



In 1947,  
America was invaded.

They never left.

# DARK SKIES

THE STORM IS COMING

**TWO-HOUR SEASON PREMIERE!**  
**8/7PM Saturday, September 21 on NBC** 

# **DARK SKIES**

**"TO PREY IN DARKNESS"**

(Episode #17)

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Columbia Pictures Television  
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WRITER'S DRAFT

*Previously on Dark Skies:* At Robert Kennedy's urging, John Loengard reluctantly returned to Majestic-12 to spy within the secret organization. Most recently, Loengard's girlfriend, Kim Sayers, has been taken by the Hive, along with his son. It is 1965...

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LOENGARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

As the camera roams the mess, we hear the sounds of Barry McGuire's EVE OF DESTRUCTION, a 45 rpm spinning on an old-style TURNTABLE.

We find **JOHN LOENGARD**, his good looks obscured behind a growth of beard and uncombed hair, laying on the couch, half-listening to the music. From outside, we now hear the sounds of KNOCKING. Loengard, unfazed, makes no attempt to answer. A moment, followed by the sound of the lock being picked. Loengard calmly reaches under the couch and points his gun at the door.

Fellow agent **JULIET STEWART** (American cover; formerly KGB) enters. She, too, has her weapon drawn.

JULIET

You don't answer your door anymore?

LOENGARD

Why should I? Anybody who needs to talk to me obviously knows how to get in.

Loengard puts his gun down on the coffee table, ignores her. Juliet walks around, inspecting the lack of order everywhere. She shakes her head. He looks in as much disrepair as his apartment.

JULIET

You're losing control, Loengard.

LOENGARD

Yeah, well, don't draw any big conclusions. I was like this in college.

JULIET

Pull yourself together. You look as bad as your apartment.

LOENGARD  
Wasn't expecting company.

Juliet walks over and takes the record off the turntable.

JULIET  
Bach wants everybody in for a security briefing.

LOENGARD  
Pass.

Juliet takes Loengard's weapon off the coffee table.

JULIET  
Not optional. I'm to bring you in at gunpoint -- if I have to.

LOENGARD  
Tell him I'm on sabbatical.

Juliet sits down on the couch next to Loengard.

JULIET  
Look, Majestic's written you off. Kim Sayers was the prize. They're not sure what to do with John Loengard.  
(beat)  
But I see something in you. Something I see in myself.

LOENGARD  
Juliet, I probably like you better than when I met you, but we have nothing in common.

Juliet looks straight at him.

JULIET  
Revenge, John. We both want it.

She hands him back his weapon, extending her trust, and, with a resigned nod, he takes it.

**INT. MAJESTIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Majestic-12 leader **CAPTAIN FRANK BACH** and his chief of staff **LIEUTENANT PHIL ALBANO** stand before a packed house, mostly Men-in-Black, or MIBs. Included are a cleaned-up Loengard and Juliet. A film projector is set up in the back of the room, ready to go.

BACH

Six weeks ago, this organization began a security evaluation. What we found was unacceptable. Lax procedures, protocols not being followed, non-secure phone lines. Many leaks have been plugged. But one in particular threatens not only this organization but the safety of every living human.

Bach nods to the projectionist. Bach and Albano step aside as the lights dim and a film rolls.

#### FILM PROJECTION

As FILM LEADER counts down, replaced by grainy BLACK-AND-WHITE FILM from Roswell where we first shot down an alien craft. It shows the military gathering, people waiting for something to happen, including President Walter Truman wearing his trademark hat. Unexpectedly:

A silly MR. MAGOO CARTOON appears on the screen! Completely counter-point to the seriousness of the situation.

The film now returns to FOOTAGE FROM ROSWELL. Something has happened, men are running to and fro, but we have missed the incident which caused it.

#### RETURN TO SCENE

Everyone in the conference room shifts uncomfortably. Obviously, something is terribly wrong. Bach motions for the projectionist to kill the film.

BACH

This was discovered four hours ago during our emergency inventory.  
Phil?

ALBANO

We've all seen it before. It's from the 1947 Roswell incident. But fifty-three feet of film have disappeared, replaced by the cartoon which has been spliced in. What was taken includes in a single unedited shot --

**FLASHCUT - HIVE SPACECRAFT**

The Hive spacecraft hovers some hundred feet above the observers, frightening and real.

ALBANO (V.O.)

The Hive spacecraft, demonstrating its superior gravitational override...

**FLASHCUT - GRAY IN BEAM**

An alien creature materializing on the ground in front of the stunned observers.

ALBANO (V.O.)

... the original Hive-dominated Gray in the localized teleportation beam...

**FLASHCUT - PRESIDENT TRUMAN**

Truman, eyes wide, being rocked to his core.

ALBANO (V.O.)

... and President Truman participating in all of this ...

**BACK TO THE ROOM**

As it reacts, Bach takes control.

BACH

Given the state of our current technology, this missing film could not have been faked. In the wrong hands, it will undermine our work and change the course of world history. Our mission is to prevent that from happening at any cost.

Bach looks straight at Loengard. OFF their mutual stares, we:

FADE OUT.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MAJESTIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

As the meeting breaks up, Loengard hangs back, in order to speak with Bach, conferring with Albano. On an easel, WE SEE that there are four suspects assigned to four teams. One suspect is Doctor Carl Hertzog assigned to Loengard and Juliet.

LOENGARD

I think you should put somebody else on this.

BACH

I've made my decision.

Albano sees this escalating, takes his leave.

ALBANO

I'll be down at Security.

Bach watches Albano go, turns back to Loengard.

BACH

You knew Hertzog. He liked you.  
He'll talk to you.

LOENGARD

I have other priorities now.

BACH

Locking yourself in your apartment and feeling sorry for yourself isn't the way to find your son.

LOENGARD

The truth is, Frank, that I'll fight the Hive any way I can, but I don't have the same passion for keeping your secret.

BACH

Maybe you're involved in this yourself?

LOENGARD

You know I'm not. And if you really thought I was, we wouldn't be having this talk.

BACH  
(he's right)

Let's look at this from a resource analysis. Majestic has a lot of them, you have none. We have many priorities, you have only one. If we were to shift some of our resources to your single priority...

LOENGARD  
(getting it)

I scratch your back, you scratch mine. What took you so long?

BACH  
(matter-of-factly)

I wanted to keep my eye on you. But I think you've seen what we're up against now that Kim's been lost and your head's on straight again.

LOENGARD  
Do you actually know something about where my son is?

BACH  
We have some leads.

LOENGARD  
I need to hear them.

BACH  
Scratch my back, John. Then we'll talk.

OFF this quid pro quo.

**INT. MAJESTIC - OP-CENTER - NIGHT**

Loengard exits, finds Juliet waiting. She hands him a plane ticket.

JULIET  
Here's your ticket. We have a ten-thirty to New Orleans.

Loengard takes the ticket, and they move off together. Over this, we hear the PRESENT-DAY VOICE of John Loengard:

*OLD LOENGARD (V.O.)  
If I wasn't being threatened by  
Majestic, I was being bribed.  
(MORE)*

*OLD LOENGARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)*  
*It had been two months since I'd  
seen Kim. I actually had stopped  
dreaming about her, but not my son.  
Knowing that he was a captive of the  
alien presence was even worse than  
thinking he might be dead. I set  
out once again to do Bach's bidding,  
but I felt dead inside...*

**EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT**

The city is alive with humanity, and a few other things. A SUPER orients us:

November 5, 1965  
Greenwich Village, New York

**INT. NIGHTCLUB/COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT**

On one level, an emerging counter-culture hotspot. On another, a Hive "nest" where strangers can come and go without being questioned, while exchanging information in dark corners.

A baby CRIES and we realize the child belongs to **KIM SAYERS** who inspects him, clueless, given her new Hive mind-set. Her vivacious look seems sanded down, and her eyes are empty. During this:

Poet **ALLAN GINSBURG**, goatee and turtleneck, spouts a never-published poem ("Singularity") into a microphone.

GINSBURG  
Touched by a light that cries for my  
generation. Aching, alone, celestial --  
calling me to convergence, divergence,  
insurgency of my people ... The  
lights, so brilliant, intoxicated by  
oneness. Diaphanous. Enraptured.  
Enveloped in gossamer with a chorus  
of angel-hip voices in my head  
repeating the refrain: 'We are one  
with the Universe'...

Accompanied by another Hiver, **JIM STEELE** -- the former MJ-12 agent also taken by the Hive -- approaches Sayers, indicates Ginsburg.

STEELE  
Our friend is still in cranial  
takeover phase. But gaining  
popularity.

The baby's crying increases. It's drawing stares.

STEELE (CONT'D)

You need to pick the child up. Humans feel more contentment when they are physically close to each other.

Sayers stares blankly, makes no move.

SAYERS

I feel nothing for it.

STEELE

(firmly)

This is what Kim Sayers must do.

Steele picks up the child, thrusts it to Sayers to hold. She accepts it into her arms, holding it more as an object than her own flesh-and-blood.

SAYERS

Why? We don't need it.

Steele sits down, looks deep into her eyes. Steele switches to HIVESPEAK. The following dialogue appears in SUB-TITLES.

STEELE

Praise the Eternal We.

SAYERS

Praise the Eternal We.

STEELE

This child's purpose is to lead the Hive to Singularity.

SAYERS

It's only a child.

STEELE

It will be a man when this planet reaches what the Humans call the Millennium.

SAYERS

Why a child which comes from this body?

Sayers indicates her belly, like it belongs to someone else.

STEELE

You hold the son of John Loengard. Destiny runs in his blood.

Steele reverts to ENGLISH.

STEELE (CONT'D)

In order to be effective, you must  
be of Us, but you must pass among  
Them.

SAYERS

Yes. That seems right.

STEELE

You still have access to the mind of  
Kim Sayers. Use it.

Sayers nods. This concept she understands.

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY**

A city that's always having a party is about to have more  
guests tracking their dirt on the carpet.

**EXT. STREET / INT. CAR - OUTSIDE HERTZOG'S HOME - DAY**

Loengard and Juliet sit in a rented sedan. Loengard checks a  
file labeled, "HERTZOG, DR. CARL A.", sliding out a  
surveillance photo of the house.

LOENGARD

Looks like the place.

JULIET

(briefing him)

Hertzog might still believe you're  
on the run from Majestic.

(pointedly)

He'll want to help you -- if you use  
the right approach.

LOENGARD

You sound like Bach.

Loengard starts to exit. Juliet places a hand on his forearm.

JULIET

John...

(beat)

If he took the film, he could turn  
desperate. Your weapon should be  
ready.

Loengard has had enough.

LOENGARD

All Doc ever wanted to do was practice medicine. He just got sucked into the kind they never taught him about at school.

JULIET

It's not about who's at fault.

LOENGARD

Point is, Juliet, that even if he did take this film, I'm not going to shoot him.

Loengard exits, slamming the car door. Juliet watches him head up the walkway.

**EXT. HERTZOG'S HOME - DAY**

Loengard approaches, rings the doorbell. A beat, the door opens a crack. Inside, **DR. CARL HERTZOG** peeks through, then opens the door just enough. He's grey and wrinkled, but not yet feeble.

HERTZOG

John? You're alive!

LOENGARD

Hey, Doc.

HERTZOG

How did you find me? Only Majestic knows where I am.

LOENGARD

I went back to your old place in Georgetown, told your neighbor I was your grandson.  
(shrugs shoulders)  
Here I am, gramps.

Hertzog considers this a moment, then:

HERTZOG

Get inside.

Hertzog opens the door just enough, then practically pulls Loengard through it by grabbing at his shirt.

**INT. HERTZOG'S HOME - DAY**

Hertzog motions for Loengard to come to enter the house.

As he does, the contrast from his own apartment is striking.  
A sense of southern taste and charm.

LOENGARD  
Place looks great --

Hertzog shushes him. Motions for him to continue in. He turns on an AM radio. We hear The Castaway's, LIAR, LIAR.

HERTZOG  
You can't be too careful, John.  
(paternally)  
I assumed you were a casualty of the Kennedy debacle.

LOENGARD  
We all are, Doc. But some of us are still living. How are you?

HERTZOG  
Me? I'm just a harmless old man.  
No threat to Majestic.  
(nods to phone)  
Can't use the phone though. I know it's still bugged.  
(deeply concerned)  
How's that beautiful Kim? She had such love in her eyes for you. Like my wife before she passed on. Please tell me she's all right.

This hits Loengard hard, but he can't let on.

LOENGARD  
She's fine.

HERTZOG  
(proudly)  
The A.R.T. procedure worked.

LOENGARD  
Yeah, Doc, it worked.  
(beat)  
So ... how'd you end up here in New Orleans?

HERTZOG  
They fired me, John. They fired me from the club you can never quit.

**INT. MAJESTIC - BIO-LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Hertzog is at work studying a petri dish as Bach enters.

BACH  
Doctor, we need to talk.

HERTZOG  
How can I help, Captain?

BACH  
Majestic's entering a new phase. A research intensive phase. I'm putting Charlie Halligan in charge.

Hertzog's eyes flame at his easy dismissal.

HERTZOG  
You put me out to pasture? I developed the alien rejection technique. I performed the first cerebral eviction.

BACH  
And that was good work. Work you can be proud of. But Halligan brings more modern training to the table. He's more experienced with the equipment we have to stay current with.

(shrugs)  
Johns Hopkins University's hard to beat.

HERTZOG  
(bitterly)  
What happens to me? Car accident?  
Heart attack?

BACH  
(shakes head)  
You'll sign a non-disclosure statement. You'll be de-briefed. If we need you again, you'll be contacted.

HERTZOG  
Don't forget the gold watch.

Bach crushes his cigarette out in a nearby petri dish.

BACH  
Don't give me a reason to change my mind.

INT. HERTZOG'S HOME - DAY

Loengard sees the anger Hertzog feels, telling this story.

LOENGARD  
Bach doesn't have your bedside manner.

HERTZOG  
I never liked him. But he was smart.  
(conspiratorially)  
He fired me because I couldn't be  
trusted.

LOENGARD  
What do you mean?

HERTZOG  
You and me, John. They knew we were  
close. After you went to Kennedy, I  
was a marked man.

LOENGARD  
I did what I had to, Doc.

HERTZOG  
No, no. Don't apologize. You were  
right, John.  
(off Loengard's look)  
I admit that at first I was very  
bitter. Nearly twenty years I gave  
them. You knew I performed the first  
Roswell autopsy?

Loengard smiles. Yes, he's been told several times.

LOENGARD  
You were a medical pioneer. Someday,  
they will write about what you did.

HERTZOG  
Yes, they will. And I hope they  
don't write it in Hive.  
(turns up the radio  
some more)  
Then I thought about you and what  
you stood for... You were dead so I  
did something to honor your memory.

LOENGARD  
You got proof?

Not exactly what Hertzog said. He studies Loengard who knows  
he may have overplayed his hand.

HERTZOG

John, look me in the eye. Tell me  
you don't work for Majestic.

Sick at heart, Loengard can't lie, turns away...

LOENGARD

I've got a son, Doc. The only chance  
I've got of seeing him again is to  
turn up the film you took.

HERTZOG

I didn't take any film.

LOENGARD

Look, if you won't do it for me, do  
it for yourself. Your only chance  
is to give it up and hit the road  
like I did. I'll buy you some time  
and -- if they've got their film  
back -- they might just decide you're  
not worth the manpower to track down.

(beat)

You don't have a choice, Doc.

Like a cop who's got a perp ready to confess, Loengard pulls  
a blank notebook from his pocket and places it in front of  
Hertzog.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

I want you to write down where it is  
now. They'll analyze your handwriting  
and they'll know that you tried to  
help.

HERTZOG

(beat)

I briefed President Truman and  
President Eisenhower you know. I  
had the highest classification in  
all of Majestic, even Bach.

Loengard looks at Hertzog, nods gently that he understands.  
Hertzog scribbles a name in the notebook. Loengard stands  
up, putting the notebook back in his pocket.

LOENGARD

Take whatever you can get in one  
suitcase. Don't take more than five  
minutes. I'll be outside.

Loengard takes off. Hertzog's face says the truth: a man  
facing his own imminent mortality.

INT. MAJESTIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bach stands at the window looking out sullenly over the Ops-Center. Albano enters, followed by a technician who places a REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER on the table and leaves. Then:

ALBANO  
Just got a call. It's Herzog.

BACH  
(nods)  
Did we get the film?

ALBANO  
(shakes head)  
Nope. But we know who did. Get this, Frank. That senile bastard gave it to Dorothy Kilgallen.

BACH  
The game show broad?

ALBANO  
The one and only.

BACH  
Who also happens to be the only reporter to talk to Jack Ruby alone.

ALBANO  
Brought the wiretap in for us to listen to. This is from Ruby's trial. Somehow they let her spend a couple minutes alone with him.

Albano starts the tape player. We hear the scratchy sounds of:

*KILGALLEN (V.O.)  
Mister Ruby. I'm Dorothy Kilgallen.*

*RUBY (V.O.)  
I know who you are.*

INT. DALLAS COURT OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A very small, simple meeting room, adjoining the courtroom. Famous columnist and reporter **DOROTHY KILGALLEN** meets with **JACK RUBY**, the most famous assassin of an assassin in the world.

KILGALLEN

We may not have very long. If you had something you wanted to tell me, talk quickly.

RUBY

I got a war going on in my head and I think I'm losing.

KILGALLEN

To who?

RUBY

(losing it)

Oh, for God's sakes, don't pretend you don't know.

KILGALLEN

(humoring him)

You're right. Of course. What do you think is going to happen?

RUBY

Well, they're going to win, aren't they? Because the bigger this thing grows, the harder it is. Pretty soon I'll just be one of them.

KILGALLEN

Mister Ruby, I have to ask you a question. Please tell me the truth. Why did you shoot Oswald?

RUBY

I agreed to talk to you because you were smart!

KILGALLEN

I know why you shot him but I have to hear it from you.

RUBY

Oh... That makes sense.

(intently; taps temple)

They told me to shoot him. They ordered me.

**INT. MAJESTIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Bach and Albano sit at the table, listening.

KILGALLEN (V.O.)  
*Is there anything you need? Anything you want?*

RUBY (V.O.)  
*Tell them to kill me. Just give me the death sentence. You get one of those creatures inside you, what's the use of living anyway?*

GUARD VOICE (V.O.)  
*Miss Kilgallen, time's up...*

Albano switches off the tape recorder.

BACH  
He didn't give her a lot.

ALBANO  
It's like you said. She's a lousy panelist on a game show. Maybe nobody'll believe her.

Only they both know the bottom line.

BACH  
They'll believe their own eyes.  
That missing film couldn't be more clear.  
(beat)  
We've got some decisions to make,  
don't we?

ALBANO  
Yep. Herzog? Sounds like he gave it up without a fight. You want to give him a pass?

BACH  
He already had one. He knew the risks.

Albano nods his agreement. He understands what needs to be done.

ALBANO  
Kilgallen?

BACH  
More complicated. Loengard and Stewart are on their way to New York, right?

ALBANO

Yeah. But I'm not comfortable with a whistleblower and a communist trying to bring the film back in.

BACH

Good point. Maybe they need a chaperone.

**EXT. HERTZOG'S HOME / INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT**

Loengard sits in the front seat with Juliet, checking his watch.

LOENGARD

I told him to be packed in an hour. What's taking him?

JULIET

You're risking too much here.

LOENGARD

I wouldn't have been if you hadn't called it in right away. You could have given the man some time.

Juliet looks at him as if she can't quite believe what she's hearing.

JULIET

I will wait five more minutes. Then I'm going to the airport. With or without you.

LOENGARD

You know, you're all heart.

**EXT. HERTZOG'S HOME - NIGHT**

Loengard knocks. No answer. He begins to suspect the worst. He pulls his gun, goes inside.

**INT. HERTZOG'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT**

Loengard enters, gun drawn. He looks up. Herzog has hung himself from the second floor of circular stairway!

LOENGARD

Doc!!

Loengard runs to cut him down, but it's too late. OFF  
Loengard's terrible realization, we:

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

The familiar skyline tells us we are back in New York.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Loengard and Juliet enter, carrying several suitcases. Once inside, they immediately go to work setting up their "spy nest." Juliet opens a suitcase, exposing not clothing, but surveillance gear which she begins to assemble. Loengard goes straight for the window, looks outside.

LOENGARD

Looks like a clean shot at Kilgallen's apartment from here.

Loengard lets the curtain fall closed, slumps into a chair. Juliet looks up from her work (assembling a secure phone line), sees the pain in his face.

JULIET

John, Hertzog was a dead man anyway. He knew it the minute he took that film.

LOENGARD

No. He knew it the minute he looked in my face and knew I lied to him.

Juliet puts the equipment aside, goes directly to Loengard.

JULIET

What we're doing is dangerous work. I will not accept as a partner a man who does not have the ability to stay focused. Do you need to be replaced?

Loengard takes a long moment to consider this,

LOENGARD

No.

JULIET

Then listen to me. Carl Hertzog died doing something he believed in.  
(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)  
You gave him the chance to decide  
his own ending. It's all you could  
have done for him. Back in the KGB,  
we wouldn't have made such allowances.

LOENGARD  
Yeah, well, welcome to America.  
(beat)  
I said I'll do the job. I don't  
need your pep talk.

The secure phone RINGS. Juliet punches in a scramble code  
and picks up.

JULIET  
Tracker One.  
(beat)  
We can be there.  
(beat)  
It's all worked out.

She hangs up, turns to Loengard.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
Albano. Says Kilgallen tapes her  
show tonight. We have to get to her  
before she hears about Herzog.

Loengard nods. He begins to assemble the surveillance camera.  
All business.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - ARTIST'S ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A group of fans and autograph seekers wait expectantly.  
Dressed to fit in are Loengard and Juliet. Suddenly, there  
is a murmur of excitement from the crowd.

It's Dorothy Kilgallen, getting out of a limo. She makes her  
way toward the door, signing autographs along the way.  
Loengard pushes his way forward, thrusts out an autograph  
book.

LOENGARD  
Hertzog sent us. He wants us to  
give you a message.

Kilgallen stops writing, looks up coolly at Loengard, taking  
his measure.

JULIET  
Where can we meet you?

Kilgallen begins writing again on the autograph book, only this time it's an address.

KILGALLEN  
P.J. Clarke's. Table thirty-six,  
after the show.

LOENGARD  
Is it private?

KILGALLEN  
No. It's nice and public. No funny business that way.

Kilgallen thrusts the autograph book back at Loengard, moves on through the crowd, disappearing inside the building.

INT. THE NETWORK - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

The skeleton night crew at work. Teletype machines, a few reporters banging away on typewriters. A wall map of the United States, ringing phones. Kilgallen enters, zeros in on **DAN RATHER**, network correspondent out of Texas, got his big break covering JFK's assassination.

RATHER  
What brings you up to the nosebleed section, Dot?

KILGALLEN  
Dan, I'm going to do you a big favor.

RATHER  
The great Dorothy Kilgallen wants to do me a favor. Now why is my bullshine detector suddenly pegged in the red?

KILGALLEN  
I don't have a lot of time, but this is as on-the-level as it gets.

Rather sees she's serious, motions for her to pull up a chair. He huddles closer so they can speak privately.

RATHER  
All right.

KILGALLEN  
I've got a story. The biggest one I've ever had my mitts on.  
(MORE)

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)

It's so big, I can't do it justice  
in my column. I want you to break  
it for me.

RATHER

Let me check it out myself then --

Kilgallen waves him to a stop.

KILGALLEN

I know why Kennedy was killed. You  
come to my place, first thing tomorrow  
morning. Bring a crew. You put me  
on camera and I'll spill the whole  
can of beans.

Rather leans back, exhales.

RATHER

I knew it. You have proof of the  
conspiracy.

KILGALLEN

Way more than that. This makes the  
Zapruder film you've been chasing  
look like a Saturday morning cartoon.

RATHER

I hear what you're saying, but why  
give me all the glory?

KILGALLEN

I have no choice. This story has to  
be seen to be believed. TV's the  
only way to go.

RATHER

You could always put it on 'What's  
My Line.' You probably have more  
viewers than the news.

Kilgallen checks her watch.

KILGALLEN

I'm late for the set.

She starts rummaging through her purse. Eventually comes out  
with an envelope. She rips it open, produces a key which she  
presses into Rather's hand.

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)

Anything should happen to me tonight,  
you go to Grand Central. There's a  
locker with a signed affidavit from  
me and a piece of film.

(beat)

If you look tonight, our agreement  
is violated. Plus, I'll sue you.

RATHER

You're really playing this one to  
the hilt, aren't you?

KILGALLEN

(leaving)

It's the only way to play it, Dan.

**INT. P.J. CLARKE'S CLUB - NIGHT**

A very visible, very trendy hang-out where all the hipsters, movers and shakers with cash and class come to drink and dine. Loengard and Juliet wait at a private booth, table 36. They sit in silence for several beats until:

JULIET

You're not the only one who's lost  
something. There are nights when I  
can still feel Lev's presence. But  
I want to feel him, his hand on my  
face ...

LOENGARD

I was going to marry Kim. We put  
that on hold...

JULIET

The world's on hold.

LOENGARD

Look at us. The walking wounded.

JULIET

The point is, we'll both get over  
this. We have to. We need time.

Before Loengard can answer, Juliet nods off-camera. Kilgallen approaches, takes a seat as she tells an attentive waiter:

KILGALLEN

Vodka Collins.

The waiter departs. Kilgallen looks straight across, all business.

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)  
I tried to call Herzog. No answer.

LOENGARD  
I know you don't trust us. Let us tell you why we came. You decide.

JULIET  
We're part of the 'Aviary.' It's a loose confederation of intelligence agents, all of us determined to get the truth out.

KILGALLEN  
Good cover.

JULIET  
I work in Defense.

She shows a set of DOD credentials to Kilgallen. She indicates that Loengard should produce some of his own, which he does.

LOENGARD  
N-S-A.

Kilgallen holds the badges, doesn't give them back.

JULIET  
We think Doctor Herzog has been the victim of an elaborate disinformation scheme. We have reason to believe the film he has given you --

The waiter arrives with her drink. Pregnant pause.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
Our concern is that you have been targeted. That you will attempt to bring it before the public, only to have it revealed as a hoax, thereby discrediting you and everyone associated with the saucer phenomenon.

KILGALLEN  
I see.

JULIET  
My associate works as a photo analyst. He's the one who found the missiles in Cuba.

LOENGARD

Within twelve hours in our lab, we can authenticate your film, based on stock as well as chemical composition.

Kilgallen holds the credentials up to the light for inspection.

KILGALLEN

You're good, but I didn't get to where I am falling for crap like that.

Kilgallen hands back the credentials, reaches for her purse, starts to rise. Loengard takes his best shot.

LOENGARD

Hertzog's dead.

Kilgallen sits back down. Juliet looks skeptically at Loengard. This is way off-script.

KILGALLEN

Are you threatening me?

LOENGARD

No. But I'm afraid you're about to put your life in danger.

KILGALLEN

Such a film -- if it exists -- would clearly not be in my possession now. That's my insurance policy.

LOENGARD

Not necessarily. Look, two years ago, I was you. I was ready to tell the world this whole fantastic story, even if I paid for it with my life. But that's not how it works. The story won't come out, but you will pay.

(the pitch)

If you give the film back, we'll do our best to see that your talents are used in the resistance. That's what you should want. Victory for humanity, not some journalistic scoop.

Kilgallen registers this, finishes her drink.

KILGALLEN

(to Loengard)

Good cop...

(MORE)

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)  
(to Juliet)  
Bad cop...  
(to both)  
Classic stuff, but just not good  
enough.

Kilgallen rises, tells the waiter.

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)  
Next drink's on my tab.

And she's gone.

**INT. KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Seen only in shadows, a man goes through the apartment contents, obviously looking for something. He stops, hears a key in the door.

Kilgallen enters, sees the mess, and starts to back out, only to be roughly pulled inside! It's Steele!

STEELE  
We've been watching you.

KILGALLEN  
Yeah? Take a number...

Steele cocks his head, thinks a beat, then roughly back-hands Kilgallen, sending her to the floor.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Loengard and Juliet enter. Albano's sitting in a stuffed chair, smoking a cigar.

LOENGARD  
Gee, Albano, what a surprise. What's the matter, don't you trust us?

ALBANO  
You Loengard? Never.

Loengard goes to work taking the photo surveillance gear out of the closet and assembling it. Albano turns to Juliet.

ALBANO (CONT'D)  
How'd you and the hero make out?

JULIET  
Kilgallen won't talk. Yet.

ALBANO  
You think she's making a move?

JULIET  
I don't know.

ALBANO  
Well, we can wait for her to leave  
tomorrow, then toss the place.

Loengard has been lining up the sights on the surveillance camera.

LOENGARD  
Somebody's beat us to it...

Albano jumps up, pushes Loengard aside, takes a look through the eyepiece.

**ALBANO'S POV - KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT**

He sees Steele and Kilgallen in conflict.

ALBANO (V.O.)  
Third ring of the circus just showed up.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Albano turns to Juliet, sums up. They're all getting their coats.

ALBANO  
Jim-Friggin'-Steele. Chaps my scrotum  
that he's still around.

JULIET  
How do they know about the film,  
about Kilgallen?

LOENGARD  
Talk on the way. You know he's gonna  
kill her.

ALBANO  
(agreeing)  
C'mon. Let's play.

They all take off.

**INT. KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Steele pours a full tumbler of vodka, hands it over to Kilgallen.

STEELE  
You look thirsty. Drink up.

KILGALLEN  
I can hold my liquor better than you. I'm not telling you anything.

Steele nods, cocks the hammer on his gun. Kilgallen takes the tumbler to her mouth.

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)  
Bottom's up.

She takes it all down in a couple of quick gulps. Steele takes the tumbler from her and pours another full glass. He hands it back to her.

KILGALLEN (CONT'D)  
Oh, for cryin' out loud...  
(beat)  
I'll have a killer hangover in the morning but you're not gonna have ... nothin'.

Kilgallen takes the second tumbler and drains it. Steele waits a beat.

STEELE  
Feeling all right now, Miss Kilgallen?

KILGALLEN  
Go to ... hell ...

STEELE  
I don't actually believe in the concept. Do you?

KILGALLEN  
Do now ...

Her head is obviously starting to spin, her words slurring already.

STEELE  
Where did you put the film?

KILGALLEN  
That's for me ... to know ... and you ... to find ... out ...

STEELE

And I will.

KILGALLEN

Yeah, with 'bout ... thirty million  
... other people.

STEELE

Really? Do tell.

KILGALLEN

Don't know ... why they call you ...  
'Majestic' 'cause you're just ...  
some cheap ... hood. And that's the  
way it is.

With that, Kilgallen suddenly falls to the table with a thud.  
Steele nods to himself, re-holsters his weapon.

**INT. KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Lock picked, the door pushes open and Albano, Loengard and Juliet enter, guns drawn. Juliet is the first to get to Kilgallen's body. She takes her pulse while Loengard checks for signs of Steele.

JULIET

She's dead. By minutes.

Albano scans the room, calls to Loengard.

ALBANO

Any sign Mister Personality stuck  
around for our party?

LOENGARD

(still checking)

Some party. Two people down in two  
days.

ALBANO

Boo-hoo, Loengard. Life's a real  
nut-cracker.

Albano whips out a handkerchief, uses it to pick up the tumbler Kilgallen was forced to drink from, wiping away the fingerprints.

ALBANO (CONT'D)

We better start cleaning this place  
up right now.

Albano starts picking up books off the floor, replacing them in the bookshelves. Loengard checks the window.

JULIET

Since when do have to clean up a crime scene?

ALBANO

This was no murder, Juliet. This was a suicide. The last people to see Kilgallen in a public place were the two of you. If it's a homicide, you're the suspects.

Loengard has had enough. No sign of Steele.

LOENGARD

You two re-write history. I'm going after Steele.

ALBANO

Forget about it. We need you here.

LOENGARD

No, you forget about it. If I can find Steele, I can find my son.  
That's why I'm here.

ALBANO

Just make sure you put a full round in that squid inside his head. Got it, College Boy?

Loengard takes off. He hates being called that name, and Albano knows it. Albano and Juliet continue their work.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Loengard emerges from the apartment building side door. At the street side of the alley, he sees Steele getting in a car. He begins to chase after it.

His last image is Kim Sayers, looking in her rear view mirror, driving away from him, as we:

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The morning after in the Majestic spy nest. Untouched beds, picked over room service platters. A CLOCK RADIO plays Herb Alpert's THE LONELY BULL.

Loengard stands at the window, peering through the zoom lens of the surveillance camera. He's talking to Juliet, offscreen in the bathroom.

LOENGARD

The thing that kills me is how the family never even hears the truth.  
Imagine Kilgallen's your mother.

LOENGARD'S POV - KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT

The police have discovered the body. Two NYPD OFFICERS are examining the room, looking for any clues of foul play.

LOENGARD (O.S.)

For the rest of your life, you've got to make sense of her suicide.  
Who knows, maybe you even blame yourself?

BACK TO SCENE

Juliet emerges from the bathroom, wet hair wrapped turban-like, her body covered by a modest hotel towel.

JULIET

Every time somebody dies on the job,  
it's not your fault.

Loengard takes a long look at Juliet's alluring figure. It's a struggle, but he looks away, out the window. She goes to her suitcase, begins pulling out clothes.

LOENGARD

If we were setting up a Hiver or taking out a nest, that's one thing.  
But just covering them up ...  
(beat)  
I'd feel better working for the I.R.S.

JULIET  
Until Kim Sayers is dead, you're  
never going to get past that guilt.

Loengard looks back, Juliet is preparing to dress.

LOENGARD  
You don't pull any punches, do you?

JULIET  
I don't know how. But I know what  
you're going through.  
(beat)  
Shower's all yours.

Loengard moves past Juliet toward the bathroom ... close enough for the awkwardness to register on both their faces. When Loengard is gone, Juliet stares out the window at:

**INT. KILGALLEN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The place has been perfectly restored. No signs of a struggle. Kilgallen's body is propped up, The Honeybadgers folded open on her lap.

One of the NYPD detectives, dusting the glass of alcohol for fingerprints, is approached by his partner from the other room.

NYPD DETECTIVE  
Bellman says she came in alone,  
seemed a little sauced.  
(re: glass)  
Those prints hers?

The second detective nods in the affirmative.

NYPD DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
Sure looks like suicide, but there's  
something not right. Just can't put  
my finger on it.

ALBANO (O.S.)  
Oh it's suicide alright ...

Albano steps out from the bathroom with a handful of prescription bottles. An FBI BADGE is prominently displayed on his coat.

ALBANO (CONT'D)  
Maybe not intentional but, this lady  
was seriously depressed.  
(MORE)

ALBANO (CONT'D)  
She was on everything from Seconal  
to Valium. Accident just waiting to  
happen.

NYPD DETECTIVE  
So you feds mind if we do the autopsy?  
Just to be sure.

ALBANO  
Hey, knock yourself out. Only reason  
I'm here is Kilgallen was a celebrity --  
one with an obsession for the Kennedy  
assassination second only to Mister  
Hoover's.

All three men turn at the sound of the apartment door opening,  
introducing a small TV CREW to the scene, led by none other  
than Dan Rather.

RATHER  
Excuse me, I'm looking for ...

Rather cuts himself off when he see Kilgallen's lifeless body.

RATHER (CONT'D)  
Good Lord.

Albano takes charge, crossing to question Rather.

ALBANO  
You looking for Miss Kilgallen?

Momentarily flustered, Rather manages to spit out a cover:

RATHER  
Actually, we're doing a piece on the  
murder. I just wasn't expecting the  
body to still be here.

ALBANO  
(challenging him)  
We just found it a half hour ago.  
It's a suicide. And no information's  
been released to suggest otherwise.

RATHER  
(forced smile)  
This is New York, Detective. Rumors  
spread fast.

Rather has successfully deflected the suspicion, but he cannot  
take his eyes off Kilgallen's body.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Juliet, now dressed and watching all this from the hotel spy nest, calls into the bathroom.

JULIET

John...

Loengard emerges with his shirt off, straight razor in hand and his face partially covered in shaving cream.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Take a look. See if you recognize that man with Albano.

With an eye to the camera, Loengard has instant recognition.

LOENGARD

Dan Rather. News correspondent.  
First one on the scene in Dallas  
after the Kennedy assassination.

JULIET

Let me guess...

Loengard looks up from the camera, following her train of thought.

LOENGARD

Same network they tape 'What's My Line?'

Juliet raises an affirmative eyebrow.

FILM FOOTAGE - ROSWELL

Walter Truman, a Gray, a Hive spaceship. All in one dizzying shot as seen from the BLACK-AND-WHITE perspective of an official Army photographer. We are watching this incriminating evidence from:

INT. THE NETWORK - FILM CHAIN - DAY

A modest, windowless space with several film projectors as its centerpiece. Lining the walls are metal shelves filled with film canisters and video reels.

Alone in the dimly lit room, Rather rewinds and re-screens the shocking footage on a stand-up movieola. Played in SLOW-MO this time, the shot itself is only seconds long, but its impact is undeniable as --

-- A KNOCK on the door startles Rather, who quickly flicks off the view light on the movieola.

Interrupting Rather is avuncular NETWORK anchorman **WALTER CRONKITE**, gray haired, moustached elder statesman.

CRONKITE  
There you are, Dan.

RATHER  
(paranoid)  
Walter. Why are you looking for me?

CRONKITE  
Just making the rounds, introducing  
my new assistant.

RATHER  
Something happen to Rita?

CRONKITE  
A terrible thing. Car accident on  
the way to work this morning. Busted  
hip. Out for three months.

Cronkite gestures for a young woman to poke her head in.

CRONKITE (CONT'D)  
We got lucky with the temp pool.  
Miss Sayers here has actually had  
some broadcast experience.

Sayers steps inside. All sweetness and efficiency.

SAYERS  
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mister  
Rather.

RATHER  
(forced smile)  
Likewise.

CRONKITE  
Kim worked in the White House for  
Jackie Kennedy.  
(beat)  
So how's tonight's piece coming?

RATHER  
I'd like to hold off on the Medicare  
story until tomorrow.  
(beat)  
Dorothy Kilgallen died last night.

CRONKITE  
What happened?

RATHER  
Police think it's a suicide.

CRONKITE  
But you think...?

RATHER  
I think we need some shoe-leather here. I'm working on an obit for tonight's newscast.

Cronkite considers this for a minute, then with compassion, paternally pats Rather on the shoulder.

CRONKITE  
I think we can spare a couple of minutes.

RATHER  
Three.

CRONKITE  
Three? You have some good film?  
Otherwise, it might not play...

RATHER  
I got the film. It'll play.

CRONKITE  
Alright, then. Three, it is.

Rather nods, accepting the deal. As Cronkite turns to go, Sayers lingers for just a moment, her eyes focusing intently on the length of film spread out before Rather.

#### EXT. THE NETWORK - DAY

There is no 500-channel universe. There are only the Big Three networks. This is the one where Walter, Dan and William S. worked together.

#### INT. THE NETWORK - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Flashing his FBI badge, Albano leans in close to the uniformed SECURITY GUARD. Loengard and Juliet hang back in the visitor's waiting area.

ALBANO

I'm not at liberty to discuss the nature of our business with Mister Paley.

SECURITY GUARD

And I'm not 'at liberty' to allow you or your associates inside the building without proper permission.

ALBANO

Fine. Call Paley.

Albano moves back to Loengard and Juliet. The Security Guard picks up a phone.

SECURITY GUARD

Could you tell Mister Paley that Agent Albano of the FBI wishes to come speak with him?

Juliet questions Albano.

JULIET

Couldn't we do this without involving the President of the network?

LOENGARD

The man's on the Majestic board. He's involved.

ALBANO

In case things gets ugly and we stain his carpets, I want to make sure he's got a janitor on hand.

Loengard gets the murderous tenet of his message. The Security Guard calls to Albano.

SECURITY GUARD

Mister Paley's actually coming down here to see you.

Albano nods.

**INT. THE NETWORK - NEWSROOM - DAY**

Sayers walks briskly through the bullpen. Seeing no one paying attention, she stops at Rather's desk. She begins surreptitiously looking for the film, sifting through his desk clutter, rifling through his drawers. Suddenly, she stops, stiffens, her Hive preternatural sense kicking in as --

-- Rather appears in the newsroom, sees her, and makes a beeline for his desk. Sayers, busted, puts on her best smile.

SAYERS

Mister Cronkite wanted a copy of your Medicare notes for tomorrow's broadcast and, well --

RATHER

Listen, Miss Sayers, you may be new here, but if you really worked in the White House then I can't imagine they taught you to go through people's things without their permission.

SAYERS

I'm sorry. You're absolutely right. I just didn't want to let Mister Cronkite down.

RATHER

If anyone wants something of mine, I must be asked first. Do I make myself perfectly clear?

To preserve her cover, Sayers merely lowers her eyes and nods before scooting embarrassedly past Rather.

He watches her move through the copy room where we see her corralled by another reporter into running an errand.

Rather, increasingly paranoid, grabs up the phone.

RATHER (CONT'D)

Give me Human Resources.

(beat)

Yes, I'd like to see the resume on a new hire. A Miss ... Kimberly Sayers, I believe.

While he speaks, Rather removes a small, black FILM CANISTER from its hiding place under his desk. He hangs up the phone, and moves purposefully away.

#### INT. THE NETWORK - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Albano waits with Loengard and Juliet. A beat, then network president **WILLIAM S. PALEY** enters, not entirely pleased to see Albano who stands, then steers him aside.

PALEY

What's the meaning of this?

Albano indicates a more private location to speak. The Security Guard eyes the entire moment with suspicion.

ALBANO

We have reason to believe that one of your reporters is about to blow the big one for us. I'm here to see that doesn't happen.

(pointedly)

Dan Rather.

PALEY

Rather?!

(concerned)

You want me to talk to him?

ALBANO

It may have gone beyond that. We may need to take more definitive measures. Soon.

PALEY

Now you listen to me, Albano, you can't come into my network and threaten the life of one of my top reporters.

ALBANO

Bill, we're hoping it doesn't come to that. But if it does, we need you to have a cover story in place.

PALEY

This is my network. You're on my turf now. Here, we do things my way or we don't do them at all.

Albano has so far taken Paley's outburst in stride. Now he fires back, in calm, measured but terribly threatening tones.

ALBANO

I think it's time for you to listen, Bill. People don't always act rational when they get a peek behind the curtain. Words alone tend to lose their impact.

(bottom line)

I don't care whose network it is. I have operational authority here. I am expected to overcome all obstacles in my way.

The menace and meaning of that are so clear, Paley has to reconsider. A beat, then:

PALEY  
What do you need?

Albano indicates Loengard and Juliet.

ALBANO  
For starters, while you and I discuss this further, my associates need immediate access to your newsroom.

**INT. THE NETWORK - NEWSROOM - DAY**

Loengard and Juliet enter, trying to fit in to the high level of activity which goes on in preparation for a network news broadcast.

LOENGARD  
I don't see him yet...

JULIET  
Look, it's the anchorman.

LOENGARD  
Cronkite. Walter Cronkite.

Cronkite and another REPORTER breeze past engaged in a conversation about a kidnapping.

CRONKITE  
... so they paid the ransom. Did they get the child back?

REPORTER  
(shakes his head)  
Do they ever?

Juliet sees the pain register on Loengard's face.

JULIET  
Bach told you he had information on your son.

LOENGARD  
You think he's playing me?

JULIET  
Hard to tell.

LOENGARD  
If you knew anything, would you tell me?

JULIET  
I'd want to.

LOENGARD  
(sarcastic)  
That's a terrific comfort.

JULIET  
(spots something)  
There's our man.

She points to Rather across the bullpen, entering through a doorway with a small, black film canister clutched tightly under one arm.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
Are you still with me on this?

With a resigned sigh, Loengard hauls himself to his feet. As the two of them set off on the trail of Rather ...

Sayers strides right past -- a near miss with Loengard! But neither one noticed the other. Sayers is in the middle of an errand, carrying some paperwork. Checking the wall clock, she shows her impatience and asks someone nearby:

SAYERS  
Have you seen Mister Rather?

The busy secretary simply points in a general direction.

**INT. THE NETWORK - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Rather slips through a door marked "FILM CHAIN." Behind him, WE SEE Juliet and Loengard following.

**INT. NETWORK - FILM CHAIN - DAY**

Rather approaches the single, harried TECHNICIAN spooling up some film.

RATHER  
Listen up, Jimbo, I need a favor.

The technician stares at Rather' small film canister.

RATHER (CONT'D)  
This is the Kilgallen obit for the  
five-thirty feed.

Rather hands the canister to the technician who puts it atop one of several stacks of similar canisters on his worktable.

TECHNICIAN

Okay. I got two more stories ahead of it.

(checks paper)

This isn't in the final rundown.

Rather moves closer, pressing in uncomfortably on the technician.

RATHER

Whatever you're doing now, this is infinitely more important.

TECHNICIAN

You reporters are all alike.

RATHER

I've got to know I can count on you, Jimbo.

TECHNICIAN

Why? What's so special about this?

RATHER

Just put it up next. No questions.

JULIET (O.S.)

No questions, just answers.

Juliet enters, gun drawn. Loengard follows, closing the door behind them. Juliet scrutinizes the worktable and all the film canisters.

JULIET (CONT'D)

The film belongs to us. You can return it voluntarily, or we can move on to a less cordial alternative.

RATHER

It's not here. I was talking to him about something else.

Juliet cocks the hammer on the gun.

JULIET

You're too good a reporter to lie effectively.

(re: gun)

This is equipped with a fully functional silencer. You can be dead and I can still buy a candy bar from the vending machine on the way out.

The technician registers this threat as very real. He turns to Rather.

## TECHNICIAN

Dan, I'm sorry, but this has nothing to do with me and I got two little girls ...

The technician heads for the door but Loengard steps in front of him. Juliet steps closer to Rather.

## JULIET

As of this moment, you know you will never tell this story. Ask yourself: do you have anything else you want to live for?

## RATHER

I've never backed off before, and I'll be damned if I'm going to start today. Not when Dorothy Kilgallen died to get me this story.

Juliet tries to break Rather with her stare, but he stands resolute. She turns her gun on the scared technician.

## JULIET

Now we know how Mister Rather feels about the value of his life. How do you feel about yours?

A very tense moment. The technician indicates the pile of film reels.

## TECHNICIAN

It's on the table. He was gonna put it on the news tonight.

## JULIET

Get it for me.

As the technician starts to make a move for the film canister --

CRAAAAASH! Rather boldly kicks the entire table over and all the canisters fall to the floor in a confusing heap. With the butt of her gun, Juliet rears back to deliver a punishing blow on Rather as --

-- Loengard catches her from behind! Surprising everyone.

## LOENGARD

No.

Before she can react, he strips the weapon from her hand.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)  
He's right. This is worth dying  
for.

Loengard levels the gun on Juliet, turns to Rather.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)  
Your story is going to be told.  
Tonight. For better or worse.

Off Juliet's seething eyes.

**INT. THE NETWORK - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

A room just outside the Film Chain. Sayers discreetly pulls a gun from her purse, then quietly starts to open the door, stops, sees only briefly --

**SAYERS' POV - INSIDE THE FILM CHAIN**

Where she sees Loengard obviously taking charge, gun in hand.

**BACK TO CONTROL ROOM**

Her own gun now concealed, Sayers picks up a phone and dials, checking her watch anxiously as she awaits an answer on the other end.

STEELE (V.O.)  
Do you have it?

Sayers speech is stripped of real emotion as she keeps an eagle eye out for passers-by.

SAYERS  
Soon. John Loengard is here.

STEELE (V.O.)  
Remember he will respond to you with  
human attachment as if you are still  
Kim Sayers.

SAYERS  
Yes.

STEELE (V.O.)  
He still is important to our plan  
but, if necessary, you must kill  
him. Can you?

SAYERS  
(in answer)  
Praise the Eternal We.

STEELE (V.O.)  
Praise the Eternal We.

Sayers hangs up the phone. There is a trace of her humanity still alive within, still fighting, but that trace is over-powered and fading fast, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE NETWORK - FILM CHAIN - NIGHT

Loengard, having successfully disarmed Juliet, turns his attention to Rather.

LOENGARD

What would you normally be doing right now?

RATHER

I was due in make-up five minutes ago.

LOENGARD

Go. Tell your story.

RATHER

How do I know...

LOENGARD

Look, you just have to look at me and know. This is what Kennedy wanted and we're doing it.

(re: technician)

When you call for the film, does he know what to do?

Rather nods. Loengard turns to the technician.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

And if you do it, I'm going to make sure you see your little girls again. Are you with us?

The technician nods his agreement. Loengard turns to Rather.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

We will do this together. Go.

Juliet watches Rather hesitate a moment, trying to gauge Loengard before he finally nods and hurries from the room.

JULIET

Please tell me that was the best good cop/bad cop routine I've ever seen.

LOENGARD

Juliet, I don't expect you to understand.

(to technician)  
Load up the film.

While the technician gets down on his knees to search, Juliet unloads her ire on Loengard.

JULIET

John, you will end up dead. We know that. But what do you think happens to this son of yours after you blow the whistle? Do you think they'll just return him to your doorstep?

LOENGARD

You want me to explain it to you? Okay. This is bigger than my son. Bigger than Herzog, Kilgallen, even bigger than Kennedy. This is about sacrifice. About conscience. About not letting people live in the dark like lambs being led to the slaughter.

A VOICE over the intercom speaker announces:

MASTER CONTROL VOICE (V.O.)

This is Master Control. We've got ten minutes to air.

Loengard exhales, resigned to his fate, and moves to a BLACK-AND-WHITE monitor showing the news set being readied for broadcast.

LOENGARD

(to Juliet)

Have a seat. Get comfortable. You're about to witness the most memorable newscast in history.

But Juliet remains standing in defiance.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER ONTARIO - NIGHT**

A light descends from the twilight sky like a shooting star over an isolated mountain range stitched together with power lines ...

BRZZZZZZZ! A BRIGHT BLUE BEAM of light illuminates a single power pole. From above, A FLYING SAUCER lowers into visible position above the power pole ... the light turns from blue to purple and -- KABOOOOOOOSH! The transformer explodes.

**EXT. THE EASTERN SEABOARD - EARTH ORBIT POV - NIGHT**

The clear satellite imagery we expect today, but was unheard of in 1965. So, our POV is purchased with somebody else's technology.

On the Hive monitor, city by city, the entire GREAT POWER BLACK-OUT OF '65 begins to plunge millions of people into complete darkness. Rolling down the coast from North to South.

**INT. THE NETWORK - FILM CHAIN - NIGHT**

A BLACK-AND-WHITE MONITOR irises out. The last glow of light in the room capturing two separate reactions. Surprise on Loengard's face. Juliet jumping toward the film projector containing the film.

In the TOTAL DARKNESS, we hear only the sounds of Loengard, Juliet and the technician. Scuffling, punches, the sound of machinery crashing over. We hear a groan. Sounds like Loengard.

**POWER BLACKOUT - NEWS FOOTAGE (STOCK)**

Dark, chaotic streets. Actual reporter's coverage explaining that the entire Eastern Seaboard has lost power for reasons unknown. WE SEE scared citizens scrambling around the streets of New York, armed with flashlights and candles.

**INT. THE NETWORK - FILM CHAIN - NIGHT**

A long beat, then a FLASHLIGHT BEAM sweeps the room, revealing:

Loengard is pinned under a film machine. Nearby, the technician lies unconscious. The security guard we met earlier hurries over to lift the heavy machine just enough for Loengard to extricate himself.

SECURITY GUARD

What happened in here?

Loengard doesn't answer. He's too busy searching the film chain machine for the footage -- gone!

LOENGARD

Damn...

Loengard whirls on the confused security guard and flashes him the fake FBI badge.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)  
You work for the FBI now. First, I  
need your flashlight, then I need  
you to get down to the parking garage.  
Don't let any cars out.

Loengard grabs the flashlight and moves for the door.

SECURITY GUARD  
Anyone in particular I'm looking  
for?

LOENGARD  
A blonde woman with a roll of film.  
Use whatever means necessary to stop  
her.

SECURITY GUARD  
What's on the film?

LOENGARD  
That's need-to-know and, believe me,  
you don't right now.

**INT. THE NETWORK - NEWSROOM - NIGHT**

Juliet moves past a window, using the dim moonlight to guide her. Various employees are wandering around with burning lighters, whispering, scared. As Juliet pilfers a pack of matches on a desk and slips away unnoticed.

A door marked "To Stages 3 & 4" bursts open. Rather bumbles in, bumping into things, half-crazed.

RATHER  
What happened!? What is going on!?

There's a cacophony of response but no definitive answers.

**INT. THE NETWORK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Albano, moving with the aid of a cigarette lighter, descends the stairs until he sees something that stops him cold in his tracks.

It's Steele, coming up the stairs!

Both men quickly draw their weapons. A standoff.

STEELE  
How are you, Phil?

ALBANO

Me? Every time I laugh I get a pain  
in my side. I really wish you hadn't  
shot me last year, Jim.

STEELE

It's only human to hold grudges. I  
know what you're thinking now. Can  
you pull the trigger faster than I  
can?

ALBANO

The thought has occurred to me.

STEELE

It's an interesting test. Does the  
ganglion increase or decrease human  
reaction time?

ALBANO

We'll both die. But at least I'll  
die happy.

STEELE

We don't have to.

(off Albano's reaction)

The film can't be seen. We both  
agree.

ALBANO

You don't have the film?

(off Steele's head  
shake)

And you think we should work together.

STEELE

Why not? Your own government and  
organized crime do it all the time.

Albano considers this, squinting as he stares at Steele, his one good eye reflecting like a cat's the firelight.

STEELE (CONT'D)

While you fumble around in the dark,  
we see everything. Put away your  
weapon, and we will solve your  
problem.

ALBANO

Tomorrow I'd kill you as soon as  
look at you.

STEELE

Of course.

Albano grits his teeth, struggling with this decision.  
Finally:

ALBANO  
There's two exits to the street.

Steele nods and smiles. Unholy Alliance.

**INT. THE NETWORK - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Juliet, in possession of the film, works her way carefully down a hallway, illuminated barely by the light of a match which burns itself out, plunging her back into darkness ... until another match can be lit.

**SAYERS POV - HIVE NIGHTVISION**

Illustrating the Hive's cat-like eye sensitivity, Sayers sees as if aided by a modern military night scope. Everything is bathed in an eerie green glow. What she sees is Juliet's figure. A dark, distinctive shape carrying the film canister.

**INTERCUT: MUTED DARKNESS / NIGHTVISION**

Juliet reaches an exit door, but before she can open it --

-- Sayers attacks from behind! Wrapping Juliet in a vicious chokehold, they tumble into the stairwell as ...

INSERT SHOT: The film canister drops from Juliet's hand, hits the ground and starts rolling down the stairs.

Juliet who, the superior trained fighter, throws Sayers violently against the wall and starts down the steps to retrieve the canister.

Sayers slides to the ground but quickly pulls herself back up and attacks again ... jumping down the steps and tackling Juliet. As the two women battle violently, we go to:

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Loengard enters. Almost trips over the security guard's body. Checks for a pulse, satisfied he's alive, moves on.

**LOENGARD'S POV - JULIET**

A glimpse of a blonde woman's head moving between the parked cars.

**BACK TO PARKING GARAGE**

Loengard sprints after the blonde woman, his flashlight moving too much to provide him with a telling vision of the woman.

LOENGARD  
Juliet! Wait!

To Loengard's surprise, she slows down. And as he runs up to her, she spins around ... revealed in his flashlight glow to be Sayers!

SAYERS  
You're fighting for the wrong side.

LOENGARD  
Where's my son?

SAYERS  
Our son.

Sayers takes the canister and brutally smacks Loengard across the face. They slam onto the pavement, roiling around in a struggle for the canister, illuminated by the stationary glow of Loengard's dropped flashlight ...

Sayers is kicking and biting, clawing and snarling. Anything to hurt Loengard ... who takes it all trying to wrest the film free. Mostly, he takes the savage attack because he simply cannot fathom fighting back against this woman he has so loved for so long.

Finally, he backhands Sayers! Sending her rolling off him. Gaining control of the film.

Loengard, film canister firmly in hand, stands over Sayers laying dazed. He is saddened beyond comprehension, but he now understands one tragic fact:

LOENGARD  
There is nothing left of you.

Loengard begins to slowly move away, opening up the film canister. There's nothing inside but a POLAROID. Holding it up to the light, Loengard's face goes slack.

**INSERT SHOT - THE POLAROID**

A baby. His son. Wrapped in a blanket on a cheap sofa. Staring up at the camera, scared.

BACK TO LOENGARD

As he digests this bitter image, we hear LAUGHTER echoing in the alley. Female laughter. Sayers. Loengard whirls around, shines the flashlight on where she was ... gone. Everything. Gone.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Paley and Rather sit alone in this elegant dining area, only the sounds of their silverware against their plates filling the silence. Finally:

RATHER  
Mister Paley, all due respect,  
shouldn't we talk about the other  
day?

PALEY  
Why Dan? You're forgiven.

RATHER  
(nonplused)  
Forgiven?

PALEY  
You made a mistake. You're not the first journalist who thought something was real that wasn't. You stay in this business long enough, I guarantee you'll chase another big story that's a set-up, and if you go on the air with it, you'll ruin your career. You know what that'll feel like?

RATHER  
Like eatin' more crow than a Dallas redneck on a racetrack in July.

PALEY  
Whatever that means, but it's time to move on.

RATHER  
Sir, the film was stolen, not faked.

Paley puts down his fork, looks directly at Rather.

PALEY  
Dan, if that film were real, that would mean that flying saucers are real.

(MORE)

PALEY (CONT'D)

We both know that no credible news organization in America believes that, and certainly no future anchorman could ever believe such a thing.

RATHER

Future ... anchorman?

PALEY

Dan, with your talent, barring any more serious lapses of judgment, there's no reason why you can't be sitting in Walter's anchor desk when he retires.

Rather has to put his own fork away, such is the baldness of the bribe being offered. Paley smiles, pushes a plate toward him.

PALEY (CONT'D)

More shrimp?

**INT. MAJESTIC - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Loengard and Juliet stand before Bach, who refers to a classified report on the incident. Albano observes.

BACH

(to Loengard)

A network technician insists you pulled a gun on your partner here. Says you wanted to broadcast that film to the whole world. Any recollection of that, John?

Loengard looks away, knows he's fried.

ALBANO

It's my fault, Frank. I saw it coming. I should've pulled him.

JULIET

Go ahead, John. Tell them what really happened.

Juliet stares at Loengard, waiting to see what he says.

JULIET (CONT'D)

I'm the bad cop. He's the good cop.  
(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

(beat)

He's so good at it, I almost bought  
it myself.

Loengard can't believe what he's hearing -- but he doesn't protest Juliet's lie.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Rather was ready to take a bullet.  
If it weren't for John, it would've  
been very messy.

Bach studies both of them carefully. Finally:

BACH

That's all.

Loengard can't wait to get out of there. Juliet follows. Bach turns to Albano.

BACH (CONT'D)

You're sure they have it?

ALBANO

This is one thing we can trust the  
Hive on, Frank.

**INT. MAJESTIC - BIO-LAB - NIGHT**

Loengard holds the door open for Juliet. Making sure no one was watching them, Loengard closes the door behind them.

LOENGARD

Why'd you do that?

JULIET

Because I wanted the chance to tell  
you myself how incredibly stupid you  
are being.

LOENGARD

Then go tell Bach the truth, but  
spare me the lecture.

JULIET

That word again. Before you can  
move on, maybe you need to face some  
personal truth.

Loengard snorts his derision for the whole concept.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
Have you ever asked yourself why  
your own woman went over to the other  
side?

LOENGARD  
They took her. To get at me.

JULIET  
She chose them, John. Over you.  
And you know it. The question is  
... why?

Loengard's jaw clenches, the anger boiling up inside him.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
All those months on the run ... living  
in fear ... how can you blame her?

LOENGARD  
Why are you doing this?

JULIET  
I cannot be your partner until you  
face what's happened.

LOENGARD  
We are not partners.

JULIET  
Why are you alive, John? What's the  
point?

LOENGARD  
There is no point, is there? Nothing  
makes any difference. Human or Hive.  
Life or death. It's all the same.  
Nothing to live for...

The thought hangs a moment. Both feeling the same desperation,  
loss, emptiness. Until --

Juliet grabs Loengard by the jacket and yanks him close,  
smashing her lips into his. Loengard wraps his arms around  
Juliet and pulls her against him.

The spontaneous combustion of revenge and loss, burning  
brightly into lust, revealing a human truth that cannot be  
denied. *When there is nothing to live for, it is a basic  
human desire to find something.*

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW