

DARK SKIES

"The Awakening"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEAR THE SOVIET BORDER - NIGHT

Miles above the Earth, a black object rockets straight toward us. As it passes, we realize it is an unmarked jet, built for speed, currently in pursuit of another glowing craft. A SUPER reads:

60,000 Feet Over Peshawar, West Pakistan
May 1, 1960

INT. U-2B SPY PLANE - NIGHT

Breathing oxygen because of the altitude, the pilot makes adjustments, keys his communications radio. This pilot is FRANCIS GARY POWERS and tonight he is flying straight into the history books.

POWERS

Majestic, this is Talon. I keep flyin' the way I'm flyin' and I'm gonna be chasing this bogey right over Soviet airspace. Advise.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL AREA - NIGHT

A state-of-the-art military communications facility, circa 1960. Built below ground, replete with analog clocks, a huge mainframe computer, and world-wide telemetry tracking boards.

The duty shift includes two RADIO CONTROLLERS who listen to Powers' STATIC-RIDDEN TRANSMISSION. One of them keys a microphone in response.

CONTROLLER

Roger, Talon. We have MJ-One on the way, but you do not have authorization to break border.

Another man, in military uniform, approaches the two controllers. He is CAPTAIN FRANK BACH, currently MJ-3, a physically imposing secret-keeper in his forties, who is clearly in charge as he keys the microphone himself.

BACH

Talon, this is MJ-Three. How long before you're compromised?

They wait for an answer. It comes crackling back:

POWERS (V. O.)

About a minute and a half. That's
if I can keep up.

Bach hesitates only an instant, then re-keys the microphone.

BACH

Talon, you have authorization to
proceed.

This dramatic announcement causes everyone to fall silent a
beat before resuming their respective jobs and generating a
chorus of TECHNICAL SPEAK, including:

CONTROLLER

Incirlik tracking, this is
Washington. We need high-band
telemetry in Section A, Vector
seven...

On a global map before them, a blinking light approaches the
Soviet Union. Bach stares up at the map, stone-faced.

EXT. ABOVE THE SOVIET UNION - NIGHT

As the U-2 blasts after the bogey, we get a better look at
it.

It is OVAL, seemingly STRUCTURAL, with ROTATING LIGHT
sources.

POWERS (V. O.)

Majestic, I know I got one of the
best planes we build, but whatever
this guy's got, I want one, too.

Suddenly, the craft simply SHOOTs STRAIGHT UP!

As it does, its structure seems to give way and it becomes
nothing more than a FLASH OF LIGHT!

INT. U-2B SPY PLANE - NIGHT

Powers reacts, visibly shaken but, when he talks, he exudes
the calm of sheer professionalism

POWERS

Base, we have got an impossible
vertical ascent, followed by broken
visual contact and a clear radar.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bach barely looks up as an older, man enters. This is
MJ-1 (NELSON ROCKEFELLER), dressed in civilian clothes.

Looking like he just woke up, he is escorted by two younger operatives, dressed in off-the-rack dark suits, white shirts, dark ties. They will become known as MEN-IN-BLACK, or MIB. MJ-1/Rockefeller surveys the map carefully.

MJ- 1/ROCKEFELLER

Where is he now?

BACH

About a thousand miles in. Over Sverdlovsk.

MJ-1/Rockefeller seems shocked by the mention of this Soviet location. Bach shrugs.

BACH (CONT'D)

You weren't here. I made the decision.

MJ- 1/ROCKEFELLER

I'll tell you what you made, Bach. You made one serious career-ending mistake ...

MJ-1/Rockefeller picks up a red phone and dials a single digit.

MJ-1/ROCKEFELLER (CONT'D)

We're calling Ike.

Bach hangs up MJ-1's call with a finger to the cradle button.

BACH

Don't bother. We lost it. We're bringing our man home.

Crackling over the radio, they hear:

POWERS (V.O.)

OH, MY GOD! Base, we got a real problem up here!

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER SOVIET UNION - NIGHT

The "bogey" has been replaced by the MOTHER SHIP!

It is ENORMOUS -- the size of ten football fields.

Worse, it is DROPPING DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH of the U-2! As it does, it begins to PULSE WITH ENERGY.

INT. U-2B SPY PLANE - NIGHT

The cockpit is flooded with a BLINDING LIGHT. Powers pushes on the throttle and arcs his aircraft in a BONE-CRUNCHING EVASIVE MANEUVER for which his plane has not been designed.

Over his headset, we hear a flurry of BACKGROUND AUDIO from the Majestic headquarters controllers.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is alive with energy but the men are helpless to do anything except listen.

POWERS (V. O.)

I don't know what I just saw but it was as big as a cruise ship ... Oh, God ... This is incredible ...

MJ-1/Rockefeller sinks to a chair, helplessly waiting for the other shoe to drop.

POWERS (V. O.)

All my instruments, everything, it's all gone crazy ... I'm breaking apart here.'

BACH

(into microphone)

Talon, man-down security code Two-Alpha. Repeat, security code Two-Alpha. Do you read?

POWERS (V. O.)

(garbled)

I gotta eject!

Over Bach's line there is the sound of an EJECTION DEVICE, followed by a high-pitched sound of the aircraft in FREE-FALL, and then STATIC. Finally, NOTHING. Bach turns to MJ-One.

BACH

You should probably make your call now.

And, off this moment in history, spun into a mix of fear and denial, we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLES - SURREAL IMAGES

NOSTALGIC IMAGES have been re-assembled into TECHNOLOGICALLY ENHANCED IMAGES as perceived by an alien intelligence. They transition us in time from the final moments of the Eisenhower Administration to the opening days of the Kennedy Administration.

The video images merge with bits and pieces of AUDIO from spoken words, speeches and popular music. Our final chilling image from this extremely odd slice of Americana coalesces as we PULL BACK through the cornea of a human eye, then out further to reveal --

-- a human face, mouth open in a silent scream of terror. This man is ELLIOT GRANTHAM and we are watching a turning point in human history.

A white laser beam drills into the eye. Swirling around the cylindrical light are the very images we've seen, images extracted from the mind's eye of the human subject.

We are being studied by someone, or some thing.

We watch as words slowly assemble themselves on our TV screens. The name of this program comes from our past and will change our future:

DARK SKIES

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER AND MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS establish the confident power center of the Free World. A SUPER reads:

Washington, D. C.
October 3, 1961

PICK UP a '57 Chevy convertible with California plates as it drives by the recognizable monuments and buildings. It is stuffed with the worldly possessions of JOHN LOENGARD and KIMBERLY SAYERS. Together, they are fresh out of UCLA, sweethearts, and part of the wave of idealism sweeping over America in the giddy opening days of Camelot.

Over this, we hear the middle-aged voice of a man the world will come to know as LOENGARD.

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

My name is John Loengard. This program is being presented as fiction to protect those people fighting in the Resistance. But I will tell you the truth now if you will listen.

The Chevy approaches the White House.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Loengard and Sayers seem thrilled to be on a grand adventure as they climb the stairs. Before them looms an imposing view of the Capitol Building. The voice-over continues:

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

When Kimberly and I came to Washington during the first summer of the 'New Frontier', I landed my first real job as an assistant on Capitol Hill. I thought I knew everything. I found out I knew nothing.

Loengard recruits a passer-by to snap a photo of the two.

FLASH! The final picture shows two smiling young lovers. The voice-over concludes:

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

The truth is we are not alone.
(beat)
I wish we were.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - DAY

A key fumbles in the door, then it swings open. Standing outside are Loengard and Sayers, escorted inside by MR. CHESNEY, the landlord. As they all enter the furnished apartment:

CHESNEY

Not exactly the White House, but it's got that Capitol view you wanted, Mister Loengard.

Sayers once-overs the place apprehensively, while Loengard goes right to the window and peeks out the ratty curtains, revealing an unimpressive glimpse of the Capitol dome in the distance.

LOENGARD

(self-deprecating)

Look at that, Kim I can wave to you from my new office.

Sayers joins Loengard at the window, glancing briefly at the view, but clearly more concerned with the view inside.

SAYERS

If we take this, Mr. Chesney, do we get new curtains? These look like they've been around since the Coolidge Administration.

Chesney looks skeptical.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

After all, we are paying ten dollars extra for the 'view.'

CHESNEY

For you, Mrs. Loengard, I think we can swing some curtains.

SAYERS

Thank you. But it's not 'Mrs.' At least, not yet.

This elicits a roll of the eyes from Loengard.

CHESNEY

Oh, I see. I just assumed ...

LOENGARD

If it's a problem, we can keep looking.

An awkward beat as Chesney considers this. Then:

CHESNEY

Just don't let my wife know.
(leaving)
You want the place, come on down
for the keys.

When the door closes, Loengard flops on the sofa, slightly
exasperated. Sayers wanders into the bedroom

SAYERS

This place could be great --
especially after I get a job and we
can buy some new furniture.
(calls from O. S.)
You know what? I should've made
new wallpaper part of the deal.

LOENGARD

Kim, forget the apartment. We're
lucky to get this place. You see
how that guy looked at us?

Sayers returns to the living room

SAYERS

Oh, because somebody thinks we're
'living in sin,' we should just get
married?

LOENGARD

(half-serious)

It would buy me credibility at work
and it would please the hell out
of your parents.

SAYERS

Nothing short of a royal wedding
will please my mother. Certainly
not some rush job at the county
courthouse. Besides, I thought we
already made a decision about this.

LOENGARD

(joking)

You know, other women would not
want to pass up an opportunity like
this.

Taking a seat on his lap, Sayers does her sexy best to
smooth his ruffled feathers.

SAYERS

Well, I admit, the chance to smash
chiffon wedding cake into that big,
sexy mouth of yours is tempting.

LOENGARD

So what are we waiting for?

SAYERS

You can't be president until you're thirty-five. That gives us ten whole years to get married, have kids and, hopefully, find a place with more closet space.

Loengard smiles. This woman makes his day.

LOENGARD

You know what I love best about you?

SAYERS

(playful)

Everything.

LOENGARD

You're gonna make one helluva First Lady.

He kisses her. We get the feeling they are about to inaugurate their new apartment.

EXT. THE CAPITOL - DAY

Loengard bounds up the steps, carrying a tray of coffees and a bag of donuts.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

The place is too small and too crowded for the level of activity going on. Loengard enters. He approaches the harried secretary, off-loads a cup.

LOENGARD

Hey, Renee. That's coffee, cream, no sugar ... You seen Simonson?

Tied up on too many telephone lines at once, the secretary an only point across the room at Chief Aide MARK SIMONSON, mid-thirties and overworked, who is moving through the office briefing his boss, Democratic Congressman CHARLES PRATT, a five-termier with a perpetual farmer's tan.

SIMONSON

This is the amendment to the housing bill. We are against the amendment and for the bill.

Pratt nods, barely listening, stops near the front desk, picks up a manila envelope.

PRATT

Simonson, this was supposed to be delivered an hour ago. What the hell is going on around here?

SIMONSON

Congressman, I have to think getting this amendment defeated is more important than constituent tickets to the U-S Mint tour.

PRATT

Think about this:

people

gave me money last campaign. A lot of money!

Those

Loengard makes his move, taking the package from Pratt.

LOENGARD

I can take that now, sir.

(to Simonson)

Sorry, Mark. I should have delivered this yesterday like you asked.

PRATT

Loengard, you make sure they know I personally called in their favor.

As Pratt leaves, Simonson turns to Loengard.

SIMONSON

Thanks, Loengard. I owe you one.

LOENGARD

Just trying to help out. Not that I don't enjoy catering to Fresno's favorite son.

SIMONSON

Look, I know you're being wasted, Loengard. Welcome to Washington.

LOENGARD

I could make things easier for you.

SIMONSON

I'm not sure I'm ready to have Pratt killed just yet.

LOENGARD

(smiles)

You're overworked. I'm bored. C'mon. Give me a shot.

SIMONSON

(searching donuts)

Be patient, Loengard.

LOENGARD

I thought you had kids.

SIMONSON

So?

LOENGARD

Well, if you let me help you out,
you might get to see them once in a
while.

Simonson looks at Loengard, studying him

SIMONSON

Sounds like you've been talking to
my wife. She wants me to quit this
job, you know.

(thinking it over)

Follow me.

Simonson leads Loengard to a desk area, indicates a stack of
files.

SIMONSON (CONT'D)

The Congressman's got a budget
sub-committee meeting at the end of
the year.

(MORE)

SIMONSON (cont'd)

He wants to nominate one of these
programs for the hit list. I want
to know what they're doing and what
they're spending. Make 'em three
pages, typed. And don't use big
words. He's a farmer.

Loengard breaks into a huge grin. Simonson checks his watch
again.

LOENGARD

Mark, you won't regret this.

SIMONSON

(taking off)

Just don't forget that package.

EXT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Sayers works in the courtyard area on a picnic table with
several neighborhood pre-schoolers, AD-LIBBING instructions
while carving Halloween pumpkins.

Loengard pulls up in his Chevy and parks across the street.
He watches a beat, smiles, then jogs up to Sayers.

SAYERS

(disappointed)

Oh, I wish you'd called. I just
made grilled cheese sandwiches for
the kids.

(notices his smile)

What is it?

LOENGARD

They finally gave me some real work to do.

Loengard proudly displays an airplane ticket.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

They're sending me to Ohio tomorrow. I get to check out 'Project Blue Book.'

SAYERS

I never heard of that.

LOENGARD

Okay, don't laugh, but it's flying saucers. The Air Force has a whole division set up to investigate sightings.

SAYERS

Sounds like a big waste of money.

LOENGARD

That's what they're paying me to find out.

SAYERS

Well ... first step to the White House. Congratulations.

LOENGARD

Thanks. Hey, nice Jack-O-Lanterns.

Sayers nods, but his compliment only stirs the discontent brewing beneath her smile. After a moment she admits:

SAYERS

I almost called my father again today ...

This gets Loengard's attention.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

(carefully)

I don't know what to do, John.

LOENGARD

Hey, don't be so hard on yourself. It's not like you're just sitting around all day watching TV.

SAYERS

It's not like I'm doing anything important, either.

LOENGARD

Look, I understand not wanting to use your dad's connections. So let me talk to somebody on the Hill. I see people all the time, maybe --

SAYERS

The whole point is, I want to do this on my own.
(sighs)
I know. I'm whining.

Loengard pulls her close, gives her a re-assuring hug.

LOENGARD

You do it your way, Kim. But just know I'm here if you need me.

She kisses him, appreciative of his support. But their kiss is cut short when one of the kids accidentally knocks his pumpkin off the table. Sayers attends to the situation.

Loengard sees her mood, grabs up two pencils used for marking the Jack-O-Lanterns and stabs them into the pumpkin head as antennae. He hides his own head inside his shirt and holds the pumpkin above it.

LOENGARD (V. O.)

(Martian voice)

Take me to you leader.

The kids giggle. Even Sayers has to smile at his silliness.

EXT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of one of the nation's busiest and most crucial air bases of the period. A sign tells us we are in Dayton, Ohio.

INT. PROJECT BLUE BOOK OFFICE - DAY

Loengard sits at a table with a number of files spread before him, taking notes. A LIEUTENANT in uniform sits at a nearby desk, alternately eyeing Loengard and reading the newspaper.

LOENGARD

Lieutenant, how many cases did you say you had last year?

LIEUTENANT

(checking)

Five-hundred fifty-seven, sir.

Loengard duly notes this.

LIEUTENANT (CONT' D)

You're not planning on going through all of them, are you?

LOENGARD

Never leave a stone unturned.

Loengard offers a pack of gum. The Lieutenant takes a stick and jams it in his mouth.

LIEUTENANT

They're broken down into categories. You got your lights in the sky which are usually airplanes or the planet Venus, you got your photos which are usually fakes, then you got your contactees which are always whackos.

LOENGARD

Contactees?

LIEUTENANT

You know, the ones who see the little green men and go for a joyride in their spaceships.

LOENGARD

People actually say that?

LIEUTENANT

We hear 'em all.

The Lieutenant abruptly jumps to his feet and salutes toward the door.

LIEUTENANT (CONT' D)

Major Friend, sir.

Entering the room is MAJOR ROBERT J. FRIEND, a man of crisp military bearing and a no-nonsense approach.

He returns the salute, walks directly to Loengard.

MAJOR FRIEND

They're getting younger and younger. You must be Loengard.

(offers hand)

Major Robert Friend. Been running 'Blue Book' since 1958.

Major Friend looks over the files before Loengard.

MAJOR FRIEND (CONT' D)

So why has Pratt sent one of his eager beavers out to dig through all our files?

LOENGARD

(awkward)

Well, I think he's just interested in seeing the taxpayers get their money's worth.

MAJOR FRIEND

Really? You know how many cases we had last year?

LOENGARD

(checking notes)

Five-hundred fifty-seven.

Major Friend seems suitably impressed, continues.

MAJOR FRIEND

Divided between exactly three field investigators. Son, we're the biggest bargain around.

LOENGARD

I think he's more concerned with whether we should be spending anything to investigate, you know, 'flying saucers.'

MAJOR FRIEND

You're not a believer, I take it?

LOENGARD

Well, it does sound a little improbable, you have to admit.

MAJOR FRIEND

I'm a soldier. The Air Force has ordered me to investigate and that's what I do.

LOENGARD

But you haven't come up with any proof, have you?

MAJOR FRIEND

You could read through every file we've got and you still wouldn't find cold, hard proof. Doesn't mean we're wasting our time or the taxpayer's money.

LOENGARD

If I could, I'd like to see the recent files in the D. C. vicinity. My boss wants me to check out some of these people myself.

(off his skepticism)

Who knows, maybe when I see what kind of bang-up job you're doing, I can convince the Congressman to get you more funding.

MAJOR FRIEND

(unimpressed)

I won't hold my breath.

(to Lieutenant)

Give him what he needs. We've got nothing to hide.

After Friend briskly departs the office, Loengard shrugs at the Lieutenant.

LOENGARD

I think he's starting to warm up to me -

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Loengard's Chevy drives down the street and parks in front of a house. It's a chilly day. A SUPER reads:

Portsmouth, New Hampshire
December 11, 1961

INT. THE CHEVY - DAY

"Blue Book" files, road maps, a yellow legal pad, a pre-packaged bakery fruit cake and a roll of aluminum foil fill out the front seat. Loengard removes the packaging and wraps the cake in the foil.

EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME - DAY

As he exits his car, Loengard pulls his coat tight around him to protect against the chill, takes his briefcase and the cake, walks up to the door and knocks. BETTY HILL, a social worker by profession, answers.

LOENGARD

Mrs. Hill? Hi. I'm John Loengard. We talked on the phone. I just came from Pease Air Force Base and --

BETTY

-- I wish you people would just leave us alone.

LOENGARD

Mrs. Hill, I don't work with the Air Force. I'm from Congressman Charles Pratt's office.

BETTY

Oh ...

LOENGARD

If you feel like talking, my girlfriend baked this fruit cake for us.

Loengard hands the cake to Betty. A black man appears behind her. This is BARNEY HILL, her husband. They are an inter-racial couple.

BARNEY

Is there a problem here?

LOENGARD

No sir. I was just telling your wife there's new information about the sighting you reported.

BARNEY

We're listening.

Loengard flips through his notes on a yellow legal pad.

LOENGARD

That night, they tracked something on radar in the same area. Apparently it wasn't one of ours. Plus, I've talked to two other witnesses who saw something.

Betty and Barney trade glances.

BARNEY

If that's all true, then why do you need a cake to talk your way in here?

LOENGARD

Well, sir, that's good point. Probably was a pretty dumb idea. But I'll be honest with you. I was sent out to prove the Air Force investigation is a waste of money. But right now, let's just say I've got an open mind.

(beat)

And, the truth is, it's a damn good cake.

INT. HILL HOUSE - NIGHT

A blazing fire burns in the living room. Loengard sits in a chair across from Betty and Barney. He's setting up a reel-to-reel tape recorder. Slices of fruit cake and coffee mugs all around, and a Christmas tree in the background.

BARNEY

I'm not sure this tape recorder is a good idea.

LOENGARD

My boss wanted to hear your story
for himself ...

BETTY

Maybe he can use it to get us some
answers, Barney.

Barney nods his approval. Loengard starts the tape roiling.

LOENGARD

Why don't you just start at the
beginning?

BARNEY

Here's what we know. We were
returning from a vacation in
Canada, down U-S Three through the
White Mountains to Portsmouth. It
was after midnight, pretty close to
a full moon. There weren't any
other cars and any place to stay
was already closed.

BETTY

I saw it first. It looked like a
light following the car but I
looked at it through the binoculars
and saw a double row of windows.
Real windows!

BARNEY

I thought she was crazy, but she
made me stop the car anyway. I
went out into a field with the
binoculars ...

(aside to Betty)

I thought we weren't going to tell
this to anyone.

BETTY

(whispers)

He seems like a nice young man. I
think we can trust him

Betty squeezes his hand. Barney takes a beat, then:

BARNEY

When I looked through those windows
I saw ... I saw about half a
dozen ... living beings ... looking
back at me.

Loengard doesn't quite know what to make of this.

LOENGARD

You mean people?

BARNEY

I mean living beings.

LOENGARD

What did you do then?

BARNEY

I panicked. I thought I was about to be captured so I ran as fast as I could back to the car.

LOENGARD

Were you actually .. 'captured?'

BETTY

We don't know what happened. Next thing we know we're back in the car. Only it's two hours later!

During this, we feature the nearby telephone. As the AUDIO BECOMES FILTERED, we CROSS-DISSOLVE to:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

We follow a cable patched into a phone line, running down a telephone pole and into a parked bread truck on the road shoulder

INT. BREAD TRUCK - NIGHT

Actually a surveillance post where MIB #3 and MIB #4 ("Men-in-Black") go about their business as a large reel-to-reel tape machine rolls slowly in the background. One MIB listens over headphones to:

LOENGARD (V. O.)

Wait till the Congressman hears this. I don't see how he can ignore this.

MIB #3 stands, pulls on his coat.

MIB #3

I'm gonna follow this guy when he leaves. See where he's going. I'll be on two-way.

The other MIB nod, continue listening.

BETTY (V. O.)

He ought to do one of those congressional investigations, that's what he ought to do.

LOENGARD (V. O.)

I don't know. You'd have to testify. And people might say things.

BARNEY (V. O.)

I'm a black man married to a white woman. People already say things.
(emphatic)

If I can find out what the hell I saw and where I was, I'll tell my story to the whole damn world.

MI B #4 picks up a telephone, speaks urgently into it.

MI B #4

I think you better tell the Captain we've got a problem

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - OUTSIDE D.C. - NIGHT

Driving through the dark countryside, Loengard finds himself gripping the steering wheel. He looks outside the car window at the night sky. Almost a full moon.

Trying to break up the mood, Loengard turns on the radio. It's Del Shannon's tune, "RUNAWAY." As Loengard drives, something catches his eye. It's a LIGHT, visible from the rear-view window. Loengard turns the radio OFF, tries to crane his neck around to see if the light is still there. Now it's gone. He shakes his head as if to clear the confusion, tries to relax.

He turns the radio back ON, but this time the song is barely audible, obscured by STATIC. Suddenly --

A BLACK FLYING MACHINE

Crests the horizon in front of him. It's very dangerous looking, and it's heading RIGHT AT HIM!

LOENGARD

Panics, slams on his brakes, swerving to the side of the road. He tries to re-start the engine but it's flooded, or dead.

Loengard throws the door to the Chevy open and runs from the car. The object is on fast approach. Loengard flees for the cover of the trees off the side of the road.

EXT. FORESTED AREA - NIGHT

Loengard runs wildly into the thick brush. Frantic, he is being tracked by a SEARCHLIGHT from the craft above. Loengard bursts into a clearing.

As the craft lowers to the ground in front of him, Loengard is blinded by the BRIGHT LIGHT. As he stands in the clearing, the WIND WHIPS wildly past him and there is a DEAFENING ROAR from the object.

LOENGARD'S POV - THE LIGHT

As four ALL-BLACK CREATURES emerge from it. As the shapes move closer, we discern their human form

LOENGARD

Reacts in panic as several men, dressed in non-descript black suits, take chase after him

Loengard is tackled from behind. He struggles, but one of these MIB forcefully backhands him, knocking him to the ground. This effectively ends Loengard's struggle.

While Loengard recovers, the MIB leader steps in front of him, offers a hand to pull him up. We recognize this leader as Frank Bach, the man who gave Francis Gary Powers the permission to overfly Soviet airspace.

BACH

Very impressive work, Mister Loengard. You have a real talent.

LOENGARD

How do you know who I am?

Bach ignores Loengard, turns to one of the MIB and orders:

BACH

Get his tape.

One of the MIB dashes off through the clearing, back towards Loengard's car. Bach turns back to Loengard.

BACH (CONT'D)

Let me set the record straight for you. Betty and Barney Hill saw a private airplane that strayed off course. They will not testify before Congress, for Pratt or anyone else. Is that clear?

LOENGARD

(freaking out)
Why not? Who are you?

BACH

I am nothing more than a figment of your imagination. Because this incident never happened. You drove home uneventfully. Tomorrow you will file a report telling Pratt that 'Blue Book' doesn't cost enough to be worth his attention.

Loengard nods, scared out of his wits. The MIB returns with Loengard's reel of tape, showing it off to Bach.

MIB #1

Got it, Captain!

MIB #2

You want me to put him to bed?

Bach motions for MIB #2 to lean closer and whispers to him. Loengard is hysterically frightened as MIB #2 moves closer and BOLTS HIS GUN outside his ear.

LOENGARD

What?! What are you doing?! I
HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!!

Loengard has been reduced to sheer animal fright. MIB #2 aims his weapon. The GUN CLICKS.

Loengard's knees give out and the MIB holding him supports his limp body. Bach moves closer.

BACH

Keep your nose out of our business,
Mister Loengard. Or next time, we
make a house call. And Kimberly
can join us.

Bach moves away but MIB #2 lingers.

MIB #2

Lucky for you, college boy, the man
says you get to stay up late this
time.

MIB #2 clearly enjoys punching Loengard in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him, leaving him on his knees, gasping for breath.

The MIB load into the aircraft, which we now see is ominous indeed, but of earthly origin. It is an ALL-BLACK HELICOPTER! With no markings whatsoever.

Loengard, filled with terror at what he has stumbled into, can only watch helplessly, as the helicopter lifts off and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

To ESTABLISH winter. People bundled up, trudging through the snow. Loengard watches them pensively, afraid to go inside. His attention is drawn to:

AN OVERHEAD HELICOPTER

It's a normal chopper, unlike the black one we encountered last night.

LOENGARD

Filled with dread, he joins the other workers and heads up the stairs.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

Loengard, no longer his unflappable self, takes off his jacket and hangs it over the side of his cubicle. WE SEE now that he's moved in, having cut out and taped up dozens of newspaper articles about JFK's legislative victories. Loengard notices a manila envelope with his name on it laid on his desk. Loengard cautiously opens it to find:

A REPORT

To: Charles Pratt. From: John Loengard. Subject: "PROJECT BLUE BOOK." Flipping through it, WE SEE this is a well-researched document, including budget charts dating back to 1952. The final page is even signed by John Loengard. As Loengard reads the conclusive "Summary":

CU - LOENGARD

His confounded reaction says it all: he didn't write this. Suddenly, a hand slaps down on his shoulder.

LOENGARD

Whirls around, spooked. Simonson takes the memo from Loengard's hand before he can react.

SIMONSON

Man, Loengard. Don't you sleep? I was going to give you to the end of the week to finish this.

Simonson starts flipping through the document.

LOENGARD

Mark, can I get that back, please?

Simonson won't hand it over. With growing apprehension Loengard watches Simonson reach the back page, stop abruptly, and fix on the "Summary" section. Incredulously, he begins to read out loud.

SIMONSON

(reading)

In summary, 'Project Blue Book' is not only a viable organization, but a detailed cost analysis shows this program to be an insubstantial line item cut?

(eyes Loengard)

Pretty bold for your first memo.

LOENGARD

You don't understand.

(lowers voice)

I didn't write that.

OFF Simonson's baffled expression.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Simonson moves to the lone window in the room. As he closes the blinds:

SIMONSON

Black helicopters, wiretaps. Do you have any idea what you stumbled onto, Loengard?

LOENGARD

The Hills definitely saw something. What it was, I don't know.

SIMONSON

(nods in agreement)

Probably some secret weapon we're going to surprise the Russians with.

LOENGARD

In New Hampshire?

SIMONSON

Test flight? I don't know. But this explains all those stories I've heard about the Black Ops Budget.

LOENGARD

What? I've never heard of that.

SIMONSON

Operations that don't show up in the budget. Somebody's diverting funds, Loengard. And you caught them red-handed.

LOENGARD

I didn't catch anybody, Mark. They caught me. And I think these guys are killers.

SIMONSON

Face it. If they were, you wouldn't be here. They just wanted to scare you.

LOENGARD

Well, they did.

SIMONSON

So consider this your chance to get even.

Simonson pats Loengard, whose resistance is waning, on the shoulder.

LOENGARD

We don't even know who they are ...

SIMONSON

You said they called him 'Captain.' Probably talking Air Force. Only Captain's just one lousy rung above Lieutenant, which doesn't make sense at all.

Loengard snaps his fingers.

LOENGARD

He's Navy. My cousin's in the Navy. It's the only branch of the Armed Forces with different rankings. In the Navy, Captain means Colonel, which is right up there.

SIMONSON

That's good, Loengard.

Startling them both, Pratt pokes his head into the conference room.

PRATT

What the hell's going on, Simonson? Or does my ten o'clock briefing start at ten-thirty these days?

Simonson subtly slides the report back into the envelope.

SIMONSON

Just going over Loengard's trip, Congressman. I'll be right in.

PRATT

(to Loengard)

So this 'Blue Book' worth its salt?

LOENGARD

Working on the report now, sir.

PRATT

I hate to wait ...

Pratt grunts and disappears, leaving the door open. Loengard whispers to Simonson.

LOENGARD

What do we do about --
(indicates report)
-- this?

Simonson checks to make sure Pratt's out of earshot, then turns back to Loengard.

SIMONSON

We do nothing.

LOENGARD

Nothing?! You heard him. He wants it now.

SIMONSON

This is our chance, Loengard. To score some points for us, not him

(beat)

I'll stall the farmer. You find out why a Navy Captain is so interested in 'flying saucers. But, whatever you do, keep your head down.

Simonson closes the door, leaving Loengard alone. He takes a deep breath, preparing for the work ahead.

MONTAGE

Showing Loengard attacking his research.

A) At a table in the Library of Congress, Loengard is surrounded by a stack of books related to flying saucers.

B) Checking out a box of files from a Congressional storage office. One of them states: Personnel / Naval Intelligence. A MIB lurks in the background, observing.

C) In a room filled with stacks and stacks of old newspapers, Loengard pulls one out of the pile. It is a July 1947 issue of the San Francisco Examiner about the recovery of a flying saucer in Roswell, New Mexico.

D) Loengard, in an open suburban garage, goes through a military trunk. Amidst some documents, he happens across a memo with the words "TOP SECRET / MAJIC" on top. A kindly widow enters, carrying two slices of fruit cake. Across the street, WE SEE a MIB photographing him from a parked car.

E) Sitting cross-legged on the floor of his apartment, Loengard flips through a pile of Navy Cadet Yearbooks while Sayers paints a piece of furniture. She playfully drips paint onto his yellow legal pad.

F) Loengard approaches Simonson, slaps a military newspaper on his desk. He flips it open to a specific page. There is a photo of a Captain named Frank Bach.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Loengard stands before the mirror, combing his hair. Over this, we hear:

SAYERS (O. S.)

John, what time is it?

Loengard looks out toward the TV which is on in the living room featuring Hugh Downs of the "Today Show."

LOENGARD

They're about to do the news.
Close to eight, I think.

Sayers enters.

SAYERS

How do I look?

Loengard studies Sayers in a business suit ensemble and make up. She looks elegant, yet still the picture of All-American innocence.

LOENGARD

Like you're going somewhere. Are you?

She adjusts her earrings, having fun with him

SAYERS

Oh, nowhere you'd care about. Just the White House.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Loengard tracks after Sayers, a look of shock on his face. WE SEE how much work Sayers has put into making the place more livable. It's minimalist, but tasteful and classy wherever possible. Sayers takes the opportunity to gloat.

SAYERS

Remember that lunch with Lisa Bentley you said was going to be such a waste? Well, she knew Barbara Collins who I called who referred me to Jennifer Ruehmann who knows Alicia Burnside who's the assistant to the First Lady.

LOENGARD

Another ruthless power grab. I wish I'd called Lisa Bentley.

SAYERS

You can see her tonight. We're making lasagna. If you're good, you can have some ...

Sayers takes a look at the stacks of paperwork Loengard has scattered all over the dining room table. The "Today Show" is on TV.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

And you could give us a place to eat by taking some of this back to the office.

LOENGARD

(awkward)

I'll clean up but ... this is really 'extra credit.' I've got an angle on something I haven't told everybody at work about yet.

SAYERS

Just don't go overboard, John. I know how you can be. You never know when to quit.

LOENGARD

That's what they told Kennedy when he was investigating labor racketeering. Didn't hurt his career.

The PHONE RINGS. As Sayers grabs her watch off the kitchen counter, Loengard answers the phone.

LOENGARD

Hello?

SIMONSON (PHONE)

Turn on your TV. Channel Six.

SAYERS

I gotta go. Wish me luck.

Sayers smiles, kisses Loengard, takes off. Loengard changes channels on the television.

LOENGARD'S POV - TELEVISION

BLACK AND WHITE NEWS FOOTAGE of Francis Gary Powers walking toward us across a bridge. Another man with his back to us walks in the opposite direction.

NEWSCASTER (V. O.)

-- the February 10th spy exchange.
That's Lieutenant Francis Gary Powers, the American U2 pilot shot down over the Soviet Union two years ago, walking across the Glienicker Bridge toward freedom in West Berlin. He's passing Soviet spy Colonel Rudolph Abel heading toward the Communist-held Potsdam sector of East Berlin.

During the exchange, Powers is escorted by none other than Frank Bach!

INTERCUT: GEORGETOWN APARTMENT / CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE

Where Simonson is on the phone.

SIMONSON

That's your Captain Bach, isn't it?

Loengard can't believe his eyes.

LOENGARD

Yeah. That's him

The NEWSCASTER appears on the TV screen.

NEWSCASTER (T. V.)

Later this morning, Powers speaks to a closed door session of the Senate Armed Services Committee. In other news ...

LOENGARD

Mark, we gotta get to Powers. He had to be involved in this, too.

SIMONSON

Stop right there. If Powers is involved, so is the President. Who do you think made the deal with Khrushchev?

LOENGARD

Wow. This isn't just some military budget scandal anymore.

SIMONSON

That's the understatement of the year. This is quicksand, Loengard. Plain and simple.

LOENGARD

But Mark, this is the break we've been waiting for.

SIMONSON

Not me. I've got a wife and kids.
I'm out. It's over. You hear me?
It's over.

Loengard listens to Simonson HANG UP on him. His mind racing, he slowly replaces the receiver. Motionless for a moment, Loengard starts throwing his things together in haste.

INT. HALLS OF CONGRESS - DAY

Loengard hurries down the hallway. He sees something that stops him in his tracks.

It's Bach, in a close huddle with Francis Gary Powers. Several uniformed military officers stand a respectful distance away.

Loengard instinctively ducks into an open doorway. He peeks out. He can't hear what they're talking about, but it's clear from the body language that Bach is briefing Powers.

After a moment, Powers nods, "got it." Suddenly, the group is engulfed by several TV crews and a contingent of print and radio REPORTERS, shouting questions.

REPORTER #1

You had a poison needle. Why didn't you use it?

Bach nods to Powers who backs off. Powers holds up a hand to quiet the uproar, then replies:

POWERS

During everything I did or said over the past two years, I kept the best interests of the United States in mind. I look forward to telling the U-S Senate my side of this story. Thank you.

Despite more yelling and questioning, Powers pushes through into a door marked, "Senate Armed Services Committee." A sign has been posted, "Closed Session."

While some reporters seem to scramble for phones, others settle back into the wait mode on the hallway seating.

Bach takes a seat on a bench and lights a cigarette.

WE SEE Loengard, back against the wall, eyes closed, trying to slow his racing heart. Finally, he sucks in a deep breath, sits down next to Bach, who regards him briefly.

LOENGARD

There's a new report from the Surgeon General says those things can kill you.

BACH

Our days are all numbered.
(pointedly)
Some more than others.

LOENGARD

I'm a member of the congressional
staff. You can't rough me up here

BACH

So how's the 'extra credit' going,
John?

Loengard flinches at Bach's inside knowledge but fires back
some of his own.

LOENGARD

Not bad, Captain Bach. I don't
know exactly who you work for now,
but I'm pretty close to the truth.

Bach exhales slowly, takes the measure of the man sitting
next to him

BACH

The truth is overrated.

LOENGARD

Maybe. But what you're doing can't
stay hidden forever.

(shows paper in pocket)

This is a subpoena from the U-S
Congress. But, if you agree to
cooperate with me now, I will
protect our conversations. You
will not be named as a source in
any hearing or investigation.

BACH

(bemused)

Your faith in the power of Congress
is charming.

Bach gets up, stubs out his cigarette on the floor and moves
away. Loengard follows after him, determined.

LOENGARD

I've read about Roswell. I've
heard about 'Project Sign' and
'Project Grudge.' I know a lot
more than you think I do.

BACH

(stops walking)

You know nothing.

LOENGARD

Flying saucers don't come from
outer space. You're building them,
aren't you?

Bach grabs Loengard by the shoulder. He reaches inside his
jacket and removes the "subpoena." It's a dry cleaning
receipt.

BACH

You really got an iron set of 'em,
don't you, son?

Bach crumples up the receipt. Loengard holds direct eye
contact.

LOENGARD

When I have to.

BACH

You understand Mister Loengard,
that truth has a price.

LOENGARD

I have to know.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

Bach leads Loengard through a crowd of passengers. They
reach a set of stairs and head down. There is a door marked
"Employees Only." Bach unlocks it, holds the door for
Loengard who hesitates.

BACH

You already decided to go through
this door. Don't act like you have
to think about it.

Loengard enters:

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

In the back is another door. Bach opens it and rather than
lead to another room, a set of elevator doors open.
Loengard sees a revolver strapped under Bach's suit jacket.

LOENGARD

Are you going to kill me?

BACH

Not unless I have to.

Bach steps inside. Is he kidding or not? A beat, then
Loengard follows.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS HUB - DAY

The elevator doors open. Bach leads Loengard out to a security check-point. A military guard salutes Bach.

BACH

Search him I.D. him Log him in.

LOENGARD'S POV - THE CONTROL AREA

His perspective reveals it's only one section of an enormous, bunker with high-ceilings and attached corridors. A number of people are hard at work. This is where Powers was tracked into the Soviet Union earlier.

BACK TO SCENE

Loengard is being patted down and fingerprinted. Scared and thrilled simultaneously.

BACH

This is Majestic.

LOENGARD

Majestic-Twelve?

(off Bach's reaction)

I found a memo from back when Truman was president. But it never said what it was.

BACH

That was all supposed to have been swept up long ago.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bach is waiting in the driver's seat of an electric utility vehicle. A MIB shuts a double-thick door behind Loengard who slowly gets in the vehicle. Bach drives down the corridor. They approach a door where a MIB stands, holding a large, black attache case. An MP stands next to him. Bach drives up. Bach takes a key from his pocket, uses it to unlock a metal handcuff connecting the attache case to the MIB. He accepts the attache case and continues on.

LOENGARD

So where are you taking me?

BACH

You said you wanted the truth ...

Bach points to the end of the corridor.

BACH (CONT'D)

The truth is down there. Third door from the end.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - SURGICAL/STORAGE CHAMBER - DAY

Lights flick on to illuminate the room. Bach closes the door behind them. A rectangular stainless steel table, waist high, is the centerpiece. Built into the walls are large drawers with handles. Bach sets the attache case on the table.

BACH

When I was your age, I had my sights set on Admiral. But a covert Navy incident unexpectedly landed me at our only nuclear bomber base. Roswell.

LOENGARD

So those stories ... they're all true.

Bach opens the attache case, begins sifting through its contents. The lid obscures Loengard's view.

BACH

Nothing is all true. It depends who you ask. If you asked Mac Brazel what crashed on his farm on July the third, 1947, there was a time when he would've told you it was one of these ships.

Bach places a black-and-white photo of a crashed disc-shaped saucer in front of Loengard.

LOENGARD

The news said he changed his mind. That it was really a weather balloon.

BACH

The news is irrelevant.

Bach tosses down more photos for Loengard's perusal. Most are of the saucer object seen by Francis Gary Powers.

BACH (CONT'D)

Eastern Airline shots from 1948.
Ground shots from Montana in '50,
Utah, '52. McMinnville, Baton
Rouge, Fort Worth ... D. C.
(bottom line)
We don't make these.

The photographs are distinct in their clarity and precision. Sifting through them all, Loengard is absolutely stupefied.

LOENGARD

'Blue Book' doesn't have any of this stuff.

BACH

We confiscate all physical evidence
before they get to it.

LOENGARD

So 'Blue Book' is only what, a
front for ... 'Majestic?'

Bach nods, removes a chain from around his neck. Rather than dog tags, the chain holds a thin container in the shape of a matchbox.

BACH

Go ahead. Open it.

Reluctantly, Loengard slides the top off the container. Inside, there appears to be a folded, foil triangle. Slowly, Loengard extracts the material. IT MAGICALLY UNFOLDS AND FLATTENS INTO THE SHAPE OF A LARGE TRIANGLE!

Startled, Loengard drops the material, which floats impossibly in mid-air, defying gravity. He touches a corner, setting it spinning. Then, Bach snatches the triangle, shoves it back into his container.

BACH (CONT'D)

I wear this to remind me that
whoever does build these ships,
their knowledge is formidable.

LOENGARD

You think it's the Russians?

Bach leaves the table and begins spinning a combination lock on a wall of drawers.

BACH

You tell me, Mister Loengard --

Bach slides the refrigerated drawer open. The frosty air clears to reveal a sealed body bag, which Bach unzips.

BACH (CONT'D)

-- does this look Russian to you?

The now open bag reveals the preserved remains of a "Gray." Curled into a near-fetal position, the Gray's head is distinguished primarily by the large, black almond-shaped eyes that seem to pull you inside and swallow you up.

Loengard reels, takes a couple of steps back and starts gagging. He hits the wall and slides to his knees, fighting nausea.

BACH (CONT'D)

Don't be embarrassed. Most people
have trouble digesting the truth.

Bach goes about returning the photos to their respective files, and the files to the attache case.

BACH (CONT'D)

Here's the way it works, John. No one who joins Majestic can talk about this to anyone outside. It's a very exclusive club.

LOENGARD

(confused)

Wait. I haven't joined ... anything.

BACH

Really? Everyday you pursued us was another knock at the door.

Bach produces a dossier labeled "Loengard, John." It has a collection of photos of Loengard in his investigation (from the montage). He shows it to Loengard.

BACH (CONT'D)

(bottom line)

You recruited yourself, John.

LOENGARD

I had no idea ...

BACH

I'm giving you the chance to serve your country in a way few people have ever had.

LOENGARD

What if I say no?

BACH

You can't.

OFF Loengard, simultaneously scared and thrilled.

INT. OUTSIDE THE GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Loengard fumbles with the key, the door is flung open by Sayers. She throws her arms around him in an excited welcome:

SAYERS

I met her today! Jackie! ... I'm working on this TV special they're doing ... It's just temporary but is that just about the biggest news you've ever heard anyway?

LOENGARD

Congratulations, Kim. You deserve it.

SAYERS

Hope you're ready to celebrate.
Lisa's going to be here any minute.
(cheerfully)
So hurry up and tell me how your
day went.

LOENGARD

Oh, you know. Nothing special.

Loengard enters with Sayers and the door closes, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Loengard and Simonson cut a path through the columns, talking animatedly. A SUPER reads:

Two Weeks Later

LOENGARD

Look, If you want, I can go over to the Library of Congress and see what they have on this new Medicare proposal.

SIMONSON

Yeah, sure.

(beat)

Did you see 'Ben Casey' last night?

LOENGARD

I haven't had time to watch a lot of TV lately.

SIMONSON

You can't trust Casey. You know he wants that other doctor, Maggie, but he won't make a move on her. Now why is that?

LOENGARD

I don't know. He's probably got a lot on his mind.

SIMONSON

I'm going back to 'Kildare.'

During Simonson's response, Loengard sees MIB #5 tailing the two of them.

OLD LOENGARD (V.O.)

From a distance, it must have appeared as though nothing had changed. Bach insisted I keep my day job, but he made it clear I was on call to 'Majestic.'

LOENGARD

Uh, Mark, I'm gonna take care of that research right now. I'll see you back at the office.

Loengard peels off. Simonson shrugs, continues on. From a distance, Simonson observes Loengard and the MIB talking.

BEHIND THE COLUMN

MI B #5 pulls a plane ticket from his coat, hands it to Loengard.

LOENGARD

This is only one way. When am I coming back?

MI B #5

(ignoring him)

At the airport, bring a Washington paper and read the sports page.

MI B #5 then turns and walks away.

LOENGARD

What am I doing!? What's the job!?

No answers. Loengard is left staring apprehensively at the ticket.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The BLACK-AND-WHITE VIDEOTAPE of Jackie Kennedy's White House Tour.

JACKIE KENNEDY (T. V.)

Historical preservation is one of the things we have felt the White House should properly be involved in, especially with so many artifacts hidden away ...

We are really in:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Where Sayers stands transfixed looking at a small BLACK-AND-WHITE MONITOR of the First Lady's presentation. She is next to a network cameraman manning a huge, cumbersome studio camera. ALICIA BURNSIDE, Sayers' pretty-but-pushy boss, enters in a hurry, motions Sayers aside.

ALICIA

Honey, I hope all kinds of people are watching tonight but hopefully not the ones I'm paying.

Sayers nods, embarrassed.

SAYERS

I'm sorry, really. It's just that she's so good.

ALICIA

(confidentially)

Mrs. Kennedy has more class in her little pinkie than all the TV people running around here combined.

(all business)

Now, get to it. They're coming here after the third break.

The phone RINGS. Alicia rushes to answer it.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Burnside ... No. This is a bad time ... He is?

Alicia hangs up, turns to Sayers.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

I don't know how but your boyfriend talked his way inside. Apparently, it's an emergency.

Alicia heads for the door, glances at her watch.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Make it quick, sweetie.

After Alicia leaves, Sayers and the cameraman eye each other warily. Finally, Loengard enters through the back door, escorted by a SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

SAYERS

John, what's happened? Did someone die?

LOENGARD

No, Kim, look, I'm getting sent out of town again.

SAYERS

Why are you telling me this now?

LOENGARD

Because I wanted to see you before I left. There's some things you should know. You remember the 'extra credit'?

SAYERS

We can talk about this at home.

Loengard grabs Sayers by the arms, speaks intently. He needs to tell her the truth.

LOENGARD

No. I'm on my way to the airport.

Sayers pulls away. This draws looks from the cameraman and Secret Service agent.

SAYERS

All right, John. But we have to make this fast.

Loengard realizes he cannot continue without endangering her.

LOENGARD

You know what? This is a mistake. We can talk about it later.

SAYERS

John, you came here to say something. So say it.

LOENGARD

Look, I'll call you tomorrow.

Loengard looks at the Secret Service agent who seems ready to intervene.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Relax, I'm going.

Loengard heads for the door.

SAYERS

John, don't --

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

More BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE from the actual tour.

JACKIE KENNEDY (T.V.)

... the East Room renovation is an interesting mixture of traditional Greek, and Mississippi River Boat.

Only now, on this same vintage videotape, WE SEE Loengard walking through an open door, only to find himself like a deer in the headlights, caught in the glare of television lights standing behind the First Lady. After freezing for a moment, he backs out of the room.

EXT. BOISE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Loengard descends the steps of a small commuter plane directly onto the tarmac. He and a handful of travelers hurry for the warmth of the terminal. A sign informs us we are at "Boise Air Terminal."

INT. BOISE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Loengard scans the deserted terminal looking for anyone familiar. Finally, he takes a seat. He sits down and pulls a D.C. newspaper from a travel bag.

INSERT NEWSPAPER

The front page headline reads: "NASA: GLENN GOOD TO GO!" Loengard flips right to the sports page. Suddenly, a hand grabs the paper and lowers it, revealing:

MB #2

This is really JIM STEELE, the piece of bad news who punched Loengard in the New Hampshire field. Loengard offers his hand but MB#2/STEELE just walks away.

Loengard grabs his two suitcases and follows. Steele gives him a disgusted look.

MB #2/STEELE

You pack like a girl.

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - NEXT DAY

Loengard is seated in the rear of the chopper with three MB, including Steele. No one talks. Loengard takes out a stick of gum and starts chewing. He offers the pack to the MB but gets no takers. It's clear they regard Loengard with great suspicion. From the cockpit area, Bach climbs back to speak to the others.

BACH

Outside! Nine o'clock!

Loengard and the MB push against the window and stare down at:

HELICOPTER POV - CROP CIRCLE

Nearly a mile below, covering sections of a wheat field and the dirt road bisecting it, is a massive otherworldly pictogram. The design is intricate. Definitely not something made by Nother Nature.

INTERCUT: INSIDE HELICOPTER / HELICOPTER POV

Loengard is chilled by this eerie image.

MB #1/POPEJOY

Why would anybody smart enough to make one of those be dumb enough to put it out there for the whole world to see?

BACH

They didn't. We're thirty miles from nowhere. Last week a private pilot who got lost reported it to the local Sheriff's office.

LOENGARD

Why didn't the farmer who owns the field?

BACH

Good question. All we've got is a name. Grantham Elliot P. Grantham

MIB #2/STEELE

We gonna roll him at his house or take him on a field trip?

BACH

Neither. John here is going to pay him a visit, sweet talk some answers out of him

MIB #2/Steele snorts in derision at this news.

BACH (CONT'D)

He got the Hills to say things none of you ever did, Jim

MIB #2/STEELE

Come on, Frank. The kid got lucky. He'll fold when the pressure's on.

Bach smiles, turns calmly to Loengard.

BACH

John, tell Mister Steele two things from your personal life. Make one of them a lie.

Loengard, caught off-guard, sees that Bach is not joking. He turns away for a moment, then turns back to MIB #2/Steele and says, without blinking:

LOENGARD

I was a starter on the football team my junior year of high school. That same year I kissed a black girl at a party.

MIB #2/Steele keeps his unblinking gaze drilling back into Loengard.

MIB #2/STEELE

(smirks)

You never kissed no colored girl.

LOENGARD

(mimicking)

I never touched no football.

MIB #2/STEELE

(to Bach)

How do I know he's not lying?

BACH

That's the point.

(beat)

You have any questions about the operation, John?

Loengard takes another look outside at the eerie pictogram

LOENGARD

Have we ever seen one of these before?

Bach and the MIB trade knowing glances. MIB #2/Steele flicks a spent cigarette butt in his direction.

MIB #2/STEELE

I still say he's not ready, Frank.

Bach unwinds the string around a clasp on an envelope marked "Above Top Secret." He slides out a photo.

BACH

This is a piece of the broken I-beam from the Roswell crash.

Bach hands the photo to Loengard. The I-beam has a series of pictogram's running along it. One of them is a dead match for the pictogram in the wheat field.

BACH (CONT'D)

We've seen it before. We just haven't seen it for a long time.

INT. CATTLE BARON MOTEL - DAY

Amidst cluttered Majestic paraphernalia, MIB #1 (POPEJOY) wires Loengard with a concealed microphone unit.

MIB #1/POPEJOY

Wanna say something for them?

LOENGARD

Testing. This is John Loengard.
Testing.

(beat)

Why do we have to do this?

MIB #1/POPEJOY

Boss wants a transcript.

(keys two-way)

You got that in there?

MIB #2/STEELE (V.O.)

Breaking up. And tell Romeo not to broadcast his name, even on a mike check.

MI B #1/Popejoy pivots Loengard, unbuttons a couple of buttons from his shirt and adjusts the microphone and the tape. Nods to Loengard for another check.

LOENGARD

Romeo here. How's this grab you?

MI B #2/STEELE (V. O.)

Just like Shakespeare.

BACH (O. S.)

Loengard!

MI B #1/Popejoy pins a small plastic badge on Loengard. It reads: "County Extension Agent."

MI B #1/POPEJOY

Don't sweat it. He wouldn't have picked you unless he thought you could do it.

MI B #1/Popejoy winks at Loengard, who forces an uncertain smile as he heads for:

MOTEL BATHROOM

Where Bach, out of the shower, is shaving with a straight razor. Talking to Loengard via the mirror view.

BACH

Procedure. You're only here to ask questions. We imagine whoever put that marking out there is long gone. We need a solid witness. So don't get cute. We'll be nearby, backing you up if it gets hairy.
(beat)

Something else?

LOENGARD

My girlfriend. She thinks I'm out of town on government business.

Bach eyes him, asks slowly:

BACH

And you told your office ..?

LOENGARD

My uncle died.

Bach allows a smile as he towels off his face, then picks up the chain and container from the sink and replaces it around his neck.

BACH

You tell everyone the same story.
You keep it simple and you stick
to it.

(pat on shoulder)

I'm sure you'll work it out. But
don't worry. We'll take care of
Pratt for you this time.

Loengard nods, uncertain.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - DAY

Sayers is on the phone.

SAYERS

Actually, the network owns the
show. I can give you a referral
number if you want. Excuse me,
could you hold a moment?

(punches up other line)

First Lady's Office. Kimberly
Sayers ... John?! This is a
horrible connection. Where are
you?

EXT. CATTLE BARON MOTEL - DAY

Loengard stands in a pay phone, looking at a wallet-size
photo of Sayers.

LOENGARD

Look, Kim, I'm sorry about last
night, but I'm not going to lie to
you. This is a real mess.

INTERCUT: ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE / CATTLE BARON MOTEL

SAYERS

Are you in trouble?

Loengard bites his lip, preparing to tell his first big lie.

LOENGARD

Not exactly. It's Pratt. Turns
out he's got some ... mistress ...
back in Fresno. The papers are on
to it and he's got me out here
trying to kill it first.

SAYERS

(indignant)

You don't have to do that kind of
thing for him. Don't do it.

LOENGARD

I have to. If I don't score some
points with Pratt --

SAYERS

-- John, you have to draw the line somewhere.

LOENGARD

The main reason I called, Kim, is, well, you just can't call the office. Most of them don't know what I'm doing here.

(beat)

I missed you last night.

From Sayers' POV, WE SEE Jackie Kennedy in the distance talking to Alicia who motions for Sayers to come join them

SAYERS

(trying to sound professional)

Thanks for the update, John, but I've got to go.

Loengard hangs up, terribly conflicted as he slowly moves to join Bach and the MB.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Loengard stands at the front door knocking, gets no answer. He wanders over to the nearby ramshackle red barn, where a pickup truck, hood up, is parked inside.

LOENGARD

Hello!? Anybody home!?

INT. BARN - DAY

MUSIC from a transistor radio plays inside the shadowy barn. Loengard enters, looking around. As he wanders off into a forbodingly dark area:

LOENGARD

Hello? Mister Grantham?

Loengard hears a sound behind him and whirls around to find ELLIOT GRANTHAM, a life-long farmer, standing there with a large screwdriver held threateningly in hand.

GRANTHAM

Who wants to know?

Startled and insecure about his cover, Loengard points out his badge.

LOENGARD

My name's Fred Graber. From the County Extensions Office.

GRANTHAM

I didn't call you.

LOENGARD

Well, no sir, you didn't. My office got a call saying there's some kind of strange formation in your field. They sent me out to investigate.

Grantham turns away.

GRANTHAM

I ain't talking about it.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

You may want to change your mind about that. The law says if you've incurred any kind of crop loss as a result of that vandalism, and I have to assume this is vandalism, then my office is obligated to inform you that you qualify for government subsidies.

GRANTHAM

You mean you'd pay me money?

LOENGARD

That's right. 'Course I'd have to go out and take a look at it myself.

Grantham eyeballs Loengard long and hard. He wipes his hands on a grease rag.

GRANTHAM

Field's too far for walkin' . We'll take the truck.

Grantham slams the hood shut and we, cut to:

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Grantham's pick up truck putters down a dirt road, cresting at the top of a small valley. Down below we see the crop marking.

The truck stops and Loengard hops out. He takes a look at the discolored dirt on the road, then wanders over to a wire fence. Following the line of the marking, matching sections of the barbed wire have virtually disappeared.

INSERT - THE BARBED WIRE

Appears to have been dissolved. A touch to the rusted end causes the metal to flake away like ash.

BACK TO SCENE

As Loengard trudges further out into the wheat field, Grantham watches on from inside the cab, answering questions through the rolled down window.

LOENGARD

(sotto; into mic)

This thing is huge ...

Loengard kneels down and inspects the uniformly matted wheat stalks. He plucks one from the ground. It's darker, almost discolored on the side facing up.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Mister Grantham, do you remember the first time you saw this?

GRANTHAM

Last week maybe. It's winter wheat, Mister Graber. You don't do much this time of year 'cept let it grow.

LOENGARD

Why didn't you report it?

GRANTHAM

No law says I got to.

LOENGARD

You see any strange lights in the sky over the last month or two?

GRANTHAM

Why? You seen some?

But Loengard isn't answering. He's out in the middle of the formation now. He bends down on one knee to inspect it.

LOENGARD

(sotto; into mic)

The stalks are laid down perfectly. Not even broken.

Loengard now wanders further out. He's about fifty yards away from the truck when he steps on something. Kicking the wheat away, Loengard exposes a small, triangular metal plate.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

I found something!

Down on his hands and knees, Loengard whisks away the dirt to reveal a pictogram which is a derivation of the larger crop circle design itself.

Loengard holds it up for inspection.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

It's that picture again. And this
thing's made of gold!

The sound of Grantham's TRUCK STARTING diverts Loengard's attention. He looks up to see Grantham gunning the engine, barreling toward him. Loengard runs, dives into the full wheat field.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Inside, Bach and the three MIB hear Loengard and hit the road at full speed.

LOENGARD (V.O.)

Help! He's trying to kill me!

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Grantham takes another run at Loengard. He sees the sedan approaching fast. SHOTS are fired at him. Grantham's pick-up heads off down another dirt road.

The sedan is hot on Grantham's tail. When the car gets close enough, MIB #2/STEELE leans out the passenger side window, pistol trained with both hands -- BLAM! BLAM!

GRANTHAM'S REAR TIRE BLOWS!

Grantham's truck lists onto the road's dirt shoulder and fishtails out of control. Then it traverses unexpectedly back across the road, cutting off the SKIDDING sedan. Finally:

THE TRUCK CRASHES HEADFIRST INTO A TREE!

Bach and the MIB climb from the sedan and cautiously approach the smashed pick up. Bach takes a long look inside the cracked driver's window, then reholsters his gun. It's over.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A DOCTOR stands with Bach and Loengard at the bedside of Grantham. Both his legs are in casts, his head is heavily bandaged and a plethora of tubes and wires connect him to faltering life support equipment. Grantham's eyes are closed.

DOCTOR

In addition to the physical injury,
he's suffered severe head trauma.

(compassionately; to Bach)

I'm afraid your brother may not
make it.

BACH

Do you mind if I give the boy a private moment with his uncle? He practically raised him while I was in the service.

Bach leads the doctor outside the door. Loengard watches them go, then moves close to Grantham

LOENGARD

Can you hear me, Mister Grantham?

It takes a moment, but Grantham opens his eyes, stares at Loengard.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Mister Grantham, I work with some people who have reason to believe that your farm was the site of a visitation by alien beings. They think you know something about that. If you talk to me, maybe I can help you.

Grantham's lips start to quiver. At first, no sound is produced. Then a queer, HI-PITCHED RASP hisses forth. Soon, Grantham is muttering a four word phrase in some STRANGE, INDECIPHERABLE LANGUAGE. He repeats it twice. Then smiles. A crooked, malignant smile. Which soon gives way to HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER. Loengard shakes him

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Get it out, Mister Grantham! Tell me what's happening!

Within moments Grantham is convulsing. Bach and the doctor race back into the room. The doctor takes a look, calls out into the hallway.

DOCTOR

Code Blue! We've got a Code Blue in here!

Loengard steps away from the bed and watches a choreographed life-saving intervention as the medical staff tries desperately to save Grantham. MEDICAL CROSS-TALK and TECHNICAL DIALOGUE.

Finally, however, all we hear is the telltale DEATH-TONE of the EKG machine. The doctor turns to Bach:

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.
(to nurse)
Let's call it for 12:53 am

While the doctor continues to dictate details of the death certificate to the nurse, Loengard moves over Grantham, studying him closely.

LOENGARD

Excuse me, doctor. Why are his eyes still moving?

The doctor leans in, has a look. Sure enough Grantham's eyeballs are darting back and forth underneath fluttering eyelids.

DOCTOR

Hmmm ... looks like rapid eye movement. It's supposed to mean you're dreaming.

BACH

Is he dead or isn't he?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid this is some kind of unusual autonomic response, but he is definitely dead. I probably should order up a full autopsy.

Bach gestures to a couple of MIB watching from the hallway. They swarm the doctor.

BACH

That won't be necessary. We'll be taking the body with us.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MIB #1/Popejoy and MIB #2/Steele crash a gurney carrying Grantham's body quickly through a doorway into the hallway. Bach walks briskly alongside, Loengard keeping in step. They are met by DR. CARL HERTZOG, lead scientist for Majestic.

HERTZOG

I've prepared for the dissection but I can't locate the other team members at this hour. Maybe by morning.

BACH

We can't afford to wait.

HERTZOG

Why not? Who is this man?

BACH

That's what we intend to find out.
(pointedly)

Now.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - SURGICAL/STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

An autopsy in progress. Bach, Loengard, Popejoy and Steele surround the body of Elliot Grantham. Hertzog, surgical scrubs stained, uses his gloved hands to deliver a human liver to a scale and notes the weight.

HERTZOG

The subject has an enlarged liver which indicates some form of prior alcohol abuse. Otherwise, the internal organs appear to be unremarkable for a man his age.

Hertzog returns to the table, looks at Grantham's open body.

HERTZOG (CONT'D)

No cancers, no surgeries. Just an ordinary man.

Bach gestures dismissively.

BACH

'Ordinary' men don't try to run down complete strangers with their pick-up trucks.

Hertzog picks up a cranial buzz saw.

HERTZOG

We can remove the cranial cap. See about a tumor ...

BACH

Do it.

Hertzog shrugs, fires up the WHIR of the buzz saw. As he moves in over the head, penetrating the skull, Popejoy shifts uncomfortably, then turns and exits in a hurry. Loengard starts to go after him, but Steele grabs his sleeve.

MB #2/STEELE

Let him go.

Loengard pulls free. He exits the door to the hallway, past a couple of military police into the:

CORRIDOR

A sign on the wall tells us we are in "Majestic." Popejoy leans against the wall, embarrassed.

LOENGARD

You okay?

MB #1/POPEJOY

(nods)

Will be. Thanks.

LOENGARD

Hey, if we'd wanted to be doctors,
we'd have gone to med school,
right?

Popejoy smiles wanly. Loengard slaps him on the shoulder,
then moves back inside.

SURGICAL/STORAGE CHAMBER

The others are gathered around the head of Grantham. After
a small struggle by Hertzog, Bach points at the head area.

BACH

What is that, there?

Hertzog starts to poke around with the instrument.

HERTZOG

Some unusual mass. I've never seen
it before.

(pointing)

It's engulfing the entire brain
stem. Under there. I assume this
is what killed him.

Suddenly, Hertzog jumps back from the table, dropping the
instrument CLANKING on the floor.

HERTZOG (CONT'D)

BY GOD, IT MOVED!

Bach fearlessly takes a close inspection.

BACH

Can you extract it without damage?

HERTZOG

(freaking out)

TO WHO? WHAT IS IT?!

Bach ignores Hertzog's hysteria, goes to the door, speaks
coolly and professionally to the military police.

BACH

Gentlemen, we are now officially
Red-Ultra. Secure the entire
sector.

(to Popejoy)

Popejoy, we'll need the Roswell
cranial specimen. It's in cold
storage, A-three.

Bach closes the door, turns to Loengard.

BACH (CONT'D)

John, get a container from the work area. With a lid.

Hertzog begins to probe and poke at the organism. Now, for the first time, WE SEE:

CU - THE GANGLION

Vaguely resembling a dappled jellyfish. Like a determined weed, the ganglion's root structure is extensive.

BACK TO SCENE

Hertzog can not get the squirming ganglion to release its grip. Using a set of large tongs, Hertzog redoubles his efforts, literally ripping the ganglion from Grantham's brain stem -- along with it comes a section of gray matter attached to the creature's large, flat sucker.

THE GANGLION

Writhes wildly, forcing Hertzog to clutch the tongs with both hands. He can barely control its flagellations.

Steele trains his weapon on the twitching creature as Loengard moves the container into place.

Hertzog tries to shove the creature inside, but its TENDRILS SHOOT UP and hold the lid off the jar.

Bach and Hertzog force the lid into place. They sever a tendril tip in the process. All three men crowd around the ganglion trapped inside its glass jail.

CU - THE JAR

The ganglion is rabid, crazed. It attaches its sucker to the glass. We see hundreds of yellow teeth-like nodules lining the sucker. And a tongue-like needle which shoots forth from its gullet, boring into the jar ... and cracking the glass!

BACH (O. S.)

Open the storage locker!

BACK TO SCENE

Bach grabs up the container and rushes to the storage locker, which Loengard throws open. Bach pushes the jar inside, then slams the fridge door closed. Silence. Popejoy returns with the specimen container requested by Bach.

Inside the storage locker, WE HEAR the JAR BREAK open. There is a terrible thrashing inside.

LOENGARD

How could that creature get inside him?

Bach takes Popejoy's specimen container. Inside, floating in formaldehyde is another ganglion with an elaborate root system of its own.

BACH

I don't know. But whatever it is, it's a dead ringer for this one here.

(re: bottled specimen)

Only we found this fifteen years ago inside the bodies at the Roswell crash.

HERTZOG

I was never told any of this!

BACH

You didn't need to know.

LOENGARD

(grave realization)

You're saying you found one of these things in an alien ... and now in a human?

Bach nods at Loengard.

BACH

The question is, how many more like Grantham are out there?

The stakes have just been radically upped, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

Loengard enters, tentatively, continues on to his cubicle. It's been emptied of all its contents. He stops, surprised, stares at it. Simonson approaches.

SIMONSON

We're giving your desk to Nelson.

LOENGARD

Am I being fired?

SIMONSON

Fired? Hardly. You're being rewarded. For what, I'm not quite sure, although I have a few suspicions.

LOENGARD

(wants to come clean)

Look, Mark, maybe we should talk.

SIMONSON

No thanks. You made your choice. I made mine. Your problem is Pratt. He's fit to be tied and he wants to know everything.

(points)

Down there in your new office. The one with the window.

Simonson takes off. Filled with dread, Loengard watches him go.

INT. LOENGARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Loengard enters, looks around, uncertainly. Big window, real desk, files, pictures. He is startled by:

PRATT

I hope it meets your requirements, John.

Pratt has entered the office without a sound, scaring the hell out of Loengard. He closes the door.

PRATT (CONT'D)

I'd offer my condolences but we both know nobody died.

(pointedly)

At least not your uncle.

LOENGARD

Sir?

PRATT

Sir. Your slick little line-of-crap just disgusts me. So much so I was all ready to fire you. But then I find out John Loengard's 'untouchable.'

LOENGARD

(truly baffled)

What are you talking about?

PRATT

What am I talking about ..?
(thrusts papers at him)
Just blackmail. That's all.

Loengard inspects the papers.

INSERT - PAPERS

A medical form for Charles Pratt admitting him to a sanitarium for treatment for "nervous breakdown." Attached to it is another single-page, typed note which reads:

"LOENGARD'S UNTOUCHABLE."

BACK TO SCENE

Loengard simply looks up at Pratt, stunned.

PRATT

So what if I had a nervous breakdown? I'm fine now. But your friends leak that and Charles Pratt'll never win another election. Who's behind all this, John?

LOENGARD

All I can tell you is I'm serving my country --

PRATT

(exploding)

By serving me up like a pig on a damned platter!

Loengard looks away. Pratt goes to the door, but stops to deliver a threat of his own.

PRATT (CONT'D)

I may look like a dumb old farmer, but you don't know what you're dealing with. Whoever your new friends are, John, there are forces out there far more powerful.

Pratt exits, leaving Loengard alone in his office, looking out the window. Somehow the view no longer holds the attraction it once did.

A beat, then Loengard slowly removes from a box his sacred articles trumpeting the successes of the Kennedy administration which had been displayed above his old cubicle. He throws them in the wastebasket. The phone RINGS.

LOENGARD

Loengard ... Hey, Kim ... No, it's going fine. They gave me a new office, but I got a ton of work to go with it, so I won't be home until late.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Loengard sits with MIB #1/Popejoy and MIB #2/Steele, outside a glass window which affords a view of a lab filled with various cages and equipment. Surrounded by lab rats and other animals, the largest cage houses a rhesus test monkey where Doctor Hertzog extracts a blood sample before taking off. A 16-mm film camera records the scene. Loengard scribbles on a legal pad, while the two MIB talk.

MIB #1/POPEJOY

I tell you what. That monkey starts turning gray, I'm gone.

MIB #2/STEELE

I don't know why we have to be here anyway. Should only take one college boy to watch a monkey.

Loengard looks up from his notes at MIB #2/Steele.

LOENGARD

If you'd gone to college, Steele, you might at least appreciate the problem we've got on our hands.

MIB #2/STEELE

You're so smart, that's why Bach had me fix your problem at work.

LOENGARD

Figures that was you. Tell you what, next time let me dig myself out. Your fix-it job had all the subtlety of a house fire.

MIB #1/Popejoy, seeing the tension, addresses MIB #2/Steele.

MIB #1/POPEJOY

Hey, you know what, Steele, I got this handled. We still got paperwork from Idaho. You want to take care of that?

Loengard puts his attention back on his notepad. MIB #2/Steele looks like he's about to punch him again, thinks better of it, and takes off. MIB #1/Popejoy checks Loengard out. Finally:

MIB #1/POPEJOY (CONT'D)

He is an ass.

(Laughs)

But I don't think I've ever heard anybody call him on it.

Loengard takes out his gum, offers a stick to MIB #1/Popejoy. This time, he takes it.

Hertzog pokes his head into the observation room. He's totally focused on the biological challenge facing him.

HERTZOG

I'm running these blood samples down to the lab. How's our 'Profile' going, John?

LOENGARD

I'm taking a stab at it, but, other than Grantham, it's all guess work.

HERTZOG

That's why we keep an eye on our Simian friend. It's been thirty-two hours now since the tissue implant. If anything unusual occurs, please alert me immediately.

LOENGARD

You got it, Doc.

Hertzog takes off. MIB #1/Popejoy looks over at Loengard's legal pad.

#1/POPEJOY

I been here three years, Hertzog's never said hello to me. So what's this thing you two geniuses are working on anyway?

LOENGARD

It's a profile on 'Patient Zero.'
(off his look)

Grantham, the farmer. I've got all these testimonials and transcripts from his friends and neighbors. Turns out the guy had a 'missing time' gap like Betty and Barney Hill.

MIB #1/POPEJOY

So why haven't we taken a look inside their brains?

LOENGARD

We've got them under surveillance
but there's a big difference.

(indicates paperwork)

They reported their story. They
weren't trying to hide anything,
and they're very nice people.

Whereas with Grantham, besides all
this, his own wife says he wasn't
himself after he was missing.

MI B #1/POPEJOY

So they think by putting a piece of
that ganglion inside a monkey's
brain, they're gonna learn what
makes it tick?

LOENGARD

It didn't come with a manual.

MI B #1/POPEJOY

If you want to know how it works in
humans, why inject monkeys?

LOENGARD

You volunteering, Popejoy?

MI B #1/POPEJOY

Not on your life.

Loengard and MI B #1/Popejoy smile at each other. Loengard
goes back to his work and MI B #1/Popejoy gives the monkey a
skeptical glance before settling back.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Sayers works tidying up the office. Her own desk is already
immaculate. Alicia enters, takes a long look and smiles.

ALICIA

I'm so glad I hired you. This
place has never looked better.

SAYERS

Oh, John says it's going to be
another late night, and to be
honest, it's kind of hard to find
things around here sometimes.

ALICIA

What's with these hours your
boyfriend's keeping?

SAYERS

He's just ambitious. I admire that
about him, actually.

ALICIA

You didn't seem so admiring when he caused that scene in the Green Room.

SAYERS

He came to Washington all excited about politics and ended up with a boss who keeps dumping all the worst assignments on him. Me, I end up in the White House. It's hard on him.

Alicia rolls her eyes.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

Why are you giving me that look?

Alicia takes a seat next to Sayers, sighs.

ALICIA

I'm going to be very blunt, dear. Men lie in this town.

SAYERS

(defensive)

Alicia, John may not be a Boy Scout but I trust him. You watch. Someday he's going to be just like President Kennedy.

ALICIA

You better hope not.

SAYERS

What is that supposed to mean?

ALICIA

Let's just say the President's not as devoted as you think.

Sayers doesn't want to hear this, returns to her desk.

SAYERS

Alicia, you don't know what you're talking about ...

ALICIA

I'm the First Lady's personal assistant. I most definitely know what I'm talking about.

(looks around)

And I don't intend to talk about it anymore ... especially around here.

(beat; rises)

Well since John's not waiting for you, how about I buy you some dinner?

Sayers' mind is racing, filled with thoughts of potential deceit from all quarters.

SAYERS

Mind if I take a rain check? I've got something I need to do.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Loengard shakes MIB #1/Popejoy awake.

LOENGARD

It's gone! The monkey. It's gone!

With that, MIB #1/Popejoy is wide awake. Both he and Loengard stare through the glass window. What they see is an empty cage with the door open.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

I was writing ... I just ... I didn't hear anything. What do we do now?

MIB #1/POPEJOY

We gotta check this out.

(uneasy)

One of us has to go in.

LOENGARD

It's my fault. I'll go. You make the call.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB AREA - NIGHT

Loengard enters, cautiously. Begins to inspect the premises. Looks for a sign of forced entry on the cage.

Instead, he finds an open tumbler lock. At this point, Loengard is beginning to get scared and so are we. Suddenly:

THE MONKEY!

Drops from a perch on the ceiling, grabbing Loengard around the throat, riding him around the room attacking him! Trying to throw the monkey off his back, Loengard crashes first into scientific equipment, then falls over the camera and hits the floor hard.

The monkey scurries back up into the rafters where it begins unscrewing an exposed pipe.

OUTSIDE LAB

Popejoy hustles down the corridor, stopping when he sees spilled liquid pooling outside the lab door.

INSIDE LAB

His gun drawn, Popejoy steps inside the darkened lab. He spots Loengard, who's groggily sitting up now across the lab. Loengard sees something above Popejoy and points.

LOENGARD

Look out!

POPEJOY

Looks up just in time to see THE MONKEY SWINGING RIGHT AT HIM! Clubbing him in the face with the pipe. Popejoy drops his gun and falls to his knees in pain.

Incredibly, the monkey grabs the gun ...

RACK FOCUS from the barrel of the gun to the MONKEY'S TERRIFYING FACE. The skull is exposed in patches where it was shaved to perform implantation and attach electrodes afterward.

LOENGARD

Noooo!

The monkey shoots Popejoy in cold blood! Then it turns on Loengard, about to shoot him, too, when it hears the approaching voice and footfall of more MIB.

Gun in hand, the monkey rushes into the corridor and out of sight. Seconds later we hear several gunshots.

Loengard comes limping over to the doorway, looks out in the corridor to see:

Several military guards and MIB #2/Steele, weapons drawn, standing over the dead monkey.

Loengard then tries to comfort the wounded Popejoy, now dying before his eyes. This hits Loengard hard.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - NIGHT

To ESTABLISH the sense of after-hours activity only.

INT. LOENGARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

No one is there except Pratt who is on the phone, seated behind Loengard's desk. As he rifles through the contents, he speaks the INDECIIPHERABLE LANGUAGE we first heard from Elliot Grantham. Suddenly, with a preternatural instinct, he stops mid-word and cocks his head to the door.

SAYERS (O. S.)

John?

It's Sayers walking into frame, entering without knocking. Pratt quickly hangs up the phone.

Sayers stops in her tracks.

SAYERS

Oh, excuse me. I'm looking for John Loengard. He said he has a new office.

PRATT

Well, you came to the right place.

Pratt rises and with his most ingratiating smile, offers his hand.

PRATT (CONT'D)

Charles Pratt. I'm just guessing here, but you must be Kimberly.

Sayers keeps her distance and coolly accepts his hand.

SAYERS

John's told me a lot about you, Congressman.

Pratt notices her distance.

PRATT

I take it not all of it was good.

SAYERS

(turns to leave)

I'll just be going.

PRATT

No, please. Fire away. I insist.

SAYERS

(he asked for it)

Your personal life is none of my business, except how you're using John.

PRATT

How I'm using him?

Pratt shakes his head, allows an ironic laugh.

SAYERS

I don't think it's anything to laugh about.

PRATT

What exactly is it you think I've asked John to do for me?

SAYERS

Sounds like you asked him to clean up your dirty laundry back home.

PRATT

Hmmm. Now the way I heard the story, John's uncle died. Whose dirty laundry are we smellin' here, Kimberly?

SAYERS

I don't have to listen to this.

PRATT

'Course not.

(beat)

You can run on back to the White House.

Pratt fingers the White House identification badge hanging around her neck.

PRATT (CONT'D)

Must be exciting. Must keep you busier than a milk cow.

SAYERS

(pulling away)

Would you please let go of me?

PRATT

(letting go)

Open your eyes, woman. I think Johnny boy's got both of us snowed.

Pratt moves closer to Sayers. She moves for the door.

PRATT (CONT'D)

Maybe we should join forces, you and me. Get to the bottom of this whole affair.

Pratt's creepiness shakes Sayers up good. Is this a sexual come-on, or something worse? Sayers takes off, shaken. Pratt cracks an insidious smile.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loengard sits alone in the apartment. He's wearing UCLA sweats, working simultaneously on a jig-saw puzzle of Washington, D.C. and a bottle of hard liquor. The record player is on, but it's at the end of a record, and it's skipping on "MACK, THE KNIFE." As Loengard considers a crucial piece: Sayers enters. She takes one look at Loengard, then moves straight for the skipping record, scratching the needle off. Loengard looks up, obviously drunk.

LOENGARD

Where ya been, Kimmie?

SAYERS

Good question.

LOENGARD

Uh-uh. A good question is, do you go for the color pieces first or do you get all the straight edges?

Sayers stares at Loengard, truly hurt.

SAYERS

You know, John, the thing I loved most about you was how we could always talk. About anything. I thought you were my best friend.

Loengard tries to stand, sensing trouble, but ends up seated on the couch again.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

Have you been lying to me, John?

LOENGARD

What are you talkin' about?

SAYERS

I know you're lying! I went to your office and talked to your weirdo boss! You weren't working late. Pratt says you told him your uncle died. What uncle!?

Loengard sinks further into his seat. He knows he's busted.

LOENGARD

Look, I didn't want you to worry.

SAYERS

Do you have any idea how stupid I feel right now? They all think you're some kind of playboy at my office. And honestly, I'm beginning to wonder myself.

LOENGARD

Kim, it's not what you think --

SAYERS

-- I don't know what to think! I mean, are you punishing me because I wouldn't marry you? Are you jealous because you want my job? What is it, John?

LOENGARD

I want to tell you everything, but it's just so damn ... complicated.

SAYERS

Well you're going to uncomplicate
everything right now ...
(she means it)
or come tomorrow, I'm moving
out.

Loengard can only lower his eyes. Sayers is absolutely devastated.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

So that's your answer? God ...

Loengard still can't respond. Sayers heads into the bedroom, SLAMMING THE DOOR behind her.

Loengard turns, kicking the coffee table over, scattering the booze and the puzzle pieces all over the floor. He eyes the room like a caged animal himself, then throws open the front door and storms out.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - NIGHT

Loengard stares at his reflection in the water. He sucks in air hard, trying to breathe to free himself. But he can't. The knowledge is terrible. It changes everything. He cannot escape its searing reality.

Then a STREAK OF LIGHT across the water catches his eye. He looks up at the black sky above. Gone.

Loengard puts his head in his hands and cries at his tragic predicament.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sayers tosses in her sleep. The LIGHTS in the room suddenly PULSE ON, then fade back. Sayers is awakened by what sounds like a HIGH-PITCHED BUZZING, soft but growing in volume.

SAYERS

John ..?

But it's not Loengard. The sound grows louder, becoming a HOLLOW HUM, like the sound of a HORNET'S NEST, only louder. The window is mysteriously open. Shivering and confused, she climbs from her bed to close it. At the window, Sayers' face squints in disbelief.

SAYERS' POV - A SPINNING LIGHT

A mile above in the dark sky. Hovering motionless.

SAYERS

As she closes the window, she hears a child-like WHISPERING. She whirls around, shocked to see:

THE GRAYS

Now in the room with her. The STROBING LIGHT offers us only teasing flashes of their spindly, hunched forms. One crouches menacingly atop the dresser. The other is less than a yard from her feet. Sayers backs up against the window, scared speechless until --

THE WINDOW INEXPLICABLY OPENS!

Sayers runs toward the door. The Gray on the dresser literally TRANSFORMS BEFORE HER EYES into something vaguely reptilian rising from its haunches and baring its teeth in a frightening HISS. Sayers yelps. The Gray at her feet pinches the bulbous end of a organic dropper. A drop of viscous, MILKY FLUID plops to the floor ...

It SQUIGGLES WITH LIFE across the hardwood ... RAPIDLY EXPANDING AND PUDDLING beneath Sayers!

Almost instantaneously, the milky fluid SPREADS UPWARDS, like a tissue absorbing water, covering her body and face in an OPAQUE FILM

Sayers is paralyzed. So fast, in fact, that her emergent SCREAM is silenced at its first breath. Only her eyes retain mobility. Wild-eyed and darting.

Now, as if in SLOW MOTION, an unseen force turns her body around to face the window ... where she is bathed in BRILLIANT LIGHT. As she disappears into the light, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - DAY

The Morning After. Loengard has spent the night on the couch in his clothes. He wakes up shivering.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Loengard enters, finds Sayers still asleep. The window is still open from last night. He gently shakes her awake.

LOENGARD

Kim Kim, you're gonna be late for work.

Sayers seems half-asleep even as she answers.

SAYERS

What? What time is it?

LOENGARD

Seven-thirty.

SAYERS

I want Chinese for dinner.

LOENGARD

Seven-thirty a-m

SAYERS

I'm so tired. I need to sleep.

Sayers rolls back in bed. Loengard goes to shut the window.

LOENGARD

Babe, I'm really sorry about last night. I ... I ...

Loengard sits at the side of the bed, strokes Sayers' hair.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

I just want you to know. I'm into something I'm going to try to get out of, but you gotta believe me. You're the only one.

SAYERS

Alright ...

LOENGARD

I'm serious. If I lose you, I lose everything.

SAYERS

That won't happen, John.

Sayers sits up, blinks a few times.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

I had this strange dream. Your
boss, Pratt, was in it.

(stretches)

I'm so tired

Loengard leans down and gives Sayers a tender kiss on the
cheek

LOENGARD

I'll call your office, tell them
you'll be late. Feel better.

Loengard takes a last look, then exits. STAY WITH SAYERS a
moment. Suddenly, she sits bolt upright. There's blood on
her pillow. She wipes away a small trickle from her nose.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

The early morning crowd on the way to work. A SUPER reads:

Union Station, Washington D. C.
October 18, 1962

PICK UP Loengard as he moves through the crowds. There is a
seriousness, a sullenness, a slight squint to those
previously wide eyes. During this, we hear:

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

I came to Washington to stand in
the light, fighting for things I
believed in.

Loengard navigates down the flight of steps, cuts around the
stairwell to the "Employees Only" door

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

Instead, I found myself completely
alone, leading a double life,
standing in the shadows of a
terrible secret.

Loengard opens the door and goes inside with a precision and
nonchalance that can only come from practice.

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

What surprised me most was how very
good I was at living the lie.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A "Star Chamber" gathering of the dozen "directors" of
MJ-12. Bach, Loengard and Hertzog stand near a film
projector which provides the only light in the room as it
shows:

THE MONKEY FILM

Featuring the test chimpanzee ripping the contact patches from it's head, picking its own lock and letting itself out of the cage.

HERTZOG

After repeated viewing of the 'Monkey Film', we now believe the so-called 'Grays' may be nothing more than a host organism for a superior intelligence, what we are now calling the 'ganglion.'

The last bit of film shows the bloody aftermath of the carnage between the monkey and the MIB. The lights come up again in the room

HERTZOG (CONT'D)

Somehow, the alien parasite has been introduced to the amygdala portion of the human brainstem. This is actually our emotional control center.

(beat)

The results, so far, appear to be unpredictable. Observe ...

The film leader counts down. On film, WE SEE:

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Loengard sits across a table from a SUBJECT, a middle-aged woman, attractive. His demeanor is completely calm and reasonable, if not a little cold.

LOENGARD

So who's your favorite movie star, Hilary?

SUBJECT

Used to be Marilyn Monroe.

LOENGARD

What happened? Lost interest?

SUBJECT

Yeah, I guess.

(considers it)

Wait! She's dead. Marilyn Monroe's dead. That's why she's not my favorite movie star anymore.

LOENGARD

I see. And you just, forgot that she was dead?

SUBJECT

No. I knew she was dead. I guess I forgot to mention it.

(beat)

You guys pick me up like secret agents to find out what movies I go to?

LOENGARD

Actually, the government's very interested in two phone calls you made to a farmer in Boise, Idaho named Elliot Grantham

SUBJECT

I told you. He was a friend of the family.

(impatient)

How much longer?

INTERCUT: CONFERENCE ROOM / INTERROGATION ROOM FILM

Over this, Bach addresses the "directors", hidden in shadow.

BACH

Doctor Hertzog and Agent Loengard have started developing a profile on these Extra-terrestrial Biological Entities. That's in your briefing books, gentlemen, section 11-A.

LOENGARD

(a little nervous)

We call it the EBE Profile for short. It's basically everything we know about the aliens to date. One of our latest theories, which we've been testing, is that there may be a pattern to the emotional and intellectual scrambling which seems to take place in recently implanted humans, like this woman here.

Our attention returns to the film

LOENGARD

So Hilary, do you and your husband go dancing very often?

The woman stands indignantly, practically shouting at Loengard.

SUBJECT

We're not Twistin' the Night away
on American Bandstand, if that's
what you mean.

(sinks back to chair)

He likes ... sports.

LOENGARD

Sports? So when would you guess
was the last time you had a spider
mite burrow into you during a golf
match?

The subject thinks about this, maybe a beat too long.

SUBJECT

He plays golf. I don't.

LOENGARD

Okay. At home then.

SUBJECT

(wry laughter)

Oh, you know. From time to time, I
guess.

(anxiously)

Are we almost done?

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bach (MJ-1) switches off the film projector.

BACH/MJ-1

What we still don't know is how the
organism gets in there? How long
the takeover phase lasts? Who's
been targeted and why? What's
their plan? So far just questions
waiting for answers.

Now WE SEE the conference table seats the following people:
Governor Rockefeller (MJ-1 from the teaser, now MJ-2),
GENERAL ARTHUR BROWN (MJ-3), COMMANDER JACK VAN DRUTEN
(MJ-4), scientist DONALD MENZEL (MJ-5), Professor HENRY
KISSINGER (MJ6), Senator HUBERT HUMPHREY (MJ-7) and others
to round out the dozen.

MJ-7/HUMPHREY

I'd like to know how, in God's
name, are we supposed to be sure if
we have one of these things?

HERTZOG

Right now, it would have to be
based on context. Besides the
phone calls to Grantham, this woman
visited her sister in Midland,
Virginia when there was an Air
Force documented sighting.

MJ-3/BROWN

Do we still have that woman in custody?

LOENGARD

She's under observation ...

Bach holds a hand out to stop Loengard.

BACH

We performed a 'Cerebral Eviction' on her last night.

MJ-2/ROCKEFELLER

A what?!

BACH

We attempted to surgically remove the ganglion.

Loengard appears shocked to hear this news. Bach nods at Hertzog.

BACH (CONT'D)

The patient did not survive. Doctor Hertzog performed the procedure.

HERTZOG

The ganglion, even at its incipient stage, was far too ... entrenched. The eviction caused critical loss of the patient's brain matter.

Loengard, shaken to his core, whispers to Bach:

LOENGARD

Why didn't you tell me?!

BACH

You didn't need to know.

MJ-2/Rockefeller slams his briefing book to the table in outrage.

MJ-2/ROCKEFELLER

Experimenting on housewives and farmers. I don't agree with this!

BACH

We're fighting a war. People die in wars.

MJ-2/ROCKEFELLER

Don't act smug with me, Bach. I recognize we have a problem

BACH

If you recognized the gravity of the problem, Governor, you would still be running these meetings, instead of me.

As the room dissolves into AD LIBBED argument, an MIB enters, hands Bach an envelope. Bach unseals it, reads the message. After doing so, he turns to Loengard and Hertzog.

BACH (CONT'D)

Agent Loengard, Doctor Hertzog, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave now.

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - HALLWAY - DAY

As the door closes, Loengard and Hertzog can hear the meeting dissolving into more disagreement. Loengard turns on Hertzog, impassioned and agitated.

LOENGARD

Doctor, you said you were working on another way! Something about injecting the ganglion with a substance that would kill it and save the person.

HERTZOG

John, the Alien Rejection Technique is nowhere near perfected. In theory, yes, it should work on the larger cranium of a human being, but so far all I have to show for it is several dozen dead rats.

LOENGARD

It just seems so wrong what we're doing.

HERTZOG

Some advice, John. Put your emotions aside. These decisions are not ours to make.

Hertzog squeezes Loengard's shoulder.

HERTZOG (CONT'D)

We must stay focused on the task at hand.

Loengard nods unenthusiastically. Like a worried father, Hertzog watches Loengard trudge down the long corridor.

EXT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sayers stands in the courtyard area staring at the stars, crying tears of frustration. A beat, then she is aware of the presence of a little girl standing nearby watching her. Sayers looks up and their eyes meet.

VOICE (O. S.)

Lauren, come here!

The little girl moves away. We now become aware of the nearby sound of JOHN KENNEDY'S VOICE, amplified over some kind of loudspeaker. Sayers moves numbly in that direction.

AROUND THE CORNER

A crowd of onlookers stand in front of the ground floor television appliance store. They are watching President Kennedy on TV.

KENNEDY (T. V.)

... aggressive conduct if allowed
to go unchallenged, ultimately
leads to war. The greatest danger
is to do nothing ...

Sayers watches, seemingly uncomprehending what she's seeing. The rest of the crowd seems to get it all too well. The world is on the verge of nuclear armageddon.

THE CHEVY

Parks at the curb. Loengard exits, moves toward the apartment only to stop in front of the window himself. He sees Sayers, eyes puffy from crying.

LOENGARD

Kim, what's going on?

SAYERS

I don't know. Doesn't make any
sense ...

Before Loengard can really understand, the MAN next to him interjects:

MAN

Looks like we're goin' to war.
Russians got missiles in Cuba.

LOENGARD

My God ...

SAYERS

What's happening, John?

LOENGARD

I don't know, but I'm going to find
out.

EXT. BACH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bethesda, Maryland. Normally, a typical suburban neighborhood. Tonight, however, there are neighbors packing cars, shouting about bomb shelters, listening to the RADIO NEWS. Loengard exits his Chevy, approaches the door to one house and knocks. Bach answers. He is not happy. From inside, WE HEAR:

MRS. BACH (O. S.)

Honey, who is it?

BACH

(yelling back inside)

I've got it.

Bach moves onto the porch, closing the door behind him, lighting a cigarette.

BACH (CONT'D)

There is no reason good enough to explain your being here.

LOENGARD

Well, since the world seems to be going up in smoke, I thought we could bend the rules a little.

BACH

(impatient)

What do you want, John?

LOENGARD

I know it's always changing with you, but what I want is the truth about this Cuba thing.

BACH

I'm under no obligation to discuss this with you.

LOENGARD

That's what I'm talking about. Who exactly are you obligated to discuss this with? Because while I'm watching the TV -- maybe I'm naive -- but I'm asking myself whether Kennedy has told Khrushchev about 'Patient Zero?' Because if he did, I don't see how they could threaten each other like this.

BACH

Go home. Be with Kimberly. She's probably scared.

LOENGARD

We're all scared. You're the only one who's not.

BACH

They'll work it out. They have to.

LOENGARD

President Kennedy doesn't know about 'Majestic,' does he?

Bach stares at Loengard, shakes his head.

BACH

I took a chance bringing you inside, John.

LOENGARD

So I should be eternally grateful? Forget it. Not if I'm being lied to. It's a simple question, Frank. Does he know? Yes or no?

Bach takes a long drag on his cigarette, then, as he exhales:

BACH

The President knows exactly what he needs to know.

Loengard reels against the car, stunned by the confirmation of his suspicion.

LOENGARD

I knew it. I knew it.

(beat)

Just tell me this: who appointed you God?

BACH

Ike.

LOENGARD

Ike?!

BACH

He never trusted Kennedy. After Nixon lost, Ike gave us the authority to decide which future presidents get told. It's all perfectly legal.

LOENGARD

Who cares?! Kennedy could tell the people. He's a great leader.

BACH

That will not happen on my watch.

LOENGARD

Frank, you can't keep the President of the United States in the dark about this. That's wrong.

BACH

Look at the panic this Cuba thing's caused. You take God and Government out of the equation, all you have left is chaos.

LOENGARD

You know, Frank, if you're going to fight for Humanity, then at least have a little faith in us.

And with that, Loengard turns on his heel, leaving Bach standing alone.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sayers stands alone, looking out the window. Outside, there is a feeling of low-grade fear and panic on the streets, muted through the glass window.

WE HEAR a very soft BUZZING OF INSECTS. Without hearing a knock, Sayers goes to the door and opens it. It's Pratt -- without his down-home manner.

PRATT

Hello, Kimberly. Are you alone?

Sayers nods. Pratt lets himself in. Closes the door.

PRATT (CONT'D)

You've been expecting a visit.

SAYERS

Why? ... You're John's boss.

PRATT

I am many things. Least of all, that.

(beat)

It's understandable to experience some confusion. I'm here to help.

SAYERS

I told you I don't want your help.

PRATT

I must say something to you now. Are you ready to hear it?

SAYERS

(covers her ears)

That noise ... make it go away.

PRATT

(speaking louder)

Since John Loengard was not here on the night of our visit, you must now watch him until we return. He can no longer be trusted.

(beat)

You will someday experience the joy of 'Singularity', Kimberly. Until then ...

Pratt goes to the window, opens it. He holds his hand out. A moment, then a small GLOBE OF LIGHT descends from the sky.

The light globe, about the size of a bowling ball, settles on Pratt's open palm. As it does, the sound of BUZZING increases in the room.

PRATT (CONT'D)

Touch it! All your questions will be answered! Touch it!

Sayers begins to reach her hand out to the light globe, but pulls away.

SAYERS

I won't! You can't make me!

Pratt steps ominously closer. Sayers finds herself back against the wall.

PRATT

It's natural to fight at first. Many of them do. By now, though, you know where this must end.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loengard's Chevy pulls up and parks. He exits. WE SEE people on the street, highly anxious, packing cars with their possessions, discussing their plans with neighbors. Loengard enters the apartment building.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pratt has his hand extended toward Sayers, holding out the light globe. He utters the FOUR-WORD PHRASE in the INDECIIPHERABLE LANGUAGE.

Seemingly understanding the phrase, Sayers reaches out once again. Then, in an obvious supreme act of her humanity struggling to assert itself, she pulls away.

SAYERS

No!!!

Sayers stumbles sideways against the wall, pulling the window curtain down upon her.

Pratt looks to the door, precognitively responding to the arrival of Loengard. As the door opens, the light globe bursts into a THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT and disperses itself into thin air. Loengard enters. Pratt forces a smile.

PRATT

Why, hello, John.

LOENGARD

What are you doing here?

PRATT

I came by to check on you. With this Cuba business ...

Loengard sees Sayers, rushes to her.

LOENGARD

Kim, are you okay?

Sayers is shivering and sobbing. Shakes her head.

SAYERS

John, he's in my head ... or something is ...

Pratt begins to move quickly to the door. Loengard leaps up, races to stop him.

LOENGARD

Not so fast.

PRATT

It's too late, John. We have her.

Loengard searches Pratt's unblinking eyes.

LOENGARD

You're one of them! Aren't you?!

Loengard ferociously spins Pratt around and throws him against the wall.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Why her?! Why not me?!

PRATT

Be patient, John. Your time will come soon.

Loengard tackles Pratt into the coffee table, breaking it in two. Both men come up swinging. Loengard closes, grabs Pratt by the collar and whips him toward the window. He crashes through onto:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where, in a shower of glass, Pratt falls to the cement below. Blood begins to come from his ears and nose. Someone SCREAMS. As he dies, his body convulses in a death shudder, punctuated by HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER.

While a small group of onlookers gather, a teenager steps up next to Pratt's body. He surveys the corpse with no sign of emotion. Then he alone looks up at the window.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loengard has returned to a trembling Sayers. As he cradles her in his arms:

SAYERS

Something's happening to me, John.
I can't think straight.

LOENGARD

I know, baby. Something's inside
you that affects your brain.

SAYERS

(losing it)
Something's inside me?!

Approaching SIRENS echo outside. Loengard hurries to the broken-out window. Peeks down at the crowd.

LOENGARD

We have to go. I'll explain it all
later.

Sayers jumps up, grabs Loengard hard.

SAYERS

Just get it out of me, John! It's
killing me!

LOENGARD

Okay, baby, okay. Let's go.

Loengard rushes them out the back door, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Loengard's Chevy screeches up in front of a row of brownstone apartments. He jumps out, leaving the car illegally parked, and rushes up to a door. Loengard starts hammering on it with his fist.

LOENGARD

Doctor Hertzog! It's me!
Loengard!

Loengard begins to pull at the door, trying to force it open. A beat, then Hertzog appears in a bathrobe, fumbling with his eyeglasses.

HERTZOG

John! What is it?

LOENGARD

The aliens. Somehow they got to my girlfriend. She's in the car. We have to take her to 'Majestic.' You have to do your A. R. T. on her.

HERTZOG

John, that's impossible.

LOENGARD

Let's go, Doctor. Now!

HERTZOG

No. You've seen the protocol. The directive prioritizes the collection of 'live' specimens. If we take her in, I will be forced to perform a cerebral eviction instead.

LOENGARD

Cut it out? If you do that, she'll die.

HERTZOG

I will have no choice.

Loengard stumbles back, the cruel reality sinking in. Then, in desperation:

LOENGARD

Can you help me do an A. R. T. out here?

HERTZOG

John, please. Don't put me in this position.

Loengard picks Hertzog up by the robe and gets in his face.

LOENGARD

Then you tell me what I need to do.
And you make it quick.

INT. THE CHEVY - NIGHT

Sayers looks in the mirror, examining her eyes, opening her mouth, staring to see if she can glimpse this thing that has invaded her. Startled by Loengard as he climbs into the driver's seat. He starts stuffing Alka-Seltzer tablets into a milk bottle, then shakes it vigorously.

LOENGARD

Here. Drink it.

SAYERS

I thought we were going to ...
that place where you work.

LOENGARD

We can't, Kim. We have to do this
on our own.

Sayers stares at the frothing milk bottle.

SAYERS

How does this work?

LOENGARD

Hertzog says it raises the PH-
factor in your body, which makes it
a bad place to be for something
that doesn't belong there.

SAYERS

(straining to make sense)
Part of me knows I have to ... do
this. But part of me ... doesn't.

LOENGARD

The part of you that does has to
win. It has to, Kim

Struggling with both hands to raise the carton to her lips, Sayers battles the hidden force inside her keeping the drink at bay. It takes a visible effort, but when the carton finally reaches her lips she takes several big gulps. Then grimaces in disgust.

SAYERS

Now what?

EXT. VACANT HOUSE - NIGHT

A "For Sale" sign is posted outside. The Chevy pulls to the curb.

INT. VACANT HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a syringe extract fluid from a bottle of nail polish remover. When Loengard turns around, he wields the loaded syringe. Sayers gasps.

SAYERS

What are you doing?

She jumps to her feet in alarm. Loengard forcefully guides her back onto the chair.

LOENGARD

The main ingredient is acetone.
I have to inject the organism with something that'll attack it. Then, with your PH off balance, it'll want to leave your body.

He pushes away the hair from her neck, syringe in hand.

SAYERS

What happened to the other people he did this to? And no more lies.

LOENGARD

(beat)

It's never been tried on a person.

SAYERS

So unless I want to live with it ...

LOENGARD

You can't live with it, Kim

Sayers suddenly sits bolt upright and knocks him backward to the floor. She races toward the door, but it's locked. She (or it) is wild with panic. Loengard has to literally tackle her and pin her to the floor. Sitting on her back, he pulls the hair back from the nape of her neck and injects the needle's contents.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

An OLD MAN reading the evening paper cocks his head, reacting to something strange. We are in his POV now. We hear a PULSING SOUND. He hurries from the house, leaving his baffled wife standing on the front stoop.

BACK AT THE VACANT HOUSE

Loengard watches Sayers' unconscious body, stroking her forehead gently. He has restrained her with several extension cords.

Suddenly, her body stiffens, scaring Loengard, and she goes through a convulsive shaking spell. She begins to mutter the INDECIPHERABLE FOUR-WORD PHRASE. After a beat, Loengard slaps her face. Sayers' eyes flutter open.

LOENGARD

Kim, it's me. You're going to be okay.

SAYERS

John, you have to let me go.

LOENGARD

Not yet.

SAYERS

I'm okay. Really. It worked.

LOENGARD

Not yet, Kim. I am so sorry. I just can't --

SAYERS

(suddenly furious)

JOHN, I HATE YOU! LET ME GO!

LOENGARD

That's not you talking, Kim. You have to keep fighting it.

Abruptly, Sayers' fury turns to a whimpering, tearful plea.

SAYERS

Honey, please. I want to go home.
Please just take me home.
Please ... please ...

Loengard has to cover his ears. The guilt is overwhelming. But Sayers persists. Really bawling now. Forcing Loengard to grit his teeth and turn away to see:

A FACE

Appears in the sliding glass door. It's the Old Man, armed with a shovel.

LOENGARD

Freaks out. He gestures to the Old Man.

LOENGARD

Listen. It's not what it looks like. I can explain this --

The Old Man unexpectedly takes the shovel and swings it into the glass door, shattering it, sending shards everywhere!

The Old Man comes after Loengard with the shovel. Loengard has to dodge wild swings. During this, Loengard is further alarmed to see THE TEENAGER (seen earlier at Pratt's body) entering, carrying a golf club.

While Loengard keeps the Old Man at bay, the Teenager catches Loengard in the head with a roundhouse swing and knocks him out cold. Before the Old Man can deliver the death blow with his shovel:

Sayers emits a PRIMAL SCREAM. She stiffens again and begins violently gagging. Her face constricts and her eyes roll back in her head.

Then, with a scary suddenness, she coughs up:

A GANGLION

Twitching and incipient, clearly not as developed as the one taken from Grantham earlier.

THE ATTACKERS

Stop what they are doing and move to gently cradle the alien organism.

LOENGARD

Struggles for consciousness. He sees what is going on and crawls toward the shovel. With all his strength, he grabs it and rises and begins his own attack.

A few strong hits and both the Old Man and the Teenager have been knocked out.

THE GANGLION

Falls to the floor and skitters into the shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

Loengard stalks about, looking for it. When he tracks the creature down, he smashes it with his shovel.

EXT. VACANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Carrying an unconscious Sayers in his arms, Loengard returns to his Chevy, where he gently lays his girlfriend into the backseat. As he hurries around to the driver's door:

HEADLIGHTS

Shine on Loengard. There is blood running down his head. From a car parked directly in front of the Chevy (on the wrong side of the street), four silhouetted figures emerge from the bright light. We recognize them as Bach, MIB #2/Steele, MIB #3 and Hertzog.

LOENGARD

(to Hertzog; angry)

So you couldn't help me, but you went running to them?

HERTZOG

Please, John. It's my job. I know how you feel but --

LOENGARD

(to Bach)

-- And if you're going to follow me, you could at least lend a hand.

BACH

We just got here, John. We had to clean up the mess you left at your apartment.

LOENGARD

I'll bet you knew about Pratt, didn't you?

BACH

We suspected.

LOENGARD

But I didn't need to know, is that it?

BACH

You proved our case. That's all that matters.

LOENGARD

You go to hell, Frank.

Loengard turns back toward his car.

BACH

We need Kimberly now, John. Don't let her death be in vain.

Loengard gets a little laugh out of this.

LOENGARD

You guys are like vultures. The only problem is, she's not dead!

INT. MAJESTIC HDQS. - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Sayers rests on a bed. She's hooked up to several biological monitors. Loengard sits by her side, holding her hand, looking like he hasn't slept in days.

WE PULL BACK behind the glass window, where Bach and Hertzog are watching the young couple. Hertzog departs. Bach taps on the window and motions for Loengard to join him. As Loengard comes around:

BACH

She checks out. Looks like she's going to be okay.

LOENGARD

Then I'm taking her home now.

BACH

Keep an eye on her. If she starts remembering any details, or if complications should arise, we'll need to see her right away.

Loengard nods, lets his gaze drift back to Sayers. Then:

LOENGARD

I want out, Frank. I thought I could handle this, but I can't.

BACH

You know I can't agree to that.

LOENGARD

What am I supposed to do? What am I supposed to tell her?

BACH

That's your business. My business is keeping you part of the team. We need you, John.

LOENGARD

I'm twenty-five years old. I'm nobody. You don't need me.

BACH

You know too much.

(beat)

You can take a break. Get your life back in order. But remember, you always work for us, John. That never changes.

NEWS FILM - THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON (STOCK)

Nearly a quarter of a million civil rights marchers gather to hear speeches and entertainers at the largest protest of its kind ever. A SUPER reads:

The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.
August 28, 1963

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. speaks to the enthusiastic crowd.

KING (T. V.)

I still have a dream that one day
this nation will rise up and live
out the true meaning of its creed:
'We hold these truths to be
self-evident, that all men are
created equal.'

Over scenes of the marchers from news coverage, WE HEAR:

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

After the Cuban Missile Crisis, a
tide of change was sweeping
America. For most people, hope was
rising.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

Loengard, dressed in a black suit and shades, stands next to
Sayers at the back of the March on Washington crowd. Sayers
takes pictures with her Brownie Hawkeye.

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

For Kimberly and me, it was just
the opposite. Bach gave us a month
in Miami, all expenses paid. But
while we were gone, he also bugged
the apartment. The only time we
were alone was in the middle of a
crowd.

The crowd ROARS with approval as King orates. Loengard has
to shout to be heard.

LOENGARD

Listen to that. What if all these
people knew who the real enemy
was? That would definitely be a
force to be reckoned with.

SAYERS

Martin Luther King is not going
to start talking about you-know-
what.

LOENGARD

Not King. Kennedy. He's the only
one who could tell the world what's
really happening and get them to
fight instead of panic. See, Bach
doesn't get it. He wants the same
thing they do -- keep it a
secret.

SAYERS

John, you don't just tell the President of the United States there are aliens here on Earth. Even if you could, you'd look like a fool.

SIMONSON (O. S.)

Hey, Loengard.

From the crowd, Loengard and Sayers see Simonson approaching.

LOENGARD

Simonson! Kim, you remember Mark Simonson from Congressman Pratt's office.

Sayers and Simonson AD-LIB greetings.

SIMONSON

Shame about Pratt, isn't it?

SAYERS

To be honest, I never liked him.

SIMONSON

Me neither. I just mean, getting mugged right on the streets. Washington sure isn't as safe as it used to be.

LOENGARD

So what are you up to now?

SIMONSON

I'm moving the family down to Alabama. I signed up with Doctor King to help out with voter registration.

(off Loengard's look)

Hey, it's better than starting over again with some other lunatic Congressman.

LOENGARD

No, it sounds great. Wish I could join you.

SIMONSON

Listen, Loengard, can I ask you something? In private?

Loengard looks to Sayers, who takes her cue and returns to photographing the rally.

SIMONSON (CONT'D)

I've thought about it. I do want to know what you found out.

LOENGARD

No, you don't.

SIMONSON

Come on. You at least owe me that.

Loengard stares at him, looks around, leans close.

LOENGARD

Look, I can tell you this. Flying saucers are not man-made.

A long beat while Simonson holds Loengard's dead-eye stare ... then busts up laughing.

SIMONSON

Damn, Loengard, you really had me going there for a second.

(beat)

You two ever get down South, give a visit.

Loengard shakes Simonson's hand, then watches him disappear back into the crowd. Loengard returns to Sayers' side.

SAYERS

Did you tell him?

LOENGARD

Yeah. But he thought it was all a big joke.

SAYERS

That's what I'm trying to tell you. Think how crazy it sounds, John. You have to have proof. Which you're never going to get out of Majestic.

LOENGARD

You're right. But everybody has a weakness. Even Bach.

Sayers looks at Loengard, wondering what he has planned.

EXT. BACH'S HOUSE - DAY

The Chevy is parked discretely down the street.

INT. THE CHEVY - DAY

Loengard looks out the window as he mixes Sanka into hot water from a thermos bottle. He sees the door open at the house. Loengard shakes Sayers awake.

LOENGARD

Kim, Kim There

they are.

Loengard indicates the front porch. Bach and his wife (MRS. BACH) hug and kiss their two grade schoolers goodbye, then send them on their way carrying lunch buckets.

SAYERS

I can't believe that man has children.

LOENGARD

All right, when I wave at you, go.

Loengard gets out of the car, heads across the street.

EXT. BACH'S HOUSE - DAY

Loengard has climbed up a tree along the side of the house. He's got a vantage point on an upstairs window. A beat, then he waves at Sayers in the car.

INT. THE CHEVY - DAY

Sayers slides on a pair of big sunglasses and ties a colorful scarf around her head. Looking at herself in the mirror, she takes a deep, nervous breath.

INTERCUT: LOENGARD UPSTAIRS / SAYERS DOWNSTAIRS

Loengard struggles to slide the window open, then lets himself in.

Sayers approaches the front door. With a trembling hand she rings the doorbell.

Loengard is in the hallway.

Mrs. Bach yells upstairs.

MRS. BACH

I'll get it.

Bach is in the bathroom, towel around his waist. He takes his chain and container off his neck and places it on the counter.

Mrs. Bach answers the door. Sayers looks and acts remarkably convincing.

SAYERS

Hi. I'm terribly sorry to bother you this early in the morning, but my name is Charrise Rich and I'm a substitute teacher at Willow Elementary.

MRS. BACH

Yes?

SAYERS

I've got the directions but I must have taken the wrong turn. I saw your kids so I figured you must know where the school is ...

Upstairs, Loengard moves down the hallway. He accidentally bumps into a kids toy, sending it skittering across the floor. He sneaks a peek down at Mrs. Bach, who looks upstairs, shrugs it off, then returns to chatting with Sayers.

Loengard stands outside the bathroom. He hears the shower running. He comes around. BACH ISN'T IN THE SHOWER YET. Loengard bolts back behind the door, holds his breath. Did he see him?

A beat, Loengard sneaks another look. Bach is in the shower. There it is. The container. The shower is opaque but you can see images through it. Loengard duck walks into the bathroom, reaches up to the counter and grabs the container. He fumbles to open it, manages to, removes the material. He slides the container lid back on, gets out.

Downstairs, Sayers sees Loengard exiting through the window into the tree.

SAYERS

Are all the neighbors as friendly as you?

MRS. BACH

You're sweet. We get along ... except for Mrs. Crutchfield at the end of the block --

Sayers sees Loengard get into the car, checks her watch.

SAYERS

Goodness, look at the time. If I don't get a move on, they'll need a substitute for me.

(over her shoulder)

Nice meeting you.

Mrs. Bach waves and closes the door. Totally oblivious.

EXT. PARK BENCH/JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - DAY

Sayers sits on a bench, picking at a sack lunch. After a moment, Loengard appears carrying an envelope.

LOENGARD

Okay. It's got the signed affidavit. The material is in the specimen bag. Everything's here.

SAYERS

I guess it's up to me now, huh?

LOENGARD

You know, you don't have to do this.

SAYERS

Of course I do. We both know it.

Sayers takes the envelope, kisses Loengard.

SAYERS (CONT'D)

Wish me luck.

Loengard takes a look at Sayers, standing before him

LOENGARD

Hey ... you know what I love best about you?

(beat)

Everything.

Sayers flashes him a quick smile, then musters her determination and heads for the White House.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EXECUTIVE RECEPTION - DAY

Sayers nervously approaches executive secretary EVELYN LINCOLN. Clutching the all-important envelope, she takes a deep breath.

SAYERS

Hi. Mrs. Lincoln?

MRS. LINCOLN

Good morning.

SAYERS

I'm Kimberly Sayers. I work for Alicia Burnside.

MRS. LINCOLN

Yes. I've seen your name on the staff list.

(winks)

In fact, I think it was your boyfriend I saw on the First Lady's TV tour last year.

SAYERS

Oh ...

MRS. LINCOLN

Don't fret, dear. You've still got your job. Now what can I do for you?

SAYERS

Well, the First Lady wanted the President to review the Hyannis Port re-decoration plan.

MRS. LINCOLN

(reaching out)

Here. I can just attach it to his daily briefing.

SAYERS

(holding on)

She told me to make sure that only the President sees this.

A beat. It's all in the balance. Mrs. Lincoln smiles again.

MRS. LINCOLN

If I've learned one thing in all my years, it's to let the wives call their own shots. I'll see to it that he gets it alone.

Sayers relinquishes the package.

SAYERS

Oh, thank you. I'm sure that'll really be appreciated.

Lincoln stands and heads inside the Oval Office.

MRS. LINCOLN

Mister President ...

From the back, WE SEE Lincoln approaching a familiar head of hair, sitting in a rocking chair, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. HICKORY HILL MANSION - DAY

A black limousine pulls into the circular driveway.

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

Finally the news came down that the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wanted to meet me. As I was being driven to his house, I realized that he and I now had something in common. We knew a secret that would bond our lives together as long as we both lived.

Loengard exits, escorted by a Secret Service agent. An AIDE approaches, asks the agent:

AIDE

Were you followed?

The agent shakes his head. The aide turns to Loengard.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming. This way.

The aide takes off and Loengard follows.

EXT. HICKORY HILL MANSION - PORTICO - DAY

Loengard, nervous but determined, is escorted by the aide.

AIDE

Wait here. I'll get him.

The aide disappears inside. Loengard looks around at his surroundings, sees a weathered football. He tosses it in his hands until he is startled by:

RFK

Mister Loengard.

It's the aide with BOBBY (RFK) KENNEDY. As the aide fades back, Loengard puts the football back where he found it.

LOENGARD

Sir. It's an honor.

RFK

The honor's mine. If what I'm beginning to understand is true, you've put a lot on the line to get here.

LOENGARD

Well, sir, there's a lot at stake.

RFK

Let's take a walk.

RFK begins to lead Loengard away, further guaranteeing their privacy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Down by the river front.

RFK

We had the sample analyzed. It's as advertised. We've checked out certain elements of your story -- discretely, of course -- and it seems to hold together. I must tell you, it has made it rather hard to concentrate on such mundane matters as trade enforcement budgets.

LOENGARD

What is the President going to do?

RFK

John, the President has less than a year in his term. He's got to get re-elected if he's going to do anything. The second term. That's when we get this out.

LOENGARD

I can't stay in Majestic, can I?

RFK

You have to. The President feels he needs someone like you on the inside. You'll be contacted from time to time until then. Will you do that for us?

MYSTERY POV - LOENGARD & RFK

Still talking. Seen from across the river as Loengard nods his agreement.

INT. MAJESTIC HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bach watches a silent film of the meeting between Loengard and RFK. MIB #2/Steele watches with him, obviously showing off his work. On the screen, WE SEE RFK extend his hand to Loengard. With a paternal pat on the shoulder, RFK sends Loengard away.

MIB #2/STEELE

We couldn't get sound from that distance, but you get the idea.

BACH

(thinking to himself)

You don't get to the Attorney General unless he wants you to ... Unless he's already seen something incriminating ...

Bach lets his mind wander, considering the possibilities. Slowly, his eyes go to his chest and the tiny container hanging from the chain around his neck. He slowly slides the lid.

THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

Bach rips the chain and throws it and the container straight at the screen. We've never seen him so emotional. Even Steele is surprised.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - OUTSIDE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Loengard and Sayers together. Loengard fiddles with the key.

LOENGARD

You know what, Kim, I haven't been this optimistic since we moved in. You remember that? It seems so long ago ...

SAYERS

I remember you asked me to marry you.

The promising mood is shattered when he throws the door open.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The entire apartment has been trashed in a thorough search. The two of them stand dumbfounded for a moment.

SAYERS

John, what does this mean?

Sayers walks gingerly into the wreckage. Loengard moves to the window. He sees:

LOENGARD'S POV - THE STREET

Where a dark sedan is parked, near Loengard's Chevy. Two MIB inside (including MIB #3), check their revolvers, holster them under their jackets and start for the apartment.

BACK INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Loengard turns back from the window.

LOENGARD

They're coming up here.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two MIB check the door, see that it's locked. A nod between them, then one of them kicks into the door, breaking it open.

INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two MIB rush in. They find Sayers crouched in the wreckage, holding on to something. It's:

A FRAMED PHOTO

The one showing Sayers and Loengard standing in front of the Capitol Building, smiling, from far more innocent days. The glass frame is cracked.

SAYERS

(Looking up)

You bastards.

MIB #3

Where's John?

REVEAL LOENGARD, who has been hiding against the wall, holding a chair above his head. He smashes it down across the back of one of the MIB.

Loengard instantly throws a body tackle onto the other MIB, throwing him into the debris. His gun skitters to the ground and Sayers grabs it.

LOENGARD

Let's go.

Sayers nods, hands him the gun. She grabs the photograph and hurries after Loengard.

EXT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loengard and Sayers run to the Chevy, jump inside and peel out into the street.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - DAY

An entirely non-descript, non-chain establishment in the Georgia countryside. The Chevy is parked outside.

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Loengard sits on the bed while Sayers paces. They are in a state of paranoid, frightened shock.

SAYERS

Okay, they know we did it now,
there's no doubt about that.

LOENGARD

If we call anyone, Bach could be
listening. Then he's got a road
map straight to us.

As if in answer, there's a KNOCK at the door. Loengard reaches into the nightstand, produces a small handgun taken from the MIB at their apartment. He nods to Sayers to answer the door. He'll cover her.

Sayers opens the door. It's the motel MANAGER, standing with tears in her eyes.

MANAGER

I'm just coming by in case anybody
hasn't heard.

SAYERS

Heard ... about what?

MANAGER

(indicates TV)

Just turn it on.

The manager dabs at her eyes, moves away to knock on another door. Sayers closes the door and Loengard turns on the TV.

LOENGARD

This is strange.

The TV warms up. There, in black-and-white, they see an obviously distraught WALTER CRONKITE looking into the camera, his voice breaking:

CRONKITE (T. V.)

From Dallas, Texas, a flash,
apparently official. President
Kennedy died at one p-m, Central
Standard Time, two o'clock, Eastern
Standard Time.

(looks at clock)

Some thirty-eight minutes ago.

As the CAMERA MOVES IN ON LOENGARD, we hear:

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

At that exact instant, Kim and I
knew we were the only two people in
the world we could trust.

For a moment, Loengard and Sayers are too destroyed to speak. They hug, tears falling down Sayers' face as the TV drones on with continuing details of the assassination. Loengard seems to harden in bitter anger.

EXT./INT. THE CHEVY - DAY

Driving in silence, Loengard and Sayers speed down a country highway. Loengard grips the wheel while Sayers stares out the window, face red and puffy, but crying no more tears.

OLD LOENGARD (V. O.)

Bach told us we were in a war, that people died in wars. Well, the first shots had just been fired.

SAYERS

We killed the President, John.

Loengard continues staring straight ahead. His reply is hard and emphatic.

LOENGARD

No.

SAYERS

We told him and now he's dead.

LOENGARD

Kim, you can't know what we know and do nothing.

SAYERS

They can't win, John. We can't let them

Loengard looks over at Sayers, appreciating her courage.

LOENGARD

We have the thing they fear the most, you know.

Sayers looks over to Loengard who stares hard at the future ahead.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

The truth.

As they look at each other, Sayers gives a shiver.

LOENGARD (CONT'D)

Are you cold? You want my jacket?

SAYERS

Just put your arm around me.

Loengard places his arm around Sayers, pulls her close.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

As the Chevy moves through the countryside, we hear the Dark Skies Theme -- FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH (written by Stephen Stills, performed for this series by Chris Isaak) -- as it foreshadows the music and the times ahead for the series.

There's something happening here.
What it is ain't exactly clear.
There's a man with a gun over there.
Telling me I got to beware.

I think it's time we stop, hey,
What's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.

There's battle lines bein' drawn,
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong.
Young people speakin' their mind,
Gettin' so much resistance from behind.

I think it's time we stop, hey,
What's that sound?
Everybody look what's going down.

Paranoia strikes deep,
Into your life it will creep.
It starts when you're always afraid,
Step out of line,
The man come and take you away.

It's time we stop, hey,
What's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.

As the car crests a hill, storm clouds are gathering in an increasingly dark sky, and we:

FADE OUT

THE BEGINNING