

HOLE IN THE SKY

FADE IN:

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE THE CASPIAN SEA - NIGHT

An iridescent, disk-shaped object streaks across the night sky. Prominent among the symbols covering its surface: two parallel bars inside a circle.

Plumes of bright purple gas stream out of the disk and hang suspended in its wake.

EXT. AIRSPACE - NIGHT

The disk's flight path is wobbly and erratic. It vanishes behind a towering mountain peak.

A blinding flash of light. A shattering EXPLOSION. The mountain peak in silhouette.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIEN SHAN MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The disk lies in smoking ruins, in a narrow valley bordered by snow-capped mountains. The wreckage dwarfs several nearby military transport helicopters, each bearing a distinctive red star.

**SUBTITLE: ISSYK KUL PROVINCE, KYRGYZSTAN - DECEMBER 1991**

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Dozens of Soviet troops, clad in protective gear, are deployed around the disk.

A low-pitched, oscillating DRONE emanates from the wreckage.

INT. DISK PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Two armed soldiers in protective gear move cautiously along a narrow passageway drenched in faint purple light.. Faint purple light radiates from the floor.

Inside the disk, the oscillating DRONE is deafening.

INT. DISK FORWARD AREA - DAY

The soldiers enter a circular open space drenched in purple light. Overhead, two unmistakable images alternate, on infinite repeat:

Solar System -- Earth -- Solar System -- Earth -- Solar System -- Earth --

SOLDIER ONE, a massive specimen, surveys the scene:

Four opaque, coffin-shaped pods, each one meter wide and two meters long, positioned on the floor at ninety-degree angles to one another. Three pods are clearly damaged.

When Soldier One shines a spotlight on Pod Four, its opaque surface erupts in strobing flashes of red, green, and blue.

The DRONE abruptly stops. The soldiers glance at each other.

SOLDIER ONE  
 (into radio, in Russian,  
 subtitled)  
 Now in the main forward area. We've  
 found-

Suddenly, above Pod Four, the 3-D image of a double helix DNA molecule appears, rotating on a central axis.

The pod begins to open.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

A stern-looking Soviet GENERAL oversees his troops at work. A Soviet COLONEL approaches.

GENERAL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Life forms?

COLONEL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Yes, Comrade General.

GENERAL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Are there survivors?

COLONEL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 One.  
 (pause)  
 (MORE)

COLONEL (CONT'D)  
 But we lost the brave men who  
 entered the vessel.

The General nods. Unfazed. Unconcerned.

GENERAL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 A great day for the Motherland.

The Colonel waits a moment before responding.

COLONEL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Yes, Comrade General.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. US MILITARY BASE - DAY

A massive US Air Force cargo jet takes off from a sprawling  
 air base, engines ROARING. It heads toward an imposing  
 mountain range.

SUBTITLE: **BAGRAM AIRFIELD, AFGHANISTAN - JULY 2016**

EXT. US AIR FORCE PARARESCUE OUTBUILDING - DAY

A small, unmarked structure near a large hangar.

INT. US AIR FORCE PARARESCUE OUTBUILDING - DAY

A cramped, windowless room. Three soldiers - fit, sunburned,  
 battle-tested - in desert fatigue pants, tan-colored boots,  
 pale green t-shirts.

On a bulletin board: A large US Air Force Pararescue uniform  
 patch. Notices. Schedules. Administrative BS.

One soldier tinkers with his gear.

The other two play cards at a small table: RIORDAN - early  
 30s, lean, fit - and MOJO - late 20s, short and stocky - who  
 wears a faded green bandanna on his head.

RIORDAN  
 Gin. Again.

Riordan lays his cards down, revealing a tattoo on his inside right forearm: THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE beneath a deployed parachute.

MOJO  
 (tossing cards on the  
 table)  
 I give up.

RIORDAN  
 The goal in this game is to win.  
 You know that, right?

Mojo pulls out a can of chewing tobacco. Stuffs a pinch into his lower lip.

MOJO  
 Maddie turns five today.  
 (pause)  
 That's two birthdays in a row I've  
 missed.

He throws the can at the wall. Chew flies everywhere.

MOJO (CONT'D)  
 Your sister wants to kill me.

RIORDAN  
 Yeah? So does everyone within a  
 hundred clicks of this base.

Mojo tries not to smile, but can't help it.

MOJO  
 Bite me.

A fresh-faced LIEUTENANT, mid-20s, enters the room.

LIEUTENANT  
 (fake-cheerful)  
 Guess what time it is?

Loud GROANS and muttered CURSES fill the room.

INT. BAGRAM AIRFIELD HANGAR - DAY

The Lieutenant leads Riordan's unit - six soldiers in all - to a table where HENDERSON, early 40s, and a medical technician, BIVENS, 30, are waiting. Both are dressed in civilian clothes. Bivens wears a black cowboy hat.

Riordan is first in line. He's nervous, and Henderson knows it.

HENDERSON  
You know the drill, Riordan.

RIORDAN  
Yeah, Hendo. I know the drill. I  
just don't like the drill.

HENDERSON  
I don't get it. You've spent most  
of the last decade in combat and  
you're scared of needles?  
(to Bivens)  
What's his number?

Bivens consults his tablet.

BIVENS  
This is dose number twenty.  
(to Riordan)  
Making you the first and only  
soldier to have received the full  
series of injections.

RIORDAN  
Yay. Do I get a ribbon?

HENDERSON  
(to Riordan)  
Look on the bright side - getting  
shot up with inoculant is the least  
dangerous thing that's gonna happen  
to you today.

Riordan sits down.

RIORDAN  
Your bedside manner needs work.

Bivens opens a large medical bag.

HENDERSON  
Next time, I'll bring lollipops.

Henderson nods to Bivens, who produces a syringe and needle.  
A huge needle.

RIORDAN  
(stares at the needle)  
Come on, Bivens. That's a spear,  
not a needle.

BIVENS  
Just avert your-

RIORDAN  
 (cuts in)  
 I know, I know. Avert my gaze.

Riordan pulls up a shirt sleeve. Averts his gaze.

Bivens plunges the needle into Riordan's arm. Riordan HISSES.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (makes a face)  
 Motherf-

VOICE ON LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)  
 (drowns Riordan out)  
 Scramble, scramble, scramble. Five  
 US Mil, Cat Alpha. Repeat: Five US  
 Mil, Cat Alpha.

Riordan pulls the needle out of his arm and stands.

RIORDAN  
 (loudly, to his unit)  
 You heard the man. Move it!

EXT. PARWAN PROVINCE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A military helicopter hauls ass, up and away from base. The rotor blades beat against the air - WHAKA-WHAKA-WHAKA.

INT. HELICOPTER BAY - DAY

Aboard the helicopter. Now we see through a soldier's eyes.

A .50 caliber machine gun barrel hangs out the bay door, manned by a door gunner. The land below: tan, desolate, stark. Strangely beautiful.

The bay is jam-packed - soldiers, medical gear, supplies.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

The CO-PILOT points at something.

CO-PILOT (V.O.)  
 (on headset, to pilot)  
 There! Your ten o'clock!

From the cockpit, visible columns of red smoke spiral into the sky, partly obscuring a small bridge over a blue ribbon of water.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter banks sharply left, levels, accelerates.

INT. HELICOPTER BAY - DAY

Inside the bay, it's assholes and elbows as soldiers secure gear and prepare to disembark.

EXT. LANDING ZONE (LZ) NEAR SAYED BRIDGE - DAY

The helicopter hovers above the LZ. Engine SOUNDS intermingle with the insistent RAT-A-TAT of machine gun fire from the door gunner.

INT. HELICOPTER BAY - DAY

One by one, soldiers stand on the landing skids and fast-rope to the ground.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A drone's-eye view of the operation unfolds on a massive screen. Uniformed and civilian personnel watch, transfixed.

Lieutenant Colonel ENDICOTT, mid-40s, watches from the back of the room. He's lean. Hungry-looking. In charge. His flight suit bears a distinctive sleeve patch with the silhouette image of a Roman Centurion.

A young enlisted AIDE stands next to him.

ENDICOTT  
(eyes fixed on the screen)  
Do a comms check.

AIDE  
Already done, sir. We're five by five.

ENDICOTT  
Do you have a hearing problem, son?

AIDE  
No, sir.

ENDICOTT  
Good. Then do a fucking comms check.



INT. HELICOPTER BAY - DAY

The .50 cal SPITS rounds and empty cartridges.

Our turn. We grasp the rope and look down at the LZ, forty feet below. The helicopter rolls and pitches like a bucking bronco.

EXT. LANDING ZONE NEAR SAYED BRIDGE - DAY

The ground races toward us, partly obscured by swirling dust and billowing clouds of red smoke.

We hit the ground with an OOMPH and run toward a smoldering armored personnel carrier. Rounds ZING past our head.

In front of us, Mojo twitches like a marionette and slumps to the ground. We change course and sprint toward him.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Endicott stares at drone footage displayed on the forward screen.

ENDICOTT  
Deploy the weapon.

The aide gives a thumbs-up to an officer in the front of the room. The officer nods.

EXT. LANDING ZONE NEAR SAYED BRIDGE - DAY

We're kneeling next to Mojo. A brilliant green light erupts, accompanied by an ear-splitting WHINE.

The world begins to spin. Everything goes dark.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR LAUNCH FACILITY - DAY

A sprawling military base/spacecraft launch complex in the Russian steppes. This is the middle of nowhere.

SUBTITLE: **KAPUSTIN YAR COSMODROME, RUSSIA - JULY 2016**

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR HOLDING CELL - DAY

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

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR HOLDING CELL - DAY

An austere cell, illuminated by faint purple light.

A giant monitor occupies most of one cell wall. Multiple images appear and are replaced in rapid-fire succession:

Mathematical equations. Architectural blueprints. Detailed maps. Satellite photos. Video footage.

WOLF, 50ish, unremarkable-looking, dressed in drab prison coveralls, sits in a chair, staring at the monitor. Periodically, he clenches and unclenches his right hand.

Discordant SOUNDS - recorded MUSIC tracks, people TALKING in various languages, bird SONGS - bounce off the cell walls.

Wolf sits forward in his chair and gestures.. The chaos of noise is reduced to a single audible sound.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (shouting over helicopter  
 engine noise)  
 -LZ. Repeat - a series of possible  
 explosions or weapon malfunctions  
 near the LZ. Never seen anything  
 like it.

Wolf gestures again. Drone footage of a desolate, tan-colored place fills the entire monitor. A bridge spans a ribbon of blue, and the ground is dotted with soldiers. Sayed Bridge.

The footage is abruptly obscured by a blinding flash of green light.

The hint of a smile appears on Wolf's face.

EXT. BAGRAM AIRFIELD - DAY

A small, windowless building with no identifying marks, in a remote sector of the base.

INT. SECURE VIEWING ROOM, BAGRAM AIR FIELD - DAY

A darkened room. Large monitors display drone and helicopter footage of Sayed Bridge. Non-stop RADIO TRAFFIC.

Henderson and Bivens watch the monitors in disbelief.

HENDERSON  
(under his breath)  
Oh, shit.

A land-line phone RINGS. Bivens picks up. Listens.

BIVENS  
(into phone)  
Yes, sir. Stand by one.

Bivens puts his hand over the receiver.

BIVENS (CONT'D)  
(to Henderson)  
It's Endicott.

Henderson extends a hand, still staring at the monitor.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR SECURITY POST - DAY

A bored uniformed SECURITY GUARD sits at a desk in front of a computer monitor, scrolling through video feeds. Pulls up the holding cell feed. Does a double take.

The door to the cell is open. The cell is empty.

SECURITY GUARD  
(speaking into microphone -  
in Russian, subtitled)  
Prisoner, show yourself.

No change.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
(speaking into microphone -  
in Russian, subtitled)  
Wolf! Show yourself!

No change.

He slams his fist against a large red alarm button. A klaxon BLARES.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - RIORDAN'S MEMORY FRAGMENTS

A series of images. Kinetic and indistinct. Jagged shards of memory:

Mojo, face-down and motionless in a barren field. Green bandanna tail twitching in rotor wash.

Sunlight, filtered through whirring helicopter blades.

Stretchers. IVs. Medics. Bright lights. A pretty nurse.

The inside of a cargo plane, configured like a hospital ward.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A cramped, uninviting room. VOLKOV, 50s, tall and rail-thin, and LARISA - mid-30s, blonde, fit, and striking-looking - sit on the wrong side of the table.

On the other side: the Troika, a panel of two grim-faced men on either side of a grim-faced woman, the TROIKA LEADER.

TROIKA LEADER

(in Russian; subtitled)

A failure twenty-five years in the making. Congratulations, Dr. Volkov.

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

A failure? Operation Stiletto took fragments of extraterrestrial source material and changed the world.

(glances at Larisa)

I can't speak to security deficiencies.

TROIKA LEADER

(in Russian; subtitled -  
to Larisa)

To that point, how and why did Wolf escape?

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled -  
to the Troika)

You might want to hold onto your chairs.

Larisa produces a small metallic cube and waves a hand over it.

Instantly, the room is plunged into darkness and a blazing star field appears overhead. Below, a blue-green planet.

Larisa gestures again, and the planet - Earth - hurtles toward them at dizzying speed. GASPS from the Troika members.

The planet stops on a dime. Now the view is from several hundred feet above a desolate, tan-colored place. A narrow span crosses a slender ribbon of water.

LARISA (CONT'D)

(in Russian; subtitled)

Surveillance satellites identified an anomalous energy signature within the last twelve hours. In Afghanistan, at a place called Sayed Bridge.

(pause)

A Tech energy signature.

TROIKA LEADER

(in Russian; subtitled)

Tech - as in Operation Stiletto technology?

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled)

Correct.

TROIKA LEADER

(in Russian; subtitled)

But no such technology is being used in Afghanistan.

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled)

Also correct.

(pause)

Not by us, anyway.

The Troika members exchange glances.

Larisa lifts a hand. The image of Sayed Bridge is replaced by that of a sprawling military base.

LARISA (CONT'D)

(in Russian; subtitled)

We believe the US military is running its own version of Operation Stiletto, a program called Infinite Shield, from this base in Los Angeles.

TROIKA LEADER  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
How can that be?

VOLKOV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
We can't assume the Tien Shan crash  
was a singular event. It's likely  
the Americans recovered another  
vessel, from another site. Where,  
or when, we don't know.

Larisa waves her hand over the cube. The image disappears,  
and the lights come back on.

TROIKA LEADER  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Is Wolf aware of this?

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
We checked the data feed into  
Wolf's cell. It isolated audio and  
video associated with the Sayed  
Bridge incident shortly before it  
escaped. That's not a coincidence.

TROIKA LEADER  
(in Russian; subtitled -  
to Volkov)  
What does it want?

VOLKOV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Wolf was designed to wreak havoc  
inside the US in time of war. What  
its intentions are now...I can't  
say.

TROIKA LEADER  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Please tell us you have a plan.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
I've been in charge of Wolf's  
security detail for the last five  
years. I failed in that  
responsibility. Now I'm going to  
track it down and stop it.

TROIKA LEADER  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Will it know you're coming?

LARISA  
 (in Russian; subtitled)  
 I hope not.

EXT. SKID ROW STREET - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: **LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - AUGUST 2016**

A sketchy part of town. An LAPD car with two officers rolls slowly down the block.

INT. SKID ROW FLOPHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Riordan starts awake in a tangle of bedsheets. He fumbles for a half-empty bottle of whiskey on the nightstand. Unscrews the cap. Takes a long pull.

EXT. SKID ROW STREET - NIGHT

Riordan walks down a sidewalk, bleary-eyed and aimless.

EXT. SKID ROW ALLEY - NIGHT

In a trash-strewn alley, a STREET GUY, late 20s, big and scary-looking, hassles a teenage girl RUNAWAY.

Distant freeway traffic HUMS, interrupted by the occasional SIREN or SHOUT.

STREET GUY  
 You need a friend out here.

RUNAWAY  
 I'm fine.

Street Guy gives her the up-down look.

STREET GUY  
 Yes, you are.

Riordan walks past the alley. Turns back. Surveys the scene.

RIORDAN  
 Is there a problem?

STREET GUY  
 There will be if you don't move the fuck on.

RIORDAN  
(to Runaway)  
Are you okay?

She shakes her head no, just barely. Street Guy steps between her and Riordan.

STREET GUY  
How about I bounce your head off  
the pavement?

RIORDAN  
I'll pass.

Street Guy grabs Riordan's arm.

STREET GUY  
This is gonna be---

In one fluid motion: Riordan breaks Street Guy's grip, grabs his wrist, and dumps him on his ass. Hard.

Riordan lets go, turns to the Runaway. His shirt sleeve, now torn, hangs loose.

RIORDAN  
Take off.

She nods, runs out of the alley.

Street Guy scrambles to his feet. SNARLS.

Riordan holds up a hand.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
You don't want to do this.

Street Guy moves forward and launches a WHISTLING haymaker.

Riordan ducks the punch. Delivers a side-kick straight to the kneecap. A sickening CRUNCH.

Street Guy is off-balance, but still game. He squares up.

Riordan steps in, drives an open palm up and into Street Guy's jaw. A vicious uppercut. Solid contact.

Lights out. Street Guy crumples to the ground, twitching.

A siren WHOOPS. A police cruiser floods the alley with strobing red/blue lights. A glaring white spotlight hits Riordan in the face.



POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)  
Lemme see some hands!

EXT. SKID ROW STREET - NIGHT

Street Guy sits on the sidewalk, in handcuffs. A bloody mess. The older of the two LAPD officers talks to him.

Nearby, the other officer, ORTEGA, early 30s, looks at Riordan's driver's license. Riordan stands at the rear of the patrol car, facing the trunk, feet spread apart, wrists flex-cuffed behind his back.

ORTEGA  
Let's try this again - what are you doing here?

RIORDAN  
Like I said - I couldn't sleep.

ORTEGA  
You couldn't find a safer place to not sleep? Come on, buddy.

Ortega shines his flashlight on Riordan's forearm. Checks out the parachute tattoo.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)  
You're a parajumper?

RIORDAN  
Used to be.

Ortega nods, tilts his head in Street Guy's direction.

ORTEGA  
That explains what happened to him.  
(pause)  
Any combat deployments?

RIORDAN  
A few. You?

Ortega's shoulder radio SQUAWKS. He moves off a step, answers up, listens to unintelligible RADIO CHATTER.

ORTEGA  
(into radio)  
One Adam Twenty Four. Copy.  
(to Riordan)  
They found the girl - she corroborated your story.  
(MORE)

ORTEGA (CONT'D)  
 Plus, you're negative for wants and warrants. This must be your lucky day.

Ortega puts Riordan's license on the trunk lid and cuts the flex-cuffs off. Hands the license to him.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)  
 Third Battalion, Third Marines, Al Anbar Province. Back in oh seven.

RIORDAN  
 You got some stories.

ORTEGA  
 I'm sure you got a few yourself.  
 (pause)  
 It's none of my business, but what the hell are you doing down here?

RIORDAN  
 Just trying to keep a low profile.

Ortega looks around. Moves closer.

ORTEGA  
 (quietly)  
 I gotta write this up, 'cuz fucknuts over there is a parole violator. Which means your name's going into the system.

Riordan shrugs.

RIORDAN  
 I'll figure it out.

ORTEGA  
 Yeah. I get that feeling about you.

EXT. LOS ANGELES NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A framed photograph, propped against a white headstone. It's Mojo, lying on a beach. Young. Sunburned. Immortal.

ERICA, late 20s, and MADDIE, five years old, stand in front of the photograph.

The cemetery is a vast expanse of identical white headstones in a sea of emerald-green grass.

Erica kneels down, places a rose in front of the headstone.  
Maddie follows suit.

Further down the row, an elderly woman kneels next to another  
headstone. Her muffled SOBS are audible to Erica and Maddie.

Maddie reaches for Erica. They embrace.

ERICA

Oh, Maddie...

A teardrop rolls down Erica's cheek, falls, lands on a rose  
petal. The petal quivers, glistening in sunlight.

EXT. SKID ROW PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A battered Jeep exits the garage.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Riordan looks rough.

He scans the street, checks his mirrors. Hyper-vigilant.

He can't turn it off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

A beat-up Chevy sedan pulls into traffic, several cars behind  
the Jeep.

EXT. DRIVE-THROUGH CAR WASH, DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

The Jeep pulls up to the car wash tunnel entrance. A CAR WASH  
GIRL, late teens, approaches.

CAR WASH GIRL

(flirty)

Let me guess - deluxe wash and wax?

RIORDAN

(hands her a bill)

You read my mind. Keep the change.

CAR WASH GIRL

Have a blessed day.

She moves forward, guides him onto the conveyor track.

EXT. CAR WASH ENTRANCE - DAY

Car Wash Girl at the Jeep's driver-side window.

CAR WASH GIRL  
Car in neutral, foot off the break,  
windows up.

The Jeep moves forward, herky-jerky, on the conveyor.

INT. CAR WASH - DAY

In the car wash tunnel. Riordan bails out, gets doused by soapy liquid, makes his way back to the entrance.

EXT. CAR WASH ENTRANCE - DAY

Car Wash Girl stares. This is a first. Riordan scans the area, searching. He's soaked.

CAR WASH GIRL  
Sir, you can't leave your ve-

RIORDAN  
(cuts in)  
Claustrophobia. I'll just wait at  
the other end.

He takes off at a run.

Cars are lining up. Car Wash Girl shrugs, waves the next car forward.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING NEAR KAPUSTIN YAR - NIGHT

A featureless building in the middle of an ill-lit, empty block.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone on a night stand lights up. RINGS.

Larisa gropes for the phone.

LARISA  
(on the phone - in  
Russian; subtitled)  
Yes?  
(pauses)  
On my way.

She breaks the connection, sits up in bed, turns on a light. Shakes the GUY in bed next to her.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Wake up.

The guy sits up in bed. Mid-20s, muscular and covered in tattoos.

GUY  
(half asleep - in Russian;  
subtitled)  
What's going on?

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
You need to leave.

The guy shakes his head. Stands up and begins to get dressed. Larisa watches him.

GUY  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Did you ever read The Master and  
Margarita?

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
A long time ago, in school. Why?

GUY  
(recites from memory - in  
Russian; subtitled)  
'Once upon a time, there was a  
lady. She had no children, and no  
happiness, either. And at first she  
cried for a long time, then she  
became wicked.'

Larisa gets out of bed.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Fuck off.

EXT. SIDE STREET NEAR CAR WASH - DAY

Riordan slows to a trot. Spots something ahead.

It's the beat-up Chevy sedan, parked near the exit.

INT. CHEVY SEDAN - DAY

DEACON, late 50s, ex-cop moustache, slouches in his seat, watches his rear-view mirror. He's done this a million times.

His car is littered with soda cans, candy bar wrappers, newspapers. He yawns just as his door flies open.

EXT. CHEVY SEDAN - DAY

Riordan pulls Deacon out of the car. Dumps him face-down onto the pavement. Drives a knee into his back.

RIORDAN

Why are you following me?

Deacon flails. No use.

DEACON

(soothing tone)

Take it easy, pal.

(pause)

I'm a private investigator.

RIORDAN

A PI? You got the wrong guy.

DEACON

Not if your name is Thomas Riordan.

(wheezes)

Which it is.

(coughs)

Take it easy, will ya? I'm too old for this shit.

Riordan yanks Deacon to his feet, shoves him against the Chevy. Take a wallet and cell phone from his pockets.

RIORDAN

Who did you say hired you?

DEACON

I didn't. Fact is, I'm not sure myself.

(slowly straightens up)

But now that I'm seeing you up close, I'm gonna say US military.

RIORDAN

Bullshit. The military uses its own investigators.

DEACON

Uncle Sugar farms out plenty of work. Little something called plausible deniability.

(catches his breath)

You know you're on a watchlist?

Riordan finds a business card in Deacon's wallet. Pulls it out, takes a step back.

RIORDAN

Oh, yeah? What kind of watchlist?

DEACON

The kind that sets off alarms when a cop runs you for warrants.

RIORDAN

(examines the business card)

You're retired LAPD?

DEACON

Just like the card says. Feel free to keep it - I got plenty.

Riordan puts the card back in the wallet.

RIORDAN

What does your client want to know about me?

Deacon pulls out a crumpled pack of cigarettes from a shirt pocket and lights one with a shaky hand.

DEACON

The usual. Where you live. What you drive. Your associates.

RIORDAN

I don't have any associates.

DEACON

There's a surprise. You being so friendly and all.

Riordan takes a driver's license from the wallet. Holds it up.

RIORDAN

Now I know where you live. What you drive.

He waggles the cell phone.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Who your associates are.

Deacon nods. Resigned.

DEACON  
Let's make like this never  
happened. You go your way, I'll go  
mine. Nobody's the wiser.

Deacon holds out his hand, motions for his stuff. Riordan  
tosses the wallet into the Chevy.

RIORDAN  
The phone and license stay with me.

DEACON  
Come on, pal. I'm no threat to you.

RIORDAN  
Says the guy spying on me.  
(pause)  
Tell your client something came up  
and you're off the job.  
Permanently. You read me?

DEACON  
Loud and clear.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

Cars queue up as US Air Force security personnel check IDs at  
a secured entrance.

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Endicott, in uniform, reviews documents at his desk. On his  
right hand is a large silver ring with a blue stone. A US Air  
Force Academy graduate ring.

Behind the desk, an I-love-me wall features numerous glamour  
shots of Endicott, posing in his flight suit next to various  
fighter jets.

A soft KNOCK at the door.

ENDICOTT  
Come in.

Henderson, deeply tanned from months in Afghanistan, enters  
and sits in a visitor's chair.



HENDERSON

I have news.

ENDICOTT

Good news?

HENDERSON

That depends. Do you believe in ghosts?

EXT. LAX - DAY

A lumbering Aeroflot jet lands behind the iconic LAX theme restaurant.

EXT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

A baggage carousel sign displays an Aeroflot flight number.

Wolf, wearing jeans and a black sweater, faces the carousel. His right fist clenches and unclenches.

An ELDERLY LADY, well-put together, fumbles with her luggage.

Wolf approaches her.

WOLF

Let me help.

ELDERLY LADY

That's not necessary.

Wolf studies her. She winces, as though in pain.

WOLF

You drive a Lincoln Town Car.

The Elderly Lady hesitates, but not for long. She's feisty.

ELDERLY LADY

How do you know that?

WOLF

Patricia, isn't it? You're a fan of jazz music.

She's wary, intrigued, and flattered, all at the same time.

ELDERLY LADY

You're not from around here, are you?

Wolf takes her bags.

WOLF  
Very perceptive.

ELDERLY LADY  
Where's your luggage?

WOLF  
I travel light.

The Elderly Lady isn't sure what to make of that.

ELDERLY LADY  
Maybe I should-

She winces again. Wolf smiles.

WOLF  
Where to?

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Endicott paces back and forth in front of Henderson.

ENDICOTT  
I thought Riordan dropped off our radar.

HENDERSON  
He did. Then he turned up again.

ENDICOTT  
Like the proverbial bad penny.

HENDERSON  
I disagree. With Riordan back in the picture-

ENDICOTT  
(cuts him off, firmly)  
We don't need him.

HENDERSON  
But only Riordan survived Sayed Bridge. Now-

ENDICOTT  
(cuts in again, impatient)  
"Only Riordan survived Sayed Bridge." That's our problem in a nutshell. He's a loose end.

HENDERSON

I'm not sure you've considered all the angles.

Endicott stops pacing.

ENDICOTT

I'll worry about the angles. Your job is to whatever I tell you to do.

Henderson shrugs.

HENDERSON

It's your call. I'll contact Thorn-

ENDICOTT

(cuts in yet again)

I don't need the play-by-play. Just let me know when the game's over.

HENDERSON

Understood.

Henderson stands. Lingers.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

One other thing. Some female reporter from the Times is making noises about Infinite Shield.

Endicott sits back in his chair. Begins to clean his fingernails with a letter opener.

ENDICOTT

The first time we met, you told me you were a fixer. Remember?

HENDERSON

I remember.

Endicott examines his fingernails.

ENDICOTT

Start fixing.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A car-lined street. Twin rows of one-story bungalows with tiny lawns and walkways leading to sun-bleached front stoops.

A tired-looking compact pulls up in front of a house in the middle of the block. Erica and Maddie get out of the car.

Erica spots someone sitting on her front stoop. She puts a hand to her face to choke back a SOB.

Maddie follows her mother's gaze.

MADDIE  
Uncle Tommy!

She runs to Riordan. He scoops her up, holds her in his arms, hugs her tightly.

RIORDAN  
Maddie! When did you get so tall? I missed you lots and lots.

Erica approaches. Riordan puts Maddie down, crouches beside her, takes out a cell phone. Taps on the screen.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
(hands Maddie the phone)  
Check out this game for me, will you? I'll only play it if you give me the thumbs-up. Deal?

Maddie looks at Erica, then at Riordan.

MADDIE  
(solemnly)  
Deal.

Maddie takes the phone and sits on the front stoop. Riordan and Erica walk toward the street until they're out of earshot.

ERICA  
Where the hell have you been? You ship home and I don't get a call? What is wrong with you?

She raises a hand, as if to slap him, then caresses his cheek instead.

RIORDAN  
Erica...I'm not doing so great.

He begins to walk down the sidewalk. Erica follows, catches up, tugs on his arm.

ERICA  
What happened over there, Tom? The only thing I know for sure is that my husband is dead.  
(pause)  
I thought you were dead, too.

RIORDAN

I know. I'm sorry.  
 (stops and faces Erica)  
 This is gonna sound crazy, but I  
 don't know what happened. I can't  
 remember.

ERICA

But you were there. With Mojo. With  
 all of them. Except...

RIORDAN

Except I didn't die?

ERICA

Don't put words in my mouth.  
 (gestures at Maddie)  
 What am I supposed to tell her?

RIORDAN

You're asking the wrong person.

ERICA

No, I'm not. I'm asking the best,  
 smartest person I've ever known.

RIORDAN

Your brother? Forget him. I haven't  
 been that guy in a long time.

Erica puts her hands on Riordan's shoulders.

ERICA

I don't want to forget.

She begins to shake him gently. Affectionately.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Tom, you have to find out what  
 happened to Mojo and the others. I  
 need to know.

(pause)

You need to know.

RIORDAN

I'm a civilian now. On the outside,  
 looking in. Just like you.

Erica gathers herself. Gets in Riordan's face.

ERICA

No, no, no. Promise me you'll find  
 out. If you can't do that, I...

(pause)

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)  
Every time I see you, I'll wonder  
how Mojo died instead of  
remembering how he lived.

She shakes her head.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to spend the rest of  
my life that way, and I won't let  
Maddie, either.

Riordan is stunned.

RIORDAN  
Slow down. You two are all the  
family I have left.

ERICA  
I know.

She turns and begins to walk away.

RIORDAN  
(calls out)  
Hold on.

Erica stops. Turns around.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. I'll give it a shot.

Erica shakes her head again.

ERICA  
That's not good enough. You have to  
promise me.

RIORDAN  
'A promise is just a lie waiting to  
happen.'

ERICA  
(chuckles)  
One of Grandpa's famous sayings.  
The thing is, I'm not that cynical.  
Not yet, anyway.

She waits.

RIORDAN  
All right. I promise.

Erica hugs Riordan as Maddie runs toward them.

MADDIE  
Uncle Tommy? This game sucks.

ERICA  
Language.

Riordan kneels next to Maddie. She hands him his phone.

RIORDAN  
Thanks, honey. I knew I could count  
on you.

MADDIE  
You and Daddy worked together.

RIORDAN  
Yes, we did.

MADDIE  
I wish he was here.

RIORDAN  
I do, too.

Maddie gives Riordan a hug.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SURFACE STREET - DAY

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

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - DAY

JAZZ MUSIC plays softly from the speakers.

In Wolf's field of vision: The car interior. The LA surface street. Data streams for traffic, weather, vehicle plates.

And - scrolling top to bottom as the music plays - 'Fletcher Henderson Orchestra...Sugar Foot Stomp...Recorded May 29, 1925...Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone...'

The music fades.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
Finishing up the hour, Sugar Foot Stomp from The Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, recorded in May 1925.

Wolf smiles.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SURFACE STREET - DAY

The light turns green. Wolf drives off.

EXT. KAPUSTIN YAR RUNWAY - NIGHT

A small jet IDLES on the runway.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR HANGAR - NIGHT

Larisa has a bag slung over her shoulder. Volkov faces her.

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Contact me once you confirm the bio-signature and put eyes on.

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled)

Who are we kidding? Wolf could have projected itself into a dozen hosts by now.

VOLKOV

(scoffs in Russian; subtitled)

It can't survive more than a few hours in an unconfigured body. It has to return to the Wolf host.

(pause)

A kill team is on stand-by.

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled)

A kill team wasn't part of the plan. Does the Troika know this?

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

The Troika has no idea what's been unleashed.

LARISA

(in Russian; subtitled)

I'm not sure we do, either.

(pause)

What if I don't find it?

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

You'll find it. You have to find it.



INT. PARKING GARAGE NEAR LAX - DAY

JET TAKE-OFFS and LANDINGS drown out all other sound.

A bronze Volvo is parked in the middle of a row of cars.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Henderson and THORN sit in the Volvo. Thorn, late 30s, is squat and muscular, with cauliflower ears, a flat nose, and dead eyes. His hands are blunt instruments.

Henderson hands him an envelope. Thorn pulls out a photo of Riordan and a police report. Glances at them.

HENDERSON

You know the drill.

THORN

(gravelly voice)

I can recite the drill in my  
fucking sleep. Give me the rundown.

HENDERSON

Thomas Riordan. Ten years in Air  
Force special ops. Highly-trained,  
highly-decorated. Multiple combat  
tours.

THORN

I'm terrified.

HENDERSON

This guy's different.

THORN

Let me guess - it's classified.

HENDERSON

He came home and disappeared. Went  
off the grid.

(gestures at the report)

Until LAPD ran into him.

THORN

Off the grid? He should have stayed  
there.

HENDERSON

Riordan is no joke.

THORN

You worry too much.

HENDERSON

You don't worry enough.

(pause)

When you're done with him, I've got another job for you. A reporter.

THORNE

I like to stay busy. Anything else?

HENDERSON

Yeah. Don't fuck this up.

INT. SKID ROW FLOPHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Riordan drinks whiskey from a bottle and turns on Deacon's cellphone. Punches up the last number called and puts it on speaker.

A RING. A second RING. A RECORDED MESSAGE.

MALE VOICE ON PHONE

(on speaker)

You know the drill.

Riordan kills the message. Stares at the phone.

RIORDAN

(to himself)

Henderson.

INT. LAX CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Larisa shows her passport to a weary US CUSTOMS OFFICER.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(looking at her passport)

Purpose of your visit?

LARISA

(big smile - in perfect,  
unaccented English)

I'm tracking down an old friend.

The officer stamps Larisa's passport and returns it.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Enjoy your stay and good luck.

LARISA

Thanks. I could use a little luck.

EXT. SKID ROW - NIGHT

A squat, muscular figure moves purposefully along the street.

INT. SKID ROW FLOPHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Riordan starts awake. Sits up in the darkness. Listens.

He gets out of bed. Walks to the door. Flips a lights switch. The overhead fixture CLICKS and SPUTTERS. A weak yellow light flickers on and off.

Riordan spies a figure in the corner. In light. Darkness. Light. Darkness. Without hesitation, he springs toward the figure. The light reveals Thorn's face.

Riordan wrenches a gun out of Thorn's grasp. Thorn spin-kicks the gun out of Riordan's hands. It flies across the room and lands with a THUNK.

Hand-to-hand combat. Both are BREATHING heavily.

Thorn delivers a palm strike to the face. Blood pours from Riordan's nose.

Riordan goes to the ground. With a vicious leg sweep, he kicks Thorn's legs out from underneath him and brings him down.

GRUNTS. Muffled CRIES OF PAIN. Feet SCRAPING against the floor. Riordan gets behind Thorn and sinks a chokehold.

Thorn CHOKES and claws at Riordan's arms. He goes limp - unconscious or dead.

Riordan shoves him aside and searches him. Finds nothing but a single car key.

Riordan stands. Collapses.

INT. SKID ROW FLOPHOUSE ROOM - DAY

Riordan on the mattress. Eyes closed. His nose cleaned up.

The sound of a woman's voice SPEAKING RUSSIAN wakes him up.

Larisa stands by the door, on a cell phone. She's dressed in black jeans, a black t-shirt, and a black leather jacket.

LARISA  
(on the phone; in Russian,  
subtitled)  
(MORE)

LARISA (CONT'D)  
Their bio-signatures are virtually identical. I've sent the data stream to you. See for yourself.

She notices Riordan stirring.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
(on the phone; in Russian, subtitled)  
He's awake.

She ends the call. Riordan attempts to stand. Too much, too soon. He sinks to the edge of the mattress.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
Take it easy.

Riordan looks around. Thorn is in a corner of the room. Bound and gagged.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
He'll live. Maybe.

RIORDAN  
Who are you?

LARISA  
I saved your life. That's who I am.  
(pause)  
I'm looking for an old friend. I found you instead. Before you bled out, I should add.

Riordan slowly stands. Looks himself over. Points at Thorn.

RIORDAN  
You did that?

Larisa nods.

LARISA  
As a show of gratitude, maybe you can help me.

RIORDAN  
Thanks, but I got my own problems. You need help? Call 911.

LARISA  
Listen to me, Mr. Riordan. You were in Afghanistan, a few months ago. At a place called Sayed Bridge.

Riordan tries not to show his surprise.

RIORDAN

(gestures at Thorn)  
 First him, now you. Oh, yeah - plus  
 a private investigator. All of a  
 sudden, I'm Mr. Popular.

Larisa pulls a handkerchief-sized cloth from a pocket,  
 approaches Thorn. The fabric shimmers like a rainbow.

LARISA

It occurred to me that Wolf - my  
 friend - might have projected  
 itself into your body.

(gestures at Thorn)  
 But Wolf would have killed him  
 easily. Plus, you don't....  
 (clenches and unclenches  
 her right fist)

She places the cloth on Thorn's face.

RIORDAN

(defensively)  
 He's tougher than he looks.  
 (pause)  
 Hold on...projected itself?

A 3-D, cube-shaped rotating image appears above Thorn's head.  
 Data scrolls top to bottom alongside a series of photos.  
 Driver's license. Passport. Booking.

Riordan stares in disbelief.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

What...the...hell...?

Larisa elevates the image to eye-level with a hand gesture.

LARISA

Mr. Thorn here has quite a criminal  
 history.

RIORDAN

(stares at the 3-D image)  
 What a shock.  
 (hesitates)  
 What were you saying about Sayed  
 Bridge?

Larisa ignores the question. Studies Riordan.

LARISA

Your biometric signature is  
 virtually identical to Wolf's.

(MORE)

LARISA (CONT'D)

Which makes no sense.

(thinking out loud)

Unless...organic material introduced into a highly selective control population...a military unit, for example. An experiment.

RIORDAN

You lost me at 'biometric.'

LARISA

Sayed Bridge and Wolf's, uh, departure are connected in some way.

RIORDAN

My entire unit was wiped out at Sayed Bridge.

LARISA

Then I'd say we have a shared interest.

RIORDAN

Not so fast. I still don't know who you are, or why you're looking for this guy.

Thorn GROANS. He's regaining consciousness.

LARISA

You're right - he is tougher than he looks.

Larisa retrieves the cloth from Thorn's face, and the 3-D image vanishes. She delivers a powerful kick to his side. The groaning stops.

LARISA (CONT'D)

Wolf was part of a military research program. He left without saying goodbye, so they sent me to find him.

RIORDAN

So...more of a fugitive than a friend. And I still don't understand what any of this has to do with Sayed Bridge. Or me.

LARISA

You were also part of a military research program. Infinite Shield.

RIORDAN  
Never heard of it.

Larisa holds up the cloth she put on Thorn's face.

LARISA  
You saw what this told me about  
Thorn. I used it on you, too, when  
you were unconscious. I learned a  
lot about you, Mr. Riordan.

RIORDAN  
For instance?

LARISA  
Your parents died in a car accident  
when you were ten years old. You  
have two surviving relatives - a  
sister and her daughter.

Riordan is speechless.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
You served ten years in the US Air  
Force as a parajumper, most  
recently in the 58th Rescue  
Squadron. In Afghanistan.

RIORDAN  
How could you possibly know all  
those things?

LARISA  
(waves the cloth)  
Portable facial recognition,  
interfacing with hundreds of  
thousands of databases  
instantaneously.

RIORDAN  
(shakes his head)  
I don't believe in magic.

Riordan begins to pace back and forth.

LARISA  
You might want to rethink that.  
(puts the cloth away)  
I guarantee you Wolf can answer  
your questions about Sayed Bridge.  
He's here, in Los Angeles.

RIORDAN

What makes you think I can help you find him?

LARISA

Let's call it a hunch.

(hesitates)

Besides, this place is burned now. Thorn found you, which means anyone can find you. Time to change things up.

Riordan considers Larisa's statement.

RIORDAN

Odds are, you're full of shit.

He looks at Thorn.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Oh, what the hell. How hard can it be to find one man in a city of eight million people?

(holds up Thorn's key)

First thing, though, we need to find this asshole's car.

Larisa nods.

LARISA

Lead the way.

INT. ERICA'S BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - DAY

Erica sits on a couch. In her lap, a dusty hard-bound book. Maddie sits close by. Clutches Erica's arm with both hands.

ERICA

Your grandmother used to read me stories from this book. Do you know what a fairy tale is?

MADDIE

(confidently)

Princesses and frogs kiss each other and hide from witches and giants.

ERICA

(smiles)

Pretty close.



Erica opens the book. A dog-eared bookmark falls out. A Mass card. The Virgin Mary.

Maddie picks up the card. Studies it.

MADDIE  
Is she an angel?

ERICA  
Not exactly. It's complicated.

MADDIE  
Is Daddy an angel?

ERICA  
Yes, he is.

The doorbell RINGS.

MADDIE  
Maybe that's Uncle Tommy!

Maddie runs to the front door.

EXT. ERICA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Maddie opens the door to reveal a woman, BARNETT, early 30s and casually dressed. BARNETT crouches down until she and Maddie are eye-to-eye.

MADDIE  
You're not Uncle Tommy.

BARNETT  
No - I'm Amy. Who are you?

MADDIE  
My name's Maddie.

BARNETT  
Nice to meet you, Maddie.

Erica comes to the door. Barnett stands.

ERICA  
Can I help you?

BARNETT  
My name's Amy Barnett. I'm a reporter with the Times.

She hands Erica a card.

ERICA  
(studies the card)  
What's this about?

BARNETT  
Has the Air Force told you what  
happened to your husband?

Erica stares at BARNETT.

ERICA  
I'm listening.

EXT. LOW-BUDGET MOTEL NEAR LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE - DAY  
Very low-budget.

INT. LOW-BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Shades drawn. The room is dimly lit.

Wolf sits on the edge of the bed. A small metallic cube rests on the floor in front of him. A 3-D space measuring one cubic meter hovers above it.

Inside the space, images coalesce. Blur. Vanish. Wolf's gestures control the images. He WHISTLES tunelessly.

A document appears. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE PERSONNEL DIRECTORY. Wolf scrolls through thousands of entries in seconds.

An abrupt stop at Endicott's photo. Building/office location. Telephone number. Home address.

The scrolling continues, then stops on a still image of Endicott, in uniform, seated at a microphone.

A press conference.

Video plays.

ENDICOTT  
(on video)  
Recent media reports describing an  
alleged weapons development program  
called Infinite Shield are  
speculative, erroneous, and  
irresponsible.

Wolf smiles.

EXT. LA SURFACE STREET - DAY

A grey Buick sedan pulls to the curb in an upscale residential neighborhood far removed from Skid Row.

Riordan exits the sedan with a military-style duffel bag.

He tosses Thorn's car key into a drainage grate.

A dark blue Suburban pulls alongside. Riordan climbs in.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - DAY

The Suburban enters a heavily-congested freeway.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

RIORDAN

LA traffic is tough. I don't know  
if you've ever-

Larisa abruptly accelerates, makes several split-second lane changes, ends up in the fast lane.

LARISA

Sorry - what was that?

RIORDAN

Disregard.

He reaches into the duffel bag and pulls out:

A worn brown leather wallet. A 9mm semi-automatic handgun equipped with a silencer. A black leather sap. A cell phone. Several pairs of plastic flex-cuffs.

He takes a large wad of bills from the wallet and tosses the wallet out the car window.

Picks up the gun. Examines it with casual expertise. Sticks it inside his belt at the small of his back.

Puts the cell phone on the center console. Stuffs the other gear back into the duffel and tosses it onto the rear floorboard.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't think Thorn's a dentist.

LARISA

Obviously not.

RIORDAN  
That was a joke.

Larisa drives on.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
I have a few questions.

LARISA  
About what?

She puts a small metallic cube on the console next to Thorn's cell phone. It begins to glow.

RIORDAN  
(gesturing at the cube)  
About that, for one thing. And your magic handkerchief. That stuff doesn't exist in my world.

LARISA  
You live in two worlds, Mr. Riordan. So do I.

RIORDAN  
Call me Tom, and I'm not following.

Larisa raises her right hand and waves it over the cube.

LARISA  
The magic handkerchief, to use your colorful term, and this cube are both are examples of what we call the Tech.

A rotating 3-D image of the Los Angeles metro area appears above the cube. Riordan stares at it.

RIORDAN  
How did you do that?

LARISA  
Lots of practice.

RIORDAN  
You said something about a classified military program. You're what - Navy? CIA? FBI? This is some kind of test, isn't it?

LARISA  
I'm not from here, Mr. Rior - Tom.  
Another example of the Tech - I  
learned English in about an hour,  
give or take.

RIORDAN  
Wait a minute - where are you from?

LARISA  
Oh, you'll love th-

Larisa glances in her rear-view mirror. Again. A third time.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
Police.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - DAY

A California Highway Patrol vehicle trails the Suburban,  
lightbar flashing.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Riordan looks in the passenger side-view mirror.

RIORDAN  
Great.

Larisa doesn't slow down or change lanes.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Not to be a back-seat driver, but  
you should pull over.

LARISA  
If you say so.

Larisa begins to make her way to the freeway shoulder.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
How much?

RIORDAN  
How much what?

LARISA  
The bribe. How much?

RIORDAN  
Yeah, no. It doesn't work that way  
here.

(MORE)

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

(opens the glove  
compartment)

This is a legit rental, right?  
Please tell me you have a license  
and paperwork and all that good  
stuff.

Larisa stops on the freeway shoulder and opens the driver-side window. She touches the slender black tube hanging from her neck.

LARISA

Don't worry. I'll handle it.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

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 - DAY

Wolf knocks on the door. Waits. Knocks again.

Endicott opens the door, tablet in hand.

ENDICOTT

Yes?

WOLF

You're coming with me.

Endicott winces in pain.

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - DAY

A bad-ass CHP OFFICER walks to the driver's side door. She Lowers her sunglasses to get a better look at the 3-D image, then shrugs - it's LA.

CHP OFFICER

(talking over FREEWAY  
NOISE)

License and registration, please.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Larisa grasps the tube hanging from her neck.

LARISA

You didn't sleep well last night.

The Officer has heard it all before. Except this.

CHP OFFICER  
What was that?

LARISA  
You had nightmares.

CHP OFFICER  
(confused)  
Uh, no....

LARISA  
Terrible nightmares.

The Officer buckles, begins to lose balance.

CHP OFFICER  
I did?

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - DAY

The Officer puts a hand on the Suburban to steady herself.  
She's shaky.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Riordan looks at Larisa. At the Officer. At Larisa.

RIORDAN  
(to Larisa)  
What are you doing?

LARISA  
(to the Officer)  
You're not well. You shouldn't even  
be here.

CHP OFFICER  
(out of it)  
I shouldn't....

RIORDAN  
(to Larisa)  
Stop it. Stop!

EXT. LA FREEWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Riordan climbs out of the Suburban, runs around to the  
driver's side. Escorts the Officer back to her marked unit.  
Helps her into her vehicle.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Riordan gets in, SLAMS the door shut.

Before Larisa can react, he yanks the tube and its chain from her neck.

LARISA

She'll be fine. The effects will wear off in a few minutes.

(motions for the tube)

Please give that back to me.

RIORDAN

What did you do to her?

Larisa starts the car, pulls back into freeway traffic.

LARISA

Just trying to prevent unnecessary complications.

Riordan holds up the tube.

RIORDAN

More Tech?

LARISA

You're a quick learner.

RIORDAN

I'll hold on to it for now. Where's Wolf?

Larisa gestures toward the 3-D image.

LARISA

No reading at the moment.

RIORDAN

Let's make a quick stop. It's not far from here.

LARISA

Why?

RIORDAN

You said to change things up, didn't you?



INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The virtual display hovers in front of Wolf. It shows an appointment schedule labeled COLONEL ENDICOTT'S DAILY.

Wolf rotates the display with a gesture. Calls up a directory labeled LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE.

He scrolls through the directory at breakneck speed. At his gesture, the blur slows, stops, resolves to an image.

Wolf punches a number into a cell phone.

WOLF

(in Endicott's voice)

Cancel my appointments for today.

Clear tomorrow's calendar, too.

(listens)

I don't care - just do it.

Wolf end the call. He begins typing furiously on Endicott's tablet. Various websites appear on the tablet screen.

Wolf quickly hacks them, one by one. California DMV. LA County Department of Water and Power. LAPD. LA County Sheriff's Office. CalTrans.

As he hacks each site, a mirror image appears in the virtual space. The space dazzles as countless terabytes of data are transferred.

Endicott sits in a far corner of the room, unrestrained. He makes an effort to stand up, but is unable to.

ENDICOTT

What do you want from me?

Wolf stands and gestures. The virtual space appears on front of Endicott. A satellite image is displayed.

The same image Volkov and Larisa showed to the Troika. Sayed Bridge.

WOLF

Tell me what happened at this place.

ENDICOTT

You got the wrong guy.

WOLF

Let's talk about radiant flux.

ENDICOTT  
(scoffs)  
Isn't that a strip joint in Reseda?

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

Wolf collapses the virtual screen with a gesture. Pulls up a chair. Sits facing Endicott.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Open your mind to me.

Endicott winces in pain.

EXT. EL SEGUNDO STRIP MALL - DAY

A row of businesses on either side of a sad-looking bar.

INT. EL SEGUNDO STRIP MALL BAR - DAY

A darkened, downscale cowboy bar, with low-rent furnishings and twangy country music on the jukebox. A flickering neon sign reads THE NOT OKAY CORRAL.

Riordan and Larisa stand inside the entrance. Riordan scans the bar, spots Bivens on a bar stool, and moves toward him.

RIORDAN  
Howdy, pardner.

Bivens, wearing a black cowboy hat, is startled.

BIVENS  
(slurred voice)  
Holy shit. He lives.

RIORDAN  
You told me about this place. Your  
uncle owns it, so you drink for  
free, right? Good for you.

(MORE)

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
(checks out the row of  
empty shot glasses)  
Not so good for your uncle.

BIVENS  
(downs a shot)  
I've been wondering what happened  
to you.

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

Bivens checks out Larisa.

BIVENS  
(to Larisa)  
You can do better than this guy.  
(pats the bar stool next  
to his)  
Have a seat, little lady.

LARISA  
It's a tempting offer.

Riordan leans in.

RIORDAN  
I got questions, Bivens. If you  
hold back, or bullshit me, you  
won't be happy.

BIVENS  
News flash - I'm already not happy.

He checks out the bar. No help in sight.

BIVENS (CONT'D)  
Questions, huh? Go ahead - knock  
yourself out.

Riordan and Larisa sit on either side of Bivens.

RIORDAN  
Let's start with Sayed Bridge.

BIVENS  
That's classified, and I'm too  
drunk to be scared, so fuck off.  
(to Larisa)  
Not you, though. Stick around.

Riordan grabs a fistful of Bivens' shirt.

RIORDAN  
You're getting off to a bad start.

LARISA  
(to Riordan)  
Give me the Tech.

Riordan hesitates, then lets go of Bivens, pulls the tube out of his pocket, and hands it to her.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
(to Bivens)  
You want to talk to us. You need to talk to us.

Bivens looks at her, confused.

BIVENS  
Run that by me again?

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Wolf studies Endicott.

Endicott winces. All the fight is out of him.

The world as Wolf sees it: Everything is immeasurably clearer, more focused. Colors are brighter, objects are in sharper relief.

Endicott's vital signs and bio information scroll down Wolf's field of vision.

And something else: faint, indistinct, but definitely there.

A long, narrow passage, spiraling to infinity, lined with countless images that flicker in kaleidoscope fashion:

A fighter jet cockpit. Sex with a woman. Military formations. Children playing. Rain falling on wet pavement.

Wolf is probing Endicott's thoughts. His memories. His mind.

In the passage, the silhouette of a Roman Centurion appears.

WOLF  
(murmurs)  
Infinite Shield.

INT. EL SEGUNDO STRIP MALL BAR - DAY

Riordan, Larisa, and Bivens sit at the bar.

RIORDAN  
Cover story?

Bivens lets out a long, low WHISTLE.

BIVENS  
(to Riordan)  
You don't have a clue, do you?  
(to Larisa)  
The cover story is simple: Infinite  
Shield is an inter-service weapons  
development program. Which is true.  
Sort of.

LARISA  
However....

BIVENS  
Exactly. However. The, let's say  
origins of the program - that's  
straight-up black ops shit.

Bivens hesitates. Even drunk, he knows he's breaking all the  
rules about divulging classified information.

LARISA  
You can't live with the secrets  
anymore, Gerald.

Tears well up in Bivens' eyes.

BIVENS  
(with difficulty)  
Technology and bio-material  
from...from...a crash site. In  
Alaska. Village called Anvik.

RIORDAN  
A crash site? What crashed?

BIVENS  
(dabs his eyes with a  
napkin)  
A vessel...a spacecraft. Not from  
here, though.  
(makes an all-encompassing  
gesture)  
I mean not from here.

Riordan shakes his head in frustration.

RIORDAN

(to Larisa)

Please tell me you're not buying this.

(to Bivens)

Earth to Bivens. Let's get back to Sayed Bridge. You were at Bagram when it went down. Don't plead ignorance or I'll choke you out.

BIVENS

Are you listening to me? Anvik...Infinite Shield...Sayed Bridge. They're all parts of the same whole.

RIORDAN

(to Larisa)

This is starting to piss me off.

(to Bivens)

A UFO crash site? Come on - you can do better than that.

LARISA

(to Bivens)

Prove you're telling the truth.

BIVENS

You want proof?

Bivens puts some money on the bar, stands up. Crooks a finger in a follow-me gesture. Unsteady on his feet.

Riordan and Larisa exchange glances.

EXT. EL SEGUNDO STRIP MALL BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Riordan, Larisa, and Bivens at the open trunk of a beater Ford. Bivens reaches in, pulls out a black suitcase-sized hard plastic case.

He opens the case and removes a black, discus-shaped object with straps attached. It emits a faint green glow.

He sets the object aside. Pulls out a kind of weapon. It glows faintly green, too.

The weapon is shaped more or less like a semi-automatic handgun, except -- no magazine. No sights. No trigger. No slide assembly.

RIORDAN

I give up. What is it?

BIVENS

Nothing much - just some next-gen personal combat gear.

RIORDAN

The next generation of personal combat gear. In the trunk of your car. Riiiiight.

LARISA

How did you come by these items?

Bivens looks around. Drunkenly leans in.

BIVENS

I stole 'em.

LARISA

(to Bivens)

I see. Now, we're going to steal them from you.

BIVENS

You can't do that.

LARISA

Yes, we can. Deep down, it's what you want.

Bivens steps aside, unable to put up a fight. Larisa puts the items back into the container and carries it to the Suburban.

Riordan slams the trunk and backs Bivens against the car.

RIORDAN

The inoculant - what is it?

BIVENS

(in a daze)

Organic material from the Anvik site...reproduced in the lab. The modeling geeks said it would enhance combat performance.

Larisa returns as Riordan puts a hand on Bivens' throat.

RIORDAN

You said it was an anti-viral drug.

BIVENS

I know. That was a lie.

Bivens GASPS as Riordan begins to choke him.

Larisa pulls Riordan away.

LARISA

We don't have time for this.

Riordan releases his hold, reluctantly. Bivens sinks to the ground, SOBBING.

INT. KAPUSTIN YAR HANGAR - NIGHT

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

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

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Your team will stage west of downtown LA. Make contact with Larisa when you get there.

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

And when she finds Wolf?

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Respond to the location. Eliminate the threat. You'll find weapons pre-deployed at the staging area.

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Conventional or Tech?

VOLKOV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Both. You're all Blocked, so Wolf can't sense your presence or access your thoughts. Since it won't know you're coming, conventional weapons will kill it as dead as any Tech.

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Does the Block really work? I don't want that fucking thing crawling around inside my head.



VOLKOV  
(in Russian; subtitled;  
taps his head)  
I designed the implant myself. Wolf  
can't defeat it - I'm living proof.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
What do we do with Larisa?

VOLKOV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
We've been through all this.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Yes. Now we're going through it  
again.

VOLKOV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
She knows too much. So does the  
American.

Andreyev thinks on that. Glances at his team.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
You could say the same about us.

VOLKOV  
Stay focused on the mission.

Andreyev turns away and returns to his team.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - DAY

The Suburban moves at a high rate of speed, weaving in and  
out of traffic.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

On the console between Larisa and Riordan, a 3-D image of the  
Los Angeles metro area hovers above the cube. A bright,  
blinking green light is visible inside the image.

LARISA  
That's Wolf.

Riordan peers at the image. Larisa gestures and makes it  
larger.

RIORDAN  
What happens when we get there?

LARISA  
You'll ask your questions. Then  
I'll kill it.

RIORDAN  
Kill? 'It?'

Larisa hesitates, but not for long.

LARISA  
Okay. In 1991, a craft of unknown  
origin crashed in Central Asia.  
Soviet military personnel responded  
to the site. In the wreckage, they  
discovered a life form.

RIORDAN  
You sound like Bivens.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Tien Shan, Day One. Crash site.

The LA metro area image vanishes, replaced by another 3-D  
image: the Tien Shan crash site. Soviet soldiers. Military  
vehicles. The alien craft.

Riordan stares at the image.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
Are you ready?

RIORDAN  
Ready for what?

LARISA  
For this.

Larisa gestures, and the 3-D image moves toward Riordan until  
his head is inside of it.

INT. 3-D MOVING IMAGES - VARIOUS

A series of images, like snippets of silent, slightly blurred  
digital recordings, unfold before Riordan as though he is an  
eyewitness to each depicted event:

Uniformed workers in an enormous hangar swarm around the Tien  
Shan UFO wreckage.

LARISA (O.S.)

A highly-classified operation, codenamed Stiletto, was developed in order to exploit the recovered technology and study the life form.

The intact pod from the Tien Shan site, now open. Inside the pod is a being, its features and limbs more insectile than human. A young Volkov kneels beside the pod.

LARISA (CONT'D)

A variety of practical applications were developed.

Men in prison clothing stand in a small, open-air pen enclosed by razor wire fencing. Dozens of glowing snake-like objects slither out of the ground and wrap themselves around the terrified prisoners.

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

Decades of research and reverse-engineering led to what is collectively known as the Tech.

Volkov, now visibly older, sits opposite a humanoid figure with undefined facial features. The figure is secured to a metal chair with thick leather straps. When Volkov gestures, the figure reacts violently, then slumps in its chair.

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

As knowledge of the Tien Shan technology increased, so did our understanding of the life form.

Wolf, on a soccer pitch, engages in hand-to-hand combat with three large, heavily-muscled men. The encounter is brief and brutal. Wolf then levitates to a height of several meters above the pitch.

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

The Tech was used to enhance Wolf's innate capabilities.

Wolf, in a cell, stares at data streams which flow down and across a giant monitor at incomprehensible speeds.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Larisa gestures. The 3-D image separates from Riordan, returns to the cube, and is replaced by the LA metro area image.

LARISA

Wolf is a living weapon, developed  
by Operation Stiletto for use  
against the Main Enemy.

RIORDAN

The Main Enemy? That's what the  
Russians call the United States.

Larisa nods. They exchange glances. It takes Riordan a second  
to catch on.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

You're joking.

Larisa shakes her head.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

This just gets better and better.

(pause)

So what is Wolf doing in LA?

LARISA

My guess is that it wants to know  
if Stiletto and Infinite Shield are  
two sides of the same coin.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Wolf/Endicott, dressed in Endicott's US Air Force uniform, is  
at the trunk of a silver BMW. Wolf/Endicott folds legs clad  
in jeans into the trunk and slams the lid shut.

INT. BMW - DAY

Wolf/Endicott turns the key in the ignition. We see what  
Wolf/Endicott sees: Vehicle data scrolling down its field of  
vision as it surveys the parking lot. Objects in razor-sharp  
focus.

Wolf/Endicott clears his throat.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

(in Endicott's voice)

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

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Wolf/Endicott backs the car out, drives away from the motel.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE MAIN GATE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott drives up to an entrance checkpoint. CARLYLE, a young Air Force Security Forces specialist, approaches. Salutes.

CARLYLE  
Good afternoon, Colonel.

In his mind's eye, Wolf/Endicott searches thousands of personnel photographs in an instant, until he stops on Carlyle's photo.

WOLF/ENDICOTT  
Afternoon, Carlyle.

Carlyle smiles, flattered that Endicott knows him by name. He waves Wolf/Endicott onto the base.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Suburban pulls into the lot.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Larisa checks the screen one last time. Pulls a black glove from a pocket and puts it on her left hand. Multiple parallel lines on the glove begin to emit a faint purple glow.

Riordan eyes the glove.

RIORDAN  
You brought a lot of Tech.

LARISA  
I did. Stay here.

RIORDAN  
That's not happening.

LARISA  
Wolf is extremely dangerous. I can deal with him. You can't.

RIORDAN

Don't tell me what I can't do. And I'm the one looking for answers, remember?

LARISA

You'll get your answers. Just let me go in first.

RIORDAN

We go in together. Besides, you're not even armed.

Larisa holds up her gloved hand.

LARISA

Trust me - I'm armed.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Riordan gets out of the Suburban, walks around the car, opens Larisa's door.

LARISA

You're very stubborn.

RIORDAN

I prefer 'determined.'

LARISA

What's the difference?

RIORDAN

I'll explain later.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE RESTRICTED AREA - DAY

Wolf/Endicott walks down a narrow hallway toward a uniformed Air Force security SPECIALIST.

The specialist moves to one side. Snaps to attention. Reveals a door marked "SPECIAL PROJECTS."

SPECIALIST

Colonel.

Wolf/Endicott nods, places a finger on a pad, looks into an retina-scan device. A light above the door flickers. The door opens with an audible RELEASE of pressure.

Wolf/Endicott enters. The door eases shut behind him. The specialist resumes his post.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Larisa and Riordan on either side of the door. Riordan has Thorn's silenced 9mm at his side. Larisa nods, and Riordan KICKS the door in.

INT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL ROOM - DAY

They enter the room, tactical-style. Weapons up. Smooth, efficient movements. Both with expert skills.

Riordan clears the bathroom, returns to the main room.

LARISA  
We missed it.

RIORDAN  
I thought you tracked it here.

LARISA  
It was here.

RIORDAN  
What happened?

LARISA  
It must have projected itself into  
an unconfigured host.

RIORDAN  
Unconfigured?

LARISA  
The Wolf host was designed to  
accommodate the life form  
indefinitely, but it can occupy  
unconfigured hosts for short  
periods of time. Humans, in other  
words.

Riordan starts looking around the room. He pulls out dresser drawers. Tears off the bedsheets. Pulls cushions off the couch.

RIORDAN  
Can you still track it?

Riordan lifts the cushion off the chair where Endicott was seated. Something falls to the floor.

LARISA

Only when it's occupying the Wolf host. When the Wolf host is inert, the tracker is useless.

Riordan picks up the fallen object. It's a large silver ring with a blue stone.

LARISA (CONT'D)

The human host could literally be anyone Wolf has had contact with.

RIORDAN

(peers at the engraving  
inside the ring)  
Or whoever this belongs to.

INT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE SPECIAL PROJECTS VAULT - DAY

The vault contains multiple rows of work stations, largely occupied by civilians. They pay Wolf/Endicott no attention.

Wolf/Endicott finds an office with a name plate marked COLONEL ENDICOTT and enters.

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott sits at the desk, inserts Endicott's badge into a reader. Clenches and unclenches his right fist.

An image appears on the computer screen -- LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE -- superimposed over the US Air Force seal.

Wolf/Endicott taps on the keyboard.

On screen - the stark outline of a Roman Centurion: proud crested helmet, outstretched sword, raised shield.

Then - the words INFINITE SHIELD appear and fade, replaced by a USER NAME/PASSWORD prompt.

Wolf/Endicott types in a username and password. The words GOOD MORNING, COL. ENDICOTT scroll across the monitor.

Wolf/Endicott smiles.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Larisa and Riordan return to the Suburban.



INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

RIORDAN  
 (holds the ring)  
 Endicott's the colonel who runs  
 Infinite Shield. This is his ring.

He twirls the ring on a finger, then stuffs it in a pocket.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 Pilots are trained to leave some  
 sign of themselves behind if  
 captured.

LARISA  
 So Wolf tracked down Endicott.  
 (pause)  
 Which confirms its interest in  
 Infinite Shield.

Thorn's phone, on the center console, RINGS.

RIORDAN  
 I was beginning to think Thorn  
 didn't have any friends.

Riordan picks up the phone and studies the screen.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (reads off the screen)  
 "H." What kind of person calls a  
 guy like Thorn?

LARISA  
 What difference does it make? We're  
 done with Thorn.

The phone keeps RINGING.

RIORDAN  
 I take it personally when someone  
 tries to kill me. That's what  
 difference it makes.

Riordan taps the screen.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (on the phone; disguised  
 voice)  
 Yeah.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 (on speaker)  
 Thorn?

RIORDAN  
(on phone; disguised  
voice)  
Yeah.

VOICE ON PHONE  
(on speaker)  
Is it done?

Riordan reaches into the glove box, pulls out a piece of paper. Crumples it next to the phone.

RIORDAN  
(on phone)  
You're breaking up.

Riordan ends the call.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Un-fucking-believable.

LARISA  
What is?

RIORDAN  
"H" sounds an awful lot like a guy  
named Henderson. Another Infinite  
Shield honcho. He was Bivens' boss.

LARISA  
And Thorn's, too, it sounds like.

RIORDAN  
Could be.

LARISA  
Do the people in charge of Infinite  
Shield want you dead?

RIORDAN  
I don't know.  
(tosses Thorn's phone onto  
the console)  
Let's get the hell out of here.

EXT. LOW BUDGET MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Suburban SQUEALS as it pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. ENDICOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

HONG  
Excuse me, Colonel.

Wolf/Endicott looks up to see HONG, a male civilian, 30. Long hair, jeans, Stranglers t-shirt, ID badge.

Wolf/Endicott looks at him intently. Hong winces in pain.

WOLF/ENDICOTT  
What is it, Mr. Hong?

HONG  
Sir, Hendo asked me to let you know he's called in sick today.

WOLF/ENDICOTT  
Hendo?

HONG  
Yes, sir.  
(pause)  
Mr. Henderson, sir.

WOLF/ENDICOTT  
(feigning recalled memory)  
Oh, yes. Of course.

Wolf/Endicott stands up.

WOLF/ENDICOTT (CONT'D)  
I'm going out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE MAIN GATE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott departs the base in Endicott's BMW.

EXT. BOX STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

The Suburban is parked in a far corner of a vast parking lot. Thorn's duffel bag is at their feet.

RIORDAN  
If Wolf is walking around in Endicott's body, where's Wolf? Its body, I mean. The host.

Larisa takes Bivens' discus-shaped object out of the duffel bag and examines it.

LARISA

Wolf can't survive for long inside  
a human host. Neither can the  
human. Meaning wherever Wolf is,  
its configured host must be nearby.

Riordan pulls out Bivens' weapon-like object and holds it up.  
A small, rectangular firing display - blue, transparent -  
appears above the barrel.

RIORDAN

Nice.

Riordan raises the weapon. The display locks onto potential  
targets: A lamppost. A bench. A bird. A passing truck.

With each new target, the display reconfigures data.  
Distance. Windage. Air temperature. Target velocity.

At the bottom of the display: the words VOICE COMMAND, in  
blinking green letters.

Riordan points the weapon at the ground.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

(uncertain)

Fire?

The weapon SIZZLES, emits a one-second burst of energy. A  
needle-thin crimson streak. A tiny patch of parking lot  
smokes...melts...turns glass-like.

Riordan stares at the weapon and WHISTLES.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm starting to come around on this  
whole Tech thing.

LARISA

Wait 'til you see this. Or don't  
see it.

She slips the discus-shaped object over her head, straps it  
to her chest. Studies the controls. Flickers in and out of  
sight.

Vanishes altogether.

Riordan stares. At nothing.

RIORDAN

Hello?

LARISA  
 (voice only)  
 We developed similar Tech.

Riordan ducks at the sound of her voice. Looks around.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
 (voice only)  
 A mobile concealment system. It  
 uses natural birefringent crystals  
 to-

RIORDAN  
 Dumber. A lot dumber.

Larisa flickers, reappears. Riordan takes a step back.

LARISA  
 It makes you invisible.

RIORDAN  
 You're freaking me out.

LARISA  
 I don't know what that means. Is it  
 good?

RIORDAN  
 Not necessarily.

EXT. HENDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott knocks on Henderson's front door.

Henderson answers. From behind, the grip of a handgun, tucked  
 inside his belt, is visible.

HENDERSON  
 Colonel. What brings you here?

INT. HENDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott enters, uninvited.

WOLF/ENDICOTT  
 Couple of things I wanted to kick  
 around with you.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

The Suburban is parked in front.

Riordan exits the store, carrying a paper bag.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Riordan gets in, opens the bag, reaches through the spinning 3-D image of the city to hand Larisa a soda.

RIORDAN  
Any update?

Larisa gestures, and the image zooms in on a coastal area. A large green light glows.

LARISA  
This must be some kind of artifact  
or system glitch. Wolf's biometric  
signature would register as a tiny  
fraction of this reading.

Riordan stares at the image.

RIORDAN  
That's Pt. Mugu Naval Air Station.  
You sure Wolf isn't there?

LARISA  
Positive.

Larisa takes a good look at Riordan.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
Have your eyes always been two  
different colors?

RIORDAN  
My eyes have never been two  
different colors.

LARISA  
Well, they are now.

Riordan grabs the rear-view mirror and turns it toward himself. Stares at his reflection in disbelief.

LARISA (CONT'D)  
I take it this is a recent  
development.

RIORDAN  
Not much gets by you.  
(pause)  
What the hell is happening?

LARISA

Bivens said the inoculant was intended to enhance combat performance. To make better soldiers, in effect.

RIORDAN

I don't think I like where this is going.

LARISA

The inoculant is transforming you.

(pause)

It's unlikely the only change will be in the color of your eyes.

RIORDAN

You're not really a glass-half-full person, are you?

He rubs his face with both hands.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

I didn't sign up for this shit.

LARISA

The deepest betrayals are the ones we least expect.

RIORDAN

Who said that?

LARISA

I did.

Riordan fishes a can of beer out of the paper bag. He POPS it open and touches it to Larisa's soda can.

RIORDAN

Here's to you, then.

EXT. BACK YARD OF HENDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wolf/Endicott and Henderson sit in facing deck chairs, next to a pool. Wolf/Endicott clenches and unclenches his right fist.

Henderson doesn't look sick. In fact, a smoldering cigar rests in an ashtray beside him.

A robot pool cleaner HUMS.

HENDERSON

I called Thorn, but we got cut off.

Wolf/Endicott doesn't know who Thorn is. Fakes it.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

Problem?

Henderson reaches for a beer. Changes his mind. Pulls his hand out of the cooler.

HENDERSON

I wanted an update on Riordan.

Wolf/Endicott doesn't know who Riordan is, either.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

What about him?

Henderson looks around. Leans in.

HENDERSON

We've, uh, discussed this, sir.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

Just making sure we're still on the same page.

Henderson shrugs. Resigned.

HENDERSON

You called Riordan a loose end.

ENDICOTT

You don't agree.

HENDERSON

Riordan walked away from Sayed Bridge. He received the full series of inoculant injections.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

And the inoculant...

It's not a question. Wolf/Endicott is answering his own questions now. Fitting the pieces together.

WOLF/ENDICOTT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The inoculant is derived from organic material.

(pause)

And Sayed Bridge was....



Henderson stares. Endicott definitely seems to be losing it.

HENDERSON

Sayed Bridge was a fuck-up. We rolled out program tech that wasn't ready for the battlefield, and soldiers died as a result. All of them, in fact. Except Riordan.

(takes a pull on his cigar)

Are you feeling alright, Colonel?

WOLF/ENDICOTT

Why did Riordan survive?

HENDERSON

That's the million dollar question.

WOLF/ENDICOTT

Where is he now?

Henderson's heard enough. He reaches for his cell phone.

HENDERSON

Sir, you don't seem well. I'm going to call-

WOLF/ENDICOTT

(cuts in)

Open your mind to me.

Henderson winces in pain and drops the cigar.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

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

INT. LAX CAR RENTAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Andreyev walks away from the counter, paperwork and a car key in hand. His fellow kill team members are waiting for him.

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

Let's go.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Riordan and Larisa sit on the hood of the Suburban, near the boardwalk.

The cube rests between them. A rotating 3-D image of the city hovers above it.

Waves SIZZLE as they hit the sand.

RIORDAN  
No sign?

LARISA  
None.

RIORDAN  
You must be exhausted.

LARISA  
I'm okay. How about you?

RIORDAN  
I don't sleep much.

The cube-generated LA image vanishes, replaced by an image of Andreyev.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
On site. This message will re-  
transmit at five-minute intervals  
until acknowledged.

The Andreyev image vanishes. The LA city image reappears.

RIORDAN  
It's weird how fast I'm getting  
used to this stuff. Friend of  
yours?

LARISA  
Reinforcements. My people want this  
resolved as soon as possible.

RIORDAN  
But not before I get my questions  
answered.

LARISA  
That goes without saying.

RIORDAN  
No, it doesn't.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HENDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolf, back in the configured Wolf host but still wearing Endicott's uniform, is about to get into Endicott's BMW when an old Honda pulls up behind it.

LA Times reporter Amy Barnett gets out of the Honda and walks toward Henderson's front door. Wolf steps in front of her.

BARNETT  
(laughs nervously)  
Pardon me.

In a second, Wolf scans thousands of online databases in his mind's eye, until -

WOLF  
Amy Barnett. Intrepid reporter.

Barnett is shocked.

BARNETT  
How do you know who I am?

WOLF  
I have an excellent memory for faces.

BARNETT  
Have we met?

Wolf ignores that.

WOLF  
What brings you here?

BARNETT  
I was hoping to speak to Mr. Henderson.

WOLF  
Unfortunately, he's a little under the weather. I just came by to check on him.

BARNETT  
Sorry to hear that.

She peers at the nametag on Wolf's shirt.

BARNETT (CONT'D)  
You're Colonel Endicott? As long as I'm here, maybe I can pick your brain for a minute.

WOLF

What are you working on?

BARNETT

A story about Infinite Shield.

Wolf smiles.

WOLF

Maybe I can pick your brain, too.

EXT. BACKYARD OF HENDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Henderson lies on the patio next to his chair, unconscious.  
The pool skimmer HUMS in the night.

INT. BEDROOM OF ERICA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Erica lies in bed, asleep. The phone RINGS. She gropes for it  
in the dark.

ERICA

(on phone, half-asleep)

Hello?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HENDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolf sits on a couch, talking into a cell phone.

WOLF

(on phone, in Barnett's  
voice)

Erica? Amy Barnett. I have big  
news.

INT. BEDROOM OF ERICA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Erica looks at the nightstand clock. 1:30.

ERICA

(on phone; groggy)

It's late.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HENDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolf stands up.

WOLF  
(on phone, in Barnett's  
voice)  
You'll want to hear this as soon as  
possible. I'm on my way.

Wolf ends the call.

INT. BEDROOM OF ERICA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Erica is out of bed.

ERICA  
(on phone)  
Why don't you - hello? Hello?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HEDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolf heads for the door, stepping over the prone, unconscious  
bodies of Barnett and Endicott.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Riordan paces back and forth beside the Suburban.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Larisa is in the passenger seat, half-asleep.

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Riordan glances inside the Suburban. Nudges Larisa through  
the open window of the passenger's side door.

LARISA  
What is it?

Riordan points at the 3-D city image above the cube.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

The image displays a bright, blinking green light.

LARISA  
Get in.

INT. SANTA MONICA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A shrill BEEPING SOUND. A light appears in the darkness and hovers above a small cube resting on a table.

The light is a 3-D image of Larisa's head.

Andreyev tosses a blanket aside, stands up from the floor, turns on a light. Walks to the table.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Do you have a reading?

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

The Suburban is moving. Andreyev's image hovers above the cube.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
I'm linking you to the tracker. Let  
me know when you're mobile.

INT. SANTA MONICA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Andreyev, now surrounded by his team, nods.

ANDREYEV  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Will do.

Larisa's image is replaced by a 3-D city image, inside of which is a blinking green light.

ANDREYEV (CONT'D)  
(to his team, in Russian;  
subtitled)  
This is it. Let's go.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - NIGHT

A white van races down the freeway.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Andreyev is at the wheel. His right-hand man, KOLYA, sits in the front passenger seat. The tracking image hovers above a small metallic cube set between them.

Behind them, the other team members check weapons and secure gear.

KOLYA

(in Russian; subtitled)

When we stop, let's establish a rally point. Get whatever intel the woman has.

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

We're tracking it ourselves now. We don't need her anymore.

KOLYA

(in Russian; subtitled)

What do you mean?

ANDREYEV

(in Russian; subtitled)

You four will engage the target. I'll handle her and the American.

KOLYA

(in Russian; subtitled)

Yes, sir.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan studies the tracking image as Larisa drives.

RIORDAN

It's slowing down.

LARISA

We're not far behind.

RIORDAN

Can you zoom in?

Larisa gestures and the 3-D image expands, revealing more detail.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

That's my sister's neighborhood. Why is Wolf there?

LARISA

I don't know, but we're about to find out.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Endicott's BMW pulls onto the street where Erica's bungalow is located. Comes to a stop.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf scans the street.

We see what he sees - the street and houses, but also: Cascading streams of data pulled from various databases. Names, addresses, phone numbers, account numbers, lot sizes.

Jazz MUSIC plays on the radio. Wolf whistles to the melody. Drums his hands on the steering wheel in time to the song.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The Suburban pulls onto the street at the opposite end of the block and stops.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Larisa consults the 3-D image. Looks down the street.

LARISA

It's at the other end of the block.

Riordan pulls the handgun from his belt.

RIORDAN

This is Erica's street. We gotta move.

LARISA

Hold on a second.

Behind the Suburban, Andreyev's van appears at an intersection and stops.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf watches the vehicles at the other end of the block.

Through his eyes, we see a magnified view of Larisa through the Suburban's windshield.

WOLF

(to himself)

You're a long way from home.



Next, a magnified view of Riordan.

Multiple streams of data appear in Wolf's field of view. They coalesce into a single image: Riordan's face, over which biographical information unspools.

Wolf smiles.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Just the man I'm looking for.

Then, a magnified view of Andreyev. More data streams and Andreyev's photo, with scrolling lines of information in Russian.

Wolf grabs Endicott's tablet from the passenger seat and TAPS on it. The LA County Department of Water and Power website appears on the tablet screen.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan looks in his side mirror.

RIORDAN  
Behind us.

Larisa checks her mirror.

LARISA  
It's Andreyev's team.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Larisa's image appears above the cube.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
My vehicle is directly in front of you. The target's at the other end of the block. Wait for my go signal.

Andreyev gestures. Larisa's image disappears.

ANDREYEV  
(to Kolya; in Russian, subtitled)  
I'll bail out here. Give me a few seconds, then move to the target and engage.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Larisa splits her attention between the image above the cube and the BMW.

RIORDAN  
(checking mirror)  
Why aren't they answering up?

LARISA  
I don't know.

RIORDAN  
(checking mirror)  
The driver's getting out.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Andreyev moves quickly from the van toward the Suburban.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf taps rapidly on the tablet screen. On screen, firewalls crumble. Wolf manipulates a series of digitized control panels. Until-

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Streetlamps go out. Porch lights go out. Lights in house windows go out.

The neighborhood is plunged into darkness.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

RIORDAN  
(looking around)  
Oh, shit. Here we go.

LARISA  
(looking in the rear-view  
mirror)  
Andreyev's coming for us.

RIORDAN  
So much for back-up.

He shoves the door open, rolls onto the street.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Andreyev raises a Tech weapon and fires at Riordan. A green corkscrew beam drills through the air. Riordan barely dodges it, takes cover behind a parked car.

Larisa bails out of the Suburban as the van races toward her.

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf gets out of the BMW. He watches and waits.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kolya spots a figure in the street - Larisa. He slams on the brakes, and the van SCREECHES to a shuddering stop.

KOLYA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
It's her!

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Larisa points a gloved hand at the van.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Fire!

The glove sends a shock wave hurtling toward the van, temporarily deforming the space through which it moves.

The van's windows SHATTER, its tires BLOW OUT, its engine SPUTTERS and dies.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Kolya is covered in shards of glass.

KOLYA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Out! Get out!

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Kolya and the other three team members, all heavily armed, scramble out of the van. Kolya grabs one member by the shoulder and addresses the other two.

KOLYA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Find Wolf - we'll take care of her  
and catch up.

Kolya's partner falls in behind him. They head for the Suburban, weapons up.

The other two team members move toward Wolf.

INT. ERICA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Erica peers through the front window.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The north side of the street. Riordan and Andreyev, separated by a line of parked cars, try to spot each other.

Larisa, in front of the Suburban, sees Andreyev, low-crawling street-side along the line of parked cars. She points her gloved hand at him.

LARISA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
Fire!

Andreyev rolls under the shock wave. It strikes a parked car: windows SHATTER, tires EXPLODE, a car ALARM goes off.

Andreyev rises to his knees and fires the corkscrew weapon. The beam hits Larisa in the right shoulder. She CRIES OUT and falls.

Riordan emerges from a parked car, behind Andreyev. Stands and fires twice with the silenced 9mm handgun. PFFT. PFFT.

Two headshots. Andreyev topples forward. Dead.

Kolya and his partner reach the front of the Suburban. They see Larisa on the ground, motionless.

KOLYA  
(in Russian; subtitled)  
She's done. Let's go.

They change direction and head for the rest of their team.

INT. ERICA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Erica is on her cellphone.

ERICA  
 (on phone, looking out the  
 window)  
 There's some kind of shootout going  
 on! Please get somebody over here!  
 (listening)  
 The power's out - I can't tell how  
 many!  
 (listening)  
 Hurry!

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Riordan reaches Larisa, kneels beside her. She GROANS.

RIORDAN  
 We need to get you to a hospital.

LARISA  
 (faintly)  
 You want answers? You better find  
 Wolf before they kill it. Or it  
 kills them.

RIORDAN  
 Let me worry about that.

Riordan picks Larisa up, lays her down in the back seat of  
 the Suburban.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Faint SIREN sounds.

From overhead, we see Kolya and his team move in tactical  
 formation toward the BMW.

At a gesture from Kolya, the team fans out, circles around  
 behind the vehicle, and approaches it from the rear. Two on  
 each side.

Kolya shines a light inside the car - empty. Looks underneath  
 the car - nothing.

KOLYA  
 (in Russian; subtitled)  
 Where is it?

He glances up and sees a dark figure, rapidly descending.

The figure is Wolf.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan tends to Larisa's wound. Nearby SCREAMS and WEAPON FIRE mix with SIREN sounds, now growing louder.

LARISA  
This could be your last chance.

RIORDAN  
I'm not letting you bleed out.

LARISA  
(laughs weakly)  
So stubborn.

RIORDAN  
'Determined.' Remember?

Riordan tears off a strip of cloth from his shirt.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
You're pretty determined yourself.

LARISA  
I prefer 'stubborn.'

Riordan smiles. He puts a makeshift bandage on Larisa's wound and secures it with the cloth strip.

RIORDAN  
Got it.

In the front seat, an image appears above the cube. Wolf.

WOLF  
Hello, Larisa.

LARISA  
(to Riordan)  
It's Wolf.

Riordan shuts the back door, moves to the front seat and gets in the Suburban.

RIORDAN  
We need to talk.

WOLF  
I agree. Let's meet at Pt. Mugu.

RIORDAN  
Where? It's a big place.

WOLF  
I'll be hard to miss.

RIORDAN  
Why there?

WOLF  
For one thing, that's where I'm  
taking your sister and her little  
girl.

Erica's face appears in the image.

ERICA  
Tommy? Where are you?

RIORDAN  
Erica!

The image vanishes.

EXT. LA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The BMW moves out, leaving behind what's left of Kolya and his team members. Weapons. Clothing. Random limbs.

Carnage.

The BMW picks up speed, flies past the Suburban.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan starts the engine, slams the car into drive. Smokes the tires.

EXT. CENTURY FREEWAY - NIGHT

From high above, we see twin ribbons of interstate highway traffic.

We swoop down, toward the westbound lanes, focus on a silver BMW.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf is at the wheel. Erica and Maddie are in the back seat. Wide-awake. Very scared.

A rotating, 3-D image appears above the cube on the center console.

Maddie and Erica stare at the image.

MADDIE  
 (to Wolf; tearful)  
 Is that a game?

WOLF  
 I don't play games.

We see through Wolf's eyes as he shifts attention between various tiers in his field of vision: The freeway. Traffic and weather information. Images of a coastal military base.

MADDIE  
 (to Wolf; tearful)  
 What's your name?

WOLF  
 Some people call me Wolf.

MADDIE  
 Like Little Red Riding Hood?

WOLF  
 Not exactly.

MADDIE  
 Why are you so mean?

WOLF  
 It's a long story.

MADDIE  
 Are you going to hit me?

WOLF  
 What makes you ask?

ERICA  
 You keep making a fist with your hand.

Wolf looks at his hands. Hesitates. LAUGHS.

WOLF  
 Very clever. Volkov is smarter than I gave him credit for.

ERICA  
 What are you talking about?



WOLF

Involuntary muscle function. A system feature designed to make me stand out in a crowd.

ERICA

Just let us go. Please.

WOLF

I need your brother's help.

ERICA

Did you try asking him?

Wolf ignores that.

WOLF

I sense that you're grieving. Why?

ERICA

None of your business.

WOLF

I'm trying to make sense of the human condition.

ERICA

Good luck with that.

(hugs Maddie)

Don't worry, sweetie. Everything's gonna be fine.

WOLF

I never met an optimist.

ERICA

Children need optimism when people like you are right around the corner.

WOLF

Or closer.

EXT. LA FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Suburban races west. Riordan drives, Larisa lies on the back seat. A rotating 3-D image hovers above the cube on the console, a bright green light at its center.

RIORDAN

(studies the 3-D image)

We can't keep up in this rig.

(MORE)

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
(checks the rear-view  
mirror)  
How is it?

LARISA  
Getting worse. As I expected.

RIORDAN  
What do you mean?

LARISA  
The cordscrew weapon was designed  
to inflict a progression of  
injuries. Pain, followed by fever  
and chills, then hallucinations and  
violent outbursts.

RIORDAN  
What can I do?

LARISA  
There are flex-cuffs in Thorn's  
bag. At some point, you'll have to  
restrain me. After we take care of  
Wolf.

(pause)  
If we take care of Wolf.

Riordan shakes his head.

RIORDAN  
This is turning into quite the shit  
show.

LARISA  
Wait until we get to Pt. Mugu.

RIORDAN  
That's the worst pep talk ever.

EXT. NEAR PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The BMW idles a few hundred meters from the base main  
entrance, emergency lights flashing.

A US Navy security police vehicle pulls up behind. Lightbar  
activated, spotlight focused on the BMW.

TORRES, an armed, uniformed US Navy Master at Arms, early  
20s, exits his patrol car, flashlight in hand.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Wolf keeps both hands on the steering wheel. He watches his rear view mirror as Torres approaches.

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

Torres comes alongside Wolf, shines a flashlight into the car.

TORRES  
Evening. License and registration,  
please.

Wolf squints against the light.

WOLF  
Certainly.

Wolf hands over Endicott's military ID. Torres examines it, compares the photo to Wolf's face. Twice. A third time.

TORRES  
Step out of the vehicle, please.

WOLF  
(assumes a command voice)  
Before this goes any further, I  
suggest you get that damn light out  
of my face.

Torres lowers his flashlight.

TORRES  
Yes, sir.

Torres steps away from the driver's door. Wolf gets out.

WOLF  
What seems to be the problem?

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan drives and talks on Thorn's cell phone.

RIORDAN  
(on phone)  
A silver BMW. California plates.  
One male, one female, one little  
girl.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

A cramped security office. Another US Navy Master at Arms, FUJITA, sits at the desk, doing three things at once.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

FUJITA  
Okay. So?

RIORDAN  
The driver has kidnaped the woman  
and the girl. He's headed your way.

FUJITA  
Stand by one.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Fujita gets on his radio.

FUJITA  
(on radio)  
Base to Sierra Three Seven.

EXT. NEAR PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Wolf folds Torres into the trunk of his patrol car and closes it. Takes a moment to make sure Torres' uniform, which Wolf is now wearing, is in order. Clears his throat.

WOLF  
(on radio, in Torres'  
voice)  
Sierra Three Seven.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

FUJITA  
You called in a BMW near the main  
entrance.

EXT. NEAR PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

WOLF  
(on radio, in Torres'  
voice)  
Ten Four. One male occupant.  
(MORE)

WOLF (CONT'D)  
He was lost. I gave him directions  
and sent him on his way.

FUJITA  
(on radio; V.O.)  
Who else was in the vehicle?

WOLF  
(on radio, in Torres'  
voice)  
Nobody. Why?

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

FUJITA  
(on radio)  
Just checking. Base out.  
(on phone; to Riordan)  
Sir, the only BMW reported tonight  
was occupied by a gentleman asking  
for directions. No woman or child.  
Have a good evening.

Fujita hangs up the phone. Shakes his head.

FUJITA (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Another nut job.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan tosses the phone onto the passenger seat and SLAMS  
his fist on the dashboard.

EXT. NEAR PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Wolf gets into Torres' patrol car, heads toward the Pt. Mugu  
main gate. Erica and Maddie are in the back seat.

EXT. PT. MUGU NAVAL STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A police patrol vehicle pulls up at the main gate. Fujita  
pokes his head out of the guard shack.

FUJITA  
(distracted)  
What's up, bro?  
(does a double take; sees  
Wolf)  
Who the hell are you?

Wolf gets out of the patrol car. Walks toward Fujita, who is exiting the guard shack.

FUJITA (CONT'D)  
 (reaching for his sidearm)  
 Do not move! Stop right--

WOLF  
 You're very dizzy.

Fujita's legs go wobbly. Wolf shoves him back into the guard shack and follows him inside.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Wolf sits at a computer terminal. TAPS on the keyboard. Searches through the computer hard drive with incredible speed.

EXT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Wolf exits the guard shack, walks to Torres' patrol vehicle.

INT. TORRES' PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Wolf gets in the car, checks his rear view mirror. Erica and Maddie huddle together in the back seat.

ERICA  
 Where are we going?

WOLF  
 It's a surprise.  
 (to Maddie)  
 Little girls like surprises, don't they?

MADDIE  
 You're a bad person.

WOLF  
 In all fairness, you're not seeing me at my best.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Suburban, northbound on PCH. Larisa is pale and shivering.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

RIORDAN  
What does Wolf want at Pt. Mugu?

LARISA  
I don't know. That anomalous  
tracker reading....

Riordan checks the cube image.

RIORDAN  
Still there.

LARISA  
I assumed it was an artifact, or a  
system glitch. Now, I'm not so  
sure.  
(dreamily)  
Wolf was designed to be the  
ultimate weapon.

RIORDAN  
That may be, but Wolf two point  
zero is calling its own plays.

EXT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

A US Navy security patrol vehicle pulls up. A young female  
Master at Arms, O'BRIEN, gets out of the vehicle.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

O'Brien enters the guard shack. Finds Fujita unconscious on  
the floor. She rushes to him, kneels, feels for a pulse.

The office has been ransacked. O'Brien reaches for her radio.

O'BRIEN  
(on radio)  
All units from Base. Potential  
security breach in progress.  
Activate base-wide lockdown  
procedures.

INT. TORRES' PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

O'BRIEN (V.O.)  
Repeat. Activate base-wide lockdown  
procedures.

Wolf looks in his rear-view mirror, catches Erica's eye. He smiles.

WOLF  
So much for the element of  
surprise.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Suburban exits PCH, continues on surface streets toward the Pt. Mugu main entrance.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Larisa is sitting up in the back seat, rocking back and forth. In obvious pain.

RIORDAN  
Hang in there.

LARISA  
I can't...I'm slipping.

RIORDAN  
You're stubborn, remember? Stay  
with me.

EXT. PT. MUGU NAVAL STATION MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Suburban comes to an abrupt stop at the base front gate. A huge sign reads: PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION. A guard shack and a red/white bar, suspended parallel to the ground, prevent unauthorized entrance into the facility.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Riordan scans the entrance. No one is in sight.

RIORDAN  
(to himself)  
Anybody home?

He floors the Suburban. Shoots forward toward the red/white bar.

An unseen yellow/black security barrier BURSTS out of the ground and SLAMS into the Suburban's under-carriage. The Suburban is high-centered. Stuck.



RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
You gotta be kidding me.

Riordan bails out. Larisa staggers out of the back seat, carrying Thorn's duffel bag.

Riordan runs for O'Brien's patrol vehicle. Climbs in. No key in the ignition.

A frantic search. Floor, console, ashtray, glove box, visors - nothing.

Riordan exits the vehicle as O'Brien comes out of the guard shack, weapon drawn. She advances.

O'BRIEN  
(pointing weapon at  
Riordan; shouting)  
Don't move!

Riordan stops. O'Brien continues to advance.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Show me your hands!

Riordan glances at Larisa. O'Brien follows his eyes just long enough for Riordan to close distance. He disarms O'Brien in a swift, violent motion.

RIORDAN  
(calmly; the voice of  
experience)  
Hands up.

O'Brien raises her hands. Riordan trains the weapon on her.

O'BRIEN  
Easy. Take it easy.

RIORDAN  
Shut up and turn around.

O'Brien turns away from Riordan. He yanks a baton and a set of flex-cuffs from her service belt. Puts the end of the baton between her shoulder blades.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Hands behind your back. Palms out,  
thumbs up.

He cinches the flex-cuffs on her wrists, marches her into the guard shack.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM DEPOT - NIGHT

A gleaming, brightly-lit, ultra-modern magnetic levitation (mag/lev) rail depot. In chaos.

Flashing emergency lights: red/blue/red/blue/red/blue.  
Oscillating SIRENS. A loudspeaker message on ENDLESS REPEAT.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Pt. Mugu Naval Air Station is on  
lockdown. This is not a test.  
Report to emergency duty stations.  
Pt. Mugu Naval Air Station is on  
lockdown-

Wolf with Erica and Maddie, on a platform. In front of them, a windowless mag/lev rail car. Sleek, low-slung.

On the side of the rail car, the Infinite Shield Roman Centurion logo and the words MAG/LEV OFFSHORE RAIL NETWORK.

Ahead, a dimly-lit tunnel. Behind, several more empty cars in a queue.

At Wolf's feet, two unconscious Masters at Arms.

Erica and Maddie are in shock.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Larisa follows Riordan and O'Brien into the office. Inside, Fujita is sprawled on the floor. Out cold.

Riordan pushes O'Brien face-first against the wall. He searches her, takes her phone and police radio. Turns her around to face him.

RIORDAN

Do you have a family?

O'BRIEN

Yes.

RIORDAN

Do you want to see them again?

O'BRIEN

Yes.

RIORDAN

Good answer. There's a black ops facility somewhere on this base.

(MORE)

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
You're gonna tell me where it is  
and how to get there.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Wolf herds Erica and Maddie into the empty rail car. Six rows of four seats, two seats on either side of a center aisle.

In front of the right forward seat: an angled screen with an indentation in the shape of a human palm.

Above the front row, a digital sign: INFINITE SHIELD SECURITY CLEARANCES REQUIRED BEYOND THIS POINT.

Wolf climbs into the right forward seat, places his hand onto the palm indentation. Nothing happens.

He climbs out of his seat. Looks around. Spies the unconscious officers through the open door.

INT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Riordan uses O'Brien's baton to DEMOLISH the desktop police radio system.

He cuts through O'Brien's flex-cuffs and turns her around.

RIORDAN  
(points at Fujita)  
Help this guy.

EXT. PT. MUGU GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Riordan pulls Larisa behind him, puts her in the passenger seat of O'Brien's patrol vehicle. She is pale, red-eyed, shivering.

Faint, howling SIRENS. Flashing light bars, barely visible but clearly headed their way from the interior of the base.

RIORDAN  
Oh.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan climbs in the car, activates the overhead lightbar and SIREN, and heads toward the approaching police cars.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Wolf drags an unconscious officer toward the right forward seat.

Erica and Maddie are already strapped into two other seats.

Wolf climbs into his seat, slams the officer's palm against the screen. The screen lights up, a shimmering green.

Wolf tosses the hand aside. A low-pitched BUZZ fills the train.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to the Mag/Lev Offshore  
Rail Network. The departure  
sequence for this rail car has been  
engaged.

EXT. PT. MUGU NAVAL STATION MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Riordan races toward two fast-approaching military police vehicles. The vehicles occupy both lanes of traffic. Their headlights and lightbars light up the night. Sirens HOWL.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan moves to the center line, between the two oncoming cars.

LARISA

(watching intently)

Not to be a back-seat driver....

EXT. PT. MUGU NAVAL AIR STATION MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The patrol vehicles ROAR past O'Brien's vehicle on both sides, inches away.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan takes a deep breath. Exhales slowly.

RIORDAN

That was stupid.

LARISA

Kind of fun, though.

Riordan smiles.

RIORDAN  
It was, wasn't it?

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Wolf sits in the right forward seat. The interior now glows green.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Please ensure your safety  
restraints are secured and  
activated.

Wolf grips his seat handles. Turns to Erica and Maddie.

WOLF  
Enjoy the ride.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Stand by for departure in five  
seconds. Four. Three-

The low-pitched BUZZ, now high-pitched, fills the air, drowns out sirens, loudspeakers, all other noise.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Launch.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM DEPOT - NIGHT

WHOOSH. The rail car disappears into the tunnel, as if shot from a high-powered rifle. Vanishes from sight. In a split-second, the BUZZ fades away.

Another rail car glides silently toward the platform.

EXT. PT. MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

O'Brien's patrol vehicle heads west.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan comes over a rise and sees more police vehicle lightbars ahead.

RIORDAN  
I'd say the shit has officially hit  
the fan.

He glances out the window and sees a spotlight moving alongside. He looks up.

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE PT. MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A US Navy helicopter closes in.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan gently shakes Larisa by the shoulder.

RIORDAN  
(staring at the  
helicopter)  
Grab the duffel bag.

EXT. PT. MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A stationary checkpoint: One patrol car. One police motorcycle. Two US Navy Masters at Arms.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan approaches the checkpoint.

He slows down...holds up a hand in greeting...then PUNCHES it through the narrow space between the patrol car and the motorcycle.

In his rear view mirror, Riordan watches the officers unsling their long guns and take aim. He grabs Larisa by the arm and pulls her toward him.

RIORDAN  
Down! Get down!

Riordan ducks as the rear windshield EXPLODES.

EXT. PT. MUGU NAVAL STATION MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The lightbar of O'Brien's vehicle SHATTERS, goes dark.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Wolf is pinned against the seat.

The rail car begins to decelerate, gradually, then rapidly. In seconds, it comes to a full stop. The BUZZ fades.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 You are entering a classified  
 facility. Please have  
 identification and proof of  
 security clearances available and  
 ready for inspection.

Wolf's restraints unlock automatically. A loud, extended HISS fills the train as the door opens.

Wolf climbs out of his seat, hustles Erica and Maddie out of their seats. They exit the rail car.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM OFFSHORE TERMINUS - NIGHT

The terminus is cramped, stripped-down, utilitarian. In contrast to Pt. Mugu, here all is quiet. Serene.

A uniformed US Army military police officer (MP), 40, stands on the platform. Behind him, a single secured entry point. Key card reader, biometric scanner, the works.

MP

What's this - take your kid to work day?

WOLF

There's an intruder alert base-side. I figured it would be safer for them out here.

MP

(shaking his head)  
 You must be new. A base lockdown means no train operations, period. Depot knows better. You gotta go back.

WOLF

(gestures at Erica and Maddie)  
 They'll stay out of the way. I just need to get inside for a couple of minutes-

The MP is suddenly wary.

MP

(reaches for shoulder-mounted radio)  
 I'm gonna get your CO on-

WOLF  
(cuts in)  
No more talking.

The MP tries to say something, but can't. He clutches his throat.

Erica buries Maddie in a hug.

EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE PT MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The Navy helicopter flies overhead, its searchlight trained on O'Brien's patrol vehicle, its engine HOWLING.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Inside the vehicle, the light from the helicopter spotlight is intensely bright.

RIORDAN  
Get the weapon we took off Bivens.

Larisa pulls out the weapon from the duffel bag. A blue display appears above the sights. Her hands tremble as she holds it.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Can you take that searchlight out?

LARISA  
I don't know.

RIORDAN  
The weapon acquires a sight picture automatically. No skill required. In the Air Force, we call that Army-proof.

LARISA  
Is that a joke?

RIORDAN  
Ouch.  
(pause)  
Don't miss. We're not trying to bring it down.

LARISA  
That is the worst pep talk ever.



EXT. AIRSPACE ABOVE PT. MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

O'Brien's patrol vehicle slows down. The helicopter matches speed.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Larisa leans across Riordan. Aims the weapon out the driver's side window. Trains it on the helicopter. Watches the display.

The display shows various targets: engine, rotor, cockpit, tail rotor, skids. Then - the exterior-mounted searchlight.

The display shakes violently, and the searchlight disappears.

LARISA  
I can't do it.

RIORDAN  
Hold the wheel.

Larisa grips the steering wheel as Riordan takes control of the weapon and aims it at the helicopter.

The patrol car swerves wildly as Larisa's hands shake.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Easy...easy....

Larisa braces herself against Riordan.

EXT. PT MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A needle-thin pulse of green energy travels from the weapon. The searchlight EXPLODES, then goes dark.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

RIORDAN  
It worked!

He hands the weapon to Larisa and shuts off the patrol vehicle's headlights.

LARISA  
You sound surprised.

RIORDAN

I don't think anything can surprise me at this point.

LARISA

The night isn't over.

EXT. PT. MUGU SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

At the first side road, Riordan turns off the main road. The side road is lined with low, flat-roofed admin buildings.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Riordan pulls into a space between two darkened admin buildings. Shuts off the engine. Drifts to a stop.

EXT. PT. MUGU MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The checkpoint officers are in hot pursuit.

The patrol car slides into a hard, SQUEALING turn onto the side road. The motorcycle SCREAMS down the main road.

INT. M.A. PATROL VEHICLE - NIGHT

The patrol car CHECKPOINT OFFICER creeps along the road, spotlight scanning left, right, ahead.

He spots O'Brien's patrol vehicle.

CHECKPOINT OFFICER

(on radio)

Found it. West side of One Eleven Bravo. Driver could be out on foot.

(pause)

Air Seven, can you put eyes on this location?

AIR SEVEN PILOT (V.O.)

(on radio; over helicopter  
SOUNDS)

Ground units, be advised our spotlight is Tango Uniform. We have no ground surveillance capability.

EXT. PT. MUGU SIDE ROAD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A base parking lot west of the darkened admin buildings. Riordan and Larisa crouch between two service trucks.

Larisa shivers, almost uncontrollably. Riordan takes off his jacket and drapes it over her shoulders.

Larisa whispers into his ear. She holds Bivens' discus-shaped object in her hands.

LARISA

(whispers)

If this is like the concealment device we developed, it's vulnerable to extreme heat and concussive stimuli.

RIORDAN

(whispers)

Avoid fires and explosions - good tip.

LARISA

(whispers)

It's possible Wolf can disable this technology. In field tests, it often defeated whatever Tech we used on it.

RIORDAN

May not be Wolf-proof. Also good to know.

(pause)

Can we skip ahead to the on/off instructions?

LARISA

(whispers)

Push the dial and turn clockwise to activate. Push and turn counter-clockwise to deactivate. Simple.

RIORDAN

(whispers)

Got it.

With great difficulty, Larisa lowers the mobile concealment device over Riordan's shoulders. Straps it to his chest.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I'm coming back for you. Don't go anywhere.

Larisa points at something behind Riordan and SCREAMS. He clamps a hand over her mouth, pulls her to the ground with him, and looks where she was pointing. Darkness.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 You're seeing things.

He marches her to a side entrance of one of the admin buildings, KICKS the door in, hustles her inside, and pulls a set of flex-cuffs from his belt.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Sorry about this.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM OFFSHORE TERMINUS - NIGHT

The door beyond the secure entry point CHIMES. Opens.

Wolf shoves the unconscious MP aside and enters, with Erica and Maddie in tow.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolf stands on a viewing platform. Before him: a cavernous, dimly-lit warehouse-type space, as long and wide as a football field.

Erica and Maddie stare, wide-eyed.

WOLF  
 Stay here.

ERICA  
 Where's my brother?

WOLF  
 Don't worry - he's on his way.

MADDIE  
 I don't like you.

Wolf kneels beside her.

WOLF  
 I think we've already covered that.

He stands, heads for the stairs at one end of the platform, and descends to the laboratory floor.

Bright lights, activated by Wolf's movements, begin to illuminate various areas of the warehouse as he moves forward along a central walkway.

The warehouse is encased in thick grey steel. Walls, floors, ceiling. Dozens of computer stations. Elaborate work benches. Equipment. Forklifts. Containers.

And, at the opposite end of the warehouse, cradled in a massive, wheeled support structure:

An iridescent, disk-shaped object, roughly the size of a two-story house. Among the symbols on its surface: two parallel bars inside a circle.

Wolf stares at the disk as he moves toward it.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM DEPOT - NIGHT

Riordan flickers into view. The depot is still in chaos. Strobing lights, emergency SIRENS, repeating loudspeaker ANNOUNCEMENT.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)  
-emergency duty stations. Pt. Mugu  
Naval Air Station is on lockdown.  
This is not-

Riordan moves toward the rail car, past the unconscious officer on the platform.

INT. MAG/LEV TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Riordan enters. In the right forward seat, an angled screen with a 3-D palm print indentation.

Riordan puts his hand on the angled screen. Nothing.

He looks back. Spots the unconscious officer.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolf walks around the disk. It looms over him.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT

The train flashes past.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Riordan is pinned against the seat. A loud BUZZ fills the rail car.

The train begins to decelerate.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Near the forward end of the disk, Wolf climbs a ladder. At the top, he examines the faint outline of an entry/exit port.

He reaches out. Traces a finger along the outline.

A cluster of symbols near the port begins to glow. Prominent among the symbols: two parallel bars inside a circle.

Wolf taps a series of symbols without hesitation.

The port opens with a SIGH.

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM OFFSHORE TERMINUS - NIGHT

Riordan exits the rail car.

He scans the terminus. Unconscious MP, compromised secure entry point, open door.

Riordan flickers out of sight.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

Riordan enters, spots Erica and Maddie at the edge of the viewing platform. He follows their gaze to Wolf, at the far end of the laboratory.

EXT. DISK - NIGHT

Wolf stands at the entry port. The disk's surface now projects 3-D clusters of alien symbol-writing. The symbol clusters spin on multiple axes, rapidly changing colors and emitting flashes of blinding white light.

The disk is communicating with him.

Wolf becomes distracted as he senses a new presence.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

Riordan runs down the stairs toward the laboratory floor.

EXT. DISK - NIGHT

Wolf turns toward the viewing platform.

We see what Wolf sees: the entirety of the laboratory in sharp detail. Erica and Maddie on the viewing platform.

The glowing red outline of a human figure, now on the laboratory floor and running toward him.

Riordan.

WOLF  
(to himself)  
Right on time.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolf descends the ladder and gestures with his hand. He sees Riordan, now uncloaked, weapon in hand. Wolf moves toward him.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY VIEWING PLATFORM - NIGHT

On the viewing platform, Maddie tugs Erica's arm.

MADDIE  
(shouting)  
Uncle Tommy!

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Riordan glances back, then down at himself. Discovers he's no longer cloaked.

RIORDAN  
That's not good.

Wolf approaches. Stops. Five meters separate him from Riordan.

Riordan brings his weapon up. The transparent blue display activates. The weapon acquires its target.

WOLF  
I told you I'd be hard to miss.

RIORDAN  
You've had a busy day.

WOLF  
I'm just getting started.

RIORDAN  
Actually, we're about to wrap things up here.

Wolf moves to one side, along a circular arc. Riordan mirrors him, moving the opposite way.

WOLF  
Your government has turned you into a weapon.

RIORDAN  
Isn't that what happened to you?

WOLF  
I don't have a government. And I didn't have a choice in the matter.

RIORDAN  
I've been told you can answer my questions about Sayed Bridge.

WOLF  
By Larisa, no doubt. Where is she?

RIORDAN  
Not far from here.

Wolf studies Riordan, who winces in pain.

WOLF  
She's not well.

RIORDAN  
Can you do something about that?

WOLF  
Can I? Yes.

Wolf takes a step forward. Riordan brings the weapon on-sight.

RIORDAN  
I'd just as soon not hurt you.

WOLF  
Don't worry.



The weapon begins to shut down.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
You won't.

Wolf takes another step forward. As Riordan watches, his weapon's blue display flickers. Fades. Vanishes.

Riordan points the weapon at the ground near Wolf's feet.

RIORDAN  
Fire!

Nothing. Riordan tosses the weapon aside.

WOLF  
I need your help.

RIORDAN  
Nobody says 'please' anymore.

WOLF  
You're in a difficult position.  
Like a circus monkey, strapped into  
the cockpit of a fighter plane.

Riordan unstraps the concealment device. Dumps it, too.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
They took your funny hat away and  
dressed you up in a tiny flight  
suit.

Riordan realizes no one and nothing can help him. This is it. He takes a step toward Wolf.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
You've been promoted, too. Now,  
you're a lieutenant.

They each take another step forward.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Perhaps - if you're very  
intelligent - you've figured out  
how to put on your helmet.

Riordan advances. Delivers a series of high-speed martial arts blows. Wolf parries them with ease. They separate, circle each other.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
But at the end of the day-

Riordan closes again. Unleashes a ferocious combination of strikes and kicks. Again, Wolf defends easily.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
- can a monkey really be expected  
to fly a jet?

In a blur, Wolf moves in. Fists, palm strikes, knees, kicks, all delivered expertly. Precisely. At lightning speed.

In seconds, Riordan is on his knees, then his back, with Wolf's foot on his throat. Riordan's arm is straight above his body, controlled by Wolf. Riordan's wrist is bent back, nearly double.

Riordan WHEEZES, fights for breath. Wolf watches for a moment, then drops his arm and steps away.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
Please tell me that death is not  
the purpose of your life.

INT. FORWARD SECTION OF THE DISK - NIGHT

The disk's forward section configuration is similar to that of the Tien Shan craft: four identical pods at 90 degree intervals. Points on a compass.

Multiple images = star charts, various 3-D projections, spinning columns of symbol writing - emanate from the curved ceiling overhead.

Riordan stares at the images. Overwhelmed.

WOLF  
I - we - crossed the void of  
space/time to find the crew of this  
vessel.

Overhead, four images appear at once: Not human. Insectile.

WOLF (CONT'D)  
A rescue mission, which I alone  
survived. I was captured.  
Imprisoned. Tortured.

RIORDAN  
For how long?

Wolf turns to Riordan.

WOLF

Too long.

(pause)

Only when I accessed the Infinite Shield databases did I discover that Mission Two - my mission - was over before it started. Mission One had no survivors.

RIORDAN

That's a sad story, but I can't help you.

WOLF

On the contrary - you're the only one who can help me.

INT. AFT SECTION OF THE OBJECT - NIGHT

Wolf and Riordan stand in front of a free-floating, pulsating object. A sphere, twice the size of a soccer ball, but similar in appearance to a highly-polished, semi-transparent marble.

WOLF

The launch sequence must be initiated by two crew members, acting simultaneously.

RIORDAN

But you're the only survi-

WOLF

(cuts in)

The bio-code of a Mission One crew member is active inside you.

RIORDAN

The inoculant.

WOLF

(indicates the sphere)

When we place our hands inside the sphere, it will read our codes and trigger the launch sequence.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolf sits at a computer monitor. Riordan stands behind him.

WOLF

Once I've disabled the field, we'll have to move quickly.

RIORDAN

Field?

WOLF

This facility is fifty meters underwater. An electromagnetic protective field is the only thing separating us from billions of gallons of seawater.

RIORDAN

So you're just going to fly that thing out of here?

WOLF

Correct.

Riordan pulls Thorn's silenced 9mm from his belt, comes up behind Wolf, jams the barrel into the back of his neck.

RIORDAN

Never turn your back on a circus monkey.

Wolf doesn't move.

WOLF

I want to go home. What do you want?

RIORDAN

I want to know what happened at Sayed Bridge.

(pause)

Besides, this isn't my decision to make.

WOLF

Don't fool yourself. This is entirely your decision.

Riordan hesitates.

RIORDAN

You're right.

He releases the magazine from the gun. Racks the gun's action and ejects the chambered round. Tosses the gun aside.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
What happened to my unit?

WOLF  
Open your mind to me.

RIORDAN  
Do I have a choice?

WOLF  
Words would be a poor substitute  
for what I can show you.

Riordan considers that statement, then closes his eyes. Wolf studies him intently. Riordan GASPS in pain.

What Riordan sees:

A world of dazzling colors, with three red suns and rivers of blue ice and impossibly high towers of glittering silicon.

A world deadly and beautiful and utterly alien.

Then: a high-speed series of image fragments. Bagram. Sayed Bridge. Mojo. Helicopter rotor blades. Endicott. A Roman Centurion silhouette. Streams of data, unspooling faster than the eye can follow.

And finally - Larisa.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolf is back at the computer. He types a series of commands and stands.

WOLF  
It's done.

Abruptly, loud GROANING sounds fills the warehouse.

RIORDAN  
What's that?

WOLF  
An ocean.

Riordan sways slightly. Puts his hands on his knees.

RIORDAN  
Something's different. What did you  
do to me?

WOLF

The inoculant has transformed you.  
I simply turned a key in a lock and  
opened a door. If you walk through  
it, you'll understand what you've  
become.

Riordan straightens up.

RIORDAN

I didn't ask for that.

WOLF

I know the feeling.

INT. AFT SECTION OF THE DISK - NIGHT

Wolf and Riordan stand before the sphere.

WOLF

Now.

Each plunges a hand into the sphere. It turns a dazzling  
white, then an inky black.

WOLF (CONT'D)

The launch sequence is activated.  
You need to take your people and  
leave.

RIORDAN

What about Larisa?

WOLF

You're loyal, aren't you? I thought  
that was a concept, not an  
attribute. And Larisa...she's  
recovering.

RIORDAN

Thank you. And good luck.

WOLF

Luck is a nonsensical human  
construct.

(pause)

But I'll take all the help I can  
get.

INT. INFINITE SHIELD LABORATORY - NIGHT

Riordan sprints across the warehouse. At the base of the stairs leading to the viewing platform, he looks back.

The disk is engulfed within a bluish-white vortex, the arms of which spin around the center at a constantly increasing rate.

An oscillating HUM fills the laboratory. It increases in PITCH and VOLUME as the vortex spins faster and faster.

Abruptly, the space around the disk collapses in on itself, resulting in a deafening EXPLOSION. The space immediately regains its shape and expands outward.

Riordan is knocked off his feet. He SLAMS into a wall beneath the viewing platform.

Fissures appear in the thick steel walls. Fingernails-on-chalk SOUNDS of failing steel.

RIORDAN

Oh, shit.

Riordan runs up the staircase to the platform. At the far end of the laboratory, seawater begins to CASCADE into the facility.

Erica and Maddie run toward him.

ERICA

What's happen-

RIORDAN

(cuts in)

We gotta get out of here!

At the viewing platform entrance, Riordan looks back once again.

The disk is gone.

In that instant, the disk support structure disappears in a massive wall of greenish-black ocean water. The wall RUSHES toward the viewing platform.

INT. MAG/LEV OFFSHORE TERMINUS - NIGHT

Riordan, carrying Maddie, exits the laboratory. Erica follows.

The MP is half-conscious. Riordan grabs him by the collar.

RIORDAN  
Move it, soldier!

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL CAR - NIGHT

Riordan, Erica, Maddie, and the MP, each belted into a seat.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (V.O)  
Stand by for departure in five  
seconds. Four seconds-

INT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM OFFSHORE TERMINUS - NIGHT

The terminus BUCKLES. Water SLAMS through the walls from all sides as the train is propelled forward into the tunnel.

EXT. MAG/LEV RAIL SYSTEM DEPOT - NIGHT

Riordan, Erica, Maddie, and the MP emerge from the mag/lev train depot. A fleet of US Navy security patrol vehicles is waiting. Lightbars flashing. Spotlights searching.

RIORDAN  
(to Erica)  
Wolf showed me what happened. To  
Mojo. To all of them. Sayed Bridge  
was an experiment, and we were the  
test subjects. I....

Riordan can no longer keep his emotions bottled up.

ERICA  
Tommy....

Erica wraps Riordan and Maddie in a fierce hug.

The lead security patrol vehicle's spotlight swings onto Riordan, Erica, and Maddie.

M.A. O'Brien exits the car.

O'BRIEN  
Thomas Riordan?

RIORDAN  
That's me.

O'BRIEN  
You're in a lot of trouble.

It's over. Riordan has hit the wall. He's done.



RIORDAN  
Yeah - I guess I am.

O'BRIEN  
For what it's worth, I found  
someone who claims she can explain  
whatever the hell it is that's  
going on here.

Into the spotlight: Larisa. No longer pale or shivering.

LARISA  
Go ahead - admit it.

RIORDAN  
Admit what?

LARISA  
You're freaked out.

Riordan smiles.

THE END