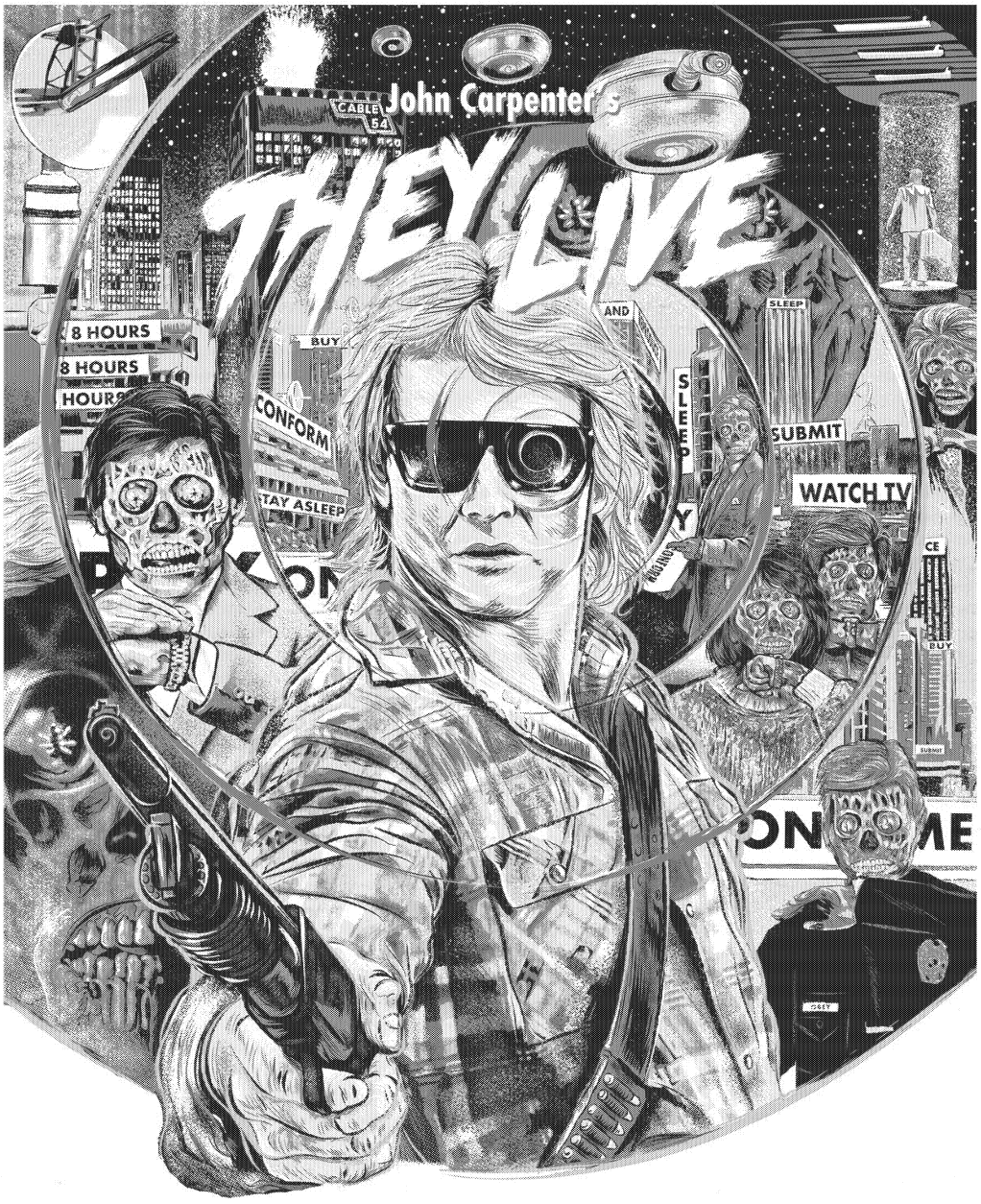
THEY LIVE



Screenplay by
Frank Armitage

Based on the short story
“Eight O’Clock in the Morning”

SHOOTING DRAFT

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THEY LIVE

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Based upon the short story

"Eight O'Clock in the Morning"

nc. Shooting Script

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

And within the depths of the valley
Where light reaches not
Move forms not meant to be beheld...

H.P. Lovecraft

REVISED

1 EXT. U

BEGIN M

CAMERA
beyond

CONTINUED:

NADA
Denver, Colorado. I worked
there for 10 years. Then
things just seemed to dry up.
They laid 14 banks in one week.

The Female Interviewer shoots him a sleepy glance.

NADA
So... well, I heard there was
work in California. I tried
San Diego. Yeahh' there.
Now I've come to L.A.

The Female Interviewer writes efficiently. Nada can he's making it -- bad.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
There's nothing available for
your slight now...

NADA
Well at least it's warmer
out here.
(beat)
Thank you very much.

CUT

CUT

11 OMIT

12 EXT. AI LIANCE STORE - STREE - NIGHT

CONTINUE MAIN TITLES. A BLACK STREET KID, 18, stands staring at TV ets on the other ide of a display window. All the sets are tuned to the same station: Cable 54. See the Cable 54 logo. Images of happy * Americans oicing, jumping up in the air and ipping hands in SLOW MOTION. ar pulsing, ELECTRONIC ISIC...

LOGO ANNOUNCER
America wants straight talk.
: need t truth. We know
who we are and what we believe
in. And Cable 54 is All- *
American.

Nada walks past, across a dark intersection...

13 OMIT

14 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Nada is tucked away against a retaining wall on a vacant lot. Other HOMELESS sleep around him. His sleeping bag spread out, he stares into the darkness...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

HIS POV: through the window of a nearby brownstone, see AN ELDERLY WOMAN sitting motion. is watching TV. On the screen a p: :ty INGENUE is emoting dre ily, accompanied by lodramatic MUSIC. We (ı just hear her dialogue...

INGENUE
(over TV)
Sometimes when I watch TV -- I stop being myself. I'm the star of a seri . I have my own talk show. Or maybe I'm on the news, getting out c a limousine -- ›ing someplace important. All I ever have to be is famous. People watch me and love ı I never grow old. I never die.

Nada looks away, glances up...

HIS POV: a police helicopter moving by over ıd...

END MAIN TITLES.

15 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A big construction site. A condo or apartment building is going up. MEN at work. Some heavy machinery. Hard sunlight.

Nada walks ›ross the site, up to the FOREMAN, a grim sunburned man in his 50's...

NADA
You need anybody?

A beat, as the Foreman looks Nada over...

FOREMAN
Maybe...

NADA
I got my own tools.

FOREMAN
This is a union job.

Nada glances over.

HIS POV: several CHICANO WORKERS nearby.

(CONTINU ı

15 CONTINUED:

NADA
So t n , I please talk to the shop st rd?

The Foreman just loc s at him...

NADA
Sir?

TIME CUT: Now Nada is working...

SERIES OF SHOTS. He carries heavy stuff.

Digs.

Sweats in the sun.

FRANK, 30's, black, big, works nearby. He looks up and over at Nada...

Nada looks k. They exchange glances...

TIME CUT: end of the day. Workers leaving. Sun getting lower in the sky.

The Foreman stops as Nada loads his tools into his bag...

FOREMAN
There's no sl pin' at the site -- so park your ass someplace else for the night.

The Foreman turns to walk away.

NADA
Excuse ..

The Foreman turns back to Nada...

NADA
Then when do I get paid?

FOREMAN
Thursday.

Although he doesn't like it much, Nada just watches as the Foreman strolls off... Now Frank comes up...

15 CONTINUED:

FRANK
Need a pla(to stay?

Nada doesn't reply. continues packing up his tools.

FRANK
Justic ille's over on 4th Street. T ~~get~~ ~~t~~ and showers.

Beat. No reply.

FRANK
m goin' that way -- if you nt me to sh you.

Nada gives no answer. Frank shrugs, moves on.

16 EXT. STREET - DAY

Frank walks long the street. A block behind him comes Nada, following. Frank turns, notices him, but keeps walking...

17 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Now Nada is just 30 or so feet behind Frank. Finally Frank stops. Waits for Nada to catch up...

FRANK
I don't like nobody followin' me -- 'less I know why.

NADA
(beat)
I don't join up with nobody -- 'til I see here he's goin'.

They stare at each other for a beat.

Then Frank grins...

18 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - DAY

Transient outpost.

A makeshift shower building.

18 CONTINUED:

Porto-potties.

A food lir stretches from the back of the truck. MILIES mostly. A few DRIFTERS. MS. All colors.

Sor very All-American looking FAMILIES are living out of their c s...

play n the field...

Anot : area of the field: tents are t up. Lean-tos. Sleeping bac spread around...

Nada take it all in, as he follows Frank up to GILBERT, 40's, Justiceville's main cop and handy man. He's working unloading old furniture from the back of a truck... *

RANK *
This is Gilbert. Anything you need, he knows how to find it.

GILBERT *
(to Nada)
Hi. Whaddya got in the pack? Tools?

NADA *
Yeah.

GILBERT
Great. If you can use 'em, we can use you. The shower's caving in...

TI CUT: Nada and Frank in the food line, filling their plates. A BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN serves them... * *

TIME CUT: Nada and Frank carry their food across the field, looking for a spot to eat...

FRANK
It's a miracle we all survive from day to day -- the world is so filled with assholes. I do assholish things too, but I don't do them deliberately...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

TIME CUT: ıda and Frank sit ıting their dinner...

FRANK
Got a wife and ids back
in Detroit. Ha 't een
in 6 months. S . mills
were in' off ople right
and left Th . ally
under.

Frank takes mouthful of food...

FRAI
We ve the steel companies
a t ık ıen they n ded it.
They gave themselves raises.
It's the Golden Ru. ıoever *
has the gold makes the rules. *

Now Frank stares out across the field...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

FRANK
If they close one mo: factory --
: should take a sledge to one
of their fancy fuckin' foreign
cars.

NADA
You got to ha a little
patience th life.

FRANK
Yeah, well I'm all out.

TIME CUT: Nad and Frank lk off their dinners, through the field of tents, sleeping bags and makeshift shelters...

FRANK
The whole deal's like so:
kinda crazy game. They put
you at the starting line and
the name of t game is to
make it through life. But
everybody's out for themselves
and tryin' to do you in at
the same time. "Okay, man,
here you are, do what you can.
But remember -- I'm gonna do
my best to blow your ass away."

NADA
It's deep in the race. Snake
brain. Everybody's got one.
Hidden way down -- under all
that love id peace.

FRANK
Yeah...
(beat)
So how you gonna make it?

NADA
I deliver a hard day's work
for my money. I just want
the chance. It'll come.
(beat)
I bel. /e in America. I follow
the rules. Everybody's got they're
own hard times these days...

19 CONTINUED:

Then we hear his voice, JUDDERING, DISTORTED, coming out of a wave of INTERFERENCE...

BEARDED-MAN
... our impulses are being redirected. We are living in an artifically induced state of consciousness that resembles sleep...
(INTERFERENCE)

Now Nada, the Drifter and the Family Man all wince slightly, as if they had been suddenly awakened out of a deep sleep.

DRIFTER
Goddamn hacker... Second time tonight this asshole's cut in.

BZZZT! And the AUDIO comes out of SIGNAL NOISE again...

BEARDED-MAN
... the movement began 8 months ago when we discovered, quite by accident, these signals being...
(INTERFERENCE)

Nada, the Drifter and the Family Man rub their heads, suddenly developing powerful headaches...

FAMILY MAN
This thing's giving me a headache...

DRIFTER
(wincing)
Hackers spend months figurin' this out. F.C.C. never catches 'em...

But something catches Nada's eye. He turns...

HIS POV: a few yards away stands the blind Street Preacher from the city park. His head tipped back slightly, he seems to have a strange, giddy smile on his face...

19 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - NIGHT

T: : CUT: Nada sits alone. On the 'imeter of Justiceville. Surreptitiously drinking a can of beer.

Campfires, flash-lights, the glow of mercury-vapor street-lights all :ound him.

Nada glances over...

HIS POV: a few feet vay Frank is asleep on top of an old mattress. He's wrapped in layers of blankets. SNORES.

Nada takes a last gulp of beer. Chucks the can in a paper sack. He glances up at the night sky...

HIS POV: the Goodyear blimp Columbia glides majestically above the city, blinking and crawling with computerized lights...

TIME CUT: Nada walks across the Justiceville field. He can't sleep. Wired and tired.

TIME CUT: the REC AREA. At the rear of the main shower building is a TV hooked up and plopped on top of an old clothes dryer.

A FAMILY MAN and a DRIFTER sit on kitchen chairs watching a commercial for press-on nails.

Nada stops here for a moment, all three men just staring blankly at the screen...

TV: a BEAUTIFUL UPSCALE GIRL plays tennis, jogs in an expensive outfit, rushes to rk in a nifty, trendy dress.

FEMALE VOICE
(soothing)
If you think you can't wear
press-on nails because of all
the active things you do...

BUZZZT...

Suddenly the commercial disappears into STATIC. Then another image pops on. We're looking at a BEARDED-MAN talking directly to CAMERA. He stands against a blank clapboard wall. The scene is amateurishly lit. There's no sound at first, just the BUZZING...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

Then : his voice, JUDDERING, DISTOF D, coming out * of a wave of INTERFERENCE...

RDED-MAN *
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headache...

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this out. F.C.C. never
catches 'em...

But something catches Nada's eye. He turns...

HIS POV: a few yards away stands the blind Street Preacher from the city park. His head tipped back slightly, he seems to have a strange, giddy smile on his face...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

BEARDED-MAN
(voice comes out
of [illegible])
... the poor and the underc[illegible]s
e gr[illegible]ing. Racial justice
and human rights are non-
exis[illegible]t. created
a[illegible]pressi[illegible]c[illegible]
a[illegible] their unwitt[illegible]complices...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

INTERFERENCE washes out the Bearded-Man's dialogue. *
Nada's looking over, staring...

CLOSER: on the blind Street Preacher...

N< see that he is actually <u>puthing the words in synch with the Bearde -Man, as if he's memorized them!</u>

BEARDED-MAN
... Their intention to rule *
rests th the annihilation
of consciousness. We have *
been lulled into a trance.
They've made indif: ent, *
to ourselves, to others. We *
a: focused only on our own
gain...
(INTERFERENCE)

EXTREME CLOSE: blind St: : Preacher...

His lips form the >rds along with the Bearded-Man, as if he's preaching a sermon on Sunday morning...

EARDED-MAN
... as long as they're not
discovered. That's t: .r
primary method of survival --
keep us asleep, keep us *
selfish, keep us sedated...

Now the Drifter's on his feet, shuffling over to the TV, his hand on the channel changer...

DRIFTER
Blow it out your ass.

CLICK. He changes over to another station showing an old movie... and <u>immediately the headaches disappear</u>.

FAMILY MAN
What was he talking about?

DRIFTER
Who cares? He's just some
puto gettin' hisself on TV...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

The family in and the Drifter return to their previous positions -- staring at the TV as if in some kind of tran .

Na looks over again...

HIS POV: the blind street Pre cher away from the Rec Area, toward the mair ntr & up to him. They t lk int isely as ads the * Street Preacher along... *

TIME CUT: the Justiceville field, as Nada ENTERS FRAME...

CAMERA MOVES WITH him across the f .d, slowly now, up to * the main entran ..

He looks...

HIS POV: Gilbert leads the Street Preacher to an old * clapboard church directly across the street: *

'AFRICAN METHODIST

EPISCOPAL FREE CHURCH'

Nada watches...

HIS POV: closer on the church...

See the Street Preacher and Gilbert enter a basement door * at the side.

Nada stares for a moment.

Curious.

Then slowly turns back into Justiceville...

20 EXT. CITY - DAWN

Swollen sun creeps up slowly past the horizon.

Silhouetting the city...

20A EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - DAY *

At the main rance. Nada comes up. He carries a lunch sack and his k of tools.

Gilbert walks arily across the t from the church into the main entrance, nodding a hello at a. He's n there all night...

ADA
Choir practice t on little late last night.

Gilbert ops, smiles...

GILBERT
Oh, the church lets us use their kitchen.

NAI
At 4 in the mornin'?

GILBERT
(pleasantly)
Hey, we're taking care of alot of people here...

Gilbert lks off, as Nada stares after him. Now Frank comes up, joins Nada, and they start for work...

21 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Nada and Frank walk on their way to work... *

FRANK
Used to think everybody le their own luck...

NADA
Sometimes...

FRANK
Up until the day you t wheeled into the hospital. That's when your luck stops.

22 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Nada and Frank as they enter the site...

(CONTINUED)

23 EXT. STREET - DAY

Now Nada and Frank walk home from work...

NADA
My wife had this toaster. You had to drop the English muffins in just right so they'd go down automatically. I couldn't get the English muffins to drop in. I'd stand there and drop 'em in easy. Then I'd drop 'em in hard. Then I'd slam 'em in. My wife says, "Look -- just like this." She picks up an English muffin, drops it in the toaster, it goes down right away. Not I was total bullshit.

24 INT. BAR - DAY

Nada and Frank have stopped off for a beer in a seedy local bar...

NADA
I go downstairs one morning before my wife gets up. The English muffins would not go down.

24 CONTINUED:

A : ene smile comes over Nada...

NADA
So I th: the toaster
ainst the wall. I picked
it up and threw it against
tl ll n. I kept
throwing. ainst wall
until I coul ow it
anymore. t hc
from the week,
man -- t ieces of
toaster everywhere. y
wife never says a rd.
She just looks at me. I
said, "The English muffins
wouldn't go down, honey --
y'kn "

25 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - NIGHT

Nada d Frank sit by their bedrolls. nother night in homeless America...

FRANK
Where is she now?

No reply.

FRANK
Ain't none of my business.

NADA
She went to start the car
one morning. Gas pedal stuck.
Full on. What do they call
it? "Unintentional acceleration".
Found her in a concrete wall.

FRANK
I'm sorry, man.

Nada. Another private smile. There's a resignation to him, but not bitterness...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

NADA
Don't be sorry for me. No u: in that. My name is John Nada. ada is the S| ish rd for "nothing". W] : got comin' to is already lanned out -- by somebody s
There's nothin' to be done about it. Like the turnin' of the earth.

26 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - DAY

Sunday morning.

A FEW KIDS play near a retaining wall on the perimeter. A 16-YEAR-OLD BOY looks thru an old, battered pair of binoculars...

HIS POV THRU BINOCULARS: LONG LENS VIEW sweeps Justiceville. Moving from PERSON to PERSON, tent to lean-to. STOP FOR A BEAT on Gilbert having a conversation with the Brown-Haired Lady who serves food, then the VIEW moves on. Suddenly the VIEW STOPS again on a CLOSE-UP of Nada, smiling INTO CAMERA, coming this way...

The 16-Year-Old Boy lowers his binoculars, looks up...

... as Nada walks by and smiles at him...

REC AREA: the TV is on. The Drifter, Family Man and his 14-YEAR-OLD SON stare at the screen, again as if hypnotized. Gilbert walks up, begins work nearby on some sort of storage cabinet. A beer commercial in on TV...

Now STATIC starts again. The commercial goes in and out -- until the Bearded-Man suddenly pops on again. The hacker.

DRIFTER
Not again.

It's the same location for the hacker -- a blank wall behind him, amateur lighting and sound quality...

BEARDED-MAN
... They control the American dream. They are buying off the executive class and anyone else who dreams of being powerful, rich, conservative...

The viewers in the Rec Area wince -- again as if they have been painfully awakened from some kind of trance.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

More STATIC, as the Drifter's on his feet, moving over to change the channel...

DRIFTER
is guy's makin' me wanna puke...

Don't change it.

The Drifter stops, looks...

Nada's walked up...

14-YEAR-OLD SON
Daddy, I have headache.

Nada looks over...

HIS POV: as Gilbert stares intently at the screen... *

BEARDED-MAN
... they're dismantling the * sleeping middle class. More * and more people are becoming * poor. We're their cattle. * We're being bred for slavery... *

The Drifter's hand is hovering by the channel changer...

DRIFTER
(to Nada)
I just can't take this crap.

NADA
Wait.

BEARDED-MAN
... We can't break the signal. Our transmitter isn't powerful enough. I must shut off the signal at its source.

Suddenly the image disappears into HARSH STATIC, replaced by a card: 'PLEASE STAND BY'... Then a car commercial comes on... *

26 CONTINUED:

Everyone sud[illegible]ly comes out of their pain. Headaches gone. *

FAMILY MAN
Can somebody please expl[illegible]n to me at the [illegible]ll that's [illegible]l about?

DRIFTER
Just that idiot lickin' his nuts again...

But Nad[illegible]'s watching...

HIS POV: as Gilbert hurries [illegible]y from the [illegible]: Area, toward the main entrance... *

MAIN ENTRANCE: as Nada walks up, HEARS "Rock of Ages" as sung by a black choir and congregation, SOARING and SWELLING, coming from...

HIS POV: the AME Free Church across the street. Sunday morning services seem to be underway. And there's Gilbert entering the main doors into the sanctuary. *

CLOSER ANGLE: the church, as Nada moves up to the curb, down the sidewalk, around to the side of the church. *

Nada stops. Looks...

HIS POV: that side door to the basement is open slightly.

Nada stands there. Looking at it. He moves his gaze...

HIS POV: the windows of the church. "Rock of Ages" continues from the unseen congregation and choir inside. *

Nada. Thinks about it. Do I or don't I? Glances around. No one nearby. I do. He starts toward the door.

HIS POV: MOVING TOWARD the basement door... *

27 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

The door slowly opens. Nada peeks in. Looks around. No one here. He quietly steps in.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

A FULL SHOT reveals stacks of cardboard boxes piled around everywhere. And all the windows have been boarded-up from the inside. *

Nada silently explores. Just past the stacks of cardboard boxes is a small area in the middle of the basement. What looks like a third college chemistry lab has been set up on a long table. All sorts of strange equipment. Glasses flames. Stacks of optical glass. Cutting tools.

Nada looks it over, glances up...

HIS POV: past the lab set-up, more cardboard boxes, and written across one wall of the basement in shaky, painted letters:

'They live.

We sleep.'

Nada moves toward the wall, then spots an old reel-to-reel tape deck sitting on a chair. Wires run from the tape deck up to the ceiling, through a hole, into the sanctuary above. Nada's eyes follow the wires up...

28 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

CLOSE ON the wires coming up through a hole in the floor. CAMERA FOLLOWS the wires to a set of speakers. "Rock of Ages" is playing VERY LOUDLY...

NOW CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL a video camera and a couple of lights. Then the blank wall -- the set for that video hacker.

CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL the sanctuary. There's no church service going on. Nobody sitting in the pews. Just a small microwave transmitter pointed out one of the windows!

8 PEOPLE sit at a table near the front. Mostly Black and Latino. A couple Asians. And the Bearded-Man! And, of course, Gilbert. There's an urgent meeting going on here. * *

*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

GILBERT *
We have to [illegible]e facts. Only a f[illegible] seconds got on the air. It's time to for[illegible] about breaking in on top of their signal -- t[illegible]'l going to jam us out [illegible]ain and again...

BEARDED-MAN *
Then [illegible] have to move the shipment out on the street.

GILBERT *
No, no. It [illegible]n't work that way. We've been all through this...

BEARDED-MAN *
We don't have any other choice.

29 INT. BASEMENT

Now Nada's listening, trying to hear the faint VOICES from above. He leans back, straining to hear, touching the wall behind him...

29 CONTINUED:

WHAM! A panel in the ll suc enly falls o n! Revealing more cardboard boxes tucked away 'n a little cubby hole!

Na . Frozen. Listening. Rock of A s" continues from the tape deck, ECHOING LOUDLY from above. Maybe no one heard him...

30 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY

No one did...

GII ERT
We can keep robbing banks and manufacturing Hoffman lenses till e're blue in the face, but we're just not gonna get the spread...

31 INT. BASEMENT

Quickly Nada moves the wall panel back into place. Jams it in hard, so it won't fall again. He tries it a couple times. The fucker won't move...

Now he steps back quietly, moves for the door...

WHAM!

The blind Street Preacher is standing right behind him, reaching out to grab his arm!

It scares the shit out of Nada! He jumps back, out of the Street Preacher's grip...

NADA
Whoa!

Nada continues to back away...

NADA
Sorry. Just leavin'. Just nted to close your door. Didn't want nobody breakin' in. Neighborhood watch...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

The Street Preacher moves slowly toward Nada...

STREET PREACHER
Let me touch your face.

And now the Str :her's coming up to Nada, putting his hands on Na face, running the end of his fingers across h 's c

STREET PREACHER *
Good... Your hands...

He takes Nada's hands and feels t calluses... *

STREET PREACHER *
You're a working man.

31 CONTINUED:

Nada backs away, as the Street Preacher reach s in his coat, fumbling around for something...

STREET PREACHER
It's the revolution. Let me show you...

NAD
May some other time, I really gotta be goin'...

And Nada quickly steps to the door...

STREET PREACHER
This orld may have blinded me, but the Lord s me see. You'll be back.

32 EXT. SIDE OF CHURCH

Nada emerges from the basement, as a WHOPPING eps overhead...

HIS POV: a police helicopter THUMPS BY right over the church, only about 100 feet in the air...

Nada moves away from the church, back to the street...

HIS POV: now, through the main doors, Gilbert and a Black Man step out, look up. They both wear sunglasses. Now Gilbert looks over at Nada...

Nada, keeps walking, looking at Gilbert...

33 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE

Nada moves back to the main entrance. Stops. Looks back.

HIS POV: the main doors. Gilbert and the Black Man duck back inside...

As that WHOPPING SOUND draws Nada's gaze upward again...

HIS POV: the police helicopter makes a second low-level pass over the church...

34 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE

In f.g., bull session is going down.

Frank sits with the Family Man and the Drifter. *

In b.g., as the dialog plays, see Nada walking from the main entrance toward the field -- where those kids are playing. Frank notices him go by...

DRIFTER *
I've been hearin' somethin' on the street last couple weeks. Weird stuff. Sort of kind of epidemic of violence is what they're sayin'...

FAMILY MAN *
Who's saying?

DRIFTER *
Mostly guys driftin' through from out of town. I was talkin' with this one old boy from San Anselmo. Says there's some kinda cult up there. End of the world sort of thing. Mostly in small towns up north. Not in the big cities yet...

FAMILY MAN *
What are they doing?

DRIFTER *
Just raisin' hell. Shootin' people up, robbin' banks. Same old thing as always. People goin' nuts over some crazy dream they just had.

THE FIELD: Here the 16-Year-Old with the binoculars palys, as Nada comes up to him...

NADA
Can I borrow those for awhile?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

BACK TO THE BULL SESSION:

DRIFTER
You wanta know t truth, this kind shit happens at the end or every century. Just people sc d of the future, that's l it is.

During this, Frank looks over...

FRANK'S POV: RETAINING at the perimeter. Nada is half-crouched behir t ll, looking through those binoculars...

REATINING WALL: CLOSE on Nada, as he itches...

HIS POV: THRU BINOCULARS -- the side of the church.

Another station wagon is parked by the basement door. Gilbert and the Black Man each carry several of the cardboard boxes from the basement to the open trunk. They are hurrying along. "Christ the Lord Has Risen Today" comes from inside the church...

Nada, as Frank comes up...

FRANK
What's happening?

NADA'S POV: THRU BINOCULARS, as Gilbert closes the trunk and begins a hurried conversation with the Black Man...

NADA
I was inside there awhile ago. Lots of cardboard boxes. Some kinda lab setup.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

FRANK
Whaddya mean?

NADA
(still looking)
There's no singin'. It's a tape order.

NADA'S POV: THRU BINOCULARS, as the Black Man jumps in the station wagon and pulls away from the church, into the street, rushing away. PAN BACK as Gilbert disappears back into the basement... *

FRANK
Leave it alone, man. Ain't none of my business, ain't none of yours.

NADA *
(keeps looking thru binoculars)
Our boy Gilbert's over there helpin' 'em.

FRANK
I got a job now and I plan on keepin' it. I'm watchin' the white line all the time. I don't bother nobody, nobody bothers me. You better start doin' the same.

NADA
(still looks thru binoculars)
White line's in the middle of the road. Worst place to drive.

But Frank's made up his mind...

FRANK
I'll see you later...

He turns, walks away, and we HOLD on Nada just watching...

[No for budgeting id scheduling purposes, consider the descriptions on pages 30 through 7 : being 1 full page each.]

35 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - NIGHT

Frank sits by his bedroll. Glances over...

FRANK'S POV: Nada, still by that retaining wall at the perimeter, still looking through th binoculars...

Frank. He looks ay. No way he's getting involved...

RETAINING WALL: Nada's been here all day. He's watching...

HIS POV: THRU BINOCULARS. That basement door.

Now the THUMPING of another damn helicopter...

CAMERA WHIP PANS UPWARD as Nada's BINOCULAR VIEW SWINGS UP...

...AND STOPS on a police helicopter. Moving by slowly. 50 feet above the church. The binoculars have brought the helicopter INTO CLOSE-UP...

...and now we see A POLICE SHARPSHOOTER crouched in the rear compartment, staring down...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Na l('s the binoculars. Stunned. Stares up at the helicopter. Then back down at the church. Binoculars up again...

HIS POV: THRU BINOCULARS. The basement door swings open.

5 MEN come racing out! *

Hauling ass around to the parking lot...

And now the blind Street Preacher is led out by the Bearded-Man and Gilb :t. They mo' quickly ay from the church. * Across the street toward Justiceville!

Nada, lowering the binoculars, looking...

HIS POV: main trance , s the Street Preacher, Bearded-Man and Gilbert enter Justiceville... *

35 CONTINUED:

Nada puts tl binoculars to his eyes again, looks over...

HIS POV: THRU BINOCULARS. The street down from the church.

A POLIC: .T TEAM, bl :k uniforms, automatic weapons, moves t(: the churcn!

CAMERA WHIP PANS ACROSS as the BINOCULAR VIEW SWINGS BACK TO...

The church.

3 cars ROAR out of tl parking lot. Down the street, away from the police...

A couple Men run into the neighborhood, down alleys...

Frank. By his bedroll. He looks up...

FRANK'S POV: the circling helicopter above Justiceville...

Now Frank gets up, as several PEOPLE around him stir...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Nada. Looking through binoculars...

HIS POV: the church.

The Swat Team arrives! Storms the church! In f.g., police cruisers SCREECH IN, bubble lights flashing!

Nada. On his feet. Moving n[illegible] Seeing...

HIS POV: the Street Preacher being led by Gilbert and the Bearded-Man across the field, moving furt[illegible] into the interior of Justiceville. See PEOPLE waking up, jumping to their feet... *

The Family Man and his Son... On the move. Confused. Scared...

The Drifter. Staring. Something near the main entrance has his attention.

Nada. Moving. Looks over...

HIS POV: main entrance...

Police cruisers pull up. Flashing lights...

A SQUAD OF RIOT COPS arrive at the entrance. Helmets. Riot shotguns. Storm troopers. They move through the entrance...

Nada. Moves out into the field now. People are starting to run...

Frank. Looking up...

FRANK'S POV: the police helicopter is coming down...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Frank. Moves quickly to gather up his bedroll and tools...

Nada. Looking up at the helicopter. Foll ing it down...

HIS POV: the field, as the helicopter lands...

Nada. Moving now. Wind and dust swirling. Blown by the rotor blades...

HIS POV: main entrance. Now a bulldozer comes RUMBLING IN, its shovel lowering...

Nada. Moving...

Frank. Moving. Looks over, sees...

Nada. And he sees Frank...

But Frank quickly turns the other way -- and moves off!

Nada. Tries to follow after him. The dust and smoke obscure his vision. People run in terror around him!

The Squad of Riot Cops. Moving in a line. Rousting everyone...

The bulldozer. Moving through Justiceville. The shovel wiping everything out. Levelling the place. Grinding through the transient outpost -- crunching tents, lean-tos, the whole 9 yards...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Nada. Moving. Smoke now... Wild panic all around him. He looks...

HIS POV: through the smoke, Gilbert yells something to the * Street Preacher and Bearded-Man, then takes off in another direction. The Bearded-Man helps the Street Preacher over * a retaining wall...

Nada. Moving off...

The Drifter. Running from Cops, now seems to be trapped * by them at the shower area...

The helicopter takes off again...

Riot Cops marching through Justiceville...

Nada, running now...

HIS POV: MOVING TOWARD the retaining wall...

Now up to the wall, over it...

36 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND JUSTICEVILLE - NIGHT

PEOPLE running! Drifting smoke. Nada enters. Looks.

HIS POV: the Street Preacher and the Bearded-Man hurry toward one end of the alley...

SUDDENLY they are surrounded by Riot Police!

Nada, ıtching...

HIS POV: through the noke, see the Riot Police move in fast, begin CLUBBING the Street Preacher and the Bearded-Man! The beating is blunt -- violent -- fast! Now the Street Preacher and ırded-Man fall to the pavement, surrounded by the ring of Riot Cops pu ›lling them, bludgeoning them to death!

Nada, as he is splashed with a powerful light from above...

HIS POV: that police helicopter moves over the alley, ıts Night Sun searchlight flickering ›wn...

Nada. Ducks out of the searchlight. F ıs down the other direction...

HIS POV: other end of the alley. A line of Swat Police start moving in on the Homeless rushing to get out... The alley is blocked from both sides. SCREAMS! Pandemonium!

(CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

Nada. He's trapped. He ducks into a small cul de sac.

No ay out. He looks around fr tically...

Suddenly flattens himself against the wall...

... ; that Night Sun . ırchlight s ps through the cul sac, mi ing hi

N(Nada moves behind some bc s...

... and there's t 16-' .r-Old Boy with the binoculars cowering in fear ıinst a wall. *

NAI *
Come on!

Nada grabs him, carries him to a half open window, climbs through... *

37 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGH

Nada enters a dark, crumbling hallway carrying the boy. *

Plac looks de r i. Doors hanging open. Wall per ripped. Nada i the boy ve on down the hall, stop * at an open door, enter...

38 INT. TENE NT RO - (

No lights. The room is completely trashed. Floor strewn .th garbage. But there are others hiding in here...

The Family Man and his Son, terrified, clinging to each other in the corner... *

A JUNKIE, eyelids fluttering, cigarette with a long * ash hanging from his lips, lying against a ll. He's higher than a ite...

BLACK JUNKIE
Come on in, man. Join the party...

Nada looks around. Takes the 16-Y r-Old Boy and gives him * to the Family Man. Moves to a wall. Hunkers down...

BLACK JUNKIE
Somebody start rld War III?

NADA
(whispers)
Shut-up.

They all look at him. At e h other.

As the SCREAMING, RUNNING SOUNDS of panic from outside continue, mixed in with the ROARING WHIRR of those police rotors...

HOLD.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. JUSTICEVILLE - DAY

Morning.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

Quiet.

Utter, complete desolation. Justiceville has been razed.

No buildings stand. The place is a ruin. Smoke drifts. A few HOMELESS pick around, looking for their stuff. Others stand ized, broken...

REC AREA: torn apart, except the TV has been spared. It's still on. A fashion show...

FASHION ANNOUNCER
Haut nde's collection puts passion before fashion. Dash and trash are back. Out goes glitter and in comes divine excess...

Nada walks along. Taking it all in...

Now Nada stops by the spot where his bedroll once lay. It's ripped apart, half buried under dirt. His tool bundle is split open, tools gone...

He stares a moment. Then looks up.

His face is a mask. Eyes staring.

40 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The AME Free Church. Quiet. Front doors torn off. Smoke drifts out of the sanctuary. Windows shattered. The place has been gutted.

Nada drifts across the street. Cars drive past. RUBBER-NECKERS slow to check things out. But life goes on, and they drive away...

Nada moves around the side of the church.

The basement door has been ripped off its hinges. It lies on the ground...

A FEW BLACK NEIGHBORS stand in the parking lot, staring mutely at all the damage...

Now Nada moves for the basement door...

41 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

: steps inside.

The boards have been stripped off the windows.

All the boxes a: gone.

Nada moves through...

Lab set-up. Gone. Broken glass on the floor.

Tape recorder. Go: .

The graffitti on the wall has been painted over with white paint.

Nada. Thinking. Moving for...

That panel in the wall. It's still in place!

Nada bends down. Bangs on the panel. He did a good job before. It won't budge.

Nada stands up, glances out a window. No one nearby.

Back to the panel. Nada puts his whole body into it. Straining...

CA-CRACK! The panel falls open...

...and those cardboard boxes are still inside, hidden in that little cubby hole!

42 EXT. CHURCH - BASEMENT DOOR

Nada peers out. He has one cardboard box tucked under his arm.

Now he ducks back inside...

...as a police car slowly cruises by the church, slowing, then moving on again...

A beat, and then Nada comes out of the basement...

He runs to the rear of the church. The Black Neighbors watch him move through the parking lot, duck down a space between houses, away into the neighborhood...

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. NORTH MAIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Nada mo' s across the bridge. He's on the edge of the Central City. Factories, vacant lots, freight yards, warehouses stretch in the distance. He moves on toward the downtown LA skyscrapers...

44 EXT. :N 5TH STREETS - DAY

Nada walks down the dirty Skid Row street,] :t a couple WINOS :leep on the si valk...

45 EXT. LARGE ALLEY - DAY

A better section of town n as Nada ducks into a long, wide alley connecting two busy city streets.

Nada stops. Spots little niche -- a cul de sac off the main alley. He steps in.

A trash dumpster and several large metal trash cans provide a barrier from the alley. It's a prime spot -- secret and private.

Nada hunkers down behind the dumpster.

Stares at that cardboard box.

A beat, and then he rips it open...

INSERT: as the lid of the box flips open -- revealing 20 or so pairs of sunglasses -- all the same style -- simple frames...

Nada. He just stares at the sunglasses.

Is this what this is all about?

He takes a pair out of the box. Looks at them. Then just flops back gainst the wall, exhausted, confused.

He sits for several beats. Looks at the glasses again.

Then he gets up.

Takes the cardboard box of sunglasses, goes to one of the metal trash cans, buries the box down deep among the rubbish.

46 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Nada comes out of the alley, starts walking down the street. He carries the sunglasses in his hands...

Now he puts on the sunglasses...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the sidewalk. Everything looks weird. Everything's black and white. Flickering. Grainy. And some kind of weird interference moves across the lenses of the sunglasses...

Nada. Suddenly he gets a headache. He takes off the glasses. Now the headache's gone. He looks at them. Examines them again. Puts them back on...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a billboard across the street. The flickering effect again...

...and the billboard is odd: it's completely blank, white, except for bold, black printing:

'WORK 8 HOURS
SLEEP 8 HOURS
PLAY 8 HOURS'

Nada. A headache again. He takes off the glasses...

HIS POV: the billboard. Normal. Color. And now the billboard shows an advertisement for a home computer. We see a stylish, high-tech computer, its screen showing vibrant business data. Bright lettering:

'ZEUS...

WHEN EXCELLENCE
MATTERS...'

Nada. Stunned. What the...?

He puts the sunglasses on again...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white). That weird effect again. And printed on the billboard, somehow underneath the home computer ad, like some subliminal message:

'WORK 8 HOURS
SLEEP 8 HOURS
PLAY 8 HOURS'

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Nada rips off the sunglasses, looks over...

HIS POV: another billboard. Normal. Ad showing a Handsome Bronzed Man and an Incredibly Sexy Woman in a bikini cavorting in a fancy hotel swimming pool. Printed in glitzy letters:

'LAS VEGAS

THE GOOD LIFE'

Nada, as he raises the sunglasses again...

HIS POV: the second billboard. Normal. UP INTO FRAME come the sunglasses -- and WHAM! (Black and white) The billboard changes to:

'MARRY AND

REPRODUCE'

Now the sunglasses SLIDE DOWN OUT OF FRAME, and everything becomes normal again. Color. And there's the Las Vegas advertisement...

Nada just stands there a moment.

Dazed.

He doesn't know what he's seeing. He starts walking -- stops at a men's clothing store. A sign above the door reads:

'ARMISI'S

MENS APPAREL'

Nada puts on the sunglasses...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Mens Apparel sign now reads in bold black letters:

'NO

INDEPENDENT

THOUGHT'

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Nada looks d(...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a sign in the window reads:

'CONSUME'

Off come the sunglasses, and (in color) now t sign reads:

'CLOSE-OUT SALE'

Now Nada starts looking all around. He's stunned by what he sees...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a stop sign. Blank. White. Reads:

'SLEEP'

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a pedestrian crossing sign now reads:

'NO THOUGHT'

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a stop light. All 3 lights are pulsing hypnotically in unison. Mounted on top of the stop light is a small surveillance device like a radar dish, slowly rotating...

Nada moves raggedly down the street, to a newspaper stand. He stares...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black nd white), the newsstand. On all newspapers and magazines, pictures and text have disappeared! Only white pages with:

'CONFORM'

'OBEY'

Nada takes a magazine out of the rack. He flips through the pages...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white). We see that all the pages inside are blank too, except for:

'CONFORM'

'WATCH TV'

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

'OBEY'

'BUY'

'DO NOT

QUESTION

AUTHORITY'

...one slogan per page, printed in bolt type.

Nada lowers the sunglasses...

HIS POV: (color), the magazine returns to normal, filled th ad art, print, pictures...

Nada slides the sunglasses back on, as the shoulder of a WELL-DRESSED CUSTOMER moves INTO FRAME. He's a business-man, reaching for a copy of the Wall Street Journal...

Nada looks at him. And his reaction is amazing! It's either God or the Devil he sees...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Well-Dressed Customer is a hideous ghoul! An alien! He's still dressed in the nice suit and tie, but his skin is rotted, disintegrating, flesh corrupt, black-rimmed eyes -- like the living dead, a horror! And as he speaks, his jaw moves and you can see through to the back of his head!

WELL-DRESSED
CUSTOMER GHOUL
What's your problem?

Nada whips off the sunglasses...

HIS POV: (normal, color) now the Well-Dressed Customer is simply a well-to-do middle-aged man looking at Nada stonily -- a brilliant disguise!

WELL-DRESSED
CUSTOMER
I said what's your problem?

Nada just stares at him...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

The Well-Dressed Customer turns y, goes o' to pay disheveled-looking VENDOR, as Nada r .ses the sunglasses again...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) as the Well-Dressed Custo r Ghoul shoots him a suspicious glance and pays the human-looking Vendor, then moves off...

Nada pul] do the glas: ...

HIS POV: (normal, color) the Vendor doesn't change. He's human -- with or thout the lasses. He moves toward Nada now...

VENDOR
You gonna pay for that?

Nada puts on the sunglasse ...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black id white), the Vendor is still human, but the dollar bills in his hand are blank, except for:

'THIS IS YOUR GOD'

Down come the sunglasses, and the money returns to normal.

Nada looks over...

HIS POV: (normal, color) as the Well-Dressed Customer walks * to his Mercedes. He drops a full paper on the sidewalk, * keeps the business section, gets into the car. Sunglasses * come up OVER FRAME (black and white) and now it's a Well-Dressed Hideous Ghoul who shoots Nada a final glance...

VENDOR
Hey, buddy -- I don't want a hassle, okay? Either pay me or put it back...

Nada numbly puts back the magazine. He's moving on auto pilot now, staggering past the Vendor who looks at him curiously. Moving on down the street...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a BUSINESSMAN GHOUL, same awful face, stands at a pay phone... *

BUSINESSMAN GHOUL *
Don't worry, the insurance company will take care of it.

(CONTIN( )

46 CONTINUED:

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) bus stop. Instead of the familiar advertising, tl re slogans:

'STAY ASLEEP'

'WATCH TV'

An ELDERLY MAN id an ASIAN WOMAN it for the . They seem dazed, asleep -- but ANOTHER BUSINES: N GHOUL is a creature who hits a vending machine and gets a free U.S.A. Today... *

HIS POV: HRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a fancy Cadillac waiting for the light to cl ge. A GHOUL WOMAN talks to a HUMAN ELDERLY WOMAN in the passenger seat.

GHOUL WOMAN *
Can you believe? She didn't even go to La Mas class. I told her, for yourself and for the baby, go.

Off come the sunglasses -- (normal, color) revealing a now-human-looking RICH WOMAN in the place of the ghoul. She throws trash through the car window into the street. * Back on with the sunglasses (black and white), yep, she's a ghoul, but the passenger isn't...

Nada glances into a beauty : on window...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) a WOMAN GHOUL sits under a hair dryer. HUMAN WOMEN sit next to her, oblivious...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a CHICANA HAIRDRESSER, human, combs out the long tresses of a DARK-HAIRED GHOUL LADY...

Nada moves along the street now, comes to the entrance of a large convenience market. He stares at all the signs and advertising, then wanders inside...

INT. CONVENIENCE RKET - DAY

Nada enters, moves past the ARAB CLERK behind the main counter -- staring at the store.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

A portable TV is on the counter. Nada looks over it...

HIS V: THRU SU SES (black and white), a PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE GHOUL rs y, inhuman jaw flexing, half-finished skin over skull flexing, witch-like fingers moving...

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE GHOUL
(should sound like Pat Robertson)
The feeling is definitely t! It's a new morning in America. Fresh. Vital. The old cynicism is gone.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

As he talks, there is a constant, pulsing SIGNAL being broadc st th-ough the TV!

PRESIDE! AL CANDIDATE GHOUL
: have faith in our leaders --
in old-f nioned va:
optimistic as to wh:
it ll ;
to our ability to aceept. We
don't need ssimism. The
are no limi . We must look to
the strengtn of our nation --
our ideals -- a vision. e
don't want to just survive --
we want to succeed...

CLOSE on Nad . During the Candidate Ghoul's dialogue, we intercut a SERIES OF SHOTS of the convenience market s it looks through the sunglasses...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) -- all the products, packaging, signs -- everything in the store that once had a lat . or a picture or a brand name is now just blank with slogans:

'CONFORM'

'BUY'

'OBEY'

'CONSUME'

'SUBMIT'

CLOSE DETAIL SHOTS...

POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) 2 HUMAN SHOPPERS, working class women, move somnambulistically through the aisles. A GHOUL SHOPPER dressed in an expensive jogging suit gets himself some Yogurt... *

POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) 2 GHOUL LADY SHOPPERS chat at the wine section... *

1ST GHOUL LADY SHOPPER *
I was shocked she served
blue corn tortillas -- that's
so dated...

(CONTINUED)

POV: THRU JNGLAS: (black id white) a DEPRESSED HU N SHOPPER, man in his 40's, and a PERKY GHOUL SHOPPER, .e, stand by the :ozen food section... *

DEPRESSED HUMAN *
I don't know what to do...

PERKY GHOUL *
l ', go for it, :).

POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) a LADY GHOUL breaks in line in front of a LATINO LADY (human)... *

LADY GHOUL
I just have a couple things...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

Na . Standing there. Sunglasses on. Taking it all in...

Something happens to Nada. He changes. This big "Oh, now-I-get-it" grin...

He's liberated, somehow. Crazy. He' been transformed into a f k. mi nervous litt boy. en talks, it's like someone listening to earphones -- they can't tell that they're talking louder than usual...

NADA
It igures it uld turn out to be somethin' like this -- with all the bullshit in the world.

The Arab Clerk looks at him...

Other Shoppers, including the now-human-looking JOGGING SUITED MAN, stare...

A RICH LADY in a fur coat co s around a corner, pushing her cart... *

And the bottom of her cart SMACKS into Nada's shin! *

The Rich Lady glances up at him, annoyed that he's in the way... *

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Rich Lady is really a RICH LADY GHOUL...

NADA
You look like your head fell in the cheese dip -- back in 1957.

Nada turns to a CUBAN LADY looking fearfully at him...

NADA
You don't. You're okay. But this one...

He points directly at the Rich Lady...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

...real fuckin' ugly!

Shoppers begin moving way from Nada. He's obviously crazy.

NADA
See, when I take these off, you look just li a person.
(he lowers sunglass: s)
But when I whip 'em back on...
(flips t) up)
...formaldehyde face.

ARAB CLERK
That's enough out of you. You get out or I call the cops.

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black id white), the Rich Ghoul Lady holds up her wrist watch to her lips and seems to be talking into it...

RICH GHOUL LADY
(whispers)
I've got one that can see...

FLIP-FLOP -- down come the sunglasses, and the world goes back to unfiltered non-reality (color), and the Rich Lady is just holding up her wrist watch to her lips...

Nada backs away toward the exit...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Jogging Suited Ghoul talks into his wrist watch...

JOGGING SUITED GHOUL
(into watch)
Doesn't appear armed. Wearing sunglasses...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

NADA
I don't like any of this one bi -- not one bit...

48 EXT. CITY STREET

Nada comes out of the convenience market...

Suddenly grabs his head in pain! A wave shoots through his skull. The glasses are affecting him...

He staggers slightly. Dazed. A little dizzy.

Then he takes off the sunglasses...

N , sl y, the h dache seems to be subsiding. He leans against the side of a building, trying to recover. The sunglasses have caused a strong physical reaction. He's sweating profusely...

An ASIAN MAN, 30's, comes up...

ASIAN MAN
You okay?

NADA'S POV: up come the sunglasses. (Black and white) The Asian Man is human...

All Nada can do right now is stare. The Asian Man moves on...

Now Nada's on his feet again, still breathless, trying to get going, looking around...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES, a LADY GHOUL EXECUTIVE checks out her appearance in a reflected window (black and white).

Na as the high from the sunglasses hits him... He stares crazily at the now-normal-looking LADY EXECUTIVE.

NADA
Like pourin' perfume on a pig.

The Lady Executive shoots him a glance, moves away quickly...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

WHAM! Something dressed in black grabs Nada and pushes him int-

49 EXT. SMALL ALLEY - DAY

... a small alley. Nada staggers back.

The figure in black turns out to a BLOND-HAIRED COP.

BLOND-HAIRED COP
All right, boy. Suppose we just settle down...

Nada moves back into the alley, away from him...

BLOND-HAIRED COP
That's far enough.

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) -- he's a BLOND-HAIRED GHOUL COP.

BLOND-HAIRED GHOUL COP
Where'd you get those glasses?

NADA
Tooth fairy.

BLOND-HAIRED GHOUL COP
I'll bet.

Back to no-glasses reality, as a police cruiser pulls up into the alley entrance. A PARTNER COP gets out, comes around the cruiser into the alley...

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Partner Cop is really a PARTNER GHOUL COP talking into his wrist watch...

PARTNER GHOUL COP
(into watch)
We got him.

Nada's half-crazed, half-excited grin gets bigger...

NADA
Nick yourselves shavin' this mornin'?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

BLOND-HAIRED COP
You look as shitty to us as we do to you, boy.

NAI
Impossible.

The Blond-Haired Cop pulls a pair of handcuffs from his belt, and Nada takes another step back, takes off his sunglasses and puts them away...

The Blond-Haired Cop puts his hand on the gun in his holster, as his Partner Cop comes forward...

BLOND-HAIRED COP
It would be more convenient if we don't have to splatter your brains.

Nada doesn't move. The 2 Cops stand together now. No way out for Nada...

BLOND-HAIRED COP
Good boy. Just take it easy. You've stumbled into a little something here -- and maybe we can all benefit from this slight misunderstanding. Now let's go someplace quiet -- so we can talk this over.

As the Partner Cop watches, the Blond-Haired Cop moves for Nada, opening those handcuffs, reaching out for Nada's hand...

Suddenly Nada grabs the Blond-Haired Cop, jerks him forward, clotheslines him!

The Blond-Haired Cop goes horizontal from the impact!

Falls to the pavement, his head shitting with a SHARP CRACK!

The Partner Cop goes for his gun...

But Nada lunges -- with 2 fingers...

Pokes the Partner Cop in the eyes -- hard!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

T Partner Cop is momentarily blinded, in pain...

And Nada delivers fast, vicious PUNCHES to his face...

The Partner Cop goes down...

Nada quickly leans over him, takes his gun out of its holster -- then suddenly spins around -- revealing...

The Blond-Haired Cop! Getting up, wobbling, his gun coming out!

Nada FIRES!

The Blond-Haired Cop flops to the pavement -- dead!

NADA
So you bastards die just like we do...

The Partner Cop sits up behind Nada! Pulling out his nightstick. Swings! WHACK! Hits Nada's shoulder...

Nada turns and BLASTS HIM!

The Partner Cop rolls over -- dead.

Nada gets up. Rubs his shoulder. Goes over to the Blond-Haired Cop. Takes his gun.

Then moves to the police cruiser. Opens the passenger door. Reaches in...

INSIDE THE CRUISER: as Nada unclips the riot shotgun from under the dash...

50 EXT. CITY STREET

A small CROWD is starting to approach the police cruiser. They've heard the gunshots and tentatively want to see...

BOOM! Out steps Nada. Sunglasses back on! Into the street. Cautiously scans the area. 2 .38 revolvers stuck in his belt. He cocks the shotgun -- looking like your worst fucking nightmare!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES. FAST CUTS. (All black and white)

Another stop sign:

'CONFORM'

2 HUMANS back away fearfully. Behind them is a billboard reading:

'OBEY AUTHORITY'

A pulsing stop light...

A RICH GHOUL LAWYER, staring at Nada...

RICH GHOUL LAWYER
(whispers)
You can see...

NADA
Very perceptive, Frankenstein.

KABLAMMO! Nada opens up with the shotgun...

The RICH LAWYER (in no-glasses-reality) goes flying...

Absolute PANIC! SCREAMS! The crowd goes crazy! Running for cover! SHRIEKING!

Nada starts moving up the street...

As another police cruiser suddenly comes around a corner...

Nada ducks into a doorway...

The cruiser SCREAMS BY down the street -- gumballs flashing!

51 INT. STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

Nada backs in the doors from the panic in the street. He turns, looks...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES, a small stock exchange. Upscale. FAST CUTS: (All black and white).

Computerized ticker...

A GHOUL behind the main desk...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

STOCK ROKER GHOUL in a suit...

RETIRED INVESTOR, human, standing next to a BROKER GHOUL...

A SMALL CROWD of humans backing away...

N -- eyes invisib d t) ε ʒ

NADA
I've come here to chew bubble gum and kick ass -- and I'm all out of bubble gum.

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), as a GHOUL SECURITY GUARD springs forward, gun drawn, FIRING! *

The shot hits on the wall next to Nada! He OPENS FIRE! *

KABLAM! *

Human-looking SECURITY GUARD (in no-glasses reality) is airborne from the impact of Nada's shotgun! *

FAST CUTS: (all normal, in color) Customers dive for cover...

Computerized ticker, as it DISINTEGRATES with a BLAST!

Security camera on the wall, as it BLOWS APART! *

Customers run out the front doors...

Out the back way...

As Nada KEEPS BLASTING AWAY! He turns around... *

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a GHOUL STOCK BROKER tucked away in the corner talks into his expensive gold wrist watch...

GHOUL STOCK BROKER
... white male. 30's. Long hair. Wearing sunglasses.

NADA
Momma don't like tattletales.

(CONTINUED)

REVIS

51 CONTI

And a

No-gl
BROKE
face.

52 CONTINUED:

SPIDER PROBE POV: (color) scan li s, numbers, and Nada down there in the alley, as seen from the spider probe...

Nada grins...

NADA
Come to show 'em w ce I
a? Not nice.

Nada OPENS FIRE with the shotgun!

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white -- animated) as the spider probe EXPLODES!

In unfiltered reality, we hear the fragments SHOWERING down -- but they're invisible...

As a LONE COP comes running into the alley, gun drawn! *

Nada spins around, shotgun pointed... *

NADA *
Drop it!

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) as the still- * human Lone Cop slowly drops his gun...

NADA *
Beat your feet!

And the Lone Cop runs away, back down where he came from, * as a THUMPING SOUND goes overhead!

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) as a police * helicopter moves by overhead...

And Nada takes off. Fast...

53 OMIT
54 OMIT
55 OMIT

56 EXT. NOTHER ALLEY - DAY

Nada co ; around the corner, moving fast. PANAGLIDE SHOT.

Down another alley.

He checks the shotgun. Empty. Tosses it. Pulls out a .38 revolver...

And that pain suddenly hits again!

Nada tries to shake it off. He ducks off the alley...

57 OMIT

58 OMIT

59 INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

FULL SHOT.

Parked cars. Nobody around. The distant WAIL OF SIRENS -- getting LOUDER, CLOSER...

HOLLY THOMPSON enters FRAME.

She takes notice of the distant sirens. Fumbles in her purse for her keys. Walking to her car. Holly is late 20s, early 30s. Intelligent. Upwardly mobile. Equal doses of warmth, ambition, sensuality.

She arrives at her car. Unlocks the door.

The sounds of MORE SIRENS ECHOING get her attention for a second...

WHAMMO! Nada's arm springs out, grabs Holly from behind, jerks her down...

Nada holds her against the side of the car. He's hurting from the effects of the sunglasses...

NADA'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) Holly. Human.

Nada holds one of the .38 revolvers up. Doesn't point it at her, but lets her know he has it...

NADA
Take it easy...
(winces in pain from his headache)
I just want a little ride outa here...

INSIDE THE CAR: as the door opens, and Nada crawls in first, across the seat to the passenger side, dragging Holly in after him.

NADA
Close the door.

She closes it. She's fear-rigid. Terrified.

He rips off the sunglasses, his head throbbing.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

NADA
Drive.

Holly doesn't look at him. S starts the engine.

NADA
Not too fast.

60 EXT. STREET - DAY

As Holly's car pulls out of the parking garage on to the street...

Police cars :e ZOOMING BY...

Holly's car pulls dc the street, past 4 RIOT POLICEMEN on foot running the other way...

61 INT. HOLLY'S CAR - DAY

Holly drives. Expression of stone.

HOLLY
They're gone.

Nada's head is on fire. This time the headache stays with him...

NADA
Just keep drivin'...

HOLLY
Where am I going?

NADA
You married?

HOLLY
Yes.

NADA
Don't lie.

HOLLY
(beat)
No.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

NADA
Live alone?

No reply, but it's clear that she does...

NADA
Your place.

HOLLY
Umm... I'd rather not do that.

NADA
I'm afraid... I must insist...

62 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

The Hollywood Hills. Above Sunset Boulevard.

Peaceful.

Mediterranean houses.

Stilt houses.

Trees.

Quiet.

63 EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Holly's car pulls into the driveway of her spacious home.

The place is rigged for security. Bars on the front windows. Home security sign in the carport...

63 CONTINUED:

INSIDE HOLLY'S CAR: as Holly turns off the engine. Nada looks over...

HIS POV: Holly's NEIGHBOR, 40's, middle-class, is tering the flowers in front of his house. He looks over at Holly's car...

Nada, putting on those sunglasses ~~again~~, ~~wincing~~ in pain as the ferocious headache hits him...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), the Neighbor is human.

NADA
Okay. Nice and easy like.

CLOSE: Holly. She's checking out the distance between herself...

HOLLY'S POV: ... and the Neighbor, who waves at her...

CLOSE: Holly. She doesn't wave back...

CLOSE: Holly's hand creeps slowly toward the door handle...

CLOSE: Holly. Not looking at Nada. She's breathing in long, slow, measured breaths...

CLOSE: Holly's hand, as she grabs the door handle to open it and make a break, only the door opens for her...

OUTSIDE THE CAR: and Nada is there, holding the door for her, his hand encircling her upper arm, still in enormous pain...

NADA
Allow me...

Holly gets out. Closes the door. She and Nada walk slowly to her front door.

NEIGHBOR
Hi, Holly.

HOLLY
Hi...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

Holly unlocks the front door. She and Nada enter.

The Neighbor stares curiously...

64 INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Nada closes the front door. Locks it.

He looks around. Expensive digs. The trappings of a monied life.

It's a cantilevered house. A deck off the front room. Spectacular view of the L.A. basin.

Nada puts on the sunglasses again -- headache and all -- looks around for surveillance devices.

He finds a CAT sunning itself in a window.

He checks the kitchen.

Bathroom.

Bedroom.

Then returns to the front room. Takes off his sunglasses. Slumps in a chair. Exhausted.

HOLLY
Look. I don't know what you want.

NADA
Quiet.

He leans back in his chair. Hands to forehead. Starts to slowly rub his temples. Seems to ignore Holly.

Silence.

She goes over to a chair and sits.

Finally Nada looks at her.

64 CONTINUED:

NADA
(holds up sunglasses; akly)
Like a drug... Wearin' makes you high... but then you come down hard...

's tired, rambling -- unsure how to expl .n it all...

NADA
Look -- things turned a little sour on me today...

HOLLY
(softly)
You're not the only one.

NADA
I'm sorry... I needed you to get away...

HOLLY
No. You have 2 guns. You're not sorry.
(beat)
You're in charge.

Nada looks at her for a beat...

Holly is very scared right now. We shoot the following in...

HOLLY'S POV: Nada, sitting across the room. Sunglasses and guns. Psycho-city.

NADA
We're in trouble. The whole world's in trouble. They're all around us and we never knew...

He holds up the sunglasses...

NADA
You can only see 'em with these special glasses...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Now Holly's sure she has a very, very serious crazy on her hands...

HOLLY
(l< to herself)
Jesus Christ...

NADA
I swear to you... We're being controlled -- by these things... Don't know what they are -- but we gotta stop 'em...

HOLLY
I'll do whatever you want. Whenever you nt.
(beat)
Just don't hurt me. Please.

NADA
Listen to what I'm sayin'...

HOLLY
(carefully)
Okay.
(beat)
You're fighting... the forces of evil?
(beat)
That none of us can see.
(at)
Without sunglasses.

NADA
(offers her the glasses)
Take a look.

HOLLY
All I'm trying to do is make it through this fucking day alive. That's all I want. If you want me to look through your sunglasses -- I'll look through your sunglasses. If I don't see what you see -- I'll see it anyway. Whatever you want...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Nada withdraws the sunglasses...

NADA
Have it your way...

HOLLY
No -- that's just the point.
It's not my way -- it's
your way.
(beat)
Can't you just get out of
here -- leave us alone?

Nada's starting to pass out now. His eyelids flicker...

NADA
Need this place to hide...
Let things calm down...
I'll move on...

HOLLY
When?

NADA
Little while...

Holly sinks back in her chair. Situation: very grim.

Nada's eyes close...

Holly sits. Watches him.

Nada appears to have fallen asleep.

Holly. A long beat.

Nada. Asleep.

Now Holly slowly starts to get up out of her chair...

NADA
(eyes closed)
Don't fuck with me.

She sits back down...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

HOLLY
(beat)
I'm thirsty.

NADA
Go ahead.

He opens his eyes, watches her get up, walk into the kitchen...

Then he leans back in his chair again.

Tired. Blasted.

Now Nada looks back over, as Holly c es out of the kitchen pouring herself a glass of wine from a bottle.

She goes over to a large picture window...

NADA
(beat)
Like I was sayin' before --
I'm sorry to have to be
here...

No response.

Wearily, Nada gets up out of the chair, comes over to her...

NADA
Your name's Holly?

HOLLY
Holly Thompson.

Nada's still fighting off the vestiges of that headache...

NADA
What do you do?

HOLLY
Assistant program director.
Cable 54.

Now this gets his attention...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

NADA
TV station?

HOLLY
Yes.

NADA
There's some kinda signal comin' out of sets...

Nada spots the remote control for the TV set by the picture window...

He leans over to grab it...

NADA
Let me sh you.

With all her might Holly swings the wine bottle and SLAMS it over Nada's head!

It connects with a LOUD THWACK!

The sunglasses go flying out of Nada's hand, across the room...

And one of his guns hits the floor...

Before Nada can even react...

Holly shoves him!

Right out through the picture window!

CA-CRASH!

65 EXT. HOLLY'S HOUS - DAY

As Nada falls downward!

Some 40 feet...

To the shrubs and trees on the hillside below! His fall is broken by leaves and branches...

Glass shard rain down all around him...

66 INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

As Holly picks up the telephone...

67 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Nada rolls on the ground...

Glass all around...

He's been cut...

He finally manages to get up on his knees...

68 INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

HOLLY
(into telephone)
Holly Thompson. 1329
Circleview Drive...

69 EXT. HILLSIDE

Nada gets to his feet -- slowly...

Looks up...

HIS POV: Holly's house, 40 feet above him...

Now he reaches down for his other gun...

Gone!

Must have lost it during the fall...

He starts frantically looking around the hillside for the gun...

And slips...

Tumbles down the hillside!

Sliding. Falling.

Trying to grab on to something -- stop himself...

70 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - DAY

... and falls down the rest of the hillside to the bottom -- on to a nice, quiet, deserted Hollywood Hills Street...

71 INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

HOLLY
(into telephone)
Above Sunset. No, no --
I'm okay...
(beat)
Yes, I'll hold...

71 CONTINUED:

As she looks over...

HER POV: Nada's sunglasses on the floor...

72 EXT. HOLL' OD HILLS STREET

Nada staggers across the street...

The distant SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS...

He clambors down ome steps beside anot ' fancy, cantilevered hou -- d another hillside...

73 INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

As Holly bends d , picks up those sunglasses off the floor, stares at them curiously...

74 EXT. UNDER CANTILEVERED HOUSE - DAY

The secluded, oded area under a Hollywood Hills stilt house -- the part you never see.

Junk piled around. Pipes. Boards. Trash.

Nada moves over to a spot by some bushes. Collapses.

He looks out...

HIS POV: the street below, as several police cruisers wind their way up into the hills...

Their SIRENS get Nada to move... He crawls away through the bushes...

DISSOLVE:

75 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Twinkling lights of downtown L.A., as seen from the Hollywood Hills.

And then fl shing strobe lights. THUMPING. Dark shape of a police helicopter moving across the sky...

76 EXT. LONELY STREET - NIGHT

Nada moves along the dark, lonely street. He staggers. Glances around for cops. Moves on...

77 EXT. URBAN PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Swings. Concrete buildings: restrooms. Huge concrete structure: tunnels, bridges, ramps -- a place for children to play...

Nada comes up, finds a spot to hide inside a concrete tunnel...

CLOSE: Nada. Hidden. And the distant sound of POLICE SIRENS doesn't stop him from finally passing out...

DISSOLVE TO:

78 EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

LONG LENS. Big red sun over the freeway. Cars are already starting to jam the lanes...

79 EXT. URBAN PLAYGROUND - DAY

CLOSE on Nada in the concrete tunnel.

He opens his eyes. Looks like shit. Blood caked on his face.

He moves his head. Ouch!

Looks over...

HIS POV: 2 TEENAGE RUNAWAYS are huddled in another tunnel a few feet away. They both stare at Nada...

80 EXT. APPLIANCE STORE - STREET - DAY

The same appliance store we saw in the beginning, with TV sets on the other side of the glass window all tuned to Cable 54. *

This time the sound is turned down, but Nada's picture flashes on all the screens during a news broadcast. It's an older photo. He has short hair.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

Here comes Nada. Out of an alley. ›ving past the appliance sto . Not seeing himself on TV.

He checks the intersection for signs of police. Crosses the street...

81 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SI - DAY

Frank. Working. Wiping his brow. Putting down his tools and disappearing behind a half-completed ll...

BEHIND THE HALF-COMPLETED WALL. Frank stops for a drink of ıter...

And Nada emerges from behind a pıle of cinderblocks...

NADA
Frank.

Frank drops his cup of water...

FRANK
Don't let nobody see you.

NADA
I've had a rough couple of days...

Now Frank backs away from him...

FRAN
I don't want nothin' to do wıth you.

Nada stares at him...

81 CONTINUED:

FRANK
How many ›ple did you kill?

NADA
Not people...

FRANK
Crazy son of a bitch.

NADA
I gotta show you somethin'.

FRANK
No, man. You ain't showin' me nothin'. I got a wife and kids. So leave me alone. Get outta here.

And Frank moves off...

Nada watches him for a beat, then slowly creeps away behind the cinderblock wall...

81 CONTINUED:

Frank wal s back over to where he was working. Picks up his tools. Then looks back over where Nac s. His face ftens for a moment. Then tightens back into anger...

82 EXT. LARGE ALLEY - DAY

That long, wide alley connecting two city streets.

Nada enters from the street. Looking round for cops...

Moves to the cul de sac...

Past the trash dumpster, up to the tr sh can where he left those boxes of sunglasses...

... and the can is empty!

No! Nada turns, comes out of the cul de sac...

HIS POV: at the other end of the alley is a trash truck. A SANITATION WORKER dumps trash into t compacter in the rear...

Nada goes for the trash truck...

Down the alley...

HIS POV: the Sanitation Worker hasn't seen him. He puts the cans back, circles around to the cab...

Nada moves faster...

Reaches the truck...

Leans in the rear...

Mountains of trash inside. Nada grabs on to the truck. Pulls himself up. Crawls in the compacter...

As the truck starts up, moving forward...

INSIDE THE COMPACTER: Nada searches through garbage, digging down...

KACHUNK! The compacter starts up! Now the garbage is moving, pushed by the giant shovel...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

Desperately Nada digs...

...and finds that box of sunglasses! There are only four glasses left inside...

And Nada half-stumbles, half-jumps out of the back of the truck, just as the compacter crushes the garbage inside...

Nada moves against the wall of the alley, the trash truck pulls out into the street beyond...

Now Nada starts back down the alley in the other direction, taking out a pair of sunglasses...

As Frank steps out from behind a trash dumpster...

Nada stops. Looks at him...

Frank stares. Hard. Then pulls a folded stack of bills from his pocket and tosses it toward Nada...

The money plops on the pavement...

FRANK
One week's pay. Best I can do.

Frank turns away to leave...

Nada puts on the sunglasses...

HIS POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white) that interference again. But there's Frank -- human.

NADA
Wait.

Frank turns back to Nada...

FRANK
Find yourself some place to hide. Keep prayin' no one ever finds you.

Nada moves toward Frank, taking out a second pair of sunglasses from the box...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

NADA
Put these on.

FRANK
You crazy mother...

NADA
Put 'em on!

Nada moves for Frank...

FRANK
Hey, get [illegible]y from me...

But Nada grabs ahold of Frank and pus[illegible] him up against the wall...

NADA
I'm [illegible]lin' you, you dumb son of a bitch -- try 'em on!

... and Frank responds. He hauls off and delivers a HARD RIGHT to Nada's chin!

Nada's knocked back a foot or two. His sunglasses fly off... He just looks at Frank.

NADA
I'm tryin' to save you and your family's life.

FRANK
You couldn't even save your own...

Nada strikes! SMASHES a fast right into Frank...

Sending Frank to the pavement...

Frank sits up, looks at Nada.

NADA
I'm givin' you a choice. Either put on these glasses, or start eatin' that trash can over there.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

Slowly r ık gets to his feet...

RANK
Not thi year.

And we begin the fight in the alley, as Nada ıd Frank go at each other...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

The fight. Continued.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

The fight. Continued.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

T] fight. Still continued.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

The fight. Continued.

Finally, after Nada and Frank have beaten each other all over the alley...

Nada barely manages to get the best of Frank...

A few fast punches...

Finished off with a side suplex, as Nada lifts Frank up and SLAMS him down hard on the pavement...

Both men are exhausted. Beaten.

But Nada keeps Frank pinned, puts those sunglasses on him!

Then he picks Frank up, drags him to the end of the alley.

Frank looks around. Goes nuts! Sees the world as it really is. Sees everything.

Nada pulls Frank back into the alley. Holds him against the wall...

NADA
You are asleep. You thought you were what you watched on TV. Now look over there...

FRANK'S POV: THRU SUNGLASSES (black and white), a LAWYER GHOUL walks past on the street...

NADA
Look at 'em. They're everywhere.

Frank starts to bolt. Nada holds on to him...

NADA
Hold on. You're not the first son of a bitch to wake up outa their dream.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

But now Frank's looking up...

FRANK
W :'s that?

Nada grabs a pair of sunglasses, puts them on...

THEIR POV: (black and white) (animated) another spider robot surveillance probe crawls :ross the roof of one building to another. It's too far away to have seen them.

Nada pulls Frank out of the alley, into the shelter of the cul de sac. He grabs Frank's wad of bills on the :y...

Frank takes off the sunglasses, fights the headache, stares at Nada in complete dumbfoundment...

NADA
Life's a bitch. And she's back in heat.

83 EXT. TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

Nada and Frank come down the street. Both wearing sunglasses. 2 desperate figures. Bruised. Cut. Watching for police, for surveillance probes. They step over 2 SLEEPING DRUNKS and enter the lobby of a transient hotel...

84 INT. LOBBY - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

A post-Victorian dump. Dilapidated. A few DRUNKS and HOMELESS cluster around an old flickering black-and-white TV set...

The DESK CLERK is nodding off. He comes to as Frank approaches. Nada stays off to the side, trying to keep his face hidden...

FRANK
I want a room.

85 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

Nada and Frank make their way along the run-down hallway.

86 INT. ROOM - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

An old ratty room. Stained walls. A bed. A window looking out on the RUMBLING street below...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

Frank closes the door. Locks it.

The 2 n look at each other. ey've just aten each other to shit. Both are fugiti :.

NADA
Ain't love grand?

TIME CUT: Nada' by the sink. : has his shirt off. He splashes water on the glass cuts on his back and shoulders. He looks around.

Frank stands by the indow. Stares ou : the skyline. Puts on the sunglasses. Winces from t ain. Looks at the world outside...

NADA
Don't wear the glasses too long. Starts to feel like knife turnin' in your skull. *

Frank takes them off. He looks dazed now. Stunned. *

FRANK
How long have they been here?

NADA
Who knows?

FRANK *
What are they? Where do they co from?

NADA *
Thev ain't from Cleveland, I ( ) tell you that.

FRANK
(looks at sunglasses)
We can't be the only ones who can see. We gotta find the people o made these...

NADA
Yeah. And then what?

86A INT. ROOM - TRANSIENT HOTEL - NIGHT *

TIME CUT: Night. A day or so later. Frank sits by the window. Staring out.

Nada's sittir in an old chair. Still ex isted. Burned out. s bandaged. But his eyes glow...

NADA
~~Did I tell you? I'm a~~
Christian...

Frank looks at him...

NADA
My old Daddy took me to the river. He kicked my ass and told me 'bout the pc r and the glory. And then I got saved.
(beat)
He tried to cut me once. Big 'ol buck knife. Held the blade right across my throat. I .d, "Daddy, please..." He moved the blade back and forth. Right across here.
(touches his throat)
He changed when I was little. * I never knew why before -- but I've been tearin' at the world ever since.

FRANK
Those things out there must * love it. Watchin' us dangle at the end of our ropes. Seein' us destroyed -- by our own cold, fuckin' hearts.

NADA
But I got so news for 'em. * Gonna be some hell to pay -- 'cause I'm not Daddy's boy no more.

87 INT. LOBBY - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

As Frank enters, carrying a sack of groceries, wearing his sunglasses...

He moves across the lobby to the doors...

And CAMERA MOVES OVER to reveal Gilbert, the transient from Justice Hill, wearing an identical pair of sunglasses, sitting in a chair. Gilbert recognizes Frank...

88. INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

As Frank moves up to the door...

GILBERT
Frank.

Frank turns.

Gilbert stands there a moment, then comes down the hall toward him.

89 INT. ROOM - TRANSIENT HOTEL - DAY

Nada and Frank sit listening to Gilbert...

GILBERT
There's a meeting tonight.

He scribbles down the address on a piece of paper...

GILBERT
Be at this address. 11:00.
Watch out nobody follows you.

He hands the paper to Frank...

GILBERT
The movement's growing.
There are more of us every
day.

FRANK
What are we gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

GILBERT
The world needs a wake-up call -- and we're going to phone it in.

90 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nada and Frank walk down a dark, lonely street.

Up to an old, crumbling brick warehouse.

Frank knocks on the door.

It opens. A HELL'S ANGEL steps out. Looks over Frank and Nada. But he's not wearing sunglasses.

HELL'S ANGEL
Hey, brothers...

Nada and Frank look at him suspiciously...

HELL'S ANGEL
I can still see you.
(points to his eyes)
Somethin' new goin' down.

91 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nada and Frank enter the warehouse. There are GUARDS at the windows. With GUNS. Uzis. Shotguns. Some scan with binoculars. But nobody wears sunglasses.

About 30 or so PEOPLE, clustered in groups, are spread around. Some stand in front of a TV set showing a videotape. Others just talk intensely. They are WORKING WOMEN, VIET NAM VETS, ASIANS, LATINOS, BLACKS, HANDICAPPED (including a MAN in a wheelchair), GANG KIDS, EX-CONS, BIKERS, HOMOSEXUALS, COLLEGE PROFESSORS, an assortment of YOUNG CHILDREN.

Nada and Frank stop at a table. The Brown-Haired Lady who served food at Justiceville hands them each a small packet. *

BROWN-HAIRED LADY *
Glad you made it. Take off your sunglasses. We're all human in here.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Nada and Frank join in loading up with weapons, as the Black Man from the AME Church examines an expensive gold Rolex wrist watch nearby... *

BLACK MAN
Ever see their disappearing act?

NADA
Yeah, once.

FRANK
(indicates the watch)
What's that?

91 CONTINUED:

BLACK
They all wear these pensive
tches. Turns out they're
really two- -y radios. You
can listen in to their
broadcasts...

He offers it to Frank, who takes the watch and lines it...

BLACK MAN
But there's something else.
Some kind of secret code,
or a hidden control. They
push a button -- all of a
sudden, bang, they're gone.
I've been trying to figure
it out...

Now Na i's looking off...

A large group has gathered around Gilbert. He seems to be the leader...

GILBERT
Their detection is getting
more effective. We have to
be more careful -- stay
aware of keeping up appearances.
Go to work. Punch your time
clock. Do what's expected of
you. We've gotten reckless
and t. movement's suffering
for it...

Someone : the rear of the crowd moves, revealing the Family Man from Justiceville...

FAMILY MAN
Time to stop talking about
it, trying to figure out how
it happened. Now we start
spilling some blood!

A wave of energy goes through the crowd. They're up for it...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

GILBERT
Wait a minute, wait a minute. It's not working. They've infiltrated the police, the govern[illegible] -- [illegible]ything. We don't [illegible]d a chance with few guns and grenades...

[illegible] ILY MAN
So what [illegible]e we supposed to do?

GILBERT
Bide our time. Try to loca[illegible] their signal -- and shut it off. [illegible]ke people up.

The crowd settles down...

GILBERT
The opportunities will present themselves. The greatest contribution you can make is to play their game. Familiarize yourself [illegible].th your workplace. Gather information. Now, David here...
(indicates a Latino [illegible] nearby)
...works at KTLF. He claims t[illegible] signal may be coming from one place...

And there, [illegible]ross the room, [illegible]epping forward, is Holly. She still carries Nada's original sunglasses in her hands.

HOLLY
KTLF is clear. Their transmission is going out clean. The signal is coming from somewhere else.

Nada sees her...

And now she sees him. She looks shaken, vulnerable. As the meeting continues o.s. she takes a couple steps toward him. Stops.

Nada stares at her, then leans over to Frank...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

NADA
I gotta talk to somebody.

Nada moves away, as Frank examines that wrist watch...

Nada moves through th crowd...

And stops. T e's still quite i tance between he and - Holly. They just st d there looking at each other...

HOLLY
Are you okay?

NADA
Yeah.

HOLLY
I thought I'd killed you.

NADA
I thought so too.

HOLLY
I didn't know... I'm so sorry...

She takes a tentative step toward him...

HOLLY
Look, I just want to...
Can we just...?

KABLAMMO!

The wall EXPLODES!

Debris flies through the air!

Holly is knocked backwards!

Nada is hit with debris. Falls.

All hell breaks loose in the warehouse!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

GILBERT
Get out! Get out!

A Guard at the window is riddled with bullets!

The front door XPLODES!

People running!

Holly. Dazed. Being kept of in a crowd of frenzied people...

Nada gets to his feet. Sees her. Moves for her... *

Holly, reaching for Nada, being carried off by the flow of the crowd, through the smoke... *

Frank comes up to Nada, as the Family Man is hit! He goes down... *

FRANK
Come on!

Frank drags Nada along...

REVISED 2/10/88

92 EXT. REAR OF WAREHOUSE - SMALL ALLEY BETWEEN BUILD NIGHT

Nada and Frank exit.

The small alley between the warehouse and another i is alight in the middle of a huge firefight!

Drifting smoke.

Broken water pipes spew water!

RIOT POLICE surround the alley on fire escapes and walls above, FIRING DOWN!

People are running!

FIRING BACK at the Riot Police!

Blazing GUNS!

Nada and Frank, BLASTING AWAY, moving back down the little alley...

ANOTHER PART OF THE ALLEY: smoke, fire. And there's Holly, looking for Nada. She can't find him! Duck the BULLETS!

BACK TO: Nada and Frank. SCOUTING wildly. There's with an Uzi, BLASTING!

Gilbert is hit! Falls

Nada and Frank round a corner...

92 CONTINUED:

:K TO: ! a and F: ık, l :king into t: ıd of the *
.ey, trappe now! They Fil !

.ot Police fall rom the .lls and fi: :l *

Nada and Frank. Only tl 2 of tr left. Trapped behind *
barric of junk ıd debri ...

* ferocious FIREFIGHT! *

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

NADA
I'm hearin' somethin'...

They cautiously enter the corridor...

MANAGER
(V.O.)
... and you have all put forth an unprecedented effort to make this division the success story it is tonight.

CHEERS APPLAUSE.

103 OMIT
104 OMIT
105 OMIT

106 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

END OF THE CORRIDOR: beyond is a huge ballroom, as i an expensive hotel.

Slowly, Nada and Frank step in.

They are in the back of the ballroom, unseen by ever PEOPLE seated at tables. Humans. In tuxedos. They APPLAUD a MANAGER who addresses them from behind a The crowd is mostly white. Male. A couple Koner. Like a convention of Yuppies or a small version of t Academy Awards...

105 CONTINUED:

THEIR POV: THRU CONTACT LENSES (black and white).
SEVERAL SECTS OF...

A FEW GHOULS mixed in among the Funeus, listening t

A GHOUL MANAGER in his tuxedo...

GHOUL MANAGER
You have given us entre to the resources we need in our ongoing quest for multidimensional expansion. And in return, the per capita income of you here tonight has grown, in this year alone, by an average 39%!

BIG CHEERS APPLAUSE.

GHOUL MANAGER
Our projections show that by the year 2025, not just America but the entire planet will be under the protection and dominion of this power alliance. Earth is our stepping stone for a greater galactic purpose!

CHEERS APPLAUSE.

GHOUL MANAGER
And I have just received word that our forces have won a

106 CONTINUED:

DRIFTER
Kiya doin', boy? I didn't know you'd been recruited.

Nada and Frank are speechless...

DRIFTER
Welcome aboard. Say, you look absolutely dressed for the party -- now that you can afford it.

(glances at the gathering)

I'm just proud to be here. Have you seen the whole place?

NADA
Haven't gotten around to it.

DRIFTER
Come on, I'll show you.

And the Drifter leads them over to another concrete way leading off the ballroom...

DRIFTER
You know, I knew we had a lot in common when we first met...

107 EXT. ALIEN PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

They move along...

108 INT. END OF ALIEN PASSAGEWAY - CABLE 54 - NIGHT *

Now Nada, Frank and the Drifter come to the end of the passage which is low-lit, complex control room of a TV station. A sign identifies it as Cable 54. *

The Drifter leads them in, and CAMERA FOLLOWS THROUGH several rooms of equipment and monitors... Bustling PEOPLE (human-looking) go about their jobs...

DRIFTER
The brains of the whole operation. Master signal goes out to the satellite from here. We pump it out all over the world. Pretty fancy joint. Not too familiar with it myself...

They turn a corner, and there are 2 MORE GUARDS (both human-looking) dressed like Green Berets who stand in front of a window looking into the Cable 54 set! 2 NEWS ANCHORS are reporting the nightly news... *

DRIFTER
This is as far as we go...

NADA
Think you can get us inside?

The Drifter looks at him. Even Frank's not sure what's up...

NADA
Never been inside a TV station before. And you seem to be the gentleman to ask.

DRIFTER
Sure. No problem.
(indicates the guards)
These guys are friends of mine...

The Drifter walks up to the First Guard...

DRIFTER
Hey, I got a couple of my buddies here. Thought I'd give 'em the grand tour.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

DRIFTER
Wait, boys, wait. You'
akin' a big mistake.

FRANK
You made the mist ke...

The Drifter is on the move now, making a desperate pitch...

DRIFTER
No, no -- listen. I thought *
you boys understood... It's *
just business, that's all.
No different than England and *
Spain sendin' ships to the
new world for spices and gold.
(beat)
I don't think you boys get it, *
do you? Ain't no countries any *
more. No good guys. They're *
runnin' the whole show. They *
own everything. The whole planet. *
They can do whatever they want. *
(beat)
So why not have it good? They'll *
let us have it good if help 'em.
They'll leave us alone -- let us
make some money.
(beat)
You could have a little taste of *
the good life too. I know you
want it. Hell, everybody does.

FRANK
You'd do this to your own kind?

DRIFTER
What's the threat? We all sell
out every day. ght as well
be on the winnin' team.

WHAM! As a GREEN BERET GUARD (human looking) steps through *
the doorway behind them, aims a pistol...

Nada's on the move, spinning around -- BLAMMO! *

The Guard is hit! Falls back... *

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

As the Drifter lifts his gold wrist watch, hi hand around * the di l, grin on his f e... *

DRIFTER
Seey boys.

FLASH! And the Drifter's gone! Di peared! *

Now Nada pulls the pin on a grenade... *

Throws it down a stairwell... *

KABLOOM!

INSIDE THE SET: suddenly the door EXPLODES!

The News Anchors react!

CAMERAMEN SCREAM!

Jump for cover!

And out of the doorway step Nada and Fr nk.

Guns drawn.

NADA'S POV: THRU CONTACT LENSES (black and white) 2 GHOUL NEWS ANCHORS...

THRU CONTACT LENSES: (black and white) HUMAN CAMERAWOMAN and PROGRAM DIRECTOR GHOUL ducking behind a desk...

THRU CONTACT LENSES: (black and white) another GHOUL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR by a water cooler...

Nada and Frank OPEN FIRE!

BL

BLAM!

BLASTING the News Anchors, Program Director...

108 CONTINUED:

The Advertising Director is hit! Goes into the water cooler...

Others rac for the doors!

Dash off dc hallways!

An ALA BELL sounds!

Now Nada and Frank are on the move...

NADA *
Let's go!

111 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank and Nada.

›ving down hallway.

2 Green Beret GUARDS (hun -looking) appear out of a doorway!

Nada and Frank .AST THEM!

Behind, 4)RE GUARDS (human-looking) come running!

A wild GUNFIGHT!

People SCREAMING!

Running!

Nada and Frank keep moving...

Around a corner!

Faster and faster!

More GUARDS!

GUNFIRE!

Up ahead of them GUARDS appear!

Nada and Frank BLAST their way through...

Turn a corner...

112 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nada and Frank running!

FIRING at Guards ıind them!

CAMERA PANAGLIDES ALONG :TH th ! Racing along.

NADA'S POV: UP AHEAD, down the hall, Holly steps out of a doorway.

She stares at them as they approach...

LLY
What's going on?

Nada grabs her on the run...

NADA
Come on!

And now she's runnıng with them!

They come to the end of the hall.

113 INT. STAIRWAY TO ROOF - NIGHT

2 GUARDS at the top of the stairway. They OPEN IRE!

Frank grabs Holly to protect her!

Nada BLASTS tl Guards!

And charges up tl staırs...

Frank starts to follc ..

... but Holly suddenly pulls a gun, puts ıt to Frank's temple, and...

BLAM!

114 EXT. ROOF - CABLE 54 - NIGHT *

Nada emerges from the staırwell door.

Moves across the roof to...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

...a huge satellite dish!

Nada co s up to it... *

NADA'S POV: THRU CONTACT LENSES (black d whi , there, * at the e of the dish the glowing, throbbing master signal panel, a huge HU g console that can only be seen throu the glasses or lenses...

Assuming Frank and Holly are right behind him, Nada takes * aim at the panel!

NADA
Frank -- are you and Holly clear?

HOLLY
I'm clear. Are you?

Nada turns...

And there's Holly in the stairwell door -- holding a gun on him...

HOLLY
Don't do it. Don't interfere. You can't win.

Nada is devastated. Slowly he turns to her. He can only * stare.

HOLLY
Come back inside.

Now, across the roof, rising up from bel the edge, comes * a police helicopter!

The helicopter just hangs there, hovering -- and another * police chopper rises up right next to it!

Na .

Standing there.

He looks back over at the master signal console.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

Then looks over at Holly again.

It's over.

He drops his gun. *

Looks down.

Then suddenly pulls a hidden snub nose .38! *

And FIRES! *

Holly is hit!

She gets off a SHOT as she's blown backward through the door, down the stairwell!

But she missed Nada. *

He turns...

Pull the pin on a grenade! *

And holds it over the satellite dish! *

One of the helicopters moves abruptly... *

POLICE VOICE *
(v.o.)
Move away from the transmitter
or we will open fire!

Nada smiles. He knows he has them... *

POLICE VOICE *
(v.o.)
If you are not away from the
dish in 10 seconds, I will
open fire!

NADA *
Like hell you will.

Now he takes the snub-nose .38, aims it down at the master signal... *

KABLAMMO! *

(CONTINUED)

114 C TINUED:

HIS POV: THRU CONTACT LENSES (black and white) as * the master signal EXPLODES!

It SHATTERS!

FIZZES!

SPEWS!

FLASHES!

As a fount in of sparks and smoke spew up into the night * sky...

115 EXT./INT.)NTAGE - PEOPLE WAKE UP

FAST CUTS: (all in color)

TV SET: a GHOUL is now visible! It's a NEWS ANCHOR GHOUL giving a report...

NI ; ANCHOR GHOUL
The Oscar winners give a press conference, and how to buy a sailboat as Prime News continues...

Now there are PEOPLE running by CAMERA, YELLING... *

NEWS ANCHOR GHOUL
What's wrong?

DIRECTOR VOICE
(v.o.)
Ted, you look like shit.

INSIDE A BAR: a BARTENDER looks at a TV set that shows 2 GHOUL MOVIE CRITICS like "At the Movies" with Roger Ebbert and ıe Siskel.

CRITIC GHOUL
(Siskel)
All this sex and violence on the screen has gone too far for me, Rodger. I'm fed up with it.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

AT THE BAR: a GHOUL DRINKER is now visible among all the HUMAN DRINKERS who react to him! They can now see him!

WORKING CLASS HOME: WIFE, 30's, watches in amazement... *

TV SET: the Cable 54 logo, except now happy American * Human is jumping up and clapping hands in SLOW MOTION with HAPPY GHOUL...

Wife looks over...

Yep! She has a GHOUL HUSBAND who slowly turns to her... *

MIDDLE CLASS HOME: 3 TEENAGE GIRLS (human) watch...

TV SET: MTV, except a GHOUL ROCK STAR performs in a video...

TEENAGE GIRL
Ooo! That's so bitchin'.

APARTMENT: dark. TV in b.g. Showing GHOUL in a commercial for a new car...

In f.g. is a WOMAN. 20's. Naked. Obviously in the throes of passion. On top of an unseen partner below. She looks over. Sees the Ghoul on TV. Then looks down at her partner in horror.

Her partner is a GHOUL LOVER. They've been making love and now he is visible! He looks up at her...

GHOUL LOVER
What's wrong, baby?

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE:

THE WAR FOR THE WORLD
BEGAN THAT NIGHT.

IT WAS LED BY A HOMELESS
MAN CALLED JOHN NADA.

ROLL END TITLES.