REVOLUTION

TEASER

FADE IN

EXT FARM - TO ESTABLISH

A working farm on a glorious late summer day. Deep blue sky, piliated clouds, oceans of golden wheat and corn. Or the horizon, ranks of tall machines harvesting the ripened grain.

EXT FARM - DAY

CLOSE ON A MAN as he expertly strips an ear of corn. This is TOM HART, 45. Tall, tan and built like a quarterback - which he was.

TOM

They used to call this Jubilee. It's harder to grow but you can't beat the taste.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a semicircle of SCHOOLCHILDREN gathered at his feet. Tom runs the corn cob under his nose.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now you don't get that with a hybrid.

He offers the cob to a BOY, 7, who sniffs at it eagerly. Tom exchanges a smile with the children's teacher, a beautiful woman of 24, ROXANNE.

We can see now that we're in a clearing in a cornfield. A lone TREE shades the school group. Tethered to the tree is a dark brown HORSE. Beyond, we can see that the field runs to the ridge of a low HILL, then drops down a gentle slope.

Tom continues his lecture.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sweet corn's kind of a luxury for us. Nowadays we pretty much just grow wheat for export - hard red, soft white, durum.

Tom motions to his horse.

TOM (CONT'D)

And maybe a little alfalfa for Joe here.
ROXANNE

Anybody have any questions for Colonel Hart?

The boy raises his hand.

BOY

Why do they call you "Colonel"?

TOM

People aren't happy with "Mister," I guess.

GIRL

Were you in the War?

TOM

Yes.

BOY TWO

Are you a hero?

TOM

(laughs)

Maybe to Joe, a little.

ROXANNE

Any questions about farming?

The girl raises her hand.

GIRL

What was it like? The War?

Tom looks down at the girl, and his face is suddenly like a late Lincoln photograph. Compassionate but etched with suffering. He tries to smile.

Under, we hear a LOW HUM like the SOUNDS of a giant bumblebee. Tom stiffens. The HUM grows, surrounds him, the children, Roxanne. Tom turns slowly, facing the rows of corn.

... as a jet-black THING the size and shape of a flattened minibus coasts out AND OVER the cornfield AND straight over his head.

As it passes, we see it's glittering with warning lights. Its rear is a single rear-blinding band of violet. The thing disappears behind the corn, down the slope of the hill.

It's almost immediately followed by another HUM, and another huge black THING coasts by barely ten feet above Tom's head. It too disappears beyond the corn.
A scowl passes across Tom’s face. The children grin. The funny thing is, no one’s scared.

TOM
Okay guys, back to the house. My Mom’s got a treat for you.

Tom strides to his horse. As he passes Roxanne:

TOM (CONT D)
(to Roxanne)
I’ll see what they want.

Roxanne nods. Tom swings a leg up on Joe and gives a kick, just as a third humming black thing flies overhead, nearly scraping the tallest corn stalks.

Now Tom is off and after it.

For a moment, there is the image of a man on a horse chasing something out of a sci-fi invasion nightmare. We can see that the black hummer is striped with familiar insignia. Then it dips below the crest of the hill and disappears.

Tom pulls his horse up short at the ridge line and looks down.

The hummer is coasting to a stop beside its companions already parked in front of Tom’s FARMHOUSE.

The farhouse looks a bit like a Prairie-style Frank Lloyd Wright generally scrawled with the New York Guggenheim. Beside it are domes and titanium silo and long low warehouses. The very model of a 22nd century fact.

WE REVERSE and catch Tom up on the ridge. IN THE FOREGROUND, the third hummer slides to a halt and we see its insignia plainly. The stars and stripes of our own flag but wrapped around a map of Half the Globe, a massive five-pointed star encircled by wings of tiny stars, and the words:

UNITED STATE ARMY

END TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT FARMHOUSE - DAY

TWO MEN exit their respective Federal patrol ships
BRIGADIER GENERAL GERALD MORRIS, late 50's - heavy-set,
resolute Joining him, CAPTAIN ASH, mid-30's.

Other SOLDIERS in black uniforms exit the ships and establish
a guard around them as Tom rides up and dismounts. He hands
the reins to JIM, a broad-shouldered, convincingly human
android, or, artificial.

GERALD
Sorry for the drop-in, Tom.

TOM
You're always welcome, General

They shake hands

GERALD
You know Captain Ash, don't you?

TOM
 haven't had the pleasure

ASH
Pleasure's mine, Colonel Hart

TOM
(re the horse)
Take him inside, Jim.

Jim goes. Ash narrows his eyes

ASH
(re Jim)
Military model?

TOM
Served under me in the War

GERALD
Bad news, Tom. They're raising the
port fees again

TOM
How much?
GERALD
Four percent

TOM
You know how many men that’s gonna
put out of work?

ASH
The increase is to cover security.

TOM
We don’t need security

ASH
But we do. This planet is riddled
with smugglers and saboteurs

GERALD          TOM
Captain         There’s no smuggling here

ASH {CONT’D}
Then you’re the only one

GERALD
Captain Ash

TOM
(angrily, to Ash)
You want to know why there’s
smuggling? Two years ago, we sold
to every country on Earth, even the
United States, at the price the
State sets— which is no price at all

ASH
(smiles)
Now you’re talking like a rebel

GERALD
You may return to your
reconnaissance, Captain

TOM
What are you looking for?

GERALD
Arms shipment went missing from
the Docks two days ago
ASH
JSAMs, shoulder-mounted Extended range 75 kilometers

TOM
Hope you find ‘em

ASH
We’ll find them
(almost an afterthought)
Oh, Colonel Hart You’ll be happy
to know your son William’s back
He passed a checkpoint at the
airport two hours ago

Ash digs a picture from his breast pocket, hands it to Tom

ASH (CONT’D)
That was taken last month An
illegal freighter we forced down in
the ice fields I think you’ll
recognize your son among the crew.

INSERT: a photo of several Young Men

ASH (CONT’D)
The ship was traced here, to New
Chicago Please tell William, if
he intends to continue in this sort
of business, he’ll hear from me

TOM
(restraining himself)
I’ll let him know

GERALD
(severely)
Captain

Ash goes Tom looks to Gerald

GERALD (CONT’D)
(shrugs)
He wanted to meet you

TOM
Who is he?

GERALD
Hot shot, port security
(pause)
My replacement
TOM
You’re kidding

GERALD
wish I were

TOM
I’m gonna miss you, Gerald

They move to chairs on Tom’s porch

GERALD
So Will’s back?

TOM
Supposed to be here this morning

GERALD
I’m sure that smuggling stuff’s all no-sense

TOM
It better be

GERALD
Ash’s just trying to bully you. He’s afraid of you, Tom. He knows your service, your reputation

TOM
What reputation?

GERALD
Please. You could’ve had my job if you wanted. Instead (he waves his hand around)
Tasty food, I grant you. Speaking of tasty, did I ever show you my weekend place on Main? Check this out

Gerald pulls a silver pack of what looks like chewing gum from a side pocket. Extracts a stick. Strikes it against the arm of his chair. Nothing happens

GERALD (CONT'D)
I’m terrible with these things

He tries again and

Gerald and Tom are suddenly sitting in the middle of Time Square - or rather, a fantastically real virtual reality simulation of Times Square
And not just any Times Square. Times Square in the mid-22nd Century. For a moment, we see what life on Earth is like, in the heart of the United States. The sheer scale of it – not to mention the noise – is overwhelming.

Gerald hastily slips the stick back in its case.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Sorry, my grand-daughter's bat mitzvah. She wanted to see a Broadway show. Here.

He slips out another stick. Strikes it against his chair.

A glorious sunset sparkles off a late Pacific tide. Gerald and Tom are sitting on a volcanic beach. Seawash gently burbles around them.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Heaven, isn't it?

He terminates the virtual picture. Tom's smile fades as he watches Ash's hummer FUM away. He continues to gaze out over the fields after it's gone.

GERALD (CONT'D)
You're worried about Ash.

TOM
"Smugglers are saboteurs, kids in rocket ships. He should've been here fifteen years ago. Before we kicked the Union off the planet. Then he'd know what it's like to live under a threat. The threat of constant invasion. We ended that.

GERALD
With a little help from us.

TOM
But it was our people who gave their blood.

Gerald nods.

GERALD
When I get to Washington, I'll talk to Admiral Takri. Ash'll be history.

TOM
We need more than a new Commander, Gerald.

(MORE)
TOM (CONT'D)
We need a voice and a vote on
Earth. You gotta talk to the
Secretary, face to face

GERALD
Right

TOM
He needs to hear it from a military
man. Enough with the iron fist
Tell him we'll enforce the
sanctions. Till we can work out a
compromise that benefits us all.

GERALD
I'll do what I can

TOM
You gotta do better than that

They're interrupted by the flutter of YOUNG VOICES. Roxanne has arrived, surrounded by her kids

ROXANNE
Is it okay if we hang around for
awhile?

TOM
I was counting on it

GERALD
Hey, beautiful, Gimme a kiss

Roxanne blows him one.

TOM
(to Gerald)
D'you know, Roxanne and Chris are
getting married?

ROXANNE
(quickly)
Tom
(to Gerald)
We haven't set a date

She enters the house with the kids. Tom and Gerald rise, walk to Gerald's ship

GERALD
Your fabulous father-in-law's
throwing a party tomorrow night in
honor of Governor Agee. And my
departure. You gonna be there?
TOM
I haven't decided

GERALD
I hear she's quite good-looking, this new Governor

TOM
But then, there's Maui

GERALD
Ah, yes. There's Maui. Listen, Tom, about the fees.

TOM
We'll pay them. It'll give Chris a heart attack, but we'll pay them.

They clasp hands. Gerald climbs into his ship.

Tom moves to his front door. Jim is waiting.

JIM (to the soldiers)
Everything all right, Tom?

TOM
I hope so.

Tom indicates what looks like an engine block next to Jim.
The thing must weigh several hundred pounds.

TOM (CONT'D)
How's the cheat valve coming?

JIM
Good. I was able to refinish it. It just needs a little silicone.

TOM
Jump on it, will ya? I want to get 29 up as soon as possible.

Jim nods. Tom goes. Jim picks up the engine block with one hand.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom passes through the front hallway of his house. From the kitchen, the happy voices of the schoolchildren. A video of a children's show plays loudly on a glowing rectangle that floats by the central staircase - a vidscreen.
There's another screen floating near the door to Tom's study, showing some kind of AGRICULTURAL NEWS REPORT and a third with an ENTERTAINMENT SHOW. The images on the screens can be seen from either side.

As Tom passes them, he mutters:

**TOM**

Too many damn TVs (voice command)

off

off

The SCREENS vanish one by one.

INT FARMHOUSES - TOM'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Tom enters his study, passing right through the VIDSCREEN floating in front of his desk.

TOM

off

The image on the screen persists.

**TOM** (CONT'D)

Damn it

He moves quickly to his desk, finds a remote. Glances at the screen:

It's a NEWS REPORT on screen. A NEWSCASTER seems to be standing in interstellar space. Comets playfully whizz by

NEWSCASTER

after an uneventful slide down the stream, arriving Lieutenant-Governor Olivia Agee rested for a day at first base.

ON SCREEN An official portrait of a beautiful woman, OLIVIA AGEE, 37, dressed in sharp formal wear, melts into an image of a space base right out of 2001. A flower of flat white structures pressed into the frozen surface of an outer planet.

NEWSCASTER (O S) (CONT'D)

Agee, New America's 27th Governor since the founding of the colony in 2086, enjoyed a mud bath, three-star meal, and an entertainment by Pulitzer-Prize winner Khalil Jeffers on the historic discovery of the Mu Arae system.
ON SCREEN: An animated graphic representation of two planetary systems - our own, and μ Arae, home of New America

The two systems touch each other at their tips, forming an extreme obtuse angle. The arc describing the distance between the edges of the angle is labeled "50 LIGHT YEARS." At the touch point - a brilliant six-pointed star spinning like a pinwheel - the words "THE STREAM" & DOTTED LINE traces a trajectory from the Stream past a string of planets to the third planet circling μ Arae - New America

NEWSCASTER (C S) (CONT D)
After two weeks aboard USS Cuauhtemoc, the Governor arrived yesterday at the port of New Chicago with little ceremony.

ON SCREEN: A SPACE VESSEL with enormous solar panels spread like sailing canvas, hovers above the rim of a planet.

...the ship seems to break apart and a smaller vessel - unadorned, gunmetal gray - a DROP-SHIP - begins its steep descent through the atmosphere. We plummet with it, at fantastic speed, till it slides into a concrete docking bunker.

...and a small DEPUTATION greets the Lt-Governor as she enters the arrival lounge.

NEWSCASTER (O S) (CONT D)
perhaps reflecting the Administration's desire to downplay recent trade tensions. If so, the public seemed to have other ideas.

QUICK SHOT OF

PROTESTERS waving signs, jabbing their fists in the air - "NO TO DOMINATION FREE NEW AMERICA." UNIFORMED SOLDIERS push them back.

CLOSE ON Governor Agee as she prepares to speak directly to camera.

ON TOM, watching Gerald was right. She's gorgeous Grudgingly

TOM
Not bad

ON SCREEN
AGEE (ON SCREEN)
I greet you all, my new friends -
a bit tired from the trip well,
I'm exhausted

Polite chuckles from the deputation

AGEE (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
but filled with a sense of
mission, and enormous goodwill.

Tom points the remote. The image vanishes as he calls into
the air.

TOM

Office

Another, smaller VIDSCREEN appears above the desk, again,
floating in mid-air. In a moment, a YOUNG MAN'S face fills
the screen.

CHRIS (ON SCREEN)

Yeah, Dad?

CHRIS HART, Tom's older son, is 25. Slightly taller than his dad,
but more handsome. Fast-talking, very sharp, almost brittle.

TOM

Chris, I just had a visit from
Gerald Morris

CHRIS (ON SCREEN)

And?

TOM

Four percent increase. Everything
in and out of the docks.

CHRIS (ON SCREEN)

They gotta be kidding.

The screen FLASHES

CHRIS (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Can you hang on?

TOM

(he hates call waiting)

Sure
INT THE DOCKS - CHRIS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chris at his desk. He's got half a dozer floating VIDSCREENS going at once, monitoring productivity at the Hart Company.

Chris takes the call. A YOUNG WOMAN'S face fills his screen.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

dey, it's me. I'm kinda in trouble.

"Me" is EMILY HART, 17, Tom's daughter. Very pretty, too much eyeliner.

CHRIS

I'm kind of at work.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

Chris, c'mon. I need a ride.

CHRIS

You got kicked out again?

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

Supposedly.

CHRIS

Call Aunt Cat. I'll call Aunt Cat.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

Hey, don't tell Dad, okay?

CHRIS

I have to tell Dad.

He hangs up. Tom's face appears again.

TOM (ON SCREEN)

Who was that?

CHRIS

Nobody.

TOM (ON SCREEN)

Emily? Call Aunt Cat. No, I'll do it.

CHRIS

Did Will get in?

TOM (ON SCREEN)

I have no idea where your brother is.
EXT RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

TIGHT ON a YOUNG MAN through the window of a PICKUP TRUCK
Well, a 22nd Century pickup truck, which is not exactly a
truck, and barely a pickup

This is WILL HART, 21, Tom’s younger son. Intense, interior
but lithe and good-looking as hell.

INT PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Beside Will, a DRIVER, 40's, rough, bearded, glances at a
small VIDEOSCREEN hovering above the truck’s dashboard. It’s
tuned to a NEWS STATION.

ON SCREEN: QUICK SHOTS of a crime scene - torn, muddy field
perched on the edge of a cliff. Federal numbers, lights
flashing. Xenon beam police “tape” a MOUNTAIN RIVER
clogged with shattered lumber.

NEWSCASTER (O S )

was hijacked this morning in the
Blue Mountains south of Ridgecrest.
Nearly 70 tons of pine and razor
spruce destined for luxury homes on
Darthur found themselves instead at
the bottom of the Seattle Gorge.
The loss was estimated at over 25
million dollars.

The driver gives a LOW WHISTLE

NEWSCASTER (O S ) (CONT'D)

Authorities are focusing on the
Centennial Group, a radical pro-
repealence movement which has
vowed continuing acts of what they
call patriotic resistance.

DRIVER
(re: the news)
You believe that? I hear there’s
been strikes in Ashton, Gacay,
Obama. How long you say you’ve
been gone?

WILL
Six months

DRIVER
What brings you back?
WILL
Oh, I don't know

DRIVER
A girl?
(off Will)
That's stupid. There's lotsa girls.

WILL
Not like this one.

DRIVER
Hope she's worth it. 'Cause it's hitting the fan, my friend. Look at that! You see that?

Fe points. Along the highway a VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP boarded up, rusting on in the yard. A sign THANKS FOR 27 WONDEROUS YEARS.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Same everywhere. Between the taxes and the restrictions on export, whole colony's gone to hell. Only reason I still got this job is my brother greases the Feds. People talking separation. What they really mean is, revolution.

WILL
I don't pay much attention to politics.

Suddenly the driver CURSES and jams on the brakes.

Up ahead, a ROADEBLOCK. Two armored Federal patrol VEHICLES and a clutch of SOLDIERS. Another TRUCK juts at an angle onto the road. Its Occupants are leaning against it, hands on the heat shield, spread-eagled, while soldiers pat them down. A covering SEARCHCOT scans the truck.

DRIVER
Lemme do the talking.

The pickup slows to a stop.

The driver quickly takes something he keeps on his dashboard - a MINIATURE AMERICAN FLAG - and stows it under his seat. Will notices.

TWO SOLDIERS approach the truck. The first motions to the driver to lower his window.
SOLDIER
Morning, sir. Business and destination?

DRIVER
Jeder Specialty Seed, heading down to St. Claire

SOLDIER
License and registration, please.

The driver fumbles for his license.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Please step out of the vehicle, sir.

With a glance at Will, the driver complies.

Will's trying to keep a low profile. But the second SOLDIER, about Will's age, notices him, leans toward his open window.

SOLDIER TWO
Will? Will Part?

Will looks up.

WILL
Kevin?

The soldier's professional frown turns to a grin.

KEVIN
Will? Hey, man, how you doin'?

The soldier reaches a hand in, gives Will a full-fist clasp.

WILL
What's the hell's goin on? You're in the Army?

KEVIN
Aw, my dad wanted me to join up.
You know, he's from the old country. Hey, I got to see London, Brazil, Tranquility Base. I rode the Stream.

WILL
Yeah?
KEVIN

(indicating)

(can't help but notice the smell of that delicious-looking Tennessee whiskey)

'Yeah, that's it. I went down to the store and got a few.

Will just had one before we left.

STILL

(smiling)

puked my guts out.

WILL

All right.

KEVIN

How 'bout you?

WILL

School, mostly. Lotsa climbing.

KEVIN

Rock? I've
to do it.

WILL

Both, just finished an expedition up North.

KEVIN

On man, I envy you. They got me on an anti-smuggling detail.

(to his comrade)

Hey, Tork, these guys are clear.

The first soldier nods and hands the driver his ID. The driver swings back into the truck.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Will)

You give my regards to your Dad, huh? And stay safe.

He butts forearms with Will.

The driver starts the truck. As they pull away, Kevin gives a brief salute and a wink to Will.

The driver looks at Will with suspicion and awe.

DRIVER

Who-the-hell's side you on?

WILL

I told you, I don't pay attention to politics.
INT HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom’s daughter Emily on an uncomfortable couch with her friends MELIN, also 17, and CARVER, a punkish boy of 16. They MURNUR and SMICHER among themselves, clearly talking about the School Principal, MR DONT, late 40's, who sits across the room behind his desk, glowering at them.

Aunt Cat bursts into the office in a tornado of handknit scarves. CATHERINE "CAT" DARN, early 40's, is Tom's younger sister.

EMILY
"Hi, Aunt Cat"

CAT
(to MR DONT)
What did she do?

MR DONT
It's what she's been doing. As you know, it's not that we discourage political discussion on campus, but we expect it to be conducted in a respectful manner.

CAT
Of course.

MR DONT
Today, she led them in an act of what I can only call classroom terrorism. I'll spare you the details.

CAT
No, I'd like to hear the details.

MR DONT
Well, let's just say it culminated in a singing of America the Beautiful with a new, and very offensive, set of words.

CAT
What words? Exactly?

EMILY
"O pitiful, the specious lies, You ram into my brain.

Melin and Carver GIGGLE.
CAT
(to Emily)
You said that?

MR. DONT
I'm afraid so.

CAT
Emily, I'm surprised at you
(to Mr. Dont)
What she should have said, is, it's
criminal, not "pitiful," the lies
this Government is telling And
they're not "specious," the lies
(to Emily)
We'll talk dictio- later, young
lady
(to Mr. Dont)
But genuine, truly false, truly
deceitful, and very, very
dangerous. Respectful enough for
you?

Mr. Dont blushes Cat turns to Emily

CAT (CONT D)

Let's go.

Cat drags Emily into the hall.

INT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emily's LAUGHING

CAT
Didn't I teach you anything? You
keep your head down Do you want
to get your father in trouble?

EMILY
what about you. ?

CAT
I've been fired, honey. They fired
half my department No one cares
what I say anymore What's this?

She grabs Emily's knapsack, fires a large button - again,
displaying the old American flag - pinned to the shoulder
strap Says, in a low, very serious voice

CAT (CONT D)
You wear it here.
She pushes the flag button in the direction of Emily’s heart.

**CAT (CONT'D),
not here**  **Okay?**

Emily can’t help but smile. Aunt Cat’s cool.

**EXT RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY**

The track pulls up alongside Tom’s fields. Will gets out, slings his backpack, and walks off.

**EXT FIELDS - DAY**

through a sea of waving wheat, over rolling hills, past the lone tree in the cornfield, to the top of the ridge.

and then he’s gazing down at the farmhouse where he was born.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

At a big round table littered with plates and half-fueled tumblers of milk, Roxanne is trying to control her kids, rowdy with sugar.

At the sink, an **OLDER WOMAN**, dressed plainly, hair in practical plaits, is showing a group of **CHILDREN** how to do dishes. This is **FRANCESCA HART**, early 70’s, Tom’s mother.

**FRANCESCA**

You move your hand in a little circle, like this.

**CHILD**

But your hands get all wet.

**FRANCESCA**

That’s the point. Doesn’t the water feel nice?

The child nods. Francesca pauses, as if struck by a thought or a vision. She smiles, says suddenly, to no one in particular.

**FRANCESCA (CONT'D)**

Will’s home.

Roxanne overhears her. Looks up puzzled. Just then, a **DOG** starts **BARKING**.
EXT  FARMHOUSE  -  CONTINUOUS

On the porch, the Hart's golden retriever, GINGER, leaps to her feet. Then she's off and running to WILL, who's indeed scrambling down from the ridge.

In a moment, Tom's at the door when he sees his son, he beams. Then his face clouds as he remembers Ash - the photo.

Still, as will comes up with Ginger jumping at his heels, Tom wraps his son in a huge embrace.

INT  FARMHOUSE  -  HALLWAY  -  DAY

They enter. Tom's got Will's backpack slung over his own shoulder.

TOM (calling)
Hey, look who I found!
(to will)
Roxanne's here

WILL
Is she?

Francesca emerges from the kitchen.

FRANCESCA
There he is.

WILL
Grandma.

FRANCESCA
Oh, I missed you.
(hugging him)
You're so thin.

WILL
I prefer "lanky."

Ther Roxanne is standing in the kitchen doorway, surrounded by her kids. She smiles at Will.

ROXANNE
Welcome home.

WILL
Thank you.

The videophone in Tom's study CHIMES. CHIMES again.
TOM
How 'bout something to eat? Mom?

He goes to get the phone

ROXANNE
(re the kids)
We gotta get back Takes longer
with the roadblocks

FRANCESCA
See you soon?

Roxanne nods

FRANCESCA (CONT 'D)
Come on, Will. Let's get fat

They start into the kitchen Roxanne shoos her students
toward the front door As she passes Will:

WILL
(very quietly)
Can we talk?

ROXANNE
I don't have time

WILL
I don't mean now

ROXANNE
I know what you mean
(abruptly)
Chris's asked me to marry him

WILL
What?

ROXANNE
I wrote you

She goes. Will looks like a tree just fell on him
Francesca calls from the kitchen

FRANCESCA (O S )
Will?'

At that moment, there's a bustle on the porch and Emily
bursts in, followed by Cat

EMILY
Wij,!
She flings her arms around her favorite brother. He hugs her back. Then it's Aunt Cat's turn.

INT FARMHOUSE - TOM'S STUDY - DAY

Tom answers the phone. It's Chris. His face is anxious.

TOM
Hey. Will just got home.

CHRIS (ON SCREEN)
Great. Dad, listen. We have a problem.

Chris's image vanishes, replaced by a feed from the Hart Company's surveillance cameras.

ON SCREEN: QUICK SHOTS OF A FEDERAL HUMMER PARKED IN A LOADING DOCK

A GANG OF ANGRY WORKERS FORMING A HUMAN WALL IN FRONT OF THE MASSIVE DOORS OF PORT STORAGE 2

A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS, commanded by a black-uniformed SERGEANT, leveling their rifles at the workers.

From the look of things, we're seconds from a massacre, either of the soldiers or the workers.

CLOSE ON TOM Either way, he loses.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXIT THE DOCKS - TO ESTABLISH

New Chicago. In size, much like a contemporary small state capital: a couple of supermodern buildings, but plenty of more modest ones. In the heart of the city, the tangle of hangers and warehouses and blast-pads that serves as port for the mammoth freighters from Earth - the Docks

INT. THE DOCKS - DAY

Tom and Chris rapidly cross an enclosed industrial space.

CHRIS
They say they have orders to search the warehouse. Fred's in there trying to calm things down.

TOM
That's a bad idea.

They push through a metal safety door into a hallway and straight into the stand-off.

TOM (CONT'D)
(bellowing)
Who's in charge here?

At Tom's VOICE, the SOLDIERS wheel, letting Tom pass. They train their weapons on him.

SERGEANT
Sergeant Yun. Port Interdiction. Sir, we have orders to search this facility for contraband.

FRED ALLARD, late 40's, steps forward. A bulldog of a man. Allard is Tom's foreman. A decade earlier, he served under Tom in the military.

ALLARD
You're not searching anything. They don't have a warrant, Tom.

SERGEANT
Sir, pursuant to US CA Ordinances 485 and 486, we no longer need a warrant.

The Sergeant hands Tom a copy of the ordinance.
TOM
In other words, you can just walk
in here any time you want.

ALLARD
Tom, you know it’s bullshit
(querter)
There’s only three of ‘em
(pointing to the Sergeant)
And this one

The Sergeant is sweating  The soldiers are nervous  Tom
reads  He considers

TOM
(to Allard)
Let ‘em search

He hands the paper back to the Sergeant  Allard is stunned

ALLARD
Tom

TOM
(loudly, to his men)
Let ‘em search everything

Tom turns and goes with Chris

INT  THE DOCKS - CHRIS’S OFFICE - DAY

Tom, Allard and Chris in Chris’s office  Tom’s behind
Chris’s desk  Allard’s white-hot

ALLARD
It’s a question of rights  It’s in
the Constitution, for God’s sake

TOM
Save the rhetoric for your
meetings, Fred  I’m not going to
break the law  Even a bad law
You were on Earth for seven years,
you know what we look like to them.
We gotta give our supporters in
Congress something they can sell

ALLARD
Twenty-three percent, Tom  That’s
how many guys we’re down  Since
they started squeezing us
(MORE)
ALLARD (CONT D)
Twenty-three percent of the guys
who built this company, who'd
rather take their chances and maybe
die on a shadow freigher than live
on promises.

TOM
We'll get our vote, Fred. You know
how?

ALLARD
Tell me

TOM
By being better than they are.
Here, that's the American way.

Tom grunts. Allard gives up.

TOM (CONT D)
(moving on)
Chris, I need you to work those
dock fee increases into our revenue
projections.

CHRIS
Done it

Chris hands Allard and his father copies of a spreadsheet.
Tom nods approvingly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Truth is, we may not be in such bad
shape. If the First Financial loan
comes through, that should float us
through the winter. With a good
harvest.

TOM
Bold or, you're still working on
that loan?

CHRIS
Yes I am. But hear me out, Dad. I
went over our bin reserves, and we
definitely have a surplus. If we
can pick up six, maybe eight more
transports, get our grain off the
planet, even at the low prices,
we're outta the red. Gehin knows
that. He'll give us the loan.

TOM
Yeah, at twenty-seven percent.
CHRIS
You know I'd never accept that
Besides, he and I went to business
school together, he's not gonna
screw us

TOM
I'm glad you're so confident

CHRIS
You know, a little trust would be
nice right now. Even if it hurts

TOM
Okay, play it out. Just be careful
-- and don't sign anything

CHRIS
I think I can handle it.

Tom nods, not very enthusiastically. Chris turns to go,
Allard catches Tom's eye, Tom offers an olive branch

TOM
Wanna grab some lunch?

CHRIS
I can't. I'm, uh, meeting Grandpa

So much for the olive branch.

TOM
What does he want?

CHRIS
He wants to take me to lunch

TOM
I mean what else does he want?

CHRIS
Oh, right, he wants to add a
failing farm business to his thirty-
seven very productive, very
profitable titanium mines. Look, I
know you hate his guts.

TOM
You don't know, Chris.
CPRIS
He's my mother's father. I don't see why I can't spend time with him.

The hurt and defiance in Chris stops Tom.

TOM
You're right. Go ahead.

CHRIS
(still pissed)
Thank you.

Chris nods to Allard, goes.

TOM
Say it. I'm a lousy father. But I don't trust Laurence Fortis. I don't want him getting his hands on my son.

ALLARD
Chris is a smart kid, he can take care of himself.

TOM
Look, I may not be the one with the MBA, but I can tell you no one's giving us a loan, Fred. I made the rounds myself five months ago, and we were in better shape then.

ALLARD
I'm just saying, you brought him in here, let him do his job. You and I have other things to worry about.

EXIT FEDERAL BUILDING - TO ESTABLISH

A pyramidal building in downtown New Chicago. Along one side, a broad fan-like plaza bounded by concrete bumpers.

INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerald and Ash are standing before a magnificent hi-tech desk. Behind it, equally magnificent Lt-Governor Olivia Agee. Gerald's resignation papers lie on the desk. Olivia touches them with her fingertips.

OLIVIA
I must tell you, General, I regret having to accept these.

(MORE)
OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I would have appreciated your advice and counsel as I begin my tenure here.

GERALD
Thank you, Ma'am. I think you'll find the local independence movement will require particular attention.

ASH
Governor, if I may, we have no independence movement in New America.

OLIVIA
And those lovely people who met me at the airport?

ASH
A handful of political extremists and disgruntled businessmen who use the rhetoric of independence to legitimize their true ambition which is simply money and power.

GERALD
Not true. Governor.

ASH
Limited in number, yes. But in a population as credulous as this one, flagrant disregard of authority tends to be contagious. We must impress upon the colonials a simple truth—support of a radical fringe committed to acts of violence— including, my intelligence tells me, political assassination—will not be tolerated.

GERALD
Governor, I know these people. They merely want the right to trade freely.

ASH
"Trade freely?" With whom? New America is a colony of the United States. We didn't fight a war to turn it into a supermarket for our enemies.
GERALD

You didn't fight any war

The Lt-Governor holds up her hand. Then, to Asm.

OLIVIA

I appreciate the rhetoric, but I assume, as Acting Commander, you have some kind of plan?

ASH

With your permission, I'd like to remind these people how things are. Two hundred miles above this planet, USS William Bentes is in stationary orbit. I propose bringing down the Bentes... Bring it right under their noses... Into this city.

GERALD

That'll start a riot.

ASH

Might be a good thing. Bring our enemies, their leaders, into the daylight.

GERALD

That's insane.

OLIVIA

General.

GERALD

Apologies, Ma'am, but today this man almost caused an incident. Sending a squad to search a leading citizen's business.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Then Hart is as upright and honest an American as I can imagine. He should be out.

ASH

A leading citizen I have reason to believe is engaged in illegal trafficking, possibly of arms.

OLIVIA

Gentlemen, I understand your positions. Unnecessary provocation is never wise. But Captain Ash, your proposal regarding the Bentes intrigues me. I'll consider it thoroughly and make my decision.

(FORE)
OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(pause)
Right now, I have a headache

ASH

Stream effect

OLIVIA

(irritated)
The Stream was weeks ago, it's not Stream effect. I think it's the air. Like breathing honey

GERALD
You'll get used to it

OLIVIA
I doubt it

She stands. Moves to the window.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Nothing quite prepares you for the enormity of it, does it? All that unspoiled green and gold. And the silence. How can they bear it?
Last night from my balcony I heard nothing. Absolutely nothing.
"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."
(to Gerald)
I'll be seeing you tomorrow night at the Fortis home. Maybe your "leading citizen" will be there as well?

(she looks at Ash)
Should be fun.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

At the best restaurant in New Chicago, Chris enjoys a plate of coquilles Saint-Jacques - real coquilles, from Earth. Across the table, his grandfather LAURENCE FORTIS, 66, florid, sphinx-eyed, regards him over a glass of pinot gris.

Occasionally, a slim YOUNG MAN standing just behind Fortis - steps forward and whispers something in his boss's ear. This is JEFFREY, Fortis's secretary - like Jim, or artificial.

CHRIS

(between mouthfuls)
Good

FORTIS
Praise from Caesar
CHRIS
No, really, it's very good
(sipping)
This is a pinot?

FORTIS
From Oregon, actually. They found
a way to rephosphate the soil
Something to do with earthworms

Jeffrey WHISPER in Fortis's ear again Chris catches it

CHRIS
(re Jeffrey)
I see you've upgraded

FORTIS
It's got a Kenyan neuro-tap. Keeps
me tied into the Chicago exchanges
The real Chicago

CHRIS
Sweet

FORTIS
So, what do you think of my offer?
From what I hear, you could use
some help.

CHRIS
You heard wrong. I'm working on
something with First Financial

FORTIS
Who? From Desty?

CHRIS
Genir. We were at school together

FORTIS
I wish you luck

CHRIS
Thanks. Besides, you know Dad
would never accept any help from
you

FORTIS
I don't want to help him. I want
to help you. And Will and Emily.
You're my family, for God's sake

Chris blushes a little
FORTIS (CONT'D)

(gently)
Look at you. You know, if I'd had my way, you would've grown up like a prince, on Earth. I begged your beautiful mother not to give her life to this godforsaken rock. All the tech firms in Lagos, Beirut. They all wanted her. But she was in love. So I lost that one. And then I lost her.

Fortis pauses, takes a breath. Is his choking up real? He takes a long sip of wine.

FORTIS (CONT'D)

(yielding the wine)
You're right. Too plump, Jeffrey, some champagne.

Jeffrey moves off. Chris, despite himself, is moved by Fortis's feelings for his mother.

CHRIS
Grandpa, I appreciate your offer, I really do.

FORTIS
I don't think you do appreciate it. I'm talking about long term, Chris. About furthering the entrepreneurial mission that founded this colony and brought it to its current state of semi-civilization. I'm talking about an heir.

CHRIS
What about Johnny?

Fortis snorts.

FORTIS
What about Johnny?

MORGAN (O.S.)
Don't buy anything he's selling, Chris. Whatever it is, the warranty's probably expired.

The voice belongs to a stunning WOMAN, early 30's, dressed expensively. With her is a MAN, mid-20's.
The woman is MORGAN FORTIS, Laurence's third wife. The man is his son from his second marriage, JOHN - "JOHNNY" - FORTIS

FORTIS
Thanks for ruining my pitch, dear

MORGAN
Anytime, sweetheart. Johnny and I are going shopping, we just wanted to say hi. Hi, Chris.

CHRIS
Morgan

Johnny points at Chris's coquilles

JOHNNY
(apruptly)
What do you do with the shells?

CHRIS
Uh, you don't do anything with them. Throw 'em out.

JOHNNY
Knda wasteful, isn't it?

FORTIS
(sold)
Do you want something, Johnny?

JOHNNY
(to Chris)
See ya!

Johnny clomps away. Morgan smiles at Chris.

MORGAN
Let's have lunch sometime. It's been too long.

CHRIS
I'd like that.

She goes. Chris watches her go. Fortis watches him.

FORTIS
So what were we talking about? Oh, yeah, the future. Our future.

It's a bold overture, even from Fortis. Chris takes it in.

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Tom, Cat, Francesca, Emily, Chris and Will - and Ginger the dog - are finishing supper. Roxanne is there, too, sitting next to Chris, who rests his arm familiarly on the back of her chair. She does her best to avoid eye contact with Will.

Will's in the midst of a story. Everyone listens happily except Tom. He's worried about his kids.

WILL
Yeah, we both knew, if I was wrong, and the glassade went bad, it was 800 meters, straight down.

EMILY
(laughs)
Didn't you get snow up your crack?

FRANCESCA
Emily
(offers a pie slice)
Will, for that, you get the last piece.

WILL
Thanks, Grandma. I'm stuffed.

FRANCESCA
T'm Chris?

CHRIS
I had a big lunch.

TOM
So how was Lawrence?

CHRIS
The same. Too rich.

TOM
Mind if I ask what you talked about?

CHRIS
Earthworms.

He winks at Roxanne.

TOM
What's that mean?
CHRIS
Nothing. He likes his wine.

TOM
So that’s what you talked about? Wine?

The temperature drops a couple of degrees.

FRANCESCA
(re the pie)
Emily, won’t you have a bite?

CHRIS
(to Tom)
Look, I really don’t want to get into this.
(to Roxanne)
Honey, are you finished?

TOM
I’m just asking.

CHRIS
Dad, I’m not going to sit here and be interrogated.

TOM
I’m not interrogating you.

EMILY
May I be excused?

TOM
I haven’t even started with you.

EMILY
Well, could you start so we could get it over with?

FRANCESCA
(picking up the pie plate)
I guess I’ll have to eat it myself.

TOM
Number one, you’re going to call your principal and apologize.

EMILY
Absolutely not. I’m not afraid to defend what I believe, even if some people are.
TOM
Then you're grounded

EMILY
For how long?

TOM
Till I say so

EMILY
That is so incredibly unfair

CAT
Tom

TOM
Cat, I don't want to hear now
intelligent she is, how she just
needs the right environment, the
right peer group. I've left the
matter of her discipline to you for
far too long.

Emily throws down her napkin, gets up and leaves the table

CAT
(to Tom)
Do you have any idea what you sound
like?

She goes after Emily. Francesca starts to gather dishes

WILL
I'll do 'em for you, Grandma.
Finish your p-e

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will's up to his elbows in suds. Tom enters. He's aware how
unpleasant the scene at supper was.

TOM
How you doing?

Will pretends his father's asking about the dishes. He wipes
his nose with a soapy knuckle.

WILL
I'm a little out of practice. Up
North, we didn't use water for
things like this.
TOM
Climbing was good?

WILL
Incredible

Tom hesitates, then asks

TOM
Is that all you were doing, son?

WILL
What do you mean?

Tom shows Will the photo he got from Aero

WILL (CONT'D)
Where’d you get that?

TOM
It doesn’t matter. What does it mean?

WILL
Those are some guys we found in the snow.

TOM
Smugglers?

WILL
I guess that’s what you’d call ‘em. To us, they were just guys. One of my buddies had a pretty good med-pak. We fixed them up, gave ‘em some food.

TOM
Where are they now?

WILL
I don’t know.

TOM
What if I told you they were here, in the city?

WILL
So, they’re here.

TOM
You’re not working with them, are you, Will?
WILL
No, sir. Absolutely not

TOM
Then why'd you come back?

WILL
Just wanted to be home.

Tom can tell Will's riding something. Still, he nods, puts his hand affectionately on Will's shoulder.

CLOSE ON CHRIS, standing in the doorway, watching Tom and Will. Chris has always been a little jealous of Tom's easy affection for his younger brother.

CHRIS
Am I interrupting something?

Tom turns quickly. Chris barely glances at him as he enters.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(to Will)
Thought you could use a hand.

WILL
Be my guest.

Roxanne comes in with a stack of dishes.

ROXANNE
(lightly)
You helping out, Tom?

TOM
Nah, I gotta go check on the horses. 'Night, Roxanne.

(he kisses her cheek)

She goes.

ROXANNE
Will, can you handle those? I have to get up early for class. Chris?

CHRIS
Can't I have a moment of bonding with my brother over a tedious household task?

ROXANNE
Five minutes.
He kisses her. She goes. It's the first time the two brothers have been alone since Will's return.

CHRIS
Here, you watch. I'll watch.

WILL
So, tow's business?

CHRIS
Honestly? Dad's a pair in the ass.

WILL
What else is new.

CHRIS
Tell ya, sometimes I think I should just give it up. Move to Earth. Get a real job.

WILL
And Roxanne?

CHRIS
(sighs)
She likes it here. Guess I'm stuck. You talk to her?

WILL
Nah.

CHRIS
She seems a little edgy.
(suddenly)
You think this marriage thing's a good idea?

WILL
Yeah. Sure. Roxanne's great.

Chris grins.

CHRIS
I'm glad you're home.

INT. FARMHOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily's on her bed, talking to her friend Melir, whose IMAGE floats on a tiny pink-hued VIDSCREEN. She occasionally glares at another, larger VIDSCREEN floating over the bed.
EMILY
(to Melin)
"Fine?" Garrett is not "fine"
"Fine" implies a brain.

There's a knock at the door. Emily calls out

EMILY (CONT'D)
busy

CAT (O S)
It's me

EMILY
(to Melin)
You around later?

CAT (O S)
Coming in.

Emily's vidphone vanishes as Cat opens the door, etc...
Emily stares stonily at her aunt.

EMILY
what?

CAT
You want to talk about it?

EMILY
No

CAT
We have to

EMILY
You're just gonna end up defending him. I'm sick of him. He's mean. He's gotten meaner since Mom died.

CAT
That's true.

She looks at the pictures on Emily's dresser. Almost all are of Emily's mother, Arnet. There's a big one of Tom with Arnet, smiling.

CAT (CONT'D)
de misses her. Very much
EMILY
You could fool me
(re: the viascreen)
"Publius" struck again

Cat comes over

CAT
Who?

EMILY
Fourth and Wabash. He's so pos.

ON SCREEN NEWS FOOTAGE of an "art attack." A HOLO-BILLBOARD in downtown New Chicago is going haywire. The billboards normally features a 3-D United State PSA trumpeting the prosperity of New America.

Now it's been hijacked. IMAGES of oppression and uprising from old n-story and fantasy movies wrestle with the PSA, while great block letters seemingly hewn from marble thrust forward a famous quote from Common Sense: IT IS NOT IN NUMBERS BUT IN UNITY THAT OUR GREAT STRENGTH LIES

CAT
(scoffing)
Tom Paine. Guy can't even write his own copy.

EMILY
(desperate)
Cat, I need to be part of this. I don't want to hang around the farm. I hate the farm.

CAT
Then you have to act responsibly.

EMILY
"Responsibly?" You mean, like Dad? Try to make everyone happy? He's such a coward.

CAT
He's not a coward, he's a parent. And maybe you have to be a little afraid to be a good one.

EMILY
See? You're defending him.
CAT
Yeah, well, maybe I’m trying to be
a bit of a parent too

cat goes The NEWS plays

INT FARMHOUSE — FRANCESCA’S ROOM — NIGHT

Francesca tucked in, reading Will enters

WILL
Grandma? I brought your tea

FRANCESCA
Oh thanks, sweetheart Put it right there

WILL
Ta dah

He puts two big cookies down next to her tea mug

FRANCESCA
Oh, no, Will No more I had
plans of actually trying to get
some sleep tonight

WILL
They’re kind of amazing What did you put in them?

FRANCESCA
Love, darling And an enormous
amount of butter You eat You’re
too skinny.

She takes his hand, beaming

FRANCESCA (CONT D)
Look at you You’ve changed,
haven’t you?

WILL
Nah, same old me

Francesca keeps looking at him Will starts to feel
uncomfortable

WILL (CONT D)
Okay, maybe I did lose a few
pounds
FRANCESCA
(slyly)
Don’t lie to your grandma. Who did you meet out there in the wild?
(a grin)
You’ve been keeping company with the Unborn, haven’t you?
(lightly)
You do know that extended contact with spirits is illegal?

Will smiles

FRANCESCA (CONT D)
Which preserve?

WILL
Bitter Lake

FRANCESCA
Of course. How long?

WILL
Six weeks

FRANCESCA
Well, it’s about time.

WILL
What do you mean?

FRANCESCA
Did you have fun?

WILL
At first it drove me kinda crazy. I joined a work team. Did some
carpentry, basic stuff. I built a cow shed. We built it. The thing
is, we hardly ever spoke. Even at meals. I thought I liked it quiet,
but after a couple of weeks, I got used to it.
(pause)
It’s weird, I almost never slept.

Francesca smiles

FRANCESCA
Then you must be tired. Goodnight, sweetheart.
WILL
Wait a minute. Come on, Grandma, I know you know things. What did you mean when you said it’s about time?

FRANCESCA
Why does it matter?

WILL
Because that’s what they said to me too.

FRANCESCA
Did they? We’ll talk about it in the morning. Now do me a favor and turn out the light. I’m awfully sleepy all of a sudden.

IND FLYER - NIGHT

The blue-lit interior of the 22nd century equivalent of a BMW 3 Series. Chris and Roxanne skirt home to New Chicago. Chris is driving. Roxanne looks out the window.

CHRIS
You cold?

ROXANNE
I’m okay.

Chris fiddles with a temperature dial.

CHRIS
Things’s either hot or cold, I gotta get the guy to look at it again.

A small VIDESCREEN is playing in front of the center console. On screen: Two Talking Heads debate recent United States policy. The anti-State MAN is SLAPPING his hand on a table.

MAN (ON SCREEN)
No, no, no, Ted, no matter how many times you say it, the numbers don’t add up. Colonial debt has nearly doubled in the past eighteen months. We can, we will do a better job on our own.

CHRIS
(to the screen)
Oh shut up, shut up.
(to Roxanne)
(MORE)
CHRIS (CONT'D)
I honestly don't know what the big deal is. Even with the tariffs, even with the closures, per capita income is still higher than it was ten years ago. People forget Jesus, a whole new government? That's armies, services, infrastructure. Who's gonna pay for that?
(to the screen)
You? You can't even afford a good haircut.

Roxanne leans forward, taps the dash. The SCREEN vanishes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ROXANNE
No, I. I just got enough politics at your dad's house.

They drive.

CHRIS
Dinner sucked, didn't it?

ROXANNE
Potatoes were good.

CHRIS
You think Will's okay? Something funny-looking about him.

ROXANNE
He's always funny-looking.

CHRIS
I thought you said he was handsome.

ROXANNE
I never said that.

CHRIS
Well he is, in a vague kind of, don't-make-me-go-too-much-math kind of way.

Roxanne can't help smiling. She firms Chris's hand, squeezes it. They drive.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
And now it's too hot.
Chris fiddles with the dials

EXT  FARM  -  NIGHT

Tom walks to the barn.  The NIGHT SKY is almost white with stars, swirling in unfamiliar constellations.  And there are TWO MOONS, one full, the other in crescent.

INT  BARN  -  NIGHT

Tom slides the heavy doors shut behind him.  Inside, a dozen MEN and WOMEN, about Tom's age or older - local farmers and business people - are engaged in active discussion.

TOM
Don't let me interrupt you folks.

A heavy-set MAN in his late forties, LOMEY, steps forward.

LOMEY
Colonel Hart.  Actually, we were just talking about you.

TOM
I felt my ears burn, but I thought it was my mother's chili.

Polite LAUGHTER

LOMEY
Tom, you know how much we appreciate your letting us meet here.  After that incident at Farley's.

TOM
Glad I could help.

LOMEY
Frankly, we've been discussing another way you might help us.  We heard what happened at your place today.

A WOMAN, LJ, 50's, speaks up.

LJ
Missing weapons?  It's a pretext.  What they did is an outrage.  A court-certified search warrant is a fundamental safeguard of civil liberty.

(MORE)
LL  [CONT L]  
As a lawyer, I can tell you, on Earth, this so-called ordinance 
(she holds up a copy) 
would be laughed out of court

Another WOMAN, SEIDE, 60's, calls out

SEIDE  
what's next? extradition to Earth? conviction with no appeal?

A CHORUS of anger from the other MEN and WOMEN

TOM  
Now, hold on a second, folks, just hold on. If we have nothing to hide, we have nothing to fear

LL  
How about suspending the Bill of Rights, should we fear that?

TOM  
Our allies on Earth would never allow it

LOMELY  
Face it, Tom. The time's coming 
When free Americans - real Americans - the Americans on this planet - will have to fight to take back what a handful of men, against a great empire, won for us four hundred years ago. Our freedoms. Our rights. Our Constitution.

SEIDE  
Here, here

LOMELY  
We're gonna need a leader. And there isn't a man or woman among us who commands the respect you do

Tom looks around. They're all waiting for his reply

TOM  
I appreciate your faith in me. But I'm a farmer. I try to be a businessman. I am not a revolutionary

LU  
Not yet
ON TOM: They’re right. But so is he.

INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lt-Governor Olivia Agee sits at her desk as a virtual page from an intelligence briefing float in front of her. She runs her temples, tries to focus past her headache.

Across the room, a VISUAL SCREEN softly BUBBLES a 24 hr. NEWS STATION - a bright SCRAWL - “NEWS UPDATE” - catches Olivia’s eye.

OLIVIA

Loader Enlarge

The VISUAL SCREEN instantly triples in size and volume.

NEWSCASTER (C S)

Live coverage from Six News

Seems the harvester’s strike in South Gacey County has taken a turn - for the violent.

ON SCREEN: IN ONE CONTINUOUS ZOOM we dive toward a PURAL TOWN and a low GOVERNMENT BUILDING leaping the heads of placard-waving WORKERS and the flashing lights of POLICE RUMMERS into a crowded entrance way where SHOUTING MEN AND WOMEN push their way past overwhelmed local Police.

NEWSCASTER (C S) (CONT D)

Minutes ago, angry workers stormed the district office of the Federal Trade Commission in downtown Gacey.

and we catapult through a window of the building into the interior.

Olivia stands as she comes around her desk.

OLIVIA

Full Screen

The VISUAL SCREEN vanishes, and Olivia - and we - are suddenly inside the image - in the main office of the Gacey F T C. Furious workers - life-sized, three-dimensional - wrestle security Guards, trash furniture, smash everything they can get their hands on. One Man, his face obscured by a red, white and blue bandanna, grabs the UNITED STATES FLAG from its place by the branch manager’s desk and ignites it with a pocket lighter. He climbs on the desk and raises the flag staff and burning flag high.
OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Stop

The entire virtual riot FREEZES the flag-raising Man instantly turned into a classic icon of rebellion

Olivia folds her arms

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(grimly)

Call Aer

She regards the Man, his eyes smoldering above the bandana, the 'State flag wrapped in frozen flames

INT FARMHOUSE - TOM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Tom at his desk, trying to fight insomnia with a technical journal It's late, the house is quiet

FRANCESCA (O S )

Tom

His mother is standing in the doorway in her nightgown She looks frail and terrified

TOM

Mom, are you all right?

She waddles forward. He steadies her, leads her to a chair

FRANCESCA

I need to talk to you I've just had a dream

Tom pours some water for her

TOM

Fere

FRANCESCA

I haven't seen so clearly, since your father

She passes a hand over her eyes

TOM

What did you see, Mom?

FRANCESCA

I saw a star being born It was enormous, it filled the sky, it was green and orange and burning

(MORE)
FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
Then the burning disappeared and
there was the star. But it wasn’t
a star. It was a messenger. A
sign.

TOM
Of what?

FRANCESCA
I don’t know, I can’t see.
(she grips his hand)
But something is about to happen
Something that will change
everything.

EXIT FEDERAL PLAZA - RIGHT

The wide plaza is deserted except at its margin, where a
couple of Sanitation Workers are methodically emptying trash
receptacles. Suddenly one of them points into the sky.

Something is coming DOWN, something huge, the size of fifty
Federal flyers. A great dark shape, ringed with tiny lights,
nunning like a million bees.

The workers watch in awe as, with a great thumping BOOM and a
storm of dust, it LANDS, smack in the center of the plaza.

It’s the William R Bertes come to keep the peace.

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - DAY

The Citizens of New Chicago get their first look at a Benten-class battle cruiser. It's a big black pot-bellied thing, smooth and silent and still. No sign of soldiers

Tom's there with Allard

ALLARD
I never thought I'd see another one of these. Not on the ground, anyway. That thing can level half the city.

(in a low voice)
Look, Terry's got some kinda reblock phase cannon. I know how to target a reactor coil.

TOM
I know you do.

ALLARD
We could take it out in one burst.

TOM
And start a war?

ALLARD
They're starting it. That's no patrol boat. It's a Class Five warship. You need it any clearer?

TOM
We leave it alone.

ALLARD
Tom

TOM
That's an order.

ALLARD
We can't just let it sit there.

TOM
That's exactly what we're gonna do.

ALLARD
My guys are angry. I'm hearing it up and down the docks.

(MORE)
ALLARD (CONT'D)
We're gonna make some noise, whether you like it or not

TOM
Fine. Make some noise. Sing songs, give speeches. But nothing
touches that ship. Understood?

Allard takes a breath

ALLARD
You know, Colonel, when we were in the mountains, and it was thirty
below - the time even our hot suits froze up? What got me through that
night, and the next - and the next - is that I knew you had a plan. You
always had a plan. Tell me you have one now.

TOM notices men and women looking in his direction. Some are
already carrying SIGNS and rolled-up PROTEST BANNERS

TOM
(to Allard)
Don't touch the ship

He goes

EXT. FARM - DAY

Will and Emily are walking together in the fields

EMILY
I can't believe I used to think Dad was so cool. I barely even talk to
him anymore. He's like totally oblivious. Chris thinks so too.

WILL
Really?

EMILY
Well, I don't really talk to Chris, either. We're like antitheses,
politically? But yeah.

They've reached the TREE where Tom spoke to the school class.

EMILY (CONT'D)
So, who's side are you on?

WILL
You mean, yours or Dad's?
EMILY
(she pushes him)
C’mon. You know what I mean.

WILL
I have to choose sides?

EMILY
Yes.

He motions to the tree.

WILL
Can I be on her side?

EMILY
Seriously, WILL.

WILL
I am serious. I’m on the side of the planet. She’s what I care about.

EMILY
So why’d you come back?

Will doesn’t answer. He motions to the tree again.

WILL
Remember when we used to climb to the end of the twisty branch?

EMILY
You carried me on your back. That was before I became my buxom self.

WILL
Mom would come out and yell at us in her “big’ voice. Then she’d start laughing.

EMILY
She said we looked like owls. I thought she said, “towels.”

WILL
I thought she said “towels,” too.

After a moment

WILL (CONT’D)
Jim’s giving me a lift into town. You wanna come?
EMILY
I'm grounded, remember?

WILL
That's what you get for taking sides.

She punches him.

INT BANK - DAY

Chris is sitting in the shiny perfect waiting room of TAKASHI
GENIN'S bank office. He gets the sense he's been there a
while—going over his presentation for the twelfth time.
Finally, an ASSISTANT walks out to him.

ASSISTANT
Mr. Genin will see you now.

Chris gathers up his portfolio and follows her.

EXT FARM CO-OP - HIGHWAY - DAY

A large structure that houses a heavy equipment shop,
supply/feed store and impromptu coffee house—tow center
for the local farmers.

Jim and Will pull up in a kind of tractor that's seen better
days. Will hops out.

INT FARM CO-OP - CONTINUOUS

Inside, it's noisy and alive. We catch a glimpse of Men
moving sacks of supplies on hoversleds. Will passes two
Farmers in work clothes leaning over a disc mower.

WILL
Hey, Roger. Terry. Good to see ya.

The men nod hello. They seem pre-occupied, and not just with
the disc mower.

Will continues into a side room where an ad hoc COFFEE HOUSE
has been set up. Half-a-dozen tables on a well-worn wooden
floor. A long counter against one wall supports coffee urns,
a rug rack, and sanitizer. Some wire shelves with homemade
pies and cakes. That's the drill. Everyone brings food home
and helps themselves.

The room's crowded with the usual mix of Farm Workers,
Transport Drivers and Students.
Will grab a mug from the rack and draws a long cup of coffee. No one notices him. They're all watching the NEWS on the opposing wall.

ON SCREEN the William R. Benton's squatting like a monstrous toad on the flagstones of Federal Plaza.

ON WILL taking it in.

In the corner, a handful of STUDENTS are squeezed around a table, watching the screen. One of them, DAMON, 21, waves Will over.

DAMON
Yo, look what the winds from the far North blew in, hey man.

WILL
Hey, Damon.

They hug.

WILL (CONT'D)
Hey Connie, Trent.

Greetings all round.

WILL (CONT'D)
What's goin' on?

TRENT
(re the screen)
Besides the fact they dropped a battleship on us?

CONNIE
You picked a calluva time to return to the plow, my boy.

WILL
That's what they tell me. What're you guys up to?

The boys look one to the other.

DAMON
Same old
(warmly)
It's good to see ya, Will. We missed you.
WILL
Yeah, well, had to have a look
around before I got stuck picking
corn outta my teeth

Damon grins Trent leans in

TRENT
(re the videoscreen)
Day, I think this alters the
situation

CONNIE
Me, too

TRENT
We gotta talk

DAMON
Yeah, Will, would you excuse us
for a second?
(off Will)
Nothing personal. Try the
blueberry pie. Billy’s not made
it

Will looks from face to serious face

WILL
Sounds good

He stands. The students huddle. Will heads over to the pie
rack past worried, friendly neighbors.

He almost bumps into a YOUNG WOMAN, 20’s, who’s just cut
herself a piece of pie.

WILL (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

The woman glances up at him - under a dirty tangle of hair,
she’s extraordinary-looking, with luminous greer eyes. She
smiles briefly and moves away.

Will follows her with his eyes. She hands the pie plate to
an OLD MAN, 50’s, dressed in a worn greasy suit who sits
slumped in the corner, his eyes lightly closed. The old man
fumbles for the plate. Will can see deep lines of dirt in
his cracked hands.

Then something extraordinary happens. The old man seems to
sense Will’s gaze. He lifts his head and, without opening
his eyes, smiles directly at Will.
A fleshy hand on Will's shoulder pulls him back to reality. It belongs to MANNER NORQUIST, 50, rotund.

NORQUIST
hey, Will. Your Pops told me you were comin' home early

WILL
Oh, hey Mr. Norquist. How are you?

Norquist glances at the VIDSCREEN, and the Bentes.

NORQUIST
(Could be better, son, could be better)

(Re the old man)

Clones. Both of ‘em. The old man’s bling. That’s his daughter.

I think Can they even have children? I forget

WILL
Yeah. Yeah, they can.

NORQUIST
Daughter, then. Didn’t use to. Let ‘em go here. Times have changed.

Good thing too. We’re gonna need all the help we can get. Regards to your Dad. And that pretty sister of his.

Norquist goes. Will looks back at the man and his daughter. They’re huddled together, the young woman feeding the old man bits of pie with a fork. He debates approaching them.

DAMON (O S)

Hey, Will.

It’s Damion, with Trent and Conrie.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Come outside. We want to show you something.

As they exit, CLOSE ON the VIDSCREEN. The angry circle of protest around the Bentes is widening.

EXT FARM CO-OP - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will, Damion and the guys cross the highway and arrive at the spill-over parking lot stamped out of an alfalfa field.
A sleek new PICKUP is parked in the shadow of a larger vehicle. Damon moves to unlock the covered bed of the truck.

WILL
This is yours? Nice ride.

DAMON
Yeah, well... saved my pennies. Listen, we want to let you in on something.

Damon lifts the pickup cover. Throws back the synthetic blanket covering a flat metallic box. The box is open. In it are a brace of slightly worn PULSE RIFLES.

WILL
Damon, where the hell d'you get those?

CONNIE
We got friends. Will. They can get us anything.

WILL
Smugglers.

CONNIE
Way more than smugglers.

Damon holds up his hand for Connie to shut up.

DAMON
Question is, you in?

WILL
In what?

TRENT
In the fight, goddamn it.

WILL
The fight. You're gonna fight the United States Army. The most powerful military force in history with those.

DAMON
This is just the beginning, Will. Like Connie said, we have friends. Powerful friends. And they have big plans. Know what I mean?
TREAT
(by rote)
It's about dignity, honor, the
survival of our nation.

WILL
(re the rifles)
No, no, all these are about, is
getting people killed. Guys,
you're my friends and I love you
But I don't want any part of this

He turns and heads back toward the co-op and his waiting ride.

CONNIE
(to Damon)
I told you it was a bad idea.

Damon calls after Will.

DAMON
You're gonna have to make a choice,
Will. Sooner or later.

ON WILL, scowling He's heard that one too many times today.

As he reaches the highway, he hesitates. The air vibrates
with a familiar dum. Which grows louder and louder till

a CONVOY of black ARMY HUMMERS - two smaller ships leading
a much larger TROOP CARRIER, followed by another patrol ship -
BUZZES past, heading for points west.

The ships don't touch the highway surface. But their
movement through the air still kicks up a faint dust.

...which lightly slaps Will in the face.

ON WILL Choices indeed.

END ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

EXT FORTIS APARTMENT - TO ESTABLISH

Fortis's in-town residence incorporates a full floor near the top of the tallest building in New Chicago.

INT FORTIS APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. Guests are served cocktails and treats from waiters who all look curiously like Jeffrey. Fortis's secretary As members of the family, all the darts have been invited So have a lot of Army Officers

Emily and Cat survey the scene

EMILY
It's like every time I come here, there's more stuff on the walls.

CAT
Yeah, raping the planet's been good to your grandfather.

EMILY
I think it's disgusting, why doesn't he move back to Earth?

CAT
He doesn't have to.
(smiles to the officers)
He's brought all his friends here.

EMILY
So, I heard there's gonna be a rally downtown tomorrow night.

CAT
You're not going.

EMILY
You could ask Dad.

CAT
You're grounded. And for once, I agree with you. It's not safe.

EMILY
Melvin and Carver are going. (off Cat's glare)
Okay. Fine.
IN THE LIBRARY, Lt-Governor Agee is surrounded by well-wishers. Fortis brags about his library:

FORTIS
I had all the paneling shipped in, of course. Early, middle twentieth-century, mostly. They did such wonderful inlay work.

Tom comes up:

FORTIS (CONT'D)
dear, Tom. Madam Governor, allow me to introduce my son-in-law.

TOM
(to Olivia)
Thomas Hart.

OLIVIA
Colonel Hart. I've heard such good things about you.

TOM
I could say the same, Governor. Which is why I'm disappointed in your recent actions.

FORTIS
Tom.

OLIVIA
You're referring to USS Bemis.

TOM
Ma'am, you brought a warship into the heart of my city. I'd like to know why.

FORTIS
Governor, forgive me. Tom, this is a social event.

OLIVIA
It's alright, Laurence. Colonel Hart, considering the current tensions, I should think the presence of the Bemis would be a comfort, not a challenge. To law-abiding citizens.
TOM
Ma’am, with all respect, you don’t know us very well. We don’t want comfort. We want respect. The right to make a living. And our freedom.

OLIVIA
Those are provocative words.

TOM
They shouldn’t be. They’re what this country – our country – was founded upon. You should withdraw the ship.

OLIVIA
Maybe you’re right. I should get to know New America. Perhaps you could show me around.

TOM
Would it change your mind?

OLIVIA
I don’t know.

Tom looks at her. Olivia meets his gaze.

TOM
At your service.

He goes, without saying goodbye to Laurence.

IN THE ENTRANCE WAY, Chris and Roxanne are arriving late. Chris spots Will, sitting with Gerald, who’s a little drunk. Will’s had a couple of drinks, too. Chris goes to them.

CHRIS
Where’s Dad?

Will points toward the library.

WILL
What’s going on?

CHRIS
(grinning as he goes)
Tell you in a minute.

GERALD
(to Roxanne)
Oh, you’re so lovely.
ROXANNE
Gerald, stop

Before Will can say a word

ROXANNE (CONT D)
(to Will)
You should get this man some coffee

She goes Will follows her with his eyes

OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY, Tom bumps into Morgan, who looks preposterously lovely

MORGAN
Well, hello.

MORGAN
It's usually good manners to greet your hostess with a smile, Tom

A flicker across his lips

MORGAN (CONT D)
You're a bad actor

TOM
And you're a very good one

MORGAN
I was Until I met Laurence Forties

TOM
I'd say you're still pretty good

The statement is loaded five different ways Morgan accepts them all - from Tom

Chris comes up, excited

CHRIS
Dad (flustered)
Sorry Hey, Morgan

MORGAN

Chris
Morgan smiles at Tom, goes

CHRIS
Dad listen. Good news. I got it. I got the money.

TOM
You went to the bank?

CHRIS
Yeah, yeah. He wants to verify our delivery schedule, but we got it.

TOM
We got the loan?

CHRIS
That's what I'm telling you.

TOM
That's fantastic.

CHRIS
You haven't heard the fantastic part. Ready for this? 87, locked.

TOM
Wait a minute, Chris.

CHRIS
No, no, it's real. Geri gets that they have to prop up our exports, so they're doing a few low-interest deals, and we're one of them.

TOM
Maybe I should go see him.

CHRIS
What are you talking about? Dad, it's done.

TOM
I don't know this guy. I don't know this bank, something's wrong.

CHRIS
(suddenly angry)
What is it with you? I mean what is it?

TOM
Nothing, I'm just surprised.
CHRIS
Surprised at what? That I came through for once? That I could actually make something happen when you couldn't?

TOM

CHRIS
You know what the surprise is, Dad. That with all you did to stand in the way of this, it's your butt I saved today. And I'm sorry that despite whatever problems you have with me, you can't see that.

Chris goes, deeply hurt

IN THE MAIN ROOM, Johnny Fortis is attempting to play an old Gershwin tune. He's an expert pianist, but so drunk that his Gershwin comes out sounding like Schoenberg.

NEAR THE BAR, Gerald notices Ash, in dress uniform, with two junior officers. Gerald stands

GERALD
{to Will}
C'mon, I want to introduce you to someone

Will would rather go after Roxanne, but he follows Gerald.

ASH
Good evening, General. Oh, and, Mr. Hart. Welcome home.

WILL
{a bit confused}
Thank you.

GERALD
This is Captain Ash, Will. New chief of security. And an enemy of this colony.

ASH

WILL
Gerald, maybe we should sit down.
GERALD
(to Ash, softly, threatening)
I know what you're doing. You want a war? I'll give you a war when I get to Washington, I'm going to wage a full-out war on you, sir.

Ash's eyes are cold behind his smile

ASH
Have a good trip, General
(to Will)
Nice to meet you, Mr. Hart. I'm sure I'll see you again.

Gerald goes with Will.

AT A SMALLER BAR, Chris is drownning his fury with some shots from yet another Jeffrey. Fortis comes up.

FORTIS
Jeffrey, the '59 Eschezeaux
(to Chris)
You good?

CHRIS
Great. So, Grandpa, seems I won't be needing your help after all.

FORTIS
I heard. Congratulations.

Jeffrey hands Fortis a bottle.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
Thanks, Jeffrey.

CHRIS
How'd you hear?

Fortis shrugs.

FORTIS
Hey, you should meet the Governor. She's some eye candy.

He goes.

ON CHRIS how the hell did Fortis know about the loan?

IN A SMALL STUDY, Will finds Roxanne alone, looking through Fortis's collection of antique books. She sees Will.
WILL
I never got your letter

ROXANNE
That's not my fault

WILL
Do you love him?

ROXANNE
You're drunk

WILL
Roxanne

ROXANNE
Will, I didn't decide, you
decided.

WILL
He's my brother, Roxanne - you guys
had always been together

ROXANNE
You're right. And we're still
together. It's gotten better

WILL
I'm glad

ROXANNE
Is that supposed to hurt me?

No

WILL
She looks at him.

ROXANNE
You shouldn't have come back

WILL
No. I shouldn't have left

Will clumsily tries to kiss her. Roxanne pushes past him and
runs out of the room.

IN THE MAIN ROOM, Johnny is now standing on the piano bench,
yodeling incomprehensible lyrics. People are CHEERING him
on. His handmade Italian slippers weren't meant for polished
wood, however, and he crashes to the floor.

He looks up. His father is standing over him.
FORTIS
Get up, you idiot

FORTIS walks away
Johnny, miserable, stays where he is
Someone offers him a hand
It's Ash

ASH
You should be more careful
He helps Johnny to his feet
Johnny dusts himself off

JOHNNY
What difference does it make?

ASH
That's for you to figure out,
John. Maybe we could talk about it.

Johnny hesitates
Who is this guy?

Roxanne finds Chris at the bar. He puts his arms around her,
nuzzles her cheek

WILL, watching from across the room. He's already disgusted
with himself. Seeing Roxanne and Chris does it for him.

CAT watches will. She follows his eyes to Roxanne. She
Guesses the situation. She sidles up to her despondent nephew.

CAT
Great party.

WILL
Yeah

Will tries to stop looking at Roxanne and Chris. He can't

CAT
Why don't you get outta here.
Leave. Just go.

WILL
Really?

CAT
Sure. I'll cover for you.
(softly)
Go ahead, Will.

He nods, grateful. He goes.
From ACROSS THE ROOM, Roxanne watches him leave

INT DOWNTOWN TAVERN - NIGHT

A real dart-throwing, sawdust on the floor kind of place. On the walls are PATRIOTIC BANNERS and POSTERS advertising service in the Federal army

Will sits at the bar, downing shots of Guadalajara tequila at the end of the bar, a DOCKWORKER, 30, working late, is trying to make his dinner from a couple of bar sandwiches

He’s attracted the attention of a quartet of heavy-set GUYS in their early 20’s

They’ve noticed a by-now familiar decal stuck to the front of his HARDHAT, the stars and stripes of our own era. The rebel flag, in theirs

One of the GUYS, BITO, slides over to the dockworker.

Will watches him

BITO
Food in here is crap, isn’t it?

DOCKWORKER
Not when you’re as hungry as I am

BITO
Buy you one?

DOCKWORKER
S’okay. I gotta work tonight.

BITO
Ah, c’mon. We were admiring the flag on your hat there. And we wondered what we could do for a real patriot like you.

The dockworker suddenly realizes what’s up. He tries to grab his hardhat. Bito gets it first. He looks at the flag

BITO (CONT)
Well, I don’t know what offends me more. That you people stole a piece of my history for your own or that you stick it in my face.

He feats at pushing the hat into the dockworker’s face. The man raises his hands, stumbles back off the bar stool
The other guys are immediately on their feet. They surround the dockworker. He's terrified, but defiant.

DOCKWORKER
Give it back

Bito puts the hat on.

BITO
Hey look, I'm George Washington!

The other guys HOOT and HOLLER. The dockworker charges forward. Bito smashes him in the chin with a hard right. The dockworker goes down. Bito flings up his harps.

BITO (CONT'D)
I cannot tell a lie!

He can't keep a straight face as he points at the fallen man.

BITO (CONT'D)
I chopped down the cherry tree.

That brings the house down. Everyone's LAUGHING now.

Everyone except Will. Who's suddenly standing a few feet from Bito.

WILL
Just give him the hat.

BITO
Well, look at this. Another patriot. Am I gonna have to chop your town, too?

Greasy LAUGHTER. A beat. Then Bito swings at Will, who ducks and counters with incredible speed. Suddenly Bito is on the floor, GASPING. Will grabs the hardhat, SMASHES it into the face of another guy. And another and another.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TAVERN - NIGHT

The fight spills out into the street. Will's on the ground being pummeled and stomped. Before he passes out, he hears the WHINE and sees the FLASHING LIGHTS of a POLICE FLYER.

Then, blackness.

END ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

A City Cop turns Will over to Tom

Will's hung over, there's a cut above his eye, and he's
limping a little. The last thing he wants to see is the
disapproving face of his old warhorse Dad.

INT POLICE GARAGE - TRUCK - DAY

They swing into the cab of Tom's truck. After a moment:

TOM
You're lucky the Lieutenant here's
a friend of mine or you'd be in
Federal custody right now.

Will looks at the floor

TOM (CONT'D)
You told me you weren't involved

WILL
I'm not

TOM
Then what were you doing fighting
over something as stupid as an old
flag

WILL
You fought for it.

TOM
I fought for my country

WILL
What country?

TOM
There's only one

WILL
Is there?
(pause)
Look, I'm sorry you had to come
down here.

TOM
I don't want apologies, Will. I
want to know what's going on.
WILL
I don’t want to talk about it

TOM
That’s not an option

WILL
(violent)
I don’t want to talk about it
Sir.

TOM
I thought we could talk about
anything.

(off Will’s silence)
You know, I always knew Chris was
gonna have a hard time. From the
day he was born. He cried about
every little thing. But you. You
were such a happy kid.

(pause)
If your mother were here

WILL
But she’s "oh, is she?" She’s dead.

That stops Tom.

TOM
I don’t like your tone of voice, son.

WILL
She’s dead, Dad. Do you ever think
about her? ‘Cause we do. Or is it
just, time to get in the corr, time
to get in the wheat, time to start
another wonderful agrarian
project

TOM
You can apologize, or you can walk
home.

Will poptle the door, and is out in an instant.

TOM (CONT'D)

But Will is off and running. Tom leans back in his seat.
Punches the wheel in frustration.
INT  CITY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Roxanne's class has just let out.

ON WILL watching Roxanne from the classroom doorway. He's going his best to hide his bruised face in his collar.

Roxanne sees him, shoves her remaining Students out. She piles Will inside.

ROXANNE
What happened?

WILL
Nothing. Stupid Roxanne.

ROXANNE
Shut up. That cut's started to bleed.

She heads toward a sink in the back of the classroom.

WILL
I wanted to apologize.

ROXANNE
Will you shut up? Sit down.

Will slumps at a desk. Roxanne runs a towel under hot water.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)
So you gonna tell me what happened?

WILL
Some very large men and I had a disagreement about something very small. Like I said, stupid.

She comes over with the towel.

ROXANNE
Lift your head.

Roxanne dabs at his eyebrow.

WILL
Ow.

ROXANNE
(Wiping at the wound)
Hold still.
WILL
You do that very well

ROXANNE
Shut up.

He looks up at her

WILL
I'm sorry I'm so in love with you

She hesitates.

ROXANNE
I'm sorry I lied to you
(off Will's look)
I never sent you a letter I couldn't bear to

She pushes the damp hair back from his forehead

ROXANNE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Wry'd you have to come back?

INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lt-Governor Ages gazes out at New Chicago. Beyond, the great yellow-on-yellow checkerboard of farms. Behind her, Ash

OLIVIA
The protest is tonight?

ASH
Yes

OLIVIA
You plan to make arrests?

ASH
If necessary

The Lt-Governor turns and walks to her desk

ASH (CONT'D)
Are you having second thoughts?

OLIVIA
General Morris would say we're moving too quickly
ASH
General Morris is a brave soldier, but he was hopeless as a colonial officer. He got too close to the locals.

OLIVIA
Like Tom Hart.

ASH
Particularly Hart. Every revolution needs a leader. I'd say it's gonna be Hart, whether he wants the job or not. Humble him, and they'll all fall into line.

OLIVIA
What if he won't be humbled?

Ash feels something go cold in his belly.

ASH
Well well. Farmer Hart. I suppose I can see the appeal. A certain mulish strength. I think that's what they call it, a "mule."

OLIVIA
You're still angry at me.

ASH
Let's say, disappointed. I was hoping your assignment here was more than a coincidence.

OLIVIA
I'm here to do a job, David.

He nods.

ASH
So am I.

He turns to go.

OLIVIA
Be careful tonight. These are still Americans we're talking about.

ASH
I intend to remind them of that.
He goes

INT THE DOCKS - CHRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris is doing some long overdue research. He has a nagging suspicion about the bank loan. We catch a glimpse of 22nd century computing.

CHRIS
Show me First Financial. I want to know who's on the Board.

A genial electronic VOICE answers.

VOICE (V.O.)
Sure, Chris.

A quick succession of PAGES streams by. Nothing.

CHRIS
Any major stock activity. Big boys. I want to know who and when.

Another flurry of IMAGES. Chris scans them quickly.

Fred Allard, slapping on a coat, sticks his head in.

ALLARD
I'm reading down to the Federal Building. Tell your Dad if he wants to make a difference, he should be there.

CHRIS (distracted)
Sure.

Fred's mind is obviously elsewhere. As soon as Allard goes, he's right back to the computer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Update. Show me last week.

VOICE (V.O.)
Wait a minute. Wow! Is this what you're looking for?

An IMAGE of a document pops into view. ZOOMS into a crowded patch of tiny type. Still impossible to read.

CHRIS
Paraphrase.
VOICE (V.O.)
According to this, the entire assets of First Financial were recently - sorry, yesterday - re-registered as the property of Tyberg Trusts, Ltd

CHRIS
Who the hell is Tyberg Trusts?

A brief flurry of IMAGES The flutter settles on ONE particular FACE

ON CHRIS the light of the IMAGE reflected on his skin

VOICE (V.O.)
Well, will you look at that

CLOSE ON CHRIS he's looking

INT FORTIS APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY

Chris slams his FIST down on his grandfather's desk

CHRIS
You bought the bank?

We're in Fortis's office-study. Fortis is seated behind a vintage desk that right now belongs to a Rockefeller.

Jeffrey, standing beside him, goes into a defensive posture at the perceived threat. Fortis waves him off

FORTIS
Go away, Jeffrey. Get me an espresso
(to Chris)
Hey, I buy a lot of banks. Believe me, they appreciated it.

CHRIS
You son-of-a-bitch

FORTIS
I was only trying to help

CHRIS
Help? That was help? That was a knife in the back
PORTIS
You're angi-justifiably. When
you should be proud of yourself.
You saved the company.

CHRIS
Grandpa, I may be young, I maybe
thought I could do something I
couldn't, but I'm not an idiot.
You own the bank, you own the loan,
you own a chunk of the Hart
Company. That's what you want.

Fortis pulls a wad of documents out of a drawer.

PORTIS
Here. These're the papers for the
loan. I swear, on the memory of
your mother.

CHRIS
If you mention my mother again.

PORTIS
I swear, there are no other copies.
So now it's not a loan. It's a
gift. To my grandson, whom I
love. The future president of
Fortis-Hart Industries.

(off Chris)
You belong with me, Chris. You
know it.

CHRIS
Go to hell.

Chris slams the door. Jeffrey hands Fortis his espresso.

EXT ABOVE NEW CHICAGO - DAY

Chris pilots his sleek flyer through the aerial traffic lanes
of the city.

INT FLYER - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Chris reflexively tries to get his father on the car
Foldphone. The screen keeps showing a busy signal. No call
waiting for Tom.

In frustration, Chris turns his flyer toward a friendly
destination.
INT  CITY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Chris walks down a hallway looking for his fiancé's classroom. He finds it.

The door is ajar. Chris starts to step in. He stops.

CHRIS’S POV INSIDE THE ROOM, two people are sitting at a child's desk, embracing each other with the passion of long-lost lovers. WILL and Roxanne.

ON CHRISTIE’S confusion, shock, grief.

He turns and moves off quickly and quietly down the hallway.

INT  CITY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

WILL and Roxanne part for a moment, look at each other.

WILL
We have to tell him. We should have told him before.

She stares at him, then shakes her head, "no."

WILL (CONT'D)
Then let’s run away. I know places up North, so beautiful, Roxanne, we could live there, a long time.
There are rivers.

ROXANNE
I don’t want to run away. My life is here. I want to stay here.

She looks down. He knows what she’s thinking.

WILL
You can’t marry him. Not now.

ROXANNE
I don’t know what to do.

WILL
It’s better that he knows.

ROXANNE
No.

WILL
But you don’t love him.
She looks at Will

    ROXANNE
    I do   I do love him

    WILL
    But not like this

    ROXANNE
    (into his eyes)
    Of course not

    WILL
    Then you can't marry him

A long moment  she drops her head

    ROXANNE
    (softly)
    You shouldn't have left

His own words. Will stands  she's still holding his hand

    WILL
    (softly)
    Let go

    ROXANNE
    No

    WILL
    Please

She lets go  she turns and walks away

EXT  ABOVE NEW CHICAGO - DAY

Chris's flyer ROARS through the skies above New Chicago

1ST FLYER - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Chris  his eyes are red-rimmed, cheeks stained with tears  but the rest of his face is steel

END ACT SIX
ACT SEVEN

EXT FARM - EVENING - TO ESTABLISH

The sun is caught in the branches of the lone tree. The fields are a deep red-gold. Magic hour.

INT FARMHOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Emily is on her bed reading. Ginger curled up beside her. Tom stops in the doorway.

TOM

Just gonna head out for awhile.

EMILY

(still reading)
The woods?

Tom nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Maybe one day you'll tell me what's so interesting in there.

TOM

One day

(pause)

You're just gonna read and stuff?

EMILY

Yeah.

TOM

When I get back, maybe we can talk about this 'grounded' situation.

EMILY

Sure. But, it's fine, Dad.

he goes. She looks after him. Her expression changes. She has something other than reading in mind.

EXT THE WOODS - EVENING

"The woods" are a thick patch of pines about half-a-mile from the farmhouse. A stream runs through them. Tom stops at a familiar spot. He looks around. He is alone. Then, as if it's an old ritual, he gently touches the WEDDING RING on his left hand. From behind him, he hears a VOICE:

ANNE (OS)

Happy Valentine's Day.
the turns Anne is standing there, smiling Or rather, a very realistic POLOGRAM of Anne

TOM
(gently)
You always say that

The hologram smiles

ANNIE
Sorry I have to be away,
Sweetheart Do you like your present?

TOM
(by rote)
I love it

ANNIE
So what do you want to do tonight?

TOM
Stay here With you.

ANNIE
(sexy smile)
You read my mind.

TOM
Program freeze

The hologram freezes, smiling Tom crops his head

TOM (CONT'D)
Anne, I don’t know if I can keep doing it alone I’ve tried to keep us together All of us, but (pause)
Emily’s disappointed in me I can’t talk to Chris, I just keep hurting him And I think now, I’ve lost will (pause)
And we’re going to lose a lot more All our sons and daughters If I don’t stop it. But I can’t I can’t I can’t Anne.

he chokes on a sob

TOM (CONT'D)
I can’t keep living without you
Program resume
The hologram grins

ANNE
Tom, you're blushing. Don't worry,
I won't ravish you.

Anne reaches toward Tom. Her glowing hand passes through his face. She giggles.

ANNE (CONT'D)
How could I? I'm not really here.

The words strike Tom. He sinks to his knees. Anne stands over him, smiling; her weightless arms embracing empty air.

INT FORTIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fortis is eased back in a grand recliner, enduring a rejuvenating treatment at the hands of Jeffrey.

FORTIS
Thank you, Jeffrey. You may go.

The artificial leaves, passing Morgan as he exits. Morgan's done up for the evening, and breathtaking as usual.

MORGAN
You sure you don't want to come?

FORTIS
Make my apologies, dear. I can't stand opera. Even if I built the damned opera house.

MORGAN
You're missing something special.
Sandro's quite talented.

FORTIS
But at what, we wonder.

MORGAN
You're jealous.

FORTIS
Practical de costa too much. I'm sending him back on the next boat. We can do his Figaro in Basra.

Morgan's smile fades abruptly.
MORGAN
Don’t do that
(whisper)
Would it make a difference if I
told you I loved you?

FORTIS
No

Morgan leans close  FORTIS can smell her perfume

MORGAN
(whispers)
I’ll prove it to you

FORTIS
I think my grandson likes you

MORGAN
I know he likes me

FORTIS
What do you think of him?
(off Morgan)
You know, Johnny’s been a
disappointment to me

MORGAN
And?

FORTIS
I need your help with Chris
(pause)
It’s important to me, Morgan

MORGAN
What do I get?

FORTIS
(shrugs)
What do you want?

It’s obvious

FORTIS (CONT’D)
Be back in time for breakfast?

Morgan smiles, cooly

MORGAN
You’re a shit, Laurence

She goes  FORTIS grins
EXT  FARMHOUSE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

The moons are just up as Tom returns to the farmhouse

INT  FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ginger greets Tom at the door. She WHINES, draws his attention in.

Someone waiting for him in the living room. The young soldier, KEVIN

KEVIN
Colonel Hart. Sir. The door was open. I'm a friend of Will's.

TOM
Is he all right?

KEVIN
I was hoping I might find him here, sir.

TOM
What do you want?

KEVIN
It's about tonight, sir.
Apparently there's going to be a demonstration at the Bentes.

TOM
I'm aware of that.

KEVIN
My squadron has been ordered to establish a guard around the ship. Captain Ash believes there may be violence and he's preparing a response.

TOM
What kind of response?

KEVIN
If we're attacked, we're to defend ourselves and the ship by engaging the enemy.

TOM
"Engaging the enemy?" Why are you here?
KEVIN

I thought you might be able to stop what's about to happen, sir

The soldier is trembling

TOM

What's your name, son?

KEVIN

Kevin Sarno, sir

TOM

I knew a David Sarno in the war. He was with us in the mountains.

KEVIN

He's my father, sir.

TOM

I see.

Ginger whimpers again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Quiet, girl.

Ginger paws at him, insistently. Then Tom realizes what's the dog doing downstairs? The last he saw, she was with Emily.

Tom rushes upstairs to Emily's room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom at the door. The bedroom is empty.

Of Tom's face.

EXT. FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

An angry crowd surges around the pentes. Some of the protesters are waving the old American flag. In front of the ship, in a dark line, Federal soldiers, their rifles held tightly to their chests.

In the crowd, Emily, with her friends Melvin and Carver. Emily cups her hand over her mouth and shouts.

EMILY

Troops out now!

BLACkOUT

END ACT SEVEN
ACT EIGHT

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

By the time Tom arrives at the Federal Building, the demonstration is reaching critical mass. The FURIOUS crowd is massed in a dense semicircle in some places, protestors are right under the nose of the ship, only twenty feet from the impassive, well-armed Federal soldiers.

At the rear of the crowd, squatting by the concrete blast bumpers that ring the plaza, Damon, Trent and Connie eye the ship darkly. Each hides a PULSE RIFLE under his heavy coat.

Tom finds Allard. They have to SHOUT to be heard.

ALLARD
So you made it, good for you.

TOM
Have you seen Emily?

ALLARD
(Shocked)
She's here?

Tom grabs Allard by the arm. Together they push through the crowd toward the ship, searching.

INT USS BENTES - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Ash and a LIEUTENANT are watching the rally on a huge VIDSCREEN. The ship has no windows, but the vidscreen is so clear it gives the impression you're looking through one.

ASH
Time to say hello.

He touches a button.

ASH (CONT'D)
Citizens, you are in violation of
Department of Defense Directive
5109.

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Ash's VOICE echoes from the blank face of the ship.

ASH (V.O.)
You are required to remain at least
300 meters from all US military
equipment.

(MORE)
ASH (V O ) (CONT'D)
Comply at once, or you will be
subject to arrest and detention.

Angry SHOUTS from the protesters in response

Tom spots Emily. She's squeezed in with a group of Young
People as they drift toward the Federal line

TOM
  (shouting)
Emily!

No response. She can't hear him above the general DIN

With Allard at his side, Tom fights his way to his daughter.
People recognize him - make way - but he's still yards from
Emily.

Suddenly someone throws a BOTTLE at the ship

Tom sees it. So does Allard.

For a moment, it seems to hang in the air. What's in it?
Gasoline? Napalm? Something worse?

The bottle crashes into the face of the ship and sends a
shower of bear down one armored cheek.

Instantly, a THUNDEROUS SOUND like a synthesized foghorn
BOOMS as the BERTAS' auto-defense system kicks in.

Lethal-looking pulse cannons swivel into position. An
electronic VOICE intones

VOICE (V O )
Security of this vessel has been
compromised. A perimeter will now
be established to determine the
nature of the threat. Security of
this vessel has been compromised.

The message REPEATS like a mantra as a BRILLIANT GREEN LASER
CORONA ignites directly below the ship and slowly circles
outward, rippling along the concrete toward the protestors.

The crowd PANICS. Races backward, people tumbling against
each other.

Emily is thrown toward Tom, who stands against the surge to
grab her up in his arms.

EMILY
  Daddy, daddy.
Then Tom too, with Emily and Allard, is retreating, as the green CORONA forces the crowd away from the ship.

But one BOY stumbles and is left behind. It's Emily's friend, CARVER. Caught in the stampede, his leg's been broken. He lies GASPING, rigid with fear.

The LASER PERIMETER glides inexorably toward him as the crowd watches and then simply WASHES over him.

As it does, a brief MAN-SHAPED HOLOGRAM hovers above him, busy with code and information about the boy's identity.

Then the BEAM rolls on, forcing the rally back against the blast barriers.

INT  JSS BENTES - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

The same HOLOGRAM and INFORMATION are on Ash's vidscreen.

LIEUTENANT
Permission to fire, sir?

ASH
Of course not. We don't fire on children.

LIEUTENANT
{into a headset}
Arrest him.

ASH
Leave him where he is.

LIEUTENANT
But sir, he's in violation.

ASH
Leave him.

INT  FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Lt-Governor is watching the rally from her own vidscreen.

EXT  FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

The onward march of the LASER abruptly stops. The VOICE finally changes its message.

VOICE (V C)
Remain outside the perimeter. Violation of this order will result in immediate reprisal.
silence broken only by the cries of poor Carver, stranded in between the line of Federal troops and the protestors

A big man, REILLY, early 30's, steps forward

REILLY
Listen to me. People, listen. I don't know about you, but I couldn't live with myself another minute if I let those sons-of-bitches hurt one of our own. The fight starts here, it starts now, and it doesn't end till New America is free and!

MAN
New America!

CROWD
'New America! New America!' Reilly pumps the crowd

REILLY
If we die, we die free men! Who's with me?

Reilly grabs a Man, and pushes him toward the brilliant green line of the perimeter. He pulls another Man from the crowd

REILLY (CONT'D)
We go together!

The men start toward the green line, hesitate, afraid to cross it. Damon, Trent and Connie finger their rifles

Tom has had enough. He steps out, walks to the line himself. He says to the first man

TOM
You. Get away from there

He claps his hands as if he's on a football field

TOM (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go! All of you. Move!

The men obey him

REILLY
What the hell're you doin'? You gonna eat that boy die?
TOM
No one’s dying here tonight
Unless, maybe, you want to

He sweeps his arm in the direction of the ship.

TOM (CONT'D)
What'll you gain? Martyrdom? That
what you want? And maybe a war.

REILLY
we want a war

Someone in the crowd SHOUTS

MAN
Yeah, we want a war!

TOM
(roaring)
You want war? That what you want?
Have you forgotten what it is?
(pause)
Maybe some of you remember some
of you here fought with me. So you
know, you don’t go looking for war,
and you don’t welcome it. You beat
it back, with all your heart, all
your strength.
(pause)
But if you fail and you have to
fight - if we have to fight - we’ll
do it on our terms, not theirs.
We’ll do it right. We’ll do it to
war. I promise you that.
(pause)
But not here. Not now.

The crowd is quiet. Allard looks at his boss. The old hero
of the Mountain Campaign is back.

Tom goes to Emily. The crowd mulls around, unwilling to
abandon the protest, but swayed by Tom’s command. It all
depends on what Tom does next.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Emily)
I want you to stay with Fred.

ALLARD
What are you going to do?

Tom replies as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.
TOM
I'm going to get that boy.

He turns and walks back toward the perimeter line. Allard stares at him. So does Emily. So does everybody.

ON THE FEDERAL LINE, the SOLDIERS have been watching Tom's speech. One leans over and WHISPERS to his comrade.

SOLDIER THREE
Isn't that Thomas Hart? Colonel Hart?

SOLDIER FOUR
Yeah.

That soldier turns and WHISPERS to the man next to him. Tom's name is passed down the line.

INT USS BENTES - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ash watches Tom.

INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

So does Olivia Agnes.

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Tom approaches the perimeter. He doesn't hesitate, but walks right through it.

As his pants leg breaks the thin GREEN BEAM, the ship's GUNS immediately target him. A HOLOGRAM forms in air, spilling information in hieroglyphs.

The SOLDIERS in the line raise their weapons, doubt in their eyes.

Tom continues on. He reaches Carver. The boy has passed out from pain and exertion.

Tom gently lifts him in his arms, and stands, facing the enormous blind face of the Bentes.

INT USS BENTES - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ash faces Tom.

LIEUTENANT
Cannons are locked, sir. Shall we fire?
INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Olivia watches and waits

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Tom addresses the unseen Ash as if here were still in Fortis's library

TOM

Captain Ash, as a representative of the Port of New Chicago, I acknowledge your directive. My people will remain 300 meters from your ship at all times. I must inform you, however, that I intend to make a full complaint to the Office of Colonial Affairs, and that you will be named prominently in that complaint.

Everyone waits. Tom's bravado - or bravery - is appalling

INT USS BRENTE - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Lieutenant asks a final time

LIEUTENANT

Captain, your orders?

Ash doesn't reply

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Tom holds Carver closer. Calls up to the ship

TOM

Goodnight to you, sir.

Then turns and heads back to his own people.

The SOLDIERS hold their fire

INT USS BRENTES - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ash is silent. Defeated? Or not? Has drawn out his adversary. Was that his plan all along?

INT FEDERAL BUILDING - OLIVIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Olivia watches as, or her vidscreen, Tom is mobbed by grateful colonials. She smiles just a bit.
OLIVIA
Bravo

INT FORTIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeffrey opens the door to Chris, leads him to the library.
The library door is open. Inside, Fortis is going through some papers, and marking them up with an old-fashioned pen.

Chris pauses in the doorway. Fortis sees him.

ON CHRIS his face is scarred by disappointment and betrayal.

Fortis nods. Chris enters. Jeffrey closes the door.

INT FARMHOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom is tucking Emily into bed.

EMILY
I talked to Carver. He said to say "thanks."

Tom nods.

TOM
Good night, sweetie.

EMILY
Dad, I’m sorry I disobeyed your orders.

TOM
This isn’t the Army, Emily.

Emily smiles.

EMILY
Mom used to say it was a waste of life to get mad at people you love.
I wish I could be more like that.

TOM
Me, too. You want to give it a try?

EMILY
Deal.

He kisses her goodnight.
INT FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tom enters the kitchen to find Will pouring a cup of coffee.

WILL
She okay?

TOM
A little shook up

WILL
You want some of this?

TOM
Sure I’m not going to sleep anyway

He sits, heavily

WILL
I think maybe tomorrow I’m going to head back

He takes a few of Francesca’s cookies, pops one in his mouth. After the night’s ordeal, it’s heavy.

Tom’s surprised
For all their problems, he doesn’t want Will to go

WILL (CONT’D)
If I stay, there’s gonna be more trouble

TOM
There’s gonna be more trouble anyway. That shit is only the latest provocation. The next one’s going to be worse.

WILL
Yeah, well, there’re other things too.

TOM
Son, I know I’m not so easy to get along with, but.

WILL
No, it’s not you, I just have a few things to work out.

TOM
And you can’t work them out here?
WILL

No

TOM

I'm sorry to hear that. By the way, about what happened in the bar
I'm proud of you

They search for something else to say

WILL

I better pack

TOM

I'll drive you, tomorrow.

WILL

I can hitch

TOM

I'll drive you.

INT. FARMHOUSE - TOM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Tom enters his study. A message SCREEN is hovering above his desk. He's missed a call. Tom punches a few buttons.

After a moment, Gerald's face fills the SCREEN. Behind him, we can make out what looks like the bridge of another ship, and the glistening curve of the planet's upper atmosphere.

GERALD (ON SCREEN)

I tried to call you before I left.
But I guess you were busy.

TOM

A little.

GERALD (ON SCREEN)

I heard. I'm just grateful that no one got killed. Thanks to you.

(firm)

I'm gonna talk to the Secretary, Tom. I'll take it all the way to the White House if I have to.

TOM

If anyone can, you can.

GERALD (ON SCREEN)

Let's hope. One Revolutionary War is enough in any nation's history.
Behind Geralc, we hear a MUZZLED VOICE. One of his PILOTS

GERALD (ON SCREEN) (CONT D)
Just a second, Tom

He turns away. The pilot's VOICE is louder now. We can hear fragments of speech, "Surface incoming..."

GERALD (ON SCREEN) (CONT D)
(to pilot)
Are you sure?

A SIREN goes off on Geralc's ship.

TOM
What's going on?

GERALD (ON SCREEN)
(to Tom)
I gotta go, there's

A terrible look comes across Geralc's face: of realization, resignation and sadness - for all that's about to be lost.

GERALD (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
(softly)
Oh, he'll

Then his IMAGE vanishes, and the words TRANSMISSION LOST hover on the now-black SCREEN like an epitaph.

Tom punches buttons. Nothing.

Then a tremendous BOOM like a thunderclap rattles the house.

Tom rushes outside.

EXT FARM - NIGHT

Tom, a small figure silhouetted against a tremendous backdrop of stars, looks up.

High above, a gigantic HALO of greer and orange light is forming in the night sky. The familiar aftermath of an antimatter explosion.

CLOSE ON TOM. The eerie light beating against his face.

INT. FARMHOUSE - WILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will's been stuffing T-shirts into his backpack. He holds one in his hand as he watches the halo spread across the sky.
INT FORTIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sign above the city, Chris is watching it too. Behind him, Fortis. Chris takes a sip of wine.

INT USS SENTEBS - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

Now the halo is coalescing to a pinpoint of dripping light.

Captain Ash watches the transformation on his huge vidscreen.

INT CAT'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Cat sees it from a window in a downtown studio. She glances back at her work-in-progress, a glowing SCREEN propped up on a work table like a drafting board. Next to the screen is an old BOOK, cracked open at its title page: COMMON SENSE, by Thomas Paine. Programmed into the screen, the words TO THE INHABITANTS OF NEW AMERICA

EXT FARM - NIGHT

Tom witnesses the final stage of the ship's death. His friend's death. And the death of hope.

He sets his jaw.

INT FARMHOUSE - FRANCESCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In her bed, Francesca holds the blanket up to her chin. She stares forward, facing the window, eyes wide open, unseeing but seeing all.

we push IN on her face, and see, reflected in the dark pupils of her eyes, the new star

FRANCESCA

(whispering)

The beginning.

EXT FEDERAL PLAZA - NIGHT

Wind swirls around the sizzling edifice of the Sentes, sitting dark and silent on the empty plaza. A few papers, detritus from the rally, dip and dive in the night. Air. One scrap blows against the side of the ship. And sticks there.

It's a flag. The stars and stripes.

FADE OUT

END ACT EIGHT