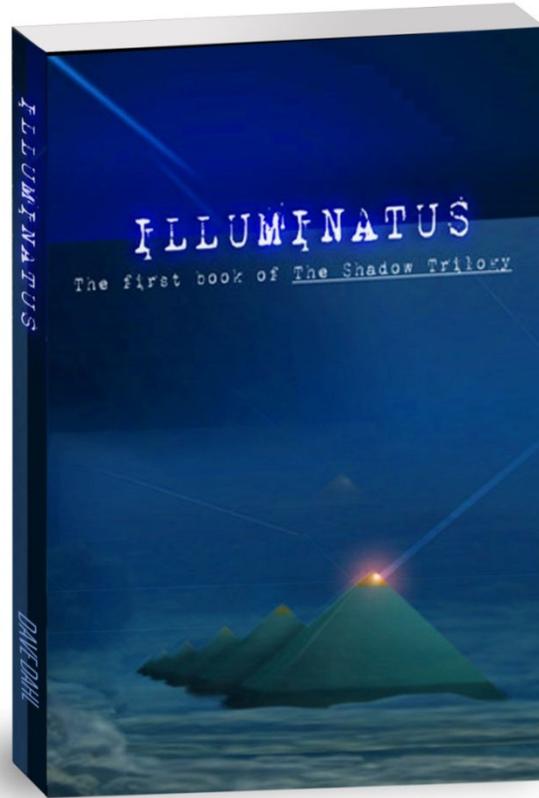


# ILLUMINATUS

The World Is Not What It Seems



Elite Naval Intelligence Guard Will Frasier discovers incredible secrets too profound and too dangerous to be ignored. Now on the run from the powerful covert forces behind the government, he begins to learn the unimaginable truth of our world, and the unseen peril facing humanity.

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DRAFT 2

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SPACE**

The camera pans across star-filled galaxies.

**SUPER:**

We are all in the same boat, in a stormy sea,  
and we owe each other a terrible loyalty.

-G.K. Chesterton

We arrive at a view of the entire Earth, and as we zoom in toward the planet, we pass a satellite marked with an image of a lotus flower on its hull. From the satellite, we continue zooming in, closer and closer, falling downward to the blue ocean below. We close in on a flat gray ship.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN - PRESENT DAY**

The hum of a helicopter grows louder and louder.

HELICOPTER RADIO (V.O.)

*Sierra Three, Raider Four Nine.  
ETA 60 seconds.*

SHIP'S RESPONSE (V.O.)

*Raider Four Niner, you're clear.*

The double-rotored Osprey makes its way across the horizon and lands on the aft deck of the large ship. The door slides open. A prisoner in leg chains and covered with a black hood stumbles as he steps out of the helicopter, but is held up by two of the four helmeted guards.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - PASSAGEWAY BELOW DECK**

The guards drag the prisoner down an endless hall beyond the guard station and push him into a cell. On the way back, one of the guards pauses just long enough to throw something under the steel window slide of one of the other cells.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 1**

In the corner of the stark cell, MARC TOUSSAINT, a very large, thirty-ish black man, lifts his head from his knees as the window slide closes, aware that something has dropped through the bars onto the floor. A cigarette pack.

TOUSSAINT picks up the pack, probes his finger inside, and turns it upside down to empty the cigarettes. Inside the lining of the box is a series of numbers and letters.

He understands the encrypted message: *We are coming for you.*

TOUSSAINT shuffles over to the bulkhead and beats on it in deliberate patterns.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 2**

In the next cell, CARL LIGHTWINE, a tall white man with a short crewcut, also about 30, hears the beats from the other side of the wall. LIGHTWINE smiles, understanding. He beats twice on the same wall and shuffles to the opposite wall and beats on it the same way.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 3**

In the next cell DAN COATNEY, a bald and thoroughly muscular man, understands the message through the wall too. He is wearing the same blue pants and shirt as TOUSSAINT and LIGHTWINE. Excited, he jumps up and punches the wall and air furiously.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. GUAM, SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT - 7 DAYS AGO**

At the foot of the runway, WILL FRASIER waits by a small jet while a small Navy helicopter lands. WILL is handsome, about thirty-five, with a very short military haircut. He wears a dark gray suit with a small round gold and black pin on his lapel.

ADMIRAL CLARK, a stout older man with square white hair, puts on his hat as he steps out of the helicopter and helps a young woman out after him. She fumbles with her small suitcase and large purse.

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 (Shouting over the  
 helicopter noise.)  
 Commander Frasier. Nice to see you  
 again.

WILL  
 (Shaking hands.)  
 And you, Admiral Clark.

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 (Speaking close to WILL.)  
 This is my daughter. We're  
 reconnecting.

CARRA CLARK is a pretty young woman, wearing heavy makeup.

ADMIRAL CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Carra, Lieutenant Commander Will  
 Frasier. Carra Clark. She'll be  
 joining us.

WILL  
 Nice to meet you, Miss Clark.

CARRA CLARK  
 Call me Carra. So you're what the  
 "best of the best" looks like.

WILL  
 Call me Commander. Just kidding.  
 You can call me Will. Sir, I'll  
 just need to get confirmation. I  
 only expected one passenger.

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 Go ahead. Tell 'em this was last  
 minute.

The radio near the door of the jet crackles.

NIS COMMAND ZERO  
*Magic Carpet, November, Charlie,  
 Zebra.*

WILL picks up the receiver.

WILL  
 November Charlie Zebra, switch to  
 secure.

Will pulls out his phone, which is already beeping.

CARRA CLARK  
 (In the background.)  
 So, why doesn't he salute you, Dad?

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 You only salute when wearing a  
 cover.

WILL  
 (To his phone.)  
 There are two passengers. Confirm:  
 two passengers.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)  
*Negative, Detail One. There is only one passenger.*

WILL  
 There are most definitely two passengers. Tell the CDO the Admiral brought his daughter.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)  
 (Pause.)  
*His daughter?*

WILL  
 Affirmative.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)  
*Wait one.*  
 (Pause.)  
*Confirm second passenger: Carra Clark.*

WILL  
 Affirmative. Second passenger is Carra Clark.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)  
*Confirm identity. Proceed with two passengers. Schedule unchanged. Repeat, schedule unchanged.*

WILL  
 Understood. Proceeding with two passengers.

The sun is setting. The jet taxis and takes off.

#### **INT. ONBOARD THE ADMIRAL'S JET**

CARRA CLARK and ADMIRAL CLARK are sitting next to each other. He is reviewing screens on a tablet computer.

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 Technically, I shouldn't be letting you see this.

CARRA CLARK  
 See what? I have no idea what you're looking at.

ADMIRAL CLARK  
 Good. And if they interrogate you, stick to that story.

CARRA CLARK

Ha ha. So, why isn't he in uniform?

ADMIRAL CLARK

He's in a special NIS unit called the CEG. Covert Elite Guards.

CARRA CLARK

I never heard of them.

ADMIRAL CLARK

Exactly.

(He moves closer to her as

WILL approaches.)

He's a bit of a smart ass. But that's what I like about him.

CARRA CLARK

Me, too. Um, wow, look at that moon. More tea, Dad?

ADMIRAL CLARK

Just like the last one. Perfect.

(To WILL.)

She never made me tea before. I think she's trying to impress you.

Will smiles politely and sits down across from the ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL CLARK (CONT'D)

You should take her out when we get to Washington. I'm going to be in meetings the entire time. Boring stuff. You have to have a life, Will. You should...

Suddenly, a loud explosion blasts the cockpit apart, and WILL and ADMIRAL CLARK watch as CARRA CLARK is sucked out into the night. The headless craft tumbles downward.

ADMIRAL CLARK (CONT'D)

NO! Carra! Noooo!

WILL

Hold on, Admiral! We're going down!

Uninjured, WILL and ADMIRAL CLARK strain against the blinding wind whipping through the cabin. ADMIRAL CLARK grips the seat in front of him and presses his forehead against it.

The jet tears treetops as it scrapes the side of a snowy mountain, slides down and finally stops, not too near the edge of a precipice, steaming silently in the full moonlight.

**EXT. EGYPT, 5130 B.C. - DUSK**

Three enormous stone pyramids gleam like polished gems placed in the sand. Dozens of other pyramids dot the land, but these three, capped with gold, are the largest.

Near the pyramids, by a clear flowing river, a man sits at a small fire with a young boy. They're looking at a single bright star, speaking in an ancient language.

(Translated from Coptic.)

EGYPTIAN BOY

It's so bright tonight!

EGYPTIAN FATHER

Yes, it's getting very big now, isn't it? It's getting closer.

EGYPTIAN BOY

When it gets very close, will people on their world hide in the pyramids too?

EGYPTIAN FATHER

Yes. When it gets very close, people on both worlds will hide.

EGYPTIAN BOY

How long must we stay inside the pyramid, Father?

EGYPTIAN FATHER

A long time, my son. A very long time.

**EXT. HAKUBA MOUNTAINS, JAPAN - NIGHT - 1 WEEK AGO**

WILL regains consciousness. He snaps upright, then realizes he's broken some ribs. He scans the area, then pulls up his shirt to examine his side. It's painful and red, but nothing he can do.

What's left of the Admiral's small plane is mostly buried in snow, marked by wake of broken tree branches and a deep groove down the mountain to the craft's final resting spot.

WILL hears a helicopter in the distance, then it fades. He checks to make sure his pistol is in place, and wipes the blood from eye; there's a deep vertical cut across his left eyebrow. He hears wheezing.

WILL

Admiral!

Will scrambles over to the front of the wreckage and pulls ADMIRAL CLARK from under the plane debris. After removing the snow, he sees that the ADMIRAL has a serious injury: a piece of wood from a tree branch is protruding from his chest.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Admiral, I've got you.  
You're going to be okay. Help is  
coming.

ADMIRAL CLARK

No... no help... I don't have long  
anyway. I... I have to die now  
anyway.

WILL

No. Sir, help is on the way. Hang  
on, Admiral.

ADMIRAL CLARK

No... we were shot down on purpose.  
They're not coming to help us,  
Will.

WILL

What are you talking about?

ADMIRAL CLARK

Just take the card. Inside my  
jacket. There's a pocket inside  
the... Oh, God, Carra, I'm sorry...  
I'm so sorry...

WILL finds a card key inside the Admiral's uniform pocket.

WILL

What are you talking about, Sir?  
What is it? What does this go to?  
Admiral?

ADMIRAL CLARK

The... the... Emerald City. You  
must give...

WILL

Sir? Admiral Clark. Admiral!

The ADMIRAL is dead. Will carefully rests the ADMIRAL's head down and closes his eyes for a moment.

When he stands, WILL sees a streaky blood spot in the snow and walks closer to examine it. It's a white rabbit.

Its body smashed beyond any help, but it's alive, eyes open, nostrils expanding and contracting. WILL touches it gently.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Buddy.

WILL hears the shooshing sound first, then sees them: five men in white snowsuits are visible in the moonlight, sliding down the hill on white snow boards toward the crash site.

The SNOWMEN carry short machine guns with long sound suppressors, and begin firing. Bullets rip through the Admiral's dead body and just miss WILL, who dives behind the wreck and takes cover behind a tree.

The five SNOW MEN continue spraying the crash site with bullets as they arrive until one of them holds up his hand.

SNOWMAN 1

Last one is over there.

SNOWMAN 1 points to the tree and indicates that two SNOWMEN should approach on each side. The four SNOWMEN close in on the tree while the leader scans the area.

When the SNOWMEN look behind the tree, they see only tracks in the snow leading over the precipice. SNOWMAN 1 motions to another to look over the edge. SNOWMAN 2 cautiously approaches the edge, then instantly disappears down into the snow as if pulled underwater by a huge shark.

The three other SNOWMEN fire their rifles blindly, seeing nothing. When they finish shooting, WILL is behind them. With impossible speed, he uses the rifle he took from SNOWMAN 2 to knock out two of them with a sharp crack to their heads. The third fires his rifle but WILL is already too close to him; WILL grabs the rifle smacks him twice. The third SNOWMAN falls back, unconscious, with a clear red fist print visible on his forehead.

From the other side of the trees, SNOWMAN 1 doesn't see them.

SNOWMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Report!

SNOWMAN 1 walks slowly down the hill and edges around the trees.

SNOWMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Report! Gillespie! Report!

Suddenly WILL is behind him, the assault weapon's barrel pressed against the back of SNOWMAN 1's head.

WILL  
Turn around. Slowly.

SNOWMAN 1 turns around slowly.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Who are you?  
(SNOWMAN 1 doesn't  
respond. WILL waves the  
gun.)  
Empty. All of it. Carefully. What  
are you? Mercenary?

SNOWMAN 1 takes a knife and wallet from his inside pockets.

WILL (CONT'D)  
All of it.

SNOWMAN 1 reaches into his pocket again.

WILL (CONT'D)  
*Slowly.*

SNOWMAN 1 tosses a cell phone toward WILL. Will examines it briefly.

WILL (CONT'D)  
You're CEG? Who authorized this  
mission? What division are you  
from?

SNOWMAN 1 pretends to start answering, but then seizes the gun barrel. He attempts to direct it toward WILL, but WILL yanks the clip from the weapon and forces the last round to eject. The gun is empty. SNOWMAN 1 rips the empty gun free and hammers it toward WILL, who dodges twice, but with his hands full he's at a disadvantage. He takes two blows to the ribs and coughs blood while SNOWMAN 1 reaches for the knife he dropped. They struggle.

WILL (CONT'D)  
I don't want to kill you.

SNOWMAN LEADER  
That's why you're going to die.

SNOWMAN 1 finally maneuvers the knife under WILL's jaw. WILL manages to roll his head away and deflect the knife just long enough to draw his pistol and fire twice. SNOWMAN 1 is still.

WILL quickly rolls over, dropping the gun, and opens SNOWMAN 1's jacket to find a Kevlar vest. He unzips it and sees two holes in the white tee shirt underneath, which is soaked in blood. The vest had not stopped WILL's bullets.

Will covers the wounds with his hand and checks for a pulse on SNOWMAN 1's neck.

WILL

No! No, no no no no no...

WILL tries chest compressions, but only briefly. SNOWMAN 1 is dead. WILL puts his head on SNOWMAN 1's chest, sobbing quietly, his own blood from the cut on his head mixing with the dead man's.

WILL stands weakly, his face streaked with tears and blood, and screams at the full moon.

WILL (CONT'D)

Faaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack!

WILL vomits, then coughs and spits bloody saliva. He hears a helicopter approaching.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on...

WILL groans as he bends down slowly and begins removing SNOWMAN 1's snowsuit. He dons the snowsuit, but before zipping it up all the way, he removes his own phone, looks at his position on a map, and then smashes it with the handle of his pistol.

He washes his face with some snow and finally, holding his hand to his injured ribs, he begins trudging through the trees and across the mountainside.

#### **INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM**

PROFESSOR MARS, a small man with glasses and a red sweater, is lecturing to a large class. His black tie has a picture of Saturn on it.

PROFESSOR MARS

In our last class, we talked about the possibilities of additional intra-solar planets which have yet to be discovered. Who remembers the name of the last planet we discussed, which we found in our own solar system? Wake up now... Yes. Kenneth.

STUDENT 1

Eris?

PROFESSOR MARS  
Right. And what did we say is  
unusual about Eris?

STUDENT 1  
Its orbit?

PROFESSOR MARS  
Yes. What about it?

STUDENT 1  
It's elliptical.

PROFESSOR MARS  
Exactly right. Unlike most of the  
planets in our system that have  
relatively normalized orbits, Eris  
is on a 550-year orbit. And why is  
that so significant? Anyone? We  
covered this just last week. Yes,  
um...

STUDENT 2  
Karen. It points to the possibility  
of the existence of other planets  
in our solar system that we haven't  
seen yet.

PROFESSOR MARS  
That's right. In our very own solar  
system. And now we think there are  
more. And not just planets, but  
objects however defined... brown  
dwarfs, white dwarfs, whatever...  
it turns out we know far less about  
our little solar system that we  
ever imagined. But in ancient  
times... Yes, gentlemen, how may we  
help you?"

As Dr. Mars is speaking, two men wearing black suits enter.  
They walk down the stairs toward the front of the classroom.

MAN IN BLACK 1  
Doctor Mars?

PROFESSOR MARS  
Yes...

MAN IN BLACK 1  
Please come with us, Sir.

**INT. NOVARE AERONAUTICS LAB**

Though unmanned, each computer seems to be working busily; some display oscillating waves, others scrolling numbers and graphs. DR. FISKE, about 60 years old, is alone in the lab except for a cat, sitting on a nearby chair on top of a white lab coat. DR. FISKE's fingers fly expertly, simultaneously across two keyboards as he talks to himself in a deep Harvard voice.

DR. FISKE  
Definitely not from a satellite...  
Okay...

He taps away on still another of the many keyboards, adjusts his bifocals, and squints at the screens.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)  
It looks like it *is* from the planet, alright. But it can't be what it looks like, can it? What are you? Hm. Okay, let's see what the active element machine says.

DR. FISKE turns his attention to a very wide display monitor atop a large black box. Next to the monitor is a photo of his niece, TALENA, hugging a cello. The cat meows.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)  
(Speaking to the cat.)  
Just a minute, Eris, just a minute. I'm working, as you can see... I know I promised not to work too late, but you know what's at stake...

Ah. I was right! It IS a pattern.  
...Oh, would look at that... Up and down. Oh. I know that. My God. Is that... He hums in deliberate notes. Hmhmhm. Hm hm hm hm hm hm hm... It's Rachmaninov. They've sent *music*.

(Looking at the cat.)  
Holy Paris, Eris. It's *them*.  
They've sent *music*. Dum da dummm...

A computer buzz sounds loudly. DR. FISKE wheels his chair over to a wall panel and touches it. Two men wearing black suits appear on the screen.

MAN IN BLACK #3  
Doctor Fiske?

DR. FISKE  
I'm Victor Fiske. What is it?

MAN IN BLACK #3  
We need you to come with us, Sir.

**EXT. SAN DIEGO, CA - NAVAL AIR STATION CORONADO - EVENING**

A black SUV drives onto the airstrip where a large military jet waits with an open door. DR. FISKE, escorted by TWO MEN IN BLACK SUITS, gets out of the vehicle. Another MAN IN BLACK stands by.

MAN IN BLACK #4  
This way, please, Doctor Fiske. To the aircraft.

DR. FISKE  
Just a minute. As I've been trying to tell these gentlemen, I'm working on a...

MAN IN BLACK #4  
Please, Doctor Fiske, it doesn't matter. We have our orders.

DR. FISKE  
That's exactly what... (Feeling MAN IN BLACK #4's face.) Amazing. So lifelike. Orders, orders. No thought, strict borders.

MAN IN BLACK #4  
(Pulls his face back and gestures to the plane.)  
Please, Sir. This way.

DR. FISKE  
Okay... but this is a mistake. You're just going to have to fly me right back here, dear. Dear, dear, robot man.

**INT. ONBOARD THE LARGE MILITARY JET**

Dr. Fiske and four others are strapped in as the plane revs up for takeoff.

DR. FISKE  
So, what are you in for?

DR. MONTEUR

I don't have any idea why I'm here.  
They pulled me from class right in  
the middle of a lecture.

PROFESSOR MARS

Me too. I guess it's important.  
Alan Mars. Astronomy teacher.

DR. FISKE

And rather acclaimed author.

PROFESSOR MARS

You've read my book?

DR. FISKE

Yes. Victor Fiske. Physicist and  
engineer. Pleased to make your  
acquaintance.

DR. MONTEUR

Stephen Monteur, astrophysicist.

PROFESSOR MASSIE

Ellen Massie, professor of  
linguistics.

DR. FISKE

I've heard of you. MIT, right? You  
picked up Chomsky's work.

PROFESSOR MASSIE

Wow, I'm impressed. A physicist who  
follows astronomy AND linguistics?

DR. FISKE

Not really, but I know Chomsky's  
work on neurolinguistic disorders.  
And I'm a fan of his political  
treatises, of course. What about  
you?

DR. ROBERTSON

Rob Robertson.

DR. FISKE

(Shaking hands.)  
Robrob...

DR. ROBERTSON

Archeologist, slash paleontologist.  
Mostly I study ice cores.

DR. FISKE

And I eat s'mores. Ha ha, well,  
this turns out to be a can of  
worms, doesn't it?

(To DR. GORDON)

I assume you're a scientist as  
well.

DR. GORDON

Yeah. Richard Gordon.  
Parapsychologist. I study and  
counsel victims of alien  
abductions.

They all stare at him.

DR. FISKE

Well. Agree to disagree, then.

DR. MONTEUR

Any idea where we're going?

DR. FISKE

(Glances out the window)

It's clearly a secret. But I think  
we're heading for Alaska.

DR. MONTEUR

How can you tell that?

PROFESSOR MARS

See the moon? We're heading north-  
northwest.

DR. FISKE

Yes, exactly. Plus, well, that's  
where the ice cores are. Heh. Fire  
is nice. But ice will also suffice.

**EXT. ALASKA - UNKNOWN AIRSTRIP - NIGHT**

The big gray military jet lands on a makeshift ice runway,  
and the group of scientists are escorted from the plane to a  
small fleet of snowmobiles at the end of the runway. More men  
stand waiting with cold weather gear for the scientists.

DR. FISKE

(Putting on a thick hooded  
jacket and mittens)

Really, I must protest, gentlemen.  
You've made a mistake bringing me  
here.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

Dr. Fiske, let me save you some time. I'm Major General Martin Blaustone, and I can assure you, there is no mistake.

DR. FISKE

Then Senator Craven must know I'm here.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

Who? Senator Craven?

DR. FISKE

Now we're getting somewhere. Richard Craven, chairman of the Armed Services Committee?

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

This a highly classified need-to-know mission. It has nothing do to with Senator Craven.

DR. FISKE

Precisely. And I'm on a priority alpha assignment for the Senator.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

(Pauses.)

Is that true? I'll look into it. But meanwhile, get...

DR. FISKE'S cell phone rings. He digs it out.

DR. FISKE

No need to look into it, General.

DR. FISKE hands the phone to GENERAL BLAUSTONE.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

Take it. It's for you, Blue.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

Doctor, we don't have... Hello, who is this? Yes, Senator. Yes, Senator. Yes, Sir. Well, Sir... Senator I... this is strictly need to... yes, Sir. Well, he's listed as our top astrophysicist. Of course, I had no idea. Yes, Sir. We'll get another one. I will, Sir.

The phone hangs up.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE (CONT'D)

It seems you were right, Doctor. You'll be getting back on the plane after all. I'm very sorry we interrupted your extremely pressing secret work.

DR. FISKE

Hey, I tried to tell your androids, General. You could program them with a little more intelligence, you know.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

My men did their job. It was my mistake.

DR. FISKE

Well, maybe you need to be more cautious about your assurances.

(Shouting after him)

It actually happens to be very pressing work indeed. It could completely change the way we...

GENERAL BLAUSTONE

Spare me, Doctor. I have my own pressing secret work to deal with. Your plane leaves now. Gentlemen! Let's get started!

GENERAL BLAUSTONE straddles a snowmobile while the scientists get on the back of four other riders.

DR. FISKE

Just a second!

DR. FISKE jogs over to PROFESSOR MARS, sitting behind one of the GENERAL's men on a snowmobile.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

(Quietly.) Your math proving the existence of the Planet X in question is excellent. However, I'm afraid you're still way behind.

PROFESSOR MARS

How's that?

DR. FISKE

I can only say that certain parties in the government already know a planet exists there.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)  
 Certain parties have known it for  
 some time.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
 Move out!

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA - NIGHT**

Five snowmobiles trek across the horizon under the moonlight. They finally arrive at a small camp with several white tents camouflaged in the snow near an ice excavation site. Two men and a woman come out of the tents to greet them.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
 Gentlemen, and Lady, this is Doctor  
 Martin Lowther. He's been studying  
 the ice up here.

DR. LOWTHER  
 For the past seven years. Hi, guys,  
 thanks for coming.

DR. MONTEUR  
 Not that we had any choice.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
 I apologize for that. But each of  
 you was carefully selected, and  
 you'll understand the need for  
 secrecy once you see this. These  
 are...

DR. LOWTHER  
 This is Ken Miller and Sophie  
 Marks.  
 (They all introduce  
 themselves.)  
 Hey, Ken, hit the lights. This way,  
 please, guys. You can see it from  
 up here. Now, keep in mind:  
 everything you see in excavated  
 area-- all this ice from here  
 downward-- is over two hundred  
 thousand years old.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
 (To his SNOWMOBILE MEN.)  
 Standby.

The group walks up the hill above the dig. From the top, under the neon dig lights, they can see clearly to the bottom of the hole. It's an aircraft.

DR. GORDON

I don't get it.

PROFESSOR MARS

It's obviously some kind of plane.  
Are we saying it's been buried here  
for two hundred thousand years?

DR. LOWTHER

That's what the data says. Doctor  
Robertson, you're here to confirm  
that. But this entire area was  
pristine, undisturbed. We only  
started the dig earlier this year.

DR. ROBERTSON

Could it have penetrated the ice  
more recently?

DR. LOWTHER

No. I mean, we're talking  
*completely* undisturbed. Over a  
hundred feet of solid ice.

DR. GORDON

No aircraft could have penetrated  
that deeply. Maybe it went in  
through a crack...

DR. LOWTHER

No cracks.

DR. GORDON

...or a hole...

DR. LOWTHER

No holes.

DR. ROBERTSON

Maybe it's from a Soviet or  
Chinese...

DR. LOWTHER

Nope. It's not.

SOPHIE MARKS

We've been inside.

DR. ROBERTSON

You have? What's inside?

PROFESSOR MARS

Is it alien?

KEN MILLER

I can't say, but it's pretty high tech. And it's not Russian, Chinese or American. It's nothing we've seen before, but the symbols are almost like... Coptic, or Sumerian or something.

PROFESSOR MASSIE

Sumerian?

KEN MILLER

Well, you're the linguist. You tell us.

DOCTOR GORDON

Wait. Are we talking time travel here?

DR. LOWTHER

No. We don't think so.

PROFESSOR MARS

Time travel is not possible. This is simply hibernation.

They all look at him.

PROFESSOR MARS (CONT'D)

What it means is, that a very advanced civilization lived here, somewhere on Earth, long before our history says there were any civilizations. So long ago that almost all traces of them are long gone. As I've been preaching to my classes, we know jack shit about human history.

PROFESSOR MASSIE

This does look human though. Look at the seats. What about the pilots?

SOPHIE MARKS

Nothing. Nobody inside.

KEN MILLER

Yeah. No bodies.

DR. MONTEUR

Too bad. Unmanned, maybe? I assume it's nonfunctional.

DR. LOWTHER  
(Showing pictures on his  
tablet computer.)  
We don't know that yet.

DR. MONTEUR  
What's it made of?

DR. LOWTHER  
We're not sure what kind of metal  
it is, outside or inside. That's  
why you're here, Doctor. We have a  
mass spec, we just don't understand  
the readings. And Professor Mars,  
we need you to identify these  
constellations. Professor Massie,  
we need you to decipher those  
symbols. Everything inside is part  
of the aircraft, except one thing  
we found.

DR. GORDON  
What was that?

DR. LOWTHER  
A metal plate, a tablet of some  
kind. In a way, it's even more  
incredible than the aircraft so  
far. I'll show you that first, then  
we'll complete the briefing. We'll  
go down inside first thing in the  
morning.

PROFESSOR MARS  
Hey, this is all great, but I need  
my phone back. I have to let my  
wife know what's going on.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
No phones, Professor. Maybe I  
wasn't clear before, but in case  
this isn't obvious: this is a  
highly classified project, and no  
one can ever know about this or  
where you are. Your families will  
be notified, and you'll be back as  
soon as we have what we need. But  
not before. So, get comfortable,  
folks.

KEN MILLER  
(Coming out of a tent.)  
It's gone! The tablet is gone!

DR. LOWTHER  
What do you mean, gone?

SOPHIE MARKS  
How could it be gone? Where could  
it go?

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
Who else is here?

DR. LOWTHER  
No one. Only the three of us until  
you got here.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
(To his FOUR SNOWMOBILE  
men)  
Search the entire premises. Find  
the artifact. Everyone else, start  
looking. It couldn't have gone far.

SNOWMOBILE MAN 1  
Sir!

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
What is it?

SNOWMOBILE MAN 1  
Fresh snowmobile tracks. These  
aren't ours, sir.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE  
Check with the team. Find out...

They hear the rising roar of a jet airplane approaching fast.

GENERAL BLAUSTONE (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

A single bomb dropped from the low-flying fighter jet  
vaporizes the entire excavation site. The hill above the dig  
collapses into a giant hole beneath a brilliant orange plume  
and a dark mushroom cloud. The site-- and all the scientists--  
are destroyed.

#### **INT. MILITARY JET**

Out the plane window, in the far distance, DR. FISKE sees the  
light from explosion. He taps on his mini-tablet and brings  
up a real-time satellite image of the excavation site. It's  
black. He switches to thermal view and sees the heat  
signature as it widens and diminishes.

**INT. ARLINGTON, VA - SENATOR CRAVEN'S SECURE HOME OFFICE**

SENATOR RICHARD CRAVEN is talking to his desk phone with an unlit cigarette in his hand. He's a tired-looking but handsome sixty-ish white man. He wears a tuxedo with an open collar, the black tie hanging untied.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Moving forward, I want two men on him at all times. Once he's back, I don't want him going anywhere. Understood? And get him off that fucking list.

(Seeing his wife on one of many surveillance images, throws the cigarette into a drawer.)

On the SENATOR's screen, ISA CRAVEN is pressing the door code on a hidden panel outside the room. Once the most beautiful woman in the room, now ISA is in her late fifties. She enters the secure office wearing an evening gown, her silver-blond hair tied up elegantly.

SENATOR CRAVEN (CONT'D)

(Hangs up the phone.)  
Just a minor complication.

ISA CRAVEN

(Pretending not to notice the cigarette he hid.)  
What complication? Do we have the Plate or not?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Yes.

He shows a picture on his computer screen: a silvery metallic plate with etchings of ancient symbols, and an image of a pyramid and a lotus flower.

SENATOR CRAVEN (CONT'D)

But apparently one of the air force generals took it upon himself to include Doctor Fiske on the science team.

ISA CRAVEN

What? Didn't he tell them he was working under your orders?

SENATOR CRAVEN

The CO was General Blaustone.

ISA CRAVEN

There are men running the military who shouldn't even be allowed to play with matches. Who is General Blaustone?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Was. Air Force. He didn't know anything.

ISA CRAVEN

Was? Does that mean the site is destroyed?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Yes. I just had to get Fiske out before Smith destroyed the site. They're both on their way here now. With the Plate.

She begins tying his tuxedo tie snugly around his neck.

ISA CRAVEN

And Admiral Clark?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Cancelled. One of the CEG escorts survived and took out the cleanup team, but that's being handled.

ISA CRAVEN

Took out the *team*? How many were on the team?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Four, plus the operations guide.

ISA CRAVEN

He killed them all? How?

SENATOR CRAVEN

He didn't kill them all, just one.

ISA CRAVEN

And the others?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Found unconscious but not injured. He must have recognized them, or at least he knew they were ours. But he got out of there fast.

ISA CRAVEN

Is he going to be a problem?

SENATOR CRAVEN

No. Smith's men are tracking him.  
We'll have him soon.

ISA CRAVEN

What about the Admiral's card?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Clark didn't have it. Presumably  
the CEG took it. If it's ever  
activated we can track it. We're  
going to hold the rest of his team.

ISA CRAVEN

The rest of his team? I thought you  
said there was only one.

SENATOR CRAVEN

He was alone as Admiral Clark's  
escort. But all CEGs are assigned  
to four-man details, and their  
primary loyalty is to their team.  
He'll try to contact them first.  
One of them is the son of  
Congressman Lightwine.

ISA CRAVEN

What? I thought Smith specifically  
chose men who had no families. It  
was one of the criteria.

SENATOR CRAVEN

His son found out about the program  
and wanted to join. I wanted it to  
stop there. What else could I do?

ISA CRAVEN

Jesus, Richard.

SENATOR CRAVEN

He doesn't know anything else, and  
his son hasn't been on any missions  
related to the Five Cities. If I'd  
said No, he would have gone to his  
father.

ISA CRAVEN

You should have told me. This could  
become a mess. You know they'll  
replace you in a heartbeat if it  
does.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Don't worry, I'm taking care of it. The four of them are already listed as killed in action. As heroes, of course.

ISA CRAVEN

(Recomposes herself.)

Then, Mister Smith and the Doctor both have their assignments. I know, the signal, the signal. It has to wait. The Plate is priority, Richard. What's going to happen won't change because of the signal. But having the Plate changes everything for us.

SENATOR CRAVEN

I agree completely. You look ravishing. Did I tell you that?

ISA CRAVEN

And it's the only leverage we'll ever have to get into the Inner Circle. The Plate is everything, Richard.

SENATOR CRAVEN

It's the only leverage we need.

ISA CRAVEN

Does Smith know what it is?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Not yet. And no one else even knows it exists yet. No one knew except the general and the teams on the ground, which are taken care of.

ISA CRAVEN

And Doctor Fiske.

SENATOR CRAVEN

I think Doctor Fiske will continue to be cooperative.

ISA CRAVEN

You also thought he was working on the Illuminatus signal, but apparently he was on a plane to Alaska. Let's be sure. Keep him here until he finishes with the Plate.

(MORE)

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You need to hold the reigns more tightly, Richard, if the rest of this is going to go smoothly. You need to handle this. I have the whole public wedding thing going on this whole week.

SENATOR CRAVEN

You're right. Don't worry, Dear. The wedding's going to be great.

ISA CRAVEN

The wedding is going to be flawless. I'm not concerned about that. I'm concerned about getting the Plate translated without any more complications.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Of course.

ISA CRAVEN

I have to go. Michelle is waiting. And, Richard?

SENATOR CRAVEN

I know what you're going to say.

ISA CRAVEN

Do you?

SENATOR CRAVEN

You're going to tell me it's time to change the door code.

ISA CRAVEN

I was going to say, I can smell your tobacco. And you should come up with a different word. "Ravishing" is getting very old.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Is it?

ISA CRAVEN

See you at the party. Ronnie will be here, too.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Great.

After she leaves, SENATOR CRAVEN loosens his tie just a bit and retrieves the cigarette. Without lighting it, he presses a button on his phone panel.

BARNES (V.O.)

*Sir?*

SENATOR CRAVEN

Victor Fiske will be staying in Arlington for a while. Set up quarters for him in the Blue Room. Secure the conference area of the Guest Center. He'll be using it as his work space. Get him everything he needs for his lab. Take what he needs from his Novare Lab and get it here ASAP.

BARNES (V.O.)

*Yes, Sir. Where should I meet him?*

SENATOR CRAVEN

Here, at the airstrip. He'll be here in a few hours.

BARNES (V.O.)

*Yes, Sir.*

**EXT. ITOIGAWA HARBOR, JAPAN**

WILL enters several shops until he finds someone to exchange his money, and then solicits several people until one of them sells his phone for a wad of cash. He does the same thing and acquires a second cell phone from another person.

WILL dials a number, then hangs up. He dials another number, then another, then another. He pauses, staring at the phone, then finally dials a fifth number.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)

*Tax and accounting, can I help you?*

WILL

November Charlie Zebra, Magic Carpet Detail One.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)

*Location.*

WILL

I need to speak with Master Chief Biddle immediately.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)

*Location.*

WILL

37, 135 point 38, 137, 5010, 69.  
Repeat, 37, 135 point 38, 137,  
5010, 69. I need to speak with  
Chief Biddle. I repeat, must speak  
with the Master Chief immediately.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)

(Pause.)

*Standby.*

(Pause.)

*Detail One, maintain your position.  
Contact will come to you.*

WILL

Command, I need to speak with the  
Chief before meeting exfil contact.

NIS COMMAND ZERO (V.O.)

*Negative, Detail One, this is not a  
secure line. Maintain position,  
contact will come to you. ETA 90  
minutes. Secure this phone. Zero  
out.*

WILL throws the phone into the bay. He stares at the second  
phone, then finally dials.

WILL

It's Will. I need your help.

#### **INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

A small crowd is mingling in an ostentatious house. SENATOR  
CRAVEN feels his phone vibrate. He reads the text: *LOCATED*.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Excuse me.

SENATOR CRAVEN escapes the crowd and steps into a quiet area  
outside the party. He dials.

SENATOR CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You have him?

#### **INT. MILITARY JET**

MR. SMITH

We don't have him yet, but we  
located him. He's in Japan, right  
where I said he would be. My men  
are intercepting now.

As Dr. Fiske snoozes, MR. SMITH admires the Plate while talking to the SENATOR on the phone. SMITH is in his forties and mostly bald. He's wearing a gray suit and black tie, and would be a rather common-looking white man except for his piercing brown eyes and deeply lined face, which seemed to be both smiling and frowning. Yet it's neither, or maybe both.

Removed from its box, SMITH holds the Plate in his hand.

SENATOR CRAVEN (V.O.)  
Retrieve the card. And make sure there are no mistakes this time. He took out the entire cleanup team.

MR. SMITH  
One thing about Navy CEGs-- they're predictable. He'll follow protocol.

He puts the glimmering Plate back into the box.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
I'll be there with the Plate in about two hours, forty-five minutes.

#### **INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

ISA CRAVEN spots the SENATOR re-entering the room as she finishes her toast. The room has her attention.

ISA CRAVEN  
...and all this was mostly due to Veronica's work with these children. Now, after seeing this, I'm sure all of you want to see this important research progress continue, and so you'll make a generous donation to the Children's Cancer Foundation tonight. I mean it from the heart when I say... you all brought your checkbooks, right? And now... everybody dance.

Music starts playing, and ISA CRAVEN makes a beeline for the SENATOR. They dance closely.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I think you have them eating from your soft little palms. (Close to her ear.) We've located the lost package. It's on its way back.

ISA CRAVEN  
That's excellent, Darling. No problems?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I don't think so. Smith's own men are on it this time.

ISA CRAVEN  
(Close to his ear.)  
When will the Plate be here?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
A few hours. You can see it in the morning.

ISA CRAVEN  
The hell you preach. I'll see it tonight.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
When do we get to share it?

ISA CRAVEN  
Share it? Not until the time is exactly right. When our position is guaranteed.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I just want to see Merrick's face when he sees it. He thinks he's a shoo-in for the Circle.

ISA CRAVEN  
Because he's confused fame with power. *You're* the one controlling the Six Cities. Let him be one of the last presidents of the United States. *You* will be the first president of the new world... what?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
The first president of the new world. An entirely new history. I think you have me eating from your soft little palms now.

She doesn't answer, but the smile he can't see means *Yes, you always have been.*

**EXT. ITOIGAWA HARBOR, JAPAN**

WILL watches from a distance as SMITH's tactical team scours the area. One of the men makes a call.

SMITH TACTICAL TEAM LEADER  
He's not here. We did. Nothing.

WILL retreats into the bushes and starts running in the opposite direction, holding onto his side with one hand.

**EXT. KASHIWAZAKI PORT, JAPAN**

WILL jumps from a train as it slows around a corner. He makes his way to the beach, where he steals a small boat and leaves the harbor.

**EXT. AIRPORT - NIIGATA, JAPAN**

SMITH'S MEN are looking for WILL on the northbound trains.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIIGATA, JAPAN**

SMITH'S MEN are looking for WILL at the airport.

**EXT. BEACH - NIIGATA, JAPAN**

WILL pulls the boat up to shore and ditches his gear and his jacket, which is torn. He bounds over a fence and follows train tracks to the back of an airport.

**EXT. NIIGATA AIRPORT, JAPAN**

WILL jumps the fence behind the airport and then follows it closely until he has a clear view of a private jet waiting on the southernmost runway. He straightens up and walks briskly to the plane. The laddered door opens as he arrives and he walks up the steps.

**INT. LUCKY'S PRIVATE JET**

LUCKY is waiting at the top of the stairs. He's a tall man in his fifties with gray hair that used to be blonde. They hug.

WILL  
Thank you, Lucky.

LUCKY offers a bottle of water. WILL chugs it.

They enter the cockpit and Lucky takes the controls. The plane rolls and begins to rev up for take off.

LUCKY

I consider it a privilege. It sounds like you're in a world of shit right now. Nice cut. That'll leave a good scar.

WILL

(Speaking Japanese.)  
Sore-wa zenzen deshta, yo.

LUCKY

(Laughs at WILL's perfect Japanese.)  
Zenzen desu. You want something stronger?

WILL

No. Thanks.

LUCKY

Niigata Control, this is flight 643 Charlie moving into position for takeoff.

WILL

Whose plane?

LUCKY

Don't worry about it. I got this.

WILL

Well, I hope you have a better plan than this. Once we're out of Japanese air space, we're not safe.

LUCKY

Don't I know it. I warned you. Once you get burned... what did you... wait, tell me later. Right now, we need to get into our suits. We reach our jump site in... six minutes. We, uh, kind of need to let them shoot this plane down.

WILL

And think we're dead. Good. I should've known you had a plan B.

LUCKY

(Handing gear to WILL.)  
What Plan B? This is Plan A, brother. Here. Take this. And this. Put that on. Put this inside your flight suit.

WILL

Hey, man: I'm really sorry I had to drag you into this.

LUCKY

Shit, remember who you're talking to, Bro. I wouldn't even be alive if you hadn't already saved my ass. Twice. And I'm already in the middle of it. Besides, this is the most fun I've had in years.

**EXT. NAVAL AIR STATION, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA - NIGHT**

The large military jet lands, and SMITH and DR. FISKE are led to a smaller, private jet. SMITH holds the case with the Plate.

**EXT. CRAVEN ESTATE, ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT**

The private jet lands on a small lighted airstrip several hundred yards away from the Craven mansion.

**INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

SMITH and DR. FISKE are escorted through the house. SENATOR CRAVEN meets them in a hall in the middle of the house.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Victor. Excellent.

DR. FISKE

What am I doing here, Senator?

SENATOR CRAVEN

Is that it?

MR. SMITH

Yes.

DR. FISKE

Senator...

SENATOR CRAVEN

Hold your water, Doctor. You're about to be briefed. This way.

SMITH indicates to the other two team members to wait in one room while they continued to the secure office.

**INT. SENATOR CRAVEN'S SECURE OFFICE**

SMITH hands the case to SENATOR CRAVEN, who opens it and removes the Plate.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
This is incredible.

DR. FISKE  
One of the Ten Plates. That's what... I see. That came from the aircraft? I see. The last one. I see.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I know, unfortunate timing for them, but I'm sure you understand. You know what this means.

DR. FISKE  
What do you think it means, Senator?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
It means I can have anything I want.

MR. SMITH  
Why? What's so magical about the Plate?

DR. FISKE  
Not magic. Technology.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Yes. Technology that will change the New World.

DR. FISKE  
So you want me to extract the data.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Yes.

DR. FISKE  
And then?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
And then we'll see what we have.

DR. FISKE  
You're going to put them together.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
That won't be my call.

DR. FISKE

You don't know what will happen if you do that.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Maybe the Tenth Plate itself will tell us that. In any case, you'll be working here in Arlington until that's finished. Meanwhile, your niece will be our guest...

DR. FISKE

What? No. We had a deal, Senator.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Just a precaution, Doctor. She'll be fine as long as you don't have any more unexpected excursions.

SMITH is texting on his phone.

DR. FISKE

This is bullshit. It wasn't my choice to go to Alaska. We had a deal. This might take weeks. She's a musician, not a soldier.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Be that as it may, this is the new deal. The sooner you're finished, the sooner you can go home with your niece.

The Senator presses a button on the desk phone.

BARNES (V.O.)

*Yes, Senator?*

SENATOR CRAVEN

Show Doctor Fiske to his lab.

BARNES (V.O.)

*Yes, Sir.*

SENATOR CRAVEN opens the secure door from his desk and BARNES comes in with two of SMITH's men in black suits. BARNES is a thin, smart-looking man with a clean shave and a black vest over his white shirt. He and SMITH's men escort DR. FISKE out of the office.

DR. FISKE

This is uncool, Senator. This is way uncool.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Just get it the fuck done, Victor.

MR. SMITH  
So there are more plates like that.  
Nine more?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Forget the Plate. Where is he?

MR. SMITH  
We had his location. He must know  
there's a cancel order now.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Meaning, he'll hide out and stay  
off the grid. Who is it?

MR. SMITH  
William Frasier. One of the best.  
He was one of the ones I had to use  
extreme measures with. Broke  
records in training and speaks  
twelve languages. Not your ordinary  
CEG.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I can't afford any mistakes. This  
has to get done quickly, Smith. And  
discreetly.

MR. SMITH  
There are only so many ways out of  
Japan. We'll find him. And if he  
connects that card to anything...  
Well, how do you like that?  
(Looking at his phone.)

SENATOR CRAVEN  
What is it?

MR. SMITH  
A plane from Niigata just diverted  
to California.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
You think it's him?

MR. SMITH  
It's him. Do you want that card  
back, or do you just want it  
destroyed? Is vaporizing it over  
the Pacific Ocean discreet enough?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
That will do.

MR. SMITH  
Consider it done.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I'll consider it done when it's  
done. And I want verification that  
he's on that plane first.

MR. SMITH  
We'll confirm. But he's on it. I  
know he is.

**INT. LUCKY'S PRIVATE JET - DAWN**

WILL and LUCKY are in flight suits with helmets. LUCKY  
emerges from the cockpit.

LUCKY  
What is it? You hurt?

WILL  
I'm okay.

LUCKY  
You don't really look okay, amigo.  
We'll have to take care of that  
cut... what? What's going on? Oh.  
Oh. First kill?

WILL  
It's so stupid. I didn't feel  
anything for the Admiral. Only my  
training. I didn't feel anything at  
all. But the guy who tried to kill  
me...

LUCKY  
It's different when you're  
responsible. When you're the one  
who took the life.

WILL reels, pulls off his helmet and vomits.

LUCKY (CONT'D)  
You gonna be okay? We have to do  
this.

WILL  
I'm good. I'm good.

LUCKY

Okay, auto is set and I sent the text.

LUCKY opens the door. They yell over the wind.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You see the boat?

WILL

I can't see anything out there.

LUCKY

Well, it's down there somewhere. Hopefully. Go.

WILL puts on his helmet and leaps from the jet. LUCKY closes the plane door but jumps out after WILL before it shuts all the way, then turns in the air dives toward WILL.

**EXT. ABOVE THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NEAR JAPAN**

Free-falling in the dark gray sky, WILL spots a blinking light. He points. They direct themselves toward the light.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN**

The fishing vessel *Mojo Lady* lies dead in the water. The nervous and somewhat chubby CAPTAIN JOSE and the skinny, barefoot PASCO QUILATAN watch the horizon together. They speak English, but with a distinct Filipino accent.

PASCO QUILATAN

He said watch for a light in the water? Which direction?

CAPTAIN JOSE

He didn't say.

It's quiet except for the hushing of the ocean. CAPTAIN JOSE lights a cigarette.

PASCO QUILATAN

Should we send a flare?

CAPTAIN JOSE

Not yet. He said to wait one hour.

PASCO QUILATAN

What kind of light? Not a boat?

WILL lands on the boat deck right behind PASCO with a light thud, his parachute deflating into the water.

PASCO QUILATAN (CONT'D)  
 Ahhhhh! Shit shit shit. What the  
 shit! Where did you come from?

As PASCO is backing away, LUCKY lands right behind him.

PASCO QUILATAN (CONT'D)  
 Ahhh! What the shit, man!  
 (Looks around the sky.)

CAPTAIN JOSE  
 Mister Riker? Welcome to Mojo Lady.  
 You didn't tell me you would come  
 here on a parachute.

Removing his helmet and keeping hold of a small waterproof case, LUCKY discards the parachute and harness into the ocean. WILL does the same. PASCO tries to retrieve one of the parachutes.

PASCO QUILATAN  
 Hey, wait, man, I can use that.

LUCKY  
 Kamusta ka, Captain, I'm Riker.  
 This is... Mister Picard.

CAPTAIN JOSE  
 Welcome, Gentlemen. Welcome,  
 welcome. I'll show you to your  
 cabin. You can rest, or, you  
 hungry? We have food and drink.  
 Pasco, show them the cabin. I think  
 you guys have no luggage, right?  
 All your bags are parachute, right?  
 Ha ha ha, no room for clothings,  
 huh? Ha ha ha... You want a smoke?

LUCKY waves the offer. He notices WILL checking his injury.

LUCKY  
 What is it? You hurt?

WILL  
 Just... that parachute... I think  
 I broke a couple of ribs.  
 (WILL lifts his shirt; his  
 side is bruised black and  
 purple.)

LUCKY  
 Holy shit. The parachute didn't do  
*that*.

WILL

No. It just didn't help.

Out of earshot on the other side of the boat, PASCO sees WILL's bruises and lets the parachute fall back into the water.

LUCKY

Dude, go, lie down. You can tell me everything later.

WILL begins down the stairs.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Captain, let's get underway. I'm going to make some calls. I have some friends we're going to need.

(To Will.)

It'll take a couple days to get to the P.I. There'll be a plane for us in Santa Ana, but we'll have to...

But LUCKY sees that WILL is already passed out on the first bunk below.

**EXT. EGYPT, 5130 B.C. - TWILIGHT**

From a balcony on the stone palace overlooking the river, HORUS is gazing at the brightest star in the sky. His left eye is badly scarred, but he sees from both.

ISIS seems to float across the intricate colored tile floor as she approaches him. She's wearing a thin red headband circling under her black hair, and five gold necklaces hang in equal distance apart from each other on her brown breast.

(Translated from Coptic.)

ISIS

We are almost ready, my King.

HORUS

And it is almost time. Soon, all this will once again be at the bottom of the sea.

ISIS

Yes, Horus, but you fulfilled the Great Promise. You have saved our people.

HORUS

It is the Ancient Ones who built these pyramids that saved us, Mother. And yet, like them, our destiny ultimately amounts only to dust.

ISIS

My dear King, all you see is not all there is. We will live forever.

On the stone table next to them, a rectangular metal plate is placed in the center. It looks just like the one SMITH delivered to SENATOR CRAVEN.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN - 5 DAYS AGO**

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

*Commence Bogey exercise bravo-bravo-one...*

A fighter jet tracks LUCKY's empty plane, still on autopilot, from high above.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Target is locked.*

A rocket from the fighter jet destroys LUCKY's plane.

**INT. MECHANICS HALL, WORCESTER, MA**

A concert is in progress. TALENA, the girl in the picture in DR. FISKE'S lab, is in the orchestra. She wears no makeup, but she's strikingly, naturally beautiful. Her brunette hair is up as she plays the cello.

The final movement ends and the audience, formally dressed, stands in applause.

SMITH watches from the back of the concert hall. He pulls his phone from his inside pocket, pushes a couple of buttons and reads the text. He dials as he heads out the doors.

MR. SMITH

It's done. Well, the jet was completely annihilated, so I would think so. Yes, she's right here. We're picking her up now.

He hangs up.

**EXT. OUTSIDE MECHANICS HALL, WORCESTER, MA**

TALENA is met at the bottom of the steps by two men in black suits.

MAN IN BLACK #5  
Miss Fiske?

TALENA  
Yes?

MAN IN BLACK #5  
Please come with us, Ma'am.

TALENA  
What's this about?

MAN IN BLACK #5  
It's about your uncle. We'll tell  
you everything on the way.

The two men lead her to an SUV and open the door. She carefully puts her cello inside first, then gets in. MR. SMITH is waiting.

MR. SMITH  
Welcome, Miss Fiske.

**INT. THE MOJO LADY - BELOW DECK**

WILL wakes and painfully sits up. He holds his side and tries to breathe deeply, but can't. He stands and slowly pulls his shirt off, revealing a black tattoo of a falcon covering most of his back, with the words: *VIGILANCE ABOVE ALL*. His side is black and purple.

**EXT. THE MOJO LADY - MAIN DECK**

Will emerges and waves back to PASCO and CAPTAIN JOSE.

LUCKY  
How is it?

WILL  
Yeah, fine. So where are we?

LUCKY  
I'd say we're right between Japan  
and the P.I.

WILL  
The plane?

LUCKY

Toast.

WILL

Did you find out anything?

PASCO QUILATAN brings WILL some pink juice.

PASCO QUILATAN

Mr. Picard.

WILL

Bro. Melami Salammat.

PASCO QUILATAN smiles and bows a bit and returns aft.

LUCKY

Your chief is dead. We haven't found anything about your team yet, but at this point we can assume they're dead too, or PNR'd. You know this guy, *Smith*?

WILL

Yeah, I know him. Where would they hold them? Guam?

LUCKY

No way. Covert PNR. We can rule out anywhere known.

WILL

I have to find out where they are.

LUCKY

We will.

WILL

What do we know?

LUCKY

First of all, do you know who's in charge of the CEG program?

WILL

Admiral Clark was. I don't know who is now.

LUCKY

Not exactly. Admiral Clark was NIS, but he reported to Senator Richard Craven.

WILL

Craven. Armed Services Committee.

LUCKY

Yep, that one. He's the boss. Runs the whole program.

WILL

What about Smith?

LUCKY

Reports directly to the Senator. Apparently he's the conductor.

WILL

What exactly is he conducting?

LUCKY

I can't tell you that. But it's big. Really big. Even my guys can't find anything about it, which means it's damned important.

WILL

Important enough to kill the Admiral over. Wait. The Admiral.

LUCKY

Yeah, he's gone. He was reported dead in a plane crash along with his daughter, two pilots and an unnamed naval officer. That's you.

WILL

Before he died, Admiral Clark gave me this.

LUCKY

What is it? A key... hmm.... what's it to?

WILL

I don't know. The Admiral said something about Emerald City.

LUCKY

I don't know what that is. But I know who does.

WILL

Craven.

LUCKY

Yep.

WILL

Are you seriously thinking what I think you're thinking?

LUCKY

Craven has the complete cooperation of all the civilian agencies... CIA, NSA, FBI... we'll have to take him directly.

WILL

Shit.

LUCKY

I've been thinking about this, Will. Craven is why I'm where I am. Craven is why I can't sleep a whole night anymore. Why I'll never be able to wear headphones. Why I can never eat at the same place two nights in a row. Craven is why I don't have a real life anymore. The chain of command is *broken*. It's time for this to end, and it can only end from the top.

WILL

I know. It's just that...

LUCKY

I know.

WILL

I don't want to kill anyone, Lucky. Not ever again. I didn't sign up for this.

LUCKY

Really? Who signed you up?

WILL

I signed up to protect my country.

LUCKY

You signed up knowing that you have to be willing to kill people you don't know because someone you never met told you to. That's war. That's being a patriot. And that's why I got what I got. You can't sign up and then decide to be a conscientious objector. Look, you have a choice. You can just go dark now. You have to anyway. But...

WILL

No. There isn't a choice here. I have to get my team out of this.

LUCKY

You don't look so good, Will.

WILL

I'll be fine. What else do we know about Craven?

**INT. SECURE LAB AT THE CRAVEN ESTATE**

ISA CRAVEN enters the lab, occupied only by DR. FISKE except for two guards in suits, one inside the door and one outside.

ISA CRAVEN

Leave us alone for a few minutes.

INSIDE GUARD

Ma'am. My orders are not leave the Doctor's...

ISA CRAVEN

I just changed your orders.

INSIDE GUARD

Yes Ma'am.

She walks over to DR. FISKE, who watches the Tenth Plate gleaming under multiple laser beams moving rapidly back and forth along its surface.

ISA CRAVEN

How long?

DR. FISKE

This part should only take a couple of hours. You can let Talena go. I've already begun decryption.

ISA CRAVEN

Not until it's finished, Doctor.

DR. FISKE

How do I know you'll keep your word?

ISA CRAVEN

Because we need you, of course, Victor. Don't you know that? You're our most valuable asset. What did you think-- we're going to kill you as soon as you finish this?

DR. FISKE

It has crossed my mind once or twice. Possibly more.

ISA CRAVEN

Silly, think of this as just a little bump in our relationship. It will pass. What do you have so far?

DR. FISKE

The same introductory text as the other nine plates, with these few exceptions. They probably have to do with the sequence. But we already know this is the last one.

ISA CRAVEN

And these are the instructions for building the pyramids?

DR. FISKE

Yes. Precisely the same as the others.

ISA CRAVEN

What's this last part you have?

DR. FISKE

The title. "The Tenth Truth." And then these paragraphs. And then there's the data encoded in each symbol. That will take at least a few days to extract and translate, even with the active element machine.

ISA CRAVEN

Look on the bright side, Doctor. You're the first person who gets to know the most important secret in history. You'll let me know as soon as it's complete.

DR. FISKE

Yes. And you will release my niece unharmed at that time.

ISA CRAVEN

Absolutely. You know how Richard is. He's simply taking the utmost precautions. Just as we are with your niece. She'll be fine.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 4**

TALENA wakes up as tray of food is being pushed through the slot in the window bars.

She appears to be in her mid-twenties. She's wearing the same gray clothes as the other prisoners, but her outer shirt is off and she's in a sleeveless tee shirt, revealing a slim form with muscular arms and a tiny blue cello tattoo on her shoulder.

GUARD 1

Take the tray.

TALENA

(Tries to see through the slot.)

I'm not hungry. But I need to use the bathroom.

GUARD 1

So use your toilet. Take this.

TALENA

(Tries to let the guard see her cleavage.)

I need a real bathroom. I need a shower.

GUARD 1

You get to shower Friday. And you won't like it as much as you think.

GUARD 1 retracts the food tray and the slot cover slams shut.

TALENA

Hey! Come back! Hey! This is illegal, you know. Where's my cello? Hey! Where's my cello?

**EXT. CLARK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ANGELES CITY, PHILIPPINES**

LUCKY and WILL drive a jeep directly onto the private plane area of the runway. LUCKY greets a man who is waiting. As he shakes his hand, LUCKY hands him the KEY CARD hidden in his palm and says something into his ear. The man nods and gestures to the sleek private jet. LUCKY and WILL board, and it starts taxiing as soon as they close the door.

**INT. JET**

LUCKY and WILL are alone on the plane except for a Filipino flight attendant, who serves them glasses of ice water.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Your clothes are in the first closet, sir. I'll serve lunch whenever you're ready.

LUCKY

Thank you, miss...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Jenny. I'll serve lunch whenever you're ready.

LUCKY

I'm ready now. You ready for lunch, Will? As soon as we take off is fine. Thank you, Jenny.

WILL

Are you kidding me with this?

LUCKY

See? The life of a fugitive isn't so bad, as long as you've got money. Okay. Let's go kidnap the most powerful and well-protected senator in the United States.

WILL

Are we sure he's there?

LUCKY

Apparently he doesn't leave much. We'll find out when we get there.

WILL

Got any gear?

LUCKY

You mean, like weapons? Nah. We'll just use theirs.

WILL

Hey, whatever happens... I owe you.

LUCKY

I'm not keeping tabs. But that's a mil and half so far for the jet.

**EXT. BUNGALOW IN THE JUNGLE - SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES**

An OLD FILIPINO MAN sits on the covered patio and squints at the screen of a giant computer, his thick glasses only inches from the screen. Suddenly he stops and cocks his head. He lunges for an old rifle but it's too late-- someone is already standing in front of it. It's a Filipino youth wearing a giant smile and holding a small package out to the old man.

FILIPINO YOUTH  
 (Speaking in Tagalog)  
 For you! Haha, I'm too quick for  
 you.

OLD FILIPINO MAN  
 What do you mean sneaking up on me  
 like that? You could get hurt, you  
 know, or give me a heart attack.

FILIPINO YOUTH  
 I didn't even try to sneak up on  
 you. I just ran all the way from  
 the village! Chito wants to know  
 what this is for.

The OLD FILIPINO MAN holds the card up to his glasses, then  
 brings it over to a lit magnifying glass to study it.

OLD FILIPINO MAN  
 It's a type I haven't seen before.  
 I'll have to connect it to see what  
 it does.

The OLD FILIPINO MAN brings the card to a messy work bench  
 full of electronic equipment parts and locates a small  
 circuit board connected to a battery. He connects two wires  
 from the board to the card and touches it in different  
 places, finally holding it still. He presses some keys and a  
 display appears on the screen with a lotus flower and a logo  
 that says *Emerald City*, along with a message: *NOT ACCESSIBLE*.

FILIPINO YOUTH  
 Emerald City. Where is that?

The OLD FILIPINO MAN shakes his head.

**EXT. SPACE - LOW-EARTH ORBIT**

The satellite with the lotus flower symbol turns slowly.

**INT. CRAVEN ESTATE - SENATOR CRAVEN'S OPERATIONS OFFICE**

Three men in Naval uniforms each monitor several screens. One  
 screen beeps, showing a blinking red flag in the northern  
 Philippine Islands.

MONITOR 1  
 Hey. Look at this. Is that supposed  
 to be there?

MONITOR 2  
 No. Report it.

MONITOR 1 stands and walks over to a man wearing a suit, who comes over to see the screen. He makes a call.

**INT. MR. SMITH'S PLACE - ARLINGTON**

SMITH's house is stark and undecorated. SMITH is lying on his bed, fully-clothed in his suit but apparently sleeping. His phone beeps quietly. He removes it from his breast pocket.

MR. SMITH

This better be good.

...What the fuck are you talking about?

(His eyes open.)

What? When?

...I'm sure he does. Tell him he'll get them as soon as I have them.

Robotically, he stands and recomposes his suit.

**INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

SENATOR CRAVEN and ISA CRAVEN are in the kitchen making dinner while their daughter HUNTER texts in front of the TV in the next room.

HUNTER CRAVEN

Mom, Justin is coming over for dinner, okay?

ISA CRAVEN

Fine, dear.

SENATOR CRAVEN

All I'm saying is I would just rather not have them there at all.

ISA CRAVEN

They *have* to be there, Richard. It's expected.

SENATOR CRAVEN'S cell phone rings. He steps outside and closes the patio door. ISA can see him speaking angrily. She goes to the door and opens it.

SENATOR CRAVEN

I don't care what you have to do, you better fucking fix it or you're finished here. Do you get me?

ISA CRAVEN closes the door behind them.

ISA CRAVEN  
Who's finished? What the hell is  
going on?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
God damn it. God damn it!

ISA CRAVEN  
What?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
fuck!

ISA CRAVEN  
Okay, don't panic. Richard.  
Remember what we said about  
nobility? And composure? Now,  
calmly, just tell me what happened.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Admiral Clark's key card was  
activated.

ISA CRAVEN  
Where?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
In some remote area of the  
Philippines. Smith is sending men  
there now.

ISA CRAVEN  
Then the guard is alive.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Frasier. Most likely, yeah. He  
could have gotten off that jet  
before it was destroyed somehow. In  
which case he's probably trying to  
figure out what the card is for. If  
so, Smith will track him down. They  
have an exact location.

ISA CRAVEN  
Okay, so Smith is handling it.  
Right? It's not the end of the  
world just yet.

Through the window, they can see in that HUNTER CRAVEN's  
fiance JUSTIN has just arrived. HUNTER greets him.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Right. Right. Smith will find  
Frasier. Let's eat.

**EXT. WOODS - NEAR THE CRAVEN ESTATE AIRSTRIP**

WILL and LUCKY watch the Craven Estate through binoculars. WILL points to the main mansion on the other side of several smaller buildings. LUCKY nods.

LUCKY

Let's see if we can get a view  
inside from the back.

They proceed within the tree line towards the back of the estate.

**INT. DR. FISKE'S HACIENDA - NEAR THE MANSION**

Dr. Fiske is looking at a tablet computer and catches a glimpse of movement outside.

**EXT. BEHIND THE CRAVEN MANSION**

LUCKY emerges from the hedges and subdues a guard with a throat hold until the guard is unconscious. LUCKY takes the guard's radio and signals to WILL to go ahead but is startled by DR. FISKE's sudden appearance.

DR. FISKE

Good evening, Gentlemen.

WILL and LUCKY look at each other.

WILL

Don't worry, Sir, I'm with Naval  
Security and we're all secure now.  
You can...

DR. FISKE

Yes, I know you. You escorted me  
from San Francisco to Vienna and  
back in 2005, and from San Diego to  
Arlington twice, once in 2007 and  
once in 2008, which was great.

WILL

I remember. Doctor Fiske.

DR. FISKE

That's right. Of course you  
remember. Lieutenant...

WILL

Frasier. We're not here for you,  
Doctor. It's all secure now.

DR. FISKE  
 (Lowering his voice.)  
 On the contrary. You are here for  
 me. You need me.

LUCKY  
 Sir, if you'll just...

DR. FISKE  
 You're here to kidnap Senator  
 Craven, right?

WILL  
 (Surprised, looks at  
 LUCKY)  
 You don't understand, Doc. This is  
 a...

DR. FISKE  
 Oh, but I do understand. Admiral  
 Clark was your Passenger. You were  
 attacked. You escaped. Now you're  
 here to kidnap the senator so you  
 can get your teammates back. Am I  
 close? You don't need Craven. You  
 need me.

RADIO  
*Bravo Two, status.*

WILL pulls DR. FISKE behind the hedges.

WILL  
 I think you better tell me how you  
 know all that.

DR. FISKE  
 I have access. And I have this.

He opens his jacket and removes the shiny Tenth Plate from a  
 pillowcase.

WILL  
 What is it?

DR. FISKE  
 Well, it's the most important thing  
 on Earth. It can help you save your  
 team, Lieutenant.

LUCKY  
 Uh huh. Self-medicate much, Doc?

WILL

Wait. I want to hear this. We can come back for the senator.

RADIO

*Bravo One, status.*

LUCKY

Good enough for me. Let's move.

The estate alarm sounds. They move.

Seconds after they disappear behind the bushes, a tactical team arrives to find the unconscious guard.

TAC TEAM 1

(Into his radio)

Alert the Senator. Lock down the house.

#### **INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

MR. SMITH enters the house. ISA and SENATOR CRAVEN are in the living room area with HUNTER CRAVEN and three guards.

MR. SMITH

Why aren't they in the safe room?

TAC TEAM 1

They were. We just came out after we cleared the estate.

MR. SMITH

The intruders?

TAC TEAM 1

We didn't find anyone, Sir.

MR. SMITH

And Doctor Fiske?

TAC TEAM 1

Not here, Sir. We searched every inch.

SENATOR CRAVEN

What did you say? Fiske is gone?

ISA CRAVEN

The Plate!

ISA rushes from the room. SMITH waves with his finger, indicating the guards should follow her, then turns to the last one and nods toward HUNTER CRAVEN.

MR. SMITH  
Stay with her.

HUNTER CRAVEN  
Plate? Dad, what's going on?

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Your mom's just worried that something got stolen. But we're safe, dear. You can go back to bed.  
(To the guard)  
Stay outside her door the rest of the night.

**INT. FISKE'S LAB NEAR THE MANSION**

ISA CRAVEN, SENATOR CRAVEN, SMITH and the two guards in suits enter the lab. ISA opens the case that formerly held the Tenth Plate, but it's empty.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
How could Fiske escape? Where were his guards?

MR. SMITH  
Guards near his hacienda were knocked out. Taylor and Geist. But with a choke hold. The Doctor didn't do this. Not alone.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
Who could have helped him?

ISA CRAVEN  
More like, he helped someone else.

MR. SMITH  
Exactly.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
What?

MR. SMITH  
Frasier.

SENATOR CRAVEN  
I thought you said he's in the Philippines?

MR. SMITH  
That's what he wanted us to think. He's good. This goes way beyond his training. Fiske has probably been helping him all along.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Do you have any inkling of what's at stake here?

MR. SMITH

I do now. I'll find him and get the Plate back. But I'll need full support status until I do. I'm going to use the agencies network.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Do it. We need the Plate back at any cost. I don't care what you have to do. But do not let this get any messier, Smith. Do it right this time.

MR. SMITH

Oh, I will.

SENATOR CRAVEN

(Leaving)

I have to make a call. Shit.

ISA CRAVEN

Mister Smith. We need to talk.

MR. SMITH

Do we?

ISA CRAVEN

Yes.

ISA closes the door.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

You know, he wants to fire you.

MR. SMITH

He can't fire me. I'm assigned by the Circle. And my men are a hundred percent loyal to me. Permanently.

ISA CRAVEN

I know. But he's too stupid to understand your position, or his own for that matter. And his stupidity jeopardizes not only me and my daughter and grandson, but the very future of humanity. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

MR. SMITH

Yes.

ISA CRAVEN

Good. Richard will not be in charge very much longer. He failed to understand his role and his place in this world. But you do, don't you?

He stares at her, seemingly with new recognition, and nods.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Good. Then you work for me now.

MR. SMITH

(Smiling or sneering.)

What are your orders?

ISA CRAVEN

Do what the senator tells you until the opportunity presents itself. Are we clear?

MR. SMITH

Yes. Yes, Ma'am, we are.

ISA CRAVEN

I'll talk to you again soon. Find Frasier and bring back the Plate.

**EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - SOMEWHERE IN ARLINGTON, VA**

WILL, LUCKY and DR. FISKE are in a dark van. They pull over next to a waiting luxury sedan.

DR. FISKE

What's with the huge car? A bit conspicuous, isn't it?

LUCKY

It has a big trunk.

**INT. LUXURY SEDAN - INSIDE THE TRUNK**

DR. FISKE

Couldn't you have just gotten a van?

WILL

They'll be checking inside vans and trucks. Just be glad we didn't get a compact car. What are you doing?

DR. FISKE has turned on a tablet computer, illuminating the trunk.

DR. FISKE  
I'm monitoring Craven's  
communications. Don't worry, this  
can't be tracked.

**INT. LUXURY SEDAN**

LUCKY is driving across a bridge. He passes through a toll gate at the end, and we see that a fixed camera snaps a picture as he drives by. LUCKY continues driving, past a park, then turning into a parking lot. He finds a spot between a large truck and a van, stops the car and opens the trunk. WILL and DR. FISKE climb out.

DR. FISKE  
Where are we? Oh.

LUCKY  
The Korean War Memorial. Let's  
walk.  
(To WILL )  
We're all clear.

DR. FISKE  
(Limping slightly.)  
Excellent idea. Let's get a drink.

DR. FISKE feeds bills into a beverage vending machine.

WILL  
Doc. Time.

DR. FISKE  
Right, right. Tick tock, Doc. Time  
in time with your time, and its  
news is captured... for the queen  
to use...

WILL  
What?

DR. FISKE  
Eh, sorry.

LUCKY  
So, Doc. That... tablet thing?

DR. FISKE  
Yes, the Plate. Let's go that way.  
By the Reflecting Pool. That shaded  
area.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

This, my friends, is one of the Ten Plates created by the Ancients. The *tenth* one, actually...

They stop under some trees by the water.

WILL

You already lost me. Which Ancients are we talking about?

DR. FISKE

You're a well-educated man, Lieutenant...

WILL

Actually, it's Commander now.

LUCKY

Say again?

WILL

Uh, right, actually, I'm nothing. I'm a civilian now.

LUCKY

A fugitive, to be specific.

DR. FISKE

Well, yes, of course. Be that as it may for now, it doesn't matter in the greater context.

WILL

Which is? Let's start over. What's this Plate, again?

DR. FISKE

It's one of ten tablets created over two hundred thousand years ago. In each is a comprehensive history of humankind up to that point. They contain the ten truths of human existence as well as other information about the nature of the universe.

WILL

Holy shit. What?

LUCKY

Wait a minute. Did I miss something? Who are these people who lived two hundred thousand years ago? I don't recall learning about *that* in archeology.

DR. FISKE

Yes. That's because it's been part of the World's most guarded secret since the beginning of our history.

WILL

And now?

DR. FISKE

Well, *now*, let's just say Craven wants it. Badly. He and his wife have big plans. Plans which they have the ability to execute unless we act quickly. But we'll need your team.

WILL

Right now our team is PNR'd and we have no idea where they are. That's why we need Craven, or someone close to him.

DR. FISKE

Gentlemen, you *have* someone close to him. Me.

LUCKY

You know where they are?

DR. FISKE

Yes indeed. I know everything Craven knows. I can even give you his private cell phone number.

WILL

I'm going to want that later. For now, where is my team being held?

DR. FISKE pulls out his mini-tablet.

DR. FISKE

The same place as my niece. Don't worry, this can't be tracked.

LUCKY

Your niece?

DR. FISKE

Yes. Talena. But she may have considerably less time than your teammates. Right now Craven most likely believes I've been kidnapped, and he believes you are still in the Philippines.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

But if he thinks I'm helping you, he won't hesitate to kill Talena. I know this. He's responsible for my brother's death... Talena's father.

LUCKY

I guess you must hate him pretty bad.

DR. FISKE

Hate? Hate is irrelevant. Do you hate the crab for pinching you? No. He is what he is.

WILL

Where are they?

DR. FISKE

They're right about here.

LUCKY

Where's that?

WILL

The middle of the Indian Ocean.

LUCKY

A ship?

DR. FISKE

Exactly. A prison ship.

WILL

International waters.

LUCKY

Full defenses.

WILL

Full defenses.

LUCKY

We'll need a boat.

DR. FISKE

You'll never get near it in a boat.

LUCKY

The way we do it, we will.

DR. FISKE

Maybe you could, given enough time. But we don't have time. Talena and your team could be executed tomorrow.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

We have to get there much more quickly than that. This is why I recruited your assistance.

LUCKY

You recruited *us*?

WILL

You knew we would be there? How?

DR. FISKE

Yes, well, once I knew you had survived the attack on the Admiral, and I assumed you had help since you eluded Smith's men in Japan.

WILL

How did you know I would come here?

DR. FISKE

Because it was your only choice.

WILL

(Studies DR. FISKE's face.)

What's your plan?

DR. FISKE

First, we'll need a black coat.

LUCKY

Black coat?

DR. FISKE

Yes. Something large enough to cover you. A coat would be ideal.

LUCKY

Cover *me*? Why?

DR. FISKE

Because I can explain *him*. They're used to seeing me with an escort at the base. But I can't explain *you*, and they check the trunk. You'll need to hide in the back. Let's go.

WILL

Slow down, Doc. What base?

DR. FISKE

Andrews. I work there frequently. It's where they keep the NA6.

WILL  
Which is?

LUCKY  
Oh, shit...

DR. FISKE  
Which is, Gentlemen, the aircraft  
we are going to steal.

LUCKY  
I was afraid you were going to say  
that.

WILL  
Hold on. I'm having a bit of a deja  
vu here.

LUCKY  
Yeah, that won't work. Smith  
controls all military resources.  
We'd be shot down immediately.

DR. FISKE  
Not in this aircraft. You still  
have your ID? Good. You'll need a  
suit, too.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - CRAVEN ESTATE**

The Ops Center now has over a dozen people working busily.

MONITOR 3  
Nothing from any rental agencies or  
any of the private services, Sir.

MR. SMITH  
Keep monitoring them. They have to  
turn up somewhere. Is someone  
watching the bridge cameras? Get  
another person on that. What about  
the airports? Bring a couple more  
guys in from outside. I want a  
constant view of each entry point  
and all public transportation  
leading to the airport.  
(Muttering)  
What the hell are you doing,  
Frasier?

**INT. THRIFT SHOP**

Rows of clothing hang in the closed store, which is lit only by the street lights shining through the windows.

DR. FISKE

Okay, that takes care of the alarm.

WILL, LUCKY and DR. FISKE enter. LUCKY spots a puffy fur coat large enough to fit perfectly. He dons it and struts. Will scans the aisles and quickly finds a black suit. DR. FISKE finds a black coat. A police car pulls up outside and shines a light into the front window. WILL snaps his fingers and they exit quickly out the back.

**EXT. ANDREWS FIELD MILITARY AIR STATION - ARLINGTON**

WILL pulls up to the main gate with DR. FISKE in the passenger seat, both holding up government ID cards.

GATE GUARD 1

Dr. Fiske?

GATE GUARD 1 takes the ID, holds it up to WILL's face, and then hands it back to him.

DR. FISKE

And how did you get stuck with the mid-watch? Are you dating the CO's daughter or something?

WILL pops the trunk open with a button. GATE GUARD 1 glances in the trunk and closes it. The second GATE GUARD watches from inside the booth and enters the license number into his computer.

WILL

He's looking up the license plate.

GATE GUARD 1

I'll have to call the CO for this clearance.

DR. FISKE

Thank you, son, I appreciate that.

GATE GUARD 2

Did you ask why this vehicle isn't...

GATE GUARD 1

Call Captain Barker. He needs clearance for Charlie section.

GATE GUARD 2

Now?

GATE GUARD 1

Yes, now. That's the privilege of rank. You get to wake him up.

**INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - CRAVEN ESTATE**

MONITOR 4

Sir, the agency channel is still coming up empty.

SMITH is staring at the screens.

MR. SMITH

Maybe it's not about what Frasier would do anymore. Maybe it's about what Fiske would do.

MONITOR 4

How's that, Sir?

MR. SMITH

Check all Andrews Field gate cameras.

**EXT. ANDREWS FIELD MILITARY AIR STATION - ARLINGTON**

CAPTAIN BARKER arrives at the gate in a Navy pickup truck.

CAPTAIN BARKER

Dr. Fiske? You don't sleep, do you?

DR. FISKE

Captain Barker. Sorry to bother you at this hour, but you know how the Senator is.

CAPTAIN BARKER

All too well, I'm afraid. Well, follow me to Charlie Section, then.

WILL and DR. FISKE follow the pickup to a large windowless building. They park and get out of the vehicle. From his truck, CAPTAIN BARKER waves to the guard outside the door, who swipes a card across the doorway and enters a code into a keypad on the wall. The door buzzes open. WILL and DR. FISKE enter, and CAPTAIN BARKER drives away.

But before the door is all the way closed, WILL stops it and opens it wide enough to yank the guard inside.

LUCKY, who had been hidden under the coat on the floor of the back seat, sees WILL at the door. He exits the car and quickly runs to the door, looking around before closing it behind him. He sees the unconscious guard, a pink fist print visible on his forehead.

**INT. CAPTAIN BARKER'S TRUCK**

CAPTAIN BARKER  
 (Clicks his speakerphone  
 on.)  
 Captain Barker.

GATE GUARD 1  
 (Over the speaker.)  
 Sir! We've just received a Level  
 One bulletin.

**EXT. CAPTAIN BARKER'S TRUCK**

The truck screeches to a stop and turns around, then drives quickly back to the windowless building.

**EXT. WINDOWLESS BUILDING, CHARLIE SECTION**

CAPTAIN BARKER stops the truck. He notices there's no guard.

CAPTAIN BARKER  
 C-Twelve, status!  
 ...C-Twleve, *report!*

**INT. WINDOWLESS BUILDING, CHARLIE SECTION**

The three walk through a second door after DR. FISK enters a passcode into another keypad, only to face a third door, this one large and made of thick steel. Again FISKE enters a passcode, and the door opens wide.

LUCKY  
 Holy sweet Jesus.

Through the door is a hangar the size of a football stadium. An enormous dark gray aircraft fills most of its width, looming like a giant bat ray. Its wing span is easily two hundred feet across.

WILL  
 What is it?

DR. FISKE  
 That? That's why you were born.

WILL's suit is way too small. He removes the jacket, but his pants are unbuttoned and way too short. DR. FISKE uses a tiny key chain knife to separate some wires on the door security pad and short it out.

WILL

How's that?

DR. FISKE

That should keep them out long enough. This, my friend, is the NA6 nuclear airship, by far the most advanced aircraft in the world. The CEG program you were part of was designed to protect the key engineers involved in *this* program-- first NEPA and then this... the NA series nuclear-powered airships.

LUCKY

This is a nuke? No freakin' way.

DR. FISKE

Yes. It's even faster than its predecessor, the NA5, and it also has improved visual cloaking and...

The door rattles and a they can hear CAPTAIN BARKER's muffled shouts.

WILL

Doc, we need to get out of here. Can you fly this thing or not?

DR. FISKE

Fly it? I designed it. Don't worry, it will take them at least a few minutes to get through that door.

DR. FISKE places his palm on the outside bulkhead of aircraft. A slot opens and a ramp slides slowly from the side of the giant ship down to the floor. At the top of the ramp, a hidden door opens.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

Gentlemen... please board the ship.

#### **INT. MR. SMITH'S HELICOPTER**

MR. SMITH

Hold them there, I'm on my way... Captain, you need to get in there now... well, blow it then. Do not let them take that aircraft.

(MORE)

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Open fire with everything you have,  
now.

...I don't care if you destroy the  
whole base. Set the charges.

...then cut the power to the  
hangar! If the NA6 takes off it  
will be your ass, Captain.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP**

DR. FISKE

This way.

Inside, the airship is impressive: computer panels line the bulkheads with various chambers separated by sturdy doorways, all of which are open.

They step through the forward-most doorway into the pilothouse, which has an array of seats facing the front windshield. The bridge's main windshield itself is huge virtual window covering the entire front of the craft, with computer instruments displayed in various spots. DR. FISKE touches some of them and the airship starts humming. Then he touches another spot on the "virtual panel" and gets a short beep. He touches it again and gets the same beep.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

They've cut the power to the  
hangar.

LUCKY

Is this thing armed? Can we blast a  
hole in the wall?

DR. FISKE

We're armed, but we're not going  
that way.

(Points upward.)

We're going *that* way.

DR. FISKE pushes a button and pulls a lever. The airship moves straight up toward the ceiling.

LUCKY

Oh, shit.

DR. FISKE

Are you buckled in?

**EXT. WINDOWLESS BUILDING, CHARLIE SECTION**

SMITH's helicopter lands nearby, just in time to see the gigantic airship crash through the top of the building, carrying the entire hangar roof with it as the top of the building crumbles inward.

Hovering and humming like a vibrating xylophone, the airship tilts up at a sharp angle. The hangar roof slides off the top and falls, crushing SMITH's helicopter while SMITH and his men scatter.

The hum gets louder and increases in pitch, then it's suddenly quiet as the NA6 vanishes straight up into the sky.

**INT. INSIDE THE BRIDGE OF THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP**

WILL and LUCKY watch as DR. FISKE pilots the airship, clicking various virtual buttons on the windscreen display. In one section of the display a satellite view of the ocean appears. DR. FISKE zooms in to show the prison ship.

LUCKY

Holy shit. How fast are we going? I barely feel it.

DR. FISKE

That's the gyroscopic dampener. We're now at eight hundred knots, but we are building up to our maximum speed of two thousand. There. I'm setting the course.

LUCKY

Two thousand *knots*?

WILL

That'll do. There's no way for them to track us?

DR. FISKE

No. We're completely invisible to radar and infrared, and we can't be seen from the top or bottom so they can't track us by satellite.

LUCKY

How are we invisible to satellite cameras?

DR. FISKE

We're virtually transparent from the top and bottom.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

It's a simple cloaking system based on LED panels covering the entire surface of the hull. An array of cameras projects whatever is above us onto the panels covering the bottom, and cameras pointing downward project on the surface of the...

WILL

Doc. You guys can talk tech later. We need to make a plan. We don't have the resources to take that ship.

DR. FISKE

We're not going to take it.

WILL

As simple extraction has to be done in seconds. We don't have any idea where they are on that ship.

DR. FISKE

That's why I've let your team know we're coming. Otherwise it would take too long to locate them. They'll be somewhere in this area.  
(Points to part of the ship on the display.)

WILL

You let them know we're coming?  
How?

DR. FISKE

Yes. I used your team code.

WILL

How do you have our... never mind.

LUCKY

He's serious. You really did plan this, didn't you?

DR. FISKE

Yes. Well, mostly. But there are many variables. We don't know which cells they're in, for one thing. We'll need your team to let us know where they are. We get your team out first, then you can use them to help to get Talena. That way you take out the guards first.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

I want to avoid involving her in any fire fighting. Oh, and weapons are in the compartments to the left of both the port and starboard aft doors. The password is FISH, HAMMER, BASEBALL.

WILL

The men in the crew don't know what they're doing. They're probably told they're holding terrorists that are a threat to the nation.

DR. FISKE

Yes, brainwashed, even as you were. Made to think they're serving their country. They're asleep.

WILL

That's right. We want to wake them up, not kill them.

DR. FISKE

I would prefer not to kill anyone as well.

LUCKY

What do you suggest?

WILL

We take them out the old fashioned way. Look, if the ship is DIW, there's maybe one lookout in the pilothouse, one up top and one aft. Right?

LUCKY

At minimum, probably more.

WILL

Let's assume six. We get right up next to the ship and board her and take them out in three seconds. Just knock them out. You know how ship security is. It's a joke.

LUCKY

I don't know... This is an NIS ship. And their response team will be alerted. If we had a third, it could work. But he's got to pilot the... this thing.

DR. FISKE

The NA6. I've got to come up with a catchier name.

WILL

You're right... a third person, or a distraction. It will still be nighttime when we get there. Got any flares onboard, Doc?

DR. FISKE

Yes, we have flares. In each central storage panel, with life vests, along the sides near each door.

LUCKY

Do we have any gas?

DR. FISKE

No. But we do have explosives. And, there's something else I haven't told you about this ship.

#### **INT. NA5 AIRSHIP**

The NA5 is a nuclear aircraft similar-looking to the NA6, but a bit smaller. SMITH is inside, checking two pistols with long silencers. Behind him is a team of eight men in tactical gear. SMITH is on the phone.

MR. SMITH

You're going to have an aneurism if you're not careful, Senator. Yes, I'm in the Stingray. We'll catch up with them just after they get there.

...be that as it may, I'm the only one who can do this for you right now. This is the ship's captain. I'll get back to you.

(Switches calls.)

Smith. Yes, not yet, but they are coming. Be ready to shoot that thing down as soon as you see it.

#### **EXT. NA5 AIRSHIP**

Two more NA5 airships are flying alongside SMITH.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 1**

TOUSSAINT is communicating with LIGHTWINE through the bulkhead. He beats on it in patterns hears a response, and then begins thumping on the wall in steady beats with his palms.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 2**

In the next cell, CARL LIGHTWINE matches his rhythm, punching the wall with his palms.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 3**

In the next cell, DAN COATNEY punches the wall with his fists, matching the beat.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - CELL 4**

Led from her cell by a single GUARD, TALENA is in handcuffs.

TALENA

Are they thumping for me? How flattering. It's going to be a show, I suppose? This is my one shower per week, then?

GUARD 1

Sorry. Looks like you don't get a shower after all.

TALENA

I'm getting out of here?

GUARD 1

You could say that.

TALENA

(Understands his implication.)

Come on, just a quickie.

(She nods toward the doors marked *SHOWERS*.)

Oh, come on. I'll let you do anything you want.

GUARD 1 raps on a cell door, but the thumping continues.

GUARD 1

Shut up, in there. I said shut up! Okay. Two minutes. Handcuffs stay on.

He opens the door and pushes her into the shower room. TALENA keeps her head still but scans the room with her eyes.

TALENA  
Okay, okay. Got any soap?

GUARD 1  
(Gets comfortable, putting his belt on the bench next to him.)  
It's in the shower. The dispenser.

TALENA  
Oh.

TALENA undresses while GUARD 1 leers.

She presses the soap dispenser.

TALENA (CONT'D)  
It's empty.

Talena fiddles with the soap dispenser.

GUARD 1  
Forget the soap.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
(Getting up.)  
Enough. I told you, two minutes.  
Use a different one.

As GUARD 1 gets closer, TALENA whirls around and decks him in the chin with both hands. GUARD 1 goes down, unconscious. She gets his keys and gun.

#### **INT. PILOTHOUSE - PRISON SHIP**

The PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN is with two crew members on the bridge.

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN  
Phalanx ready for an aft approach?

CREW 1  
Phalanx ready, Sir.

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN  
Lee helm, give us a hundred and twenty-two revolutions for fifteen knots.

CREW 1

Fifteen knots, aye Sir. Engine room responds with a hundred and twenty-two revolutions for fifteen knots.

On the side of the pilothouse, six armed men in tactical gear arrive and take position.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - BRIDGE**

DR. FISKE

Here. Put these on.

DR. FISKE hands each of them a small triangular device.

LUCKY

What is it?

DR. FISKE

Ship's communicator. It also allows the ship to pinpoint your exact location. Pin it on, press to call, or to respond from the pond, James Bond.

LUCKY

What?

(Attempting a Scottish accent into the mic.)

*She's only at three percent power, Captain. But ah think shec'n make it.*

DR. FISKE examines the prison ship in a section of the virtual windshield display.

DR. FISKE

It seems they're expecting us. They're underway.

LUCKY

Shit. Do we need to revise our plan?

WILL

No, this will be better. Doctor, can you pull up and match their speed?

DR. FISKE

Yes, of course.

WILL  
(Preparing a flare.)  
Then nothing changes.

LUCKY  
They'll have their weapons ready on  
all sides.

WILL  
Yeah, but they can only shoot so  
low... Right about here. We're  
coming in here.

LUCKY  
Out of range.

WILL  
Out of range. But there will still  
be plenty of resistance.

LUCKY  
Yeah.  
(Putting on a black  
tactical jacket and  
handing one to WILL.)  
Let's do this.

WILL  
Hey, Lucky...

LUCKY  
Forget it, Will. I'm on the world's  
most secret aircraft with the  
world's most wanted fugitive and  
the world's most valuable  
scientist, on a mission to save a  
beautiful girl. She's beautiful,  
right, Doc?

DR. FISKE  
She's twenty-six. Of course she's  
beautiful.

LUCKY  
There you go, see? I wouldn't have  
it any other way.

DR. FISKE  
ETA sixty seconds. Are we on?

LUCKY  
No one lives forever.

WILL  
No one lives forever. We're on.

**INT. PILOTHOUSE - PRISON SHIP**

CREW 1

Aft Lookout reports a flare off the port bow.

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN

(Lifts the binoculars hanging on his neck.)

A flare...

(Watches the flare on the horizon.)

What the hell...

**INT. SHOWER ROOM - PRISON SHIP**

Still unconscious, GUARD 1 is now handcuffed around the bottom of the shower post. TALENA hears another GUARD outside.

GUARD 2

Chardi. You in here?

Behind the wall near the door, Talena prepares herself. She's ready to shoot the pistol she took from GUARD 1, but then she turns it around, holding it by the barrel above her head as GUARD 2 approaches.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)

Chardi?

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE PILOTHOUSE - PRISON SHIP**

As the PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN and CREWMEN watch the flare and scan the horizon. The tactical team of six men stands nearby.

On the other side of the ship, the NA6 emerges from the water right next to the prison ship. The huge aircraft is barely visible near the water line.

A door on the outside of the NA6 opens and WILL runs out onto the wing. LUCKY follows.

One of the tactical team crew spots LUCKY and WILL as they jump onto the main deck from the wing of the NA6.

TACTICAL TEAM CREW 1

There!

TACTICAL TEAM CREW 2

Captain! To port!

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN  
They're boarding to port! Open  
fire!

The tactical team begins firing their weapons, but they are too late. WILL and LUCKY enter the ship, and the tactical team rushes down the ladder to the main deck to follow them. They arrive at the doorway LUCKY and WILL went through, but the door won't open.

TACTICAL TEAM CREW 2  
They've jammed the door. Starboard  
side!

The tactical team follows around the back of the ship.

TACTICAL TEAM CREW 1  
(Running.)  
Bravo Team, they're headed toward  
you.

**INT. PILOTHOUSE - PRISON SHIP**

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN  
Bravo Team, status.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - PORT SIDE PASSAGEWAY**

Six more men comprising Bravo Team await.

BRAVO TEAM LEADER  
All secure. Nothing yet, Sir.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - PORT DOORWAY VESTIBULE**

LUCKY and WILL are crouching around the corner, just out of sight from BRAVO TEAM. Staying low, WILL peers around the doorway and shows LUCKY six fingers. LUCKY motions to WILL to go up and around. WILL holds up ten fingers twice, indicating twenty, then moves swiftly away and up the nearby stairway.

**INT. NA5 AIRSHIP**

MR. SMITH  
They're onboard? How? Fuck! Where  
exactly are they? Well, secure your  
fucking ship, Captain! I'll be  
there in three minutes.

**INT. PRISON SHIP - PORT DOORWAY VESTIBULE**

LUCKY

(Quietly.)

Twenty.

(Loudly, poking his head out.)

Pssst! Hey. I slept with your sister last night.

(Points)

And yours, and yours. And your mother.

Bravo Team looks confused. LUCKY ducks back behind the wall, then pokes it out again.

BRAVO TEAM LEADER

Fire!

LUCKY ducks back as bullets ricochet around the steel bulkheads. We hear commotion, more shooting, smacking and scuffling sounds.

BRAVO TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Grab him! Don't shoot at me, you idiot!

We hear more commotion and smacking sounds. LUCKY rolls out from the platform with a pistol ready, but it's already silent. The six Bravo Team members are strewn along the floor, unconscious.

LUCKY

What am I even doing here?

WILL

There's more where these came from. Listen... hear that? That's them.

They hear a remote thumping.

LUCKY

Let's move. We've got company here.

WILL and LUCKY hear the first TACTICAL TEAM entering down the passageway. They run the opposite direction, toward the thumping. It grows louder as they arrive at the rows of cells in the main section of the ship. Three guards are waiting. LUCKY holds up a small black disk with LEDs and buttons.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

We don't have time for this.

WILL

Okay. Throw it over there. In the corner.

LUCKY press a button twice and throws the device. It explodes in the corner next to the doorway where the guards are standing.

When the confused but unharmed guards look through the clearing smoke, WILL is already standing in front of them.

Now we see WILL's incredible speed as he disables the three guards with a whirl of knife-hand, ridge-hand and palm strikes, quickly rendering them unconscious.

LUCKY

What the fuck am I doing here?

The thumping on the walls continues loudly. They move forward to the cell doors. Down the hall behind them, the tactical team is approaching. WILL peeks into a cell and then pulls back. He beats powerfully on the bulkhead with his fist.

WILL

Give me the other charges.

WILL fires a series of shots down the hall toward the tactical team, missing them but making them take cover. LUCKY hands WILL four more disk charges. WILL squints briefly at the cell doors and clicks buttons on three of the devices, pocketing the third.

LUCKY

Wait, you can't...

WILL

Go!

LUCKY sprints toward the end of the passageway, passing the cell doors. WILL is right on his heels.

WILL (CONT'D)

*Fire in the hole!*

Running at full speed, WILL slaps one of the explosive disks onto each door, then dives as each explodes in succession.

Two of the doors are blown open. The third door flies across the hall and hits the bulkhead as the muscular DAN COATNEY emerges. Tattoos cover his arms and hands.

COATNEY

Let's rock this motherfucker!

WILL

They're right behind us. Move!

The six Tactical Team Charlie members arrive at the doorway, but as the first man steps in, TOUSSAINT emerges from his cell, slamming his huge body into one as he grabs another by the face and slams him into two more.

COATNEY and LIGHTWINE rush to assist, and they quickly disable all six Charlie team members.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's enough! Move. Up the passageway to the next ladder or stair. We're two decks down from topside.

COATNEY, LIGHTWINE and TOUSSAINT are all barefoot. WILL starts checking other cells.

TOUSSAINT

Are we blowing all of these?

WILL

No but there's a fourth. A girl.

TOUSSAINT

There was one down there somewhere. Down this way.

WILL

We'll see you outside. Lucky, go.

#### **INT. SHOWER ROOM - PRISON SHIP**

The unconscious GUARD 1 and GUARD 2 are now handcuffed together around the shower post, the cuffs connecting one wrist of each man to an ankle of the other.

Wearing her prison cloths again, TALENA is filling her hand with soap from the shower stand. She goes to GUARD 2 and pours the soap from her hand into his mouth. Soap is already draining GUARD 1's open mouth.

GUARD 2 wakes up, hacking and choking violently as bubbles fly out of his mouth.

GUARD 2

Augh? What did you do, you bitch?

TALENA

I lied. There's actually plenty of soap.

GUARD 1 regains consciousness and realizes something isn't right, then he begins spitting and coughing bubbles.

TALENA (CONT'D)  
 (Rinsing her hands.)  
 Oh, yeah... that's good stuff. Did you boys learn anything?

TALENA picks up both pistols and points them.

TALENA (CONT'D)  
 I suggest you don't make me ask again. Where the fuck is my cello?

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON SHIP**

The three NA5s arrive, hovering above the ship.

**INT. NA5 AIRSHIP**

MR. SMITH  
 There! See the wake off the port beam? Pilots, do not engage yet. I'd rather take it than destroy it.

The NA6 emerges from the water. The top surface of the aircraft is projecting the image of the water below it, so it looks mostly transparent.

One of the doors on the port side of the prison ship opens and LUCKY, LIGHTWINE and COATNEY run out. Each carries an assault rifle they took from the TACTICAL TEAM. From the NA6 airship, DR. FISKE sees them.

DR. FISKE  
 (Via radio)  
 Lucky! Where is Talena? Where's Will?

LUCKY  
 (Via his communicator badge)  
 They're going to be right behind us! Where are you?

DR. FISKE  
 I'm right here.

The NA6 moves forward and positions its wing tip just below the main deck. The door over the wing slides open.

MR. SMITH  
 Put us right on top of it.

SMITH's NA5 maneuvers into position right over the NA6.

MR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
Closer. Closer!

The NA5 descends very close to the NA6. SMITH jumps, landing on his feet on the wing, and then dives inside the airship's open door.

LUCKY, COATNEY and LIGHTWINE take cover as SMITH fires on them from the doorway with both pistols. He presses the inside panel and the outside door slides closed again.

LUCKY  
Oh, shit.

LIGHTWINE  
Was that fuckin' *Smith*?

LUCKY  
Yeah. That wasn't exactly part of the plan. Doc! It's Smith! He's onboard the NA6!

DR. FISKE (V.O.)  
I'll take care of Smith.

The NA6 lunges downward, submerging into the ocean. Four more men in tactical gear approach LUCKY, COATNEY and LIGHTWINE, firing their rifles.

LUCKY  
Other side! Let's move! Doc, we're going to the starboard side. Batman, you got that? We're going to starboard... Will, do you copy?

#### **INT. SHOWER ROOM - PRISON SHIP**

The shower room doors open. WILL and TOUSSAINT walk in slowly, pointing their borrowed assault rifles in front of them. They see GUARDS 1 and 2 handcuffed to each other awkwardly and still vomiting bubbles.

It takes them two or three seconds to realize TALENA is waiting quietly to the side with a pistol pointed at each of their heads.

TALENA  
Drop your weapons onto the ground.

WILL  
Whoah. Hold on. We're on your side.

TOUSSAINT

What the... really? You let a girl  
get the drop on us, Batman?

Quick as a flash of lightening, WILL has seized both pistols  
from TALENA and pocketed them.

WILL

As I was saying, we're with your  
uncle. We're here to res...cue...  
(Looking at the bubbling  
GUARDS)  
...we're your ride. You did this?

TALENA

If we're on the same side, why do  
you have my guns?

WILL hands TALENA the pistols. She takes them, keeping them  
pointed at him as their eyes meet. She finally lowers the  
guns.

TALENA (CONT'D)

I've seen that before. My uncle...  
(Pointing to WILL's  
communicator badge).

WILL

Yeah.  
(To the communicator.)  
Doc. You there? Doc. Doc, you read?

TALENA

What are you staring at, Marine?

WILL

I'm not a Marine.

TALENA

You look like a Marine.

WILL

You look like a Marine.

TALENA

That was a compliment, dumbass.

WILL

Oh, now you're *flirting* with me?

TALENA

*What?*

TOUSSAINT

Um... guys? Can we, uh...

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP**

SMITH cautiously approaches the airship's pilothouse with both long pistols pointed, checking the rows of seats, furniture and cabinets.

He reaches the pilothouse, which is empty. Blinking red text across the front screen reads, "AUTOPILOT: UNREP MATCHING COURSE LOCKED." SMITH sees that they are on a course parallel to the prison ship, which is now a hundred yards away.

SMITH touches the controls on the screen but gets only beeps. The screen reads, "ENTER PASSCODE TO UNLOCK CONTROLS."

**EXT. PRISON SHIP**

TALENA and TOUSSAINT emerge from a doorway and duck down with LUCKY, COATNEY and LIGHTWINE as the firefight continues.

LUCKY  
(Returning fire.)  
Welcome the party. Where's Will?

TOUSSAINT  
Coming. What's our exfil?

LUCKY  
Um, well, our ride got a bit  
preoccupied.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP**

DR. FISKE sneaks up behind SMITH, but SMITH senses him and whips around, both his pistols pointing at DR. FISKE.

DR. FISKE  
As you can see, I'm the only one  
who can pilot the NA6.

MR. SMITH  
This airship is not my problem. You  
have it locked into an unrep course  
with the ship. I'll can just take  
it all the way to port.

DR. FISKE  
Can you? Then the whole world will  
know about this aircraft.

SMITH hits DR. FISKE across the face with a pistol.

MR. SMITH

I don't care about that. Where's  
the Plate?

DR. FISKE

It's right here.

With one hand DR. FISKE moves aside his jacket, and SMITH can see the pillowcase containing the Tenth Plate. He begins to take the Plate, but with his other hand DR. FISKE shocks SMITH with a taser. SMITH falls down, apparently unconscious. DR. FISKE moves back to the controls and enters his password.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

Lucky. Will. How's it going?

LUCKY

(Over the speaker)

We're here. Doc. Where are you?

DR. FISKE

Do you have Talena?

TALENA

(Over the speaker)

I'm here, Uncle Vic. We're on the  
other side.

DR. FISKE

Hang on, I'll be there in twenty  
seconds.

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON SHIP**

DR. FISKE maneuvers the NA6 underneath the prison ship to emerge on the other side, bringing the airship up to the main deck level.

TOUSSAINT

Holy crap. What the hell is that?

LUCKY

It's our ride! Move! Everyone,  
*move!*

But as the wing door opens, gunfire from the ship sprays bullets everywhere. They duck back.

From the deck above, WILL runs across the side of the ship, pulling release cords on the lifeboat pods along the rail. The pods fall in sequence onto the line of men below.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

The airship is steady, but the ship's pitching and rolling makes it difficult to jump onto it. TALENA steps onto the wing of the NA6.

PRISON SHIP CAPTAIN  
Charlie Team, report. Charlie Team,  
come in. *There!* Fire! Fire!

Ducking and running, the six of them run across the wing of the NA6 as bullets ricochet around them, leaving only slight marks on the hull of the NA6. COATNEY and LUCKY are hit but both make it inside. WILL jumps from the higher deck and lands in the center of the airship's wing, then rolls and dives through the door. LUCKY quickly closes it behind him.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - SHIP'S CENTER**

WILL  
You hit?

LUCKY  
I just took a couple to the vest.  
But Coatney...

WILL  
Where're you hit, Coats?

COATNEY  
Ahhhhhgh. I caught two in the leg.

LUCKY  
That's it? You'll be fine, you  
pussy. Hey, Doc! We need a medkit!  
Don't sweat it, Buddy. We got...

SMITH steps out from the pilothouse with his pistol pointed at DR. FISKE's head and one arm around his neck.

TOUSSAINT  
Smith!

TALENA  
Uncle Vic!

DR. FISKE  
This is what I have to go through  
to visit with my niece?

MR. SMITH  
Drop your weapons. All of you. Drop  
them and back away. Move back  
there. Now!

WILL

Do it.

They all immediately, simultaneously drop their weapons except for TALENA, who points her forty-five at SMITH. He's too close to DR. FISKE.

MR. SMITH

Go ahead. Shoot us.

(Moves his head back and forth on either side of DR. FISKE)

Shoot your uncle. Right in the head.

WILL puts his hand on TALENA's gun and pushes it down. She finally drops it.

WILL

Get back.

MR. SMITH

That's right. Better not take a chance. We need the doctor. He has all the answers, right? You, on the other hand, I don't need.

SMITH turns the gun toward WILL, but WILL is too quick; as soon as SMITH moves the gun from DR. FISKE's head, WILL bends his body unbelievably fast, and SMITH misses. SMITH fires again, but can't maneuver the gun quickly enough with DR. FISKE in the way. He misses WILL again and again as WILL closes in on him, striking a single emphatic blow that leaves SMITH unconscious. A bright red fist print is visible on his forehead.

TOUSSAINT

Very nice work.

TALENA

Wow. Nice dent.

LUCKY begins tying a shirt around COATNEY's leg.

WILL

They're still firing on us, Doc. You wanna dive or something?

DR. FISKE

They won't fire the big guns on us while Smith is onboard.

A blast shakes the airship.

LUCKY

(In his Scottish accent)  
 Fuckin' hell, Cap'n. We're takin' a  
 beatin'.

DR. FISKE

On second thought, maybe they don't  
 care for him so much.

DR. FISKE hurries to the bridge, seats himself in front of  
 the main window and begins operating the controls. The others  
 follow him.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - BRIDGE**

DR. FISKE

I'll take us down. They'll have no  
 way to follow us. The nearest sub  
 is a hundred miles from here. But  
 you all better belt in. Find a  
 seat.

The airship dives, submerging into the ocean once again.

TALENA

Uncle Vic... what's this all about?

They hug.

DR. FISKE

I'm so sorry about this, Talena. I  
 never thought they'd take you. But  
 I can explain everything to you  
 later. Thank you. Thank you.

TOUSSAINT

Shit, Doc. She was about to take  
 that ship her damnsself.

WILL

Boys. Meet Doctor Victor Fiske. He  
 built this airship. And this is  
 Lucky.

TALENA

Airship? I thought this was a  
 submarine.

DR. FISKE

Well, it's sort of both.

WILL

That's Marc Toussaint, Carl Lightwine, and the sad sack over there is Dan Coatney.

LIGHTWINE

You were my Passenger once, Doctor.

DR. FISKE

I remember. To the San Diego Naval Air station.

TALENA

Vic, we're not finished here yet.

DR. FISKE

Oh, yes, I almost forgot, but not.

TOUSSAINT

You still want to go back for your cello?

COATNEY

Hey, I agree. Let's take that ship down.

WILL

No, there are other prisoners onboard.

DR. FISKE

We don't need to worry about that. I've sent a message to over a dozen nearby navy ships as well as navy vessels from Canada, Russia and Australia, alerting them to a terrorist smuggling ship at this location.

TALENA

What are they going to do? Isn't this a US Navy ship?

WILL

No. It's unmarked. They'll board it. That prison is done.

LUCKY

What are we going to do with him?

COATNEY

Let me take care of him.

TOUSSAINT

Are we still underwater? Let's put him in a torpedo tube.

WILL

No... simmer down, guys. I think Doctor Fiske has plans for him.

DR. FISKE

Indeed. Now, I'll set a course for low orbit so we can take a respite and fix up Mr. Coatney's leg. I think you were lucky, young man.

TALENA

Low orbit?  
(To WILL, who shrugs.)

**EXT. INDIAN OCEAN**

The NA6 re-emerges from the ocean and takes off into the sky, higher and higher until we see the roundness of the Earth.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP**

TALENA

Wow. So this is the big Virginia project, Uncle Vic? A flying submarine?

DR. FISKE

One of them, yes.

LIGHTWINE

I'll bet some people would be pretty interested to know how many of those floating prisons are out there.

TOUSSAINT

Yeah. Unmarked, in international waters, holding US citizens without any law.

DR. FISKE

Yes, there are several others. However, I'm afraid that must remain a problem for another day.

WILL

He's right. We have something else we need to deal with first.

LUCKY

Craven.

COATNEY

Who's Craven?

LIGHTWINE

Senator Craven?

LUCKY

Right. He's at the top of the chain of command. And why you were PNR'd. We get him, we expose the prisons.

TALENA

What's PNR'd?

LUCKY

Point of No Return. As in, a secret prison ship.

TALENA

Why?

TOUSSAINT

Yeah, anyone want to tell us what exactly is going on here?

LUCKY

Will?

LIGHTWINE

What did you do this time, Boss?

WILL

Actually, I think Doctor Fiske here has a much better idea of what's going on. Doc, it's about time we got the Full Monte, isn't it?

LUCKY

Yeah, Doc. Why do they want that plate so bad?

COATNEY

What plate?

They all look at DR. FISKE.

**INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

ISA CRAVEN is working on wedding preparations with her daughter, HUNTER CRAVEN, and a half-dozen other WOMEN.

ISA CRAVEN

Perfect, honey, that's perfect. So those will go here. And these flowers will be excellent. It will be like Florence in Arlington.

(Her phone buzzes.)

HUNTER CRAVEN

It'll be literally, a little Italy.

HUNTER and the WOMEN laugh together.

ISA CRAVEN

So get them, and go ahead and order those and those and those. But not these. We'll find some white ones. I'll be back in a minute.

ISA CRAVEN steps outside and closes the patio door.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Hello. Yes. And the NA6?  
...Why didn't they just shoot it down?

(ISA's face flashes anger, but she quickly recomposes herself.)

I see. No, he would have contacted me by now. Very well. You're in charge now, Mister Doe. Report only to me from here forward. It is now. ...Keep the NA5s out. Find the NA6. But you come back to the Estate. I have something else I need you to take care of. Use the underground hangar.

...Yes, don't give them to anyone else, only to me. And Mister Doe... don't ever send me a report exceeding five pages. Understood?

She hangs up, stares at the wall for a few seconds, and then dials with resolve.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

It's Isa Craven. Fine Sir, and yourself? Well, I wanted to let you know about a little snag.

...You are? Well, currently Doctor Fiske, who is tasked with... Oh. Well, Doctor Fiske has absconded with the NA6 and... You already knew that, too. Yes, that's true. Yes, I believe he has it now.

(MORE)

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Of course. Of course. Yes, he has.  
Of course we can't. I understand  
completely. I will handle it  
personally. Yes, I do. Yes, I  
believe I am. Yes, of course you  
can... I know that nothing is more  
important. Thank you, you'll see  
that your trust is not misplaced.

**INT. SUPER-FANCY HIGH-TECH OFFICE - LOCATION UNKNOWN**

Through a colorful fish tank, we see SHADOWMAN 1 hang up the phone. Two other SHADOW MEN sit at a luxurious conference table. All their faces are obscured, but we can see that they are wearing gray suits, each with a different color tie.

On the wall behind them is a framed Egyptian drawing of a pharaoh who is receiving treasure from a bowing Greek king on a stair below him.

SHADOWMAN 1

I think Isa will be a good change.  
She seems to have a bit more...  
grace.

SHADOWMAN 2

I concur. And today we don't have a  
better candidate.

SHADOWMAN 3

Let's see how she handles the  
damage control. And Smith.

**EXT. ABOVE THE EARTH**

The NA6 floats slowly above the clouds.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - BRIDGE**

DR. FISKE rises and stands near the main screen. The others are seated. LIGHTWINE finishes bandaging COATNEY's leg while WILL binds SMITH with duct tape.

LIGHTWINE

I should call my parents. They're  
probably...

DR. FISKE

Your parents believe you're dead.  
You may want to think twice about  
contacting them.

WILL

He's right, Carl. Are you up to this right now, Doc? You haven't slept for at least three days.

DR. FISKE

As I said, I don't sleep. The question for all of you is, are you up to it?

LUCKY

You mean, ever?

TALENA

He really doesn't. He had a brain injury. It damaged his sleep center.

DR. FISKE

I haven't slept in nearly thirty-five years.

TOUSSAINT

Shit, man, you must be tired.

DR. FISKE

On the contrary, I no longer get tired. You, on the other hand, are bound to feel quite snoozy soon, as your adrenaline levels diminish.

TALENA

I'm not tired yet, but is there any food here?

WILL

Right in that cabinet.

TALENA passes down some snacks and drinks while WILL shoves SMITH into a closet. DR. FISKE removes the silvery Tenth Plate from the bag. It shimmers in the multi-colored lights of the airship's bridge.

TALENA

Whoa! What *is* that?

LUCKY

(Affecting an English accent.)

I don't know much about art, but I know what I hate. And I don't hate this. I'll start the bidding at one million pounds.

TOUSSAINT

One point five. What is it, again?

LIGHTWINE

It's the new iPad. Pay attention.

DR. FISKE

This is going to take some time.

WILL

How about starting at the beginning?

DR. FISKE

Are you quite certain you want to know this?

WILL

I want to know everything.

DR. FISKE

I doubt that. Because this is the story of your life, and you're not going to like it. But once you know it, you can't un-know it.

LUCKY

Yeah, I'll still take the red pill, thank you very much.

TOUSSAINT

Me, too. Wait... which is the red pill, again?

LUCKY

To wake up. Right?

LIGHTWINE

No, the blue pill is to wake up, the red pill is to stay in the matrix.

LUCKY

Are you sure?

TOUSSAINT

I took them both. Didn't feel a thing.

COATNEY

There were pills?

WILL

We don't exactly have a warm fire waiting at home, Doc.

DR. FISKE

Very well then. But know that the life you had is over, and you will never be able look at the world the same way again, though you'll wish you could. You will be cursed with its haunting you, doomed to understand that which you cannot explain to others. You can't go back. Ever.

DR. FISKE is definitely not tired, and now his gravitas has their attention.

TOUSSAINT

Like he said... I don't think we have a lot of choices here. We're all burned.

DR. FISKE

(He hands them the plate to pass around.)

That, my friends, is the most sought-after artifact in the world, and the last piece to the greatest puzzle in history. It's made from material we can't duplicate with today's technology, even if we had the elements to make this alloy.

COATNEY

(Examining the Plate.)

What do you mean, with today's technology? This is supposed to be from the future?

DR. FISKE

Ah. No. It's from the past. Yet it's actually a very sophisticated, self-contained computer. Within its micro-ridges is over four hundred terabytes of information. It contains all the knowledge and history of mankind up until about two hundred thousand years ago.

LIGHTWINE

Excuse me? There weren't even any people on Earth two hundred thousand years ago. No civilizations, anyway.

TALENA

Is it... alien?

LUCKY

That's what *I* said.

DR. FISKE

No, humans have existed on this planet in various stages of development for millions of years. But every few hundred thousand years, evidence of previous civilizations is completely destroyed and covered.

TOUSSAINT

By what? Asteroids?

DR. FISKE

Sometimes asteroids, plus the explosions that produce water and volcanic activity, and ocean shifts as Earth has grown in size over the millennia and its continents slowly pulled apart. But there is another thing that has destroyed life on this planet dozens of times.

LUCKY

Planet X?

DR. FISKE

That's right. I'm impressed. And I'm glad someone has paid some modicum of attention.

TALENA

What's Planet X?

DR. FISKE

Planet X is a term we generally ascribe to possible newly-discovered planets, before they're confirmed and named.

LUCKY

We're talking about Nibiru, right?

DR. FISKE

That's been one of its names, yes.

LUCKY

The Sumerians knew about it.

DR. FISKE

Different cultures over the millennia have called it different things. The Ancients who created this Plate called it Illuminatus.

TOUSSAINT

Illuminatus... as in, Illuminati?

DR. FISKE

That's right. As in, the secrets of the Enlightened Ones, kept hidden and protected for thousands of years.

TALENA

Hidden why?

DR. FISKE

In order to survive. You see, Illuminatus is part of the clockwork of our solar system. It's on a highly-elliptical orbit. It will take millions more years to normalize, but right now it's rounding our Sun every few thousand years. At each of these intervals, the positions of the planets are different. When they line up closely... which is currently about every fifth time it reaches its perihelion... it does great damage to the other planets in our solar system.

LUCKY

Extinction-level events.

DR. FISKE

Yes. This is why so many civilizations have ended up at the bottom of the ocean in the past. But in order to maintain a productive society, the rulers have kept the tablets and the knowledge about Illuminatus hidden from the people.

TALENA

There are more?

DR. FISKE

Yes, nine others. The Catholic Church has six of them. China, Israel and Iran have the others.

TALENA

The Catholic Church has *six* of them?

WILL

I get it.

LUCKY

It's the fucking Holy Grail.

LIGHTWINE

Wait a minute. So, you're telling us that this... advanced tablet technology... is from two *hundred thousand* years ago... and it's the actual, *literal* Holy Grail.

DR. FISKE

Yes. Actually, literally. Precisely so, and now you know.

LIGHTWINE

Excuse me, but this sounds like a lot of crack smoke to me. Are you guys buying this?

DR. FISKE

Do you believe you were actually, literally just rescued from a secret prison ship by fugitives in a stolen nuclear-powered aircraft?

TOUSSAINT

This thing's a nuke?

LIGHTWINE

You do make an excellent point, Counselor. Continue.

DR. FISKE

All you really need to know is that this last Plates has been missing since the beginning of time as we know it. It's very similar to the others, but the information on two of them imply that when all ten are put together, they form some kind of super-computer.

WILL

And Craven wants it.

LUCKY

Craven and everyone else who knows about it, right?

DR. FISKE

There are few who know the plates exist, but even fewer who know the Tenth Plate has been found.

TOUSSAINT

So we have leverage. We're not completely screwed here.

LIGHTWINE

We're not screwed at all. Once my father...

DR. FISKE

I told you, Mr. Lightwine... you can't go back. If you involve your family in this, they will be in grave danger... most likely, they will all be killed immediately.

TOUSSAINT

He's right. You know it.

LUCKY

Yeah. He is. We're our family now.

COATNEY

Always were.

LIGHTWINE

This was all just supposed to be temporary. I had a future.

DR. FISKE

None of us have the future we imagined anymore.

TOUSSAINT

We need to take out Craven.

WILL

If the Doc is right about all of this, it's much bigger than Craven. Someone else would just take his place.

COATNEY

That's okay. Craven still has to go. I say we take him out.

LIGHTWINE

Fuck, yeah, we're taking him out.

They look at WILL.

WILL

I think we may be missing the point. Doc, why was the Admiral a target? That's what got all of us got burned.

DR. FISKE

The admiral became a threat. It's that simple. Your team is just a cost of secrecy on the Inner Circle's books.

LUCKY

A threat to what, exactly?

WILL

To Emerald City.

DR. FISKE

Yes. They believe that if secrecy is compromised, the human race won't survive the chaos.

TALENA

Emerald City... which is...

LUCKY

It's a deep underground bunker.

DR. FISKE

More than that, it's an entire city, fully contained and designed to be self-sustaining for over a thousand years. Basically it's a Noah's Ark, complete with farms, ranches, zoos and artificial sky.

WILL

And there are more?

DR. FISKE

There are six of them, but Emerald City is different. It's comprised of five ancient stone pyramids on the bottom of the ocean...

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

here, off the East Coast of the United States. It's only accessible by submarine. Each pyramid has been connected together and retrofitted with nuclear power. Like the ancient pyramids, it will allow the human race to survive the coming devastation as long as possible.

LIGHTWINE

Waaaaaaaiiiiiitwaitwaitwait. Are you saying this is happening *now*? This collision is happening *now*? This is the end of the fucking *world*?

DR. FISKE

We don't need to worry about that yet. Anyway, we'll all be dead long before any collisions happen.

TALENA, LIGHTWINE AND TOUSSAINT

What?

WILL

Whoah, hold on there, guys. Doctor Fiske. What exactly is supposed to happen and when?

DR. FISKE

It's already happening.

TALENA

What do you mean? What's happening?

DR. FISKE

As Illuminatus gets closer to us, its gravitational force begins pulling at the other planets, as well as the asteroids and other bodies. We have already begun to feel its influence.

TALENA

Feel it how?

WILL

You mean it's changing the climate.

LIGHTWINE

I knew it. Made-made climate change is a scam.

DR. FISKE

Not at all. Humans are also affecting the climate, mostly through our aircraft-based weather modification programs. Oh, we're affecting the climate, alright... but Illuminatus will do much worse than we ever could. It's not just pulling at our atmosphere. It's also causing seismic activity already. Within a few years, it's force will cause our moon to bob around like a ping-pong ball.

WILL

The floods. How long do we have?

DR. FISKE

We have a few years, but in the coming decade, major tsunamis will trigger volcanic activity, and those who have been designated will head for one of the Six Cities, or one of the four hundred other bunkers. Same in all the other major countries.

WILL

In a worse-case scenario, we're supposed to take our Passengers to Cheyenne Mountain. Is that one of them?

DR. FISKE

Yes, it's been completely rebuilt over the past two decades. But of course, you won't have access to that now. Not unless we make a trade.

WILL

You mean give them the Plate.

LUCKY

Booooo.

TOUSSAINT AND COATNEY

Booooooo!

DR. FISKE

Don't think I like the idea any more than you do.

(MORE)

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

But nor do I like the idea of spending the last few years of my life running from the most capable and resourceful people on the planet.

WILL

They'll never let it go.

DR. FISKE

No. Never. But there's more to it than that...

WILL

But if we give them the Plate, what other leverage do we have? Oh.

LUCKY

What?

WILL

We have the ship.

DR. FISKE

That's right. We have the NA6.

LIGHTWINE

If people find out there are nuclear airplanes flying around over their heads, they would freak out.

WILL

Exactly what they want to avoid while they try to build the next-gen civilization.

DR. FISKE

Yes... and the very future of humanity. The survival of our species. Which is exactly why we can never make this information public. Even if we did, they could make sure no one believed it.

LUCKY

But we could make this airship public. Very public.

DR. FISKE

That's right.

TOUSSAINT

Who are these people? I say we find them and give them a straightening.

DR. FISKE

I'm afraid that's not possible.

LUCKY

Haven't we already proved that anything is possible, Doc?

DR. FISKE

Yes, well, in this case no one knows where they are or even exactly *who* they are. They have no identity in this society and are completely insulated from any law. They simply call themselves The Circle. They're the people in the shadows, moving the world with money.

WILL

So how do we get to them? How do we even negotiate with them?

LIGHTWINE

Craven.

DR. FISKE

Yes, if he's still with us.

WILL

What do you mean?

DR. FISKE

So far, Craven has lost the most valuable scientist they have, lost their most advanced aircraft, lost your entire team, and lost The Tenth Plate.

WILL

You think they're going to take him out for us.

DR. FISKE

I think they might. At minimum, he's been given an ultimatum. We should probably give it a day.

WILL

And then where are we?

DR. FISKE

Well... I think this could be one of those cases where in order to get to the king, you have to go through the queen.

WILL

Who's the queen?

**INT. CRAVEN MANSION**

ISA CRAVEN is outside SENATOR CRAVEN's secure office, examining her wedding ring. She's holding a folded white shirt. She takes a deep breath, then enters a passcode. The door unlocks.

SENATOR CRAVEN is hanging up the phone, his face grim. ISA walks in and places the shirt on his desk.

SENATOR CRAVEN

We're screwed.

ISA CRAVEN

I heard.

SENATOR CRAVEN

You heard?

ISA CRAVEN

I heard. The Circle is not pleased, Richard.

SENATOR CRAVEN

You talked to them?

ISA CRAVEN

They want to replace you. But don't worry. I've taken care of it.

She moves around behind him and rubs his shoulders.

SENATOR CRAVEN

Taken care of it? The plate is gone. Smith isn't even responding. The NA6 is gone...

ISA CRAVEN

And the whole world will soon know about the holding station. I know. And that's why I know you'll understand that it has to be this way.

SENATOR CRAVEN

What...

She turns her wedding ring upside down and presses it against his shoulder. A tiny blood spot appears on his white shirt.

SENATOR CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Isa! What did you do?

ISA CRAVEN

(Quietly)

I had no choice, Richard. This is much bigger than either of us. Either you go down, or we all go down. This way, at least our daughter will survive, and our grandchildren, and their children.

SENATOR CRAVEN's throat has seized up. He can't speak.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I'll take it from here, my love.

Paralyzed and gasping, SENATOR CRAVEN's eyes stare wide at the ceiling for a moment, then finally close. Unmoved, she kisses him on the forehead.

ISA begins to hum as she slowly unbuttons SENATOR CRAVEN's shirt and removes it. She takes a small bottle and a piece of cotton from her pocket and carefully wipes the spot on his shoulder where she pricked him, then unfolds the clean shirt.

#### **EXT. ABOVE THE EARTH**

The NA6 streaks across space, high above the atmosphere of the blue arc of Earth.

#### **INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - LOUNGE AREA**

COATNEY watches a news program on one of the screens on the airship's wall. His leg is propped up. Meanwhile TOUSSAINT, LIGHTWINE and LUCKY are strewn across the seats, asleep.

TALENA stands at the helm near DR. FISKE, who is leaning back in his chair, seeming calmer now than ever before. WILL stares at the sky projected on the main screen, his jaw clenched.

TALENA

So we're just going to hand over the Plate? After all that?

(MORE)

TALENA (CONT'D)

And they just get to decide who has a golden ticket, and everyone else dies? It's not right.

DR. FISKE

And what would you do? Hold a democratic worldwide lottery? There would be anarchy. The entire plan would collapse. Being right isn't the goal, either. There is no right or wrong anymore, Talena. Only consequences. That's why we need the Six Cities to succeed. To survive.

TALENA

And you think we'll get in?

DR. FISKE

I know we will.

DR. FISK taps different squares on the control panel.

DR. FISKE (CONT'D)

Ah. There we go. All the phones at the Craven Mansion are right here.

TALENA

How do we know which one it is?

DR. FISKE

Hmmm. This one. See? All these calls to these phones here. Because she runs the estate. And here. That must be her daughter's phone, and that's the Senator's.

Dr. Fiske brings up ISA CRAVEN's picture on the display.

WILL

Huh.

TALENA

What?

WILL

She, uh... looks like this woman I've seen in my dreams lately.

TALENA

(Staring at him)  
Really?

WILL

I guess the Egyptians didn't just build pyramids to be tombs.

DR. FISKE

The Egyptians didn't even build them. They inherited them. They were built by the Ancients as shelters on top of networks of tunnels. Cities designed to last through the ages... *if* they survived the transit of Illuminatus. Most were smashed or flooded or buried, but the ones that survived the cataclysm were eventually raided and torn apart by their descendents. They removed that history and replaced it with the anthropological amnesia they teach in schools today.

TALENA

What about the mummies?

DR. FISKE

After Illuminatus passed, the Egyptians that survived had to remain inside the pyramid for many years. People eventually died, and their rotting corpses would have sickened everyone else if they hadn't desiccated the bodies. They wrapped them and stacked them in chambers. It was the only thing they *could* do.

TALENA

Of course. It wasn't because of religious beliefs.

DR. FISKE

A preposterous notion... yet still believed by most archaeologists.

TALENA

God. This *one thing*...

DR. FISKE

What thing?

TALENA

It's like everything I've ever learned is wrong. This *one thing* changes everything.

DR. FISKE

I know, Talena. But trust me:  
you're going to be okay. I've seen  
people go through this before.  
What's wrong, Will?

WILL

I should have seen it. All the  
pieces were right there, but I  
didn't see it.

DR. FISKE

We see what we want to see. But the  
truth is hardest to identify when  
it's close to you. You couldn't  
have done anything differently.

WILL

I'm not sure I can be happy with  
that, Doc.

DR. FISKE

Happiness was never the goal, Will.  
Not for us.

**INT. SENATOR CRAVEN'S SECURE OFFICE**

ISA CRAVEN finishes buttoning the dead SENATOR CRAVEN's fresh  
shirt. She regards him for a second, then unbuttons the top  
button again and props him up gently.

ISA CRAVEN

Our plan will continue, Richard.  
Life will continue.

ISA dials her phone.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

It's done. Yes. That's my next  
objective. That, and the NA6. Yes,  
I'm sure... it's his only option.  
He knows what's at stake. Yes, I  
have it. I will. Thank you.

There's a light knock. BARNES is outside the door.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Yes?

BARNES

Your other phone has been beeping,  
Mrs. Craven.

ISA opens the door wide enough to take the phone.

ISA CRAVEN

Thank you.

She looks at the message and smiles slightly.

ISA CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Well. You're right on time, Doctor.

She dials, and we hear the ring on speakerphone.

DR. FISKE

(On the speakerphone)

Hello, Isa.

ISA CRAVEN

Hello, Victor. How did you know it would be me?

DR. FISKE

Because I know who you are.

ISA CRAVEN

Do you? How interesting.

DR. FISKE

Yes. And I know Richard. I'm sure you had your own doubts about him being at the helm.

ISA CRAVEN

He was never at the helm. Richard was an imbecile and a failure.

DR. FISKE

I believe I can see where your marriage might have been having trouble.

ISA CRAVEN

You know you can't win this, Victor. In the long run, we'll find you and it will be worse for you.

DR. FISKE

Perhaps. But not tonight. And I still have the Plate.

ISA CRAVEN

You've had your revenge, Victor. But I'm sure you can see now that we have the same goal. The Tenth Plate could mean the difference between whether or not our species continues.

DR. FISKE

Then I assume you're ready to negotiate?

**EXT. SKY ABOVE THE PACIFIC OCEAN**

The Lotus Satellite seems to see all as the Earth turns slowly. From high above, we see the NA6 and follow it as it descends gracefully and rapidly from the edge of space all the way down to the ocean, then slowly glides horizontally ten yards above the water.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - BRIDGE**

LUCKY, WILL TALENA and DR FISKE are standing in front of the empty seats of the pilothouse.

LUCKY

You really think we can trust this bitch?

TALENA

Hell no, we don't trust her.

DR. FISKE

I've found there are essentially two kinds of people. Those with a sense of loyalty and those without. Isa Craven is one of the latter.

LUCKY

So, no?

DR. FISKE

Fortunately, we don't have to trust her. Okay, we're at the coordinates. Tell them to get ready.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - LOUNGE AREA**

WILL, TALENA and LUCKY enter the lounge area where TOUSSAINT and LIGHTWINE are eating snack bars and watching the news on a screen on the bulkhead panel. Next to them is COATNEY, who's still sleeping.

TV REPORTER

...but the White House denies any knowledge of secret prisons. We no go to Washington, DC, where Rick Molandino reports live....

TALENA

Hey. Are you kids being haved?

TOUSSAINT

Hey, man. These things taste like cardboard. Anything else to eat around here?

WILL

Wake him up. It's time.

TOUSSAINT

Wait a minute. I get to do it.

LIGHTWINE

That's bullshit. I called it.

WILL

Guys. I think he's going to need a little head start from both of you.

He opens the closet door.

**INT. LOUNGE CLOSET**

From inside the closet, we see the door open. Five guns are pointed directly at the camera.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - LOUNGE AREA**

WILL, TALENA, TOUSSAINT, LIGHTWINE and COATNEY are all pointing their guns at SMITH, who has been in the closet. The fist mark on SMITH's forehead is now purple and less distinct. He squints against the light and tries to say something, but he's bundled up in duct tape up to his mouth.

WILL

Yeahyeah, we don't know who we're messing with, it's the end of the world, we need you, blah blah blah. We know all about it.

WILL uses a knife to slice several long vertical lines through the tape, and pushes SMITH toward COATNEY and TOUSSAINT. They grab SMITH as he starts to tear free.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hang on. Let's give him a little more breathing room here.

WILL loosens the tape around SMITH's mouth, then frees one of SMITH's arms. WILL puts the pillowcase with the plate in SMITH's hand.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Don't lose it.

MR. SMITH  
You'll see me again, Frasier.

WILL  
Maybe.  
(Moves very close to  
SMITH.)  
But you should really hope not.  
(Nods to COATNEY and  
TOUSSAINT)

COATNEY  
Heave ho, motherfucker.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE NA6 AIRSHIP**

It's getting dark. We see the silhouette of NA6 against the orange sky, still cruising above the surface of the water. The aft door opens and something is ejected from the ship into the night. It's SMITH. He splashes into the water.

Another object follows: a life preserver pod. SMITH flounders for a few seconds until he frees himself of the tape, then swims heavily over to the pod and pulls a cord to inflate it.

The airship flies on, continuing to the coast and floating, not quite invisibly, across the lights of the city.

**INT. INSIDE THE NA6 NUCLEAR AIRSHIP - BRIDGE**

COATNEY  
I still say we should have killed him.

TALENA  
Did you ever kill anyone?

COATNEY  
Only bad guys.

DR. FISKE  
We need him. Because Isa Craven needs him.

TALENA  
I can't believe we're on their side now.

DR. FISKE

Only for now. We need them to finish the work on the Five Cities.

TOUSSAINT

Look at them down there, all going about their business. They have no idea.

DR. FISKE

When you change how you look at things, things look different, don't they?

LIGHTWINE

So, our civilization ends here. Nothing we do matters anymore.

DR. FISKE

On the contrary. Everything we do matters now. And there's more you need to know before you'll be truly ready. A lot more.

An image of John F. Kennedy appears on the screen.

WILL

Ready to do what?

DR. FISKE

To lead.

**INT. SUPER-FANCY HIGH-TECH OFFICE - LOCATION UNKNOWN**

We see the three SHADOWMEN sitting at the luxurious conference table, their faces still obscured.

SHADOWMAN 1

(On the phone.)

That's good news, Isa. The Circle appreciates your efforts.

(Hangs up.)

SHADOWMAN 3

She did well.

SHADOWMAN 1

I never doubted her.

We hear two light knocks.

SHADOWMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Enter!

SHADOW CREWMAN

You wanted an update at zero eight hundred, Mr. Chairman?

SHADOWMAN 1

Yes.

SHADOW CREWMAN

We have confirmations from the gentlemen in London, Antwerp and Paris, Sir. As proposed, with no changes.

SHADOWMAN 1

Excellent.

SHADOW CREWMAN

We'll be docking in five, Sir.

SHADOWMAN 1

Thank you. Gentlemen... welcome to Emerald City.

We zoom slowly away from the office, through the fish tank wall, and into the ocean... and now, underwater, we see that the fancy office is onboard a huge submarine.

We continue zooming further from the sub and, in the turquoise depths, we see a series of five gigantic pyramids perfectly aligned on the ocean floor. They gleam slightly, their golden caps reflecting the sub's lights as it approaches.

As we keep zooming out, we can see a tiny square near the bottom of the pyramid start to open; it is actually a huge door, opening so the sub can enter. We keep zooming out as the sub passes through the door into the enormous pyramid.

**VOICE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY**

(From his actual speech to the media in 1961.)

We are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means for expanding its sphere of influence... on infiltration, instead of invasion; on subversion instead of elections; on intimidation instead of free choice; on guerillas by night instead of armies by day...

We zoom upward, out of the ocean, up in the sky, higher and higher.

**VOICE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY (CONT'D)**

It is a system which has conscripted vast human and material resources into the building of a tightly-knit, highly efficient machine that combines military, diplomatic, intelligence, economic, scientific and political operations. No expenditure is questioned; no rumor is printed; no secret is revealed.

We zoom higher, further away from ocean. Finally, we see the entire Earth, and we continue zooming into space, passing very close to the Moon.

And on the side of the moon facing away from the Earth, near the ridge of craters known as Lagrangian, we can see two glossy black pyramids on the Moon's surface.

We keep zooming, away from Earth, past a belt of space rocks past an asteroid and then, as a comet flies by, we finally pass a dark, reddish-brown planet very closely.

And from here, next to the dark planet's curved horizon, the Earth looks like a shining blue star.

**FADE OUT**

## Writer's Vision

*Illuminatus* is a sci-fi conspiracy story in the James Bond tradition, with the music-focused style of the 1981 movie *Heavy Metal*. In most cases, we hear just the instrumental version or the intro, but some of the lyrics and titles are also part of the story. The script is designed around actual science and technology, mixed with extrapolations and embellishments to blur the distinction between the real and the imaginary. In fact, some of the most incredible parts of the story are from actual science, technology and history. Much of the production is CGI, and from scene to scene we zoom in and out from one place to another around the Earth.

## Story Synopsis

**ACT 1:** From the opening scenes, we are aware of a secret prison ship somewhere in the Indian Ocean. One of the prisoners receives a message, and we anticipate a rescue.

Flashback to a week ago...

Will Frasier, a covert Naval Intelligence guard, is forced to hide when his plane is destroyed, killing Admiral Clark, whom Will is assigned to protect. Before he dies, the Admiral tells will there is a conspiracy involving "Emerald City." A team of bad guys arrives at the crash scene to finish the job. Will escapes but is injured and scarred, and tormented by the fact that he had to kill a human being in order to survive.

Meanwhile, a group of scientists investigating an ancient aircraft that has been buried in ice for millennia are murdered, but not before a mysterious metal plate inscribed with symbols is retrieved by unseen intruders.

**ACT 2:** Now a fugitive, Will enlists the help of Lucky, an old military friend and mentor. Together, they plan to figure out what's happening and find Will's teammates, who have disappeared.

But when Will and Lucky attempt to kidnap the senator they believe is at the root of the conspiracy, Dr. Fiske, one of the government's top scientists, intervenes. Dr. Fiske knows about the conspiracy and its secrets... and has stolen the mysterious metal plate from the Senator.

Dr. Fiske reveals that the ancient artifact known as The Tenth Plate could hold the key to humanity's future as devastation from an approaching planet looms, and that Emerald City refers to an ancient pyramid on the ocean floor designed to be a "Noah's Ark" for humanity... one of six underground cities created to harbor the survivors of the coming cataclysm.

**ACT 3:** Together, Will, Lucky and Dr. Fiske attempt to steal the NA6, a secret nuclear-powered aircraft, in order to rescue Will's teammates and Dr. Fiske's beautiful niece, Talena, who is also held captive.

As Will discovers the truth about the origins of humanity and the lost race of the Ancients, he realizes the conspiracy itself is thousands of years old, managed by a small group of elite "Illuminati" who call themselves The Circle, and may be far too deep and powerful to overcome.



The NA6 Nuclear Airship

## Main Characters

WILL FRASIER - Will is an elite guard who escorts the most valuable and covert assets of the military. Now a fugitive, his loyalty and integrity are meaningless as he realizes he's been used by a vast conspiracy seemingly controlled by one man. Still, he's determined to rescue his teammates and set things right or die trying.

Will's special power is his phenomenal speed, but that can't help his injury or the guilt that haunts him. He has to come to terms with his mistakes and find a new reason to live in a world that's completely different from what he thought.

DR. FISKE - The US Military's top physicist and inventor, Dr. Fiske is always protected. He might be the only person on Earth who can translate the mysterious Ten Plates, and is cooperative with The Circle in order to know their plans until they take the only thing he cares about... his niece, Talena.

TALENA FISKE - Talena is a beautiful musician who turns out to be much more capable and determined than we expected when she is kidnapped in order to control her uncle.

LUCKY - Lucky is a former elite guard who had to flee his position years ago, when he warned Will not to be part of the Covert Elite Guard program. Lucky is a joker who likes to do impressions, but his humor is atop the deeper feeling of loss and betrayal that Will is now experiencing as well.

SENATOR CRAVEN - The ego-driven Senator is determined to control the Tenth Plate and use it as leverage with The Circle and become the first President of the Six Cities that will be the new human civilization after the surface of the Earth is destroyed.

ISA CRAVEN - Senator Craven's wife Isa is the guiding voice behind the Senator's authority, and Isa's quiet power is ultimately revealed when she realizes she must eliminate her husband and take over as the director of the Six Cities.

MR. SMITH - We don't know his real name, but "Smith" is a chameleon and ruthless killer who reports to Senator Craven. He is loyal to the Cause, assigned by the Inner Circle to monitor covert activities and clean up any problems. Smith also controls the Covert Elite Guards, who know him only as their initial handler when they are recruited.

## **The Shadow Trilogy**

*Illuminatus* is the first of three parts in The Shadow Trilogy, which follows the trek of humanity to find a new home planet and our battle for freedom and survival. The story encompasses numerous popular conspiracy theories as well as new *actual* science and technology, and developing trends in astronomy, anthropology and the origins of the human species.

## **About the Author**

Dave Dahl is a former Navy swimmer, navigator and nuclear weapons guard. He is currently a researcher and web developer living in Oceano, California.