

ALIEN NATION
"The Udara Legacy"

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Executive Producer: Kenneth Johnson

TEASER/ACT ONE

SOMEWHERE IN DEEP SPACE

A NEARLY BLACK SCREEN... Far in the distance, planets, asteroids and galactic phenomena alter position and reflect MOVEMENT within the near void. A pulsing, threatening UNDERSCORE starts to BUILD with INTENSITY... and suddenly the SLAVE SHIP is IN FRAME coming right AT US...

INT. SLAVE SHIP

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA passes a curved tier of SLAVE BUNKS, five pallets high... the Buchenwald of the future. The exhausted Tenctonese slaves still awake, have dead or fearful eyes... all of which now turn to avoid whatever is passing.

APPROACHING a capped and hooded figure (AVRA) whose back is to CAMERA. An odd-colored vapour builds in the back-light.

POV PANNING back and forth at ESCORTS leading CAMERA past the SLAVE BUNKS... getting closer and closer to Avra.

AVRA'S VOICE

{No longer afraid... no longer the hopeless. We harden our hearts to hack off cruel chains... to destroy the ones that forge them...} Ee gula dyarfa...ee gula see mesa. Kee sauvin vai valens ot Chat lap rolla sork. ot serdro vai sings masa greefo mis.

The Escorts clear the bunk area, start to softly CHANT...

ESCORTS

{Take our blood. We will be free. Take our blood. We will be free. Take our blood. We will be free....} Kat vai likwi. Kee lis ke flek. Kat vai likwi. Kee lis ke flek. Kat vai likwi. Kee lis ke flek.

Avra is closer. She turns slowly, her face still shrouded by the hood. The POV looks directly at her as she brushes the hood away, REVEALS the intense visage of a sixty-something Tenctonese woman.

This is a warrior. Over her eyes, held by a head strap...

jury- rigged one-inch lenses similar to those used by doctors in micro- surgery. The lenses look directly into the SUBJECTIVE POV... begin to glow... it's a scary apparition!

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM, LOS ANGELES - DAY

TINA, an attractive Newcomer in her early twenties, comes out of her NIGHTMARE... tries to shake it off. She's more frustrated than frightened... after all she has variations of this strange dream all the time.

KITCHEN

as Tina, in a long T-shirt, starts the coffee machine. Outside the windows, it's first light. Headed back to the bedroom, she stops at the RINGING of the PHONE... she moves to answer...

TINA

Hello...?

PUSHING IN as Tina listens. A slow TRANSFORMATION takes place... Her drowsiness evaporates; her movements lose a degree of naturalness... her face becomes intensely focused...

TINA

Yes... I can find out... Right... I understand... I won't fail.

BEDROOM

A SERIES of tight CUTS as Tina dresses for work... buttoning a shirt, socks and shoes, tightening a belt... PAN from the buckle to an empty holster. Tina's hand puts a police-issue automatic in the holster. ADJUST to WIDER as we SEE the BADGE on Tina's uniform shirt... She's a COP!

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM, COFFEE/SNACK AREA - DAY

FIND GEORGE adding more ingredients to an already laden blender while MATT is showing him a new car brochure.

MATT
(with gesture)
Durango! It even sounds like me.

GEORGE
(looking at his partner
curiously)
What's a Durango?

MATT
Some place in New Mexico. I mean it's got -
you know- boldness, character... it's hot.
Forty-eight valves, twelve cylinders-

GEORGE
There's nothing wrong with the car you've
got.

MATT
It's five years old, George. Eighty thou on
the clock. The thrill is-

George drowns him out by turning on the blender. George
snaps the blender off, examines the beverage.

MATT
You're not even looking. Check out this
body.

Matt sticks the brochure between George and the blender.

GEORGE
Fifteen highway, twelve in the city. That's
practical...

MATT
Oh, great... Mr. 'I'll-Build-My-House With-
Bricks!'

George pours his morning smoothie into a tall glass.

GEORGE
Ah, but that was the Little Pig that the
Big, Bad Fox didn't get.

MATT

That's wolf, George! Big, Bad, Wolf. And you don't understand what a car is about. It's a statement, it's a-- (sees something in the blender: reacts}
Is that a tail?!

George stops pouring, looks in the blender.

GEORGE

We really need a decent blender.

George enjoys a healthy swig from the smoothie and Matt looks ill, moves away. George glances after him, amused.

GEORGE

(mimics Matt's gesture)

Durango!

WITH MATT

as he moves through the usual squad room activity. STAY WITH ALBERT and ZEPEDA as they ENTER FRAME...

ALBERT

It's not a race thing. It's not a ex-cop thing... Paul Bearer's simply the best choice for Senator, Detective.

ZEPEDA

good D.A., I'll give you that.

ALBERT

And Silverthorne is a promise breaker, a server of special interests... tobacco lobbyists...

Tina, carrying paperwork, crosses behind them and CAMERA GOES with her. she nods at a few other uniforms.

ZEPEDA'S VOICE

Tobacco lobbyists?

ALBERT'S VOICE

According to them carrots have been causing lung cancer all along.

INT. GRAZER'S OFFICE - DAY

Unoccupied as Tina walks in as if she belongs there. Moving around Grazer's desk, she notes that his computer is on. she starts putting her paperwork on the desk, feigning some order to the process as she glances out into the bullpen. No one is paying attention.

She turns, one hands a command on the keyboard, watches as the screen starts to bring up data...

EXT. NICE MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

An LAPD patrol car pulls up to one of the homes. Two unmarked LAPD cars are in the driveway where two human detectives (PETE and a shotgun-wielding n.d.) drink coffee.

Tina climbs out of the black-and-white, pulls an expensive suit on a hanger and covered with plastic from the back seat hook. she leaves the motor running and heads for the door of the house, nodding to the detectives.

PETE

An Armani, right?

TINA

(the Cochran rhythm)

'If the suit is hand-picked -

PETE

(to Tina; same rhythm)

'Then you gotta convict!'

(into walkie-talkie)

Uniform coming in with some threads for Carter's court appearance.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Two more human detectives, in shirt-sleeves, sit with another human, CARTER, a middle management hood, eating breakfast. MILLER, a third human detective cleaning up in the kitchen, - responds into his walkie-talkie...

MILLER

Ten-four..

Miller moves from the dining area to the front door.

CARTER
(mouth full)
I'm a forty long. Better be right...

Miller looks through the peephole, then throws the dead bolt and opens the door. Tina comes in with the suit. Miller takes it from her, admires it...

MILLER
(to Carter)
What do you say, Carter?

CARTER
Hey, I'm the one doing you guys the favour.

MILLER
(shrugs to Tina)
He's very grateful.

Tina nods, turns back to the door. Miller starts for a closet to hang the suit up.

ACTION

as Tina draws her service automatic whirls around, taking everyone by surprise...

Carter is just about to shovel more breakfast into his mouth when Tina fires twice... Carter is hit, goes down.

Tina adjusts her fire to Miller who has dropped the suit, is clawing for his weapon. She shoots him down. The two detectives at the table are coming up with weapons drawn...

FIREFIGHT... Tina and the two detectives trade fire... Tina is struck, struggles to stay up right....the detectives are badly wounded...

Pete and the n.d. come charging in. Tina is on the floor... she manages one more shot at Carter's body. she turns to the new threat coming in the door... her automatic is empty. A glance at Carter's still body... she collapses and dies with a satisfied look.

THE ALIEN NATION SERIES MAIN TITLE (STOCK)

The giant Tenctonese slave ship above the desert thermals...

NARRATOR

California's Mojave Desert nine years ago - our historic first view of the Newcomer ship. Theirs was a slave ship, carrying a quarter million beings, bred to adapt and labour in any environment. Physically stronger than human beings, with keener senses and two hearts, these alien Newcomers have joined the American work force. The Tenctonese have been accepted by many, but feared and hated by so called "Human Purists" now incensed by the Newcomers right to vote and run for public office! With no way to leave earth, the Tenctonese Newcomers have become a growing part of the population of Los Angeles and the nation.

Various shots: The FRANCISCO FAMILY; the police partnership of MATT and GEORGE; MATT with his lover CATHY. The usual street shots of Newcomer assimilation including a billboard showing Newcomer PAUL BEARER'S candidacy for U.S. Senate.

The rich tapestry of ALIEN NATION...

INT. DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

TRACK a grim-faced Matt as he moves and FINDS George waiting with ATMOS. to testify for the prosecution in a criminal case. Matt gestures, leads a curious George away

GEORGE

Matt, what is it?

MATT

Your star witness against Moran just got hit. Two cops are dead.

George reacts with anger and frustration.

GEORGE

How could anyone have found-

MATT

George, it was another cop... a uniform... a Newcomer.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(off George's amazement)

Tina.

GEORGE

No... that makes no sense! She's a model officer.

MATT

Was. Shot it out with them right at the safe house. Moran got to her, George.

A COMMOTION behind them... court is adjourned and people are filing out.

MATT

Let's get out of here.

TV crews come rushing in... DONALD MORAN, a slick-looking racketeer, comes out flanked by his lawyers.

Reporters from inside the courtroom are already thrusting cassette- corders, asking QUESTIONS. The video-cam lights go ON and the TV reporters bore in with their microphones.

MORAN

I know how disappointed you guys are, but I'm out of here. Case dismissed. Without Carter they got nothing.

George and Moran make brief eye-contact as the moving press conference passes. Moran smiles, winks at George...

Matt has to restrain George from going after him.

MATT

C'mon... that's not going to help. George, damn it! He'll be back.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

PAUL BEARER, the Newcomer Senatorial candidate, is being interviewed. He's a sharp, no BS guy.

PAUL

... my hearts go out to the officers and their families.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

The criminal justice system will get back on its feet... these slain servants of that system will not.

FNN REPORTER

Mr. Bearer, do you think this shooting might hurt your election chances?

DOLLY OFF the monitors and PICK UP George and Matt walking to their cars. They pause to watch the ACTUAL INTERVIEW. Some of Paul's staff stands by. Paul keeps his composure as he looks at the reporter with some reproach...

PAUL

Because I'm a former police officer?
Because I'm the Distract Attorney?

FNN REPORTER

Well, not exactly... uh-

PAUL

Because the apparent killer was a Newcomer?
Are you going to ask Senator Silverthorne if he's concerned that human police corruption in the Rivlera Heights Narcotics case or civil rights violations by human officers in the Bradley case are going to hurt his chances to widen the gap?

PAUL

(continuing)

The truth is, malfeasance by any sworn officer is bad, be it Newcomer or Human. This is not a partisan issue or a spe-cial issue. This is a tragic loss of life.

(breaking it off)

Thank you very much.

Paul and his small entourage move away.

GEORGE AND MATT

MATT

Pretty slick.

GEORGE

Just honest...

The partners resume moving to their cars...

PAUL'S VOICE

George...{Can I talk to you?} Nak na klat
ot vots?

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they stop... Paul is moving towards them - signalling
his staff to wait. George and Paul shake hands.

GEORGE

My partner, Matt Sikes.
(to Matt)
Paul Bearer...

Matt and Paul shake hands and AD LIB the pleasantries.

MATT

You handled that pretty well.

PAUL

You think so? Thanks, but there's more than
one truth here. This will compromise my
chances. Forget logic and the facts...
Newcomers are judged by harsher standards.
(to George)
Moran knows you'll try and tie him to it.
It won't be easy but don't disappoint him,
old friend.

GEORGE

That's a promise...

PAUL

(to Matt)
How about your vote, Detective?

MATT

Well, I... uh... I think-

GEORGE

Matt operates on the theory that no matter
who you vote for the government always gets
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

in.

MATT

Hey, I vote.

GEORGE

Miss Microbrewery... 1993 wasn't it? I remember that unique calendar she-

MATT

(a little lame)

There were some... issues involved...

George looks askance.

EXT. MARINA, INT. BOAT - DAY

MOVING IN on a modest cabin cruiser tied to one of the boat docks - it's not in the best of shape. We HEAR an afternoon radio news report...

NEWSMAN'S VOICE

(filter)

... was gunned down just before leaving to testify against Moran on murder-for-hire charges.

CAMERA MOVES on the boat, inside the cabin where LARRY COLEMAN, human, balding and slovenly, is listening to the report. He looks very satisfied.

NEWSMAN'S VOICE

While details are still sketchy, sources have told KNNN News that the assassin was a Newcomer policewoman. Authorities have only confirmed that three of five detectives guarding Carter are dead and two are in listed in critical condition.

In the cabin, Larry's phone starts to RING...

NEWSMAN'S VOICE

As soon as the news reached the courtroom, Moran's legal team asked for dismissal of all charges.

Larry turns off the radio and picks up the phone. On a

galley table, we notice an expensive computer set-up... out-of-place amid everything else on the boat.

LARRY

Hello... Shyster! I wondered when you'd call. you liked the little test...? No, no... that's my edge, but I guess you'd say it's got the 'good felony seal of approval' now huh?... I just bet you might... No, counsellor, you name a price, then we'll start from there!

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT, ANOTHER PHONE - NIGHT

MATT'S VOICE

Twenty-four thousand... ! You're kidding, right?

ADJUST to MATT on the phone in the APARTMENT he shares with CATHY. Cathy is watching the Bearer interview on FNN.

MATT

No, the convertible, loaded... You'll 'work with me?' Hey, work with this!

Matt hangs up, moves to Cathy on the couch. From the TV, we HEAR Bearer just concluding...

BEARER'S VOICE

"... a tragic loss of life-."

Matt picks up the remote, clicks the set OFF. Cathy looks exasperated, eyes the remote in Matt's hand. This is 'old business' between the two of them.

CATHY

What are you doing?

MATT

I'm trying to make a deal here. They act like they're doing me a favour.

(pissy mimic)

'Due to the demand, we don't discount.'

(normal)

What a crock!

Cathy grabs for the remote, Matt holds on.

CATHY

I was watching Bearer on the news.

MATT

Hey, I was there. That was it, he didn't take any more questions.

CATHY

Let go...

MATT

C'mon, we'll go check out the ride in one of those Durangos.

CATHY

You don't need a new 'ride' and I was watching the news.

MATT

Cathy, this is important to me.

CATHY

As long as we have separate accounts, you may spend your money as foolishly as you wish.

Cathy pinches a pressure point on Matt with her free hand, Matt GROANS, releases the remote.

MATT

(rubbing sore point)
Oww, you didn't have to-

CATHY

(turning TV back on)
Your little masculine control thing. It's not attractive...

Cathy turns back to the TV. Matt sits down next to her.

MATT

I think you damaged some nerves. I may never drive again.

Cathy starts to massage the spot where she pinched him, continues to watch and listen to COMMENTARY on the election.

MATT

Oh yeah, that's good, real good.

(re TV)

Nice guy, but I don't think he's going to make it.

(re the massage)

Mmmm, a little lower.

CATHY

I hope you're wrong. We won't always be such a minority... and almost all of us vote.

MATT

Oh, wow... how about a lot lower...

Cathy stops massaging.

CATHY

You're doing it again.

Matt starts to massage her.

MATT

Think of it as more of a masculine 'move' thing.

He begins to kiss and HUM...

CATHY

(a little turned on)

And this is not about me watching the news... ?

MATT

You want news, I've got a hot flash for you right-

The PHONE starts to RING. Cathy extricates herself, moves to the phone.

CATHY

Hello... Oh, hi, George. Matt's right here. I'll -

(beat; surprised)

The dead policewoman?...

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

Sure, the Coroner's office, ten o'clock...

In the b.g., Matt clicks off the TV again, buries the remote in the cushions of the couch, resumes HUMMING at her. Cathy covers the mouthpiece hoping George can't hear Matt.

CATHY

Yes, all right, George.

Cathy hangs up, gives Matt a look.

CATHY

I'll be in the bedroom... with the news.

INT. FRANCISCO HOUSE - NIGHT

as George places the cordless phone back in its base station. Susan is nearby, working at her drafting table.

GEORGE

Matt was humming...

SUSAN

At least all those classes didn't go to waste.

GEORGE

(glances at his watch; re
Matt)

It's a little early.

SUSAN

We've been together a lot longer, George...
but I do remember when you used to hum any
time of day.

George silently works over the ramifications of Susan's observation while she continues her work, ruminating.

SUSAN

You know I think Paul is right. Anything
negative about Newcomers so close to the
election could hurt his chances.

George ignores Susan's comment, humming on his mind.

GEORGE

Emily studying at the library again?

SUSAN

Supposed to be. you know some of our own people are worried that if he gets elected, he'll try too hard to be impartial. That Newcomers might even be short-changed legislatively.

GEORGE

Where's Buck I wonder... ?

SUSAN

I don't know. He's been acting very strange lately.

George approaches as Susan continues her work. George starts to massage her shoulders.

SUSAN

Mmmm, that feels good.

George peeks down the back of her top... at her spots.

SUSAN

(amused)

George...

GEORGE

(so casual)

Just trying to remember what they look like.

SUSAN

(beat)

That was not a criticism, Nemu.

GEORGE

Such beautiful spots...

George starts to hum. Susan has some interest...

SUSAN

I thought you were going to start dinner...

George is suddenly all over her, HUMMING the inside of her elbow to beat the band. Susan doesn't mind a bit. She gets

to her feet.

SUSAN
(aroused)
We could always go out... or have it
delivered...

They start to undress each other while George has Susan bent over the drafting table.

SUSAN
... look for leftovers...

SOUND of the FRONT DOOR O.C...

BUCK'S VOICE
Mom... Dad!

We HEAR Buck's footsteps. George and Susan react, straightening themselves and their clothes as quickly as they can. Drafting items are being knocked to the floor.

BUCK'S VOICE
I've got something really-

George and Susan turn to their son with insipid smiles of greeting. Their clothes are still dishevelled... Buck reads the situation in an instant.

BUCK
Maybe this isn't the best time.

SOUND of the front door again, then Emily's footsteps.

EMILY'S VOICE
Buck?!

GEORGE
(to Buck; covering badly)
Oh, your mother just had something in her eye. I was-

George and Susan finish adjusting their clothes. Emily appears. She's in school clothes and sports a "Bearer for Senator" button. And she is annoyed at her brother.

EMILY

Buck, didn't you see me on Seventh Street.
You Could've picked me up
(stops, taking in the
situation)

BUCK

(grins)
You've had this eye problem before, haven't
you, Mom?

GEORGE

How about we all go out to dinner?

EMILY

You both look like you'd prefer room
service.

Susan starts to laugh... Buck and Emily smile. George,
embarrassed, forces a chuckle.

BUCK

Dinner's good. We should celebrate, after
you hear this!

GEORGE

What is it, Son?

Buck loses a little steam, gets a bit tentative.

BUCK

It's a job. A new job.

EMILY

Buck, if we celebrated every new job-

SUSAN

(a warning)
Emily... !

BUCK

No, she's right. I've bounced all over the
place. I never had a clue about what I
really wanted... Until now.

GEORGE

You've found something that interests you.
That's so important.

BUCK

And it was always right there. I'll be able
to help people; I won't lose my Newcomer
identity. I have to thank you especially,
Dad...

GEORGE

Me... ?

SUSAN

(getting it; with alarm)
No, Buck, you didn't!

GEORGE

Susan, he hasn't told us yet.

SUSAN

Yes, he has!

BUCK

(confirming)

I've been accepted to the Police Academy. I
start tomorrow.

Susan can't fake any enthusiasm, can't hide her
consternation. George is surprised, then sees the sense of
it, feels proud of Buck. Emily is equally surprised, but
more practical. George and Emily move closer to Buck.

EMILY

My brother, the cop. You know you won't
exactly make the big bucks.

GEORGE

(to Emily; a bit stung)

A person's worth is not always measured in
coin of the helm, Emily.

BUCK

That's 'realm,' Dad.

EMILY

I just meant -

GEORGE

I know what you meant. The department offers good opportunities for advancement and compensation.

George notices Susan is quiet...

GEORGE

Susan...?

SUSAN

(beats; to Buck)

When did you decide this, Buck?

BUCK

I've been thinking about it for a while.

SUSAN

Didn't you want to discuss it first?

GEORGE

Susan, what's the matter with you?

SUSAN

(turning on George)

I just didn't expect this, George!

Emily and Buck are surprised by their mother's outburst.

GEORGE

Expect what? I don't understand

SUSAN

(building)

I've spent a lot of years being a policeman's wife. you know the first rule, George? I don't let you know I'm afraid... all day, every day. Wondering what's happened if someone just shows up at my office? Will they call? What if he's only wounded? Will they tell me... can I get to the hospital fast enough? How do I tell the children... ?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(to George)

I'm very proud of you... and the work you do. You are where you want to be... but enough...

(glances at Buck)

It's enough... I don't want to be a police mother as well... I don't... I don't...

She turns and moves up the stairs, leaving a stunned family behind her.

EXT. OLDER COURTYARD APARTMENTS - NIGHT

CAMERA moving down the lane of low-class dwellings. A light fog, no one around... A PHONE RINGING...

INT. COURTYARD APARTMENT - NIGHT

LEN, a Newcomer and part-time construction worker in his 40's, is * coming out of his sleep. He fumbles for the bedside lamp... turns it ON and angrily answers the phone.

LEN

Who is this?

INTERCUT - LARRY

in his boat cabin at the expensive computer. Larry has a head-set and mike on.

On the computer screen is a FILE with the PICTURE of a Newcomer... It's Len.

Larry hits a button on the keyboard... a computer-generated flute-like Tenctonese MELODY begins to play...

LEN

as he listens to the MELODY... a transformation similar to Tina's begins to take place. His anger and drowsiness are forgotten. His movements become less natural.....he becomes intensely focused

LARRY

(bad Tenctonese)

{Take our blood. We will be free.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Are you ready for a mission?} Kat vai
likwi. Kee lis ke flek.

LEN

Yes...

We STAY with Len as he listens to instructions we can't hear.

LEN

I understand... I won't fail.

Len hangs up the phone, contemplates his next move.

INT. FRANCISCO BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedside lamp on George's side of the bed is the only illumination... Susan appears to be asleep. PAN to George at the bedroom door... his jacket and tie have been discarded... as he looks at her with compassion.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

CAMERA TRAVELS as George looks in on his children. As he opens their respective doors, CAMERA PEEKS IN... Buck sleeping soundly - Emily asleep but restless...

EXT. BUILDING DEMOLITION SITE, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A guard walks to his make-shift station, a radio plays. Len, dressed in black, cuts through a fence with a laser tool, then comes out of the darkness and grabs the guard... breaks his neck with commando-like efficiency.

A PARKED TRAILER

CLOSE as Len uses a laser cutter on the reinforced lock. WIDEN and GO with Len as he moves inside.

Len turns on a flashlight, looks pleased as whack he's found...

PAN to REVEAL the trailer is crammed with EXPLOSIVES.

ACT TWO

INT. FRANCISCO KITCHEN - DAY - BUCK & SUSAN

Silent BEATS with tension as Susan straightens up. Exits.

LIVING ROOM - EMILY ON STAIRS

EMILY

Mom, you want me to stop at the market
after school?

Susan brings two plates to the table. The kids start to eat.

SUSAN

No. Buck can do a big shopping over the
weekend.

Susan moves to clean up. She's quieter than usual,
distracted. Buck notices.

BUCK

You're going to worry no matter what I
say... I can't help that, I understand...
but I feel so positive about this.

SUSAN

(turns to him)

I'm sure you do. I always knew eventually
you'd find something you'd be passionate
about... I just didn't expect this.

BUCK

Why not? I've watched Dad for all these
years.

SUSAN

(nods)

You know, until last night, I never told
your father how much it bothers me. He's so
committed to what he does... I never wanted
to burden him. Now I'm worried that because
of what I said, your father will... will...

EMILY

Wimp out..

SUSAN

No... but he might react more slowly, or do something he wouldn't normally do. Why am I feeling so guilty!

BUCK

Why am I?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Why am I?

ADJUST to INCLUDE George, walking in.

EMILY

(bailing out)

I'm late for school... and I don't feel a bit guilty.

Emily takes off... silence hangs over George, Susan and Buck.

SUSAN

(to Buck)

Finish the dishes, I have to go to the office.

Susan leaves. George sits down with Buck.

GEORGE

I love your mother very much. I love being a policeman. If I had to live without one or the other... it would be difficult to choose. Your mother's a brave woman... no different from anyone who loves someone wearing a badge. She's doing what her heart tells her, trying to protect you.

BUCK

Dad, you hoping to turn me off this?

GEORGE

I don't think so. I do what I do because the law - at its best - promises order and
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

fairness... It checks the tyranny of people who prey on others. When you've lived in slavery, those things are not just words.

BUCK

I don't remember that much about the slave ship anymore.

GEORGE

I'm thankful for that.

BUCK

You want to know why I want to do this... the real reason?

George nods.

BUCK

I think it's seeing how much satisfaction you get... and how good you are at it.

GEORGE

Your mother will never make me choose. It will be my burden. Yours, too, if this is what you want.

BUCK

I do... and I'll never embarrass you or-

GEORGE

(a hand on Buck)

That's not a concern. You do the job... try and keep yourself safe...

BUCK

Now you sound like a cop's father.

GEORGE

(with realisation)

Yes, I guess I do.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Matt and George drive to the morgue in Matt's car. Matt is at the wheel.

MATT

I can see where Susan would be a little hinky over it, George.

GEORGE

Hinky... ?

INT. CAR - DAY

MATT

Put out... less than happy.

GEORGE

She's hinky.

MATT

I'm happy for Buck. Maybe he's finally 'found' himself.

GEORGE

I hope so.

MATT

You clued him in on the Academy, I hope.

George's look says he didn't.

MATT

Affirmative action, quota driven central. Don't you remember?

GEORGE

Surely, it's gotten better.

MATT

Not what I hear. Only one thing worse than being a woman, or white...

GEORGE

A Newcomer...

MATT

A Newcomer with a detective sergeant father.

GEORGE

I didn't pull any rope. I didn't even know-

MATT

Strings, George... and it won't matter.

George with something more to worry about.

INT. POLICE ACADEMY GYM - DAY

A CADET CLASS, an affirmative action dream, is working on rope climbs under the supervision of MOORE, a black officer in his late thirties and MONTEJO, a Latino in his mid-thirties. The cadets are in LAPD sweats and include three Newcomers; Buck, CLAIRE VOYANT, a tall female, and MILES STANDISH. The rest of the class is made up of Hispanics, Blacks, Asians and a few whites. A young black woman is struggling on one of the ropes.

MOORE

What's your problem, Roberts... worried about your fingernail polish?

DON WING, a Chinese officer in uniform, hurries closer to VIDEOTAPE Roberts' problems on the rope.

BUCK AND CLAIRE

waiting their turn... voices low.

CLAIRE

(indicating Wing)

What's he doing?

BUCK

A documentary. That's what I heard.

MOORE'S VOICE

Francisco!

ADJUST WIDER as Buck REACTS. Moore looks fierce while Roberts is stopped near the top of the rope.

BUCK

Yes, Sir!

MOORE

Something you want to share with us?

BUCK

No, Sir!

MOORE

You think you can do better?

BUCK

I don't know, Sir.

MOORE

Up front, now.

(to Roberts)

Get down here, Roberts.

Eager to lose the spotlight, Roberts descends quickly. Buck moves to the rope.

MOORE

Stronger, smarter, faster... right?

BUCK

(uncomfortable)

Not necessarily...

MOORE

I beg your pardon?

BUCK

We're all trying to do our best,

MOORE

That so?

Buck doesn't respond.

MOORE

You have five seconds. Go!

Buck jumps on the rope, climbs quickly with typical Newcomer strength and agility. Still the time limit is unreal and everybody knows it... Buck tries hard.

MOORE

One-two-three-four-five-six-seven- eight-
nine...

Buck reaches the top, taps the stanchion, descends rapidly.

MOORE

(as Buck lands)

You've got a long way to go, Mister.

Buck nearly blows up at the ludicrous show of power,
catches himself, works hard for self-control.

BUCK

Yes, Sir.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

COMING OFF Tina's body which is draped for modesty, FIND
Cathy with George and Matt. She's using a computer to
review Tina's wounds and her findings.

CATHY

Six penetrating wounds, three are high
velocity.

MATT

(reading file)

According to the two survivors, she was the
damn Energiser bunny.

CATHY

Here... and here. These two head shots,
almost instantaneously fatal. But the shock
wave tissue damage here, the bone damage
here, nerve damage here... The M.E. thought
I might have some idea, but I really can't
explain what kept her going.

GEORGE

Drug screen?

CATHY

First thing I thought of. No preliminary
indications. I'll have some toxicology in a
few days.

MATT

Maybe the two hearts-

CATHY

Both damaged... in near arrest.

MATT

Then she had to be high.

GEORGE

There's little sense to any of it. A clean record, no debts and no unexplained assets.

MATT

It's Moran... he got to her somehow.

CATHY

(turning to corpse)

Someone sure did..

Matt's beeper SOUNDS. He pulls it, reads the message.

MATT

George, Code Three!

EXT. PRIVATE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Uniformed officers clear a path as George and Matt affix their badges and MOVE THROUGH what is becoming a major crime scene. Police, SWAT units and bomb squad personnel are deploying. Electronic and print media are unloading... bystanders and a few anxious human parents are being held back... a number of them are using cell phones.

MATT

"The Hesiod University"...Is this some religious deal?

GEORGE

Hesiod was Greek ... the age of Homer, one of the earliest didactic poets.

Some of the atmosphere REACT UNFAVOURABLY to George's passing...

MATT
(no idea)
Well, that explains it.

GEORGE
His work was meant to be educative rather
than entertaining.

PARENT
Look what they send us...Why can't we get a
real cop? ...I hope he's not in charge.

George pointedly ignores the barbs, while Matt is pissed.

MATT
Not a lot of educating going on around
here.

STAYING WITH George and Matt as they enter the building,
head down a hallway lined with uniforms and plainclothes,
most with their weapons out.

GEORGE
The other cheek, Matthew.

MATT
I'll give them both cheeks!

George and Matt approach double doors and SIGNAGE
indicating gymnasium." Waiting for them are SWAT n.d.'s,
WILCOX, the human senior uniformed officer, and ANDREWS
from the bomb squad.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY

MATT
Ball get stuck in the hoop again, Wilcox?

WILCOX
Very funny, Sikes. We've got a bomber
sitting with the girl's Varsity basketball
team.

ANDREWS
He's got about fifty sticks of what looks
like commercial grade dynamite strapped on.

GEORGE

Can we get a shot?

WILCOX

No snipers. He's holding a triggering device.

INT. STAIRWELL - GEORGE, MATT & WILCOX

coming up, cross to a door that overlooks the gym.

GEORGE

(to Andrews)

Hard wire or remote?

Matt peeks through the double doors.

ANDREWS

Remote. We're setting up the jammer, got a cone on the roof... but you know how many frequencies there are...

MATT

(peering into gym)

I know it's my turn as hostage negotiator, George... but you may want to take it.

Matt steps back and George takes a curious look.

GEORGE'S POV

It's Len, the Newcomer. He's sitting in the middle of the gym...calm but focused.

Seated around him and on the basketball court are about two dozen eighteen year-olds in college gym uniforms. Two teachers, similarly attired, are trying to keep the students calm.

RESUME

as George pulls back.

GEORGE

(no sub-title)

{Faldo... !}

Wilcox and Andrews look at Matt.

MATT

Loosely translated, we're up to our ears in Faldo.

GEORGE

What's he asking for?

WILCOX

Not a damn thing. Must have an accomplice 'cause the parents of the kids on the team are getting calls to wire transfer big bucks to some tax haven bank or else this guy will level the gym.

MATT

Are they paying?

WILCOX

I haven't heard, but I wouldn't be surprised.

Matt sees a funny look on George's face.

MATT

(to George)

What... ?

GEORGE

The bomber... how does he know if this is working or not?

Andrews peeks through the glass.

ANDREWS

I don't see a phone, a pager... nothing.

Off looks...

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

ACROSS Len and the hostages as one of the double doors opens enough for George to slip in. All of the hostages and Len turn to George who's now wearing one of the basketball practice uniforms with no chance of carrying a concealed weapon. George is calm, casual as he moves closer.

LEN

Stay away!

GEORGE

I'd like to, but I've been told to tell you
that the money is being transferred.
Everything you want is --

LEN

(brandishing the trigger
device)

Stop right there!

George halts. Some of the team look very nervous and one of
the coaches urgently whispers to them. Len glances briefly
at a watch on his wrist. George notices...

EXT. GYMNASIUM ROOF - DAY

Matt, a walkie in his hand, works with Andrews, the bomb
squad technicians and the BLACK BOXES as they hastily
initiate more frequency jams.

ANDREWS

We've got AM, FM and the medium wave bands
covered.

MATT

Short wave, single side bands...

ANDREWS

Working on it... we're not Voice of
America.

MATT

(into walkie)

Wilcox, talk to me...

WILCOX'S VOICE

(filter)

He's fifteen feet away... stalemate.

Matt reacts...

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

as we left it.

GEORGE

You seem pretty calm. I'm glad... no reason anyone has to be hurt.

Len ignores him, looks at his watch again. George takes a few more steps.

GEORGE

{Let the hostages go. I'll stay, the coaches will stay.} Tel see keital va. Nal's yas, see serach lis yas.

LEN

{Everyone stays...everyone must... stay.} Tam yas...Tam stum yas This is almost over.

George doesn't like the sound of that or Len's demeanour.

ON THE ROOF

another cable is dragged in, another BLACK BOX put into play.

ANDREWS

Get another cone up! Hit the ham radio band, civil and commercial air... C'mon move!

Plugs are going in, dials turning, VU meters popping... another cone hastily assembled.

WILCOX'S VOICE

(in Matt's walkie)

They're talking... Francisco is still twelve feet away.

MATT

Let's shoot him.

WILCOX'S VOICE

I don't know...

GYM

GEORGE

You know it's going to be hard to get out of here.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your partner's got the money but... I'll go with you, we can walk right out...

George takes more steps. Len looks at his watch, doesn't seem to care that George is closer. George senses that Len is going to do it no matter what. It makes no sense but George is suddenly sure of it.

GEORGE

It's not the money, is it? You don't know what's happening. You don't even care, do you?

Len suddenly stands up, his hand curls tighter on the trigger.

GEORGE

I'm talking to you!

ROOF

WILCOX'S VOICE

(in Matt's walkie)

It's going down... !

ANDREWS

(to Matt)

We're cooking from A to Z.

MATT

(looks at his walkie)

Fire and police?

ANDREWS

Huh? You nuts... we need-

MATT

Do it... all of it!

ANDREWS

(beat; to technician)

Take us off... take it all off.

The technician bends to his BLACK BOX to comply as Matt flings the walkie away, runs to a roof door.

GYM

as Len looks at his watch, his whole body tenses.

GEORGE

Don't do this.

Len looks at George. George sees the answer in his eyes. Len looks at the trigger in his hand... George springs at Len like a mountain cat... slams into him as Len is about to trigger... George and ray fight for control of the trigger.

The coaches, players and bystanders are breaking for the exits... It's a stampede. Len is INTENT ONLY on the TRIGGER... his focus overcomes George's efforts...

Len triggers in the midst of the exodus... he seems serene, proud... George flinches, expecting to die... nothing happens. Len looks miserable, beaten... George is catching his breath... the hostages are racing out the doors... SWAT members are rushing in, guns up...

Len digs something out of a pants pocket... a pill. George grabs Len's arm as he tries to swallow the pill... they struggle... again the focused Len is winning...

LEN

Udara! {Take our blood, we will be free...}
Kat vai likwi, kee lis ke flek.

The first two SWAT guys reach the combatants, tackle Len and take him to the floor. The pill is pried from his hand.

George drops down on the bleacher seats, stares at Len who is being handcuffed in back. He can't believe what he just heard Len utter. He bends over to pick up the pill Len tried to take... Matt runs in, winded.

MATT

George, you all right?

George just stares at Len as he is turned over... a bomb squad techie goes to work on the dynamite.

MATT

George... ?

ACT THREE

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - DAY

WITH George as he moves down the line of desks toward his own. Most of the ATMOSPHERE offer him AD LIB congratulations for his work with the school bomber.

George is preoccupied, responds with nods. He passes Zepeda's desk... she's got CRUISE tickets, brochures, luggage tags spread on her desk.

ZEPEDA

Nice work, George...

He nods again. DOLLY AROUND Zepeda as George reaches his desk, sits and boots up his computer. Zepeda turns her attention back to the cruise stuff. Albert passes, stops...

ALBERT

That looks like a nice cruise, Detective.

ZEPEDA

It's five years of savings, all my sick leave and I'm ready, Albert!

Albert pages through the brochure, reading...

ALBERT

'... a world of cabaret, dance and romance awaits you...'

(pages)

'everything you could possibly desire is on board...'

ZEPEDA

I hope that includes the Norwegian officers and the Italian crew.

ALBERT

(creating his own)

This is interesting... 'some passengers may want to fill out absentee ballots before embarking from their country of origin...'

Albert pulls out some forms. Zepeda gets it.

ZEPEDA

You know, that would have slipped my mind.

ALBERT

I'd like to encourage your vote for-

ZEPEDA

(taking the ballot)

Done deal, Albert. I hope your Newcomer wins.

Andrews passes. CAMERA GOES with him as he spots Matt making fresh coffee in the snack area.

ANDREWS

Brought you a little souvenir.

He hands Matt the bomber's trigger device.

MATT

You should give it to George.

ANDREWS

(interrupting)

Want to guess what frequency he was on?

MATT

Hey, it doesn't-

ANDREWS

Tac Three. You hadn't made that police band call... we'd still be coming to earth in pieces.

Matt looks over where George is intensely working his computer... shrugs.

ANDREWS

I hear talk about a commendation for Francisco, maybe even the Medal of Valour.

MATT

Works for me.

Matt heads for his desk as Andrews looks him off.

GEORGE AND MATT

as Matt arrives, sits at his desk.

MATT

C'mon, we'll grab a late lunch. I want to check out some other cars.

George ignores

MATT

George, forget it. We've never had a case even remotely connected to that Udara legend.

GEORGE

The Udara is not a myth. Udara means freedom. 'Take my blood. We will be free.' It was their oath, their battle cry. The perp's name is Leonard Guini.

(continuing; checking his screen)

MATT

...Len Guini?

GEORGE

No record, no criminal associates... construction worker. Nothing in his background to account for killing a guard, attempted extortion... Sound familiar?

Matt's look says doesn't get it.

GEORGE

Tina... nothing to explain her actions either.

MATT

George, Carter was a mob hit. This Len Guini is a loony somebody must have hired.

Albert comes up with some computer printouts, puts them on George's desk.

ALBERT

This is everything the Bureau of Newcomer Affairs has on Udara. I'm afraid it's very little...

George glances at the flimsy material.

GEORGE

It was worth a try. Thanks, Albert.

MATT

I thought the Udara was your Resistance force - the good guys.

GEORGE

No. We had a recognised resistance group. But the Udara were slaves who believed any means were justified against the Klesantzun. Assassination, sabotage...

ALBERT

We lost many when the Overseers retaliated.

MATT

Okay... so this Guini guy used to be Udara... he was on the right side, but an extremist. Tina would have been too young and -

ALBERT

We heard they recruited children as well. No one really knows...

GEORGE

'Take my blood. We will be free.' It was also an oath to die if captured... to reveal nothing about themselves to the enemy.

MATT

George, in case you haven't noticed, the only Overseers left on the planet have either gotten with the program, are doing hard time, or are checked into the Boneyard Hilton.

George isn't satisfied, goes back to work on the computer.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Larry is walking along a row of moored boats - expensive yachts - with SEAN, a marine broker used to catering to the rich and urbane. Sean is dubious about Larry's interest...

SEAN

Fifty-two feet, shallow draft, eight staterooms, twin diesels... \$250,000.

(next boat)

Sixty-five feet, sleeps twelve, trans-oceanic, all teak interior... \$455,000.

LARRY

(stops)

Yeah, that's more like it. Can we go aboard?

SEAN

Most of the craft in this range are all cash, Mr. Duncan. Your present... uh... boat, won't bring too much in its current condition.

LARRY

Hell, burn it for all I care. And all cash won't be a problem. When my brother died, he left me an inheritance.

Sean smells opportunity, becomes more solicitous.

SEAN

I'm terribly sorry, Larry. My condolences...

LARRY

Save it... he kicked off years ago.

Sean is confused.

LARRY

What that computer nerd left me... well, it took a long time for me to realise its potential.

(resumes walking)

I'm in business now, so show me some more

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)
of these 'ocean crossers'.

Sean hurries to catch up.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Matt drives his car onto the lot. George is a passenger.

GEORGE
What are you doing?

MATT
These guys have a new shipment of Ultras.

GEORGE
Matt, Cathy is waiting for-

MATT
No she's not. I told her to meet us here.

Matt exits his car followed by a reluctant George. They approach a pair of low slung "Ultras".

GEORGE
What happened to the Dungo?

MATT
Durango, George. Forget it, they don't want to bargain. The art of the deal, George... it's all part of the pleasure you get after the sale.

Cathy walks up, carrying a file, joins George in watching Matt.

CATHY
(clinical analysis)
The human male in many ways never seems to leave his adolescence.

Cathy hands George the file and he pages through it.

CATHY
Screened for everything, George. No presence... no indication of usage, dependency. Full work-ups...

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

Haematology, biochem and microbiological.
All values in the normal Newcomer range.

GEORGE

You hear about this morning?

CATHY

After the fact...

(looks over at Matt)

Better I didn't know.

GEORGE

You worry about him?

CATHY

The little impetuous boy against the bad
guys... you bet.

GEORGE

Does he know?

CATHY

(beats)

We don't talk about it... but I think it's
a given, George.

George chews on that for a beat re his relationship with
Susan. Matt exits the Ultra, starts over.

GEORGE

When can I see Mr. Guini?

CATHY

He's acutely suicidal, tried to bite his
tongue off. I had to sedate him.

GEORGE

(reacting)

How many cases have you heard of where a
patient could bring him or her self to
actually do that?

MATT

(overhearing)

Do what?

GEORGE

Bite your tongue off, bleed to death.

MATT

Not the Udara thing again.

CATHY

Udara?!

GEORGE

Leonard Guini's words just before he tried to swallow that pill were: 'take our blood -

CATHY

- we will be free.'

(beat)

Maybe he was Udara aboard the ship, but George, that cause is gone.

GEORGE

Tina and Leonard... not a hint of criminal background... no apparent motive-

MATT

George, you ever hear the expression, 'There's a price at which everything moves.' Somebody offered these guys a number they couldn't say no to.

GEORGE

(to Matt)

For suicide missions?

(to Cathy)

I want to try and talk to Leonard.

Cathy nods.

MATT

After a quick test drive and-

GEORGE

Now!

George and Cathy move to her car.

MATT

(pissy)

Okay, and if you want some real info, I'll go lean on Jack Moran. I'm telling you, he got to Tina, he ordered that hit.

EXT. POLICE ACADEMY GUN RANGE - DAY

Claire, Miles Standish and other Cadets in uniform with notebooks, move toward a class. Buck, in LAPD sweats, runs up behind.

BUCK

Claire...

Claire and Miles Standish turn, duck out of the queue.

MILES STANDISH

What happened to you?

BUCK

I can't get my locker open.

CLAIRE

(pissed)

More of their games.

MILES STANDISH

You've got to change.

BUCK

I'd rather be on time.

CLAIRE

Mistake...

Buck is waffling... most of the class is already inside. Claire pulls out a big folding knife, hands it to Buck.

CLAIRE

Hurry...

Buck nods, runs back the way he came.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

FIND Buck, now in uniform, hurrying back to the classroom. he slows as he hears laughter.

MOORE'S VOICE

Look at that slag go!

Buck moves to a slightly ajar door. SOUND of MALE LAUGHTER...

WING'S VOICE

Check out this zoom coming up.

MOORE'S VOICE

You gotta make some copies. They'll be standing in line.

Buck reaches the door, peeks in.

BUCK'S POV

of Wing's office. Wing and Moore are watching a videotape on one of several monitors. The tape shows action from the gym, has been edited MTV style, "tracked" with a cartoon-like score.

INTERCUT BUCK

for reactions...

RESUME TAPE

as it makes fun of the Newcomers, women cadets and white males. A shot of Claire scrambling over an obstacle wall... she slips, catches herself, her sweat pants catch, she pulls them up... tight cut of Buck's face climbing the rope... Wing has edited Buck's facial expressions with repeated cuts of Claire pulling her pants up. Moore and Wing can't stop laughing.

BUCK ON TAPE

We're all just doing our best, sir. - Doing our best, sir.

INT. CLASSROOM

The class listens to SGT. HOSKINS, an older male officer, lecture. Buck slips in...

HOSKINS

When you take the suspect into custody,
it's your responsibility-
(spotting Buck)
Can we help you, Francisco?

BUCK

I'm sorry, Officer. I... well-

CLAIRE

(challenging)
He had a locker problem.

Hoskins takes a few beats... he understands, has little
patience for anything but doing the Job.

HOSKINS

Take your seat.

Buck nods, sits down.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An old-fashioned steak house... nearly deserted between
lunch and dinner shifts. The bar is being re-stocked by a
BARTENDER while Moran is in a nearby booth eating and
drinking with two bodyguards. Matt pushes through the front
door, draws the attention of the bodyguards.

BARTENDER

We're closed till five.

MATT

Board of Health, I hear you've got
cockroaches...

Moran gives Matt an unconcerned glance as he comes up.

MATT

Oh yeah, I see three of them now. Big ugly
ones...

MORAN

Make it quick, Detective.

MATT

I love the bookends, Jack. Where do you find guys with no necks... or do you breed them?

One of the bodyguards starts to come up but Jack stops him with an arm. Both guards are looking daggers at Matt.

MATT

Smells in here - aren't they house- broken?

MORAN

Times up, Sikes. Unless you've got a warrant, go-

MATT

What I've got are two dead cops. You'll never lose that marker, Jack. It's going to get so heavy, it's going to break your miserable back.

MORAN

(beats)

I really wanted Carter popped, okay? But the thing is, the hit didn't come from me. you want to insult me, provoke me, threaten me... do it. I understand where you're coming from. you just ain't gonna get the satisfaction cause I don't know who... I don't know how... and I don't know why. End of story.

Matt and Moran trade long looks. Matt doesn't like the feeling he has that Moran is telling the truth.

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - LATE DAY

Susan, dressed from work, wanders in. She's looking for George, feeling bad about the current state of family affairs. She passes GARY, a young detective.

GARY

Hey, Mrs. F. Long time...

SUSAN

Gary, nice to see you. I was hoping George was around.

GARY

You heard, huh?

SUSAN

(some concern)

Heard what?

GARY

(loops)

It doesn't matter... old news and everybody's A-OK.

SUSAN

You sure?

GARY

For real.

Albert is moving by. Susan spots him.

SUSAN

Albert, have you seen George?

Albert is surprised to see her and Susan reads it.

SUSAN

I thought I'd surprise him... maybe take him to dinner.

Albert moves to George's desk, Susan trails.

ALBERT

He and Matt went out. Let me see if they left a location.

SUSAN

It's not that important... I'll see him at home.

ALBERT

You sure?

Susan spots the "Udara" file on George's desk. She's stunned.

ALBERT

Susan, are you all right?

SUSAN

I was... I... is George working on something to do with...

(indicating file)

... the Udara?

ALBERT

Crazy, huh? Two serious felonies. Both perpetrators were Newcomers.- George thinks there may be a connection.

SUSAN

Why would he think that?

ALBERT

'Take our blood. We will be free.' You don't hear that a lot...

SUSAN

No... I guess not...

Susan starts off, tense, grim-faced.

ALBERT

You want me to tell him?

SUSAN

No, I'll... I'll see him later..

INT. COP SHOP ELEVATORS - CORRIDOR - LATE DAY

PICKING UP Susan as she comes out in a hurry... pauses to compose herself. PUSHING IN... something is terribly wrong!

ACT FOUR

INT. PSYCHIATRIC ROOM, HOSPITAL JAIL WARD - LATE DAY

FRAMED on a CRT MONITOR... an eye-engaging graphics DISPLAY is RUNNING.

CATHY'S VOICE (O.C.)

(filter/reverb)

It's safe now, Len... just keep watching.
Your breathing is easy; you can relax...
nothing can harm you. you want to rest...

Cathy comes from behind monitor. Moves to Len, in a LAPD jump-suit. He's in a contour chair, under restraint... a block in his mouth to prevent him from biting down on his tongue. He gazes at the arresting monitor display. His body is slowly relaxing, eyes starting to close.

CATHY

... forget about everything... let your
mind clear. It's so peaceful... quiet...
you can rest... close your eyes... you're
safe here... you trust this voice... this
voice brings you peace, keeps you safe...

Len's eyes are finally shut. A door in the b.g. opens... George and Cathy, in a lab coat, walk in. Cathy removes the mouth block while George looks at Len with empathy.

GEORGE

How can-

Cathy holds up her hand, shakes her head.

CATHY

Len, can you hear me?

LEN

Yes, I hear you.

CATHY

Open your eyes...

Cathy positions herself close as Len opens his eyes, sees her.

CATHY

That's right, look at me.

Len seems natural and relaxed.

CATHY

It's safe here... we can talk... there's nothing to worry about.

LEN

I need... I need to... I forgot...

CATHY

It's all right. This is a voice you trust. Do you trust this voice, Len?

LEN

Yes... trust the voice.

CATHY

Where are you?

LEN

I don't know.

CATHY

Do you work, Len?

LEN

Construction... shiny hammer... no high work.

CATHY

Do you like your work?

LEN

It's a job.

CATHY

What about money? Do you need more money?

LEN

Computer... want a computer. Movies too much money. Newcomer Network, I can go on-line... I... I... I need...

CATHY

What, Len? What do you need?

LEN

Talk to Newcomers... on the Web... Do they have the dream... same dream...?

PUSHING IN on Len, he's showing signs of agitation.

LEN

I don't understand... same dream...

CATHY

Tell me about it, Len. Tell me about the dream...

LEN

One of the mines...

INT. CAVE, SLAVE MINING OPERATION

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA (Len's POV) PASSES Tenctonese men, women and children working in dark and uncomfortable conditions. They use laser-cutting tools to bite into rock... gasses and vapour escape... a number of the slave/miners collapse...

LEN'S VOICE

I take the dead away... some have taken their own lives...

Overseers supervise without mercy, protected by face masks... Len drags a dead Tenctonese away.

INT. A MINED-OUT CAVERN

PANNING bodies of Tenctonese slaves.

LEN'S VOICE

So many gone... forever... The overseers, we must fight them...

The PAN abruptly stops on a CU of Avra, looking directly into CAMERA, the strange lenses over her eyes are GLOWING...

CHANTING VOICES

{Take our blood. We will be free. Take our
blood. We will be free.} Kat vai likwi. Kee
lis ke flek. Kat vai likwi. Kee lis ke
flek.

LEN'S VOICE

The light, I see the light of the leader!

Len MIMICS the computer-generated Tenctonese flute-like
MELODY he HEARD on the phone. George and Cathy watch in
curious fascination. As he finishes the melody, Len
suddenly SCREAMS...

LEN

I had a mission! I failed... I must die...
I must not betray...!

Len shudders, he's broken himself out of the hypnosis. He
looks at George and Cathy in abject fear, struggles with
his restraints. Cathy removes a short high-tech contact
syringe from her coat - Len opens his mouth, his tongue
between his teeth.

Cathy touches him in the neck with the syringe,
forestalling an attempt to bite his tongue off. Len
collapses in the contour chair. Cathy immediately checks
his pupils, vital signs...

CATHY

(as she works)

I don't think Len was committing a crime of
passion or profit.

GEORGE

No drugs..

CATHY

He was clean.

GEORGE

It's the Udara, some kind of lingering mind
control...

CATHY

That's one possibility.

George's look asks a question.

CATHY

George... we were there. Is it any wonder our race suffers from personality disorders and psychosis far greater than humans.

George looks at Len, wondering what the answer might be.

INT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER -NIGHT

Looking out on the Los Angeles cityscape. PANNING INTO a man seated at his desk in a knockout executive office. He's CHARLES CUMMINGS, a high-profile criminal attorney.

CUMMINGS

Yes, the last client was very pleased... so pleased he's got a very special order... How much?!

(beat)

Larry, let's not squeeze the golden goose so hard that he chokes.

INT. LARRY'S CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Larry on the phone with Cummings.

LARRY

Counsellor, your bigshot clients can afford it. How major a deal is this?

CUMMINGS

That's not your business.

LARRY

The price is still up to fifty thousand. Remember once this well runs dry... we're out of business.

CUMMINGS

(unhappy)

All right.

LARRY

When do I get the specifications?

CUMMINGS

I'll call you back. Just be ready.

They both hang up. Larry moves to the galley table, sits and turns on his computer. Reaching over to the nearby bulkhead, he reveals a hidden WALL SAFE... dials the combination, opens the safe and pulls out an ETCHED HOLOGRAPHIC PLATE with Tenctonese writing.

The computer BEEPS, the screen requests a PASSWORD. Larry enters one and the machine completes booting up.

ON THE SCREEN

a keyboard language conversion PROMPT APPEARS. Larry SELECTS Tenctonese among the many choices.

RESUME LARRY

as he SCANS the ETCHED PLATE into the computer, hits some keys. A double row of Tenctonese names COMES UP on the MONITOR. Two of the names are CROSSED OFF. ... Larry types another command... beats, then the list reappears only all the names have been REPLACED BY NUMBERS. Larry types...

On the SCREEN, a "yearbook" type display appears... Newcomers of all ages, sex and type along with thumbnail profiles in English... name, address etc.

LARRY

Thank you, brother... thank you.

INT. FRANCISCO HOUSE - NIGHT

An edgy Susan is watching the TV news. On screen, a REPORTER stands in front of the ritzy school Summarising the story.

REPORTER

... where the Newcomer held the college's basketball team hostage while wearing what police describe as least ten pounds of dynamite.

SOUND of FRONT DOOR as George arrives home from work.

REPORTER

Authorities have still not disclosed how much money may have been extorted from anxious parents,...

GEORGE'S VOICE

Susan...

REPORTER

... but reliable sources indicate it may be in the millions of dollars.

George comes in, catches some of the report as Susan turns the set off with a remote.

GEORGE

Sorry I'm so late... I should have called. I'll get dinner going.

SUSAN

(almost an accusation)
I saw you on the news.

GEORGE

Doing my job.

SUSAN

And at risk.

GEORGE

More so than usual... yes.

(beats)

Susan, we can't have it both ways. Buck is going to make his own choices. You want someone to blame, blame me, all right? If he sees me as a role model... what should I say? I don't like the work, I can't do the work-?

Susan gets up, heads for the kitchen... CAMERA Tracks as George follows her.

SUSAN

I get the point, George. I never expected you to lie to him.

GEORGE

He's quite enthusiastic about this.

SUSAN

And I'm spoiling it?

GEORGE

He'll do a better job knowing we're behind him.

Susan doesn't respond, starts making dinner preparations. George takes off his jacket, gun...badge...

GEORGE

Susan... I never questioned your support... but... I should have paid more attention, given thought about what it must be like to have someone you care so much about wearing this...

George looks at the badge in his hand.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

Susan still doesn't respond.

GEORGE

When Buck graduates, goes on the street... I'll probably worry as much as you.

SUSAN

Your perspective is going to get a major wake-up call.

George moves to her, takes her into his arms. He doesn't notice yet that Susan is distracted, distressed about something.

DINING TABLE - LATER

George and Susan at dinner... Susan doesn't have an appetite.

GEORGE

Not hungry... ?

SUSAN

Why are the kids so late?

GEORGE

Probably because they're not kids anymore.

SUSAN

I'm glad Emily isn't in college yet.
Imagine how the parents at the Hesiod
University felt.

GEORGE

That's not a place for Newcomers.

SUSAN

Oh... Still...

GEORGE

You're right.

SUSAN

They said the bomber had an accomplice.

(probing)

Any leads?

Susan isn't usually interested in George's police work but he chalks it up to her empathy for the worried parents.

GEORGE

Not really. This is the second Newcomer
crime without a logical background or
motive.

SUSAN

That does seem strange.

GEORGE

You remember the Udara?

Susan has been waiting for this moment.

SUSAN

Of course. You think they have something to
do with the bomber?

GEORGE

Yes I do. For Udara, the end always justified the means. Why does a construction worker suddenly become an extortionist? Why does a model cop suddenly become an assassin?

SUSAN

What does Matt think?

GEORGE

Matt sees profit or passion behind every crime.

SUSAN

It wouldn't be the first time, George. Besides the Udara only had one purpose. When the ship crashed and we gained our freedom, they had no more reason to exist.

GEORGE

Just as well. They were obsessed and dangerous

SUSAN

We were no better than cattle, George. Slaves in a slow line to slaughter.

GEORGE

You condone what they did?

SUSAN

They stepped out of that line, they said, 'no more.' They fought back with everything they had, gave measure for measure.

Favouring Susan as she REMEMBERS in a...

MONTAGE OF FLASHBACKS

while George responds...

GEORGE'S VOICE

But they lost all sense of morality...

THE SHIP SEARCH AREA - SUSAN

being searched by Overseers along with other women slaves.

Susan swallows a message rather than have it discovered.

GEORGE'S VOICE

They became worse than the monsters they
were fighting...

SHIP GALLEY - SUSAN

working in one of the SHIP'S GALLEYS... slipping something
into a food tray.

GEORGE'S VOICE

How many of our people died because of
their attacks, their provocations?

THE SHIP'S COMMISSARY - SUSAN

watches as an Overseer collapses after being poisoned.
Tenctonese servers are lined up and executed by Overseers
on the spot (avoid close-ups and detail).

GEORGE'S VOICE

The Udara instilled an even greater fear...
we even stopped trusting each other...

A DESOLATE SLAVE COLONY - SUSAN

is penned up with other slaves, talking to Avra (without
the lenses). Avra signals and members of the Udara
congregate around the two women, obscuring them from the
view of the guards.

AVRA'S VOICE

{No longer afraid... no longer the
hopeless. We harden our hearts to hack off
cruel chains... to destroy the ones that
forge them...} Ee gula dyarfa...ee gula see
mela. Kee sauin vai valens at chak lap
rolla so ot serdro vai sings masa greefo
mis.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Susan... Susan, are you all right?

RESUME GEORGE AND SUSAN

Susan returns to the present... ADJUST to include George.

GEORGE

What is it?

SUSAN

(beats; looking up)

'no longer afraid... no longer hopeless. We harden our hearts to hack off cruel chains... to destroy the ones that forge them.'

George stares at her, astonished, an awful sense of realisation.

SUSAN

(nods slowly)

I was Udara, George...

ACT FIVE

INT. FRANCISCO HOUSE - NIGHT

FRAMED on the front door as Buck, in uniform, returns from the Academy. TRACKING until he spots Emily sitting on the staircase... her body language suggests some of her anguish.

From upstairs, the NOT UNDERSTANDABLE RAISED VOICES of George and Susan can be HEARD.

BUCK
(moving in)
I've never heard them like this.

EMILY
(great trepidation)
You don't think they'll break up do you?

BUCK
Over me going to the Academy? That's ludicrous!

EMILY
I don't want to bruise your ego, but your name hasn't come up. They're yelling about 'Udara' or 'freedom' or something.

A worried Buck throws his look up the staircase...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loud, sharp and heated...

SUSAN
... and on the ship, how often did I have to wonder if you were still alive? If Buck or Emily would be taken away from me?

GEORGE
You think I didn't worry...that I didn't look and ask for you or the children every chance I got?

SUSAN

And then what? Do whatever they say, suffer every indignity, every degradation... live like an animal. No... less than animals-

GEORGE

The Udara were killers, Susan... every dark atrocity one can imagine-

SUSAN

Atrocity! Fighting back... an atrocity? Destroying Overseers... an atrocity? Wanting to survive and save my family... an atrocity?

GEORGE

And what is left to survive for? What's the difference between us and them?

SUSAN

I knew the difference, George.

GEORGE

(softer)

After a while, many didn't.

SUSAN

Was it better to die a slave? No, I rejected that with all my being! You've forgotten too much...

GEORGE

You sound so sure of yourself.

SUSAN

I am... I was.

GEORGE

Then why have you kept it from me? If you were so sure, why didn't you tell me? We've always shared everything...

Susan who has not told everything yet... has no response.

GEORGE

It's because you know, don't you... you really know. The end can't always justify the means.

SUSAN

(ultimate insult)

You've become too human, George. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.' Look around you, do you see that working? did it work back on the slave ship? Tell the truth... what we did, what Udara did... didn't it give you some hope, some satisfaction? To finally see some fear in the eyes of the Klesantzun.

GEORGE

It would be a lie to say otherwise.

SUSAN

Udara chose to make a sacrifice. Not just wait to be selected by an Overseer. Don't you see the difference?

GEORGE

Yes... But you didn't have the right to sacrifice others who didn't get a chance to make that Choice. We were a subjugated people, a desperate race... but we still had to have a conscience...

They glare at each other as angry as we've ever seen them.

SUSAN

Get out, just get out... !

George can't wait, moves quickly to the bedroom door, opens it and walks out...

DOWNSTAIRS

A worried Buck and Emily are sitting on the stairs. They hear the SLAM of the DOOR, George's footsteps.

They REACT, desperately needing each other for solace. Buck puts an arm around Emily.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

DOLLY the busy counter... a TV PLAYS above the waitresses and the food service area. SENATOR SILVERTHORNE (we recognise him from the election posters we've seen) is being interviewed.

SILVERTHORNE

... should not lose sight of the victims of crime. In three days, after the TV debate with my opponent, the voters of this state will know who really has their welfare and safety at heart. I want to assure...

LOSING the TV audio as CAMERA FINDS a sombre George and a concerned Matt having breakfast in the booth section of the coffee shop.

MATT

Susan... in the Udara. That blows my mind, George.

GEORGE

She didn't even come down for breakfast. The kids... if you could have seen the look in their eyes.

MATT

They heard...?!

GEORGE

Just that we were... loud... angry...

MATT

I'm really sorry, man.

GEORGE

I slept on the couch. It felt like I was in one of those TV sitcoms... only I wasn't laughing.

MATT

Did Susan say what she did for-

GEORGE

I don't want to know. I didn't ask.

(reading his partner)

Oh, I know how you feel about underdogs...
no putz, no glory, all that. It's not that
simple.

Matt tries hard not to crack up.

MATT

That's guts, George.

GEORGE

It's not funny.

MATT

(composing himself)

No, it's not funny.

GEORGE

Human history is filled with examples of
people who commit heinous and
unconscionable acts... but always for a
'noble' cause. North something against
South something... Protestant against
Catholic, Arab against Jew, white against
colour-

MATT

Some of those causes were noble.

GEORGE

So you think it's all right? What the Udara
did is justified? Acceptable terrorism?

MATT

That's a label, George. One person's
terrorism might be another person's...
affirmation of life.

George is taken aback by his partner's uncharacteristic
thought and eloquence. It's food for thought...

GEORGE

Matt, we must find out more about the Udara.

MATT

Absolutely. Hey, don't you think Susan would be the right-

He stops, suddenly realises he's being set up.

MATT

Oh no, George... don't ask me to do that!

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - DAY

An agitated Grazer, papers in hand, is on the prowl.

GRAZER

Gary, you seen Francisco or Sikes?

GARY

No, Cap...

GRAZER

Albert...?

ALBERT

Not... lately...

GRAZER

Zepeda, do you have any idea-

Zepeda has her desk clear of work.

ZEPEDA

Sikes is in interrogation, Captain. Anything I can do for you before I leave on the cruise of a lifetime?

GRAZER

(brandishing papers)

Have you seen this request?

(reading)

'all stations... please report any Newcomers in custody attempting suicide and/or mention and/or reference to Yood-ura and/or mention and/or reference the phrase

(MORE)

GRAZER (CONT'D)

'take our blood. We will be free.' Signed
Francisco. Why am I not surprised?

ALBERT

That's Udara, Sir.

GRAZER

Thank you, Albert. And this blood thing-
What the hell is an Udara?

ZEPEDA

Francisco and Sikes are on it, Captain.
It's a connection to the Carter hit and the
bomber extortion.

GRAZER

What is it, some rock group... a satanic
cult deal?

ZEPEDA

Albert...

ALBERT

Uh... it's definitely not a rock group.

GRAZER

I want Francisco and/or Sikes as soon as
they're available.

ZEPEDA

Yes, sir!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SINGLE on MATT as CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to the O.C. person he
is talking to... A cassette-corder is on the table.

MATT

(uncomfortable)

Look, this is difficult for both of us.
We're sure these two Newcomers were or are
Udara.

A CAMERA REVEALS he's talking to Susan. She's edgy...

SUSAN

Where's George?

MATT

He's around. Susan, it's better if I ask the questions.

SUSAN

Better for whom?

MATT

We have this O'vack in custody. He's not saying much. We need information. Since you and George aren't exactly... seeing eye-to-

SUSAN

He told you!?. He actually discussed our... fight.

MATT

The Udara is police busi-

SUSAN

I understand that. I'm talking about our private life!

MATT

Look, this is more important than whether I know that my partner slept on the couch. Major crimes are being committed, lives are being lost. You're a citizen in a land of laws now, Susan.

SUSAN

(beats)

Ask your damn questions.

Beats, then Matt picks up the cassette-corder, turns it on.

EXT. POLICE STATION ROOF - DAY

George is alone, depressed. Matt comes out on the roof, moves to George.

GEORGE

What did you learn, other than the fact that I'm up to my spots in faldo.

MATT

Secrecy was the name of the game, George. Everything was on a need-to-know basis. She believed... she volunteered, was given some trial... assignments - She wouldn't say what.

GEORGE

Structure, leaders... ?

MATT

Susan doesn't know that much. A woman called Avra was the leader. She gave Susan her orders... She'd be in her seventies now.

GEORGE

Does Susan know where this 'Avra' is now?

MATT

That's when I lost her. Clammed up tight... insisted on talking to you.

George looks unhappy at the prospect of facing his wife.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Susan sits alone at the end of the table. The door opens and George walks in, anxious and anguished. Susan looks over to confirm it's him, then has trouble making eye contact.

SUSAN

Detective...

GEORGE

Susan, let's not...

Silence...

GEORGE

You had good reasons for what you thought you had to do.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I feel differently, but...this shouldn't spoil what we have... Surely you know what you mean to me...

George's expression of feeling and conciliatory attitude is even harder on Susan for reasons George is not yet aware of.

GEORGE

The questions can wait. Let me take you home. I don't want this anger between us... Please, I can't live like that.

SUSAN

(struggling)

I want to go home with you, George. Listen to me first... then no more questions... ever.

(beat)

The Udara were committed to fight to the death. We saw no end to the struggle. Many of us died, some became too old for... the assignments. Avra... Avra said we had to have a reserve... a force that could not be implicated or exposed no matter what terrible things the Overseers might do to them. We needed new fighters dedicated the cause, ready to carry out order without fear, without hesitation... without mercy.

George listens in dismay... Susan's own anguish is starting to show through.

GEORGE

Go on...

SUSAN

They inhaled a special mind altering gas we managed to steal from Special Section. The shadow force was 'seeded.'

GEORGE

Seeded?

SUSAN

Once the gas was inhaled, they could receive what Humans call hypnotic suggestion, mind control really.

Susan hums the Tenctonese MELODY we've heard before.

SUSAN

The trigger that activated them. Then they were given a phrase to initiate a mission. If they returned, all memory of being Udara, what they had done... was wiped out by the termination phrase.

GEORGE

If they didn't return?

SUSAN

They would... did take their lives rather than betray the cause.

GEORGE

Do you know the phrases, Susan?

Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN

Avra kept them to herself. George, I don't know how this could be happening now...

GEORGE

Tina, the police officer, she would have been in her teens on the ship.

SUSAN

(beats; emotion building)

The Udara wanted young people, children so we would be ready to fight for generations. You've got to understand what it was like for me, George. We were separated so often. The Udara was hope... if there was to be any future... we had to have some hope.

A terrible thought crosses George's mind.

GEORGE

Susan, look at me.

Susan will not. George walks closer to her.

GEORGE

You seem to know a lot about the 'seeded'
ones... but it must have been the Udara's
greatest secret.

Beats. Susan wills herself to make eye contact with George.
Her voice goes dead... ready for the inevitable.

SUSAN

Yes... none of the children were seeded
without permission from a parent... if they
still had one.

GEORGE

Oh, Susan... please, no...

SUSAN

Avra told us... Avra said they were our
future... the children are always our
future.

(tears)

George... I let them seed Emily.

OFF George's horrified face...

ACT SIX

INT. FRANCISCO KITCHEN - DAY

Buck and Emily make breakfast. Both upset, they talk quietly.

EMILY

Where's Dad?

BUCK

He slept in my room. And he won't talk about it.

EMILY

I hate this.

BUCK

I told him I'd quit the Academy if it would help.

EMILY

Do you want to?

BUCK

(beat)

No. I'm handling it.

EMILY

Handling it? What's to handle?

BUCK

The jerks... the ones who like to play the 'species card.' I get really pissed off at their little power trips.

EMILY

Don't lose your cool, Buck.

BUCK

(intense)

Easy for you to say. one of these days, I just might have to wipe the smirks off a few sniggering faces.

EMILY

They're not worth it.

BUCK

That's what I keep telling myself.

EMILY

You think it was the same when Dad went through?

BUCK

Probably worse. He was one of the first.

Emily comes over gives her brother a hug.

BUCK

(wry appreciation)

Is this a bonus when your home is breaking up?

EMILY

(sadly)

I guess so...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

FIND Emily walking to school. Her backpack is slung on one shoulder... she meets friends, they start to chatter. ADJUST to REVEAL Zepeda and Gary in an unmarked car. They cruise slowly behind the kids... Emily is under surveillance.

INT./EXT. AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

FAVOURING a mechanic under the hood of Matt's car. A service manager is writing up the order. A serious George comes up.

GEORGE

Matt...

MATT

Coming... I'm just trying to decide on burial or cremation. The service manager hands Matt a copy of the work order.

MATT

(anguish)

I knew it. A day late and twelve hundred bucks poorer.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, I-

MATT

George, it's a car. It's not a wife... it's not a daughter. C'mon, let's go find this Avra...

Matt starts away with George. As they move outside...

GEORGE

I keep trying to remind myself just how it was. Such terrible times... but my own child... walking around like... a potential time bomb.

MATT

Take it easy, she's covered. Zep and Gary are on the day watch.

GEORGE

But Zepeda's supposed to be going on vacation?!

MATT

They both volunteered.

George is overwhelmed by the gesture. OUTSIDE, they head for the unmarked police car George is driving.

MATT

How did Emily take it?

GEORGE

We didn't tell her.

MATT

What!?

GEORGE

She doesn't need to know. why should she worry about something that may never

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

happen?

MATT

But if she's having those dreams- ?

GEORGE

I can't very well ask her that, can I?

MATT

You're nuts, George. I'm not saying it's going to happen, but you don't know who's picking these Newcomers to commit crimes or how they do it.

GEORGE

We'll find out.

MATT

She ought to know, that's all I'm saying.

George halts short of the car... Matt stops...

GEORGE

(some heat)

Susan and I decided not to tell her. It's about all we can agree on. The knowledge of being seeded, what the consequences could be...

MATT

She didn't do anything wrong! If some terrorist group decided to-

GEORGE

(upset)

This is not your call!

Beats, then Matt nods. George is really on the edge.

INT. BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS, DATA BASE ROOM - DAY

DOLLYING THROUGH computer networking to FIND George and Matt with DARRYL, 30s... Cyberspace is his life. Darryl's fingers fly over the keyboard and data on the screen comes and goes in the blink of an eye as he works to help the cops.

DARRYL

We've decentralised our minicomputers...
using LAN-based SQL database servers. I'm
running Squeegie Level Six with some of my
own code... we're really cutting through it
now.

George and Matt have no idea what he's talking about.

DARRYL

Nah, no hits... No 'Avra's' coming in or
out of Newcomer immigration.

(to the guys)

At least in her sixties, you're sure?

GEORGE

pretty sure...

Darryl's fingers are flying again...

DARRYL

Twenty-three hundred female Newcomers
processed between ages sixty and seventy.
Still surviving... four hundred and
twelve... still involved with BNA, three
hundred sixteen... that means we have hard
current data. Mostly because they have
regular old age welfare benefits.

MATT

Three hundred and sixteen?!

DARRYL

I can re-check real fast!

GEORGE

No, we believe you. What about photo
identification?

DARRYL

No Offence, detective, but... with the
commonality of certain Newcomer physical
characteristics-

GEORGE

Please, don't say we all look alike... No photos...

DARRYL

BNA changed to retina readers on all welfare recipients. We did have a lot of fraud.

George realises the enormity of the task. Matt has an idea.

MATT

How many still live around L.A.?

DARRYL

(fingers the keyboard)

Ninety-two percent.

INT. BNA BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

George and Matt walk down the stairs and across the lobby.

GEORGE

A sting?

MATT

Sure... We get the BNA computers to spit out form letters to each one... some big increase in the benefits package. But they've got to come in for an information meeting, a qualification check. Vice did one last month on their outstanding warrants list... used last known addresses and sent out 'You've won a week in Hawaii' letters. Busted twenty-eight 'winners' in some really awful looking resortwear.

GEORGE

It's a great idea. We'll save so much time.

MATT

But Susan's got to be there to identify Avra.

GEORGE

She will.

(beats)

Matt, before... I-

MATT

Forget about it.

George stops him with an arm.

GEORGE

I won't.

Looks between the partners...

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM, GRAZER'S OFFICE - DAY

George and Matt wait expectantly while Grazer scans a report and request authorisations... Grazer starts to sign...

GRAZER

All right, gentleman... I'm approving this sting and the overtime for surveillance. How soon is this 'welfare orientation' thing?

MATT

Letters will go out tonight, Captain. The required meeting is in three days.

GRAZER

That fast. Wouldn't you get a better turnout if you gave them more time?

GEORGE

We need to find this Avra quickly. These Newcomers, sir... they really have no intent, no control-

GRAZER

George, I understand... we all understand. Get on with it.

INT. POLICE ACADEMY CLASSROOM - DAY

Off LOOKS...

Hoskins is in the midst of instructing Buck's cadet class.

HOSKINS

Robbery however is still one of leading forms of street crime. particular attention should be given to banks, bank messengers, armoured cars, gas stations, liquor

Officer Molino enters the classroom, speaks briefly to Hoskins who nods. Molino turns to the class.

MOLINO

All right, listen up... We need a few cadets to fill out security for this TV debate. It's a live broadcast and the politicos don't want any demonstrators, streakers or nutballs trying for air time. This is grunt work, people, that's why we've chosen you... Volunteers...?

Everyone in class raises his or her hand.

MOLINO

(acknowledging a male black and Latino)
Sanchez... Dumar... You two report to the gun range after class.

BUCK

Excuse me... Sir?

MOLINO

You got a problem, Francisco?

BUCK

No, Sir. It just occurred to me that in case none of the regular officers were Newcomers either... I mean with a Newcomer candidate, the department's image might be-

MOLINO

You let me worry about our image, cadet. Take your-

HOSKINS

A good point, Francisco.

Molino trades looks with Hoskins who outranks him.

MOLINO

Next time, Dumar. Francisco be at the gun range.

Molino exits, unhappy at being ranked.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

A troubled Susan has come to Cathy for support.

CATHY

No one can blame you. Most of all you can't blame yourself.

SUSAN

Then who do I blame, Cathy? keep thinking... if I had told George, maybe something could have been done about Emily and the others.

CATHY

Susan, you didn't even know who the others were! The Udara wanted what we all wanted. History is full of groups like that... desperate people with a passion to survive. Morality is a judgement made by the winners after the battle is over.

SUSAN

And I thought it was over. We were free... The Klesantzun and Udara... something to be forgotten.

CATHY

(beats)

Matt and George will find out who's doing this. You know they will.

Susan needs to believe, hopes Cathy is right.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Larry moves to his boat carrying a bag of groceries. He

crosses into the transom, enters the cabin...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

as Larry enters. Sees his safe has been broken into... the ETCHED PLATE is on his desk next to the computer.

A MYSTERY MAN sits at the desk, his back is to Larry and CAMERA.

LARRY

What the hell-

DAVE, a formidable BODYGUARD steps in from O.C. He puts the muzzle of a silenced automatic in Larry's ear, cocks the hammer. Larry freezes in fear.

MYSTERY MAN

(vaguely familiar)

I need a password.

Larry hates to give up the golden goose.

MYSTERY MAN

Your partner mentioned you were greedy. He neglected to say stupid...

(to the bodyguard)

Start on his kneecaps, work up...

LARRY

(scared)

Now wait a minute...

Dave aims for a kneecap.

DAVE

This is the easy part.

LARRY

(panic)

The password's 'Charles!' My brother's name...

Wearing gloves, the Mystery Man types in the password, the computer finishes booting up.

The language conversion prompt comes up and the Mystery Man selects Tenctonese without help.

MYSTERY MAN
File name... ?

LARRY
(eyeing Dave)
'Yacht'...

MYSTERY MAN
(holds up the list)
Shouldn't I scan this first?

LARRY
(weakly)
Yes...

The Mystery Man puts the list in the scanner, then calls up the "Yacht" file. As before the list appears on the screen.

MYSTERY MAN
Numeric conversion... ?

LARRY
Yes.

The Mystery Man swivels around in the chair... It's Senator Silverthorne. Larry REACTS in great surprise...

LARRY
You... ! What could you possibly do with-

The Bodyguard pulls the trigger... Larry hits the deck, dead.

ACT SEVEN

EXT. "SURFSIDE GRUB" - NIGHT

A popular fast food chain totally out of place in Chinatown. The decor is lifeguard shacks, OCEAN SOUNDS and attendants in bikinis and speedos. The Franciscos are eating raw food at an outdoor table... failing miserably at the pretence that everything is all right. Emily jumps up...

SUSAN

Em, where are you going?

EMILY

I just want some more ketchup for my spleen.

SUSAN

Sorry...

George glances toward the street...

POV

Two n.d. detectives we RECOGNISE from the squad are on station in an unmarked car.

RESUME

GEORGE

How's the training going, Buck.

BUCK

I get hassled; it doesn't interfere. I'm going to be part of the security at the TV studio during the debate.

SUSAN

How can they do that? You've just started.

Emily is back with the ketchup.

GEORGE

Susan...

BUCK

Actually, I had to embarrass them into it.
It's supposed to be a Mickey Mouse
assignment, but they weren't sending any
Newcomers and -

SUSAN

George... !

GEORGE

It will be good experience.

SUSAN

I don't see that he's ready for -

EMILY

Mom, don't start! Just stop it!
(to George)
Both of you!

BUCK

And don't use me because of what's going
down.

EMILY

Work it out, split, take it on Oprah...
'Newcomer Cops and the Women Who Love
Them.' I can't stand this pleasant
phoniness.

BUCK

You won't talk to us about it... how do you
expect to talk to each other?

(stands)

I'll take a bus.

He moves off. Emily gets up, too, calls after him.

EMILY

Wait for me...

Emily takes off after Buck. Susan is alarmed. George
glances at the surveillance.

The engine on the unmarked car is started and it eases away
from the curb.

GEORGE

It's all right.

Susan sees the surveillance car.

SUSAN

What are we doing here?

GEORGE

My bad idea for the day.

SUSAN

No, I shouldn't have started on Buck.

GEORGE

(beats)

Susan... do you want me- Shall I move out?

SUSAN

Do you want to?

GEORGE

Never...

SUSAN

Emily, the Udara. I couldn't tell you. At first, I didn't know how and then I thought it wouldn't matter anymore.

GEORGE

It matters. Trust always matters. Susan, you've given me so much over all these years, I'm -

George's beeper SOUNDS... he checks the message and Susan reads his face. George stands up, looks guilty...

SUSAN

I know... just hold that thought.

George gets to his feet, places his fingers against her temple

GEORGE

{I love you.} Na sus vot.

EXT. LARRY'S BOAT - NIGHT

A CRIME SCENE... Larry's body is being put in a morgue wagon. FIND George as he comes through the ATMOS. George glances nervously at the salt water as he steps aboard the cruiser. Matt shows him a paperback book in an evidence bag.

MATT

English/Tenctonese dictionary. A sharp Newcomer uniform noticed it, found words checked off, remembered your flyer.

GEORGE

Udara...

Matt nods.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

George and Matt look over the murder site where Larry's body fell, is marked in outline.

MATT

Computer's been cleaned out. Same with the safe. The deceased had been shopping for an expensive yacht.

GEORGE

Background... ?

MATT

Larry Coleman, boat bum. A small inheritance then starts talking like a Lotto winner.

GEORGE

If he's the one...

MATT

Then the secret to the Udara is a cash cow that somebody else found out about.

GEORGE

And it's gone

Matt's cell phone RINGS. He answers as George looks around.

MATT

Yes, I did... both, huh... thanks.

(hanging up)

Phone company... I asked them to check
Tina's number and Len's number trigger man,
George.

GEORGE

(beat)

Then who is it now?

INT. BNA LOBBY - DAY

Fifteen elderly Newcomer women are lined up, moving slowly
to the sign-in table.

LOBBY STAIRS

COMING OFF the women filing in past Matt to FIND George and
Susan in a Gallery above the auditorium. Susan is nervously
checking the arrivals....George holds a walkie, anxiously
shifts his looks between the arrivals and Susan scanning
them. She shakes her head at George. No luck yet. No Avra.

INT. EMILY'S SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Gary, the young detective, walks down the centre hall,
glances in...

EMILY'S CLASSROOM - MOVING POV

Emily at her seat in class.

RESUME

Gary continues walking. He pulls out a walkie, speaks into
it.

GARY

The bird is in the nest.

EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL - DAY

Zepeda in an unmarked car responds on her walkie.

ZEPEDA

Ten-four.

Zepeda continues to keep watch.

INT. EMILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

RENEE, the teacher, is lecturing...

RENEE

... with the Continental Congress urging women to boycott British imports. Many of them joined the Daughters of Liberty and as the war-

The classroom phone RINGS and Renee answers it.

RENEE

Hello... yes, but... I see...

She looks at Emily.

RENEE

Emily, for you. They're patching your father's office through.

Emily looks concerned, moves to the phone as Renee resumes...

EMILY

Hello... yes...

RENEE

As many as twenty thousand American women served the Continental Army, primarily as nurses or water and ammunition carriers.

ECU - A COMPUTER KEYBOARD

a FINGER taps a KEY... we HEAR the Tenctonese MELODY.

CLASSROOM

MOVING IN on Emily as she REACTS to the MELODY much as Tina and Len reacted.

EMILY

Yes, I understand... Yesm I will...

RENEE

One woman, Deborah Sampson, enlisted in the army disguised as a man and served with great distinction.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Emily walks out of the classroom, moves down the hall. Passing a FIRE BELL MOUNT she TRIPS IT casually... continues to walk calmly as the ALARM GOES OFF.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

as Gary REACTS to the alarm BELL, snaps up the walkie and starts toward one of the school doors.

GARY

What is that? This a drill? You know anything about a drill?

ZEPEDA IN THE CAR

ZEPEDA

(into walkie)

No, better get in there!

Zepeda fires up the engine, takes off.

WITH GARY

as he tries to move inside the school but is met by a herd of students and teachers evacuating the building. He works against the tide.

WITH ZEPEDA

as she circles the school keeping an eye out for anything suspicious. She sees students and teachers coming out of every exits, strains to spot Emily.

SCHOOL CORRIDOR

as Gary still moves against the scrambling traffic. The BELLS CONTINUE... Gary can't spot Emily.

GARY
(into walkie)
I can't find her.

ZEPEDA

ZEPEDA
Keep looking!

Zepeda turns a corner, accelerates for another pass around. FIND Emily hiding at the cafeteria loading dock. she waits for several cars including Zepeda's to pass by... then takes off across the street and away from her school.

INT. BNA LOBBY - DAY

With Matt, as the elderly women enter. He keeps glancing up at George and Susan on the stairs, who shakes her head.

THE STAIRWAY

as Susan keeps watching, then a REACTION.

SUSAN
George, by the door! Yellow jacket and cane!

GEORGE
You're sure?

SUSAN
(beat: studying hard)
I'm sure.

George brings the walkie up.

WITH MATT

as his walkie SQUAWKS, he brings it up...

GEORGE'S VOICE
(filter)
Just came in. Yellow jacket,

Matt starts moving and looking.

INTERCUT MOVING POV

as Matt bobs and weaves through incoming women... spots Avra, dressed as indicated. She is unaware until SUBJECTIVE CAMERA gets very CLOSE... the old Udara leader senses danger...

MATT AND AVRA

as Matt flashes his badge, puts a gentle hand on her arm.

MATT

Detective Sikes... we have a few questions.

INT. INDOOR SHOOTING RANGE, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

RACK FOCUS off the muzzle of a short-barrelled revolver as it fires six rounds TO REVEAL Emily as the shooter... ADJUST to FIND Dave, Silverthorne's bodyguard, watching Emily shoot. Dave pulls the target in as Emily reloads the revolver. The shooting station is one of many, but the only one illuminated.

INSERT TARGET

Five of six hits on the target, all clustered near the bull's-eye of a conventional target.

RESUME

Dave studies the target with a professional eye. target on the frame.

DAVE

Better, let's go again.

Dave starts the target back down the range as Emily nods...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM VIEWING AREA- DAY

Matt is leaving the interrogation room where Avra sits like a stone. There are photographs of Tina and Len on the table in front of Avra. ADJUST to INCLUDE George and Susan, watching through the ONE WAY GLASS. Beats, then Matt walks in

MATT

Stares through me like a laser. Can't or won't speak English.

GEORGE

(deadly)

She'll tell me.

George is about to go in when Matt's cell phone RINGS, George waits while Matt answers.

MATT

Sikes

(reacts to bad news)

Thanks.

George reads his partner's expression as Matt disconnects.

MATT

George... someone yanked the firebell at Emily's school.

(beat)

They lost her...

SUSAN

Noooo... !

George, grim-faced, charges out of the viewing area, to the interrogation room.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Dave is showing Emily a floor-plan of a TV studio.

DAVE

You've got your audience pass. You're seated right here with the Bearer group. Back here, under the firehose is a gun identical to the one you just fired. Can you find it?

Emily studies the floor plan a few more beats, nods.

EMILY

Sure.

DAVE
(putting the gun in her
hand)
Then what do you do?

EMILY
Walk on stage, don't hurry. Keep the gun at
my side until I'm six feet away. Then I
say...

(Emily raises the gun, aims
down range)
'Here's my vote!'

Emily fires and the gun report ECHOES in the range.

DAVE
Very good, Emily. Any questions?

EMILY
(beat)
Which candidate do I shoot?

Dave is about to respond when a VOICE comes out of the
shadows. It's Senator Silverthorne's.

SILVERTHORNE'S VOICE
Me, Emily...

ADJUST TO REVEAL Silverthorne and Charles Cummings, the
lawyer and Larry's former partner. Dave and Emily turn to
the two men.

SILVERTHORNE
... you shoot me right here.
(indicating his arm)
And don't miss or I won't enjoy my victory
on election day.

Emily nods, all business...

INT. TV STUDIO - DUSK

FIND Buck along with Sanchez accompanying Molino and other
REGULAR COPS - both have regular police leather and
accoutrements - TRAVEL SHOT as each cop is being positioned
by Montejo. The rostrums on stage are ready and the
broadcast crew is adjusting lights, moving cameras... the

AUDIENCE is filing in... being scanned by METAL DETECTORS.

Buck, on duty and feeling proud, is shown a position on the stage's right wing.

MONTEJO

Francisco, if you can see any of the cameras you're too close to the stage. Nobody, but nobody gets past you. We straight?

BUCK

Yes, Sir!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK

George, his jacket off, has been threatening, arguing and cajoling Avra to no avail. He's intense...

GEORGE

These were your people. Our people. They served a cause against oppression. They're dead, others are dead... for what? The fight is over, it's been over. Identify the seeds, tell us how to clear them.

AVRA

You have made a mistake. I'm not who you think I am.

GEORGE

A young girl is missing now. She's just a teenager. We know she's seeded...

AVRA

If you have no charges to file, I wish to go.

George loses it, draws his weapon, cocks the hammer points it right between Avra's eyes.

GEORGE

{You'll go straight to hell if you don't tell me now!} Evots pa volma ot lesh fee vot n'teega let ras wa!

Tense beats as they stare at each other. Unlike George, Avra holds her composure.

AVRA

We've both already been there. You are not Udara, you will not shoot a helpless old woman.

MATT- IN VIEWING AREA

He turns to Susan, CAMERA ADJUSTS to find her leaving the room.

MATT

Damn, she's calling his-

RESUME GEORGE AND AVRA

as George loses the contest. Pulls the gun away in frustration, jams it back in his holster.

GEORGE

You are as guilty as the person who is controlling the Udara now! Criminal acts... and you are responsible for whatever-

Susan barges into the room. she stares at Avra with a look we've NEVER seen on her face. It reminds us of the Avra we saw in the FLASHBACKS. There is recognition in Avra's face. Susan starts toward Avra and George moves to intercept her.

GEORGE

Please, I'm not giving up. you need to go back and -

Without warning Susan grabs George's gun from the holster. Thumbs the hammer and points the weapon at Avra. She is prepared to shoot.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Susan, don't... !

SUSAN

(intense)

You are right. He could not shoot you. you know me; you trained me. I was Udara... {I killed for Udara.} ...Na vishk rof Udara.

George is ROCKED by the admission. Matt bolts into the room, isn't sure what to do.

SUSAN

He is my husband...the missing girl is my daughter. I gave her to you, to Udara. You will tell him what he needs to know or you will die right now. Not for the cause, the cause is gone! {You will die for my child.} Vot less ek rof nos katiku

A STAREDOWN between Susan and Avra. Avra realises that indeed Susan can, will and is about to shoot. Finally...

AVRA

I kept a holographic plate with a list of the seeded ones... and the secret trigger codes. It was confiscated at Immigration.

GEORGE

The codes... Do you remember the codes?

AVRA

(beats)

Of course.

Susan starts to bring the gun down. George and Matt begin to breathe normally again.

INT. TV STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Typical set-up... the debate is underway. COMING OFF the MONITORS. Silverthorne is talking on the monitor labelled AIR and CAM. 2... other MONITORS SHOW a BEARER-SILVERTHORNE TWO SHOT... an AUDIENCE SHOT... a MODERATOR and QUESTIONERS SHOT etc. A studio DIRECTOR is calling the shots...

DIRECTOR

Ready four and take four. Three swing for the audience.

SILVERTHORNE'S AUDIO

...the controversy over social programs. Of course good men and women, Human and Tenctonese can disagree, but at least I'm on the record. My opponent has no record in this area.

The TD makes the switch and CAM. 4's AUDIENCE IMAGE replaces the Silverthorne single on the AIR MONITOR...

DIRECTOR

Take three and four... to pan.

SILVERTHORNE'S AUDIO

Did I say this area. He also has no record
in foreign affairs, domestic fiscal
policy,...

On the CAM. 3 and AIR monitors, the camera starts to pan
the species- mixed audience.

SILVERTHORNE'S AUDIO

... Agriculture and farm subsidies, the
environment, you name it.

On the MONITORS we glimpse Cummings in a VIP section,
enjoying Silverthorne's attack...

SILVERTHORNE'S AUDIO

He's honest, he's got a good record
fighting crime - no small matter -and he's
a great fund raiser.

On the MONITORS, the camera pan reaches an area where Emily
seated, calmly listening ... she glances around.

CLOSE MONITOR

same IMAGE... WIDEN to REVEAL the IMAGE is NOW on a small
TV in the detective's SQUAD ROOM. Albert and some n.d.s are
watching. Albert REACTS to seeing Emily.

SILVERTHORNE'S AUDIO

Is that enough to represent the greatest
State in the Union in the Senate of our
country?

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

George, Matt and Susan are coming from the interrogation
room. George has a pad full of notes which Susan is
glancing at...

SUSAN

(reading)

{Tencton is our home. Wherever you die, you
die at home.} Tencton te vai slaf.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Revetu vot ek, vot ek ta slaf.

(looks up)

We've got to find her! If Avra wasn't lying, this phrase purges the 'seeding.'

GEORGE

And she'll have her memory.

MATT

I'll check the APB as soon as-

An excited Albert comes running toward them.

SUSAN

Albert! Have they found Emily?

ALBERT

On TV, at the debate. I saw-

GEORGE

No Albert, not Buck. We're looking for Emily.

ALBERT

Yes, Emily! I saw Emily on TV, in the audience. She's there...

George and Matt digest it, trade meaningful looks.

MATT

(taking off)

I'll get a car...

GEORGE

Albert, have Dispatch contact Sergeant Molino at the studio. Emily is to be detained. Under a suicide watch.

Albert looks stunned. George takes off after Matt.

SUSAN

Albert, Emily is a Udara seed.

Off Albert's REACTION...

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

The debate continues, LIVE. Paul Bearer is responding to Silverthorne's previous remarks...

BEARER

... while the Senator has given you what he considers the bad news about my relative inexperience in the political arena and the national-

A wall phone with a special RED LIGHT starts to BLINK. A NEWCOMER PAGE at a station nearby moves to answer it.

PAGE

(voice low)

Yes... Sergeant Molino?... He's around somewhere... All right, I'll try and find him.

BEARER'S VOICE (O.C.)

let me give you what I perceive as the good news. Let's take a look at the record that the Senator is stuck with.

The Page puts the call on hold, resumes her station, ignoring the phone request.

ANGLE EMILY

as she gets up, moves out of her row toward the side aisle...

Emily turns in the direction of the stage, moves down the side aisle where the Page who ignored the telephone call and a uniformed Human police officer (from Buck's contingent) are watching the action on the stage.

BEARER'S VOICE (O.C.)

Defender of the last existing subsidies for the tobacco industry and a recipient of \$400,000 in campaign contributions from that same special interest group. He wants to talk about fund raising, how about 'Rent- a-vote?'

The Page spots Emily, moves quickly to her just as the

uniformed officer notices her.

PAGE

No longer afraid...

EMILY

No longer the hopeless.

BEARER'S VOICE

Fiscal policy? The Senator has supported, and been defeated, on every piece of legislation that would hold financial institutions accountable for malfeasance.

The Page is obscuring the uniformed officer's view of Emily. The Page produces a studio BADGE, clips it on Emily's wardrobe.

BEARER'S VOICE

Malfeasance, that's one of those twenty-five dollar words. It's a kindlier, gentler way of saying, "you got caught with your hand in the public's cookie jar".

PAGE

(to the officer)

She's okay.

The officer sees Emily's badge, nods. Emily walks past them both into the off-stage area.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Matt PUSHES the unmarked police (FLASHER) at SPEED in a race to the TV studio. George is next to him, Susan in the back seat.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tight, grim faces... George reaches his hand back to Susan, she takes it, squeezes.

INT. TV STUDIO, BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Emily makes her way to the firehose panel, opens it.

QUESTIONER'S VOICE (O.S.)

... for both candidates. Gun control is perhaps an area that continually receives the most political lip service in this country, yet, despite polls which show-

EXT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Matt skids the car in. The trio exit the vehicle - George and Matt brandishing their badges - moves past security, supporters for both candidates and some Purist demonstrators and hurry inside.

EMILY

as she pulls the revolver out from under the racked fire hose. She breaks the cylinder, checks loads, snaps the cylinder shut.

SILVERTHORNE'S VOICE (O.S.)

... people we don't want to have guns always seem to get them no matter what laws and bans we pass. Why should we make it harder for decent, honest and hard-working Americans to protect themselves from the armed marauder...

AUDIENCE AREA

George and Susan moving down a side aisle, searching desperately for Emily.

SILVERTHORNE

... thief and rapist?

MODERATOR

Mr. Bearer...

BEARER

It's difficult to tell people you don't have the right or the means to defend yourself, your property or your home. As you know, I support legislation that will eliminate...

EMILY - BACKSTAGE

the revolver at her side, as instructed. She moves

resolutely toward the stage wing on her side.

BEARER'S VOICE (O.S.)

... the manufacture, distribution and importation of all weapons capable of concealment.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

as Matt busts in. Bearer's single is ON AIR.

DIRECTOR

Ready three and take three! -

The TD switches and a TWO SHOT of both candidates goes ON AIR. Matt scans the monitors, spots George and Susan on the AUDIENCE MONITOR moving past the Page and the uniformed officer...

the Page is protesting to no avail.

Matt moves to the Director, flashes his badge.

MATT

(consulting the monitors)

Police emergency. Put Camera 3 on the front of the stage. Number -

BEARER'S AUDIO

In addition, we must make just as strong a commitment to purchase, find, remove, confiscate and destroy the more than one hundred two million...

DIRECTOR

Are you nuts? We're on the air here, fella!

MATT

You're going to be in the air here, fella, you don't do what I say!

Everyone is turned to Matt and the Director.

EMILY

moving closer to the stage.

BEARER'S AUDIO

... concealable weapons already in circulation.

GEORGE AND SUSAN

searching... they move past the open firehose panel.

ON STAGE

as three camera OPERATORS REACT to bizarre instructions they are getting over their headsets. One of the Cameras swings to the front lip of the stage... the other two push and manoeuvre to cover the wings area on each side. Both candidates notice, try to hold focus.

BEARER

This is not a magic panacea, not a quick fix... nor is it an impossible task. We must rid this scourge to Civilised society.

CONTROL ROOM - INTERCUT

where the monitors for the three re-directed cameras reveal the new frames. The wing cameras show a uniformed cop in each wing, Buck is one. Remembering the instructions about not being too close to the cameras, Buck stares nervously at the one now pointed his way.

DIRECTOR

I can't use these shots!

MATT

(watching intently)

I can...tell 'em to pan right slowly. - We're looking for a 16 year old Newcomer girl.

ON STAGE

MODERATOR

Thank you, Mr. Bearer. The next round of questions will come from Sarah Sashen of the Los Angeles Times. Ms. Sashen...

The two cameras not commandeered by Matt are frantically trying to cover the event.

ACTION - INTERCUT

Emily approaching Buck.

SASHEN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Senator Silverthorne, in the last election
you made quite a production out of...

Emily's MOVING POV of Buck trying to move out of camera
range.. the candidates behind him listening to...

SASHEN'S VOICE (O.C.)
... your promise to tighten this state's
borders and curtail the flow of illegal
immigrants. Are you satisfied with what's
been accomplished...

Buck spots Emily... is confused by the camera action and
now his sister's appearance.

BUCK
Emily... ? What... what are you doing here?

SASHEN'S VOICE
...during your first term in office?
Emily doesn't break stride.

George and Susan getting close to the wings.

Matt spots Emily approaching Buck on a MONITOR. He grabs
one of the panel mikes that snake out of the console, KEYS
it.

MATT
George, right wing!

On stage, Matt's VOICE REVERBS EVERYWHERE.

MATT
She's got a gun!

SILVERTHORNE
Of course I'm not. As you know-

Buck reacts to Matt's warning, spots the gun in Emily's
hand.

George running to the wings; Susan tries to catch up.

On stage, everything STOPS, everyone looking around. In the audience, people are coming to their feet... cops are starting to converge on the stage area.

Buck puts a hand on the butt of his service weapon.

BUCK

Em... what are you doing!? Put that down.
Em, please... !

Emily raises the revolver, SHOOTS... George sees the action, horrified... Buck has been struck, goes down. He's taken a hit in the rib cage. Emily advances on the STAGE... the SOUND of the SHOT has galvanised everyone to flee for their lives. Silverthorne vamps to give Emily time. Cops are diving on Bearer to protect him.

Emily lines up on Silverthorne.

EMILY

Here's my vote!

George tackles Emily as she fires, the shot goes wild.

Silverthorne is swept up by cops. More cops train guns on Emily as she struggles with George.

GEORGE

(to cops)
Don't shoot, don't shoot!

Emily clubs George with the revolver... looks for Silverthorne but all she sees are cops with guns trained on her. Matt has raced out of the control room, reaches the stricken Buck...

MATT

Paramedics, now!

George starts to recover. Emily puts the muzzle of the revolver in her mouth... is ready to die.

SUSAN'S VOICE

{Tencton is our home.} Tencton te vai slaf.

Susan comes into frame, just in time.

SUSAN

{Wherever you die, you die at home.} Revetu
vot ek, vot ek ta slaf.

EMILY

BEATS, then she blinks, the muzzle slips out of her mouth. Emily looks around... an awareness FLOODS her CONSCIOUSNESS... she REMEMBERS. She drops the revolver... ADJUST as Susan rushes in, embraces her with relief. Emily sees her wounded brother... has a terrible REALISATION.

George reaches Buck as Matt works on him. He kneels, sees the wound, the pink blood... PARAMEDICS are rushing in. George takes one of Buck's hands in his own. Matt lets the paramedics take over working on Buck, trades worried looks with George.

ACT EIGHT

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

as Silverthorne gets in, Dave shuts the door. Already seated inside is Cummings.

SILVERTHORNE

This could still work. she wanted me. You think the audience could tell?

CUMMINGS

Senator, she's still alive. What if-

SILVERTHORNE

A crazy spongehead. She'll dummy up like the others.

(toward the front)

What's the hang-up, let's go!

The door on Silverthorne's side is jerked open to REVEAL a FURIOUS George. He has his automatic pointed right at Silverthorne.

GEORGE

Step out of the car.

SILVERTHORNE

Do you realise -

GEORGE

Both of you, now!

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

as George literally pulls Silverthorne out... Cummings needs no prompting. Two uniforms are already cuffing Dave. Emily, serious and tearful, is next to Matt. Silverthorne and Cummings look at her nervously... the PRESS smells blood...

MATT

Em, are these the two men who gave you instructions and told you where to find the gun?

SILVERTHORNE

This is a conspiracy! Bearer's trying to smear-

GEORGE

(shoves Silverthorne against
the limo)

Shut up!

EMILY

Yes...

MATT

Do you know which one called you at school?

Emily points to Silverthorne.

EMILY

It was his voice.

GEORGE

(to Silverthorne)

That's for a kidnapping charge.

George nods to Matt who leads Emily to an ambulance.

GEORGE

Turn around!

Silverthorne and Cummings turn and George waves in officers who frisk the two men. The Press is SHOOTING every moment...

GEORGE

You're also under arrest for murder,
conspiracy to commit murder, extortion,
conspiracy to commit-

AMBULANCE

Matt helps Emily into the ambulance where she joins Susan and Buck, being worked on by PARAMEDICS. The doors shut and the ambulance starts off with FLASHERS and SIREN working.

RESUME GEORGE

as Silverthorne and Cummings are cuffed.

GEORGE

'... if you so desire and can not afford one, an attorney will be appointed for you without charge before questioning- '

George halts his Mirandizing to watch the ambulance leave the scene. Beats... as he chokes back his emotions, resumes...

GEORGE

Do you understand each of these rights I have explained to you?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ELECTION NIGHT

COMING OFF wall-mounted TV in Buck's hospital room...

FNN REPORTER

FNN and all six networks have already projected Paul Bearer as the winner in a race which became a non-contest after Silverthorne's arrest on felony...

COMING INTO FRAME are Emily, Susan, Cathy and Buck in the hospital bed... all glued to the news.

Buck is obviously on the mend and the room is full of flowers, gifts. The group is enjoying take-out and soda.

FNN REPORTER

...murder, kidnapping and other charges. Citing bizarre circumstances which are expected to come out during trial, authorities have cleared teenager Emily Francisco of any complicity in an "attack for votes" scheme which interrupted the Bearer-Silverthorne TV debate and left her brother, Buck Francisco, a police cadet, wounded.

BUCK

(teasing)

Bizarre circumstances! What secrets does Emily Francisco possess. Only her wounded brother knows.

SUSAN

Buck, that's enough.

George and Matt arrive with Zepeda and Albert to AD LIB greetings. Cathy MUTES the TV with Buck's bedside remote. Zepeda has a package in her hand.

CATHY

(to Matt)

How is it going?

MATT

Cummings is plea bargaining... Silverthorne is toast.

GEORGE

For Duncan's murder as well. His brother was the Immigration officer who took Avra's holographic plate. By the time he figured out what he had... it was too late.

MATT

He died... natural causes. It took his brother a long time to decipher the list.

Zepeda hands Buck the package.

ZEPEDA

This came from the Police Academy.

Buck opens the package.

ALBERT

How are your ribs?

BUCK

It only hurts when I move... or laugh.

CATHY

Another week before I let him out.

Buck discovers a videocassette in the package and a note.

EMILY

If that's a porno-

BUCK

The Chief of Police called, he wanted to give me a Commendation.

GEORGE

That won't hurt your record.

BUCK

I told him I wanted this tape instead. A couple of instructors at the Academy made it. They thought it was funny. They've been re-assigned.

Buck tosses it in a waste basket... Matt notices that FNN has gone to a car ad.

MATT

Hey Buck, give me some sound.

CATHY

Leave it off, Buck.

Matt makes a face but keeps watching the car commercial as George and Susan trade looks, slip out of the room.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

George and Susan face each other. A long moment before George speaks.

GEORGE

How could I judge you? Those were unthinkable times.

SUSAN

You had a right. But I had to follow my conscience, Nemu.

He nods, touches his knuckles to her forehead in a gentle gesture.

GEORGE

One of the things I admire most... your passion.

SUSAN

(a wry smile)

Look who's talking about passion....

George smiles back. Then they start to WALK AWAY from CAMERA, arms go around each other's waist. Susan lets her head fall against George's shoulder as they move away.

FADE OUT: