

HOLE IN THE SKY

"PILOT"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

**SUPER: KAPUSTIN YAR COSMODROME, RUSSIA - 2018**

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR LAUNCH FACILITY, RUSSIA - DAY

A huge spacecraft launch complex in the Russian steppes. Heavily guarded despite this being the middle of nowhere.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR DETENTION CENTER - DAY

An imposing security door at the end of a long, harshly-lit corridor.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR DETENTION CELL - DAY

An austere prison cell, faintly illuminated by purple light.

WOLF, 50, unremarkable-looking and dressed in grey overalls, sits on a chair in the middle of the cell. On the floor in front of him is a metallic cube, three inches on each side.

A rapidly-changing series of images, some rotating and three-dimensional, are projected above the cube inside a transparent sphere roughly five feet in diameter:

Building diagrams. Topographical maps. Star charts. Chemical formulas.

Wolf studies the images while periodically clenching and unclenching his right fist.

A mixture of SOUNDS - recorded MUSIC, people TALKING in various languages, birds SINGING - bounces off the walls.

EXT. WOLF'S CELL - DAY

TROPOV, a uniformed guard, late 20s, KICKS the cell door. He holds a tray piled high with a dark, oily substance - glistening and repulsive.

TROPOV  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Wolf! Move to the back of the cell!

He looks through the cell door peephole and sees Wolf in the far corner, taking off his clothes.

Tropov kneels and shoves the tray through a slot at the bottom of the door.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Two uniformed guards, SASHA and MISHA, both in their 30s, sit in front of a bank of monitors. They speak in Russian, subtitled.

MISHA

Aren't you on meal duty today?

SASHA

Yeah, but I made the new guy do it.

Sasha punches up the feed of Wolf's cell. On the monitor, Wolf - now naked - walks to the tray and crouches beside it.

MISHA

The new guy - he's Blocked, right?

Sasha turns to Misha.

EXT. WOLF'S CELL - DAY

Tropov heads away from Wolf's cell, then stops abruptly.

SASHA (O.S.)

(over a loudspeaker)

Tropov - get the fuck out of there!  
Hurry!

Tropov turns around. Walks back to Wolf's cell. Unlocks the door.

The door BURSTS open. Tropov is knocked to the ground.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Sasha, watching the monitor, slams his fist on a large red panic button. An ear-shattering ALARM goes off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**SUPER: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - ONE YEAR LATER**

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY, ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

A complex of buildings, gardens, and training facilities set in the hills of Elysian Park. Block lettering above the entrance to the central building reads: LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY.

Near the main offices, a graduation ceremony for new police officers has just concluded. MUSIC, LAUGHTER, snippets of multiple CONVERSATIONS.

Thomas RIORDAN, 30, lean and fit, wearing an LAPD police officer uniform, stands apart from a group of about forty new officers. Most are surrounded by family and friends.

One of the new officers, VAZQUEZ, early 20s, approaches with ROSIE, also early 20s.

RIORDAN

Hey, Vaz.

VAZQUEZ

We did it, old man! This is my girlfriend, Rosie.

Riordan and Rosie shake hands.

ROSIE

(to Riordan)

Congratulations.

(to VAZQUEZ, in Spanish)

He looks like a normal guy.

RIORDAN

I am a normal guy.

ROSIE

Sorry. It's just that I've heard a lot about you.

VAZQUEZ

(to Rosie)

Dude is the ultimate bad-ass, even though he's, like, my dad's age.

RIORDAN  
(to Rosie)  
I'm thirty.

ROSIE  
Where's your family? This is a big  
day.

RIORDAN  
I...uh...yeah. No family.

ROSIE  
Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't-

VAZQUEZ  
(cuts in)  
Party at my place tonight. Be  
there.

RIORDAN  
Thanks, but I can't make it. Some  
other time.

Vazquez tugs on Rosie's arm.

VAZQUEZ  
Sure, old man. Some other time.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

The lot is full of police vehicles and civilian cars.

Riordan unlocks the door to his old Toyota as CAPTAIN WICKER,  
mid 40s, approaches.

WICKER  
Officer Riordan. Congratulations.

RIORDAN  
Thank you, Captain.

WICKER  
Apparently, you didn't find the  
academy very challenging.

RIORDAN  
Sir?

WICKER  
Top of your class in fitness,  
firearms, defensive tactics, and  
academics. In my twenty-five years  
on the job, that's a first.

RIORDAN

Yes, sir.

Wicker looks around. Moves closer to Riordan.

WICKER

Did you see your psychological evaluation?

RIORDAN

No, sir.

WICKER

PTSD. Textbook case, according to the shrink. Frankly, I'm worried about your ability to handle the stresses of police work.

RIORDAN

I appreciate your concern, sir, but I'm good to go.

WICKER

I objected - strenuously - to your hiring, but I was overruled. By the chief, in fact. A former military man like yourself.

Wicker makes a micro-adjustment to Riordan's uniform name tag.

WICKER (CONT'D)

I'll be tracking your job performance very closely.

RIORDAN

Thank you, sir.

Wicker claps Riordan on the shoulder.

WICKER

I'm trying to do you a favor. Think about what I said.

Riordan watches as Wicker walks away.

EXT. LAX - DAY

An Aeroflot jet lands.

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Wolf stands near the carousel. His right fist clenches and unclenches.

An elderly lady, ELIZABETH, fumbles with her luggage. Her outfit includes a crimson-colored silk scarf.

Wolf approaches her.

WOLF  
(in perfect, unaccented  
English)  
You need help.

ELIZABETH  
Thank you, but that's not  
necessary.

Wolf stares at her. She winces.

WOLF  
You have a Lincoln Town Car.

ELIZABETH  
Pardon me?

WOLF  
Elizabeth, isn't it? You like jazz  
music.

Elizabeth is freaked out. She looks around.

ELIZABETH  
Maybe I should....

Wolf takes her suitcase.

WOLF  
Where to?

EXT. LOS ANGELES SURFACE STREET - DAY

Wolf sits behind the wheel of a Lincoln Town Car, stopped at a light. He clenches and unclenches his right fist.

At the rear of the Lincoln, a tiny scrap of crimson-colored silk sticks out from underneath the trunk lid.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is noticeably emptier, but Riordan's Toyota hasn't moved.

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan, in the driver's seat, stares at a crumpled black-and-white photo:

Six men in desert fatigues - Riordan and five other soldiers - posed in front of a CH-47 Chinook helicopter. A snow-capped mountain range looms in the distance, beyond the Chinook.

EXT. LAPD ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

In front of the Toyota, an LAPD patrol vehicle's lightbar is activated. Strobing red and blue lights, brilliant even in broad daylight.

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan's attention is drawn to the strobing lights.

He sees red and blue merge together and form a nebulous, pulsating purple cloud. The faint sound of a helicopter's THRUM (O.S) becomes audible.

Abruptly, a LOUD BANG! Riordan reacts. The cloud vanishes and the helicopter THRUM falls silent.

EXT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Vazquez LAUGHS as he THUMPS on the hood of Riordan's car with his palm.

VAZQUEZ  
Wake up, old man!

INT. RIORDAN'S TOYOTA - DAY

Riordan raises a hand in acknowledgement. Vazquez waves and walks away.

Riordan rests his head on the steering wheel, but only for a second. He takes a last look at the snapshot, stuffs it into a shirt pocket, and starts the Toyota.



EXT. LAX - NIGHT

An Asiana Airlines jet taxis to a terminal.

INT. LAX CUSTOMS KIOSK - NIGHT

LARISA, 30-something, attractive in a no-nonsense way, shows a beat-up Russian passport to a customs official, DAVIS. She's been on the road for a long time, and it shows.

Davis examines the passport.

DAVIS  
Purpose of your visit?

LARISA  
(in perfect, unaccented  
English)  
I'm trying to track down an old  
friend.

Davis flips through several stamped pages.

DAVIS  
You sure this friend of yours wants  
to be found?

LARISA  
Oh, he's anxiously awaiting our  
reunion.

Davis looks at Larisa, then stamps the passport and slides it toward her.

DAVIS  
Good luck, then.

LARISA  
Thanks. I'm overdue for some good  
luck.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

A sprawling military base surrounded by urban sprawl. Cars line up at the main gate/security checkpoint.

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

A standard office: desk, chairs, computer, filing cabinets, bookshelves.

Behind the desk: an I-love-me wall covered with plaques, unit patches, and framed photos of a man dressed in a flight suit, posing with various fighter aircraft.

On another wall: a large monitor displaying two images, side-by-side - Larisa's Russian passport photo, and a video still image of Larisa in an LAX terminal.

Lieutenant Colonel ENDICOTT, the man in the wall photos - early 40s, fit, dressed in an Air Force uniform - paces back and forth.

HENDERSON, early 40s and in civilian clothes, sits facing Endicott.

HENDERSON

Larisa Terchenko. Her visa application says she's a schoolteacher, but NSA has ID'd her as a Russian Air Force captain. Assigned to Kapustin Yar, of all places. Home to Operation Stileto.

ENDICOTT

Visa fraud. Contact Immigration and get her kicked out.

HENDERSON

If she's connected to Stileto, we need to find out what she's doing here.

Endicott sits at his desk and begins to tap on the desk with a large, blue-jeweled ring on his right hand. A military academy ring.

ENDICOTT

She's Volkov's spy. That's good enough for me.

HENDERSON

An active-duty military officer, traveling in true name and with no cover, on a spy mission? No way - something else is going on.

ENDICOTT

Henderson - sometimes I wonder if you realize who's in charge.

HENDERSON

There's no doubt in my mind about who's in charge, sir.

ENDICOTT

Okay - put surveillance on her.

HENDERSON

Already done. In anticipation of your order.

ENDICOTT

Something else has come up - a female reporter from the Times. Amy something. She's asking questions about Infinite Shield.

HENDERSON

That doesn't sound good.

ENDICOTT

Very insightful. Handle it.

Henderson stands up.

HENDERSON

Understood.

ENDICOTT

One other thing - Riordan. From the 57th. What's his status?

HENDERSON

Well, I know that shortly after the, uh, incident, he separated from active duty service - punched out.

ENDICOTT

And he's keeping a low profile.

HENDERSON

Yes, as far as I know. I don't think he's looking for trouble.

Endicott turns his attention to a pile of paperwork on his desk.

ENDICOTT

He'd better not be.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A modest one-story house in the middle of the block. A Lincoln Town Car is parked in front.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small, dimly-lit room, with wood paneling, vintage furnishings, a TICKING antique clock. A photograph of Elizabeth sits on an ornately-carved mantel above the fireplace.

Wolf sits on the edge of a faded sofa, WHISTLING tunelessly. At his feet, a small metallic cube rests on a worn Persian carpet. A transparent sphere, several feet in diameter, is projected above the cube.

Inside the sphere, images rapidly coalesce, form, and vanish, controlled by Wolf's gestures.

A high-resolution photograph of a military base appears.

Next, a document. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE PERSONNEL DIRECTORY. Wolf scrolls through thousands of entries in seconds.

Names, contact information, photographs.

The scrolling stops at Endicott's photo. ENDICOTT, STEVEN. LT. COLONEL. BLDG. 237. EXT. 6-1432.

The high-speed data scroll continues. Stops on the image of Endicott's California driver's license. Name, photo, date of birth, home address.

More data scrolling. It stops again on a still video image of Endicott, in uniform, seated at a microphone. A press conference.

The video begins to play.

ENDICOTT

(on video)

Recent media reports concerning an alleged clandestine weapons development program called Infinite Shield are speculative, erroneous, and irresponsible.

Wolf smiles.

EXT. LA BOX STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A vast space of concrete, cars, bright lights, and white lines. A black SUV is parked in a remote corner of the lot.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa in the driver's seat. A small metallic cube rests on the center console.

A transparent sphere hovers above the cube. Inside the sphere, a 3-D image of Russian Air Force Colonel VOLKOV, 50-ish, greying and ashen-faced, is displayed. They speak in Russian, subtitled.

LARISA

This mission might not end successfully, Colonel.

VOLKOV

This mission has to end successfully. Think of your parents.

LARISA

That sounds like a threat.

VOLKOV

Our masters have a low tolerance for failure. You know that as well as I do.

LARISA

If not better. Speaking of failures, the tracking system is a nightmare.

VOLKOV

Analytics has determined the tracker only works when Wolf is occupying its configured host.

LARISA

I found that out nine months ago, in Prague. I was hoping for something a bit more up-to-date.

VOLKOV

Does Sayed Bridge mean anything to you?

LARISA

No. Never heard of it.

VOLKOV

A remote location in Afghanistan. We recently learned a US special forces unit was wiped out there a year ago, coincident with an anomalous energy release.

LARISA

Afghanistan means Infinite Shield.

VOLKOV

Could have been a failed weapons test. Wolf's escape occurred on that same day - in fact, within minutes of the event.

LARISA

That can't have been an accident.

VOLKOV

Agreed. Did I say an American unit was wiped out? I should have said almost wiped out.

Volkov's image is replaced by that of Riordan's face alongside scrolling streams of data.

LARISA

(reading)

'Thomas Riordan.' What do we know about him?

VOLKOV

He's in Los Angeles, and he is the lone survivor of some kind of Infinite Shield experiment.

LARISA

How did he manage that?

VOLKOV

Good question. The answer could be very valuable to us.

Larisa stares at Riordan's image.

LARISA

(to herself)

Or to Wolf.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A Lincoln Town Car pulls up in front of a modest, cookie-cutter house. Wolf gets out and walks to the front door.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolf knocks on the door. Waits. Knocks again.

Endicott opens the door, still in his uniform and holding a tablet.

ENDICOTT

Yes?

WOLF

You're coming with me.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A late-model silver BMW pulls up in front of Elizabeth's house. Wolf is at the wheel, Endicott in the passenger seat.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Wolf faces a transparent sphere suspended above a metallic cube. Images respond to his gestures.

In the sphere, a virtual document labeled LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE PERSONNEL DIRECTORY appears. Wolf scrolls through a blur of names and numbers. The blur resolves to a single entry.

Wolf punches a number into a cell phone.

WOLF

(in Endicott's voice)

This is Colonel Endicott. Cancel  
all my appointments for tomorrow.

Wolf ends the call and walks to the far corner of the room.

Endicott is seated in an antique armchair. Not tied up, not restrained in any way, but motionless. Seemingly unable to move. Wolf places a chair in front of Endicott and sits facing him.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Let's discuss Infinite Shield.

ENDICOTT

You got the wrong guy.

WOLF

I can make this very unpleasant for  
you.

ENDICOTT

Fuck off.

WOLF

You're quite spirited. I'll fix  
that.

Wolf pulls the chair closer.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Open your mind to me.



Endicott winces.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An LAPD patrol vehicle is parked in front of an all-night convenience store. Riordan is in the passenger seat.

A second officer, TURNER, 30, enters the store.

INT. LAPD PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan turns the vehicle's on-board computer, the mobile data terminal (MDT), so that the screen faces him. He rapidly types on the MDT keyboard while keeping an eye on the convenience store entrance/exit.

EXT. STRIP MALL CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Turner exits the store with two cans of soda.

INT. LAPD PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Turner enters the patrol vehicle and hands a soda to Riordan, then glances at the MDT screen.

He taps on the keyboard, then turns the screen to face Riordan. A driver's license photo of Henderson, the civilian assistant to Endicott, is displayed.

TURNER

You just ran this guy's name in the system. Why?

RIORDAN

It's a long story.

TURNER

Here's a short story: using official databases for personal reasons will get you fired. As your TO, I gotta write you up for this or it's my-

Turner's attention is drawn to something in front of the patrol vehicle.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Check this guy out.

EXT. STRIP MALL CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

In front of the store is a huge, heavily-muscled man, JOE, early 20s, holding a six-pack of beer. He's 6'5", 250. A mountain dressed in shorts, a tank-top, and flip-flops.

Joe is blurry-eyed and unsteady on his feet. Drunk or high or both. He eyeballs Turner as he chugs a beer, crushes the can, and lobs it at the patrol vehicle windshield.

INT. PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

TURNER

Asshole.

EXT. PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Turner and Riordan exit the patrol vehicle and approach Joe from both sides. Cautiously.

EXT. STRIP MALL CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Joe opens another beer, still staring at Turner.

TURNER

Hey, buddy. What's your name?

JOE

Joe.

TURNER

Joe, put the beer down for me, will ya?

JOE

Leave me alone.

He pounds the beer, tosses the empty can at the windshield and opens another one.

TURNER

Let's just take it easy, okay?

Joe takes a step toward Turner, who retreats and unholsters his Taser.

TURNER (CONT'D)

(louder)

Don't move!

Joe takes another step forward. Turner draws the Taser and points it at him.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
DO NOT FUCKING MOVE!

Joe continues to advance. Turner fires the Taser.

Nothing. A malfunction.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
Shit!

He drops the Taser and fumbles for his sidearm, but Joe is all over him and DUMPS him on the ground.

Riordan, now directly behind Joe, grabs Joe's left arm, hoists him INTO THE AIR, and SLAMS him onto the hood of the patrol vehicle.

Joe MOANS. He slides off the car, revealing a body-sized dent in the hood, and crumples onto the sidewalk between the store and the patrol vehicle.

Riordan flips Joe face-down, zip-ties his hands behind his back, and searches him. He then checks on Turner, who's back on his feet and wide-eyed.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck...?

EXT. TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

An enormous, imposing building in downtown Los Angeles.

EXT. TWIN TOWERS LAW ENFORCEMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Turner and Riordan approach their patrol vehicle. Turner stops and tugs on Riordan's shoulder so that they face each other.

TURNER  
How did you do that?

RIORDAN  
Do what?

Turner waits. They both know what he's talking about.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
I don't know. I can't explain it.

They resume walking toward the patrol vehicle.

TURNER

The name you ran - I'm gonna cut you a break. Just don't put me in that spot again. Are we good?

RIORDAN

Yeah. We're good.

They climb into the patrol vehicle.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - NIGHT

A black SUV in light traffic, followed by a marked California Highway Patrol (CHP) vehicle.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa notices a flashing red/blue light in her rear-view mirror.

LARISA

(in Russian, subtitled)

Oh, shit.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - NIGHT

The SUV pulls over to the shoulder, followed by the CHP vehicle.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa rolls down her window, puts her hands on the steering wheel, and stares at her rear-view mirror as a female CHP officer exits the marked vehicle and walks toward her.

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

The CHP officer, CHAN, 30, approaches the driver's side door of the SUV.

CHAN

(talking over FREEWAY  
NOISE)

License and registration, please.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa puts a hand on a slender black tube hanging from her neck.

LARISA  
You didn't sleep well last night.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Chan has heard it all. Except this.

CHAN  
Say what?

LARISA  
You've been having nightmares.

CHAN  
Uh, no....

LARISA  
Terrible nightmares.

Chan buckles, begins to lose balance.

CHAN  
Hold on a second....

She puts a hand on the SUV to steady herself.

LARISA  
You're not well. You shouldn't be here.

CHAN  
I shouldn't....

Larisa exits the SUV and slips Chan's arm around her neck.

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

Larisa escorts an unsteady Chan back to the CHP vehicle.

EXT. CHP VEHICLE - NIGHT

Larisa helps Chan into the vehicle.

LARISA  
Relax. You'll be okay in a few minutes.

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

The SUV pulls back into traffic.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wolf studies Endicott intently.

Endicott grimaces. All the fight is out of him.

POV Wolf: Everything is immeasurably sharper. More focused. Colors are brighter.

Superimposed on Wolf's field of vision: A long, narrow passageway, spiraling to infinity, lined top to bottom with countless images.

The images blur, vanish, and reappear in kaleidoscope fashion: A woman in the throes of sex. Troops marching. Children playing on swings. A stormy night.

Wolf is probing Endicott's thoughts. His memories.

His mind.

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR LAUNCH FACILITY, RUSSIA - NIGHT

An oasis of light in a vast darkness.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR HANGAR - NIGHT

Volkov and ANDREYEV, a tough, 40-ish special forces veteran, walk through the hangar.

At one end of the hangar, four other special forces types are packing gear. Young. Formidable-looking.

Volkov and Andreyev speak in Russian, subtitled.

VOLKOV

Your team will stage west of downtown Los Angeles, at a staging area in Santa Monica.

ANDREYEV

And do what?

VOLKOV

Wait there until she finds it.

ANDREYEV  
Could be a long wait.

VOLKOV  
Maybe.

ANDREYEV  
What about weapons?

VOLKOV  
Conventional and Tech weapons have been pre-deployed at the site. You and your team are Blocked, so Wolf won't know what hit it.

ANDREYEV  
I hope you're right, Colonel. I don't want that fucking thing crawling around inside my head.

VOLKOV  
I designed the implant myself. Wolf can't defeat it - I'm living proof.

ANDREYEV  
What about the female - Larisa?

VOLKOV  
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Andreyev thinks about it. Nods.

ANDREYEV  
Whatever you say.

EXT. EL SEGUNDO STRIP MALL BAR - DAY

A flickering neon sign over the entrance reads THE NOT OKAY CORRAL.

INT. THE NOT OKAY CORRAL - DAY

A darkened, downscale cowboy bar. Low-rent furnishings and TWANGY COUNTRY MUSIC on the jukebox.

AMY DEAL, late 20s, walks into the bar. She scans the room and spots BIVENS, mid-30s, wearing shooting range clothes and a black cowboy hat, on a bar stool. She moves toward him.

DEAL  
Mr. Bivens.

Bivens looks up from several empty, upside-down shot glasses and one full, upright one.

BIVENS  
Have we met?

Deal sits down.

DEAL  
I don't think so. My name's Amy Deal. I'm an investigative reporter for the LA Times.

BIVENS  
Good for you.

DEAL  
I'm working on a story about Infinite Shield.

Bivens downs his shot and motions to the bartender for another round.

BIVENS  
Whatever that is.

DEAL  
A year ago, you were a civilian Air Force medic in Afghanistan.

A young female bartender approaches. Pours Bivens another shot of tequila. Bivens picks up the shot glass and toasts the bartender.

BIVENS  
I'm not answering any questions.

DEAL  
That wasn't a question.

Bivens downs the shot and turns the empty glass upside-down on the bar.

BIVENS  
What exactly are you interested in?

DEAL  
Infinite Shield weapons development. The inoculant program. Sayed Bridge.

Bivens looks around the bar.



BIVENS  
You seem well-informed.

DEAL  
I try to be.

BIVENS  
Is this off the record?

DEAL  
If that's what you want.

BIVENS  
It is. Talk to Tom Riordan.

DEAL  
Who's Tom Riordan?

BIVENS  
You're an investigative reporter,  
right?

He signals for the bartender.

BIVENS (CONT'D)  
Start investigating.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A quiet, tree-lined street. A beat-up Toyota parked mid-block.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Henderson is seated in a deck chair beside a pool, quietly SNORING. A cooler sits next to the chair.

A robot pool cleaner HUMS. Riordan approaches the chair and nudges it with his foot.

RIORDAN (O.S.)  
Wake up, Hendo.

Henderson starts awake to see Riordan standing in front of him.

HENDERSON  
Damn! You ever hear of a doorbell?

Riordan drags a deck chair in front of Henderson and sits down.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)  
Tom Riordan. I've been wondering what happened to you.

RIORDAN  
I've been wondering what happened to me, too.

Henderson pulls two beers out of the cooler and hands one to Riordan.

HENDERSON  
What brings you here?

RIORDAN  
Someone owes me a debrief on Sayed Bridge.

Henderson POPS a beer and raises it in a toast.

HENDERSON  
Word is you punched out.

RIORDAN  
I did. So what?

HENDERSON

I can't discuss classified operations with a civilian. You know that.

Riordan hefts the beer can in his hand, but doesn't open it.

RIORDAN

Those guys were my family, Hendo. Now they're gone, and no one's told me a damn thing about what happened. You think I'm just gonna let it go?

The pool cleaner, stuck in a corner of the pool, begins to WHINE. Henderson gets up and pushes it toward the middle of the pool. The cleaner resumes HUMMING.

HENDERSON

May they rest in peace.

Riordan stands up and approaches Henderson. They are now very close to each other, and to the edge of the pool.

RIORDAN

Maybe I'm not making myself clear. I need to know what went down at Sayed Bridge.

Henderson tries to put up a brave front, but he's rattled.

HENDERSON

My hands are tied.

Riordan moves a step closer.

RIORDAN

I wonder what you'd do in my position.

HENDERSON

Me? I'd leave it be. Before someone else gets hurt.

RIORDAN

Funny - that's exactly what I thought you'd say.

HENDERSON

You made it back in one piece, Tom - isn't that enough?

Riordan throws his beer at the robot pool cleaner and hits it dead-on. Beer SPRAYS from the can. The cleaner emits a DEATH RATTLE and powers down.

RIORDAN  
No. It isn't.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

A sunny afternoon. Pedestrians walk around the palm tree-framed perimeter of the lake. A towering geyser of water shoots from the surface toward the cloudless sky. Beyond, the LA skyline.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - BENCH - DAY

Amy Deal sits alone on a bench, focused on her laptop.

THORNE, a 40-something thug, approaches and sits down. Deal glances at him, smiles nervously, and refocuses on her laptop.

Thorne glances at his phone, which displays an image of Deal's driver's license. He stuffs the phone in his pocket. When he talks, he's not looking at Deal.

THORNE  
Reporter - must be an interesting  
job.

Deal looks at Thorne, then at her surroundings.

DEAL  
Sorry?

THORNE  
Me, I like the crime stories.  
Assaults, murders - that kind of  
thing.

Deal's heard enough. She prepares to leave.

THORNE (CONT'D)  
Hold up there, Amy.

She freezes at the mention of her name.

DEAL  
I don't know who you are.

THORNE  
Count your blessings.

Thorne reaches over and snatches Deal's laptop before she can react. Deal reaches for it, but Thorne blocks her with his arm.

DEAL

Please give that back to me.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - LAKESIDE - DAY

Thorne stands up and walks to the water's edge, holding the laptop in one hand. Deal follows him.

THORNE

You write about military stuff, I understand.

Deal is staring at her laptop.

DEAL

Yeah, sometimes. Listen, sir - I really need that computer back.

She reaches into her pocket.

DEAL (CONT'D)

I'll give you whatever money I have. Please - I'm begging you.

THORNE

You're polite. I like that.

He extends the laptop toward Deal, as though to hand it to her, then flings it Frisbee-style into the lake.

Deal makes an anguished SOUND.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Find another job.

Deal looks around for help.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it.

He produces his phone and shows Deal the image of her driver's license.

THORNE (CONT'D)

I might drop by sometime. Let's just play it by ear, yeah?

Deal watches as Thorne walks away.

EXT. LA STREET - DAY

A black SUV in traffic.

INT. SUV - DAY

Larisa checks her rear-view mirror. Re-checks it.

EXT. LA CAR WASH ENTRANCE - DAY

The black SUV lurches forward on the conveyor track and into the car wash tunnel.

INT. LA CAR WASH TUNNEL - DAY

Larisa bails out of the SUV and into a downpour of soapy water. She makes her way back to the entrance, soaked. A surprised car wash attendant stares.

LARISA  
Claustrophobia.

She takes off at a run.

EXT. STREET NEAR CAR WASH EXIT - DAY

Larisa slows to a trot, breathing hard. Spots something ahead.

A beat-up Chevy sedan, parked on a side street.

INT. CHEVY - DAY

DEACON, late-50s, half-watches the car wash exit in a rear view mirror. He stifles a yawn as the driver's side rear door opens.

Larisa slides into a back seat cluttered with newspapers and empty food wrappers. She puts a slender tube to Deacon's neck.

LARISA  
You're following me. Why?

DEACON  
Who the fuck are you?

The tube emits a purple glow, and Deacon YELPS.

LARISA

That's the lowest setting. You don't want to know how many settings there are.

DEACON

Okay, okay. Take it easy. I'm a private investigator.

Larisa reaches forward and grabs Deacon's cell phone from the center console.

LARISA

Back to my question.

DEACON

I get work through third-party vendors. Cut-outs. I have no idea who the clients are.

From another angle, we see that Deacon is slowly reaching for his ankle holster.

Larisa scrolls through the phone. Sees a text from 'HENDO.'

LARISA

(reading from text)

'Determine LT's activities, associates, contacts, patterns.'  
Sent by someone called 'Hendo.'

DEACON

Right. Whoever that is.

Larisa taps on the phone.

LARISA

Huh. Hendo is in your contact list. Works at Los Angeles Air Force Base. That's who that is.

DEACON

What can I tell you? I know lots of people.

Deacon's hand is within inches of the ankle holster. The tube in Larisa's hand moves away from his neck as she examines the phone.

Deacon makes a quick move for his holster, but Larisa is quicker. The tube, once again at Deacon's neck, glows. Deacon SCREAMS, then slumps against the driver's seat.

LARISA

If I ever see you again, you'll  
regret it. Nod if you understand.

Deacon nods, WHIMPERING. Larisa opens the door, steps out,  
sticks her head back in.

LARISA (CONT'D)

That was the second lowest setting,  
in case you were wondering.

EXT. LAPD RAMPART DIVISION - DAY

A white-washed, one-story building within shouting distance  
of downtown LA.

INT. LAPD RAMPART DIVISION - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A room filled with tables, chairs, grease boards, maps,  
aerial photographs.

LAPD Sergeant HELD, a grizzled 50-ish veteran, stands at a  
podium and conducts roll call. A group of uniformed officers,  
including Riordan and Turner, listen with varying degrees of  
attention.

HELD

That's all I got. Questions?

Silence.

HELD (CONT'D)

I must be damn good at this.  
Dismissed.

The assembled officers stand and begin to exit the room.

HELD (CONT'D)

Hold on, Riordan.

Riordan stops, turns toward Held.

RIORDAN

Sarge?

Held motions for Riordan to approach him. He waits for the  
room to clear, then digs an envelope out of his stack of  
papers.

HELD

Captain Wicker told to deliver this  
to you personally.



RIORDAN  
What is it?

HELD  
Only one way to find out.

Held exits the room as Riordan tears the envelope open and reads the enclosure.

RIORDAN  
(to himself)  
You gotta be kidding me.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BAGRAM AIRFIELD, AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A massive US Air Force cargo jet takes off from a sprawling base and heads toward an imposing mountain range.

INT. BAGRAM AIRFIELD HANGAR - DAY

Six US Air Force parajumpers (PJs), dressed in desert fatigues, queue up at a table where Henderson and Bivens, both wearing civilian clothes, are waiting.

Riordan is first in line.

HENDERSON  
(to Bivens)  
What's the count?

Bivens consults a tablet.

BIVENS  
This'll be injection number twenty.  
(to Riordan)  
Congratulations, Riordan - you're  
the first and only soldier to  
receive the full series.

RIORDAN  
Lucky me.

HENDERSON  
Look at the bright side, Sergeant -  
getting dosed with inoculant is the  
least dangerous thing that's going  
to happen to you today.

Bivens produces a syringe outfitted with a long needle.  
Riordan reacts to the sight of it.

RIORDAN  
That's a spear, not a needle.

Bivens plunges the needle in. Riordan HISSES.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)  
Scramble, scramble. Multiple US  
Mil, Cat Alpha. Repeat: Multiple US  
Mil, Cat Alpha.

Riordan yanks the needle out of his arm.

RIORDAN

You heard the man. Move it!

POV Riordan: Everything begins to spin, slowly at first, then faster and faster. His frantic GASPS for breath drown out all other sound....

INT. RIORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

A darkened, utilitarian room. A half-empty whiskey bottle on the nightstand.

Riordan STARTS awake, GASPING. He's on the floor, tangled in bedsheets.

He reaches for the bottle.

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY, ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

On a parade field, police cadets undergo an inspection conducted by the training staff.

INT. WICKER'S OFFICE - DAY

An office filled with LAPD memorabilia. Captain Wicker stares out the window at the parade field.

Officer Turner, Riordan's training officer, stands in the middle of the room, facing Wicker's back.

WICKER

You're Officer Riordan's TO.

TURNER

Yes, sir.

WICKER

What do you make of him?

TURNER

He's got his shit together, sir -  
pardon my French. Very squared  
away.

WICKER

I myself have grave concerns about  
his suitability for the job.

Wicker turns around and sits at his desk. He doesn't invite Turner to sit down.

WICKER (CONT'D)  
Any deficiencies noted by his  
training officer would lend  
credence to those concerns.

TURNER  
I'll definitely keep a close eye on  
him, sir.

WICKER  
Very well. That will be all,  
Officer.

TURNER  
Yes, sir.

Turner heads for the door.

WICKER  
You recently tested for promotion  
to Detectives.

Turner turns around.

TURNER  
Yes, sir. I didn't do very well on  
the test. Maybe next time.

WICKER  
I oversee all the promotion boards.  
Including Detectives.

TURNER  
I didn't know that, sir.

WICKER  
Now you do.

EXT. TRUCK STOP NEAR DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

A fluorescent-lit parking lot crammed full of long-haul  
trucks.

Larisa's black SUV is parked in a far corner of the lot.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

A small metallic cube sits on the center console. Above it, a  
3-D map of the LA area is displayed inside a transparent  
sphere.

Larisa talks on her cellphone. A female VOICE is audible over the speaker. Their conversation is in Russian, subtitled.

LARISA

I'm sorry, Mamochka. I can't come home until the work is finished.

LARISA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Your father is very sick, Lara. I'm worried you won't see him again before it's too late.

Larisa CHOKES on her words, overcome by emotion. She takes a deep breath to compose herself.

LARISA

Is Papa taking his medication?

LARISA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Of course not. He's very stubborn.

LARISA

Papa? Stubborn? That doesn't sound like him.

LARISA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

(laughing)

It sounds exactly like him. And his daughter.

As Larisa watches the sphere, a tiny green light appears on the map.

LARISA

(to herself)

There you are.

LARISA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

What did you say?

Larisa enlarges the 3-D map with a series of gestures.

LARISA

Mama, I have to go. I love you.  
I'll call you again as soon as I  
can. Kisses to you and Papa.

She disconnects the call and zooms in on the green light, which overlays a residential neighborhood in Los Angeles.

She zooms in again, and the green light resolves to a specific house.

EXT. TRUCK STOP NEAR DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Larisa's SUV PEELS OUT of the truck stop parking lot at high speed.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Twin ribbons of highway traffic, one headed toward the dark void of the Pacific Ocean.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa monitors the cube image as she drives. Without warning, the green light vanishes.

LARISA  
No, no, no!

EXT. THE NOT OKAY CORRAL - NIGHT

A handful of cars in the parking lot.

INT. THE NOT OKAY CORRAL - NIGHT

Bivens sits at the bar, a bottle of beer in front of him. He wears a baseball cap bearing the letters ARM.

A female bartender, TRISHA, early 20s, raps on the bar with her knuckles.

TRISHA  
Whadda ya say, B?

Bivens kills his beer and hands her the empty bottle.

BIVENS  
Keep 'em coming.

Trisha squints at his cap.

TRISHA  
'ARM.' What's that?

Bivens leans forward on his barstool.

BIVENS  
You ever think about where this country's heading?

TRISHA  
Not really.

BIVENS  
Well, a lot of people are of the  
opinion that things are going to  
hell.

TRISHA  
I don't follow the news much.

BIVENS  
Forget the news. I'm talking about  
the real world.

Trisha pushes a dish towel around the bar. She's not  
interested.

TRISHA  
Uh-huh.

BIVENS  
Some of us -

Bivens looks around the bar, then takes off his cap and taps  
on the letters with a forefinger.

BIVENS (CONT'D)  
- aren't just talking. We're taking  
a stand.

TRISHA  
Good for you...I guess.

Bivens puts the cap back on.

BIVENS  
Fuckin' A right it is.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A black SUV appears on Elizabeth's block and parks.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa scans the street as she pulls a black glove onto her  
left hand. Multiple parallel lines on the glove begin to emit  
a faint purple glow.

Her hand trembles as she studies the lines on the glove.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Larisa exits the SUV and moves directly to Elizabeth's front door.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Larisa stands at the side of the front door. She takes several deep breaths. Makes the sign of the cross.

She then squares to face the door and KICKS it in.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larisa enters the darkened room, tactical-style. She holds the glove raised, like a weapon. It emits a bright, wide-beam light.

She clears the living room with smooth, efficient movements.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larisa enters, clears the closet, strips the bed. Nothing.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Larisa enters, pulls the shower curtain down. Clear.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Larisa enters. Nothing.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larisa pulls cushions from the armchair where Endicott was sitting. A large, blue-jeweled ring falls to the floor. Larisa picks the ring up, examines it. Squints to read the engraving inside the ring.

LARISA  
(reading aloud)  
'Endicott, Stephen R. United States  
Air Force Academy. Class of 2002.'

Larisa hefts the ring in one hand.



LARISA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
What happened to you?

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. NON-DESCRIPT SAN FERNANDO VALLEY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A smattering of cars in the parking lot. No signs on the building.

INT. DR. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Riordan and DR. VIV THOMPSON, late 30s, dressed in conservative dark clothing, sit facing each other. Thompson has an open notebook on her lap.

THOMPSON

I'm sensing you don't want to do this.

RIORDAN

It's not at the top of my list.

THOMPSON

You're angry.

RIORDAN

No. Me angry is not this.

Thompson LAUGHS.

THOMPSON

I'm no English major, but....

Riordan frowns, then LAUGHS, too.

RIORDAN

Me, neither. Obviously.

THOMPSON

Tell me why you're here.

RIORDAN

Captain Wicker. He doesn't think I should be a police officer.

THOMPSON

Do you know why that is?

RIORDAN

You'd have to ask him.

THOMPSON

Should you be a police officer?

RIORDAN  
I haven't been one long enough to  
answer that question.

THOMPSON  
Let's talk about your family.

RIORDAN  
My family's gone.

THOMPSON  
No parents? No siblings?

RIORDAN  
Nothing. Correct.

Thompson closes her notebook.

THOMPSON  
You really don't want to do this,  
do you?

RIORDAN  
Right again.

Thompsons stands. Riordan does, too.

THOMPSON  
We'll pick up next week.

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR LAUNCH FACILITY - NIGHT

Stark, empty runways illuminated by harsh artificial light.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A cramped, uninviting room. Colonel Volkov sits on the wrong  
side of the table.

On the other side, the Troika: A woman, mid 50's, the TROIKA  
LEADER, sits between two men, also mid-50's, all wearing drab  
grey suits. They speak in Russian, subtitled.

TROIKA LEADER  
You asked for a meeting, Colonel  
Volkov.

VOLKOV  
I wanted to advise you that Captain  
Terchenko has tracked Wolf to  
southern California.

TROIKA LEADER  
What is it doing there?

Volkov produces a metallic cube - identical to the one used by Wolf and Larisa.

VOLKOV  
I suggest you hold on to something.

He gestures. The room is plunged into darkness.

Dizzying 3-D images appear - a blazing starfield overhead, the planet Earth below.

Volkov gestures again, and the planet hurtles toward them, then stops on a dime. Muffled CRIES from the Troika members.

The view is from several hundred feet above a vast military facility in the middle of a city.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)  
Infinite Shield is based here, at  
Los Angeles Air Force Base.

TROIKA LEADER  
Go on.

VOLKOV  
I believe Wolf has discovered the  
Americans are working with their  
own source of non-human technology.  
If that's true, it will make every  
effort to infiltrate their program.

TROIKA LEADER  
For what purpose?

VOLKOV  
To find a way home.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA FOOD CART POD - DAY

Riordan, in uniform, stands at a food cart. A worker, ESTHER, late teens, hands him a paper sack. They talk in Spanish, subtitled.

ESTHER  
Here you are, handsome. Two steak  
burritos.

Riordan hands over cash.

RIORDAN  
Thanks. See you soon.

ESTHER  
Promises, promises.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA VACANT LOT - DAY

An LAPD patrol vehicle is parked in the lot, near the street. Turner and Riordan lean against the hood, eating their burritos. They scan the area as they eat.

RIORDAN  
I'm not following.

TURNER  
Patrol car database queries get audited every month.

RIORDAN  
Okay.

TURNER  
The guy whose name you ran the other day? I got to thinking.

RIORDAN  
And?

TURNER  
That name can't be cross-referenced to a radio call or vehicle stop. Meaning if I don't report you for it, we could both get jammed up.

RIORDAN  
Do what you have to do. I'm not looking for any favors.

TURNER  
You understand, right?

RIORDAN  
Yeah. I'm pretty sure I understand.

Turner looks at Riordan, whose expression doesn't reveal anything.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

An Aeroflot jet touches down. ENGINE SOUNDS and the SQUEAL of landing gear on the runway.

EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Andreyev and his team stow their gear in a white van.

INT. RENTAL VAN - NIGHT

Andreyev places a small metallic cube on the center console and puts his key in the ignition. His team members get situated in the van.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Let's go.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Larisa sits on the hood of her SUV, near the boardwalk. She stares at a photo on her phone: an older couple in front of a fantastical, multi-domed cathedral - St. Basil's on Red Square in Moscow.

Larisa smiles through tears. Waves SIZZLE as they hit the sand.

A flickering glow inside the SUV catches her eye.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Larisa, in the driver's seat, studies the image hovering above the cube on the center console. A 3-D image of the LA metro area is replaced by an image of Andreyev.

ANDREYEV  
(speaking in Russian,  
subtitled)  
In-country and on site. This  
message will retransmit at thirty-  
minute intervals until  
acknowledged.

LARISA  
(to herself, in Russian,  
subtitled)  
Unbelievable.

Larisa gestures, and the image becomes an empty 3-D spherical space.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Transmission received. Respond.

Andreyev's image quickly reappears. They speak in Russian, subtitled.

ANDREYEV  
Hello, Larisa Andreyevna.

LARISA  
You've come a long way.

ANDREYEV  
Not as far as you.

LARISA  
I didn't have much choice.

ANDREYEV  
I know the feeling.

LARISA  
Volkov didn't mention he was  
sending a kill team.

ANDREYEV  
What can I say? I just go in the  
direction they point me.

LARISA  
Like a bullet.

Andreyev CHUCKLES.

ANDREYEV  
We're standing by. Good luck.

Andreyev's image vanishes, replaced by a 3-D image of Los Angeles.

LARISA  
(to herself)  
People keep telling me that.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT -  
NIGHT

A beat-up Toyota pulls into the parking lot of a downscale apartment complex.

A tired, unshaven Riordan gets out of the car, carrying a black duffle bag. He heads for the apartment building.

INT. RIORDAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riordan enters a cramped, poorly-furnished apartment. He drops the bag on the floor and moves forward in semi-darkness.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still in semi-darkness, Riordan pours whiskey into a glass and drinks it down. He puts the glass down and picks up the bottle.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riordan sinks into a worn-out couch. The living room is partially illuminated by light from the parking lot.

He takes a healthy swig from the bottle.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hi.

Riordan is startled, but he's also a seasoned special forces soldier.

He drops the bottle, produces a semi-automatic handgun from a belt holster, and aims it in the direction of the voice, all with admirable speed and fluid motion.

The source of the voice is sitting in a dark corner of the living room:

Larisa.

RIORDAN

Let me see your hands!

With his weapon trained on Larisa, Riordan hits a wall light switch.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Stand up.

Larisa complies, hands up.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

You picked the wrong place to break into.

LARISA

I'm looking for something, Mr. Riordan.



Riordan reacts - she knows his name.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
And you're going to help me find  
it.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL - NIGHT

Very low-budget.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wolf rips open several packages of raw hamburger, chicken, steak. Dumps the contents on the motel room floor.

Endicott watches from a chair. He appears listless. Worn-out. Defeated.

ENDICOTT  
What more could you possibly want  
from me?

WOLF  
Oh, we're just getting started. By  
the way, you must be hungry.

Endicott eyes the raw meat.

ENDICOTT  
Uh, no. Not particularly.

Wolf begins to undress himself.

WOLF  
Well, I am.

Endicott looks at Wolf taking his clothes off. At the pile of raw meat. At Wolf.

ENDICOTT  
Knock yourself out.

Wolf drops to his hands and knees. Then - in a matter of seconds - he undergoes an astonishing, grotesque transformation. From middle-aged man to....

A human-sized, insect-like creature. Multi-jointed legs. Compound eyes. Gleaming, armor-like shell. Snapping mandibles on either side of a gaping mouth.

Endicott opens his mouth to scream. Whatever noise he manages is drowned out by the horrific CLICKS and SNARLS of Wolf's FEEDING FRENZY.

END