with all this by the way? You and Tyler okay?

ERICA

We're fine.

DALE

You hear from your ex?

ERICA

He left a message. Wanted us to know he's okay. Which is more than he did when he walked out on us a year ago -- so...

DALE

(heartfelt)

E, you know I'm always here for you, right? You ever need anything--

ERICA

(warmly)

I know, Dale. Thanks. And thanks for covering for me. I just can't be away from my kid quite yet.

DALE

Go be a mom. We'll hit the ground running tomorrow.

ERICA

You rock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she hangs up, Tyler comes rushing in, still on the phone with Bryce, but not for long...

TYLER

Dude, it's starting, I gotta go.

BRYCE (V.O.)

Later, hater.

Ty hangs up as he dives for the remote and turns up the VOLUME. Erica approaches, sits next to him, watching.

Anna's shuttle door is opening. A moment, then she appears. A gorgeous figure to go with her flawless looks.

TYLER

Damn -- Cougar alert.
(off Erica's sneer)
What?

ON SCREEN: Anna steps to the mic followed by an entourage of high level V's including MARCUS (40), her second in command. She smiles warmly.

ANNA (ON TV)

This is an inspiring moment for us all. Mankind and Visitors coming together in friendship. Though we possess an advanced knowledge, no one is better or worse in our eyes than anyone else.

Tyler leans forward; his eyes soften.

ANNA (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Mutual respect and dignity are very important to us as you'll come to see. We're an accepting people and we warmly embrace you as if you were our brothers and sisters. We are of peace, always.

TYLER

(softly)
Wow... She's pretty cool.

Erica eyes him. Anna's words have struck a chord.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(with a thread of sadness)
It's like they're more human than a lot of human beings I know.

Erica's gaze shifts to the bruises on Tyler's forehead and it registers what he's referring to. His so-called peers could take a lesson in compassion from the Visitors.

She puts her arm around her son, pulls him close.

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ryan, Valerie and Cassie gathered around the TV.

RYAN
I think we should consider moving
out of L.A.

VALERIE
(laughs)
Right.

RYAN
Seriously.

CASSIE
Why? 'Cause of the Visitors?

RYAN
We should think about it.

VALERIE
What about my practice, my clients?

CASSIE
My friends, my school?

Ryan's cell RINGS. He jokes...

RYAN
My phone.

CASSIE
Know what I think'd be cool? Going
downtown to see the ship in person.

RYAN
Ah, no, that would most definitely
NOT be cool.
(answers phone)
Hello.

GEORGIE (V.O.)
Been a long time.

Ryan instantly recognizes the voice. Alarmed, he moves
away from the others. Quietly:

RYAN
How did you get this number?

GEORGIE (V.O.)
I need your help--

RYAN
I'm not that guy anymore. I haven't
been that guy for four years. DON'T
call me again.

Ryan hangs up sharply, heart pounding. Off his look...

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREET - DAY

Speaking of going to see the ship in person...

CAMERA finds Father Jack walking through the crowd at the outer edges of the military barricades.

Most people are there taking pictures, marveling at the sight. But there are a few misguided souls, people on the fringe of society, that have made the ship an object of worship.

Some kowtow, others seem to be locked in prayer looking up at the ship. They're mostly ignored by the rest of the crowd. But to Father Jack, they stand out like a bad omen...

EXT. U.N. BUILDING - DAY

As Anna, the U.N. SECRETARY (60's), and Anna's entourage exit the vehicles, heading for the U.N. building, a gaggle of reporters rush along side, swarming them as they go.

Security scrambles to hold them at bay. Chaos ensues as the reporters - Chad among them - jockey for position in the moving procession.

Anna is caught off guard. She expects to be treated with reverence, but the press is being pushy. And because they're held back, have to SHOUT their questions.

REPORTER #1

Anna, what do you have to say about the damage caused by your arrival?

ANNA

It was unintentional, as stated earlier.

REPORTER #1

Unintentional or not, lives were lost; property destroyed.

ANNA

For which we've apologized.

REPORTER #2

How much of our water are you gonna take? You said you needed water.

ANNA

We're not taking anything. We will negotiate for a certain amount to replenish our--

REPORTER #3

Why park your ships over our cities - it feels like a threat.

ANNA

There's no threat, it's so we can communicate with the greatest number of people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #3

You have the press to deliver your message. Why not move the ships?

Anna is clearly growing annoyed. Chad fights to keep his position in the moving scrum, himself growing pissed at the aggression building around him.

ANNA

We prefer to speak directly to the people.

REPORTER #3

But you could just talk through us.

U.N. SECRETARY

She already answered you. No more questions, please.

The U.N. Secretary tries to keep it cordial while hustling Anna into the building, but the press are persistent.

REPORTER #4

Some scientists say it's impossible for Visitors and Human's to have evolved along such similar paths. What do you say to them?

ANNA

(a bit condescending)
Our scientists can explain it.

REPORTER #4

These are serious questions - why don't you give serious answers?

CHAD

(barks at the reporter)
Why don't you have more respect?!

That stops everyone cold. Including Anna. She eyes Chad.

ANNA

Do you have a question?

CHAD

Yeah, I have a question... Is there such a thing as an ugly Visitor?

ANNA

I don't understand.

CHAD

(nods toward the entourage)
You all seem to be what we consider attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA
 (smiles at him)
 Thank you. You're not so bad
 yourself.

Laughter. Anna smiles at Chad, and then...

THE IMAGE FREEZES. We PULL BACK to find...

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LATER

Chad sitting at his anchor desk hosting his news program.

We realize we're now watching him do his show, recounting the impromptu press conference earlier in the day.

CHAD
 It was truly a remarkable moment. In the midst of the chaos and, yes even hostility from some, came something unexpected from our new friends. A *sense of humor...*
 (another angle)
 Coming up after the break, we ask: Should the press be so tough on the Visitors...?

INT. MOTHERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Anna and Marcus sitting at a console watching Chad's broadcast.

CHAD (ON SCREEN)
 ...They *did* just get here, after all... We'll have a roundtable discussion and find out what our experts think. More still to come. Stay tuned.

Anna turns to Marcus.

ANNA
 I want *him*.

Off Anna's look... Clearly she's interested in Chad -- for what, we don't know yet...

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**TITLE: THREE WEEKS LATER**

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NYC - DAY

Chad is on-the-air:

CHAD

Good afternoon everyone, I'm Chad Decker and this is a BBN news break...

We CUT TO a slick video package complete with SNAPPY MUSIC.

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

Three full weeks have passed since the Visitors arrival, yet thousands continue to flock to the host cities to see the motherships in person; many describing the experience as deeply moving.

(video of a healing)

The newly opened Visitor Healing Centers are overflowing with the sick and disabled. Patients afflicted with one of the 67 ailments the Visitors can cure are waiting in lines up to 12 hours for their miracle.

(video of the white house)

And government officials have begun talks to establish Visitor embassies in the 29 host cities. But not everyone thinks it's a good idea. Massive protests are set for tonight at several ship sites. Demonstrators just want the Visitors to go home...

INT. ERICA AND DALE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON the TV in Erica and Chad's office...

CHAD (ON TV)

...That's it for now. We'll have more coverage on our news at noon. See you then.

PAN OFF to find Dale rushing in. A hyped up Erica pouring over several reports.

DALE

Got here as fast as I could. What's going on?

ERICA

I think we finally got a real lead on our cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE
I've heard that before.

ERICA
No, this one feels good, Dale - look.
(hands him a report)
A truck suspected of hauling drugs
was impounded by CHP last night.
They tested for residue - found no
drugs, but did find traces of
cyclonite.

DALE
C-4?

ERICA
(nodding)
C-4.

DALE
Okay, this is feeling better.

She shows him several photos, each is a picture of a white
truck going through an intersection.

ERICA
These are still frames from traffic
signal cams - shows the truck at
various intersections throughout the
city. Starting from where he was
pulled over, we used these to back-
trace his route and figure out where
he was coming from. Our best guess...

Holds out a satellite shot of a farm.

ERICA (CONT'D)
This farm in Ventura.

DALE
You think our cell's hiding out on a
farm in Ventura?

ERICA
We'll find out soon enough. Let's go.

EXT. FARM - LATER

Several FBI agents mill about in the aftermath of executing
a search. A frustrated Erica and Dale stand near an old
farmhouse getting a report from another FBI agent.

AGENT
Place's been in receivership for two
years - no one lives here. Canvassed
some of the neighbors. No one
remembers seeing a white truck. Looks
like another dead end.

Erica starts to head off in frustration. Dale follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

Three weeks of this. What've we had, twenty leads on this cell? Every damn one's fallen through.

DALE

And the latest intel shows their activity's on the rise.

She suddenly stops. Stares suspiciously at a pair of storm cellar doors that lead underground. Off her look:

DALE (CONT'D)

What?

ERICA

Storm cellar? In the midwest maybe, but in Ventura?

She pulls open one of the doors. A nasty odor wafts out.

INT. STORM CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Erica and Dale wince at the strong odor as they look around.

DALE

I can't take the smell anymore.

Dale's about to leave but then Erica pries back a loose board on the wall - shines her flashlight.

ERICA

There's something back here.

INT. ROOM BEHIND THE WALL - CONTINUOUS

They pull more boards. Enough to step into the dark room. They shine their lights. The excavated area is huge.

They come to something covered by a sheet -- the source of the smell. Erica pulls off the sheet, revealing...

The gruesome sight of a decomposing body - bloodied, gagged and bound to a chair at the hands and feet.

DALE

Jesus...

Erica looks away for a moment to collect herself - but as she does something else catches her eye. She shines her light. Approaches. Lifts a corner of a tarp, then pulls. Her eyes go wide. Underneath is a huge stash of...

ERICA

C-4.

PRELAP: Father Jack.

FATHER JACK (V.O.)

We're all so quick to jump on the bandwagon...

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

Father Jack's in mid sermon, preaching to a packed house.

FATHER JACK

...A ride on the bandwagon sounds like fun. But before we get on, let's at least make sure it's sturdy and sound. Step back and examine that wagon to really make sure it's something we want to climb aboard.

Father Travis looks on sternly from the back of the church.

FATHER JACK (CONT'D)

No one's saying don't trust the Visitors - but don't they need to earn our trust...?

INT. ALL SAINTS - RECTORY - LATER

Father Travis critiquing Father Jack's sermon.

FATHER TRAVIS

I thought I was clear about this, Jack. People need to hear the V's are part of God's plan.

FATHER JACK

They hear it from you.

FATHER TRAVIS

They need to hear it from you too.

Father Travis tries a different approach.

FATHER TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I thank God for the Visitors everyday, Jack. This church sat empty for years - now look at it. The Visitors are not driving people away *from* God. They're driving people back *to* God.

FATHER JACK

People are scared, Father - that's why they come.

FATHER TRAVIS

But they come. And that's the blessing in disguise.

FATHER JACK

It bothers me that they showed up right when we needed them the most. World's in bad shape, Father - who wouldn't welcome a savior right now?

FATHER TRAVIS

I agree, they're a godsend. And we need to be grateful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER JACK

But that's the danger. Under the right conditions and with enough time, gratitude can morph into worship - or worse -- devotion.

Father Travis' brow furrows. He's had enough of this debate.

FATHER TRAVIS

Father Lowry, you will put your personal opinions aside. You will *follow* the directive from the Vatican. And you will *follow* my guidance without question. Is that clear?

(beat)

I expect an inspirational sermon from you by tomorrow morning.

Just then a KNOCK. Roy opens the door and pokes his head in, smiling. Giddy:

ROY

Thought you two priest types'd like to see somethin'.

Roy swings the door open wide to reveal... *he's standing*. No wheelchair. Emotion wells up in him:

ROY (CONT'D)

They healed me. I'm walkin' again and got no pain...

Father Travis is stunned...

FATHER TRAVIS

My God, Roy... that's amazing.
(to Jack)
Inspirational even.

INT. BRYCE'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler and Bryce sitting at Bryce's computer. Tyler clicks through a never ending stream of websites, photos and articles all pertaining to the V's. He's surprised at the volume of material his friend's collected...

TYLER

Damn... I knew you were into the V's, but seriously.

Bryce seems distracted. He eyes himself in a mirror. Picks at a cut on his chin; one he got the night of the beating.

BRYCE

My parents think I'm obsessing.

TYLER

Are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRYCE

(yes and proud of it)
You have no idea.

(beat)

I'll send you the links. It's mostly
stuff they put out about themselves.

TYLER

Like what?

BRYCE

Like they don't care about status or
looks or popularity...

(eyes his bruises)

And no one like *Derek fuckin' Strubbs*
ever beats them up.

Clearly the humiliation from the beating still lingers.

TYLER

You sure it's the V's you're obsessed
with?

BRYCE

What, you never think about getting
back at Dickhead Derek?

TYLER

Hell yeah - but what're we gonna do?

INT. STORM CELLAR - DAY

The place's crawling with FBI. Erica and Dale update their
boss, MICK GELLER (50's).

ERICA

Bomb squad secured and removed all
the C-4. Stuffs actually pretty
stable. M.E. says the victim's been
dead less than a day -- and there're
obvious signs of torture. And as if
that wasn't enough...

They lead Geller to a sophisticated printing press.

ERICA (CONT'D)

They've been printing fake docs.

DALE

Passports, driver's licenses, green
cards - best fakes I've ever seen.

GELLER

No wonder this cell's hard to track.

ERICA

This is a major operation - but no
one was here. They cleared out like
they knew we were coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GELLER

Run his prints, see if we can get an ID. I wanna know who he is, why they killed him, and what they're planning. This cell means business.

Erica's phone RINGS. Eyes the Caller ID. Answers:

ERICA

Hello Principal Salizar...

INT. MRS. BELKER'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

Cass and Mrs. Belker watching a live broadcast. ON TV: A stage full of disabled children. A VISITOR PHYSICIAN moves a device over the spine of a BOY in a wheelchair. Then:

PHYSICIAN

Go ahead. Walk.

With an incredulous look, the boy rises. A bit rickety at first, but then he takes a step. The auditorium ERUPTS.

CASSIE

That's amazing.

MRS. BELKER

When's this program over?

CASSIE

It doesn't end. This channel's running 24 hours of healing.

ON TV: The boy is now running around the stage, absolutely elated at being healed. The crowd is on their feet CHEERING.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you should see this kid. He's gonna make me cry, he's so happy.

ON TV: The boy rushes to the physician - throws his arms around him, then grabs the hand mic from him.

BOY (ON TV)

Visitors rule!

Cassie LAUGHS. The crowd on TV goes ape shit.

CASSIE

You should go get your sight back.

MRS. BELKER

I don't want anything from them.

CASSIE

Why not?

MRS. BELKER

People are looking to these whatsits to solve all their problems. It's not right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

Don't you want to see again?

The boy on TV still running around yelling "**Visitors rule.**"
The words echo in Mrs. Belker's head.

MRS. BELKER

I see plenty.

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Jack sits in a confessional as SOMEONE (all we see are his distinctive brown loafers) steps into the other side.

FATHER JACK

Have you come to confess your--

MAN

(fearful tone)

I was at your sermon today. You're right to question the V's.

FATHER JACK

Unfortunately, the church doesn't agree. I don't think I'll be giving anymore sermons like that one.

MAN

Don't let them do that to you! You're *right!*

FATHER JACK

About what exactly -- you sound upset.

MAN

I know the real reason they're here, Father - and I'm not the only one.

FATHER JACK

Real reason?

MAN

Everyone thinks the V's are here to help us -- The V's are here to *obliterate* us.

(off Jack's look)

Don't give up on that message, Father. People gotta hear it. People gotta open their eyes!

The man bolts from the booth; Jack left unnerved.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ty stops short as he rounds the corner to his room, helmet in hand, having just arrived home. Erica's at his computer.

TYLER

What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he approaches, he sees his browser history is open...

TYLER (CONT'D)
What the hell, mom?!

ERICA
Your principal told me about this
awesome video on YouTube.
(clicks a window)
...check it out.

The grainy cell phone footage shows a CLOSE UP of a license plate: DEREK1. The image pulls out to a shot of Derek Strubbs' '06 Mustang.

Someone's hand comes into view shaking a can of red spray paint. The can is held up to the car, the trigger depressed and a *huge red V* is graffitied across the hood.

FRAME pulls wide to reveal the culprit - a grinning Tyler. Bryce sticks his head in the shot. Both flash a peace sign.

TYLER/BRYCE (ON SCREEN)
V's rule!

And the video freezes. Tyler's eyes shift to his mom.

TYLER
It's no big deal. It's water based,
it'll come off.

ERICA
Really? How 'bout this? Is this a
big deal?
(scrolling thru computer)
Site after site, all about the V's.
Texts, instant messages, chat rooms.
Here's a page on how to "spread their
word through *tagging!*"

TYLER
Jesus, why don't you go through my
porn stash while you're at it?

ERICA
Been there done that.

TYLER
Those aren't even my links. Bryce
just sent them to me.

ERICA
Who's idea was it to tag the car,
yours or his?

TYLER
It doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

I called his parents. They're worried about how obsessed he is with the V's.

TYLER

He's not obsessed. He just knows a lot about them.

ERICA

It was his idea to go to that party too, right? Why are you so desperate to fit in with the cool crowd?

TYLER

I'm not *desperate*, Jesus mom!

ERICA

I didn't mean it like that.
(takes a breath; heartfelt)
Tyler, you're my son, I love you, but-

TYLER

Nice way of showing it.

ERICA

But you can't just follow people without thinking for yourself.

TYLER

I do think for myself!

ERICA

(re: the Visitor websites)
Tagging a car 'cause a website tells you to, is thinking for yourself?

TYLER

You call it tagging. The V's call it spreading hope.

He storms out. Off Erica's concern...

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

As Tyler moves with the crowd heading to class:

BRYCE (O.S.)

Ty!

He turns. An excited Bryce rushes up holding two tickets out to Tyler. Ty's jaw drops when he sees what they are...

TYLER

Tickets to tour the mothership?

BRYCE

Who's your best friend?!

TYLER

There's like a five year waiting list. How'd you--

BRYCE

Friend of my cousin's works at the tour center.

TYLER

Awesome! When do we go?

BRYCE

Right now.

TYLER

Now?

BRYCE

Yeah. Shuttle leaves in an hour.
(off Tyler; Bryce realizes)
What, you're worried about ditching?!

TYLER

Just... I'm already in a lot of trouble--

BRYCE

Dude! We're talking about seeing the inside of a freakin' spaceship!
(off Tyler's look)
You want cool? This, my friend, makes us cool.

INT. ERICA AND DALE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dale sits at his desk as Erica enters. She drops a list of names in front of him. A smile on her face...

DALE

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

A hunch that paid off. I had forensics search the hard drive on the printing press from the farm.

DALE

Printing presses have hard drives?

ERICA

The high tech ones do.

(points to the list)

Check it out. 154 names. All people who got fake passports from that press - aka - members of our sleeper cell.

DALE

(perusing list)

Have you looked at these names?

ERICA

(reads over his shoulder)

Al Miller, Margie Johnson, Mike Smith...

(gets his point)

So they're a bit white, anglo-saxon.

DALE

How does an extremist from the Middle East pass as... Al Miller?

ERICA

We'll find out when we round 'em up.

Erica and Dale's boss Mick Geller enters as they're talking.

GELLER

More good news. We identified your victim from the farm.

ERICA

(beaming; to Dale)

How awesome is today?

GELLER

(hands her a report)

Name's Owen Forbes. Take a run out to his house. See what you can find.

ERICA

What about the list?

GELLER

Lots of common names. It's gonna take Background Investigations time to sort the real from the fake.

ERICA

(in that case...)

Let's go see what Owen Forbes knew.

INT. SENIORS CENTER - SOCIAL HALL - DAY

Mrs. Belker sits stoically among an excited CROWD of seniors.

Her friend Roy, the parishioner from All Saints, is the center of attention. He's answering questions, excitedly:

ROY
 ...It took all of two minutes -- No, it didn't hurt -- And yes, anyone can go get healed.

The crowd is abuzz, AD-LIBBING their enthusiasm.

MRS. BELKER
 What'd it cost?

ROY
 It's free.

MRS. BELKER
 Nothing's free, Roy... I heard you sit through a seminar before they look at you -- what'd they say?

ROY
 They tell you about how they could be doing more for us, but there's a lot of red tape with the government.

MRS. BELKER
 I see, so they do this for you and maybe you'll sign a petition or call your congressman for them.

ROY
 So?

MRS. BELKER
 So that's what it costs.

OLD MAN
 Small price to pay -- sign me up!

EXT. SENIOR CENTER - LATER

Mrs. Belker sits on a bench out front. Roy joins her.

ROY
 Couldn't just be happy for your old friend, huh?

MRS. BELKER
 Don't you have some place to be? Church or something?

ROY
 I'm skipping today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BELKER
You should be there on your knees
thanking God for your good fortune.

ROY
Why? God didn't heal me.

He walks away. Off her numb look...

INT. VISITOR SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY

An exuberant Tyler and Bryce are strapped into the shuttle.

GUIDE
The hop to the mothership will only
take about two minutes. So hang on
tight and enjoy the ride.

The small spacecraft RUMBLES to life; Ty and Bryce jazzed.

EXT. MOTHERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

The shuttle rises from the roof of a downtown skyscraper
whose helipad has been converted to a sending/receiving
station for mothership transport.

As it gains altitude it quickly picks up forward momentum,
gliding effortlessly through the blue sky.

The tiny shuttle is seemingly swallowed up by the monstrous
ship as it enters the shuttle bay.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the door to the shuttle as it opens, revealing
Tyler and Bryce looking out. Their eyes go wide.

REVERSE ON what they see. The shuttle deck seems to go on
forever. A beehive of activity filled with dozens of other
shuttles and a small army of Visitor technicians. A Visitor
Guide, LISA (18) steps up to the group, smiling.

LISA
Welcome to the Los Angeles mothership.

INT. BBN NEWS NETWORK - BULLPEN - DAY

Chad hustles through the bullpen, headed for the...

INT. BBN NEWS NETWORK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the door to the conference room, opening. As Chad
enters he suddenly stops in his tracks.

REVERSE to find Anna sitting at the head of the table. A
number of high level V's, including Marcus, hover nearby.
Chad's STATION MANAGER and a PRODUCER are seated with Anna.

STATION MANAGER
There he is, the man of the hour.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STATION MANAGER (CONT'D)
 (off Chad's blank stare)
 Come in, have a seat.

ANNA
 Hello, Mr. Decker.

CHAD
 (to Station Manager)
 Freddie, what's going on?

ANNA
 You've been selected.

CHAD
 Selected? For?

ANNA
 I want to do a live broadcast from
 the ship. An intimate one on one to
 help ease the protests against us.
 (smiles)
 I want you to do the interview.

PRODUCER
 (bursting)
 Live worldwide feed tomorrow night.

The station manager and producer are chomping at the bit to close the deal.

STATION MANAGER
 (to Anna)
 He'd be honored.

CHAD
 You're serious? You want me?

ANNA
 Yes.

CHAD
 (grins; tongue in cheek)
 I think I can accommodate you.

Off Chad, blown away...

INT. OWEN FORBES' HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Erica at Owen Forbes' computer searching his files.
 ADJUST to find Dale as he rummages through a desk. He's
 about to look through a file cabinet when he notices...

DALE
 The lock on his cabinet's been
 jimmied.
 (opens; peeks inside)
 Looks like some things are missing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

Someone deleted a bunch of files off his computer too.

(eyes the directories)

Not more than a couple hours ago.

(turns to Dale)

They knew we were coming - just like the farm.

DALE

You still think they knew we were coming to the farm?

ERICA

You don't leave a dead body lying around unless you gotta get out fast. Somebody tipped them off.

BLING. BLING. BLING. BLING. The sound of multiple incoming IM's. Dale steps up behind Erica. The screen covered in them.

DALE

What did you do?

ERICA

His IM's were off - I turned them back on. Quite a backlog.

Clicks through them, until she comes to one in particular:

To: All Attending Tonight

Location: 4400 Pier Ave., Long Beach, 8PM. Passcode: XT8868.

If you're new, be prepared for the test. Any info you can share about this cell is important.

DALE

What the hell's this?

Erica grabs a pen and jots down the address on a Post-it.

ERICA

"To: All Attending," Apparently Owen's not the only one with information on this cell.

DALE

Yeah, but what is this? Why are people meeting about our cell?

ERICA

Guess we'll find out tonight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Ryan exits the bank where he works, on his way to lunch...

GEORGIE (O.S.)

Ryan...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan spins, recognizes GEORGIE (28), the guy who called him at home. Instantly unnerved:

RYAN

Get away from me Georgie, I mean it!

GEORGIE

Ryan, I need information about the L.A. cell.

RYAN

Get yourself another informant. Told you, I'm not that guy anymore.

GEORGIE

Please. We need your help.

RYAN

We? Who's we?

GEORGIE

There's about 25 of us - we've only met a couple times; we're still recruiting.

RYAN

Again? You're trying this again after all those people were killed last time?!

GEORGIE

We're being a lot more careful this time -- Please, you gotta help us.

RYAN

No.

GEORGIE

Ryan.

RYAN

(gets in his face)
I'm about to get engaged. I'm not putting my fiancée and her daughter at risk. I get involved it puts them at risk.

GEORGIE

You're just gonna sit on the sidelines?! You know how many lives are at stake?

RYAN

Can't help you.

Georgie glares at him a moment, then scribbles something on a scrap of paper. Tosses it at Ryan.

GEORGIE

That's where we're meeting if you change your mind - or grow a conscience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Georgie turns and heads off. Ryan eyes the scrap of paper.

4400 Pier Ave, Long Beach, 8PM - Passcode: XT8868

INT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY

CLOSE ON a woman, her hair standing on end. WIDER to reveal, she's floating weightless in a chamber!

VISITOR TECHNICIAN

...it's this ability to combine
compounds in a weightless environment
that opens up a whole new world in
molecular chemistry.

Tyler and Bryce look on amazed as Lisa the tour guide approaches. Bryce whispers:

BRYCE

Dude, that V girl's coming over here.

TYLER

So?

BRYCE

So, she's been eyeing you since we
got here. Be cool.

LISA

(stepping to them)
Having fun?

TYLER

Fun yeah, lots of fun. Really,
really... fun.

Bryce rolls his eyes, but Lisa finds Tyler endearing.

LISA

Have you heard about our new Peace
Ambassador Program?
(hands them applications)

BRYCE

Yeah, what is that, like a social
club or something?

LISA

Or something. You join, you hang
out with V's, learn about our culture,
act as V ambassadors in your own
communities -- You even get a uniform.

TYLER

Serious?

BRYCE

(eyeing the form)
Don't get excited. You have to be
17 to get in; we're only 16.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
You can still join, you just need a
parent's signature.

TYLER
(not likely)
That might be a hard sell right now --
for both of us.

LISA
That's too bad. I was just assigned
to work the L.A. Chapter.
(to Tyler; flirty)
We could've spent a lot of time
together.

She heads off as the tour starts up again. Tyler looks
after her, *did she just hit on him?*

INT. MRS. BELKER'S HOUSE - DAY

We slowly PUSH IN on Mrs. Belker sitting stoically; the TV
rambling on about the Visitors; Cassie tidying up for her.

She's not paying attention to the TV. Lost in thought.
Emotional. On the verge of tears in fact.

As Cassie clears some dishes from the coffee table she
notices the old woman. Softly, with concern:

CASSIE
Mrs. Belker...? Are you okay?

No answer. Cassie moves to her, takes her hand.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Why're you upset...? You can tell me.

Mrs. Belker steels herself, tries to be strong. Softly:

MRS. BELKER
I believe in God, Cassie... and I
believe in prayer. I prayed for food
when I was starving in the camps. I
prayed they'd spare my mother, father
and baby brother the night they were
killed. I prayed for my sight when I
was going blind. I prayed my whole
life, and you know what...?
(moist eyes, voice catches)
...I never got an answer. Have you?

CASSIE
Not like a voice or anything.

MRS. BELKER
(tears spill over)
Exactly the problem. You want a voice,
they got voices.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BELKER (CONT'D)
 You want a face, *they* got faces. We
 want something from them, we don't
 have to wonder if they hear us asking.
 They do. And what's more: they answer.
 And that's the thing, Cassie.
 (in a strained hush)
*...they're answering all our
 unanswered prayers.* It's enough to
 shake a person's faith.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CHURCH - DAY

Father Jack heads down the street toward the church. He comes upon a crime scene. A man lying in the street. Nothing new on this block.

But then Jack notices the man's shoes -- brown loafers. It's the man from the confessional. Jack steps to a COP.

FATHER JACK
 What happened?

COP
 Random shooting. Said he was headed
 to the church. You know him, Father?

MAN
 (spots Jack, calls out)
 Father...

Jack looks to the cop for permission to go to him. The cop nods. Another cop tending to the man lets Jack through and gives them some privacy.

MAN (CONT'D)
 I was coming to see you -- The V's
 did this to me--

The man pulls out an envelope, an address on the front.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Please, take this to that address.
 Give it to the people there.

FATHER JACK
 What is it?

MAN
 Promise me -- Please, it's important...

And he starts to COUGH and WHEEZE. The cops step in, but it's too late. The man dies. A shocked Father Jack looks down at the address on the envelope.

4400 Pier Ave, Long Beach, 8PM - Passcode: XT8868.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NYC - NIGHT

Chad is seated on the observation deck. The TV crew is in place, ready for the interview. A PRODUCER hovers nearby.

CHAD

Where is she? They get the concept of live TV, right?

The door opens.

PRODUCER

Here she comes. Good luck.

The Producer exits as Anna and Marcus step in. He rises.

CHAD

Pleasure to see you again, Commander.

ANNA

Please, call me Anna.

INT. ERICA'S CAR - NIGHT

Erica and Dale parked outside a deserted sheet metal factory. The address: **4400 Pier Ave.** Erica eyes her watch: **7:55 PM.**

DALE

We don't even know what this meeting is and you're just gonna walk in like you're invited?

ERICA

They're expecting people they haven't met before, so yeah.

DALE

This is stupid. Why aren't we calling for back-up?

ERICA

You know why.

DALE

(dismissive)

'Cause you think there's a mole tipping off our cell.

ERICA

Damn right, there's a mole tipping off our cell, and I don't want them finding out about this meeting. Especially if these people have information about them -- they kill people who have information about them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE

It's against policy not to call for--

ERICA

No back-up, Dale. It's a closed loop if it's just you and me.

(gets out of car)

If I'm not out in a half hour, then you can call in the cavalry -- 'kay?

DALE

(with concern; pointedly)

You watch your back.

She nods. Heads off. Dale's eyes then shift to the police radio. Will he or won't he? Off his look...

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An excited Tyler is planted in front of the TV.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

Stay tuned for Chad Decker's one-on-one interview, next on BBN...

BLING. An email on his phone. The Subject Line reads: *Check it! Me and a V!* Attached is a picture of Bryce posing with a Visitor, both smiling like old friends. Tyler's brow furrows as he quickly texts Bryce back.

Tyler: *Where r u?*

Bryce: *Peace Ambass. Center. Dude, it's awesome here.*

Tyler: *U got your parents 2 sign the form?*

Bryce: *Hell no - I forged their signature.*

Bryce: *The dude in the pic with me is Matt. Way cool V. So are his friends.*

Bryce: *Tell you all about it tomorrow -- Later, hater.*

Tyler just sits there, suddenly feeling very alone. His eyes shift to the blank Peace Ambassador Application on the coffee table...

EXT. SHEET METAL FACTORY - NIGHT

Erica stands at a large gate punching in the passcode. The lock opens. She heads inside.

INT. SHEET METAL FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

She creeps through a labyrinth of metal fences. Rounds a corner and runs into two MEN. Playing it cool:

ERICA

I'm here for the meeting.

Off their looks as they size her up...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The men have led Erica into a room with 25 other people. As she's being frisked, she eyes the other faces. People from all walks of life, including two we recognize...

...Father Jack and Georgie.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

Chad with Anna getting ready for the interview. Marcus hovers close by.

CHAD

Thanks again for choosing me to do this. I'm really excited.

ANNA

So are we.

CHAD

Do you have any questions before we go to air?

ANNA

No.

CHAD

Good.

ANNA

Just be sure not to ask anything that'd paint us in a negative light.

CHAD

Excuse me?

ANNA

Do not ask questions that will portray us negatively. Ask ones like you did the first time we met.

CHAD

I think there's a mistake. I'm a journalist. It's my job to ask questions even if they make the other person uncomfortable.

ANNA

That was not my understanding.

FLOOR MANAGER

One minute to air...

CHAD

I'm afraid I don't have a choice.

ANNA

(rises)
The interview is now canceled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Whoa, hang on a sec... This is just how it's done. I swear I'll be fair.

MARCUS

You'll need to be *more* than fair if you want to proceed.

ANNA

We cannot be seen in a negative light.

FLOOR MANAGER

Thirty seconds...

ANNA

This interview would elevate your career, wouldn't it Mr. Decker? Don't you want to elevate your career?

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

NEIL, the guy in charge, eyes his watch. To another:

NEIL

Still no word from Owen, but we can't wait any longer.

He moves to the door, and in the first of a number of ominous moments to come, locks himself and everyone else inside.

Immediately, three other men surround the group and raise their guns. Incredibly, no one seems to be surprised. But it's all Erica and Jack can do to contain themselves.

NEIL (CONT'D)

This is a word of mouth group. You're here because someone we trust personally referred you.

A DOCTOR then pulls several hypodermic needles from a bag.

NEIL (CONT'D)

This man's a doctor. He'll be injecting a small dose of anesthetic into each of you.

DOCTOR

I know most of you haven't been here before, but you were told to prepare for the test. It's necessary to ensure we're all who we say we are.

The doctor steps to the first attendee and slides a needle under the scalp at the back of his head.

Erica's heart pounds, as does Father Jack's. Both taking each moment as it comes - trying to figure out what the fuck they've gotten themselves into...

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NYC - NIGHT

FADE UP on Chad, smiling for the camera.

CHAD

Good evening and welcome. Tonight, BBN is proud to present the first up-close and personal interview with Anna, the Visitor High Commander.

(turns to Anna)

On behalf of all of us, I'd like to thank you for the opportunity to get to know you a little better.

ANNA

No, thank YOU, Chad. And please ask anything and everything. I'm here to discuss all topics without reserve.

Off Chad's look, knowing she's full of shit...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Erica rubs the back of her head, the anesthetic having kicked in. She looks on as the doctor who did the injecting now pulls a scalpel from his bag. He approaches a man...

DOCTOR

Please turn away from me.

The man does and incredibly, the doctor slices a V-shaped wedge into the man's scalp.

Erica and Jack can't believe it. The doctor then uses forceps to lift the flap of skin.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Please confirm you see skull bone.

The others take a peek. Lots of nods, confirming there is skull under the skin.

The doctor replaces the flap while an assistant uses a medical stapling device to seal the wound.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's painless.

(moves to Erica)

Please turn away from me.

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - RECTORY - NIGHT

Father Travis watches the interview on TV:

CHAD (ON TV)

What's life like where you come from?

ANNA (ON TV)

Our planet is a place of great beauty. Vast cities, massive oceans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 Much like Earth. Though unlike you,
 we don't divide ourselves into
 countries. We're one united people...

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO SHEET METAL FACTORY - NIGHT

A shadowy figure stands in the darkness at the side of the building. As he peers around the corner, a shaft of light strikes his face and we see...

...it's Ryan.

He clocks the security gate entrance, but hesitates. Stands there agonizing over whether to go in or not.

We still know very little about his past with Georgie, but the one thing we do know -- going into that meeting somehow puts Val and Cass at risk.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

KACHUNK. Father Jack is the last to receive a staple in the back of his head, sealing his flap.

NEIL
 Thank you for your cooperation. You
 all passed the test.

ERICA
 Test for what?

NEIL
 To ensure you're not a Visitor.
 (off her confused look)
 I thought everyone was up to speed.
 (explaining)
 In order to walk among us, the
 Visitors have disguised their
 appearance by cloning human flesh
 over their own reptilian bodies.

Erica stares at Neil - this guy can't be fucking serious.

DOCTOR
 The base of the skull is an area
 where skin barely covers bone. It's
 hard for them to mask, thus the test.

Erica suddenly thinks she's stumbled into a den of paranoid, conspiracy nut jobs. Neil turns to Georgie...

NEIL
 Why don't you get everyone caught
 up, Georgie?

GEORGIE
 (rises)
 The Visitors didn't just get here
 three weeks ago... They've been here
 for years...

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Val and Cass watching Anna's interview:

CHAD

You've said we're the only other intelligent life you've encountered in your travels?

ANNA

Yes. Humanity is a rare gift, one we hold in the highest regard...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGIE

For decades they've been implementing a plan that will result in the extermination of every man, woman and child on the face of the earth...

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

ANNA

We are honored and privileged to be able to assist mankind with our knowledge and technology. Truth be told, it stirs great emotion in us...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGIE

V's posing as humans have established themselves in all facets of life. Business, government, religion, the military... It took years...

Erica and Jack try to make sense out of what they're hearing.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NIGHT

CHAD

Are you emotional beings?

ANNA

We are, but we've evolved to quickly process and expel all negative feelings. Happiness we've learned, comes from tranquility and peace.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGIE

Once embedded in society, they set out to create worldwide instability. Unnecessary wars. Economic meltdown. Faith twisted into extremism...

EXT. SHEET METAL FACTORY - NIGHT

Ryan's finally made up his mind to go inside. But just as he starts for the security gate...

Several cars QUIETLY pull up to the factory; their lights off.

Ryan ducks back into the shadows.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGIE

All the while, Visitors became adept at manipulating the media to get people to believe what they needed them to believe.

CHAD (V.O.)

(to Anna)

If you could speak to the protesters, what would you say to them?

EXT. SHEET METAL FACTORY - NIGHT

Outside, Dale has now spotted the numerous shadowy figures surrounding the building.

ANNA (V.O.)

That embracing change is never easy - but the reward for doing so can be far greater than anything you can imagine.

He quietly exits the car...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGIE

The final phase of the Visitor's decades long plan began three weeks ago with the V's revealing themselves to us...

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler watching intently.

ANNA

We know we represent great change...

Anna's inspirational words speak directly to him...

ANNA (CONT'D)

...But all we ask is for you to put your hand in ours, and trust in us - together we can make your world a better place...

Off Tyler, moved by the sentiment...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

NEIL

They build trust with the promise of
friendship and technology.

The room listening to him motionless...

NEIL (CONT'D)

Of course all they're really doing
is positioning themselves as the
saviors of mankind...

PRELAP: the kick start of a bike - VROOOM...

INT. ERICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The TV now off. The house still. Neil continues...

NEIL (V.O.)

...By the time people figure it out,
it'll be too late...

A moment later - through the window - we see Tyler pulling
out of the driveway and ZOOMING OFF down the road.

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

...They'll take over -- unless we
can stop them.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil eyes the room.

NEIL

I see the looks. It's the first
time here for a lot of you - I'm
sure you think we're crazy.
(to Erica)
Right?

ERICA

Where did you get all this
information?

NEIL

We have our sources.

ERICA

(has had enough)
I need to go. Please open the door.

NEIL

You don't believe us.

ERICA

Do you have any proof? You know,
other than scary stories being passed
around the internet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL
Who are you? Who referred you?

ERICA
It doesn't matter, open the door.

FATHER JACK
Excuse me--

NEIL
I want to know who you are.

ERICA
I said open the door.

FATHER JACK
I have proof - I think.

They eye him holding the now open envelope in his hand.

FATHER JACK (CONT'D)
It's a list of names - supposedly
Visitors living on Earth...

Erica rolls her eyes, gets up to leave.

FATHER JACK (CONT'D)
It says these Visitors received *fake*
documents to pass as human.

Erica stops on the words "*fake documents*."

FATHER JACK (CONT'D)
Passports, driver's licenses...

She eyes the list of names. Three pop out at her: Al Miller,
Margie Johnson, Mike Smith...

FLASH TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - ERICA'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON the list of names that were recovered from the farm
house: Al Miller, Margie Johnson, Mike Smith...

FLASH TO:

INT. THE PRESENT - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

And it hits her... is it possible the terrorist cell she's
been investigating is not a human cell, but instead...

FATHER JACK
Could this be a sleeper cell of
Visitors?

Off Erica reeling, the pieces all falling into place...

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. SHEET METAL FACTORY - NIGHT

The meeting's over. The 25 or so members of the group exit the building, and start to head off, going their separate ways.

CAMERA finds Erica, her mind swimming from the information she's just received. Father Jack tags along with her, a little freaked.

FATHER JACK

Bravery's not really my strong suit.
I'm more the cower in the corner type.

Strangely, his less than heroic tone is a little endearing...

ERICA

I'm not a hundred percent convinced
there's anything for you to be afraid
of yet, Father.

FATHER JACK

Call me Jack.

ERICA

Erica.

FATHER JACK

What percentage of concern would you
say you have -- Erica?

Before she can say anything they are suddenly TACKLED.

A blur of images as numerous assailants unleash a violent attack on all the members of the meeting. Fists fly as Erica tries to fight off one of the thugs.

Father Jack, likewise taken down by an assailant, swings wildly, connecting several times. Despite characterizing himself as a coward, he's pretty good with his fists.

All the other members from the meeting are likewise fighting for their lives in one big melee.

Georgie is being pummeled by a thug who's pulled a blade. The thug lunges, about to stab Georgie when suddenly
OOOOOF...

He's taken down in a hard tackle... by Ryan. The two flail fiercely, grappling for the knife. The thug reaches it first. Lunges. Slashes a deep gash in Ryan's forearm. Blood gushes.

Erica flips her assailant around, about to deck him, but is surprised to find... it's Dale. Relieved, she relaxes her stance, thinking they mistook one another...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICA

Jesus, Dale...

But there's no mistake on his part. He *grabs her by the throat*. Erica falls to her knees next to a pile of debris. Shocked as hell. Face bright red. Gasping for air.

She manages to kick him off. But he quickly comes at her again. As he does, she reaches for the debris pile and WHAM, slams him in the head with a loose brick.

He slumps to the ground. Erica dives on her now unconscious partner, as Jack, having subdued his opponent, rushes to her.

Incensed, she grabs Dale by the collar. Pulls him upright.

ERICA (CONT'D)

What the fuck's wrong with you?!

His limp head falls forward, bleeding from the blow; a chunk of flesh sliced wide open from the brick. And that's when she's thunderstruck to see, underneath the gaping wound...

...A LARGE MASS OF GRAY, REPTILIAN SKIN...

ERICA (CONT'D)

Jesus CHRIST!

Her partner's a *fucking Visitor!* Erica and Jack are stunned. She leans in, touches the skin, rubs it the wrong way, upending several large scales. Fucking unbelievable.

A few yards away, Ryan having just subdued his opponent, rises, out of breath, looks at the carnage.

Most of those from the meeting now lie dead. The scene profoundly effecting both him and Georgie. But there's no time to mourn. The thugs, having dispatched the others, now turn their sights on our heroes. Ryan grabs Georgie and takes off.

Erica and Jack, likewise see the killers heading for them and tear into the night.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ryan and Georgie hunched over, trying to catch their breath. Ryan winces in pain. Hand clamped over the gash in his arm.

GEORGIE

(freaked)

Where the fuck did they come from?!
We were so careful this time!

RYAN

Georgie--

GEORGIE

(tears in his eyes)

You were right to walk away - what
hope do we have against them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Georgie, listen to me. There is hope.

GEORGIE

(beside himself)

They're fucking animals. This is the second time we've tried to start a resistance and both times the V's stomped on us before we even got out of the starting gate. They're all fucking animals!

RYAN

(beat)

Not all of them.

Ryan removes his hand from his arm showing Georgie the deep six inch gash across his forearm. Georgie's eyes go wide. Underneath the bloody flesh wound is Ryan's real skin.

...COARSE REPTILIAN SCALES!

Georgie lurches backward, in shock.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I was wrong to run away from this. You were right to fight. There are others like me, Georgie. Other "traitors" to the cause. We'll help.

Georgie is speechless. Ryan clamps his hand back over his wound, turns and starts to head off.

GEORGIE

Where're you going?

(no response)

Don't you walk away, we need you. Humanity needs you if we're going to survive.

Ryan stops and looks back.

RYAN

I know.

GEORGIE

Then where're you going?

RYAN

Home... To tell Val I'm leaving. It's not safe for her to be around me anymore.

(beat)

You were right, I can't just sit on the sidelines - too many lives at stake.

INT. CHAD'S OFFICE - LATER

Chad sits at his computer, decompressing after the night he's just had, a beer in his hand.

He scrolls through countless emails from friends and colleagues congratulating him on his interview with Anna.

Then he comes across one from the Press Secretary to the Vice President. It's from Alison, the woman who he slept with in Act 1.

It reads: ***Congrats on tonight. So whose morals did you have to corrupt to get that gig ;) LOL***

Before he can answer, there's a commotion outside his office. A sudden giddiness from his co-workers, as if a celebrity just entered the building. And one kinda has.

Chad looks up to see Marcus stepping into his office. He smiles as he closes the door behind him.

MARCUS

Anna LOVED you!

CHAD

I'm sure she did.

MARCUS

She wants you to know we intend to call on you again. She trusts you.

CHAD

I'm not sure *I* trust *her*.

MARCUS

Look, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding tonight, but you did the right thing.

(beat)

Compromising one's principles for the greater good is not a shameful act - it's a noble one.

CHAD

What greater good?

MARCUS

Your people are easily threatened. What you did tonight went a long way toward disarming that threat. You made a lot of people feel good. What's the harm?

He considers for a moment, then...

CHAD

What do you mean you're gonna "call on me again?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

Whenever Anna has something significant to say, we'd like her to say it through you.

(leans in)

Unless you have an aversion to a worldwide audience hanging on your every word.

Marcus smiles warmly, turns and heads out. Chad sits there still digesting. Careful what you wish for.

His eyes shift back to his email. The last line of Alison's message pops out at him: **...So whose morals did you have to corrupt to get that gig...**

Off his look... he deletes the email.

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan slips in the door quietly. He's thrown a long sleeve hoodie on from his car to cover the wound on his arm. As he rounds a corner he's surprised to find Valerie in the dark - tears in her eyes. Moves to her:

RYAN

Val? What's wrong?

She shows him what she has in her hand; *the engagement ring*. Throws her arms around him, pulls him close.

VALERIE

I didn't mean to find it. You were going to ask me to marry you.

Looks into her eyes; the emotion overwhelms him.

RYAN

Was even gonna get down on one knee.

VALERIE

I love you.

She hugs him close again. Off this tableau...

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - PREDAWN

Erica and Jack at a table, still in shock. The mothership seen through the window, looming in the distance.

ERICA

(re: Dale; numb)

I can't get that... that image of him lying there out of my head...

Father Jack takes her hand to comfort her. They lock eyes - two lost souls seeking strength from one another.

FATHER JACK

What do we do now?

INT. PEACE AMBASSADOR CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A large reception packed with humans and Visitors alike. There's a celebratory atmosphere among the crowd. OVER PICTURE we hear Erica and Jack continuing to talk...

ERICA (V.O.)
 (steeling herself)
 ...The bigger the conspiracy the more leaks there are. We just have to connect with them...

CAMERA pushes through the large crowd. People smiling, LAUGHING, enjoying themselves.

ERICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We'll help build a resistance.

CAMERA continues through the crowd, headed for a stage at the front of the gathering.

ERICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We'll recruit. Bring more into the fold -- we just have to be careful.

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - SUNRISE

As they talk, the sun begins to peek above the horizon.

FATHER JACK
 We will. But we HAVE to fight!

She eyes the man who mere hours ago proclaimed himself a coward, and sees anything but. Drawing strength from him...

ERICA
 We'll fight - But they got a big head start.

INT. PEACE AMBASSADOR CENTER - SUNRISE

CAMERA zeros in on a SPEAKER at a podium in front of a curtain.

SPEAKER
 Ladies, gentlemen and Visitor friends. It's time to introduce you to them. These selfless individuals are the first of what we hope will be many...

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - SUNRISE

ERICA
 And they're arming themselves with the most powerful weapon out there--

FATHER JACK
 Yeah? What's that?

INT. PEACE AMBASSADOR CENTER - SUNRISE

SPEAKER

I give you the Peace Ambassadors.

MASSIVE CHEERING as the curtain opens. CAMERA TRACKS down the line of HUMANS who've dedicated themselves to the V's...

FATHER JACK (V.O.)

Erica...? What big weapon?

...and lands on the last in line -- *Tyler.*

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - SUNRISE

ERICA

...Devotion.

INT. PEACE AMBASSADOR CENTER - SUNRISE

Tyler, soaking up the CHEERS and ADULATION, spots Lisa among the crowd. He smiles at her. She smiles back.

Finally -- it's good to be Tyler Evans.

SPEAKER

Welcome to the dawn of a new day.

The crowd ROARS even LOUDER as we CRANE UP, taking in the large group of brand new Peace Ambassadors. As the MUSIC SWELLS, we cut in-time on the HARD PERCUSSIVE BEAT TO:

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL'S MOTHERSHIP

TOKYO'S MOTHERSHIP

ROME'S MOTHERSHIP

NEW YORK'S MOTHERSHIP

LOS ANGELES' MOTHERSHIP

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW