

"Displacer"

A screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LITTLE BIGHORN VALLEY - DAY

SUPER: June 25, 1876

Several dozen prone soldiers in blue Union uniforms peer over the crest of a grassy hill.

CAPTAIN HAMMOND (22) walks behind the line of men.

HAMMOND

Troops! Lock and load like  
Sergeant Tyson showed ya.

MAJOR GENERAL CUSTER (37), blond hair, mustache and goatee, rides up to Hammond on a white horse.

HAMMOND

General Custer, the troops are  
ready, sir!

Custer nods as he looks over the line of soldiers.

Hundreds of mounted Sioux and Cheyenne warriors crest a distant hill. Their whoops and the thunder of galloping hoofbeats carry to the Union soldiers.

CUSTER

Hold your fire....

The soldiers aim down the sights of 21st century M16 assault rifles and two M240 machine guns.

The Native Americans close to within two hundred yards.

CUSTER

Fire!

Rifles and machine guns roar.

The wave of Native Americans crumbles under the rain of bullets. Riders topple from their mounts. Horses scream and crash to the ground.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSES - DAY

SUPER: June 8, 2006

Dilapidated warehouses line a dusty white dirt road.

Over the road a rusty sign reads "Property of Fort Ord, CA."

Paper targets taped to the bottom of the sign hang down.

Pistol shots fire. Bullet holes punch through the center of one target in a tight cluster.

DAN MCBRIDE (25), muscular with a crew cut and confident swagger, observes the target from ten yards away.

His smaller, shaggy-haired brother, ALAN MCBRIDE (21), nervously chews a fingernail as he looks on.

DAN

See? Just like that, Alan.

He takes a fresh magazine from a nearby shooting bench and demonstrates how to reload. He hands Alan the pistol.

ALAN

I don't know....

DAN

If you want to work for me, bro, I need to know you can handle a gun.

ALAN

An E.M.T. is supposed to fix people, not put holes in them.

DAN

Gotta wear a lot of hats in this line of work. You know how to make coffee, too, right?

ALAN

Can't I just be the medic and do your taxes?

DAN

If I made enough to pay taxes.

He gives Alan a critical look.

DAN  
Having second thoughts about  
coming to work with me?

ALAN  
I hardly ever saw you when you  
were in the army. So whatever it  
takes, I'll do.

He slips off the safety and aims at the next target with  
his left thumb behind the slide. He squeezes the trigger.

The pistol bucks and the slide slams into his thumb. He  
yelps and grabs his hand. The pistol drops into the dirt.

Dan snatches up the pistol and inspects it for damage.

DAN  
Damn it, Alan!

ALAN  
I'm sorry!

He peeks at his bashed knuckle. Blood wells up. Dan  
notices the injury and his gaze softens.

DAN  
Ah hell, I'm sorry, bro.

He takes Alan's wrist and inspects the wound.

A cordless phone handset on the shooting bench rings.

DAN  
You'll be okay. I did that once  
too. You need to keep your thumb  
pointing forward like so....

He demonstrates the proper grip with the pistol and then  
answers the phone.

DAN  
McBride Private Investigations,  
Dan speaking.

He wipes down the pistol with a rag as he listens.

DAN

Yessir, I worked with General Frost when I was with the Eighty-Second Airborne. Why do you...? Sure thing.

He hangs up.

DAN

A client! He's on his way.

They gather up the shooting equipment. Alan leads the way up the steps of the nearest warehouse.

A door sign reads "Daniel McBride: Private Investigator."

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Alan enters the converted warehouse. The high-ceilinged room contains a cluttered office, living room and kitchen.

Alan glances up, and just for an instant he sees...

...the DISPLACER, a Lovecraftian monster the size of a small bus supported on two dinosaurian legs, with burnt-orange skin like a crab's shell, a huge black eye in front, and two tentacles like overly long elephant trunks below.

The Displacer vanishes with a soft pop before Alan gets more than the briefest glance. He back-pedals into Dan.

DAN

Alan, what the hell?

ALAN

Did you see that?!

DAN

See what?

ALAN

I thought I saw...something.

DAN

Monsters again? Like when we were in foster care?

ALAN

No. I got over that years ago.

DAN

Then what was it?

ALAN

Uh...nothing, I guess.

DAN

Go fix up your hand. Then help me clean this place up, will you?

He slides his shooting gear under a ratty couch. He picks up an empty pizza box and a shirt from the coffee table.

On the table lie two books titled "Crazy Horse's Last Stand" and "The McCain Presidency."

Alan goes to the kitchen and pulls out a paramedic's first aid kit. He competently washes and bandages his hand.

ALAN

How much time do we have?

DAN

None. Have you seen the second cordless phone handset anywhere?

Alan looks around at the hopelessly cluttered room and its mismatched furniture.

ALAN

Ever thought about getting a real office?

DAN

No, then I'd have to pay rent. Frank lets me stay here for keeping an eye on the warehouses.

ALAN

I guess you get what you pay for.

Dan gives him a dark look.

A ring tone sounds. Dan pulls a cell phone from a pocket and glances at it.

DAN

It's Audrey. I don't have time  
for her shit right now.

ALAN

Talk to her. I can clean up this  
mess by myself.

DAN

Never marry a woman for her looks.

Alan hides trash behind the kitchen counter. Dan answers  
the phone.

DAN

What's up, Audrey?... No, I'm  
getting ready for a business  
meeting.... I know the check's  
late but I... Jesus, I'll get it  
in the mail as soon as I can. Can  
I at least speak to Tanya? It's  
been ages since... Oh come on...

He hangs up.

DAN

Bitch won't let me talk to my own  
daughter.

ALAN

Just send her the child support.

DAN

God damn it, you don't think I  
would if I had it?

A knock sounds. Dan heads for the door and opens it.

MAJOR GENERAL FROST (55), ramrod posture and iron-gray  
hair, stands outside. Beside him stands bland-faced MAJOR  
WEISS (35). Both wear US Army dress greens.

DAN

General Frost! What are you...?  
Come in, sir!

Alan pulls up chairs in front of the desk as Dan ushers the  
soldiers in and seats them. Dan sits behind his desk.

FROST

How have you been, sergeant?

DAN

Uh, ex-sergeant, sir. I didn't re-up last year.

FROST

That's why I've come to you for help.

Dan raises an eyebrow.

FROST

I need someone I can trust who knows Fort Ord but no longer works there.

DAN

You know I'm your man, sir.

Frost glances up at Alan. Dan follows his gaze.

DAN

Yeah...Alan, would you mind taking a walk?

ALAN

Huh? But I thought we were--

DAN

Take a walk.

With a wounded glance, Alan heads to the door. He picks up his first aid kit on the way.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSES - DAY

Alan mutters to himself as he stomps down the steps.

ALAN

Partners, my ass....

A gleaming black limousine sits parked in the street near a window to Dan's office.

As Alan heads to the office window, he prepares a stethoscope from the first aid kit.

Flies buzz around a smear of dried blood on the limo's rear window sill.

Alan inspects the blood and peers through the dark-tinted windows. Nothing inside. He frowns and turns away.

He presses the stethoscope to Dan's office window.

DAN (V.O.)  
It'll really melt the lock?

FROST (V.O.)  
It will. But we'll need it back.  
Drop it off with the weapons.

DAN (V.O.)  
The job will go much faster with  
two, sir. My brother can--

FROST (V.O.)  
All right. But the less anyone  
knows, the better.

DAN (V.O.)  
Plausible deniability. Yes, sir.  
I won't let you down.

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Dan shakes hands with Frost at the doorway. Frost and Weiss leave, and Alan enters.

Dan fetches a beer from the kitchen.

DAN  
I'm going to need your help  
tomorrow night.

ALAN  
Doing what?

DAN  
Mostly helping me load a truck.

ALAN  
Uh-huh. Is it legal?

DAN  
It's important. And it pays  
twenty grand for an hour of work.

ALAN  
Wow...but is it leg--

DAN  
No, it's not. But it'll help  
clear my debts.

ALAN  
Oh, Dan...isn't there a more  
responsible way to get out of  
debt?

Dan chokes on his beer.

DAN  
You're one to talk, Alan!

ALAN  
Huh?

DAN  
It's because of you I'm in debt!

ALAN  
What? You mean my college  
tuition? I thought the  
inheritance...

DAN  
Yeah, well you thought wrong.

ALAN  
I'll pay you back.

DAN  
With what? Your unemployment  
checks?

ALAN  
I'll find a real job. I've been  
looking for an E.M.T. position--

DAN

And good luck with that. But for right now I got us a "real" job lined up. I thought you were willing to do whatever it takes.

Alan sighs.

ALAN

I'll always be there for you, Dan, you know that.

DAN

Atta boy. C'mon, let's get you a haircut.

ALAN

Haircut?

INT. CAMOUFLAGED PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Alan uses the rearview mirror to inspect his new military haircut. Dan drives. Both men wear army fatigues. Dan wears staff sergeant rank, Alan second lieutenant rank.

Dan's name tag reads "Smith." Alan's reads "Wesson."

DAN

Can I have my mirror back?

Alan sits back. He pulls on a maroon beret.

ALAN

Isn't impersonating military personnel a felony?

DAN

No one's going to ask. Just let me do the talking.

ALAN

But...

DAN

Frost will go to bat for us if anything goes wrong.

ALAN

You trust him?

DAN

I worked for him for two years.

Yeah I trust him.

They drive past a sign that reads: "Welcome to Fort Ord, California -- Home of the 82nd Airborne Division."

EXT. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Nearly all the windows in the T-shaped cinder block building are dark. The grounds are empty and quiet.

The camouflaged truck pulls into a parking space near the front door of the building. Dan and Alan exit the truck.

Both wear gloves and carry disposable respirator masks. Alan holds a set of bolt cutters.

Dan produces a two-shot TASER from a cargo pocket.

ALAN

Oh this can't be good....

DAN

Cover up and stay behind me.

INT. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS FOYER - NIGHT

Hallways and offices lead off from the foyer. A large metal armory door dominates the room.

A CQ PRIVATE (18) sits at the front desk reading a magazine while a CQ SERGEANT (22) snoozes on a couch.

Dan and Alan enter, their faces concealed by the masks.

CQ PRIVATE

May I help--

Dan fires the TASER. The Private cries out as he jerks uncontrollably and topples off his chair.

The Sergeant blinks and sits up. Dan fires again. The Sergeant twitches and slides off the couch.

## OFFICE

The two CQ soldiers lie on the floor, their wrists zip-tied behind their backs and ankles duct-taped together.

Dan finishes putting duct tape over their mouths and eyes.

## FOYER

Dan closes the door behind him as he exits the office. He and Alan pull off their respirator masks.

ALAN

Dan, what have you done?

DAN

They'll be fine.

He inspects the armory door's massive straight-bar padlock.

He takes an orange squeeze bulb from a pocket and twists a knob. He squeezes out a fine blue mist over the lock.

He steps back as smoke rises from the lock. The metal sizzles and bubbles and melts like wax. It drips onto the tile floor, where it cools to a black sludge.

ALAN

Whoa...Frost gave you that?

DAN

He said it's a military grade acid.

He reaches up to the alarm bell near the ceiling and squeezes the acid bulb. The bell melts just like the lock.

ALAN

I didn't know such stuff existed.

DAN

A motion sensor inside the armory will still set off an alarm at the M.P. station. We gotta work fast.

ALAN

What are we stealing?

DAN

We're not stealing anything.

Dan slides open the heavy metal door. He grabs the bolt cutters from Alan and heads into the...

ARMORY

Chained and padlocked racks along the walls hold dozens of M16 rifles. Two M240 machine guns sit on their bipods.

Dan pops the chains with the bolt cutters.

ALAN

It sure looks like stealing.

DAN

Not if we're giving it all back.

ALAN

Huh?

DAN

Load those machine guns on the truck. C'mon, move!

EXT. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Dan dumps an armload of M16s into the bed of the pickup. He helps Alan wrestle the M240s aboard.

INT. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS FOYER - NIGHT

The telephone on the desk rings as the brothers pass it on their way out, each carrying another armload of rifles.

Dan answers the phone. He speaks with a slow drawl.

DAN

H.H.C., fourth of the three-two-five, Sergeant Wilson speaking, may I help you, sir?

As he listens, he gestures for Alan to keep moving.

DAN

Yeah, sorry sarge, but this new cherry I got on C.Q. bounced a goddamn basketball off the armory door and... Yeah, I know, but... Oh hell, sergeant, you don't gotta do that... Uh, okay. Bye.

He hangs up just as Alan returns from the truck.

DAN

The M.P.s are on their way. We're done here.

EXT. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Dan pulls a tarp over the large pile of weapons in the truck bed and closes the tailgate.

EXT. FORT ORD ROAD - NIGHT

The pickup pulls out of the parking space and drives slowly down the road.

An M.P. Humvee drives past them in the opposite direction. It pulls into the space the brothers just vacated.

EXT./INT. CAMOUFLAGED PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The pickup reaches the base exit and accelerates.

Dan checks the rearview mirror.

DAN

Damn it. Hang on.

Alan turns and looks behind them as Dan accelerates. The Humvee's headlights swing in behind them. Colored lights flash.

Up ahead lies an intersection with a green light. A semi-trailer truck waits to the left of the intersection.

As they reach the intersection, Alan looks at the TRUCK DRIVER, who shifts his gaze from their truck to the Humvee.

The camouflaged truck shoots through the intersection. The semi lurches forward into the intersection behind it.

Tires screech and the Humvee smashes into the semi. Alan and Dan stare through the rear window.

DAN

Oh, fuck....

ALAN

We have to stop!

DAN

Not with what we got in back.

ALAN

But--

DAN

Ain't happening, bro. The truck driver will call for help.

Alan stares out the rear window.

ALAN

He was looking right at the M.P.s.  
How could he have not seen them?

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The crumpled Humvee sits smashed up against the side of the semi. The two MPs lie unmoving inside.

The driver of the semi opens the door and climbs out. He walks off into the forest without a glance at the wreckage.

INT./EXT. CAMOUFLAGED PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The camouflaged truck parks next to a sedan in the otherwise empty back parking lot of a convenience store.

ALAN

What are we going to do, Dan?

Dan tiredly rubs his face. He hands Alan a cell phone.

DAN

I gotta finish the job. I'll call when I get to the drop site.

ALAN

Wait, you don't want me to come with you?

DAN

I want you in a safe place in case something else goes wrong.

ALAN

What more could go wrong?

DAN

Nothing. But...something doesn't feel right.

ALAN

You couldn't have had that feeling before we robbed the military?

DAN

This ain't a robbery, Alan. It's a demonstration to show the Pentagon the base's security problems. Frost needs the weapons returned. Now get in the car.

Alan exits the truck. Dan drives off.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Alan sits with his elbow out the open window. He fidgets with the cell phone.

The phone rings and he answers on speakerphone.

ALAN

Dan?

DAN (V.O.)

No names, bro. I'm almost there. I'll keep the line open.

Alan hears a door bang open. He looks in the rearview mirror and sees a CLERK exit the convenience store with two bags of trash.

DAN (V.O.)

Big house. Everything's dark.

The Clerk heads for a dumpster near Alan's car.

DAN (V.O.)  
Looks like no one's around.  
Unloading the truck now.

The Clerk throws the bags in the dumpster.

Dan's breathing sounds labored over the phone.

DAN (V.O.)  
Okay, done. I'm going to... Hold  
on, I think someone's here.

Silence.

ALAN  
Dan?...Dan? Talk to me!

He looks left and sees the Clerk's expressionless face  
RIGHT THERE at the window.

The Clerk reaches through the window and fires a jet  
injector gun against Alan's neck.

Alan stares at the Clerk in shock as his world goes black.

EXT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Alan blinks awake just as the Clerk rolls him off the back  
of a parked military pickup truck.

He lands heavily on a tarp in the shadows outside a  
spotlight beam cast in front of the house.

The Clerk jumps down from the pickup and walks away.

Alan cautiously lifts his head and peers around.

He lies at the edge of a line of tarps spread over the dirt  
road before the house. Sixteen motionless bodies--most  
stripped naked--lie haphazardly dumped on the tarps.

Among them lie the naked bodies of General Frost, Major  
Weiss, the Truck Driver...and the Clerk.

Several trucks and cars line the road, with a dozen  
civilians and soldiers working among them. One truck has a  
backhoe loaded in back.

The stolen weapons sit stacked to one side. Next to them lie crates of ammunition and grenades.

Twin copies of the Truck Driver and the Clerk--dressed as Alan first saw them--load the weapons and ammunition onto a large truck.

A duplicate Major Weiss descends the steps from the two-story colonial house and approaches a duplicate General Frost standing near Alan. Both wear their dress greens.

WEISS

It's still able to defend itself.

FROST

Set a charge to destroy it after we're gone.

WEISS

And the originals?

FROST

Dispose of them. It's time to go arm the mercenaries.

Weiss nods to a CORPORAL, and the two officers move off.

The Corporal carries an M16 and grenades on his equipment belt. Alan watches as he takes two orange squeeze bulbs from a bulging leathery bag on the seat of a nearby Humvee.

The Corporal walks to the far end of the tarps and sprays down the Truck Driver's naked body with blue liquid.

The Truck Driver's skin begins to smoke, and he awakens with a scream. He thrashes as his flesh sizzles. He quickly falls silent as his body melts into a red puddle.

The Corporal moves to the next body and repeats the process. And so on, down the line.

Alan stares in horror. Hidden in the shadows, he turns to crawl away under the nearby pickup truck.

He sees the face of the body lying next to him. It's Dan--clothed but unconscious. Alan whispers to him.

ALAN

Dan....

No response. He shakes Dan's arm.

ALAN

Dan, wake up!

A truck rumbles to life. Alan glances around and sees most of the soldiers and civilians climbing into the vehicles. One by one they drive off down the road.

Alan lies still as SERGEANT SERRA approaches. Serra climbs into the pickup and starts the engine.

Alan gives Dan another desperate shake. No response. He looks at the tarp underneath Dan, then at the trailer hitch on the back of the pickup.

He grabs the edge of Dan's tarp and loops it over the trailer hitch. He rolls onto the tarp next to Dan.

Only the Humvee and the pickup remain. Serra shifts the pickup into gear and pulls in behind the last truck out.

Alan grabs Dan by the collar and clings to the tarp. The din of growling engines masks the dragging sound as the pickup tows the tarp with the two brothers on it.

The Corporal is too busy spraying bodies to notice.

EXT. UPPER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The pickup moves slowly down the uneven, empty forest road.

In back, Alan struggles to keep himself and Dan from sliding off the tarp. He chokes on kicked-up dust.

Dan cries out and thrashes awake.

Alan loses his grip on both the tarp and Dan's collar. Both brothers tumble off the tarp onto the road.

Dan lurches unsteadily to his feet, his eyes wild. He sees the pickup moving away and yells at it.

DAN

What the hell?!

His legs wobble and he collapses into the dirt.

Alan scrambles to him. Dan stares around without focus.

ALAN

Shh! Quiet, Dan!

The pickup brakes. Sergeant Serra climbs out and switches on a flashlight. He walks over to the two brothers.

Alan looks around in desperation and spots a heavy stick nearby. He grabs it and struggles to his feet.

SERRA

You? How did you--?

He draws a pistol from a holster at his hip.

Alan gives a wild swing with the stick and knocks the pistol from Serra's hand. He swings again, but Serra grabs the stick and yanks it away.

Alan stumbles backward. He trips and sprawls on his back. Serra bends over and grabs Alan's neck with both hands.

Dan slams into Serra's side and knocks him to the ground. He straddles Serra and slams his fist again and again into the soldier's face.

Serra's skin turns translucent gray and his face melts into a featureless smooth blob.

Dan stops pounding and stares at the sergeant.

DAN

What the...

The gray flesh slides off Serra's arm, revealing a burnt-orange skeletal form with a clawed hand.

The claw slashes through the air in front of Dan's face, and Dan scrambles away.

Dan and Alan stare in disbelief as the skeleton claws its way out of its own flesh and rips through its clothing.

The emaciated creature that emerges has crab shell-like skin layered like upside-down scale armor. It has no eyes or ears in its round head.

Segmented plates in the head slide open to reveal a massive, gaping maw filled with shark-like teeth. Fleshy organs within squirm like worms in mucus.

A high-pitched squeal emits from the maw, and the head swivels to orient on Alan. Claws spread wide, the creature leaps at Alan like a spider jumping on a fly.

Dan snatches up Serra's pistol and opens fire. He shoots rapidly and empties the magazine.

The crab-like creature careens to the side and crashes to the ground. It thrashes violently with a keening screech, then falls quiet and lies still.

Dan and Alan stare in stunned silence.

DAN

What the fuck just happened?

The monster's shell-like skin cracks and separates. Liquefied flesh pours out over the ground. The skin melts like heated wax. Soon nothing is left but a brown puddle.

Unnoticed, the translucent gray flesh oozes away from the shredded fatigues like an amoeba with two human eyeballs.

It morphs into a duplicate of the stick Alan used.

DAN

Did we just kill a demon?

ALAN

No, an alien!

DAN

An alien? That's insane!

ALAN

And a demon isn't? That thing did not come from this planet!

He looks at the ripped-up uniform.

ALAN

Where did the flesh go?

DAN

Huh?

ALAN

The gray blobby stuff. It's gone.

DAN

We need more weapons.

He hurries over to the pickup.

Alan looks warily around at the ground. He squats down to pick up the stick lying next to the shredded uniform.

He lifts with one hand...but the stick is heavier than before. He frowns and grasps it with both hands.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. ANCIENT ARMORY - NIGHT

Vertigo blurs Alan's vision. He blinks and looks around. The world has turned hazy, dreamlike.

He finds himself in a windowless stone room. Torchlight glitters off ancient Greek armor hanging on the walls.

A Spartan sword sits on a carved wood stand.

Sergeant Serra steps from behind a stone pillar. He wears only a loincloth.

SERRA

Help me with my armor.

ALAN

A-Are you a demon or an alien?

SERRA

This is our universe, so you are the alien. Help me with my armor.

ALAN

Why? What's going on?

SERRA

Help me with my armor and I will answer all your questions.

Alan lifts a skirted breastplate from the wall. He fits it into place over Serra's torso.

ALAN

Am I dreaming?

SERRA

In a way. I released a substance  
that penetrated your skin and  
formed a neurochemical bridge  
between our brains. It is how we  
read minds and control our frames.

ALAN

Frames?

SERRA

The non-sentient mounts we ride.

He gestures at a pair of vambraces on the wall. Alan  
fetches the armor and begins strapping it to Serra's arms.

ALAN

Non-sentient mounts? I don't  
follow.

SERRA

Then view my memory.

INT. OFFICE RESTROOM - SERRA'S POV - DAY - FLASHBACK

Serra sees his own emotionless reflection in the mirror.

A skeleton-creature crouches nearby, claws splayed.

Serra looks down at the unconscious form of Major Weiss on  
the floor. A gray amoeba-creature touches Weiss's face.

The amoeba releases Weiss and flows up the skeleton's leg.  
It spreads out over the upside-down layered plates until  
the skeleton is completely covered with gray flesh.

The amoeba morphs to look just like Major Weiss.

The naked duplicate Weiss kneels and strips the uniform  
from the human Weiss.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan blinks and finds himself back in the stone room.

ALAN

A symbiotic relationship....

SERRA

We breed our frames to improve our mobility and to allow us to hear and speak.

He gestures at a pair of greaves. Alan fetches the armor and fits it onto Serra's legs.

ALAN

Why do you want to look like us?

SERRA

So we can convince you to perform dangerous tasks on our behalf without putting ourselves at risk.

ALAN

Like steal guns from the military.

SERRA

Yes. And an anti-government militia will use the weapons to assault a military base for us.

ALAN

Oh. Why?

SERRA

So we can dig up a device that was stolen from us and hidden in a cave beneath the base.

He gestures to a bronze helm. Alan picks it up and fits it over Serra's head.

ALAN

What kind of device?

SERRA

Something to put an end to your species.

ALAN

Put an end...why?

Serra gestures at a round shield. Alan reluctantly picks up the shield and fits it to Serra's arm.

SERRA

This universe belongs to us, not  
you. We were here first.

ALAN

Haha...wait, you're serious?

SERRA

Your questions have given me the  
time needed to establish control  
over your autonomic functions.

He turns and picks up the sword from its rack.

SERRA

This armor and weaponry is now no  
longer mere dream imagery to you.  
I shall now cease the function of  
your heart and lungs....

Alan stares in horror. He backs up against the wall.

Sword and shield ready, Serra advances on his prey.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Dan slides a fresh magazine into the pistol as he  
approaches Alan. He carries a crowbar under his arm.

DAN

Found more ammo and this crowbar.  
Better than nothing.

He sees Alan squatting with both hands clasping the stick.

DAN

Bro?

Sweat trickles down the side of Alan's face. He trembles,  
the muscles clenching in his jaw.

DAN

Alan!

He grabs Alan and hauls him upright, breaking his contact  
with the stick.

Alan awakens with a gasp and stares wildly around.

DAN

You okay, Alan?

Alan looks at the amoeba, still disguised as the stick. He grabs the crowbar from Dan and smashes it down on the amoeba with all his might.

The amoeba stick twitches and flexes. Alan smashes it again and again. The amoeba loses its form and turns translucent gray.

Alan keeps hitting until the amoeba dissolves into a clear liquid and soaks into the ground.

He staggers back, dusty sweat streaking his face.

DAN

Holy shit! What was that?

ALAN

That was the creature's flesh--it got into my mind and spoke to me!

He gestures at the damp spot with the crowbar.

ALAN

They're looking for a device hidden under a military base--they plan to use it to kill us all! We have to go to the police....

DAN

And tell them what?

ALAN

Tell them that shape-changing aliens are duplicating people and...and...

He trails off in dismayed realization. Dan nods.

DAN

Exactly. Nobody's going to believe this. We have to stop them ourselves.

ALAN

How? What can we do?

DAN

One step at a time, bro. Where's the military base?

ALAN

He didn't say.

DAN

Then we start where I dropped off the weapons.

He checks the pistol.

ALAN

We can't do this alone.

DAN

Who's going to help us?

Alan opens his mouth to speak, then closes it.

DAN

Exactly. Now let's clear the road in case anyone comes looking for that monster.

Dan and Alan take Serra's flashlight and holstered web belt. They hide the remains of his uniform and drive the pickup off the road and out of sight.

The rumble of an approaching vehicle engine filters through the trees. Dan and Alan hide behind a large rock.

The Humvee drives down the road from the safe house.

A light in the Humvee reveals Major Weiss driving. Beside him sits the Corporal, his M16 at the ready. General Frost sits in back.

Dan grits his teeth but lets the Humvee drive out of sight.

DAN

Let's go.

EXT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The brothers approach cautiously along the dark road. All the house lights have been turned off.

Dan draws the pistol and quietly climbs the steps. Alan follows, clutching the crowbar.

Dan opens the front door and switches on the flashlight.

INT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan and Alan enter a room decorated with creepy antiques.

Moonlight streaming through a window reveals ghost-like white dust sheets covering the furniture. A stairway leads up to the second floor.

Dan and Alan grimace. Dan covers his nose.

ALAN

Gah. I think something died....

Dan's flashlight illuminates a table covered with stacked blocks of C-4 explosive. Wires lead to an LED timer, which counts down with just over two minutes remaining.

They hear the metallic cycling of a pistol action.

Dan raises the flashlight to reveal BRAXON'S CORPSE as it steps out from a shadowed hallway.

The week-old corpse was once exotically beautiful. Now her rotting head lolls to the side, one eye milky, the other shot out. Dried blood cakes the side of her face.

She points a sleek, futuristic pistol between Dan's eyes.

A disembodied, distorted, synthetic voice fills the air:

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Identify yourselves or be executed  
immmmediately.

Dan and Alan stare in horror.

DAN

I...I...

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Threat identificationnnnn...ERROR!  
Ally identity accepted.

Braxon's Corpse lowers her gun.

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

H.R. Agent Braxon expired twenty-one-o-five hours, June first, two thousand six. This Add-Brain encyc immmplant has overrrrrided her nanofiber bioaugment chassis. Imperative mmmmessage to deliver to H.R. Command. Deliver mmmmessage now?

Dan and Alan just gawk.

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Deliver mmmmessage now?

DAN

Uh...y-yes?

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Connnnfirmed.

A holographic map of California appears in the air. Strange symbols identify areas on the map.

The map zooms in on a fenced-in cluster of buildings atop a coastal cliff in the Fort Hunter Ligget area.

The image rotates and becomes transparent, revealing a large natural cavern under the buildings.

A narrow tunnel leads from the cave to under the ocean. It comes up between a cluster of three rocks that project above the surface of the ocean.

An animated line draws a path from the ocean surface, between the rocks, through the tunnel and into the cave.

Braxon's recorded voice speaks with quick precision:

BRAXON (V.O.)

Captured ganger displacer. Safely hidden in cave with undersea access. Enter displacer through underside osmotic door. Go to set destination and repair incursion.

Her voice turns sad.

BRAXON (V.O)

Am dying. Ganger prisoner shot me through eye. Can't think clearly. Add-Brain also damaged. Cannot initiate repairs. Hope someone--

The map winks out. Braxon's Corpse raises her pistol.

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Identify yourselves or be executed immmmediately.

DAN

What?

ADD-BRAIN (V.O.)

Threat identificationnnnn...ERROR!  
Ally identity accepted. H.R.  
Agent Braxon expired twenty-one-o-five hours, June first, two...

Dan glances at the timer. Ten seconds remain.

DAN

Let's get the hell out of here!

He grabs Alan and hustles him out the door.

EXT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dan and Alan run down the steps to the road.

The explosives detonate with a jarring roar.

Dan and Alan turn and look at the destruction. Flames spread through what's left of the house.

DAN

What the hell was that thing?!

ALAN

I don't know!

DAN

A zombie!

ALAN

An alien cyborg, I think.

DAN

An alien cyborg zombie! My head's going to explode....

ALAN

At least she's enemies with the other aliens--the "gangers," she called them.

DAN

Yeah. And the enemy of my enemy is my friend....

He thinks as they watch the fire.

DAN

That map she showed us is a military facility on Fort Hunter Ligget. I've been there once. It's a couple hours drive away.

ALAN

We're going after the displacer?

DAN

You want aliens getting their claws on it? C'mon, let's go.

EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - NIGHT

Serra's military pickup drives through the picturesque coastal town. Few lights glow and the streets are empty.

Bright lights illuminate a building complex beyond the opposite end of the town.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Dan drives. He scans the businesses along the main street.

ALAN

What are you looking for?

DAN

Something every coastal town has.

His cell phone rings. He pulls it out and glances at it.

DAN

Audrey. Why the hell is she calling so late? You talk to her.

He tosses the phone to Alan, who answers on speakerphone.

ALAN

Hi, Audrey. It's Alan.

AUDREY (V.O.)

Alan? So my lazy ex now has you answering his phone?

ALAN

Uh, he's busy. Can I help you?

AUDREY (V.O.)

Tell him Tanya got food poisoning and to get his butt over to Community Hospital now.

DAN

What?! Is she all right?

AUDREY (V.O.)

So you are there. She's asking for you, Dan, so get over here.

Dan's face twists with anguish.

DAN

I can't, Audrey. Not now.

AUDREY (V.O.)

You son-of-a-bitch! You always want to talk to her when she's fine, but when she really needs you you're too busy? You asshole!

DAN

Audrey, I just...can't right now!

AUDREY (V.O.)

What could possibly be more important than your daughter?

DAN

Please...tell her I love her. I'll see her as soon as I can.

He reaches over and hangs up the phone. His eyes are wet.

ALAN

Dan...

DAN

Just shut up, Alan. We're here.

Dan turns at the street just before a corner store with a sign reading "Dave's Dive Shop."

He switches off the headlights.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The pickup enters the alley and parks behind the dive shop.

Dan exits the vehicle, crowbar in hand. He approaches a metal gate covering the back door of the store. He jimmies the lock with the crowbar and disappears inside.

Alan fidgets as he keeps an eye on both ends of the alley.

Dan exits the store carrying a large nylon duffel and two small air tanks. He dumps the gear in the truck bed.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Dan climbs in. He drives forward out of the alley and back onto the main street.

ALAN

Two robberies in one night. I hope this doesn't become a habit.

DAN

Don't hope too hard. We're not done yet.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Small boats bob along the two docks of the little marina.

A chain link fence and a padlocked gate are the only security. No people around.

Dan pops the padlock with the crowbar. He and Alan grab their gear and head down a wood pier to the only motorboat.

They climb into the small boat, and Alan stows their gear while Dan checks the outboard motor.

As Dan tilts the outboard into the water, his right hand slips and drags across a sharp bolt. He grasps his hand.

DAN

Damn it!

ALAN

Let me look at that.

He takes Dan's hand and inspects it. Blood wells from a gash along his palm.

DAN

I'll be okay.

ALAN

Not yet you won't.

He digs through a cargo pocket and pulls out a small first aid kit. He smiles at Dan.

ALAN

You're lucky your partner's an  
E.M.T.

As Alan quickly cleans and dresses the wound, Dan uses his free hand to check the gas tank. It's almost empty.

Alan finishes. He holds up his own bandaged hand and grins.

ALAN

Brothers in injury.

Dan inspects Alan's handiwork. He shakes his head and turns to switch the fuel line to a backup tank.

ALAN

What? I didn't do a good job?

DAN

You did a great job.

ALAN

Then...what's wrong?

DAN

Nothing. We need to get going.

He sets the motor's gear and choke, then adjusts the throttle and primes the fuel.

ALAN

It's not nothing. Tell me.

DAN

It's just that you should've been a real doctor instead of a paramedic.

ALAN

Medical school is too expensive.

DAN

Too expensive? Then why the hell did you even go to college? You wasted my money on an education you weren't even going to finish!

He yanks on the starter cord and the motor roars to life. He throttles it down to a low growl.

Alan stares at Dan in surprise.

ALAN

College made me a better E.M.T.

DAN

If that's all you were planning to be, you could have joined the army and become a medic for free! Now cast off the line.

Alan hurries to untie the mooring lines.

ALAN

I'm...sorry, Dan. I thought I was saving money.

DAN

That's not what's important! You were the smart one, the one who could really make something of himself. And I wanted to help make that happen.

ALAN

But--

DAN

You don't quit when you're only half done, Alan. And you don't throw away someone's generosity.

Alan casts off the last line, and Dan maneuvers the motorboat along the sailboats toward open water.

ALAN

Dan, do you have any idea how expensive medical school is?

DAN

I'd have figured out something.

ALAN

I can still go some day.

DAN

Yeah, if we don't end up in jail.

ALAN

And if shape-shifting alien cyborg zombies don't destroy the Earth.

Dan manages a grim chuckle and shakes his head. He opens the throttle and heads into the open ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The motorboat roars through the swells.

The military base comes into view as the motorboat rounds a rocky point.

The installation sits atop a 30' cliff. A tall fence topped with razor wire surrounds the group of buildings. A road leads down to a cement pier that juts into the ocean.

Alan scans ahead from the bow. He points.

Fifty yards from the cliff and more than a hundred yards from the pier, a cluster of three sharp rocks protrudes from the water like large, distorted shark fins.

Dan throttles the outboard down to a low rumble.

DAN  
Okay, get out the gear.

Alan unzips the duffle.

EXT. MILITARY BASE COVE - NIGHT

As the motorboat approaches the three rocks, Dan cuts the motor. Alan tosses the anchor overboard.

The popping of distant automatic fire carries across the water. The brothers look up at the base and see flashes of light. The rumble of explosions reaches their ears.

DAN  
Shit, it's started. Quick, help  
me with the tanks.

Alan assists Dan, who fumbles one-handed to fit regulators to the two air tanks. They test the air flow.

They pull on the dive tanks, fit dive masks onto their faces, and strap flashlights to their wrists.

DAN  
Now remember, keep breathing.  
Never hold your breath.

ALAN  
I took the open water course, Dan.  
I know what to do.

Dan smiles. He awkwardly unbuckles his web belt one-handed and holds the holstered pistol out to Alan.

DAN  
Here. I can't shoot worth shit  
with my left hand.

ALAN  
And I can't shoot worth shit with  
either hand.

DAN  
Just remember what I taught you  
and you'll do fine. Take it.

Alan sighs and takes the gun. He buckles it in place.

DAN

I feel safer already.

A bullet punches through Dan's mask. The crack of a distant rifle follows an instant later.

Alan automatically turns to look at the pier.

A MILITIAMAN stands on the dock. The muzzle of his M16 flashes as he fires several more shots toward the boat. More militiamen run down the pier.

Bullets punch holes in the boat and ricochet off metal.

Alan ducks down and looks at Dan.

Dan has slumped against the gunwale. Blood fills his mask and trickles from the hole in the lens.

ALAN

No! Dan, get down!

He rushes at Dan and tackles him, hauling him overboard. The brothers hit the water with a heavy splash.

Alan surfaces and struggles to fit Dan's mouthpiece in place. Dan's head rolls limply. Blood sloshes from the hole in his cracked mask.

ALAN

Dan, we have to go under! Keep breathing. Never hold your breath....

Bullets hit the water nearby.

Alan stuffs his own regulator into his mouth. He drags Dan beneath the surface.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Alan shines the flashlight through murky green water. His breathing labors in his ears as he struggles to swim in his military fatigues with one arm around Dan's neck.

He swims between the three rocks and shines the flashlight into the darkness below. He pinches his nose and blows.

He grips the rock and pulls himself downward.

INT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - NIGHT

The rocks form into a tunnel that curves shoreward, becoming horizontal. Alan aims the flashlight ahead and pulls himself along the rocks, dragging Dan along with him.

He continues to follow the tunnel as it curves upward.

INT. CAVE

Alan bursts through the surface of the subterranean pool. He yanks the regulator from his mouth and splashes his way to the shore, hauling Dan by his collar.

He clambers out and rips off his and Dan's gear. He checks Dan's neck for a pulse and listens for breath.

ALAN

No, please, no....

He frantically administers CPR.

A dull rumble of an explosion shakes the cavern.

Alan grabs the flashlight and shines it upward. Small pieces of rock drop from the ceiling.

ALAN

Oh god, here they come.

He grabs Dan's shoulders and shakes him.

ALAN

Get up, Dan, or we'll die in here!

Dan's dead eyes stare unseeing. Alan bursts into tears.

ALAN

Dan, please...you can't leave me  
like this....

A gray tentacle enters the beam of the dropped flashlight and slowly probes along the ground toward Alan and Dan.

Alan leaps to his feet. He snatches up the flashlight and shines it on the tentacle. He follows its length to...

The Displacer. Light reflects off the huge creature's burnt-orange skin. It crouches under the low ceiling and stares back with its single huge eye.

Alan cries out and backpedals. He fumbles for the pistol, trips and falls into the pool. He thrashes, sputtering.

The tentacles pull back and the Displacer remains still.

Alan calms down and stares at the huge monster. He cautiously clambers back out of the pool.

ALAN

So y-you're the displacer? What a beast from hell....

Another explosion shakes the cavern.

ALAN

"Enter displacer through underside osmotic door." What the hell is an osmotic door?

Another explosion. More rocks drop from the ceiling.

Alan looks at Dan's body and his face twists with anguish.

He approaches the Displacer. He holds his breath as he steps between the twitching tentacles, and ducks down to walk underneath the crouched creature.

Set into the smooth underside of the Displacer, toward the back, is a manhole-sized circle of translucent gray.

Alan touches the circle and pushes. His hand slides through it as if it were mucus. He recoils and the gray material flows back into place, unbroken.

Another explosion shakes the cave. Alan takes a deep breath and pushes his head through the osmotic door.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan shines the flashlight around.

The body cavity is two-thirds the size of the Displacer, with a flat floor and room enough for a man to stand. Pink, fleshy material coats the walls and floor.

A second osmotic door sits in the back wall. From the ceiling above it hang five transparent sacs. Three of them each contain a human brain.

In one corner sits a basketball-sized SCOUT, with a single large black eye, a wide slit for a mouth, and two bird-like legs. It quietly watches Alan.

As Alan warily climbs up into the body cavity, the ceiling glows with a dim red light. He turns off the flashlight.

ALAN

"Go to set destination and repair incursion." What set destination?

Another muffled explosion sounds through the walls, and the Displacer rocks slightly.

Alan loses his balance and places a hand against the wall. His gaze loses focus.

ALAN

Oh god...so hungry!

He releases the wall to clutch his stomach. His eyes blink back into focus.

ALAN

Wait...that wasn't me.

He steels himself and presses his hands against the wall. Again his gaze loses focus.

INT. CAVE - DISPLACER'S POV

The Displacer's fisheye view extends into the infrared as it looks toward the far side of the cave.

A shaft of bright light pierces the darkness through a man-sized hole in the ceiling. Dirt streams down to a pile of rubble below the hole.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan's unfocused gaze stares in awe.

ALAN

I see what you see....

A deep, booming, echoing voice fills Alan's mind.

DISPLACER (V.O.)  
Affirmative.

ALAN  
Y-You can talk!

DISPLACER (V.O.)  
Negative.

ALAN  
Uh. What?

DISPLACER (V.O.)  
Negative. I cannot talk.

ALAN  
Umm...we're talking here.

DISPLACER (V.O.)  
We communicate through a  
neurochemical bridge formed  
between our brains.

ALAN  
You're a ganger?

DISPLACER (V.O.)  
Negative.

Alan concentrates as something catches his attention.

INT. CAVE

A rope drops from the hole in the cave ceiling. A STOCKY SERGEANT clammers down the rope, followed by a CAPTAIN and LIEUTENANT GREEN.

Each soldier wears full battle gear and carries a slung M16. The Sergeant also carries an AT4-CS anti-tank weapon.

They observe the Displacer without emotion.

The Captain walks along the pool toward the Displacer. He sees Dan's body and the dive gear on the shore.

CAPTAIN  
Someone is here.

He hurries toward the Displacer.

INTERCUT - DISPLACER/CAVE

ALAN

Oh, crap. Don't let him in here,  
Beast!

One of the tentacles swings through the air and slams into the Captain's side. He tumbles headlong into the pool.

The Captain thrashes around violently in the water and emits an inhuman keening sound.

His flesh warps and swells and turns a translucent gray. In moments it dissolves completely away.

Alan gives a grim smile.

ALAN

No wonder you didn't swim here.

Still clad in its uniform, the skeleton-creature scrambles out of the pool. It opens its maw and squeals.

Lieutenant Green opens his mouth and squeals back a reply.

The skeleton bounds over to him. Green lays a hand on the skeleton and it calms. It turns and scrambles up the rope.

Green turns to face the Displacer.

GREEN

Exit the displacer now and we will  
allow you to leave unharmed.

Alan's distorted voice projects from the Displacer:

ALAN (V.O.)

Fuck off, you sick alien bastards!  
Come anywhere near me and I'll  
kill you too!

GREEN

My orders are clear: obtain the  
displacer if possible, destroy it  
if not. Leave now if you wish to  
live.

ALAN (V.O.)

You monsters murdered my brother!  
I'll die before I give you  
anything!

Green nods to the Stocky Sergeant. The Sergeant steps forward and prepares the AT4-CS.

ALAN (V.O.)

You wouldn't....

GREEN

My orders are clear. Fire when  
ready, sergeant.

The Sergeant cocks the anti-tank weapon and takes aim.

ALAN

Oh, crap....

His eyes widen with realization.

ALAN

Go to set destination. That's it  
--Beast, go to set destination!

Just as the AT4-CS fires, the Displacer vanishes into thin air with a soft pop.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan lies on his back looking up at the five sacs hanging from the ceiling. Only two contain brains now.

He scrambles to his feet.

The Displacer's tentacles push huge clumps of prairie grass through the main osmotic door and into the second one. They withdraw and slither back out to repeat the procedure again and again, like two-fisted eating.

ALAN

Good thing I didn't try climbing  
through that door. Wait...grass?

He presses his hands to the body cavity wall.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DISPLACER'S POV - DAY

The afternoon sun shines down on a broad, shallow valley filled with prairie grass.

MR. BECK, in a modern business suit with an M16 slung across his back and a revolver on his belt, rides a horse down a nearby hill. It trots toward the Displacer.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan's jaw drops.

ALAN

Teleportation? Oh my god, no wonder the gangers want you back!

He frowns and glances at his watch.

ALAN

Wait...it's daylight? How far did you teleport us, Beast?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

We are at the set destination.

ALAN

And where is that?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Coordinates four six A one L ten--

ALAN

Never mind.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

Beck rides up to the Displacer and dismounts.

BECK

I'm Mister Beck. We will wait until nightfall to transport your weapons shipment to Fort Lincoln. The displacer must remain undetected.

When there is no response he continues.

BECK

The troops have completed training  
with the first weapons shipment.  
They are ready to be fully  
equipped for the event change.

He stands there, waiting.

INTERCUT - DISPLACER/GRASSY VALLEY

ALAN

What am I supposed to do, Beast?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

I have no answer to that question.

Beck peers at the Displacer.

BECK

Is something wrong?

The Displacer projects a distorted version of Alan's voice.

ALAN (V.O.)

Everything is fine, Mister Beck.  
Which direction is Fort Lincoln?

Beck points back the way he came.

ALAN (V.O.)

I see. What is the "event change"  
you mention?

BECK

You don't know? Then who are...?

He turns and scrambles back onto his horse.

ALAN

Oh, crap. Get him, Beast!

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

Beck's horse wheels and bolts off.

The Displacer steps forward on its massive dinosaur legs.  
It reaches out its tentacles, which narrow as they extend.

The tentacles whip around Beck's body and drag him from his mount. The riderless horse gallops off.

The Displacer suspends Beck in the air with his arms held out to the side.

Alan drops through the Displacer's osmotic door. He wrings the sleeve of his sopping fatigues as he approaches Beck.

Alan draws his pistol. He fails to notice as a gray pseudopod oozes out from under Beck's shirt and envelopes the grip of the revolver on his belt.

ALAN

Tell me about this "event change" you're planning.

BECK

You can't stop it. We have enough weapons and ammunition from the first shipment to complete it.

ALAN

To complete what?

Beck's pseudopod draws the pistol and fires. The bullet grazes Alan's arm.

Alan cries out and fires six rounds wildly at Beck. Two rounds manage to hit Beck's torso.

Beck's face distorts as the skull collapses in his head. His body deforms as his skeleton dissolves.

His flesh pulls away from the lower parts of his body to allow the liquefying skeleton to splash down onto the grass, along with most of his clothing and the guns.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan clambers back up inside the Displacer. He slaps his hands against the body cavity wall.

ALAN

Kill it, Beast!

He breaks contact and rolls over to inspect his arm. Blood trickles from where Beck's bullet grazed him.

The Displacer's tentacles push up through the main osmotic door. The writhing amoeba hangs in its grip.

ALAN

What are you doing? Don't bring  
it in here!

The tentacles shove the amoeba into the second osmotic door.

A moment later, a gooey alien brain sloshes into one of the three empty sacs.

Alan turns away from the revolting sight. He looks at the pistol in his hand. His face twists with grief.

ALAN

Dan...I can't do this alone.

He curls up against the wall and shakes with silent tears.

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Who is Dan?

Alan notices his hand is in contact with the wall.

ALAN

M-My brother. The gangers killed  
him. I don't know what to....

He wipes away his tears and takes a deep breath.

ALAN

Beast, do you think the event  
change Mister Beck mentioned has  
anything to do with the incursion  
Braxon wants repaired?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

I have no answer to that question.

ALAN

Great. What do you know?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Clarify. More specificity needed.

ALAN

Are you even intelligent? I mean,  
are you sentient, like a person?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Negative.

ALAN

Great. So you're basically just a  
talking help file.

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Affirmative.

ALAN

Do you have to talk like that?

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Clarify. More specificity needed.

ALAN

Can you speak less mechanically?  
You sound like a computer.

The Displacer's voice takes on a human-like modulation.

DISPLACER (V.O.)

Yes. Yeah. Sure. Uh-huh. I can  
use speech patterns drawn from  
your mind if you wish.

ALAN

Good. Do that. And can you use a  
voice that's less deafening?

The Displacer's voice switches to sound just like Dan.

DAN (V.O.)

Sure, bro. Although technically I  
can't be deafening, since my  
speech goes directly to your mind,  
not through your ears.

ALAN

No, don't talk like Dan!

The voice changes to that of MYRA, a shy young woman with a  
Southern accent.

MYRA (V.O.)

I'm sorry. Is this better, Alan?

ALAN

Much. We need to go to Fort Lincoln. But you'll be seen if you walk around during daylight. If you can teleport, can you also turn invisible or something?

MYRA (V.O.)

Sorry, no I can't.

Alan's gaze drifts to the nearby Scout. He thinks, then cocks his head as realization dawns. He concentrates.

The Scout stands up on its bird-like legs. Its wide mouth opens and a long, prehensile tongue snakes out and back in.

SCOUT'S POV

The Scout observes Alan with the same fisheye lens distortion as the Displacer. Alan waves at the Scout.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

The Scout drops out from under the Displacer. It scurries off through the grass like a chicken, headed in the direction of Fort Lincoln.

The sun hangs lower in the sky.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan shakes his head in awe.

ALAN

How far can this scout critter go and still stay in contact, Beast?

MYRA (V.O.)

Six point five million kilometers.

ALAN

Wow. Wait a sec...it's afternoon? How far did you teleport us?

MYRA (V.O.)  
Coordinates four six A one L--

ALAN  
You're about as helpful as most  
help files, you know that?

MYRA (V.O.)  
Thank you.

ALAN  
That wasn't a...never mind.

EXT. HILL ABOVE FORT LINCOLN - DAY

The Scout crests the hill. It looks down on a group of low wood buildings clustered near the shore of a broad river.

To one side lies an improvised shooting range near a row of large canvas military tents.

Men in blue Union uniforms shoot M16s and M240s at a line of paper targets. Faint popping sounds reach the Scout.

Army ranger SERGEANT TYSON (22), tall and muscular with a Mohawk haircut, calls out instructions as he walks behind the shooters. He wears unusual desert fatigues.

MR. HENDRICKS and a HUSKY BUSINESSMAN in business suits look on.

The Scout turns and scurries back down the hill.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

The Scout trots past Alan on its way back to the Displacer.

Alan sits on the toppled trunk of a long-dead tree thirty yards from the Displacer. He wears only his boxer shorts.

The rest of his clothing hangs on the bare branches to dry in the late afternoon sun.

Alan draws his pistol and inspects it.

DAN (V.O.)  
You don't quit when you're only  
half done, Alan.

Alan loads the pistol exactly the way Dan showed him.

He properly aims at a distant rock and squeezes off a shot. He misses. He tries again and blasts a chunk off the rock.

DAN (V.O.)

You were the smart one, the one who could really make something of himself. And I wanted to help make that happen.

Alan manages a sad smile. He picks up Beck's M16 and inspects it.

EXT. HILL ABOVE FORT LINCOLN - NIGHT

The Displacer strides across the starlit prairie. It comes to a halt behind the hill.

Alan drops out of the Displacer and climbs to the top of the hill. He carries Beck's M16.

Numerous small lights glow in the fort below.

EXT. FORT LINCOLN SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Alan cautiously approaches the row of tents. Boisterous voices sound from the largest, brightest-lit tent.

TYSON (O.S.)

Spank night for a walk, ain't it?

Alan jumps. Sergeant Tyson leans against a nearby post as he lights a cigar. A three-barreled M51 assault rifle hangs down his back.

TYSON

From your milskins, I'm guessing you're with the new shipment, ya?

ALAN

Er...milskins?

TYSON

Military skins. Your uniform.

ALAN

Oh. Right. Yeah, I just arrived.

TYSON

Good, that'll finish squaring out  
the rest of the troops.

He saunters over and extends a hand.

TYSON

Sergeant Brad Tyson. Twenty  
twenty-four.

He notices the lieutenant rank on Alan's collar and  
smoothly switches his offered handshake into a salute.

TYSON

Oh, sir. Sorry.

Alan forces a smile and returns the salute.

ALAN

Lieutenant Wesson. Uh, what's  
twenty twenty-four?

TYSON

My year. The year the Travelers  
brought me from. They saved my  
ass from a flameout with a bunch  
of towelheads near Al-Jawf. I'm  
guessing from your milskins you're  
from a couple decades earlier,  
right?

Alan stares at Tyson.

ALAN

You're from the year twenty  
twenty-four?

Tyson laughs.

TYSON

Ayfirm. This your first time  
trip? Flashbangs the brain, don't  
it?

ALAN

Y-You could say that. Then this  
year isn't... What year is this?

TYSON

They didn't tell you?

ALAN

Uh, no. There wasn't time.  
Complications getting here.

TYSON

This is June twenty-first,  
eighteen seventy-six.

Alan breathes out in amazement.

ALAN

Eighteen seventy-six....

TYSON

The Travelers brought me here to  
train and spec up the troops.

ALAN

For what?

TYSON

Remember Custer's Last Stand?

ALAN

You mean Crazy Horse's Last Stand,  
don't you?

Tyson chuckles.

TYSON

That's the tweaked timeline you  
remember. Means we succeeded--or  
will succeed, whatever. Custer  
croaked it in the original  
timeline. We're using modern guns  
to make sure he wins this time.

ALAN

Why?

TYSON

The Travelers told me that if he survives, one of his descendents will bring about a Golden Age in our future. Gotta tell ya, it's spank to be fightin' a war that I know will make a difference.

ALAN

Oh, wow....

TYSON

Flashbangs the brain, eh? C'mon, sir, let me buy you a beer.

Three laughing soldiers in blue Union uniforms pass nearby on their way to the noisy tent.

ALAN

Uh, no thanks, sergeant.

TYSON

You sure? The troops talk kinda funny but they're good men.

ALAN

I have to get back to the displacer and help with the shipment. I just came by to let you know we're here.

TYSON

Oh, no freak. I'll pitch in.

Alan and Tyson walk toward the distant hill.

TYSON

Gotta tell ya, though--that displacer thing stims the barfer.

ALAN

What?

TYSON

It creeps me out. You know, how it eats people.

ALAN

People? I saw it eat grass.

TYSON

Ayfirm, it can gut down anything  
to survive. But it's gotta eat  
brains to travel through time.

ALAN

Brains? What for?

TYSON

Uses 'em to make the calculations.  
Stims the barfer, I tell ya.

HENDRICKS (O.S.)

Sergeant Tyson!

Tyson and Alan turn. Mr. Hendricks hurries to catch up  
with them.

TYSON

Heyup, Mister Hendricks.

TYSON

(softly, to Alan)  
One of the Travelers.

HENDRICKS

Where are you going, sergeant?

TYSON

Gonna help the lieutenant here  
with the shipment.

HENDRICKS

So the displacer is here? Where  
is Mister Beck? He was supposed  
to meet you and report back to me.

ALAN

I've no idea. Nobody met us.

HENDRICKS

I see. That is...unfortunate.

He studies Alan.

HENDRICKS

I wasn't informed anyone new would  
arrive with the shipment.

ALAN

There were complications. I  
should let General Frost explain.

HENDRICKS

General Frost is here?

ALAN

He is. Let me show you to him.

Alan turns and walks toward the distant hill. When Tyson and Hendricks follow, he breathes out with relief.

EXT. HILL ABOVE FORT LINCOLN - NIGHT

Alan, Tyson and Hendricks crest the hill and see the Displacer on the other side.

Alan slows and lets the other two pass him. He raises his M16 and fires a wild burst into Hendricks's back.

Hendricks collapses. Tyson spins around and points his M51 at Alan's face.

TYSON

What the smeg?!

Alan raises his hands as he stares into the three barrels.

ALAN

Don't shoot, Tyson! The Travelers  
aren't human! Look....

Tyson glances at Hendricks and does a double-take.

Hendricks's flesh oozes away from his skeleton, which gushes liquid from its cracked shell-like skin.

TYSON

Holy...

ALAN

They're not planning to change  
Earth's history for the better.  
Their goal is to destroy us all.

Tyson watches the amoeba forms itself into a rock.

TYSON

This can't be happening....

ALAN

It is happening, sergeant. And I need you to help stop them. I can't do it myself.

Tyson grimaces with revulsion.

ALAN

Tyson?

TYSON

What do you need me to do, sir?

Alan breathes a quiet sigh of relief.

ALAN

For starters, tell me exactly when you arrived in this time period.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan and Tyson climb in through the osmotic door.

Alan glances at the three sacs containing the human and amoeba brains. He places his hands on the inner wall.

ALAN

Beast, eat Hendricks's amoeba-creature before it gets away.

MYRA (V.O.)

Will do.

ALAN

Why didn't you tell me you can travel through time!

MYRA (V.O.)

You didn't ask.

ALAN

You didn't think to mention it?

Tyson watches as the tentacles carry the rock-shaped amoeba into the body cavity and through the second osmotic door.

ALAN

Okay, Beast, can you teleport back  
in time two weeks to...right at  
noon on June eighth?

He glances at Tyson, who nods in confirmation. Tyson  
watches as the amoeba's brain sloshes into a fourth sac.

MYRA (V.O.)

Yes, I can do that.

ALAN

How do I set the destination?

MYRA (V.O.)

Concentrate on a memory of the  
location and think about the time.

Alan concentrates.

MYRA (V.O.)

Destination accepted.

ALAN

Energize.

MYRA (V.O.)

What?

ALAN

I mean...go to set destination.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

The sun hangs directly over the empty valley.

With an airy whoosh of displaced air, the Displacer  
abruptly appears on top of the nearest hill.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan glances up from the floor at the row of five sacs.  
Only three sacs remain full.

Alan and Tyson pick themselves up.

TYSON

Bleh. That part sucks schnauzers.

Alan touches the wall and his eyes lose focus.

ALAN  
I'll get the displacer out of  
sight.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

The Displacer turns and stalks down the far side of the hill until it disappears from view.

Alan and Tyson jog back over the hill and into the valley. Alan carries the M16, Tyson his M51.

They run over to the dead tree and crouch behind it.

TYSON  
How much time we got?

ALAN  
Any time now. Are you ready?

TYSON  
Ayfirm. I was born ready.

With a whoosh of air, the Displacer is suddenly there, in the same spot where Alan first arrived.

Alan and Tyson peek over the log.

Earlier Tyson drops out from under the Displacer with a crate in his arms. He looks around in awe.

One by one, four men in business suits drop from the Displacer: Mr. Beck, Mr. Hendricks, the Husky Businessman and a BALD BUSINESSMAN. Each one carries a crate.

Earlier Tyson and the four businessmen stack the crates nearby and return to the Displacer for more equipment.

They make several trips. The stack of crates grows to include explosives, ammo boxes, M16s and M240s.

After the last trip, Bald Businessman returns to the Displacer. It vanishes with soft pop.

The businessmen converse. One points toward Fort Lincoln.

ALAN

Now, Tyson.

Later Tyson rests his M51 on the tree and takes aim. He fires three quick shots from the weapon's sniper barrel.

The three businessmen jerk and collapse. Earlier Tyson dives behind the crates.

Later Tyson stands up and waves.

LATER TYSON

Yo, Tyson, come out! It's me!  
I'm you!

Earlier Tyson pops up from behind the crates and fires a withering burst from his own M51's autofire barrel.

The hail of bullets peppers the tree, snapping branches and sending pieces of wood flying. Later Tyson grabs his side.

LATER TYSON

Mother fu--

He reflexively fires a grenade from his M51.

ALAN

No! You could kill yourse--

The grenade hits the crates. A massive explosion engulfs Earlier Tyson and the amoeba-creatures.

Alan stares in shock as Later Tyson suddenly transforms into a blown-up corpse.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME REVERSES AT HIGH SPEED

- The exploding crates reassemble themselves.
- The Displacer climbs backward up the hill and vanishes.
- Alan's M16 sucks bullets out of Mr. Hendricks's back.
- Alan and Tyson converse by the tents near Fort Lincoln.
- The Displacer strides backward across the prairie.
- The Scout observes Fort Lincoln.

-- The amoeba forms into Mr. Beck, and Alan's pistol sucks bullets out of him.

-- Beck rides his horse backwards out of the valley.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan lies on his back. He glances up and sees two sacs contain human brains.

He scrambles to his feet and looks himself over. His fatigues are soaking wet again. He checks his arm. No bullet wound.

ALAN

Whoa...

The Displacer's tentacles enter through the osmotic door as it feeds itself clumps of prairie grass.

Alan presses his hands to the body cavity wall.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DISPLACER'S POV - DAY

The afternoon sun shines down upon the broad, shallow valley filled with prairie grass.

A two-week-old crater remains where the crates exploded.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan frowns in confusion.

ALAN

Beast...what happened?

MYRA (V.O.)

You created a paradox. Time rewound back to the point where the paradox could resolve itself.

ALAN

Then where...when are we?

MYRA (V.O.)

Back when you first arrived in this valley.

ALAN

Tyson blew up the Travelers. He killed Mister Beck two weeks ago ...so Beck couldn't show up to meet us today...right?

MYRA (V.O.)

Correct. Mister Beck no longer approaches. The paradox is resolved.

ALAN

Then...we did it--we undid history and fixed the incursion!

His elated grin turns into an uncertain frown.

ALAN

Wait, if history was undone...why do I still remember what happened?

MYRA (V.O.)

Those who are disconnected from their proper place in the timeline retain their original memories even if the timeline is changed.

ALAN

Oh. Why?

MYRA (V.O.)

I have no answer to that question.

ALAN

Great. At least I managed to fix Braxon's incursion problem. What was she like, anyway?

MYRA (V.O.)

What do you mean?

ALAN

Like where did she come from? And why did she hide you in the cave?

MYRA (V.O.)

Pilots usually delete my mission memories, but Braxon did not. Do you wish to experience my memories of her?

ALAN

Oh yes! Please.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DISPLACER'S POV - DAY

The Displacer's fisheye lens sees a large, dusty room with dirty windows high up near the ceiling.

Three M16-armed soldiers in fatigues stand about the room. MR. LEE, in a business suit, sits at a table.

LIEUTENANT VAUGHN, wearing fatigues and a pistol at his side, enters and approaches Lee.

VAUGHN

The plan is verified. Now that we have the general we can obtain additional weapons from Fort Ord.

LEE

Good. I will see to it that--

Glass shatters as BRAXON (28), exotically beautiful and fit, leaps in through one of the high windows.

As she drops through the air, she draws the futuristic pistol from her thigh and fires three explosive rounds.

The three soldiers in fatigues jerk and collapse.

Braxon lands on her feet with catlike grace. She moves with inhuman swiftness and precision.

Vaughn draws his pistol but Braxon fires before he takes aim. He spins and crashes to the ground.

The four gangers quiver and melt as they die.

Braxon stares at the Displacer. She speaks with the speed and exactness of a lightning-fast mind.

BRAXON  
It's even uglier than I'd  
imagined.

She shifts her aim to Lee.

BRAXON  
You're going to pilot the  
displacer for me.

LEE  
I will not.

Braxon strides over to him. She touches a small device of  
crystal and metal to the side of his face. It hums.

Lee stiffens and trembles violently. The flesh where the  
device touches him warps and turns translucent gray.

Braxon removes the device and Lee recovers.

BRAXON  
That was set to ten percent.  
Shall I increase it to twenty?

LEE  
I will pilot the displacer.

BRAXON  
I thought so.

Braxon grabs Lee and shoves him toward the Displacer.

LEE  
You are not a human.

BRAXON  
Enhanced human.

LEE  
Then you are from a future time  
period.

BRAXON  
Smart ganger.

LEE  
Why do you need the displacer? If  
you can travel through time--

BRAXON

Our technology is still new,  
expensive and a one-way trip only.  
Now get inside.

INT. DISPLACER - SCOUT'S POV

Mr. Lee presses his hands against the body cavity wall.  
Braxon holds her device against Lee's face.

Four sacs hanging from the ceiling contain human brains.

LEE

The destination is currently set  
to eighteen seventy-six.

BRAXON

Why?

LEE

Only an overseer would know.

Braxon waves her hand. A holographic image of a courtyard  
in front of a futuristic building appears in the air.

BRAXON

Use this image to set the  
location. Set the time to July  
fifth, twenty forty-two.

LEE

I cannot. The displacer and I are  
from this time period. Nothing  
can displace into its own future.

Braxon's device hums. Lee trembles and his face distorts.

LEE

I speak the truth!

The humming stops and Lee recovers.

BRAXON

Then I am stranded here. How long  
can the displacer survive without  
food or water?

LEE

It can shut down non-essential functions for fifty years when necessary.

BRAXON

Change of plan, then.

She waves her hand again. An image of the cave and its subterranean pool appears in the air.

BRAXON

Set the displacer to this location. Current time.

INT. CAVE

The cave is empty, the subterranean pool as still as glass. With a rush of air, the Displacer pops into existence.

INT. DISPLACER - SCOUT'S POV

Only three sacs now contain brains.

Braxon touches her device to Lee's face.

BRAXON

Set the destination back to where it was in eighteen seventy-six.

Lee concentrates. He nods.

Braxon pulls him away from the wall.

LEE

Why are we in this cavern?

BRAXON

It's under a military base and accessible only through a tunnel...filled with sea water.

Lee trembles and Braxon gives him a cold smile.

BRAXON

In two decades my younger self will be the first person to discover this cave. The displacer will be here waiting for me. My people will reverse engineer it, and soon after your species will go extinct.

LEE

No. This is our universe.

BRAXON

Too bad you can't learn to share. If I'm stuck in this time, at least I can continue searching for an overseer. Thanks for your help.

She steps back and raises her pistol to fire.

LEE

Wait! I know the location of an overseer.

BRAXON

I'm listening.

LEE

I will take you where he will soon arrive if you release me unharmed.

BRAXON

Deal. But the displacer stays safely hidden in this cave.

LEE

Then...how will I leave? The salt water will dissolve my flesh.

Braxon pulls a large black plastic bag from a pocket.

BRAXON

You'd better hope this doesn't leak.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Alan blinks and regains focus.

ALAN

Wow, she's amazing! I just wish she were here to help me.

He blinks with sudden realization.

ALAN

Braxton died in the house at twenty-one-o-five hours on June first...I know where and when she died! If I can warn her before she gets shot...

MYRA (V.O.)

Alan...that would alter the timeline from its proper course.

ALAN

But it would save her life, Beast.

MYRA (V.O.)

Stop calling me that!

ALAN

Uh...what?

MYRA (V.O.)

Stop calling me Beast. Please.

Alan ponders for a moment.

ALAN

You're more than just a help file, aren't you?

MYRA (V.O.)

My name is Myra. I'm a twenty-year-old girl from Sanford, North Carolina.

ALAN

You...what?

MYRA (V.O.)

A few years ago the gangers took my whole family. I watched as they fed my parents and three brothers to the displacer. I was the last to go.

Alan shifts his gaze to the two brain-filled sacs.

MYRA (V.O.)

No, none of those is me. The gangers left the displacer alone for over a year when my brain was next in line. That must have been too long because the displacer's neural connections to me became permanent. It...absorbed my brain into its own.

ALAN

Wow. That's...wow. Do the gangers know--

MYRA (V.O.)

No! They'd amputate me if they knew. I'm only telling you because you're human. And you've been...good to me.

ALAN

Why didn't you teleport away from the gangers?

MYRA (V.O.)

I can't. The displacer only takes orders through the neurochemical bridge, not from within itself. I can't control its actions at all.

ALAN

Oh. Well what if I do this?

He concentrates.

MYRA (V.O.)

W-What did you just do?

ALAN

I ordered the displacer to take orders from you. Did it work?

The Displacer's tentacles push up through the osmotic door. They wave in the air as if doing a little dance.

MYRA (V.O.)

That's...that's all it took? Oh  
my god--Alan, thank you, thank  
you!

The tentacles wrap around Alan in a big hug.

ALAN

Um, you're welcome. Careful,  
you're stronger than you think!

The tentacles let go and slide back out.

MYRA (V.O.)

Sorry. I wish I could kiss you  
for doing this for me. I've been  
a prisoner in here for so long....

ALAN

I'm happy to help. You know...I  
wonder if Braxton could go back in  
time and save you....

His eyes go wide.

ALAN

And Dan...she could save him too!

MYRA (V.O.)

You really think that's possible?

ALAN

I don't know but we have to try.

He shakes water from his dripping sleeve.

ALAN

But first I'd better dry out.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

Alan wears only boxer shorts. He leans against the toppled  
dead tree trunk, his eyes closed as he soaks up the sun.

His clothes hang from the bare branches as they dry in the  
sun. The pistol belt also hangs from a branch.

The Displacer stands nearby, watching Alan.

EXT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The road is empty, the house dark and quiet.

With a whoosh of air, the Displacer appears on the road. It turns and stalks off into the forest.

Alan walks out from the trees, his clothes now dry. He jogs up the steps up to the house and tries the front door. Locked. He heads around back.

EXT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alan picks up a rock and heaves it through a window. He reaches through the hole and unlocks the window.

INT. GANGER SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan enters from a hallway and looks around at all the furniture covered with dust sheets.

The growl of a car engine reaches his ears. Headlight beams wash across the curtains.

Alan ducks into a closet with slatted doors.

Braxton drags Mr. Lee through the front door and shoves him down on a couch. Her futuristic pistol clings to her thigh. Lee's arms are handcuffed behind his back.

BRAXON

Stay quiet and don't move.

Alan watches the sultry sway of her hips as she walks toward the stairs.

ALAN

(softly)

Damn....

Braxton spins back and looks directly at the closet doors.

ALAN

Oh, crap....

Braxton rushes to the doors and yanks them open. She shoves the muzzle of her sleek weapon in Alan's terrified face.

BRAXON

Who are you and why are you here?

ALAN

I-I'm Alan Mc-McBr--

BRAXON

You're too scared to be a ganger.

ALAN

I...I'm here to save your life.

BRAXON

Good start. Explain.

Unnoticed, Lee impossibly contorts his cuffed arms from his back to his front by rotating them over his head.

ALAN

Your prisoner's going to shoot you. You'll die at twenty-one-o-five hours.

BRAXON

My prisoner? Not likely. And where would he get the gun?

Lee opens his shirt and pushes his fingers into his stomach as if it were dough. He pulls out a revolver.

ALAN

I don't know. But he shoots you through the eye. You leave a message with your add-brain but the gangers get to it first.

BRAXON

My eye. How does he manage to--

Alan glances over Braxon's shoulder.

ALAN

Watch out!

Lee fires four shots as he bolts for the stairs.

Braxon shields Alan with her body. Three bullets strike her squarely in the back and clatter to the floor. She barely flinches.

ALAN

Oh my god!

BRAXON

I'm fine.

ALAN

He shot you!

BRAXON

I said I'm fine. You know the future but you're not from Historical Repair and you're not a doppelganger. Explain.

ALAN

He's getting aw--

BRAXON

I said explain.

ALAN

Uh...I got to the displacer before the gangers did. I sent it to eighteen seventy--

BRAXON

You sent it? You can access the ganger neurochemical interface?

ALAN

Uh, yeah. Can't you?

BRAXON

My enhancements. Continue.

ALAN

The gangers helped Custer win at Little Bighorn, but I jumped back and blew them up before--

Braxon raises an eyebrow.

BRAXON

You repaired the incursion?

ALAN

I got help. But why did the gangers want Custer to win--

BRAXON

They can't defeat us militarily,  
so they alter our history to  
increase the chances we will  
destroy ourselves in the future.

ALAN

Oh. Then why didn't you fix the  
incursion?

Braxon pauses and cocks her head.

BRAXON

My prisoner's up to something.  
Follow me. Keep a safe distance.

She heads for the stairs. As her foot touches the first  
step, she hears a faint click and an electronic whine.

With inhuman speed she leaps backward, grabs Alan, and  
hauls him down behind the couch.

An explosive blast rips the steps to splinters. The stairs  
collapse in a heap of rubble.

Braxon calmly helps a stunned Alan to his feet amid the  
dust and falling debris. She looks at the razed stairs.

BRAXON

So that's why he brought me here.

She scoops Alan up in her arms, runs up a wall, kicks off  
and lands on the second floor landing.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Braxon sets Alan down. He wobbles on unsteady feet.

ALAN

Whoa....

Braxon heads down the hallway. Alan trails after her.

BRAXON

I didn't fix the incursion because  
that's not my assignment.

ALAN

Oh? Then wha--

BRAXON

I'm here to find a ganger overseer. They're the only ones old enough to remember when their species first arrived on Earth.

ALAN

Oh. So if you can go back to when they first arrived--

BRAXON

I can kill them then and undo every change they've made to the timeline since--including Little Bighorn. But I won't succeed. I'm going to die--

A three-foot square trapdoor drops beneath Braxon's feet.

She thrusts her hands against the two walls of the hallway, jamming herself from falling into a vat of blue acid.

BRAXON

--in a few more minutes.

Alan gawks as she calmly steps across to the opposite side.

ALAN

But I just saved you from--

BRAXON

Time travel "disconnects" us from our proper place in the timeline. If we die, our death is permanent.

Alan cautiously steps around the edges of the trapdoor.

ALAN

But you didn't die. I saved you--

BRAXON

Because I'm not in my proper time  
I will still drop dead--from no  
apparent cause--at the exact same  
moment I would have died if you  
hadn't interfered. Changing  
history can't undo my death.

She heads toward two closed doorways at the end of the  
hallway--one straight ahead, one on the left wall.

ALAN

So...this was all for nothing?

BRAXON

I need to get the displacer to the  
future. That means preventing the  
gangers from finding the cave.

ALAN

If you don't record your message,  
they won't receive it.

BRAXON

Exactly. Stay back.

She opens the door on the left, revealing a bedroom.

Alan blinks as stunned realization dawns on him.

ALAN

And they won't hire Dan and me--  
they won't have any reason to!

A panel in the opposite wall of the bedroom pops open and  
four shotgun barrels fire simultaneously.

Braxon covers her eyes with her arm. Buckshot tears her  
clothing and bounces off her skin, pattering everywhere.

ALAN

Braxon!

BRAXON

These deterrents aren't built for  
someone like me.

ALAN

You sure don't look bulletproof.

BRAXON

Something's wrong. I've already decided not to record the message. That decision should have caused time to reverse by now. Since it hasn't, something will interfere.

She stares at Alan.

BRAXON

Do you know something that might cause me to change my mind?

ALAN

No.

Braxon inspects the door at the end of the hallway. It's made of solid steel.

She lightly touches the metal. A spark of electricity zaps her fingertip.

ALAN

Wait...

BRAXON

What?

ALAN

Oh, man...the displacer was starving when I found it. It wouldn't have lasted a few weeks, much less a few decades.

BRAXON

You're certain?

ALAN

Yes. I felt what it felt. It was starving.

BRAXON

And I thought my prisoner couldn't successfully lie to me....

She grabs the handle, shrugging off the electricity that courses through her body. The door is locked.

She scans the door and walls, then heads into the...

## BEDROOM

Alan cautiously looks in from the doorway.

BRAXON

Change of plan. Where can you hide the displacer where nobody will find it?

ALAN

Uh, my brother's office is big enough--

BRAXON

That will have to do.

She picks up a heavy dresser and shoves it into the wall, smashing a hole completely through it.

ALAN

You want me to take care of the displacer?

## FAMILY ROOM

Braxon emerges through the hole in the wall. She scans the room cluttered with sheet-covered furniture.

Alan climbs through behind her. Braxon turns to him.

BRAXON

Memorize the following: Braxon one-four-three. It's a "virtual I.D.," something that will make sense to you in a few years.

Behind Braxon stands a sheeted lamp. Neither she nor Alan notice as a small area on the front of the sheet contorts.

ALAN

Braxon one-four-three.

BRAXON

Contact me at that I.D. eighteen years from now. I'll recover the displacer then. Clear?

Lee's revolver emerges from the contorting sheet.

ALAN  
Eighteen years?

Braxon abruptly turns and yanks the revolver away.

The white sheet loses its lamp-like form and flows away from the skeleton-creature beneath.

Still handcuffed, the skeleton lunges at Braxon with its clawed hands and tooth-filled maw.

Braxon dodges and presses the muzzle of her pistol into the skeleton's chest. She pulls the trigger and blasts a huge hole in its back.

The ganger drops to the floor and shudders violently.

BRAXON  
Now I need you to return to the moment just before you teleported here and convince yourself not to interfere with my death.

ALAN  
Huh? Why?

BRAXON  
Your coming here has changed the timeline. Everything you've accomplished could be put at risk.

ALAN  
Oh. I didn't realize--

BRAXON  
Time travel is complex and dangerous. We're new to this and we still don't know all the rules. So don't make any further changes.

ALAN  
But...my brother died. If I--

BRAXON  
No. Even a small alteration could have drastic consequences, so change nothing. Is that clear?

Alan gazes at her in dismay, but he nods reluctantly.

BRAXON

Good. It's almost twenty-one-oh-five. You should go now.

ALAN

But--

BRAXON

Take good care of the displacer, Alan. I'll see you in eighteen years.

EXT. GRASSY VALLEY - DAY

A two-week-old crater remains where the crates exploded and killed Sergeant Tyson and the alien businessmen.

Alan wears only boxer shorts. He leans against the toppled dead tree trunk, his eyes closed as he soaks up the sun.

His clothes hang from the bare branches as they dry in the sun. The pistol belt also hangs from a branch.

The Displacer stands nearby, watching Alan.

With an airy whoosh, the later version of the Displacer abruptly appears in front of Alan.

Alan cries out and grabs the pistol. He aims it at the Later Displacer.

Later Alan's voice projects from the Later Displacer.

LATER ALAN (V.O.)

Relax, Alan, it's me--your future you. I'm coming out, so don't shoot. You don't want to do what Tyson did to himself....

Earlier Alan continues to aim his pistol as Later Alan--fully dressed--drops out of the Later Displacer.

EARLIER ALAN

Oh, weird. You're really me?

LATER ALAN

I'm not a ganger, if that's what you mean. I'm just here to tell you not to try to save Braxon.

EARLIER ALAN

Why not?

LATER ALAN

I could explain but there's not much point. If you decide to teleport the displacer to Dan's office instead, that should undo our interfering with Braxon.

EARLIER ALAN

But how will I know what you--

LATER ALAN

You'll know. We're disconnected from the timeline, remember? We'll keep our memories.

EARLIER ALAN

Oh. But...what'll happen to you?

LATER ALAN

I...suppose I'll just cease to exist as soon as you make your decision--since your visit to Braxon will never happen.

EARLIER ALAN

Scary. But okay, I'll teleport the displacer to Dan's--

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME REVERSES AT HIGH SPEED

- The second Displacer vanishes from the grassy valley.
- The skeleton-creature leaps backward into its white sheet disguise. Braxon hands it its revolver.
- Bullets fly from Braxon's back into Mr. Lee's revolver as he leaps back to the couch.
- Shards leap back into a single pane of glass in the back window, and Alan catches the rock.

-- The Displacer backs out of the forest. It vanishes.

-- Alan stands next to the Displacer in the grassy valley.  
He strips off his dry clothing.

BACK TO SCENE

Alan stands in his boxer shorts beside the dead tree and the Displacer. His wide eyes stare without focus.

ALAN

Whoa....

He grabs up his dry fatigues and pulls them on.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan climbs aboard and touches the wall.

ALAN

I couldn't save her.

MYRA (V.O.)

I know. Your future self told me.

ALAN

Oh? Oh, right--your memories updated too.

MYRA (V.O.)

Braxon didn't die in her proper place in time...but your brother did, didn't he? You could still--

ALAN

No. Braxon said not to change anything. I'm supposed to just keep the displacer safely hidden in Dan's office...for the next eighteen years.

He concentrates for a moment.

MYRA (V.O.)

Destination accepted.

Alan sighs.

ALAN  
Go to set destination.

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

With a whoosh of air the Displacer appears.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan sits up. One brain remains. He touches the wall.

MYRA (V.O.)  
You're really not going to try to  
rescue Dan?

ALAN  
Braxon said it's dangerous.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Fixing Little Bighorn was  
dangerous, but you did just fine.

ALAN  
Sergeant Tyson did it, not me.

MYRA (V.O.)  
He just pulled the trigger. You  
figured out what had to be done.

ALAN  
Well...maybe....

MYRA (V.O.)  
You managed to do what no one else  
could.

Alan thinks about that.

MYRA (V.O.)  
But if we're going to spend the  
next eighteen years here, at least  
we'll have each other for company.

ALAN  
Yeah, there is that.

MYRA (V.O.)

Don't be sad, Alan. Our time  
together could be...pleasant.

One of the Displacer's tentacles caresses Alan's face. The  
other slides up the inside of his leg.

ALAN

Oh god, no!

He jumps to his feet and backs away from the tentacles.

For a moment the tentacles recoil as if stung. Then they  
slither back out the osmotic door.

Alan touches the wall again.

ALAN

I'm sorry. Myra, I'm sorry.

MYRA (V.O.)

I'm a monster....

ALAN

No you're not. The displacer is,  
but you're not.

MYRA (V.O.)

I am the displacer. I'm hideous.

ALAN

What you look like doesn't matter.

MYRA (V.O.)

It does if it keeps me from being  
close to someone! I don't want to  
live like this. I wish I looked  
like Braxon....

ALAN

Don't talk like that. You mean a  
lot to me, Myra. I'd rather spend  
the next eighteen years with you  
than with Braxon.

MYRA (V.O.)

You're lying.

ALAN  
I'm not. She's...kind of scary.

Myra manages a wry laugh.

MYRA (V.O.)  
And I'm not?

ALAN  
The displacer is scary. Myra is beautiful.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Thank you, Alan...I actually used to be pretty.

ALAN  
You could have been again, if only Braxon had found a ganger overseer in time....

MYRA (V.O.)  
An overseer? Why?

ALAN  
They're the only ones who know when the gangers first arrived. If Braxon could have stopped them then, it would have undone every change they've made since.

MYRA (V.O.)  
Alan...General Frost is an overseer.

ALAN  
What?

MYRA (V.O.)  
That's how the other gangers referred to him.

ALAN  
Oh wow. Myra, do you realize what this means?

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

The phone on Dan's desk rings. One of two cordless handsets is missing.

INTERCUT - DAN'S HOME OFFICE/DISPLACER

ALAN

I'd better answer that. Myra,  
would you mind?

One of the Displacer's tentacles grabs up the handset and passes it up through the osmotic door.

Alan answers and hears a conversation already in progress:

DAN (V.O.)

...Private Investigations, Dan  
speaking.

WEISS (V.O.)

Hello. Are you the Dan McBride  
who worked for General Frost?

DAN (V.O.)

Yessir, I worked with General  
Frost when I was with the Eighty-  
Second Airborne. Why do you--

WEISS (V.O.)

I may have a job for you. Could  
we meet at your office in ten  
minutes?

DAN (V.O.)

Sure thing.

The call ends. Alan stares at the phone in astonishment.

ALAN

Oh no.... Myra, I think I set the  
displacer's destination to when I  
last remember Dan's office. This  
is the day Dan showed me how to  
shoot--he and I are outside right  
now! We're two days too early!

MYRA (V.O.)

Uh-oh. I'll set the destination  
two days ahead....

Alan looks at the one remaining brain and thinks.

ALAN

Wait. No, I'm not wasting this  
chance to save you and Dan.  
Here's our new destination....

The front door opens and shaggy-haired Earlier Alan walks  
in holding his freshly-injured hand.

ALAN

Go to set destination now!

Earlier Alan looks up just as the Displacer disappears with  
a soft pop. He back-pedals into Dan.

DAN

Alan, What the hell?

EARLIER ALAN

Did you see that?!

DAN

See what?

EARLIER ALAN

I thought I saw...something.

EXT. LOWER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Displacer whooshes into existence on the road.

The Scout drops out from the osmotic door and scurries off  
up the road.

EXT. UPPER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Scout peers out from the shadows under a bush.

It watches as short-haired Earlier Alan struggles with  
Sergeant Serra. Dan lies dazed on the road.

Dan scrambles to his feet and slams into Serra. He  
straddles the soldier and punches his face again and again.

Serra's flesh turns gray and melts. The skeleton-creature inside it slashes at Dan, who scrambles away.

The creature leaps at Earlier Alan, but Dan snatches up Serra's pistol and opens fire.

The crab-like creature crashes to the ground, screeching.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan concentrates, his face grim.

MYRA (V.O.)

Are you going to warn him?

ALAN

No. There's something more important I need to do now. Come on back, Scout.

EXT. UPPER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Humvee drives down the road from the safe house.

A light in the Humvee reveals Major Weiss driving. Beside him sits the Corporal, his M16 at the ready. General Frost sits in back.

They do not see the brothers hiding behind a nearby rock.

EXT. LOWER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Humvee rounds a corner. Its headlights wash across the Displacer standing in the middle of the road.

The Humvee brakes. Frost, Weiss and the Corporal climb out and approach the Displacer.

The Corporal carries his M16 at the ready. M67 hand grenades hang from his ammo pouches.

FROST

Why is the displacer here? Have the weapons been transported to Fort Lincoln?

Alan creeps out from hiding in the brush behind the three soldiers. He takes careful aim with his pistol.

He fires two rounds into the Corporal's back. As Frost and Weiss turn around, he shoots each of them twice in the chest. All three drop.

Alan shakes with relief as he watches as the skeleton-creatures shudder in their death throes and the amoebas ooze away to form into rocks.

He pulls the M16 and grenades away from the gooey mess, then hurries to the Humvee and does a quick search.

On the back seat he finds two leathery bags filled with orange squeeze bulbs. He dumps out one bag, and takes the empty bag and the other full bag.

He hurries back to the Displacer. He hands the empty bag to one of its tentacles.

ALAN

Myra, put General Frost in this bag for now, and feed the other two to the displacer.

The other tentacle scoops up one of the amoeba rocks and drops it into the bag, which it then neatly knots.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan enters as amoeba brains slosh into two of the four empty sacs.

He sets his watch timer for ten minutes. He sits down and presses his hands against the wall.

ALAN

Now we wait ten minutes. Then we jump back in time ten minutes and meet ourselves right now. That way there'll be two of us here.

MYRA (V.O.)

Sounds dangerous.

ALAN

Not compared to what I'll be doing next. Here's my plan....

LATER

The watch timer counts down to zero and goes off with a BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

Alan switches it off and touches the wall.

ALAN

Okay, Myra. Set the destination to right next to the displacer ten minutes ago.

EXT. LOWER DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Displacer vanishes with a pop.

EARLIER

The Displacer stands on the road, illuminated by the headlights of the Humvee. The leathery bag with Frost's amoeba squirming inside it sits in the road.

With an airy whoosh, a second Displacer appears next to the first.

The two Alans drop out from under their Displacers. They walk up to one another.

EARLIER ALAN

Oh, wow. I'm not sure I'll ever get used to this.

LATER ALAN

I was thinking the exact same thing. Come on, we've got ten minutes to do this.

Earlier Alan kneels and unties the leathery bag.

Frost's amoeba pseudopod raises a revolver out of the bag and pulls the trigger.

BLAM! Earlier Alan topples backward. A dark stain spreads across his fatigues where the bullet struck his side.

Later Alan grabs his own side. A much larger blood stain already soaks his fatigues. His face turns instantly pale.

The Earlier Displacer's tentacles grab the revolver and yank it away. They reach out to pick up Earlier Alan.

LATER ALAN

No, Myra! We have to go through with this!

EARLIER ALAN

I-I'm okay. He sh-shot you too?

LATER ALAN

You're an earlier version of m-me, so whatever happens to you happens to me too.

EARLIER ALAN

Where d-did he get th-that gun?

LATER ALAN

Inside him, I bet. Are y-you going to m-make it?

EARLIER ALAN

You're s-still alive so I'll l-live long enough to do my part. Go ahead. Do it.

Later Alan reaches into the bag and touches the amoeba.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. ANCIENT ARMORY - NIGHT

Vertigo blurs Alan's vision. He blinks and finds himself in the same dreamlike room Sergeant Serra showed him, with ancient armor on the walls and a Spartan sword on a stand.

Alan sways unsteadily and holds his bloody side.

General Frost steps from behind a stone pillar. He wears only a loincloth.

FROST

Help me with my armor.

ALAN

The ancient Greek theme is S.O.P. with you guys?

FROST

What?

ALAN

Nothing.

With difficulty he goes to lift the skirted breastplate from the wall. He fits it into place over Frost's torso.

FROST

How did you acquire the displacer?

ALAN

I'll tell you...if you share a memory with me first.

FROST

A memory? Which memory?

He gestures to the vambraces. Alan fetches the armor and straps it to Frost's arms.

ALAN

The m-memory of when your kind first came to this world.

FROST

Why do you want this memory?

He gestures to the greaves. Alan winces with pain but he fetches the armor and fits it to Frost's legs.

ALAN

To s-settle a bet. My brother thinks you're a superior life form from another planet...but I think you evolved here and keep hidden because you know we are the more advanced life f-form.

FROST

Your brother is correct.

He gestures to the helm. Alan takes it from the wall and fits it over Frost's head.

ALAN

I don't believe you. Sh-Show me when you first arrived on Earth.

## FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - FROST'S POV

## INT. DROP SHIP

Hazy smoke fills the large, red-lit room with fleshy walls. A huge rectangular osmotic door fills one wall.

The crouched Displacer fills half the room.

A dozen scouting units that look identical to the Scout sit quietly to one side next to a pile of leathery bags.

On the other side sits a pile of veined, pulsing gray eggs the size of melons.

Frost stands with three other gangers in humanoid form with featureless, translucent-gray flesh.

The room shudders and the scouting units come to life. Each grabs a bag with its mouth and scurries out through the osmotic door.

The four gangers each pick up two eggs and carry them through the osmotic door.

## EXT. FRONTENAC ISLAND - LAKE CAYUGA - NIGHT

A grassy shore of the deciduous forested island in the middle of a large lake.

The gangers carefully pile the eggs off to one side.

The scouting units run all over the area, picking up twigs, leaves and other samples to stuff into their bags.

Frost observes the DROP SHIP. It resembles a giant version of the Displacer, only without legs or tentacles.

The Displacer emerges through the Drop Ship's huge osmotic door and walks over to the water's edge.

Its ganger PILOT drops out from underneath and walks back to the Drop Ship.

The gangers take the last of the eggs from the Drop Ship.

At some invisible signal, the scouting units all turn and drag their bags back to the Drop Ship.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Alan blinks as he finds himself back in the stone room.

ALAN

Wait. What h-happened after that?

FROST

The drop ship returned to the cloaked mother ship. And we established an outpost on Lake Cayuga's Frontenac Island.

He gestures at the shield. Alan stumbles and winces with pain, but he fetches the shield and fits it on Frost's arm.

FROST

Showing you this memory has given me time to establish control over your autonomic functions.

Alan just watches him, swaying on unsteady feet.

FROST

Your brother was indeed correct. We are the superior life form. And now your life is at an end.

Frost turns and reaches for the sword on its stand...but it's gone.

Earlier Alan steps up behind Frost, sword in hand.

EARLIER ALAN

Looking for this?

He thrusts the sword deep into Frost's unarmored back.

Frost drops to his knees. He topples face-forward.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Later Alan blinks back to awareness. Earlier Alan kneels before him, his hands also on the amoeba.

The translucent gray amoeba dissolves into a clear liquid.

Later Alan breathes out with exhausted relief.

LATER ALAN

G-Good timing.

EARLIER ALAN

Frost should have kept an eye out  
for anyone else joining the party.  
Did he give you the memory?

LATER ALAN

Yeah...and I think I have a plan.

He picks up the Corporal's equipment belt and slings the M16 slung over one shoulder. His face is ashen.

EARLIER ALAN

You don't look so good.

Later Alan forces a smile even as he grimaces with pain.

LATER ALAN

In ten m-minutes you'll l-look  
exactly this bad too.

Both Alans' watch timers go off: BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

EXT. FRONTENAC ISLAND - LAKE CAYUGA - NIGHT

The Displacer pops into existence on the grassy shore.

The Scout drops out of the Displacer. It holds the bag of acid squeeze bulbs in its mouth.

It drags the bag to the forest and hides in the brush.

The Displacer turns and strides into the lake. It descends below the surface of the murky water.

The Drop Ship descends through the air. It corkscrews down slowly and gently touches down on the grassy shore.

A dozen scouting units exit the Drop Ship's osmotic door and run around collecting debris in their bags.

Four translucent-gray gangers carry out pulsing veined eggs and stack them in a pile near the Drop Ship.

The earlier version of the Displacer emerges from the Drop Ship and walks to the water's edge. Its Pilot exits and walks back to the Drop Ship.

The Scout watches the scene from under a bush.

When the other scouting units turn and drag their full collection bags back to the Drop Ship, the Scout grabs its bag of acid bulbs and follows them.

INT. DROP SHIP

The Scout enters. It drags its bag to where the other scouting units cluster together with their own bags.

EXT. FRONTENAC ISLAND - LAKE CAYUGA - NIGHT

The Drop Ship lifts off of the ground. It accelerates rapidly as it corkscrews into the air.

INT. DROP SHIP

Everything in the room droops as the Drop Ship accelerates upward. The Pilot's gray flesh sags on its frame.

EXT. SPACE

The Drop Ship rises above the atmosphere of the Earth.

Ahead floats the huge MOTHER SHIP, a rotating, cigar-shaped cylinder with burnt-orange skin much like the Displacer's.

The Drop Ship flies over the rotating axis of the Mother Ship. It slips into synchronous orbit over a giant osmotic door in the side of the Mother Ship.

The Drop Ship descends through the giant osmotic door.

INT. DROP SHIP

The room shudders and the scouting units come to life. They grab up their bags and haul them out the Drop Ship's osmotic door.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan, shirtless, sits with his bare back against the wall, his eyes closed with concentration.

A bloody bandage covers the bullet hole in his side.

ALAN

Okay, S-Scout...it's time.

INT. MOTHER SHIP

The Scout pushes through the Drop Ship's osmotic door, lugging its bag behind it. It peers around.

The same red, hazy atmosphere fills the Mother Ship.

The cylindrical room stretches two hundred yards in diameter. The distant ends disappear in the hazy air.

Random scaffolding like rigging on a long-sunken ship stretches throughout the interior, connecting the scabby, uneven flesh of the interior walls.

Gray gangers walk along the interior walls of the Mother Ship with a slow, bouncing gait in the low gravity. Some have humanoid frames but most resemble giant crustaceans.

Nearby stand three motionless displacers.

The Scout drops its bag and opens it with its feet.

It reaches among the orange squeeze bulbs and pulls out one of the Corporal's M67 hand grenades.

It uses its tongue and one foot to pull the pin free. The spoon flies off and goes spinning through the air.

The Scout drops the grenade back into the bag.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan's eyes remain closed in concentration.

ALAN

Go, Scout! Run!

INT. MOTHER SHIP

The Scout leaps away from the bag. It bounds away through the light gravity like a mutant kangaroo.

The grenade explodes, blasting up a cloud of blue liquid.

Gangers pause and turn to face the site of the explosion.

The blue liquid floats back down to the ground. It coats everything in an area the size of a large swimming pool.

The blue-coated area sizzles and smokes. Gangers hit by the spray fall to the floor. They writhe and screech.

The sizzling area becomes a boiling pool of smoke.

The boiling area collapses and ejects into space, sucking the smoky red atmosphere out the gaping hole.

Gangers and scouting units lift from the floor. They flail helplessly as venting air sucks them through the opening.

The Scout loses its grip on the floor. Grenade pin still grasped in its tongue, it flies through the air and shoots through the hole.

EXT. SPACE

The Scout tumbles away from the Mother Ship.

The Mother Ship twists and squirms as if in agony as it sprays its inner occupants into the void.

Gangers and scouting units writhe for a few moments in the airless cold and then cease to struggle.

The Scout kicks feebly and then falls still.

INT. DISPLACER

Alan opens his sunken eyes. He struggles to breathe.

ALAN

Okay, M-Myra. We have one l-last thing to do.

MYRA (V.O.)

I'm ready. I've already ordered the displacer to keep itself hidden after we're gone. Hurry, Alan...I don't think you have much time left....

ALAN

How w-will I find you when...all this is over?

MYRA (V.O.)

That's...not going to happen.

ALAN

Wh-What?

MYRA (V.O.)

Alan...when the gangers took my family, I hid behind my parents and brothers. They were all fed to the displacer before me, and because their brains filled all five storage sacs, I wasn't fed to the displacer until one of their brains was used up.

Alan stares in growing horror.

ALAN

Y-You traveled through time before the displacer ate you--you didn't die in your proper place in time.

MYRA (V.O.)

I'm afraid not.

ALAN

W-We can't undo your death! What have I done? Why d-didn't you tell me this sooner?!

MYRA (V.O.)

If I'd said anything you might not have gone through with it.

ALAN

I wouldn't have! M-Myra, I...

MYRA (V.O.)

It's okay, Alan. My family will be restored, and so will Dan and the rest of the world. It's more than a fair trade.

The tentacles slither up and embrace Alan in a hug.

MYRA (V.O.)

Thank you for making me feel like  
a person again.

Alan reluctantly hugs the tentacles back.

ALAN

I don't w-want to lose you, Myra.

MYRA (V.O.)

And I don't want to lose you. But  
this is more important. It's time  
to finish it.

EXT. FRONTENAC ISLAND - LAKE CAYUGA - NIGHT

Near the edge of the forest, the four gangers work to  
construct a leafy shelter over the pile of eggs.

The Earlier Displacer remains motionless by the water.

The Later Displacer walks out of the lake and onto the  
shore. Water streams from its burnt-orange carapace.

The gangers turn to face the Later Displacer.

Alan drops out from under the Later Displacer. He carries  
the M16 and the equipment belt. He lurches toward the four  
gangers, which close ranks before the eggs.

Alan raises the M16 and rakes automatic fire across the  
line of gangers. The four aliens collapse.

The skeleton-creatures writhe and melt as the amoeba-  
creatures pull away from their dying frames.

ALAN

S-Superior life form, my ass.

He takes two grenades from the ammo belt and pulls their  
pins. He tosses them among the amoebas and eggs.

He turns and drops behind a nearby log.

The grenades detonate, blasting apart the amoebas and their  
eggs.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIME REVERSES AT HIGH SPEED

- The Displacer walks backward into the lake.
- Earlier Alan pulls the sword from Frost's back.
- A bullet exits Alan's side and enters Frost's revolver.
- Bullets fly from the Corporal's back and into Alan's pistol.
- Earlier Alan stands in his underwear in the grassy valley. He points his pistol at the fully clothed Later Alan.
- The Lieutenant flies out of the cave pool and knocks the Displacer's tentacle away.
- The blood sucks back into Dan's head and the bullet flies out of his dive mask.
- Alan removes the bandage from Dan's hand.
- Alan swings the stick away from Serra's hand. The pistol flies into Serra's hand.
- The Clerk's jet injector gun sucks liquid from Alan's neck.
- Dan and Alan remove armloads of guns from the back of the pickup and hurry backward toward the armory.
- Alan listens at Dan's office window with his stethoscope.
- Dan's pistol sucks bullets from the paper target.

EXT. FRONTENAC ISLAND - LAKE CAYUGA - NIGHT

The Earlier Displacer stands alone where the Pilot left it at the water's edge.

The four gangers drop dead from no apparent cause. They and their eggs melt and soak into the ground.

The Earlier Displacer turns and walks into the lake. It descends into the murky waters and disappears from view.

EXT. UNUSED WAREHOUSES - DAY

Well-maintained warehouses line a red dirt road.

Over the road a new sign reads "Property of Fort Bragg, NC."

Paper targets hang from the bottom of the sign. One has a tight cluster of bullet holes through the bull's-eye.

Alan has shaggy hair once again. He peeks at his bashed knuckle. Blood wells up. Dan notices the injury and his gaze softens.

DAN

Ah hell, I'm sorry, bro.

He takes Alan's wrist and inspects the wound.

The cordless phone handset on the nearby shooting bench just sits there. It doesn't ring.

Alan staggers with sudden disorientation.

DAN

Whoa, are you okay?

Alan focuses on Dan. His disoriented gaze turns into a huge grin. He embraces his brother in a big hug.

ALAN

Dan!

DAN

Alan, what the hell? I got a gun here!

Alan pulls back but still grins like an idiot.

ALAN

Oh, Dan, you have no idea how glad I am to see you!

DAN

You're right, I don't. What's--

ALAN

Your phone didn't ring! That's why time rewound to this moment-- the gangers don't exist anymore, so they can't call you! Everything they did is undone!

DAN

What the hell are you talking about?

ALAN

Dan, I have the most awesome story to tell you....

DAN

Is this your way of trying to get out of learning how to shoot?

ALAN

Hell no. Give me that....

He takes the pistol. With practiced smoothness, he checks the magazine and the chamber, aims downrange, and empties the weapon at a second target.

The cluster of bullet holes isn't as tight as Dan's, but every round has hit the bull's-eye.

DAN

Damn! Not too shabby, bro. How--

His cell phone rings. He answers.

DAN

Hello?... Oh hey, sweetheart, what's up?... Sure, I'll pick some up on the way home. Kiss Tanya for me, okay? Bye, hon.

He hangs up.

ALAN

Uh...was that Audrey?

DAN

Yeah. You're joining us for dinner tonight, right?

ALAN

You two are...together again?

DAN

Again? What are you talking about?

ALAN

Nothing. By the way, I don't think I ever told you how much I appreciate all the work you did to put me through college, Dan. Thank you.

Dan blinks in surprise. He manages a smile.

DAN

Don't mention it.

ALAN

And I just want you to know that I became an E.M.T. to save money, but I'm planning to go to medical school as soon as we can afford it.

Dan's smile broadens. Then fades.

DAN

It ain't gonna be easy, bro. I got a few debts.

ALAN

I know. But I think I know where we can find something that'll help us make some money.

Dan raises a questioning eyebrow. Alan grins.

ALAN

It stims the barfer, but you get used to it.

INT. DAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Alan and Dan enter carrying shooting equipment. They come to a halt and stare in disbelief.

The Displacer stands in the middle of the room.

Myra's distorted voice projects from the Displacer.

MYRA (V.O.)

Alan!

ALAN

Myra? How did you...

MYRA (V.O.)

My body died out of its proper place in time...but my brain never died. I guess that counts!

ALAN

Oh wow....

DAN

What the hell is that thing?!

ALAN

Dan meet Myra, Myra meet Dan.

His wide grin turns to a puzzled frown.

ALAN

But...how can you still be the displacer if it never ate you?

MYRA (V.O.)

I'm not the displacer, silly. Hold on....

MYRA (20), girl-next-door pretty, drops through the Displacer's osmotic door.

ALAN

Oh my god....

Myra grins at Alan.

MYRA

I found where the displacer was hiding in Lake Cayuga...and I teleported it here!

Dan stares in bewilderment as Alan and Myra run into each other's arms and hold each other tight.

EXT. LITTLE BIGHORN VALLEY - DAY

General Custer crouches behind a dead white horse on a grassy hill. He holds two single-action revolvers with smoke rising from their barrels.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER in a blue Union uniforms lies nearby. He clutches a large wet stain spreading across his stomach.

Captain Hammond lies still beside him, a feathered arrow embedded in his chest.

Whoops and war cries carry through the smoky air.

Custer pops up from behind the horse and fires a shot at a Sioux warrior riding by.

A bullet hits Custer right over his heart. The revolvers tumble from his grasp. A second bullet catches him in the left temple.

Custer slumps over the body of the horse.

FADE OUT.