

C O L O N Y

Story by

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Teleplay by

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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT

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COLONY

"Pilot"

CAST LIST

WILL SULLIVAN (BOWMAN)  
KATIE SULLIVAN (BOWMAN)  
PROXY ALAN SNYDER  
BROUSSARD  
MADELINE  
BRAM SULLIVAN (BOWMAN)  
GRACE SULLIVAN (BOWMAN)  
CAPTAIN LAGARZA

CARLOS  
HELOISE  
DAVID  
HUDSON

THE SPIDER  
FRANCO  
THE KING  
THE QUEEN  
JACKSON  
ALEX  
PARKER  
CHECKPOINT HOME SEC OFFICER  
DOORMAN  
APOTHECARY NURSE  
PIA  
DREW  
PRISON GUARD  
HOSPITAL VISITOR  
HUSBAND  
NURSE SINCLAIR  
YOUNG NURSE  
REDHAT SQUAD LEADER  
TABITHA  
GRANDMA  
DISC JOCKEY (V.O.)

CUT:  
HANDLER  
FOREMAN  
METALLURGIST (V.O)

COLONY

"Pilot"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

WILL/KATIE'S HOME:  
KITCHEN  
MASTER BEDROOM  
LIVING ROOM  
FOYER  
MASTER BATHROOM  
UPSTAIR HALLWAY  
STAIRWAY  
BRAM'S BEDROOM  
AUTO GARAGE  
DELIVERY VAN  
SPIDER'S SEMI:  
CARGO COMPARTMENT  
ICEBOX  
HOMELAND SECURITY TRAILER  
APOTHECARY HOUSE:  
LIVING ROOM  
KITCHEN  
PHARMACY/GUEST HOUSE  
CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER:  
CORRIDOR  
NURSE'S STATION  
MEDICAL FRIDGE  
ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER  
GOVERNOR'S MANSION:  
MAIN PARTY AREA  
SECOND FLOOR LOUNGE  
SANCTUARY HOUSE:  
HALLWAY  
GARAGE MEETING ROOM  
  
CUT:  
HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL:  
LECTURE HALL  
APARTMENT COMPLEX CORRIDOR  
PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY  
CEDARS-SINAI SUPPLY CLOSET  
YOKNAPATAWPHA

EXTERIORS

WILL/KATIE'S HOME:  
BACK YARD  
FRONT PORCH  
FRONT WALK  
MADELINE'S GUEST HOUSE  
AUTO GARAGE:  
REAR ENTRANCE  
WINNEBAGO  
LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE:  
CENTURY CITY  
CENTURY CITY CHECKPOINT  
WILSHIRE BLVD  
FEDERAL BUILDING PARKING LOT  
CAR WASH/PRISONER HOLDING  
MID-WILSHIRE/EL REY  
MEMORIAL WALL  
STREET/DRONE SWEEP AREA  
MRAP UNDERBELLY  
PAY PHONE AREA  
STREET/APC DRIVING  
EXCLUSION ZONE:  
LA/SANTA MONICA GATEWAY  
APOTHECARY:  
FRONT YARD  
BACK YARD  
HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL:  
BLEACHERS  
BROUSSARD'S HOUSE  
GREEN ZONE:  
BEL AIR GATES  
BEAUTIFUL HOMES/LAWNS  
STEEP CANYON ROAD  
GOVERNOR'S MANSION:  
FRONT DRIVE  
BALCONY  
SANCTUARY HOUSE  
  
CUT:  
SANTA MONICA BLVD  
SMB/405 CHECKPOINT  
WESTERN WALL GREY MARKET  
WESTERN WALL MINI-MALL  
HIGHLAND AVENUE  
GAS STATION  
HIGH SCHOOL/BENEATH BLEACHERS  
YOKNAPATAWPHA/ALLEY

TEASER

1 INT. WILL AND KATIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

1

**WILL SULLIVAN** (40s) prepares BREAKFAST. He's good-looking and tough but pensive with grown out hair and a beard.

The kitchen is cluttered with SUPPLIES that have been hoarded in CONTAINERS in the cabinets and on the counter. The last verse of Graham Parker's *Waiting for the UFOs* trails on the KITCHEN RADIO. The music ends. The DJ comes on:

DISC JOCKEY (ON RADIO)

*It's going to be another boring,  
beautiful day today in Los Angeles.  
Seventy, sun and smog. Food  
deliveries are scheduled for wards  
2, 4, and 7...*

Will's daughter, **GRACE** (8) plays in the living room, which is set directly off the kitchen. She sits on the floor playing with MINERVA ("MINNY"), the family's Italian Mastiff.

**BRAM** (16), serious and handsome, carries burdens beyond his years. He fusses with his BACKPACK and what appears to be a hidden compartment inside it.

WILL

Egg, Bram?

BRAM

Can I have two?

Will wishes he could, but he can't. He shrugs.

WILL

How about an egg and some cereal?

(off Bram, agreeing)

Two eggs for you, right, Gracey?

GRACE

Eggs are gross!

The twinkle in Will's eye says he already knows Grace doesn't like eggs. He's just teasing her. He picks up an EGG.

WILL

They're just unhatched baby  
chickens.

(pantomiming)

*Bok, bok, bok.*

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Ewww!

Will laughs. He accidently drops the egg. It shatters.

Will kneels down. Furious with himself, he bangs a fist against the counter, startling Grace and Bram.

KATIE (O.S.)

What happened?

Will looks up at his wife, **KATIE** (40s) standing over him while he mops up the smashed egg. Katie has just come from the shower. Her hair is pulled back and she's not wearing makeup. She's beautiful, simple, unadorned. Katie is the lioness of this pride.

There's a PHOTO hanging on the wall showing a FAMILY OF FIVE, not four. Will notices Katie staring at it. She then notices him noticing her. They look away.

WILL

I'll just have some cereal.

Katie goes to Bram and hands him a PAPER LIST.

KATIE

Don't forget to take oranges.  
Staples only, okay?

Katie grabs Bram's face and kisses it.

2 INT. WILL &amp; KATIE'S HOME - BREAKFAST TABLE - DAY

2

Will, Katie, Bram and Grace eat their modest breakfast in silence.

3 EXT. WILL &amp; KATIE'S HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

3

Following breakfast, Bram carries a small STEP-LADDER out to one of two orange trees growing in their backyard.

The yard is walled in by concrete and wood. The fence is topped with spiraling concertina wire and cemented broken glass bottles to keep out trespassers. Mesh netting is laid over the trees to keep birds and animals away from the fruit.

4 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - DAY 4

Now wearing a gray laborer's shirt, Will watches his son fill his BACKPACK with oranges. The observation is silent and reflective. Memories are in playback.

Katie arrives behind him, sharing in the reminiscence.

KATIE  
He's a good kid.

WILL  
They're all good kids.

Will meant his response to be warm. Instead, it inflicts unintended pain on both of them. Will looks back at Katie, unsure whether to apologize or to ignore it. Instead:

WILL (CONT'D)  
I've got to go to work.

Will kisses Katie on the lips. There's something more to this than daily routine.

Off this, Katie watches him, pensive. He heads for the front door, stopping to pick up Grace and squeeze her while she giggles and protests.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Bye, you.

Will pets Minerva on his way out.

5 OMITTED 5

6 INT. AUTO GARAGE - DAY 6

PNEUMATIC WRENCHES whir and grind. This mechanics' garage features six lifts, all occupied by passenger vehicles.

Will Sullivan and three other MECHANICS install some kind of BLACK BOX in the trunks of the cars. The rote nature of the task suggests that they've installed many of these. All the men wear ID CARDS in sleeves banded around their left biceps.

FRANCO  
What about you, Carlos? What're you gonna do when it's over?

CARLOS  
Go see my family.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCO

Yea, and bore them to death. Come on, this is a fantasy!

**CARLOS** (30s) is young and handsome with a good head on his shoulders. His tormentor, **FRANCO** (20s), is the youngest of the mechanics, a rugged Sicilian-American.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(to Will)

Sully's got a better answer.

WILL

I'm gonna leave this garage, you idiots, and never come back. Then, I'm going to eat In-N-Out Burgers on the Santa Monica pier with my kids.

FRANCO

Doesn't anyone want to go somewhere exotic when this is over? Australia? Thailand?

CARLOS

It's all a lot of stupid day-dreaming.

FRANCO

Come on. My pop says this'll all be over by Christmas.

Franco's Pollyanna outlook elicits sarcastic laughs.

WILL

Your pop's drinking too much moonshine.

Franco waves off Will. The last of the mechanics is **PARKER** (40s): muscular, grim and silent. Franco calls to him.

FRANCO

Parker's got somethin' good. I know it. You haven't said shit.

Parker doesn't say shit now, either. He's preoccupied. Will shows concern. This is unlike him.

WILL

You okay, Parko?

Parker lowers his pneumatic wrench. Looks at them with deep worry and loss in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

My brother got sent up. "The  
Factory." Word came in last night.

The air goes out of the room as if someone died. Will looks  
at Parker, feeling his loss.

7 EXT. AUTO GARAGE - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY 7

Behind the garage, Carlos stands in front of a CARGO VAN.  
The rear of the van has been loaded up with the BLACK BOXES  
that Will and his crew were installing in the cars.

Will goes over the contents, making sure they're secure.

Carlos considers the scene a moment, reflecting.

CARLOS

This is the worst part of it, you  
know? The families. Husbands  
separated from wives. Parents from  
children. My god. We could take a  
lot worse if not for that.

(spits)

RAP bastards.

WILL

Come with me.

CARLOS

I'm not that guy. But do something  
for me?

*Anything.* Carlos hands Will a folded sheet of paper.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Contacts, names. My mom, my  
brothers... I... I just gotta  
know they're okay, and that they  
know I'm okay.

WILL

Done. I'm gonna be late.

They look at each other. *Will we ever see each other again?*

CARLOS

Good luck, *hermano*.

The men clasp hands and half hug each other. This isn't a  
rote good-bye. Much is left unsaid. Will goes.



8 INT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY 8

Will checks his WATCH, nervous. He drives the van west on Santa Monica Boulevard, but the normally buzzing urban center is entirely absent of private vehicle traffic. Traffic lights blink yellow across the whole expanse.

A BROKEN HULA GIRL hulas on the van's dashboard.

9 EXT. LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE - CENTURY CITY - DAY 9

Sunshine and blue skies canopy Los Angeles, and her denizens are about on foot. Others ride bicycles. They sit at cafes, socialize, browse shops, and generally go about their days.

A PASSENGER BUS rumbles past Will's van heading south across Los Angeles, ever the beautiful paradox.

In the bus's wake, Century City is revealed to have been scarred by some past battle, with isolated sections of infrastructure showing explosive damage. Many businesses have been boarded up and abandoned.

Large sections of sidewalk have been taken over by BICYCLE DOCKS. These are long rows of locked up bikes, which are now the main mode of transportation in Los Angeles.

Members of the paramilitary law enforcement agency "HOMELAND SECURITY" -- colloquially called "THE REDHATS" due to the red cloth covers on their helmets -- patrol on foot. A troop transport carrying a dozen of them pass Will going east.

10 EXT. CENTURY CITY - CHECKPOINT - DAY 10

Will slows up behind some other traffic. It's a VEHICLE CHECKPOINT. Anxiety comes on instantly.

Will checks his watch again. *Shit*. He's on a clock, and this was not planned. He sweats out the wait.

A convoy of trucks rolls past him on the left.

A **CHECKPOINT HOME SEC OFFICER** (20s) comes to Will's window wearing full tactical gear, a flak vest and an assault rifle and a RED HELMET. Will greets him with fanged politeness.

WILL

Good morning.

CHECKPOINT HOME SEC OFFICER

ID, please.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 7.  
10

The "Redhat" scans the ID BADGE with an INFRARED READER.

While the Redhat checks him out, Will looks in the rearview.  
*Please don't ask too many questions...*

CHECKPOINT HOME SEC OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Destination?

WILL  
Santa Monica gateway. Parts  
delivery.

He nods his head, indicating his cargo.

The Redhat considers the vehicle pass one last time before  
handing it back to Will and signalling him to move on.

Will sighs relief. He rolls up the window and moves on.

11 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY 11

In a rush now, Will closes in on the 405.

Except the highway has been replaced with a MASSIVE, TOWERING  
WALL so high that the top of it cannot be seen.

12 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 12

Will's van bottoms out as he races into a the parking lot of  
the Federal Building. It's a crowded TRUCK STOP. Cargo is  
being inspected and loaded inside them. This is some kind of  
staging area.

There's a GRAY MARKET operating out of the parking lot.  
VENDORS hock wares to SHOPPERS off blankets and folding  
tables. They sell packaged sweets like cookies and candy,  
cans of Coca-Cola, CDs, DVDs, random electronics.

Will parks between two TRUCKS. He exits the van in a hurry.

Behind him, the once statuesque LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING  
has been reduced in size by half, left in a ruin by some  
attack.

13-14 OMITTED 13-14

15 EXT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - DAY

15

In the tight space between two of the trucks, two tough-looking TEAMSTERS in uniformed work shirts greet Will along with a man called "**THE SPIDER**" (30s), wiry and wise with arms sleeved in tattoos. An LA Kings hat sits low on his brow.

THE SPIDER  
You're late, Sully.

WILL  
Your payment's in the van.

Will tosses The Spider the KEYS to the van. The Spider considers them.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and check it.

The Spider then indicates for his men to search Will while he watches the coast. A teamster pats him down.

16 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - TRAILER - DAY

16

Will follows the Spider up the ramp inside a cargo trailer attached to a semi-truck. They pass used appliances ranging from stoves and refrigerators to construction equipment.

As they walk, the Spider hands Will an ID CARD with his face and name on it that reads "SANTA MONICA BLOC."

THE SPIDER  
Your Santa Monica ID. Give me your  
LA one.

Will removes his ID CARD from his armband. This one reads "LOS ANGELES BLOC." He hesitates to surrender it.

THE SPIDER (CONT'D)  
You'll be my thirty-eighth run.  
You've got nothing to worry about.

Finally, Will relents and gives it up.

They come to a stop at an ICE BOX -- a commercial freezer.

One of the teamsters delivers a HEAVY WOOL COAT, GLOVES and WOOL CAP to the Spider. The other offers a set to Will. He eyes it, not understanding. The Spider puts on the cold weather gear, looking at Will:

(CONTINUED)

THE SPIDER (CONT'D)  
You're gonna want to put that on.

The Spider opens the icebox, revealing a SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT inside just wide enough to transport two men.

BAGS OF ICE line the bottom and walls.

THE SPIDER (CONT'D)  
Inside.

Uneasy, Will puts his foot inside the compartment.

A16 INT. THE ICEBOX - DAY

A16

Will and the Spider lie down shoulder-to-shoulder inside the cramped icebox. Their breath steams in the cold.

The teamsters cover them with a BLANKET and pour BUCKETS OF ICE CUBES over top of them.

The teamsters shut the lid, sealing them inside in darkness, save for the limited light from a TABLET COMPUTER.

The re-purposed tablet now serves as a security monitor. He swipes through multiple ANGLES provided by cameras hidden all around the cargo truck.

THE SPIDER  
Two kinds of guys come through here. The guys running to something, and the guys running from something. Which are you?

There's a pregnant pause before Will answers.

WILL  
I'm going to find my son. We were separated during the Arrival.

THE SPIDER  
How old?

WILL  
Turned twelve last week.

The Spider registers this without emotion. He pops out two CAPS covering holes that let air in from the outside.

The tablet shows camera view from inside the cab of the truck. The teamsters climb inside and start the engine.

B16-~~C~~OMMITTED

B16-C16

17 EXT. THE LOS ANGELES/SANTA MONICA GATEWAY - DAY 17

A fortified EXCLUSION ZONE has been constructed atop the remnants of the 405 freeway between two thick and tall WALLS constructed of some unknown alloy.

A SMORGASBORD OF VEHICLES enter the exclusion zone in groups of three -- passenger cars, cargo vans, semi-trucks.

Driver and passenger IDs are shown to Redhats as the drivers wait to board a scanning bed. The vehicles all have IDENTIFICATION STICKERS stuck to their front windows.

Patrolling HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICERS inspect the trucks with spy mirrors, electronic sniffers, and German Shepherds.

This all happens before the trucks reach the scanner beds. Two horseshoe-shaped scanners whoosh across raised platforms, scanning vehicles for contraband. The scanners are connected to a central monitoring building. A green light indicates when it is safe for the vehicles to leave the platform.

Once the trucks exit the scanners, their drivers leave the vehicles and swap places with new DRIVERS from the Santa Monica Bloc. These drivers wait in booths that allow them to see each other, but not communicate.

This complex driver and passenger exchange system ensures that only vehicles cross zones and that humans do not.

18 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT - DAY 18

Lying on their backs with their breath steaming in the cold, cramped box, Will and The Spider observe this well-coordinated waltz from the tablet computer monitor.

It's their turn to board the scanner next.

THE SPIDER  
So far, so good.

WILL  
The scanner's infrared?

The Spider nods.

THE SPIDER  
My box kills x-ray and thermal.  
They won't see shit.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 11.  
18

THE SPIDER (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
After we beat the scanner, we just  
need to pick up our Santa Monica  
drivers and cross through.

WILL  
How do we know the replacement  
drivers won't sell us out?

THE SPIDER  
They'll never know we were here.

Their truck trundles toward the scanning platform.

The Spider swipes the tablet monitor to watch the cab and  
ensure that they are not being sold out to Homeland Security.

A18 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - CAB - DAY A18

REDHATS come to the truck's driver and passenger side window  
and scan the ID badges of the Spider's TEAMSTERS.

The teamsters say nothing. The Redhats wave them forward,  
onto the scanning platform.

B18 EXT. LOS ANGELES/SANTA MONICA EXCLUSION ZONE - DAY B18

The semi-truck boards the scanning platform. Once inside,  
the teamsters exit the cab of the truck.

They move to a WAITING BOOTH off to the side of the scanner.  
This place is guarded by an armed REDHAT.

The teamsters watch as the SCANNER WHOOSHES over the truck,  
scanning above and below.

C18 INT. HOMELAND SECURITY TRAILER - DAY C18

A REDHAT inside the monitoring station watches the progress  
on a MONITOR.

It a simultaneous X-RAY and INFRARED scan. The cab's diesel  
engine lights up the image in an array of warm colors. The  
scanner makes its way back over the truck, across the trailer  
area where Will and the Spider are hiding.

D18 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - ICEBOX - DAY D18

Will sweats out the scan, which appears to last an eternity.

(CONTINUED)

D18 CONTINUED: 12.  
D18

The Spider monitors progress coolly on the tablet.

E18 EXT. LOS ANGELES/SANTA MONICA EXCLUSION ZONE - DAY E18

The scan completes. The Redhats wait for the "go" signal from the booth. This, too, takes an eternity.

The teamsters watch them from the waiting booth.

Finally, a Redhat gives the thumbs-up. *Good to go.*

Two REPLACEMENT DRIVERS from an adjacent WAITING BOOTH exit and make their way toward the truck's cab. Both of these men carry ID BADGES that read "Santa Monica Bloc."

F18 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - ICEBOX - DAY F18

Will and the Spider wait out the next moments in agony. Finally, the truck moves again.

Will and the Spider both sigh relief. *We're through!* The Spider puts up a fist for Will to bump in victory.

THE SPIDER  
The Spider's got you covered.

The truck moves off the scanning platform.

Via the TABLET, they can see the truck behind them board the scanning platform.

WILL  
So what's it like on the other side?

THE SPIDER  
'Bout the same, but with a beach --

A BLACK CLOUD envelops the tablet screen.

BOOOOOOM! A muffled explosion pitches their truck sideways.

Will and The Spider are tossed violently in the bomb blast.

19 INT. THE SPIDER'S SEMI-TRUCK - CARGO TRAILER - DAY 19

DAYLIGHT has appeared inside the truck's trailer. It has ruptured like an aluminum can peeling open.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 13.  
19

The icebox has been dumped on its side. The lid kicks open. THE SPIDER slides out, lifeless. Will falls out after him.

Concussed, he tries to make sense of the scene around him. Blood streams from his ears and nose, and his jacket is soaked in it. He finds his clothing and person in tact. The blood is not his own. It's The Spider's.

Will looks up to see the source of DAYLIGHT.

20 EXT. LOS ANGELES/SANTA MONICA EXCLUSION ZONE - SAME 20

Will emerges to stand on the top of the capsized trailer. The noon sun glares down at him from above. SHAPES move in the sky as a bizarre cacophony of sound surrounds him. The devastation just begins to take focus for Will.

The truck carrying the bomb was only a short distance behind Will's truck when it exploded. All that remains of the scanning platform now is a CRATER OF WRECKAGE.

The exclusion zone is carpeted with human casualties and body parts. The scanning platforms and the monitoring station have both been decimated and disabled in the assault. A SURVIVING REDHAT limps out of the wreck, burned and bloody.

Both massive walls are entirely unmarred by the explosion.

Will hears an odd ELECTRONIC BUZZ. An object hovers above him, blotting out the noon sun. Then another. Another.

Three tortoise shell-shaped AERIAL DRONES have descended upon the scene, moving with impossible speed, darting to and fro. They tumble, pitch and roll with precision.

Staring up at the sky, Will tries to focus. He looks up into the EYE of the drone, which stares at him impassively like a fly's eye. A hundred honey-combed cameras, staring.

REDHATS from the SANTA MONICA BLOC race in to surround Will below, SHOUTING, ASSAULT RIFLES aimed.

Off Will and the realization that he's totally fucked --

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

21 EXT. LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE - MID-WILSHIRE - DAY 21

The EL REY THEATER'S marquee reads "CLOSED." A graffiti artist has added "TO HOPE" in crude paint beneath it.

Katie bikes through the Mid-Wilshire district with the family's Italian Mastiff, MINERVA. As is typical for this Los Angeles, private vehicle traffic is sparse. An occasional passenger bus rumbles by.

The sun shines and palm trees sway in the breeze. Cyclists and pedestrians are out and about. Others sit at cafes or on benches where they eat or socialize or read books. The center lane of the road has been converted into a BIKE DOCK where hundreds of bikes are parked and locked up.

Outside one of the cafes, a HOMELAND SECURITY SUV skids to a halt. A group of REDHATS emerge and surround a man at one of the cafe tables. They flex-cuff him to haul him into the SUV, which speeds away.

Though everyone takes notice of this, no one acts. They stare for a long beat before returning to whatever they were doing. Except now any conversations have ceased.

Katie included. She puts her head down, keeps moving.

22-23 OMITTED 22-23

24 EXT. MID-WILSHIRE - MEMORIAL WALL - DAY 24

The perimeter wall of a shop has been converted into a shrine for the dead and missing. Photos, flowers and personal effects of missing spouses, siblings, friends and children paper its plain stone surface. A FEW PEOPLE stand at the wall, hanging or touching photos. Remembering loved ones.

Katie has stopped her bike to look at the wall. *So many missing...* She's lost in the enormity of it.

A group of PRISONERS wearing bright colored jumpsuits clean up graffiti off the sidewalk in front of the shop. This stenciled art includes a scripted "L" and an image of a man's right hand clasped over his left wrist. A whip of bloody barbed wire is clutched tightly in its grasp.

Armed Redhats supervise the effort. The image of solidarity is slowly erased.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 15.  
24

One of the masked REDHATS comes over ushers Katie on, indicating for her to get moving. Minerva GROWLS.

KATIE  
Easy, Minny.

One of the prisoners takes a PHOTO off the wall, folds it up and stuffs it into his pocket.

Katie bikes on. Minerva follows.

25 EXT. THE APOTHECARY - FRONT YARD - DAY 25

Katie enters a fenced in property set back from the street. The house is dilapidated and peppered with signs that say "NO TRESPASSING," "BEWARE OF DOGS," and "SECURITY CAMERAS."

A **DOORMAN** meets Katie at the gate, looking at Minerva.

DOORMAN  
You can't bring the dog.

With no choice, Katie hitches Minerva up with a slipknot.

KATIE  
I'll be right back.

Minerva BARKS in protest.

A25 INT. THE APOTHECARY - HOUSE - DAY A25

Minerva's BARKING can still be heard from the front of the house when the doorman escorts Katie through the house.

The apothecary is a holistic medical clinic. NURSES administer homespun medical care to cancer patients and the terminally ill. ELDERLY walk the grounds with well-muscled ORDERLIES that probably double as bouncers.

B25 INT. THE APOTHECARY - KITCHEN - DAY B25

**HELOISE** (60s), a thick-boned and matronly former nurse, prepares an herbal remedy in the kitchen.

KATIE  
Are you "Heloise"?

HELOISE  
I am. What can I do for you, dear?

(CONTINUED)

KATIE  
I heard you make insulin.

HELOISE  
You heard correct.

Off Katie, unsure.

26 EXT. THE APOTHECARY - BACK YARD - DAY

26

Heloise leads Katie through the back yard of the apothecary.  
Live CHICKENS scatter. Dogs rise to their feet in CRATES.

HELOISE  
Certain conditions have been deemed  
"unworthy for treatment." Diabetes  
is one of them.  
(looking up to the sky)  
The RAPs are culling weakness from  
the herd.

She leads Katie to a concrete pool carpeted in dead and dried  
leaves where more PATIENTS convalesce.

HELOISE (CONT'D)  
Existing insulin supplies are  
nearly gone. And no one's making  
any home-brewed solutions.

Heloise stops at the door to a GUEST HOUSE at the back of the  
property. It is gated with iron and locked.

HELOISE (CONT'D)  
That is, except old Heloise.

Heloise smiles at Katie.

She nods to the DOORMAN, who reaches to the KEY RING on his  
belt and extends a key to unlock the door.

27 INT. THE APOTHECARY - PHARMACY - DAY

27

Katie follows Heloise into the guest house, which is also a  
CHEMISTRY LAB. It's organized chaos. Home remedies.

HELOISE  
Before insulin, quality of life and  
life expectancy for the diabetic  
wasn't too swell...

(CONTINUED)

There's a "PHARMACY" to their right, a secure area that is boothed in and contains packaged medicinal supplies.

HELOISE (CONT'D)

But in 1922, an enterprising Dr. Frederick Banting figured out how to extract insulin from the pancreas of a canine.

KATIE

You made insulin from a dog.

That easing smile again. Heloise removes a MASON JAR from the pharmacy and sets it down on the counter.

HELOISE

If an artist finds herself in doubt, she should consult with the old masters.

Katie reaches for the mason jar. But Heloise puts her hand on it and pulls it back toward her.

HELOISE (CONT'D)

I need to see what you have to trade first, dear.

Reaching into her bag, Katie removes a BOTTLE OF JOHNNIE WALKER SCOTCH. Heloise examines it. A rare prize. She releases the mason jar containing the insulin.

Katie holds up the jar and stares at the liquid in the sunlight leaking in from the outside. It's cloudy. She makes a face, frustrated.

KATIE

You have to keep this cool. It's hot as hell in here.

She sets down the jar angrily and goes to grab the bottle of Johnnie Walker. But Heloise grabs it first.

HELOISE

What do you think you're doing?

KATIE

Not buying your shitty insulin.

Minerva's BARKS echo in the distance.

HELOISE

Oh, I believe you already did.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 18.  
27

Katie's free hand flashes from under her jacket holding the small GLOCK PISTOL. She pumps the slide, chambering a round.

KATIE

Let go. Right now.

Eyes wide, Heloise lets go. Katie takes the scotch and slides it back into her bag. She backs out of the pharmacy.

28 EXT. THE APOTHECARY - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS 28

Katie continues in reverse, pistol out, gripped tight. Her head swivels back and forth. Her eyes wide, adrenaline coursing through every capillary, every nerve ending.

The staff and patients are alarmed. Broad-shouldered orderlies threaten. Minerva BARKS rabidly from the front yard while a male **APOTHECARY NURSE** (40s) protests.

APOTHECARY NURSE

Are you damned crazy, lady? One of those drones spots you with a gun, and they're gonna rain hellfire down on all of us!

KATIE

Better let me walk, then.

Heloise comes to the door of the guest house. She raises a hand to her staff, signalling to let Katie go.

29 EXT. THE APOTHECARY - FRONT YARD - DAY 29

Heloise's muscle follows Katie into the front yard, where Minerva lunges against her lead, frothing madly.

KATIE

Easy, Minny. I'm okay.  
(to the orderlies)  
I don't know if I can hold her.

The orderlies back up as Katie fumbles with the leash with shaking hands. She finally unhitches Minerva. The freed mastiff prompts them to finally withdraw into the back yard.

Katie aims her pistol after them, hand shaking involuntarily. As they vanish, her chest heaves, short of breath.

Katie shudders, bleeding off adrenaline as she comes down from the battle high. She stows the pistol.

30 OMITTED 30

31 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - DAY 31

A small group of STUDENTS have gathered on the bleachers for lunch. A pro-turf FOOTBALL FIELD sprawls out beneath them. The ROOSEVELT HOTEL towers from one angle, the HOLLYWOOD SIGN looms in the distance from another.

There's **ALEX** (13), **PIA** (16), Latina, and the apple of Bram's eye, and **DREW** (17), older but shorter than Bram.

ALEX

Does anyone understand this metallurgy bullshit?

BRAM

I can help you with it.

DREW

Don't do too good on the tests. Heard if you do, you get sent to The Factory. That's all they do out there, make these weirdo alloys.

The kids eat in silence. Bram opens his backpack.

BRAM

Anyone need oranges?

He throws one to Pia, just because. She smiles appreciation.

ALEX

I got canned tuna.

BRAM

Yeah, what's the expiration?

Bram inspects the CAN, ensures it wasn't tampered with.

BRAM (CONT'D)

One orange per?

ALEX

Two.

BRAM

How about one and a half. I'll take two cans.

Pia hands him a Ziploc BAG filled with FLOUR TORTILLAS.

(CONTINUED)

PIA  
My mom made tortillas.

BRAM  
Oh my god, best in LA. Here, take  
her these.

Bram gives her three more oranges. Lots of chemistry here.  
He puts the tortillas in his backpack while looking at Pia.

ALEX  
(joking)  
I'm not sure this is fair trade...

BRAM  
All right, who's got coffee?

They laugh at Bram as if he just asked for magic beans. From  
Bram's reaction, it's obvious that this was wishful thinking.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
What the shit is this?

An athlete-scholar named **JACKSON** (19) has appeared at the  
foot of the bleachers. He's big, but he's not dumb.

Most of them scatter, grabbing what they can and taking off.  
Bram stays, standing up confidently with his backpack.

BRAM  
Just a little trading. You need  
oranges, Jackson?

Jackson is unamused by Bram's feigned innocence.

JACKSON  
This market is mine. No trading  
goes on without me getting my beak  
wet.

Bram walks down the bleachers, veering away from Jackson.

BRAM  
You should report me to the  
Redhats.

JACKSON  
Your backpack.

Bram stares at him for a long moment, considering him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Give me your backpack, shit-heel.

Finally, he sighs and relents. He slips off his bag and takes it to Jackson. As Jackson reaches for it, Bram suddenly swings it, cracking the bigger boy across the face with the tuna can cargo. Jackson drops to his knees dabbing at his bloodied nose.

BRAM

Your beak's wet.

Jackson rushes at Bram. They scrap. Bram's friends join in, yelling, trying to pull Jackson and him apart.

PIA

Five-oh!

ADULT STAFF MEMBERS run at them across the football field.

The students instinctively stop fighting, grab their traded goods and escape in five different directions.

A31 OMITTED

A31

32 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

32

Katie paces the kitchen, looking out the window. Night is coming. Bram enters the kitchen, feels his mother's anxiety.

KATIE

He's two hours late.

BRAM

He'll be here.

KATIE

Your father is never late.  
"Everyone home before dark."  
That's the rule.

In the other room, they hear the BACK DOOR open.

MADELINE (O.S.)

Katie... ?

Bram and Katie exchange a look. They recognize the voice. And, from their expressions, it brings mixed emotions.

Katie's younger sister, **MADELINE** (30s) enters the kitchen. She's attractive but on edge, the stress of their new life having taken its toll. She wears all black: a revealing dress, stockings and heels. It might be a uniform.

(CONTINUED)



MADELINE (CONT'D)

Did you get it?

Katie looks off her nephew, **HUDSON** (8), skinny and shy, who is in tow with her sister:

KATIE

Sorry. My source didn't pan out.

Madeline takes the news hard. She starts spinning out.

MADELINE

What? How?

KATIE

It just didn't, Maddie. I'll figure something else out.

Katie tries to keep her voice down for Hudson's sake.

MADELINE

Hudson needs insulin.

KATIE

You still have the last batch?

MADELINE

It'll be gone in a week!

KATIE

Then we have a week.

Katie pushes away the frustration of being the enabler to her codependent sister. She forces a smile for Hudson.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you go find Grace, sweetie? She's upstairs.

Hudson takes off up the stairs toward Grace.

MADELINE

What are we going to do? There's no one to buy from anymore.

Katie retrieves a jacket and begins slipping it on.

KATIE

I'll find you some. I promise.  
But I need you to stay here with the kids.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE

Where are you going? I'm working tonight.

KATIE

Will never came home.

The impact of this lands with Maddie, staying her.

BRAM

Mom, you can't go out this close to curfew...

KATIE

I'll be back in plenty of time.  
Just stay put, all of you.

She grabs Bram's face and kisses him on the forehead. She pauses, looking in her son's eyes, as if she's worried it's the last time. She breaks away.

MADELINE

I hope Will's okay.

Katie regards her sister with mixed emotions before heading out the door into the night.

An outdoor CAR WASH has been converted into a prisoner holding facility. Dual, long, floor-to-ceiling cages run along the runway. The cages are packed in with bunk beds.

Will paces inside one of the free-standing PRISONER CAGES topped with razor wire. His clothes were bloodied and burned in the explosion, and he wears a bandage on one of his arms.

There are dangerous-looking HARDENED FELONS in here, but most look like POLITICAL PRISONERS: scared and helpless. All wear their street clothes. Shoelaces have not been confiscated. They are taunted by the beautiful Los Angeles air just outside. But it could not be further away.

REDHATS patrol outside the cages. Will approaches one.

WILL

Hey, where's my phone call?

The Redhat ignores him as if he's not there.

DAVID (O.S.)

Don't waste your breath, brother.

Will looks over to a man in a rumpled suit, **DAVID** (40s), who sits on a bunk. He shouts an insult at the Redhats --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
These collaborating assholes --  
(back to Will)  
-- can't do shit for you.

David is a man who had money and influence, but now he has neither.

Will looks off him. Angry now, he grasps the cage with his hand and SHAKES it, yelling:

WILL  
I want my phone call!

PRISON GUARD  
Step back!

The **PRISON GUARD** (20s) uses the butt of his semi-automatic SHOTGUN to bash his hand. Will staggers backward clutching his wounded hand.

He looks again at David and then at the prison, drinking in this hell where they have locked him away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

34 EXT. AUTO GARAGE - OUTSIDE WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

34

Katie rides her bike into the parking lot of the auto garage where Will works.

She stands the bike up against some tires and makes her way through the lot toward a WINNEBAGO RV. She ascends the stairs and BANGS on the door.

The door opens to reveal Carlos, Will's co-worker from the garage. He's surprised to see her.

CARLOS

Katie? Jesus, what are you doing here?

They embrace. When they separate:

KATIE

Was Will at work today?

CARLOS

Course he was.

KATIE

He didn't come home.

Carlos checks his WATCH nervously.

CARLOS

It's too close to curfew. You can't be here, honey.

Katie knows. *Carlos knows something.*

KATIE

Do you know where he could be?

Katie studies Carlos, reading him. He avoids her eyes.

Carlos's WIFE paces inside the Winnebago with an infant.

CARLOS

Will, he, uh, took out a delivery this afternoon... I figured he went home after. He didn't call you, say anything?

Katie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 26.  
34

KATIE

If you know something...

Carlos looks back over his shoulder. His wife is staring daggers at him. Carlos turns back to Katie.

CARLOS

I don't know where he is. I'm sorry. Get home safe.

Carlos reluctantly closes the RV door on Katie.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY - NIGHT 36

Strange quasi-musical SIRENS blast throughout Los Angeles. Near and distant, all in perfect synchronicity. Curfew.

In conjunction with the sirens, orange-colored night lights come up throughout the prison.

Prisoners move for their bunks. They've all done this before, but Will hasn't. David passes him.

DAVID

Word of advice, brother: sleep with your eyes open. The nights in here can suck.

WILL

I'll keep it in mind.

Will is left alone with creeping dread.

37 EXT. LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE - STREETS - NIGHT 37

Katie pedals home on a road bike as the CURFEW SIRENS blast.

Up and down the street, any remaining people hurry indoors.

Katie picks up her pace, legs pumping, gears turning.

The sirens end leaving Los Angeles quieter than it has been since it was only orange groves.

But that silence is soon replaced with another dreadful sound. A dull electronic HUM.

Skidding her bike to a stop, Katie looks into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

Tiny LIGHTS wink on. Most of the DRONES disappear against the dark sky, their silhouettes mere suggestions of their true form. Only their lights and SHIMMERING SUGGESTIONS of them can be made out in the darkness.

Katie is exposed and in danger of getting caught. The HUM of the drones draws closer.

She spies a HOMELAND SECURITY MRAP parked on the street. Thankfully, no Redhats are in sight.

#### BENEATH THE MRAP

Katie slides under the Homeland Security MRAP's wheels and goes prone.

She's a sleek, black shape silent and unmoving -- save for her shaking hands which she clasps over the back of her head.

#### A DRONE

Moves over the MRAP, sweeping the area. Its hundred eyes WHIR and FOCUS. It lights up the immediate area like DAY.

#### BENEATH THE MRAP

Katie's breathing is ragged and shallow, deafening to her own ears, but she can't help it. She's terrified. The drone HUMS overhead as if it will never leave.

Suddenly, a COMMOTION from nearby. Katie can't see anything; she can only hear it. Then TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS approach the vehicle. A third set of BARE FEET stumble and drag on the pavement, trying to keep up.

The Redhats' boots reach the MRAP. They're trying to load their captive into the vehicle, but he resists. There's an ARGUMENT. Suddenly, a DULL THUD drops the man.

The stranger falls in such a way that his face lands just inches from Katie's where she hides beneath the MRAP.

Katie's eyes meet his. They stare at each other for a long beat, each of them trapped in their own circumstance.

Finally, the Redhats reach down and drag the man back up to his feet. He never sells Katie out.

They load him into the vehicle and the engine STARTS with Katie still lying beneath it.

Katie's eyes are wide orbs staring into the night, trapped and terrified and praying to not be discovered.

THE DRONE

Satisfied with what it has seen, the drone's light suddenly goes out and the object ZIPS away, vanishing into the night at a speed beyond human technology's reach.

BENEATH THE MRAP

The MRAP pulls away, slowly revealing Katie lying on the ground and exposed fully to the starry Los Angeles night.

Bram and Maddie wait anxiously at the front door. They stare into the dark, seeing nothing. Katie is out there somewhere.

Maddie sees the worry taxing Bram. She puts her arm around his shoulder, squeezing him to comfort him.

A door suddenly BANGS open behind them, startling them.

Katie comes in through the back door, out of breath, but playing it cool for the sake of her family.

BRAM

Mom!

KATIE

I'm fine. Told you I'd get back.

Bram runs to hug her. He separates from her, hopeful.

BRAM

Where's Dad?

KATIE

I'm sure he'll be home soon.

Katie paints over her ignorance with a white lie.

FADE TO:

As the next morning's sun rises, a man named **BROUSSARD** (40s) stands on a LADDER propped against a Los Angeles craftsman-style home in need of serious restoration.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE (O.S.)

And here I thought you were only  
good at drinking.

Broussard turns to see Katie standing at the foot of his  
ladder. She smiles up at him. Broussard descends.

BROUSSARD

It only looks like I know what I'm  
doing.

Reaching the bottom, Broussard picks up a WATER BOTTLE and  
takes a swig. He reads Katie, wondering why she's come.

KATIE

New project?

BROUSSARD

This was my mother's place. I was  
overseas so much it didn't make  
sense to keep a place of my own, so  
I'd stay here with her. I always  
wanted to restore her to her former  
glory, just never had the time.  
Now, that's all I've got.

(playful)

You looking for work?

Katie laughs. Something crackles between these two. But the  
spark dies as something else weighs on Katie.

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

KATIE

Will's missing.

BROUSSARD

(genuine concern)

What happened?

KATIE

I don't know. He went to work  
yesterday, didn't come home. No  
one in my house slept last night.

BROUSSARD

The Redhats haven't come by?

Kate shakes her head. Broussard is relieved.

KATIE

What's my reality?

(CONTINUED)



BROUSSARD  
You're sure he didn't...

Broussard doesn't know quite how to phrase it. There's a long beat as Katie process what he's actually asking. Then:

KATIE  
My husband didn't walk out on his family.

Putting down his TOOLS, Broussard levels with Katie.

BROUSSARD  
Look. Guys like me and Will, we knew we had to go to ground after The Arrival. But that doesn't mean there isn't a list somewhere. That some day our resumes won't catch up with us.

KATIE  
Where do I go from here?

BROUSSARD  
Check the hospital. I'll make some calls.

Katie nods. *A good plan.*

The corridors of one of Los Angeles's finest hospitals overflow with waiting patients and worried visitors. People cry out for doctors, for nurses, for anyone who will listen.

Katie makes her way through the chaos. Something's going on.

She stops a **VISITOR** (40s), motherly with kind eyes. She's been waiting here for hours with her **HUSBAND** (40s). Both are bleary-eyed from stress and lack of sleep.

KATIE  
Excuse me, what's going on?

VISITOR  
There was an explosion at the Santa Monica gateway yesterday.

KATIE  
Explosion?

41 CONTINUED: 31.  
41

VISITOR

The Proxies are saying it was a gas  
leak --

Katie processes the information. *Santa Monica.* Charlie.

HUSBAND

-- "Gas leak" my ass. It was the  
Resistance.

The visitor nudges him, not wanting her husband to speaking  
so freely about sensitive topics. But he won't shut up.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Terrorist pricks wounded at least  
ten. People. Who knows how many  
they killed.

Katie hurries off, terrified.

42 INT. CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - CORRIDORS - DAY 42

Katie walks the corridors, searching from room to room for  
Will. She does not find him.

43 INT. CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - NURSE'S STATION - DAY 43

Katie approaches a busy nurse's station. The head nurse,  
**NURSE SINCLAIR** (40s), shuffles patient files and phone calls.

KATIE

Excuse me, I'm looking for my  
husband?

SINCLAIR

What room is he in?

KATIE

I'm not entirely sure he's here.

SINCLAIR

(annoyed)

You're looking for someone who  
might not be here?

Suddenly, there is SHOUTING from the waiting area:

HUSBAND

Where the hell is a doctor? Anyone  
who can give me some answers!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 32.  
43

The husband that Katie spoke to has grown so agitated that he's staggering down the hallway, physically threatening.

The nurses clear out of the station to confine him.

Katie looks behind the counter and spots a refrigerator. A medical supply refrigerator.

Katie's sixth sense screams opportunity. She scans her surroundings, then ducks beneath the counter.

44 INT. CEDAR'S-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - MEDICAL FRIDGE - DAY 44

Katie opens the refrigerator and scans the shelves. Knowing that she has precious little time. Knowing that she's in danger. But she is also driven by her survival instincts.

She searches the shelves, high and low.

Katie finally locates INSULIN. There's not a lot left. What remains, Katie sweeps into her bag.

45 INT. CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - NURSE'S STATION - DAY 45

Katie walks around the counter to find a **YOUNG NURSE** (20s) returning to the station.

YOUNG NURSE  
Excuse me? What are you doing?

KATIE  
(crocodile tears)  
I'm trying to find my husband! I --  
I can't find him anywhere...

The young nurse regards Katie with suspicion. Katie grabs a clipboard on the desk. The young nurse takes it from her.

YOUNG NURSE  
What's his name?

KATIE  
Will.  
(then, lying)  
Sullivan.

The nurses searches the lists. She finds something there that makes her take pause, even pity Katie. Katie takes note.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG NURSE

He's not here. And if I ever see  
you back here again, I'll report  
you to Homeland.

Katie withdraws from the nurse's station before the nurse has  
a chance to change her mind.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE - PAY PHONE - DAY 46

Looking over her shoulder, Katie approaches a bank of PAY  
PHONES. She slots her LOS ANGELES ID CARD into the phone and  
picks up the receiver, dialing a number from memory.

Someone picks up on the other end but does not speak.

KATIE

You knew about the "party"?

She's agitated to have been kept in the dark, but she has to  
speak in code to protect their conversation from prying ears.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

A46 EXT. BROUSSARD'S HOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT A46

Broussard speaks to Katie from a cordless phone outside his  
mother's house. He chooses his words very carefully.

BROUSSARD

You weren't on the invitation.

KATIE

Did my friend get invited?

BROUSSARD

He wasn't invited, but he went  
anyway.

Katie reels. *Oh my god.*

KATIE

Was he there when it --

BROUSSARD

Try to calm down.

Katie's getting lost in her metaphors.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

-- I mean, when the party --

BROUSSARD

Another group picked up your friend after the party. He had a better time than most, but he's with those people now. My hope is they'll bring him home after they're all done catching up.

(beat)

Any idea why he'd go to that party in the first place?

KATIE

I don't know... He didn't tell me anything...

Shocked, Katie sorts through a range of conflicting emotions.

CUT TO:

47 INT. PRISONER HOLDING FACILITY - NIGHT

47

The former car wash is dimly outlined by orange nighttime lighting. Will sits on his prison bunk facing David.

DAVID

Tonight will be the twelfth time I lay my head down in this shit-hole. Just waiting for them to come and take me up to The Factory, go to work for the bloody RAPS.

WILL

Have you ever seen one of them?

DAVID

No one ever sees them.

On David's answer, the gate door suddenly SLAMS open.

Homeland officers wind serpentine through the darkness, led by cones of light shining from their TAC PISTOLS.

Prisoners awaken and stir, unnerved by the presence of men with guns.

REDHAT SQUAD LEADER (O.S.)

Everybody: on your knees. Hands behind your head, fingers interlocked.

(CONTINUED)

Will looks at David, who knows the drill. He instinctively gets down on his knees and places his hands behind his head.

CAPTAIN LAGARZA (O.S.)  
Will Bowman...

*That name.* Will snaps into focus. He stands up from his bunk, straining to hear more.

CAPTAIN LAGARZA (CONT'D)  
I'm lookin' for a Will Bowman!

**CAPTAIN LAGARZA** (30s) is a high-ranking Homeland Security officer and the leader of a SPECIAL OPERATIONS TEAM. Though lit only in silhouette by his men's tactical lights, the Redhat leader screams ex-military.

The six men are dressed more sleekly and with less gear than the standard Redhat. He and his men all wear RED BERETS instead of helmets. Their faces are exposed and their names are emblazoned proudly on the breasts of their BDUs. Their search comes to a stop before Will. Tactical lights shine in his eyes where he stands, facing them. Big mistake.

REDHAT SQUAD LEADER  
On your knees, shit-bird!

Will's legs are cut out from beneath him via a TELESCOPING BATON. He hits his knees hard.

CAPTAIN LAGARZA  
Will Bowman?

Squinting from the pain and the light, Will looks up at him.

WILL  
My name's Sullivan.

Captain Lagarza smiles venomously. He taps Will on the head with the baton.

CAPTAIN LAGARZA  
Not anymore.

The Redhats surround Will. They force him face-down on the floor where they FLEX-CUFF his arms behind him.

As Will is dragged back up onto his feet, he makes eye-contact with the kneeling David --

David slowly clasps his right hand around his left wrist just over his belt. This is the same sign of solidarity shown in all the graffiti throughout Los Angeles.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

See you in Valhalla, brother.

As the Redhats drag Will out of the holding facility, a handful of other prisoners repeat the gesture.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

48 EXT. LOS ANGELES OCCUPIED ZONE - NIGHT 48

An ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC) slices through the still night. The technology appears more "military" than "police." "HOMELAND SECURITY" is emblazoned on the vehicle's side.

Armor-plated SUVs run escort in front and behind.

49 INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER - NIGHT 49

Flex-cuffed, Will rides inside with Captain Lagarza and his Redhats.

WILL

Where are we going?

Stoicism is returned. Will mocks it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Who am I going to tell?

CAPTAIN LAGARZA

To the GZ.

(when Will doesn't follow)

Green Zone.

Will is surprised and simultaneously relieved that he's not going somewhere much worse.

50 EXT. BEL AIR GATES - NIGHT 50

The APC slows as it approaches Bel Air. A heavy iron gate cuts off the Bel Air hills from the flats below Sunset. It's lit up like day but man-made, unlike the walls sealing off Los Angeles from Santa Monica.

The fence line is guarded by a platoon of Homeland Security officers on foot, in trucks and in guard towers. Posted signs warn: "NO TRESPASSING," "LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED."

Recessed STEEL BOLLARDS protect the gate from a direct vehicular assault.

The gate swings open as the APC carrying Will approaches.



53 EXT. THE GREEN ZONE - NIGHT 53

The APC has rolled into another world.

It winds its way through the Hollywood Hills toward the highest hilltop in sight. Atop that hill is perched a gaudy, white 5,000 square foot MANSION.

54 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT 54

Inside the mansion, SOCIALITES mill about in "Hollywood casual." Hot and cold running SERVANTS swarm about the home along with ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF. No one who lives inside these walls has to lift a finger to do anything.

Undercover HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICERS patrol in suits.

Captain Lagarza and his Redhats lead Will inside. Will's work-shirt is draped over his hands to hide the flex-cuffs, but he is still far out of place. Under-dressed, ungroomed.

The guests notice Will's arrival, but no one overtly reacts. These people are on the inside, and they want to stay there.

CAPTAIN LAGARZA

Behave now.

As he's led through the mansion, Will sees a luxuriant cold seafood tower -- something no one sees anymore -- and stares at it, salivating.

55 INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - SECOND FLOOR LOUNGE - NIGHT 55

Captain Lagarza leads Will into an expansive lounge on the second floor of the ultra-modern mansion.

They leave Will flex-cuffed, anxious and confused. Lagarza withdraws to the stairway. The SOUNDS of the party filter in from outside the office.

Will takes in the strange setting. He sees some famous paintings in the study, not least of which is Van Gogh's *Irises*, last seen in the Getty Center's collection. More CLASSICS are stacked up against the wall, yet to be hung.

**PROXY ALAN SNYDER** (50s) breezes into the study while loosening his tie. He's of average height and with a hairline in retreat. But Proxy Snyder is clearly the power in this place, and he wears the two thousand dollar suit to state so. Loudly.

(CONTINUED)

PROXY SNYDER

Hi, Will. How are you doing?

Two UNDERCOVER Homeland Security agents in suits come to stand in the doorway, leaving Will no exit.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

You a scotch guy?

Proxy Snyder goes to a bar heaped in TOP SHELF LIQUOR that was a rarity before the occupation. Now, it's priceless.

Will cannot fathom what is going on. This is all surreal.

WILL

Bourbon.

PROXY SNYDER

I should've guessed. You're originally from Georgia, right?

Will is caught off-guard by Snyder's knowledge.

Snyder casually pours two drinks. A scotch and a bourbon.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

Sorry about all this. I hope you weren't treated too poorly.

Snyder goes to hand the bourbon to Will, who's hands are still flex-cuffed behind his back.

The Proxy notices the flex-cuffs as if for the first time.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

Come on, Captain Lagarza. We don't need those.

Lagarza takes out a FOLDING KNIFE and cuts Will free. Will rubs his wrists, looking up at Proxy Snyder.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

Sorry. Alan Snyder. I'm the proxy governor of our little bloc here.

Proxy Snyder offers his hand. They shake.

WILL

Will.

Snyder hands him the bourbon. Will drinks immediately. He looks around the house, this alien environment.

(CONTINUED)

PROXY SNYDER  
Like the place?

WILL  
*(it's a tacky nightmare)*  
It's something.

If Snyder picks up on the sarcasm, he gives no indication.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Why am I here?

Proxy Snyder pauses a moment, as if considering the answer.

PROXY SNYDER  
To turn crisis into opportunity.

Will doesn't follow. Proxy Snyder offers him a seat on a button-tufted leather couch. They sit facing each other.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Even the most successful men make two or three critical mistakes in their lives. It's what they do afterward that defines them.  
(beat)  
I'm not sitting here with Billy Sullivan, handy-dandy auto-mechanic from Hollywood, am I? No, I'm sitting here with Special Agent William Bowman: former Army Ranger: Gulf War 2 and Afghanistan, former FBI fugitive hunter extraordinaire.

Will knows what he's being accused of and the consequences.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
I understand you bagged something like fifty fugitives in your stint with them?

Will realizes that there is no way out of this. He relents:

WILL  
Fifty-three. I'm good at finding people.

PROXY SNYDER  
Impressive. But I'm even more impressed that you managed to hide your identity from us for so long.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I did what I had to. Military, law enforcement, guys like me all went missing after your "friends" came.

PROXY SNYDER

You protected yourself and your family. I can respect that.

Proxy Snyder pauses. He then casually inquires:

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

What was it, exactly, you were doing in the Santa Monica exclusion zone when that IED exploded?

WILL

You think I'm with the Resistance?

PROXY SNYDER

(amused)

You wouldn't be here if we did.

WILL

Then why am I?

PROXY SNYDER

Because our hosts are tired of the insurgency. They've blown six IEDs in the last month alone. They're getting bolder, more dangerous. And the collateral damage...

(beat)

Look, you and I, we both know that guys like yourself, guys with your training, you're a, uh, rare breed these days. And that makes you especially valuable.

Finally understanding all this, Will is taken aback.

WILL

You want me to collaborate.

PROXY SNYDER

I want to give you your old job back, my man!

(all positive)

That is: head up a special task force, infiltrate the insurgency and bring us their leader, this character they call "Geronimo."

(CONTINUED)

Will doesn't know what to make of all this. A long, pregnant silence as Proxy Snyder watches Will work through it all.

TABITHA

Sorry to interrupt, Alan, but it looks like it's starting.

**TABITHA**, a young and leggy brunette in a form-fitting green dress has darkened the doorway to the study. Proxy Snyder nods acknowledgement to her, then looks to Will:

PROXY SNYDER

You're gonna want to see this.

He smiles like a closer.

Will steps onto a balcony over-looking the party. Beside him are Proxy Snyder and Tabitha. Below them, the PARTY-GOERS gather on an expansive patio. Vapors rise off the heated pool into the cool night air.

From this elevated vantage point, Will can see the whole Los Angeles colony...

The city is lit in a dull haze by sodium light emanating from the 300-FOOT WALLS that form a border around Los Angeles. The 101 to the 110 to the 10 to the 405. A final wall runs along Mulholland Drive completing the enclosure. Beyond the 405 freeway to the west, Will sees Santa Monica's lights.

But the most chilling sight lies to the east. Where South Los Angeles, downtown and East Los Angeles once shone brightly now exist only vast tracts of DARKNESS. The bright lights of Santa Monica and Los Angeles stand out as tiny beacons on an otherwise dark landscape; all other signs of life beyond these borders are gone.

The devastation twists like a knife in Will's gut.

PROXY SNYDER

Here we go, everybody! Ten, nine, eight...

Nervous anticipation ripples through the crowd. Tabitha links her arm into Snyder's.

"Seven!" -- the gathered continue the countdown -- "Six, Five, Four..." Will looks at them like they've all gone mad.

PROXY SNYDER/CROWD  
...Three, two, one!

The anticipation builds to... nothing. There's scattered awkward laughter. Then, far to the Southwest, the night comes alive, much to the delight of the crowd.

A strange industrial complex stands near where Los Angeles international airport once stood. A series of odd buildings and towers there are briefly lit up by the CRAFT that blasts off into the dark abyss of night.

The monstrous vessel is only hinted at from such a distance as only its lights and contrails are visible. It leaves behind a pulse vapor trail that is purple and yellow and glows as it climbs into the night sky. It is beautiful and frightening all at once. The POPPING RUMBLE it emits is unlike any rocket on Earth.

PROXY SNYDER  
Wait for the boom!

The crowd holds up glasses of wine and champagne.

A SONIC BOOM reaches them, rattling windows and splashing some alcohol down on the patrons. They WOOP and LAUGH.

Will can't believe what he's seeing.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Breathtaking, isn't it? They put on that show a couple of times a month.

WILL  
I've seen it from my house.

PROXY SNYDER  
Not like this.

The craft rises and rises through the night sky, lighting up the whole of western Los Angeles. As the gathered marvel, Proxy Snyder pulls Will close and speaks to him in low tones.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
I thought it might give you some perspective. The most important day in human history is coming, Will. I just want you and your family to be on the right side of it.

Will looks at Snyder, suspect. *The most important day in human history?*

WILL

And when I tell you to piss off?

Will's sudden aggression catches Tabitha by surprise. Proxy Snyder's mood never dips. To Tabitha:

PROXY SNYDER

Why don't you give us a minute, sweetie?

Tabitha takes the cue and leaves the balcony, returning inside. Once she's gone, Snyder looks back at Will. Darkly.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

You've committed crimes that must be punished in accordance with occupation law. If you can't help me, then you and your wife and your children... well, I'm sorry, but you'll all be sent to The Factory.

WILL

How do you do this, Snyder? Slap on a suit and smile and dick over your own kind?

PROXY SNYDER

I'm doing what anyone with a brain would do in this situation.

(off Will)

I'm taking advantage of my opportunities.

Will looks off Proxy Snyder to the Santa Monica skyline.

The craft, the light, the rumble are all gone. All that remains is a beautiful contrail, alive with hues of purple and yellow and orange that glow and fade against the night.

Whatever it may have been, the craft is now among the stars.

CUT TO:

It's 3:00 AM. Katie paces the living room. Wired, worried, unable to rest with Will missing.

(CONTINUED)

Bram, who tried to keep vigil, has passed out on the couch. Maddie stands in the kitchen, worrying at a cup of tea.

Suddenly, they hear the distinct CHATTER of a diesel engine outside. Katie goes to the window.

A Homeland Security MRAP has rolled up outside their house.

Katie away from the window, frightened. She looks at Maddie, who sets her cup down. *Oh, shit.* Both spring into action.

KATIE  
Get Gracey and Hudson.  
(to Bram)  
Bram. Wake up.

Maddie heads up the stairs as Katie shakes Bram awake, practically pulling him off the couch.

BRAM  
What, Mom?

KATIE  
Come on. Up. We're leaving.

As Bram gets to his feet, Katie freezes --

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW

Katie sees WILL emerge from the APC.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

58 INT. WILL &amp; KATIE'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

58

As Will walks through the front door, he's mugged by Minerva, who is all over him. Katie pushes past to hug him as well. Bram stares at him while he whispers in Katie's ear:

WILL  
Sorry. I'm okay.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Daddy!

Grace is in Maddie's arms, who just carried her down from her upstairs bedroom. She's drowsy but happy to see her father. Maddie sets her down and she runs to Will.

WILL  
What's everyone doing up this late?

Will hugs Bram and Grace. Grace wants to know where he was. Will ignores her questions, all smiles for his kids' sake.

Maddie moves to Will next while Katie tries to wrangle the excited Minerva.

MADELINE  
Oh my god, Will. We were so worried...

Maddie hugs Will, holding on for much longer than appropriate. Will has to peel her off. She stares at him.

BRAM  
Where were you?

Will looks at Bram. He has to answer now.

WILL  
I was out on a delivery, got lost, and got stuck out after curfew, so Homeland picked me up. Didn't matter what I said or did, they wouldn't even let me make a phone call. They just released me now.

Katie watches Will as he tells his story. She knows this isn't the truth, and Will knows that she knows this.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Okay, bed-time. Everyone.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 47.  
58

Will tries to make this all seem as normal as possible.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. WILL & KATIE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 59

Will escorts Maddie out through the back door of his house to a small CONVERTED GUEST HOUSE at the back of the driveway.

WILL

Sorry about all that. Thanks for staying up with Katie.

MADELINE

I remembered what I felt like when I realized Rob wasn't coming home. I was scared for her, for us...  
(hesitating; then:)  
I thought I was alone again.

Tears have welled. Maddie considers unburdening herself, but she reels it in and forces a smile to diffuse the tension.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I'm just glad you're home.

Maddie reaches the door. Puts her hand on the latch.

WILL

It's good to have you here. Katie and the kids... They need you.

Will is vulnerable in this moment. Maddie clocks this.

MADELINE

She's not the same as she was. Before.

WILL

No one is.

MADELINE

Still. Must be hard for you.

Will doesn't disagree. Maddie takes his hand.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

If you ever need anything, anything that's missing, just ask.

Madeline goes in and kisses Will on his cheek, very close to the corner of his lip. She pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Me and Hudson are lucky to have  
you.

Maddie enters the guest house while Will tries to process  
what exactly just happened.

60 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 60

Will basks in his first hot shower in days.

61 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

Will exits the bathroom wearing only his towel.

He finds Katie standing inside the attached bedroom. The  
door to the hallway is closed behind her. She looks at Will,  
and then strips off her shirt.

They go at each other savagely. Will practically tears off  
Katie's bra. She pulls away his towel.

Will throws her on the bed, climbs on top of her. In a house  
full of children, they've learned to keep quiet. The sex is  
primal and passionate, and over nearly as fast as it began.

A61 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER A61

They lie in each other's arms in post-coital exhaustion.

KATIE

So they know we're not the  
Sullivans.

Will turns his head toward Katie's profile. He knows that  
voice and braces himself for what's coming.

WILL

What do you want to hear?

KATIE

The truth.

WILL

You've got all the answers. Why  
don't you tell me?

Katie sits up now. She turns to face Will. Though she's  
half naked, she's full of fire. She begins dressing herself.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Do you know how worried I was? How we all were? I called in some favors. They told me you were picked up --

Will stands, grabs his towel and belts it around his waist.

KATIE (CONT'D)

-- That you were trying to leave the bloc.

WILL

I went after Charlie.

The admission impacts. Katie is at once touched by Will's brave attempt to rescue their son and hurt by the fact that he kept it from her. She wells up but tries to hold it in.

WILL (CONT'D)

This thing, it's a cancer. It's bad enough he's gone. But to see you every day, hating me for it --

KATIE

I don't hate you.

WILL

No, but you blame me. Because I wasn't there. I should've picked him up.

(fighting emotion)

He's my son, too.

KATIE

You know what they do to the families of criminals...

They look at each other across a void of scar tissue.

WILL

Well, you don't have to worry about that. Proxy Snyder offered me a job.

Katie takes pause. *A job?*

KATIE

To work for him?

This isn't sitting well with Katie at all.

62 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME 62

Outside, Bram quietly edges toward his parents' bedroom door.

WILL (O.S.)

What are our choices? Either I  
take it --

63 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 63

WILL

-- Or we go to The Factory. And  
you said it yourself: not just me.  
You and Bram and Gracey, too.

It's difficult for Katie to argue that a choice exists here.

KATIE

What does Snyder want from you?

WILL

He wants me to hunt down the  
Resistance.

KATIE

To collaborate?

WILL

To stop the bleeding. I saw a  
dozen people murdered the other  
day. And so the Resistance could  
accomplish what? Do they even know  
who their enemy is?

KATIE

My god, you already sound like  
them.

WILL

I'm trying to do something  
practical here. To help us.

KATIE

You do this, and you're putting a  
target on your back, and mine, and  
your children's. As far as the  
Resistance is concerned, you  
collaborate, you die.

WILL

I'm not sending our kids to a labor  
camp!

(CONTINUED)

The CURFEW SIRENS begin to sound.

KATIE  
I'm glad you've got it all figured  
out.

This is all too much for Katie. She storms out.

Will flops down on the bed, exhausted physically and emotionally. Stuck between immovable forces.

CUT TO:

Dawn has just begun to peek through the windows' fringes.

Will wakes. Sits up. He smells something. He nudges Katie.

WILL  
(whisper)  
Hey.

Katie stirs. Instantly alert. She smells it, too.

KATIE  
Is that... bacon?

A pot CLATTERS in the kitchen.

Katie goes into the night stand. Retrieves her Glock from a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT built into the drawer. A false bottom.

WILL  
That won't help.

Will already knows who's in the house. He takes the gun from Katie. Stuffs it inside a pillowcase.

Katie and Will make their way down to the kitchen.

A Redhat is standing sentry covering the front door. A second guards the entrance to the living room.

MINERVA laps up BACON GREASE out of a bowl.

WILL  
Nice job, Minny.

(CONTINUED)

Minerva barely acknowledges them.

When Will and Katie enter the kitchen, they find Captain Lagarza and Proxy Snyder inside.

Proxy Snyder stands at the stove, scrambling a small mountain of EGGS and frying BACON. He wears another expensive suit.

WILL  
Snyder?

PROXY SNYDER  
Good morning. Hungry?  
(to Katie)  
Katie, right?

KATIE  
Right. What --

Proxy Snyder offers his hand. Katie doesn't take it.

PROXY SNYDER  
-- Proxy Alan Snyder, Los Angeles  
Bloc.  
(looking around the house)  
It's only been what, ten months  
since you moved in here? You've  
already made it very homey.

KATIE  
Why are you in our house?

PROXY SNYDER  
I'm cooking you breakfast.

The armed Captain Lagarza at his side, Proxy Snyder works the PAN of crackling bacon like some kind of macabre Mr. Mom.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
I made coffee, too. One of the  
little luxuries we took for granted  
before our current situation.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Mommy?

Bram and Grace have entered the kitchen, scared and confused.

BRAM  
Oh, man. Is that bacon?

PROXY SNYDER

It is!

Proxy Snyder looks thoughtfully at the children, dramatically trying to remember their names.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

Let me guess... Bram and... Grace?

BRAM

Yeah. Who are you?

PROXY SNYDER

Proxy Snyder.

The answer has just enough edge in it to back Bram off. Bram knows the name, knows what this man is capable of.

WILL

Take Grace back upstairs.  
(off Bram's concern)  
It's okay. Go.

PROXY SNYDER

Don't leave without breakfast...

Proxy Snyder hands off a PLATE heaping with FRUIT, HASH BROWN POTATOES, eggs and bacon. Bram takes it from him eagerly.

CUT TO:

67 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

67

Proxy Snyder drinks COFFEE and eats breakfast with Will and Katie at the family table.

PROXY SNYDER

This is a big moment for your family. You're going to have access to things that were previously unavailable. For instance, I understand your nephew is very sick.

Katie looks at will. *Did you tell him that?* But Will did not and doesn't know how they learned this detail.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

We'll ensure that Hudson has ready access to both insulin and top-flight healthcare.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Additionally, we'll assign your children private tutors who'll provide them with a better education than they would have received at any other time in Los Angeles. You'll also be afforded certain other luxuries -- around the clock protection from Homeland among them.

Katie looks at Captain Lagarza, hate in her eyes.

KATIE  
Something we need now that we're collaborators.

This much is true. Proxy Snyder sells to Will.

PROXY SNYDER  
Prove yourself, and you won't want for anything ever again.  
(when they don't follow)  
We'll relocate you to the Green Zone.

*The Green Zone.* Katie and Will cannot help but fantasize about the place for a moment. Proxy Snyder clocks this.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Look, I know it might not seem it, but our hosts are here for our benefit.

WILL  
Come out there with me, Snyder. Not the Green Zone. The flats. Let me show you a few things, then tell me if you still believe that.

PROXY SNYDER  
There need to be some controls in place, otherwise it'd be anarchy. But all of this? It's temporary. Once they've satisfied their needs, everything will go back to normal.

Dubious faces are made. Proxy Snyder takes a sip of coffee and re-approaches, this time targeting Katie.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)  
I wanted to make this more of a surprise but your bar, the Yok-na-pa...

Snyder struggles to pronounce it. Katie finishes the thought.

KATIE

Yoknapatawpha. Everyone calls it  
"The Yonk."

PROXY SNYDER

The Yonk. I like that. So I've  
got some good news. I've convinced  
our hosts that they've undervalued  
recreation a bit. They've agreed  
to re-opening some places.  
Gymnasiums, theaters, bars. Things  
like that. For entertainment.

(beat)

We'd like the Yonk to be among the  
first.

Katie can't make heads or tails of all this. Snyder grins.

PROXY SNYDER (CONT'D)

The only thing is, I'm going to  
need an answer before I leave.

Proxy Snyder stands up. Buttons his suit jacket. Captain  
Lagarza comes to stand at his side. The pressure is on.

Will sits back, the gravity of the decision weighing on him.  
Katie looks at him, waiting to see what he's going to say.

A second Redhat steps menacingly into the doorway to block  
any escape Will might attempt.

Will then stands up to face Snyder, ears pinned back.

WILL

All right. You want my help? We  
want our son. We were separated in  
the invasion. He's in the Santa  
Monica bloc.

PROXY SNYDER

Good things come to the loyal. We  
help them, they help us. You help  
me, I help you.

Proxy Snyder is convivial. Will is trapped.

68 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - BRAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

68

From the window of his room, Bram watches Proxy Snyder and his Redhats load into the Homeland Security APC.

Will darkens the doorway. Bram senses him, turns.

WILL  
Ready for school?

BRAM  
Are you going to work for them?  
(off his father's look)  
You are.

WILL  
I'm doing what's best for us.

BRAM  
For us or for you?

WILL  
Us. This'll help us find your  
brother.

BRAM  
Yeah, then you'd have your favorite  
son back.

WILL  
Don't say that 'cause it isn't  
true.

BRAM  
I heard everything. How you tried  
to abandon us to go after him.

WILL  
I wasn't abandoning you.

BRAM  
Then how were you going to get  
back?

WILL  
You think I'd leave without a plan?

BRAM  
You don't even know if he's alive.

WILL  
(angry)  
He's alive.

(CONTINUED)

BRAM  
I'm gonna be late.

Bram slings his backpack over his shoulder and turns to go, but his father's voice stops him.

WILL  
Bram.  
(off Bram)  
Don't tell anyone about this. They  
won't understand.

*Neither do I.* Bram moves past Will and through the doorway.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

70 OMITTED 70

71 EXT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT 71

Katie sits on a beach chair in their fortified back yard. She contemplates the pair of netted and fenced-in orange trees while enjoying a GLASS of Johnnie Walker.

Will comes to sit down in the empty beach chair beside her. He's dressed in dark clothes. Fit and functional.

WILL  
(re: the scotch)  
Where were you hiding that?

KATIE  
It's a special occasion.

Katie offers Will her glass.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
To new jobs.

WILL  
Or old jobs.

Will sips. Savors the drink. Hands it back to Katie.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Look, we've got to try and make  
this work.

KATIE  
I know. You were right.

*I was?* Will was expecting another fight.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
We don't have a choice. We're  
going to face this together.

Katie looks at Will. Takes his hand. Will is relieved. This is the best he's felt in a long time.

But the momentary fantasy is brief.

WILL  
I've got to go to work.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 59.  
71

They kiss. This time, there's a little something more to it.

KATIE  
And where might that be?

Will looks at her. She knows he can't tell her.

72 INT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72

Bram sits with his feet up playing a single-player GAME of *Halo* on his X-BOX ONE when Will enters the room.

WILL  
I'm heading out.

BRAM  
Night shift?

A PAPERBACK BOOK sits on the couch beside him. The bookmark is a POLAROID PHOTO of Pia, the girl from Bram's school.

WILL  
Who's this?

BRAM  
Nobody.

WILL  
"Nobody's" cute.

Bram ignores him. Continues slaughtering Covenant aliens.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Listen...

Hearing an extended olive branch, Bram pauses the game. He looks up at his father, who comes around to face him.

BRAM  
I know what they do to  
collaborators. I'm not a child.

WILL  
I know. This nightmare's forced  
you to grow up fast. I hate that.  
(then)  
But I'm proud of you.

Bram is touched by his father's compliment.

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)  
This is still a lot more complicated than you think. You just have to trust me, okay? I know exactly what I'm doing.

There's omniscience in Will's eyes when he says this. Bram nods, reassured though not entirely convinced.

WILL (CONT'D)  
One more thing: Charlie's not my favorite.

Bram nods. *I know.*

WILL (CONT'D)  
Grace is.

There's a beat, then Bram laughs. Will smiles back at him.

73 EXT. WILL & KATIE'S HOME - NIGHT

73

Will exits his home and walks into the night as the CURFEW SIRENS begin to sound.

FADE TO:

74-77 OMITTED

74-77

A77 EXT. THE SANCTUARY - DAY

A77

Katie walks Minerva up to a house somewhere in Los Angeles.

78 EXT. THE SANCTUARY - DAY

78

Inside the gate, Katie hitches Minerva up.

On the front porch, there is an old woman sitting on a rocking chair crocheting. This is **GRANDMA** (70s).

KATIE  
Hi, Grandma. I'm here for breakfast.

Grandma keeps crocheting.

GRANDMA  
You're a bit early.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 61.  
78

KATIE  
I came hungry.

Grandma puts down her crochet work and stands up. Before she enters the house, she RINGS a HANGING SET OF CHIMES.

79 INT. THE SANCTUARY - DAY 79

Grandma leads Katie through a typical house. A family lives inside. Children play, toys are scattered about.

There's a gathering inside. SOME TEN PEOPLE mill about the living room, kitchen, adjoining rooms. Someone covers something on the couch with a blanket as Katie passes.

Katie follows Grandma through the kitchen. Another MAN has his hand inside an open drawer, holding something she can't see. Grandma shakes her head at him as if to say, *it's okay*.

A79 EXT. THE SANCTUARY - BACK YARD - DAY A79

Grandma takes Katie through the back of the house into the back yard. She leads her to the front wall of the garage which is covered by a shelving unit.

Grandma RINGS another set of HANGING CHIMES.

She then slides away the shelving to reveal a HIDDEN DOORWAY.

80 INT. THE SANCTUARY - MEETING ROOM - DAY 80

Inside, there's RADIO CHATTER playing through scanners. A sentry stands in the back holding an OVER-UNDER SHOTGUN up against his hip. A sidearm is slung in his belt.

Inside are some tough-looking folks: the **QUEEN**, the **KING** (both 40s), and Broussard. The King rolls a HANDMADE CIGARETTE.

There are stacks of FERTILIZER inside. Bomb-building equipment. A RIFLE and SHOTGUN are stripped down for repair on a work table.

The Queen and King look expectantly up at Katie as she approaches. Broussard nods at her.

BROUSSARD  
Go ahead. Tell them.

(CONTINUED)



KATIE

We've got someone on the inside.

The counsel looks at each other, then at Katie. The King finishes rolling the cigarette. He lights it.

THE KING

Who?

KATIE

Me.

Katie lets the idea percolate with the group.

THE QUEEN

How's that, sweetheart?

KATIE

The occupation just hired my husband to hunt us down.

Katie looks back at her brothers-in-arms.

END OF PILOT