



# SEED

**"THE BEGINNING OF THE END"**

written by  
**ROB SKIBA II**

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Registered WGAw



# SEED

[PILOT EPISODE]

"Paradise Lost"

Written by

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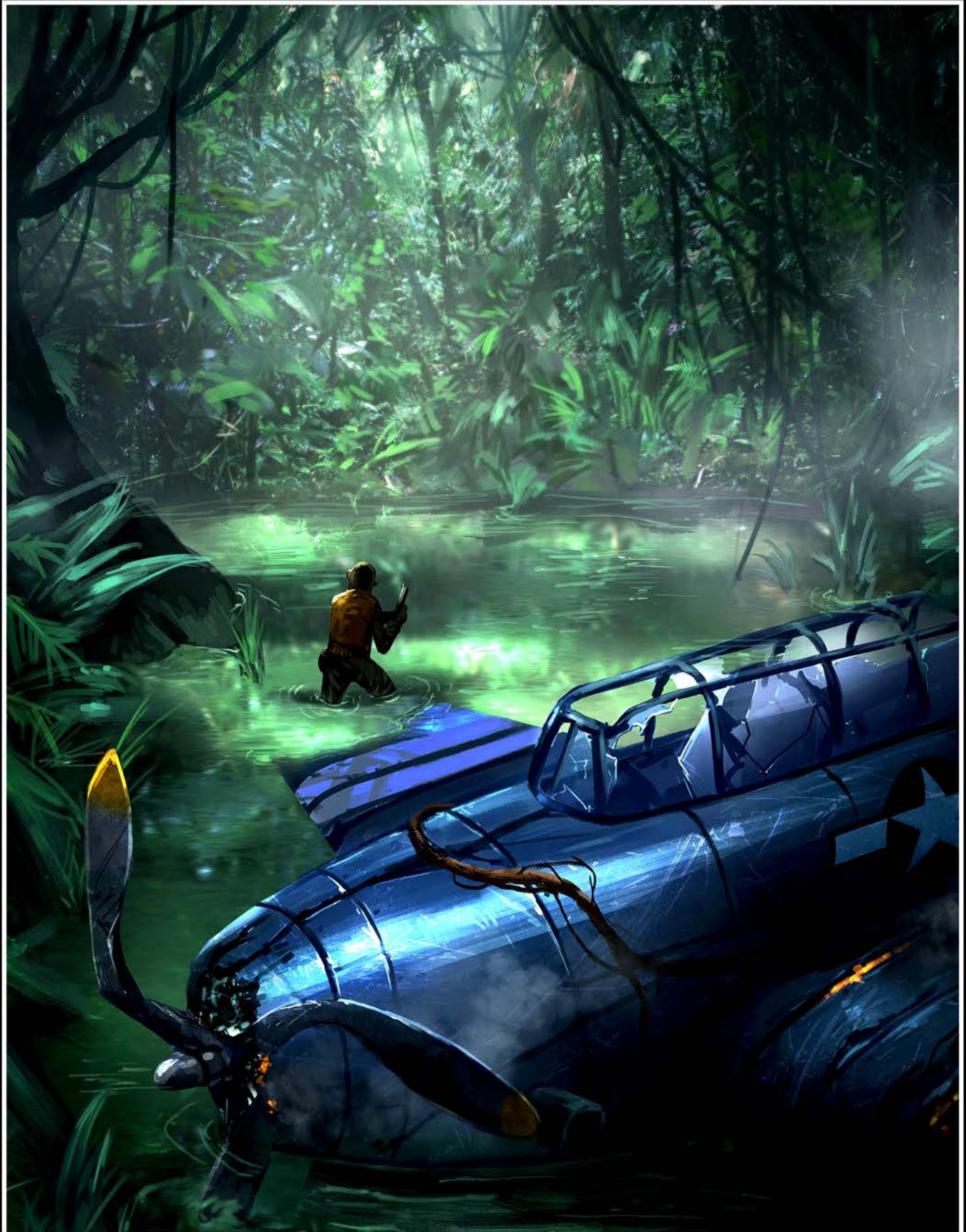
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# ATTACK IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS



THIS ORIGINAL PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS DONE BY:

**Danny Kundzinsh**

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SEED  
"Paradise Lost"  
TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY AND OCEAN - SUNSET

We are at an altitude of about ten thousand feet as we TILT DOWN from colorful CLOUDS illuminated with the hues of sunset to take in the beauty of a large ISLAND below us.

SUPER: **Solomon Islands - 1942**

Suddenly, a GRUMMAN TBF AVENGER airplane enters the scene from behind us. Flying over the mountains, it dips down a bit into the valley below, then banks right to fly off over the island's northwestern coastline.

EXT. AVENGER - SUNSET

WE SLOWLY PUSH IN to a MEDIUM SHOT of the cockpit. Inside, LIEUTENANT CAINE (mid 20's), a classic "all American flyboy" type you might see on a "Join the War Effort" poster during World War II gazes through his port-side cockpit window, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. He speaks with a slight Boston accent.

LT. CAINE (FILTERED)  
Wow. Look at that sunset.

IN A CONTINUOUS MOVE, WE TRACK DOWN THE PORT SIDE OF THE AVENGER to see the tailgunner. CATALANO (aka "Cat" - mid 20's), a tough, street fighter type with an unmistakable New York accent cranes his head around to look over his right shoulder.

CATALANO (FILTERED)  
Nice. Sure beats Hell's Kitchen  
aye Thompson?

STILL CONTINUING OUR MOVE, WE DIP DOWN TO SEE the Avenger's radio operator, THOMPSON (mid 20's), a blonde hair, blue eyed New Yorker who has a bit of a New Jersey flair to his accent as he shuffles over to the port-side belly window and has a look.

THOMPSON (FILTERED)  
Whew. You kidding?

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

Thompson bends over some more to take in the beauty.

THOMPSON  
This place is Paradise by  
comparison.

CATALANO (FILTERED)  
I heard that.

LT. CAINE (FILTERED)  
Let's hope it stays that way.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE  
Alright boys. It's getting late.  
Got everything we need?

THOMPSON (FILTERED)  
Yeah, I think so.

LT. CAINE  
OK. I'm heading back.

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

CATALANO  
You know, I was thinkin'... maybe  
after the war we can...

As his gaze moves skyward, something catches his attention.

CATALANO (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

Lieutenant Caine looks over his left shoulder.

LT. CAINE  
What's the matter?

CATALANO (FILTERED)  
We've got company!

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

Catalano looks up through his canopy.

CATALANO  
Looks like a couple of Zekes.

(CONTINUED)



LT. CAINE (FILTERED)

Where?

CATALANO (O.S.)

Six o'clock high. I don't think  
they've spotted us yet though.

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

As if trying to calm his own fears, Thompson makes some adjustments to various equipment, including a strange, box-shaped device, labeled "DAYSTORM NX-1" which is situated forward of the radio compartment on the starboard side.

THOMPSON

Meh. With any luck, they're out  
of fuel and headed back to  
Rabaul.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

Lieutenant Caine cranes his head trying to see.

LT. CAINE

Well, we'd better get a grid on  
this. Halsey will want to know  
we've got contact this far south.

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

Thompson writes down grid coordinates and makes a circle over the appropriate spot on a MAP sitting across his lap.

THOMPSON

Way ahead of ya boss.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE

Alrighty. Keep an eye on 'em Cat.  
I'm gonna...

EXT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

Catalano quickly shifts into defensive mode.

CATALANO (FILTERED)

Scratch that! WE'VE GOT INCOMING!

EXT. SKY - HIGH ABOVE THE AVENGER - SUNSET

TWO JAPANESE MITSUBISHI "ZEKES" (ZEROS) begin to dive toward the Avenger far below and in front of them and open fire.

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

Thompson steadies himself as the plane banks left and right as a BULLET comes in over his left shoulder, going through the floor next to his left foot.

THOMPSON

Great. Who's bright idea was it to send us out here without a wingman?

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE

Cut the chatter. Let 'em have it Cat!

CATALANO (FILTERED)

Roger that.

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

Catalano grits his teeth as he lines up the crosshairs of the .50 caliber tailgun on the approaching targets.

CATALANO

OK. You want some of this, huh? Come and get it!

He opens fire.

EXT. SKY - SUNSET

The two Japanese fighters peel off left and right respectively to avoid the spray of fire coming from the Avenger.

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

As the aircraft banks hard left and right, Thompson scrambles over to the Daystorm NX-1 device and starts flipping switches, turning off the circular radar screen.

THOMPSON

If this data gets into the wrong hands...

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

Caine gets it and is already looking for someplace to go.

LT. CAINE

It'll all be for nothing. I know. Hang on.



EXT. SKY ABOVE OCEAN/ISLAND - SUNSET

The Avenger makes a sharp turn away from the island toward the open sea.

LT. CAINE (FILTRD)  
I'm maneuvering us over deeper waters. You know what to do.

THOMPSON (FILTERED)  
On it.

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

CATALANO  
Better make it fast. They're closing in on us!

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE  
We'll use it to our advantage. Hang on Cat. I'll see if I can kick her into a skid. That should give you a nice broadside.

CATALANO (FILTERED)  
Got it.

LT. CAINE  
Thompson. Get ready to drop.

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

Thompson reaches around and pushes a BUTTON on the side of the Daystorm NX-1 Device.

THOMPSON  
Homing beacon's set.

He quickly reaches for a nearby lever.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
Opening bay doors.

EXT. AVENGER - BELLY - SUNSET

The BOMB BAY DOORS open revealing a variety of unusual equipment -- nothing standard for this aircraft -- in the area where bombs would normally be.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE  
OK. Here we go.

EXT. SKY/OCEAN - SUNSET

Lieutenant Caine brings the Avenger down low over the ocean and kicks it into a "skid" maneuver, which rapidly slows the aircraft down. This catches the lead pursuing Zeke off guard. As the trailing Zeke pulls into a steep, climbing loop, the lead comes along side the Avenger, right into Catalano's machinegun fire, which rips into the side of it causing the plane to burst into flames.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LT. CAINE'S POV: out the portside window, as the lead Zeke spins out of control, headed for the sea.

LT. CAINE (O.S.)  
Yes! Nice shooting Cat.  
(beat)  
Thompson?

THOMPSON (FILTERED)  
Standby.

INT. AVENGER - BOMB BAY - SUNSET

The upper ceiling at the rear of the bomb bay drops down like a ramp and the Daystorm NX-1 device comes sliding down on guide rails until it drops from the aircraft - automatically disconnecting several quick release wire bundles as it does.

EXT. SKY/OCEAN - SUNSET

WE ARE LOOKING UP toward the Avenger as the Daystorm device falls toward and then past us to splash down in the ocean.

THOMPSON (FILTERED)  
Package deployed. Closing her up.

EXT. SKY - SUNSET

The remaining Zeke completes its loop and rolls into attack position behind the Avenger once again, opening fire.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

A few bullets hit the Avenger as Lieutenant Caine tries desperately to out maneuver the more agile Zeke.

(CONTINUED)



LT. CAINE

Come on!

EXT. SKY - SUNSET

The Zeke is hot on their tail, firing relentlessly.

ENT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

The tailgun turret swings around as Catalano tries to take out their pursuer.

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET

Suddenly the AMMO FEEDER jams.

CATALANO

Oh no - no - no! Not now!!

Catalano cranks back hard on the machine-gun CHARGING LEVER.

CATALANO (CONT'D)

Come on you piece of crap!

EXT. SKY - SUNSET/DUSK

The Avenger makes sharp turns desperately trying to evade the pursuing Zeke's shower of bullet fire, which rain down like a fiery hail storm on a metal shed.

LT. CAINE (FILTERED)

Ahhhh... I can't shake this guy!

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET/DUSK

Caine skillfully pilots his aircraft, doing his best to shake his opponent, but WE HEAR numerous BULLET HITS pelting them.

LT. CAINE

What the hell's going on back there Catalano? We're turning to Swiss Cheese here!

INT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - SUNSET/DUSK

Catalano frantically works on the ammo feeder.

CATALANO

I know! I know! I've got a misfire. Feeder's jammed!

EXT. SKY - SUNSET/DUSK

The Avenger desperately tries to shake off its pursuer.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET/DUSK

LT. CAINE  
Great. Thompson, can you get a  
shot?

EXT. SKY - SUNSET/DUSK

The Avenger sways from side to side as the Zeke attempts to line up a kill shot.

INT. AVENGER - AFT RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET/DUSK

Thompson lunges for the .30 caliber ventral gun, trying to see out the tail window if he can get a clean shot.

THOMPSON  
No. He's too high!

EXT. JAPANESE ZEKE - SUNSET/DUSK

The engine-mounted prop-synced guns blaze toward us.

INT. AVENGER - AFT RADIO COMPARTMENT - SUNSET/DUSK

Several bullets rip through the rear of the aircraft and slam Thompson backward into a splattering of his own blood.

THOMPSON  
I can't get a sho...AHHH -  
AHHHHHH - AHHHHHH!

EXT. SKY - AVENGER - SUNSET/DUSK

Numerous bullets rip into the side of the Avenger toward the engine compartment, quickly causing a fire.

INT. AVENGER - COCKPIT - SUNSET/DUSK

Feeling the loss in power and maneuverability, Lieutenant Caine tenses up as he fights the controls.

LT. CAINE (O.S.)  
I'm losing her.

He presses himself back into his seat, trying desperately to keep the nose of his plane up.

LT. CAINE (CONT'D)  
Brace yourselves! We're going  
down!



EXT. JUNGLE - RIVER - DUSK

A shallow river runs center in front of us as the dimming light of dusk brings the peaceful hums and chirps of various indigenous creatures.

Suddenly, WE HEAR the sound of a low-pitched WHINE coming from behind us. It is soft at first, but getting louder.

A MONKEY TAILED SKINK LIZARD climbs up a broken tree trunk and grasping the top of it, looks toward and past us at the source of the increasingly louder WHINE. It quickly ducks its head as the Avenger's right landing gear WHEEL zooms past about six feet overhead.

REVERSE ANGLE:

Now coming straight toward us, the rapidly descending Avenger comes CRASHING into the shallow river. Pieces of DEBRIS, DIRT and a WAVE OF WATER shoot our way as the Avenger finally comes to a stop inches away from us.

EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE NEARBY - DUSK

THREE JAPANESE SOLDIERS sitting around a campfire turn toward the direction of the echoing sound from the crash.

INT. AVENGER COCKPIT - DUSK

Lieutenant Caine slowly lifts his head, which is bleeding from impact. Breathing heavily and feeling the pain, he checks it with his trembling hand.

LT. CAINE

Ughhh...

He tries to shake it off. Then turns back.

LT. CAINE (CONT'D)

Cat? Thompson? You guys still with me?

(beat)

Hey! Hey, anybody?

He receives no response from his crew as smoke slowly begins to fill the cockpit making him cough. Desperately, he starts unbuckling himself.

EXT. AVENGER - TAILGUN TURRET - DUSK

Unknown to Lieutenant Caine, Catalano is dead, slumped over inside the bullet riddled tailgun turret.

(CONTINUED)

LT. CAINE (FILTERED)  
We gotta get outta here before  
she blows.

EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE NEARBY - DUSK

The three Japanese soldiers gear up to investigate. Their leader points in the direction of the crash.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1  
(In Japanese - Subtitled)  
Sounded like it came from that  
direction. Find it!

INT. AVENGER COCKPIT - DUSK

Lieutenant Caine's window is jammed. He bangs on the latch.

LT. CAINE  
(aggravated)  
Come on! [cough - cough] Come on!

EXT. JUNGLE - ELSEWHERE NEARBY - DUSK

The three Japanese soldiers run toward and away from us as WE HEAR the SOUNDS of *something else* - a THUD - THUD - THUD and the BREAKING of tree limbs not too far in the distance.

EXT. AVENGER - DUSK

Dropping the aircraft fire extinguisher, Lieutenant Caine has finally managed to break out of his cockpit.

He quickly makes his way down the side of the aircraft and into the waist deep river. Finding the aft starboard side hatch, he opens it.

LT. CAINE  
Hey Thompson!

INT. AVENGER - RADIO COMPARTMENT - DUSK

Thompson is slumped over covered in blood in the foreground as Lieutenant Caine looks in.

LT. CAINE  
Oh God.

He leans in further to look up toward the gun turret area inside.

LT. CAINE (CONT'D)  
Catalano? Hey. You still with me  
buddy?

(CONTINUED)

Nothing. He pulls himself out and looks up.

EXT. JUNGLE - RIVER - AVENGER CRASH SITE - DUSK

Lieutenant Caine backs away from the aircraft, trying to see into the tailgun turret.

LT. CAINE  
Come on. We gotta get outta here,  
man. Cat?

Seeing the bullet riddled turret, Lieutenant Caine realizes both of his friends are gone. He removes his aviator cap and holds it in front of him as he leans against the wing and takes a moment of silence to mourn their loss. Behind him, the ENGINE FIRE gets worse.

LT. CAINE (CONT'D)  
(quietly to himself)  
Oh guys. I'm so sorry.

Suddenly, distant voices coming from behind him catch his attention.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)  
(In Japanese - Subtitled)  
There! It's an American bomber  
plane.

Hearing this, Lieutenant Caine quickly draws his pistol and spins around just as...

The three Japanese soldiers emerge from the cover of the jungle into the clearing. The lead soldier, spotting a survivor, fires a couple of rounds toward Lieutenant Caine.

Lieutenant Caine seeks cover behind the starboard wing as bullets ricochet off the metal around him. He returns fire.

The three Japanese soldiers take cover. As they turn and continue to fire at Lieutenant Caine, suddenly a GIANT HAND comes out of the darkness behind them and grabs the leader by his head, pulling him into the dense foliage.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)  
AHHYIIIEE!!!

The other two Japanese soldiers turn in terror.

Lieutenant Caine fires two more rounds then, he's out of ammo. He ducks for cover but soon realizes the Japanese soldiers are no longer firing at him as WE HEAR the terrified soldiers in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

JAPANESE SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)  
(In Japanese - Subtitled)  
Oh my God! What the hell was  
that!?

JAPANESE SOLDIER #3  
(In Japanese - Subtitled)  
I don't know! Keep firing! There!  
There!

Lieutenant Caine peers up over the wing to see the two Japanese soldiers firing wildly into the jungle.

Suddenly, the cockpit bursts into flames and Lieutenant Caine seizes this opportunity to quickly move away from the airplane toward the shore.

Once there, he takes cover behind some foliage, then turns toward the Japanese soldiers, who are now not too far down the shoreline from him.

Japanese Soldier# 2 runs out of bullets as the other continues to blindly fire up into the jungle.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #2  
(In Japanese - Subtitled)  
I'm out of ammo! Let's get out of  
here! RUN! RUN!

Japanese Soldier #2 takes off running as the giant beast lurches from the jungle and grabs Japanese Soldier #3 by the throat lifting him off the ground.

Lieutenant Caine's eyes grow wide as WE HEAR a STRANGE ROAR followed by the SCREAM of the Japanese soldier, which is cut short by the sound of BREAKING BONES.

LT. CAINE  
Holy sh...

KA-BOOOOOM!!! The Avenger explodes and pieces of FIERY DEBRIS come falling down all around him as he lies face-down covering his head.

Now very close to Lieutenant Caine's position, the remaining Japanese soldier is also crouched down covering his head. As WE HEAR a BEASTLY SHRIEK in the distance, the soldier lifts his head in terror.

The silhouette of something large, but barely discernible runs off into the darkness of the jungle, breaking tree branches as it does. THUD - THUD - THUD - THUD...

(CONTINUED)

Lieutenant Caine lifts his head to see what's going on. All is quiet again, except for the crackling of the fires around him. Then he sees the remaining Japanese soldier standing very close by with a machete drawn in his trembling hand as he watches the giant creature run off.

Trying to remain unseen/unheard, Lieutenant Caine slowly reaches for his boot-strapped SURVIVAL KNIFE, unbuttons the sheath, then pulls it out. He slowly stands up.

The CRACK of a twig causes the Japanese soldier to spin around.

For an instant, both soldiers look as though they may fight each other. But wide-eyed, breathing heavily and being in mutual shock at what they had just seen, the two frightened warriors instead slowly lower their weapons, back away from each other and walk off in different directions as we...

TRANSITION TO:

THE OPENING TITLES

END OF TEASER



ATE CONVENTION CENTER

WASHINGTON STATE CONV

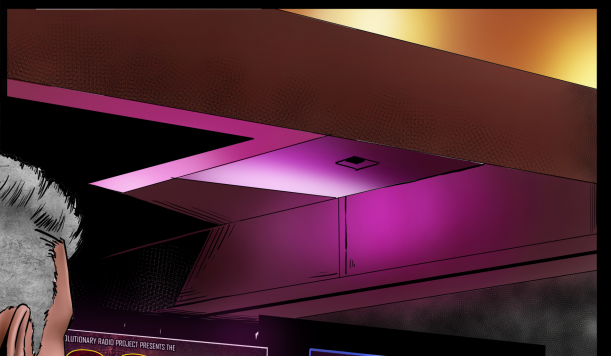
RIGHT LANE  
BUSES ONLY  
RIGHT TURNS PERMITTED







THE REVOLUTIONARY RADIO PROJECT PRESENTS THE  
**OMEGAMANIA CONFERENCE**  
APRIL 26<sup>th</sup> - 28<sup>th</sup>



**THE OMEGA PLAN?**

There were giants in the Earth in those days and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became the mighty men which were of old, men of renown.

- Genesis 6:4

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PRESENTED BY DR. NORMAN V. CAINE



ACT ONE

SLOW FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON STATE CONVENTION CENTER - RAINY NIGHT

SUPER: **Seattle Washington, April 28, 2002**

Heavy rains pour down on umbrella toting people, milling about in front of the Washington Convention Center as a perfectly preserved, black 1930's era DUESENBERG MODEL J LIMO, with dark, tinted windows pulls up to the curb.

A man gets out wearing a black trenchcoat and matching fedora hat. This is MR. DANIEL SOTER (mid-50's), a handsome, well built, self-made multibillionaire who - aside from his nice chauffeured ride - has managed to stay largely unknown to the general public. He walks up the steps to the convention center entrance, opens and holds the door for a woman who also wishes to enter as she closes her umbrella.

WOMAN

Oh thank you.

He removes his hat revealing a snow white, flat top haircut. His tanned face smiles politely as the woman passes through the door.

MR. SOTER

My pleasure.

INT. WASHINGTON STATE CONVENTION CENTER - FIRST FLOOR LOBBY

He and the woman walk toward a sea of people making their way toward the upper levels. Above the stairs and escalators a large banner reads:

**THE REVOLUTIONARY RADIO PROJECT PRESENTS: 2002 OMEGAMANIA CONFERENCE - APRIL 26th - 28th**

INT. WASHINGTON STATE CONVENTION CENTER - SECOND FLOOR LOBBY

This floor is abuzz with activity, with people wearing "Omegamania" tags hanging from lanyards milling about the numerous book and DVD stacked vendor tables lining the halls.

Mr. Soter approaches the welcome booth, where a REGISTRATION VOLUNTEER is holding out his welcome packet.

REGISTRATION VOLUNTEER

Ah. Mr. Soter. Welcome. You're all set sir. I have everything ready for you right here.

(CONTINUED)

The volunteer pulls out a lanyard and welcome bag containing various conference materials.

REGISTRATION VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

Here is your name badge and  
welcome packet.

MR. SOTER

Thank you. What did I miss?

REGISTRATION VOLUNTEER

Well, Dr. Caine is our first  
speaker for this evening and he's  
probably wrapping up his lecture  
right about now. He's in the main  
conference room right over there.

Mr. Soter nods in appreciation as he puts his nametag lanyard around his neck and walks toward the main conference room.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM

This is a very large, conference room, decorated with "2002 Omegamania Conference" banners. The stage at the front is backed by a wall of black pipe and drape, flanked by two large video screens, which display the following text over a PowerPoint slide titled "The Omega Plan?" in bold letters at the top:

*There were giants in the earth in those days;  
and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the  
daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same  
became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.*

- Genesis 6:4

Mr. Soter enters the room just as Dr. Caine finishes quoting the last part of the reference and that slide switches to a vintage PHOTO of Lieutenant Caine posed proudly beside by his Avenger. The keynote speaker is his son, DOCTOR NORMAN VINCENT CAINE (50's). The confident man with neatly trimmed, salt and pepper hair and matching beard, reveals content from his new book to a packed house.

NORMAN (O.S.)

So whether we're talking about my  
father's encounters in the  
Solomon Islands, or the epic  
tales of antiquity, one thing is  
certain... the Nephilim are real.

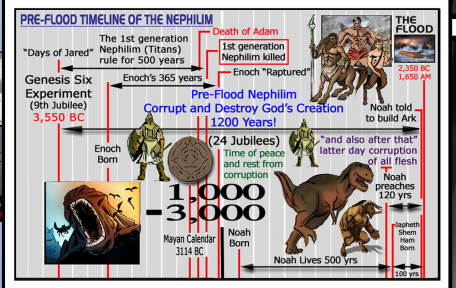
Mr. Soter quietly makes his way toward the back of the room, where he finds an empty isle seat. He motions toward it and the man sitting beside it shakes his head and graciously moves his things off.

(CONTINUED)





33.33 x 33.33



PRESENTED BY DR. NORMAN V. CAINE



PRESENTED BY



Back at the front, the PowerPoint slide changes to a picture of Mount Hermon as Norman continues.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

The ancient myths of gods, giants and strange, chimeric creatures... they all go back to Mount Hermon and what I call, *The Genesis Six Experiment* -- which, as best I can tell, happened sometime around the 3550 B.C. time frame.

The PowerPoint slide changes to another slide with the title: ***"The Alien Agenda and the New World Order"***

NORMAN (CONT'D)

But let's bring the discussion forward into our time... and address the so-called, Alien Agenda, which I believe is directly linked to the coming New World Order.

The PowerPoint slide changes to a video montage of UFOs and newspaper headlines, one of which includes a recent story with the heading ***"Washington Real Estate Mogul Disappears"*** and the date **April 10, 2002.**

NORMAN (CONT'D)

UFO sightings have continued to increase exponentially every year since Roswell -- as have alleged cases of alien abductions. In fact, if you've been following your local news recently, here's one you may be familiar with.

He turns to face the screen, which switches to a news clip showing two women on a talk show set.

INT. THE WENDY THOMAS SHOW - SET - NIGHT

WENDY THOMAS (40's), a talk show host interviews a well-dressed, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (30's) seated beside her.

WENDY

Tell us what you saw.

(CONTINUED)







ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

The room filled with light. I became paralyzed and unable to speak. And... he just began to float up out of the bed and into the ceiling.

WENDY

Into the ceiling?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Yes. He just... he went right through it and disappeared.

WENDY

Then what happened?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Then the room went dark again and that was it. He was gone.

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The scene freezes on the frightened face of the attractive woman as Norman turns back to the audience.

NORMAN

Now, let's consider what some of our own presidents have had to say about the topic.

WE PUSH IN TO the video screen beside him to see the following montage of video clips cut together in a stylistic fashion, with ominous, musical undertones.

INT. UNITED NATIONS - GENERAL ASSEMBLY CONFERENCE ROOM

Archive television footage featuring PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN standing behind the familiar United Nations podium.

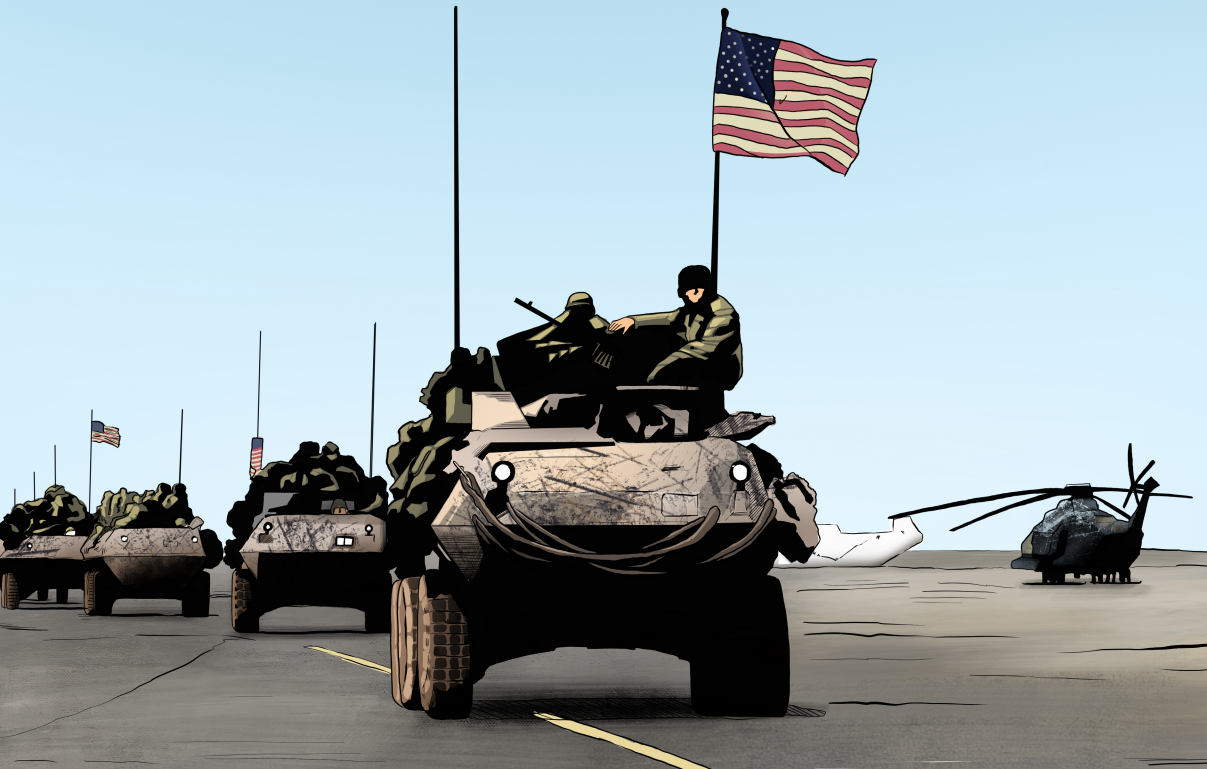
**SUPER: U.N. General Assembly, September 21, 1987**

PRESIDENT REAGAN

I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. And yet, I ask you, is not an alien force already among us? What could be more alien to the universal aspirations of our peoples than war and the threat of war?

(CONTINUED)





VIDEO MONTAGE:

- A) ARCHIVED NEWS FOOTAGE OF SADDAM HUSSEIN GEARING UP FOR WAR
- B) ARCHIVED NEWS FOOTAGE OF GULF WAR IN KUWAIT

PRESIDENT BUSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The crisis in the Persian Gulf,  
as grave as it is, also offers a  
rare opportunity to move toward  
an historic period of  
cooperation.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS ROOM

Archive television footage of PRESIDENT GEORGE H. W. BUSH  
addressing Congress.

**SUPER: Joint Session of Congress, September 11, 1990**

PRESIDENT BUSH (CONT'D)  
Out of these troubled times, our  
fifth objective - *a new world  
order* - can emerge.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

We are now flying through the Milky Way Galaxy, past nebula,  
stars, suns and planets as WE HEAR the voice of PRESIDENT  
BILL CLINTON.

PRESIDENT CLINTON (V.O.)  
We know from our fancy telescopes  
that - just in the last 2 years -  
more than 20 planets have been  
identified outside our solar  
system that seem to be far enough  
away from their sun and dense  
enough that they might be able to  
support some form of life. So,  
it makes it increasingly less  
likely that we're alone.

INT. SET OF JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE SHOW - NIGHT

Archive footage of PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON discussing the  
subject of aliens with comedian JIMMY KIMMEL.

JIMMY KIMMEL  
Oh. You're trying to give me a  
hint that there are aliens.

(CONTINUED)





PRESIDENT CLINTON  
No. I'm trying to tell you I  
don't know. But if we were  
visited some day, I wouldn't be  
surprised. I just hope that uh,  
it's not like Independence Day.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - INAUGURATION STAGE - DAY

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH addresses the nation.

**SUPER: January 20, 2001**

PRESIDENT G. W. BUSH  
We will build our defenses beyond  
challenge, lest weakness invite  
challenge. We will confront  
weapons of mass destruction...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A man and woman sit watching news footage of Secretary of  
Defense, DONALD RUMSFELD on their TV.

**SUPER: September 10, 2001**

DONALD RUMSFELD  
The adversary is closer to home.  
It's the Pentagon bureaucracy.  
According to some estimates, we  
cannot track *2.3 trillion dollars*  
in transactions.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

A plane crashes into the South Tower of the World Trade  
Center, beside the already damaged and smoking North Tower as  
the date changes:

**SUPER: September 11, 2001**

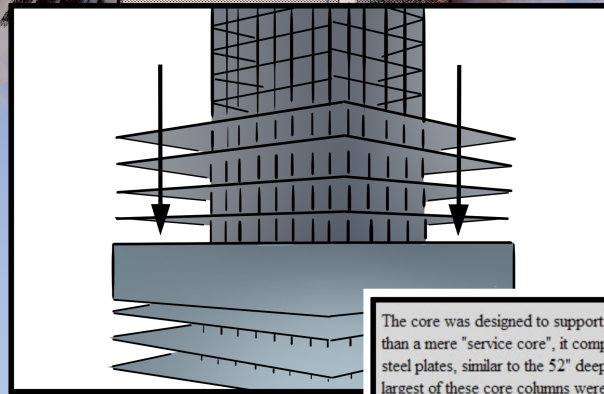
NORMAN (V.O.)  
Of course, we all know what  
happened the next day.

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The video playing on the large conference PROJECTION SCREEN  
beside Norman displays a montage of scenes, including  
archived footage of President George W. Bush reading "My Pet  
Goat" upside-down as an aide comes in and whispers something  
in his ear.

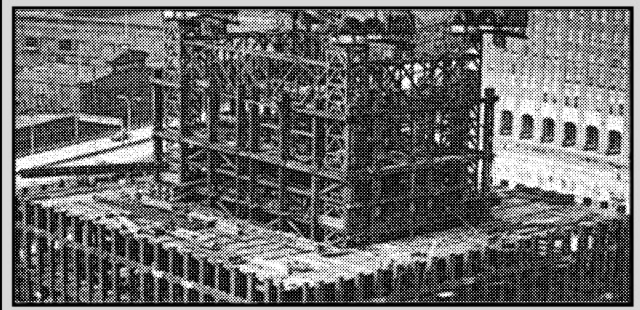
(CONTINUED)





The core was designed to support the entire weight of the buildings several times over. Far more than a mere "service core", it comprised of 47 steel box columns tied together at each floor by steel plates, similar to the 52" deep spandrel plates that tied the perimeter columns together. The largest of these core columns were 18"x36", with steel walls 4" thick near the base and tapering in thickness toward the top, and was anchored directly to the bedrock.

Photograph showing WTC 1 inner core during construction:



The inner core of WTC 1 was the most solid part of the building.



# THE OMEGA PLAN?



PRESENTED BY DR. NORMAN V. CAINE



We then see the World Trade Center buildings collapsing, the gaping hole from the Pentagon attack and the Shanksville crash site all flash on the screen as the background music builds to a climax.

NORMAN (O.S.)  
From that point on *The Omega Plan* kicked into high gear, and the stage was set for their dream of ushering in a New World Order.

The video slowly fades to black and Norman continues.

NORMAN (CONT'D)  
Barely a month later, we sent our troops into Afghanistan under the banner of *Operation Enduring Freedom*, and mark my words, we'll be back in Iraq again very soon too.

WE PUSH SLOWLY INTO A CLOSE UP ON MR. SOTER, who squints his eyes a bit as he listens intently -- perhaps knowingly -- to Norman's words.

NORMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But I promise you, we're not going there for the cause of "freedom." And it's not about oil or terrorism or capturing Osama bin Laden. No. They're looking for something. Something big.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGE/VALLEY - DAY

WE FLY in a north-easterly direction toward a strange, six mile long, narrow mountain range which encloses an even narrower valley between the rocks just north of the Kutal Murcha (Ant valley) in Kandahar, Afghanistan.

SUPER: **Kandahar, Afghanistan**

NORMAN (V.O.)  
And when they find it... or should I say *him*... it will herald the beginning of the end.

Seven heavily armed U.S. Army Special Forces soldiers march in a tactical formation through a narrow, two and a half mile long valley looking for something.

SUPER: **June 3, 2002**

(CONTINUED)





The team's commanding officer, LIEUTENANT ZECHARIAH ("ZAK") RANDALL (late 20's), a handsome, rugged, square-jawed, iconic-looking super jock type -- likeable and respectable even at first glance -- hand signals his team to halt.

Up ahead, Zak's point man, STAFF SERGEANT DANIELS (mid 20's), a handsome young man, with glasses and sandy blonde hair, who gives off a likeable "smart guy" vibe, turns toward him as he holds the leash of the team's bomb sniffing, canine, a German Shepherd named, ARES. The dog has dug in his paws, refusing to go any further.

Zak motions for everyone to take up defensive positions as he advances toward Daniels and Ares.

ZAK  
(quietly)  
What is it?

Daniels attempts to quietly calm the dog.

DANIELS  
(quietly)  
I don't know. But something's  
really got him spooked.

The two men scan the area trying to see what Ares is sensing. Zak bends down to calmly pet the dog on the head.

ZAK  
It's OK. Hey - hey - hey. Easy  
Ares. Easy. What is it buddy?

Ares lets out a soft whimper as he nods toward the side of the goat path about ten feet in front of them. Zak looks in that direction and sees something on the ground. He cautiously advances, then bends down to investigate.

ZAK (CONT'D)  
Blood.

The SCREECH of a VULTURE circling overhead causes everyone to quickly turn their weapons upward. Breathing a sigh of relief as they all realize what it was, Zak stands surveying the area. Then, looking directly below the vulture, he spots something.

Zak's right-hand man, SERGEANT FIRST CLASS PIERCE (30's), the squad's N.C.O.I.C., a tough, bearded, all New York, wise-guy type, with long, dark brown hair sees it too.

PIERCE  
That's not good.

(CONTINUED)

WE FOLLOW his gaze as he points his .308 sniper rifle down at what's left of a stripped to the bone lower half of a HUMAN LEG, which is still partially wrapped in a combat uniform, lying on the ground a few feet below.

Zak signals everyone to shift into overwatch, defensive positions and points to STAFF SERGEANT JAKES (mid 20's), the team's athletically built, African American medic.

ZAK  
See if it's one of ours.  
(to Pierce)  
Cover him.

Pierce and the others all have their "heads on a swivel" as Jakes shoulders his M4 and climbs down for a closer look. Checking the bottom of the boot, he holds it up.

JAKES  
U.S. Army issue.

STAFF SERGEANT REID (mid 20's), a red-headed soldier of average build looks at his GPS.

REID  
We're not far from their last  
known checkpoint.

ZAK  
(to Pierce)  
What do you think?

PIERCE  
No evidence of explosives.

STAFF SERGEANT RIVERA (mid 20's), a Hispanic soldier with a thin, neatly trimmed mustache points his weapon toward a pack of wolves, which crouch down, off in the distance looking for an opportunity to scavenge.

RIVERA  
Maybe an animal?

Zak maintains a watchful eye with his M4 at the ready, also spotting the wolves.

ZAK  
I don't see any tracks. No.  
They're here for the aftermath,  
which means this couldn't have  
happened too long ago.

JAKES  
(looking around)  
But where's the rest of him?

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS CLARK (early 30's), a tall, muscular African American points his Barrett .50 BMG semi-automatic weapon up at the ledge above.

CLARK  
Could've fallen from up there.

The rest of the team looks up as Zak shakes his head in agreement and gives the "let's move" signal.

ZAK  
Let's find out.  
(to Jakes)  
Leave it for now. We'll tag it  
and bag it for ID when we come  
back down.

JAKES  
Roger that.

Jakes drops the leg and Pierce gives him a hand back up. As the team starts to advance around the cliff to the higher ledge, Ares begins to growl - the fur on his back raised.

DANIELS  
Wow. I've never seen him like  
this.

ZAK  
I.E.D.s?

DANIELS  
No. I don't think so. This is...  
something different.

ZAK  
Well get him under control. Let's  
move.

Daniels picks Ares up by his harness and carries him under his arm. When they round the corner, they see an open area up ahead, with a large land bridge extending over a deep chasm toward the opening of a cave in the mountaintop. Scattered all across the land bridge is a blood bath of human remains -- and about a dozen vultures picking at them. Ares whimpers, panting heavily.

As the team approaches the land bridge, warding off the birds, Pierce sees something. He bends down to pick it up.

(CONTINUED)

PIERCE

I think we've found the rest of  
our guys.

He hands a piece of U.S. Army issue communications equipment up to Zak as he surveys the carnage littered area gritting his teeth in anger. He points to all the spent rounds littered everywhere around them.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Whatever happened, looks like  
they put up one hell of a fight.

Clark points to various high ground locations, toward which the team already has their weapons directed.

CLARK

Good place for an ambush.

Zak concurs as he too carefully scans the area.

ZAK

Yeah, but it doesn't make sense.  
Why would they even come up here?  
There's no strategic value to  
this location.

Ares can't take it anymore, he squirms loose, hits the ground and runs directly for the cave entrance where he barks ferociously, all the hairs on his back sticking straight up.

DANIELS

Ares no! Get back here!

Everyone turns as Daniels cautiously makes his way toward Ares and the cave opening. The rest of the team immediately disperses into defensive positions to cover him.

Ares growls then quickly lunges toward Daniels, knocking him off balance, just as a massive SPEAR comes flying out of the cave narrowly missing both of them. As the dog rolls to the ground, he starts to slip over the edge of the land bridge. Daniel's quickly reaches for his leash to save him.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

I gotcha!

Suddenly, a huge twelve foot tall GIANT with long, scarlet red hair and a straggly, full beard to match lurches from within the cave holding a large, animal skin covered shield in one hand and a massive stone club in the other.

(CONTINUED)



Instinctively, Daniels immediately rolls and opens fire with his pistol as he clings tightly to Ares' leash with his other hand and the whole team also opens fires on the creature.

The giant lets out a TERRIFYING ROAR and with lightning speed it swipes Daniels and Ares off the land bridge with his club.

Ahhhhh!!! DANIELS (CONT'D) Nooo!! ZAK

The giant adeptly covers himself against the assault with his thick shield, becoming more and more angry with each random hit he takes.

Everyone scatters to form a perimeter around the giant, unloading all they have on it, but nothing appears to be working.

ZAK (CONT'D)  
Aim for the face!

Clark lets loose, landing several shots right between the giant's eyes as the others likewise circle around him strategically firing into his head from different directions until he finally falls to the ground with a massive thud.

They all cease fire, breathing heavily as they stare in adrenaline loaded shock at the massive, pale skin behemoth of a man lying before them. Within moments, the giant breaths its last blood gurgling breath and dies.

Zak rushes to the side of the land bridge where Daniels and Ares went over. Looking down into the deep chasm, he sees his friend and hangs his head in remorse as Jakes rushes over followed by the others.

JAKES  
Is he...?

Before even finishing the question, they all see the answer for themselves. Daniels is dead.

However, on a shallow ledge about ten feet below the land bridge, Zak sees Ares lying on his side panting heavily. He turns to Pierce and Clark, motioning toward the cave.

ZAK  
Make sure we don't have anymore surprises.

Pierce and Clark nod an affirmative and cautiously approach, weapons drawn.

(CONTINUED)

Zak turns back toward Daniels and Ares then looks at Jakes, Reid and Rivera. Nothing more needs to be said. They each prepare to bring their fallen comrades back up.

EXT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON A.F.B. - AIRFIELD - DAY

SUPER: **Wright-Patterson A.F.B.**

A mixture of seven high-ranking U.S. Army and Air Force officers walk up to the rear of a C-130 Hercules and wait as its loading ramp begins to lower.

INT. C-130 - DAY

As the loading ramp lowers, the outside light reveals a very large, TARP COVERED PALLET OF CARGO sitting inside the belly of the aircraft.

Army BRIGADIER GENERAL VICTOR KARYDIS (mid 50's), an imposing man in personality and achievement if not in stature walks past several armed Marines and over to the pallet. Squinting at the disgusting smell, he lifts a portion of the tarp up exposing the massive, pale, SIX FINGERED HAND of the giant.

KARYDIS

Another one.

He turns to the highest ranking officer, a three star Air Force general who nods his head and walks away, joined by four other officers quietly discussing something as they head back down the ramp. One of them puts a cell phone to his ear as General Karydis turns to the remaining high-ranking officer, Air Force COLONEL RATCLIFF (late 40's).

KARYDIS (CONT'D)

I'll take it from here.

RATCLIFF

Yes sir.

Colonel Ratcliff turns to the Marines, C-130 pilots and crew.

RATCLIFF (CONT'D)

Do what he says.

They all respond.

CREW

Yes sir!

The Colonel exits the back of the C-130.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DELTA FORCE UNIT COMMON ROOM - DAY

The mood is heavy as Zak and the remaining members of his unit respectfully shine Daniels' boots, clean out his locker and prepare his uniform for his memorial service.

Jakes holds the four rows of Daniels' decorative ribbons in his hand, rubbing a purple heart ribbon with his finger.

JAKES

All this and yet his obit is  
going to read that he died in a  
routine training exercise?

As Reid empties Daniels' wall locker, he carefully folds and gently sets down a GREEN BERET even though he is quite angry.

REID

We can't even tell his wife what  
happened.

Clark steams Daniel's Class A uniform.

CLARK

Military and its damned secrets.

Rivera cleans the various components of Daniels' M4 carbine.

RIVERA

Comes with the territory -  
unfortunately.

Pierce shines Daniels' jump boots.

PIERCE

Well we know the truth and that's  
all that matters.

As Zak sits on the floor, notepad on his lap, he struggles to write the eulogy. Pen in one hand, he stares at the blank paper and lets out a frustrated sigh. With his other hand, he tenderly strokes the back of Ares head attempting to comfort the wounded and bandaged up canine warrior lying beside him as it lets out a sad whimper.

ZAK

Yeah. We know. You tried to tell  
us, but we didn't listen.  
(remorseful beat)  
I didn't listen.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

An open casket reveals the BODY of Staff Sergeant Daniels in his Class A uniform. Wreaths of flowers surround a PORTRAIT of him in the desert wearing his combat uniform, kneeling beside Ares, who sits tall and proud beside him.

ZAK (O.S.)

Staff Sergeant Daniels was a courageous warrior. He served his country proudly, loved his family dearly and never hesitated to place himself in harm's way if it meant saving lives.

The sanctuary is filled with his fellow soldiers also dressed in Class A uniforms, seated among other friends and family members, many of whom are wiping tears from their eyes as Zak finishes his eulogy.

ZAK (CONT'D)

In the three years he served under my command, there was never a challenge -- no matter how big -  
- that he didn't take head on.

The members of Zak's unit, grit their teeth, fighting back tears as Zak continues.

ZAK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He was a true soldier... and an even better friend.

Various members of the audience nod their heads in agreement.

ZAK (CONT'D)

So I say without reservation, and I'm sure everyone here would agree... he will be sorely missed.

Choking back tears himself, Zak turns toward the casket.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Rest in peace my friend.

In the front row, Daniels' father draws his weeping wife and daughter-in-law close to him.

INT. CHURCH - LOBBY - DAY

Various friends and family members express their condolences to Daniels' wife and parents as they leave the sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

As Zak finishes doing the same, he notices General Karydis, who is standing off to one side.

The general beckons for Zak to come toward him. When he does, Karydis whispers something into his ear. Zak initially responds with an expression of apprehension, then shakes his head, yes. The general then turns and exits the church.

Seeing the exchange, Pierce comes over to Zak.

PIERCE  
Was that General Karydis?

ZAK  
Yeah.

PIERCE  
What's *he* doing here?

ZAK  
Well, I heard D.O.D. sent some top brass to inspect our little package when it arrived at Wright-Pat. He must have been among them.

PIERCE  
What'd he want?

ZAK  
A private meeting.

Uneasy, Zak turns back to look at the CASKET of his friend.

INT. GENERAL KARYDIS' OFFICE - DAY

Zak sits across a desk from General Karydis who stands holding a classified folder in his hands.

KARYDIS  
I have an assignment I'd like to offer you lieutenant. It's called the S.E.E.D. Project.

ZAK  
The Seed --

KARYDIS  
An acronym. It stands for...  
Supernatural and Extra-  
terrestrial Exploration and  
Defense.

Zak raises his eye-brows.

(CONTINUED)

KARYDIS (CONT'D)

It'll function as a specialized sub-division of the joint Special Forces, directly under my command.

ZAK

Uh... supernatural... and extra-terrestrial -- as in... *aliens*, sir?

KARYDIS

Yes. There have been numerous unacknowledged, black budget, special access projects and various oversight committees looking into the subject of UFOs and aliens for decades. Project Blue Book and so forth. They've finally assembled enough data to confirm that a legitimate threat does exist.

Very skeptical, Zak gives him a "you're serious?" look.

KARYDIS (CONT'D)

Then there's the issue of the Kandahar giant. He's not the first we've encountered... and we're reasonably certain he won't be the last. So... the Pentagon has determined we'd better have a highly trained, tactical defense force specifically to deal with these and other... *unusual* threats.

The general hands the folder to Zak.

KARYDIS (CONT'D)

I've been authorized to establish three six man teams for field ops. I'd like to put you in charge of them.

Zak apprehensively begins thumbing through the files. Coming to a section labeled "**Personnel Skill Requirements**" and skimming through some of the criteria Zak shakes his head.

ZAK

Why me sir? I haven't been trained in some of these areas...

(CONTINUED)

KARYDIS

We'll take care of that. Listen.  
You're a lot like your old man  
Zak. I've been watching your  
career for some time now and  
after your performance in  
Kandahar, I'm convinced you're  
the best man for the job. So...  
this is yours if you take it.

The general hands him another folder. Upon opening it and seeing the PROMOTION PAPERS, Zak looks pleasantly surprised.

ZAK

You have my attention.

KARYDIS

Good, because I've already spoken  
with your commanding officer.  
You'll be re-assigned from the  
Unit. After you've been  
sufficiently trained, you'll  
answer directly to me at your new  
duty station.

Zak is a bit taken aback by the presumption but decides to roll with it.

ZAK

May I ask where, sir?

KARYDIS

Closer to home.

ZAK

Arizona?

KARYDIS

Yes. Fort Menes.

ZAK

(confused)

Fort Menes? There's no --

KARYDIS

There is now.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FORT BRAGG - TARGET PRACTICE TRAINING FIELD - DAY

A group of Army Rangers shoot at targets, which pop up and down in the distance.

LIEUTENANT "REGGIE" KNIGHT (late 20's), a broad-shouldered, handsome African American Green Beret stands under the cover of an observation booth as the range officer in charge. He turns and sees Zak approaching, sporting shiny captain's bars on his Class A uniform. As Zak comes up the stairs, he cocks his head and smiles, then quickly renders a salute.

REGGIE

Sir!

ZAK

(returning the salute)

Hey old friend. It's been a long time.

They give each other a good, old pal-style hug.

REGGIE

Too long. Look at that. *Captain*, huh? Good for you. When did this happen?

ZAK

Couple of days ago.

REGGIE

Congrats. So, to what do I owe the honor?

As RANGE SERGEANT CATALANO (30's) barks commands and the soldiers continue to FIRE at their targets, Zak looks out and smiles.

ZAK

You happy here Reg?

REGGIE

Can't complain. Why?

ZAK

Because I may have an offer you can't refuse.

REGGIE

(intrigued)

Say on.

(CONTINUED)



ZAK  
Not here. What time do you get  
off duty?

Reggie checks his watch.

REGGIE  
I'd say... right about now.

ZAK  
Perfect.

Reggie calls down to Range Sergeant Catalano.

REGGIE  
Sergeant Catalano.

CATALANO  
Sir.

REGGIE  
You have the range. Finish up  
this round then call it a day.

CATALANO  
Yes sir.

Catalano turns back toward his men as Reggie extends his hand  
for Zak to go down the stairs first.

REGGIE  
After you.

INT. REGGIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Zak holds a PICTURE of he and his friend, both about ten  
years younger, wearing football uniforms, posed as two sweat  
soaked, victorious warriors. He smiles and places it back on  
the bookshelf beside him as Reggie enters from the kitchen  
with two beers in his hands.

REGGIE  
Now, those were the good ol'  
days.

ZAK  
Yeah they were. Man, what a game!  
(reminiscing)  
That was one hell of a catch.

REGGIE  
One hell of a throw.

(CONTINUED)

Reggie gives one of the beers to Zak then proudly points to the picture.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
That was the dynamic duo right there, baby. Unstoppable.

ZAK  
I miss those days.

Reggie nods in agreement as he has a seat across from him. He opens his bottle, then tosses the bottle opener to Zak who catches it with his free hand as he also sits.

REGGIE  
Pizza's on the way.

Zak looks around as he opens his beer. The house is well kept, but clearly a bachelor pad. He smiles, shaking his head.

ZAK  
You really need to get yourself a good woman, bro.

REGGIE  
You kidding? With so many fish in the sea, why settle for just one?

ZAK  
Still the player, huh?

REGGIE  
Always. And what about you? You still seeing Jessie?

ZAK  
Yeah.

REGGIE  
I'm surprised you two aren't married already.

ZAK  
Well, to be honest, I've actually had the ring for a while now.

REGGIE  
So what're you waiting for?

ZAK  
Now that we're both out of school and I've been promoted...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZAK (CONT'D)

nothing. I'll be popping the question soon enough.

REGGIE

Good for you.

ZAK

And I'd be honored if you'd be my Best Man.

REGGIE

Well... she's gotta say yes first.

ZAK

True.

REGGIE

So uh... was that the big secret you wanted to tell me?

ZAK

No. But funny you should put it that way.

REGGIE

(intrigued)  
Yeah?

ZAK

I've been offered the opportunity to command a highly secretive, joint special ops unit consisting of three, six man teams.

REGGIE

More secretive than usual?

ZAK

Cosmic level.

REGGIE

Cosmic!?

ZAK

Dealing with stuff the president doesn't even know about.

REGGIE

Wow. Under who's orders?

ZAK

General Karydis.

(CONTINUED)

REGGIE  
(surprised)  
Really!? Karydis...

ZAK  
Yeah. I took the job only on the  
condition I could keep my team  
together and pick my core  
leaders. I'm taking Alpha and I'd  
like you to take Bravo Team.

REGGIE  
And the other?

ZAK  
Right now, I'm thinking Jim Riley  
if he's available and up for it.

Reggie nods with approval as he sips his beer.

ZAK (CONT'D)  
(suddenly serious)  
I'm not going to sugar coat this  
Reg. We'll be dealing with some  
pretty crazy stuff.

REGGIE  
Like... what kind of crazy stuff?

Zak looks over at the shelving by the TV.

ZAK  
Like that kind.

He points to Knight's sci-fi and horror COLLECTION OF DVDs.

ZAK (CONT'D)  
The kind requiring... Cosmic  
Level clearance.

Reggie looks at his DVD collection and starts to laugh --  
then quickly realizes Zak is not joking.

REGGIE  
Wait. You're serious?

ZAK  
We lost Daniels on our last op.

REGGIE  
(sympathetic)  
Ah man. I'm sorry bro. I know you  
two were close.

(CONTINUED)

ZAK

Yeah.

(remembering)

We fought something Reg...  
something I never would have  
imagined existed had I not seen  
it with my own eyes.

REGGIE

Really? What was it?

ZAK

I'm not authorized to say. But it  
was horrible. And Karydis says  
there's far worse out there.

REGGIE

And yet... you took the job.

Zak takes a drink, then manages a self deprecating smile.

ZAK

Well... since when have you known  
me not to take a challenge?

REGGIE

And when have I not gone right  
along with you, is that it?

Zak raises his beer.

ZAK

The dynamic duo.

Reggie just shakes his head.

ZAK (CONT'D)

Karydis gave me two weeks to  
assemble my first choice of  
operators. Whatever's left  
missing will be filled by his  
office... and I'm not too keen on  
that. I need solid people I know  
and trust if I'm going to do  
this. So with Daniels gone, that  
means I need to fill his, plus  
eleven more slots.

REGGIE

Alright. Let's say I agree. I'm  
not sure my superiors will --

ZAK

Karydis will take care of that.

(CONTINUED)

REGGIE

OK. Then what?

ZAK

The job will require some intense additional specialized training. But for once, the pay and benefits being offered actually match the risks involved.

REGGIE

That'll be a nice change.

ZAK

Yeah, and for both officers and enlisted alike.

REGGIE

Who do you have for N.C.O.s?

ZAK

Most of my current Unit operators are sticking with me. And I was hoping between you and Calhoun we could fill the rest. Is the big guy still around? He's my next stop.

REGGIE

No. He took a promotion and relocated to Fort Jackson about six months ago.

ZAK

Jackson!?

REGGIE

(laughs)  
Yyyep. Poor bastards.

EXT. FORT JACKSON - PARKING LOT - DAY

A fiery red, tricked out Jeep with big tires pulls into the parking lot.

INT. ZAK'S JEEP - DAY

Both dressed in their "Class A" uniforms, Pierce flips through files in a folder as Zak drives the vehicle into a parking space.

PIERCE

So Command was OK with transferring all of us at once?

(CONTINUED)



ZAK

Not exactly. The Unit can't afford to lose so many operators all at the same time. So we may have to pull some double-duty for a while.

PIERCE

For how long?

ZAK

They want everyone switched out by the end of the year.

PIERCE

(sarcastic)

Great.

ZAK

Thanks for coming with me bro.

PIERCE

Oh I'd have been very upset with you if I missed this one.

They both chuckle as Pierce closes the folder and they exit the vehicle.

EXT. FORT JACKSON - FIRST SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY

DRILL SARGENT SCOTT (late-20s), a young, razor-sharp, highly disciplined and quite intimidating soldier looks sternly at a long line of new Army recruits.

D.S. SCOTT

Now, you're about to go into First Sergeant Calhoun's office. Trust me. You do NOT want to piss him off.

Several Drill Sergeants walk up and down the line of recruits, all likewise dressed in razor sharp, pressed uniforms wearing "smokey the bear" style campaign hats.

D.S. SCOTT (CONT'D)

But... if you do not say and do EVERYTHING *exactly* the way I told you, there WILL be hell to pay. And you will NOT get your meal card. And if you do not get your meal card YOU - WILL - NOT - EAT for the next eight weeks. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

(CONTINUED)

The long line of recruits all yell their response.

ALL RECRUITS  
YES DRILL SERGEANT!

D.S. SCOTT  
Very good. OK. Now get in there  
Private Abiks! Move! Move! Move!

PRIVATE ABIKS (18), the wide-eyed, skinny young man at the front of the line steps forward doing his most disciplined right-face and walks up to the door. He opens it and just as he takes his first step in, FIRST SERGEANT CALHOUN (late 30's), a large, muscular and very dark skinned beast of a man jumps in front of him and screams in a deep Cajun accent...

CALHOUN  
OH MY GOD! YOU'RE BRINGING SNAKES  
INTO MY OFFICE!

PRIVATE ABIKS  
(terrified and confused)  
Snakes!??

CALHOUN  
GIT OUTTA HERE! GIT OUT! GIT OUT!  
GIT OUT!

Grabbing his own campaign hat off a rack, he puts it on and chases the poor terrified kid out of his office.

Running for his life and not thinking clearly, the private steps off the sidewalk and onto the grass. Seeing this, DRILL SERGEANT HALES (early 30's) screams at him.

D.S. HALES  
STOP! What do you think you're  
DOING private?

Private Abiks stops dead in his tracks and Calhoun rushes up to him, placing the brim of his campaign hat across the private's forehead. Now quite literally in the boy's face, he screams...

CALHOUN  
First, you bring snakes into my  
office. THEN YOU DARE TO WALK ON  
MY BEAUTIFUL GRASS??

PRIVATE ABIKS  
I'm sorry Drill Se... I.. I mean  
First Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

CALHOUN  
DRILL SERGEANT!?

Drill Sergeant Scott rushes over.

D.S. SCOTT  
OH MY GOD! DID YOU JUST DEMOTE  
THE FIRST SERGEANT PRIVATE?

CALHOUN  
Who the HELL do you think you  
are? General Patton?

PRIVATE ABIKS  
No First Sergeant!

CALHOUN  
Beat yo' face boy.

PRIVATE ABIKS  
B-beat my face First Sergeant?

CALHOUN  
I said BEAT YO' FAAAAACE!!

Private Abiks begins smacking himself in the face. Amused, DRILL SERGEANT WALSH (late 20's) comes over and they all watch this go on for a few seconds. Finally, Walsh grabs him by the wrist and stops the abuse.

D.S. WALSH  
What are you some kinda mo-ron?

PRIVATE ABIKS  
Yes Drill Sergeant!

D.S. WALSH  
(pointing at Calhoun)  
What did the First Sergeant tell  
you to do?

PRIVATE ABIKS  
He... he told me to beat my face.

D.S. WALSH  
Well then I suggest you knock 'em  
out.

PRIVATE ABIKS  
What?

D.S. SCOTT  
Are you deaf? He said... KNOCK  
'EM OUT!!

(CONTINUED)

Private Abiks looks at First Sergeant Calhoun who appears like a giant, ravenous Pit Bull.

PRIVATE ABIKS  
(terrified)  
No Drill Sergeant.

D.S. SCOTT  
No Drill Sergeant?

D.S. WALSH  
No Drill Sergeant??

CALHOUN  
NO DRILL SERGEANT!?? Oh, you are on thin ice boy. If you don't wanna spend the rest of your PATHETIC LIFE making small rocks outta big rocks, you better git down and kiss the dirt right now!

The poor kid doesn't know what to do, so he gets down on the ground and starts kissing it. Everyone -- including the now equally terrified line of recruits -- watch for a moment, then Calhoun picks the kid up by the back of the collar with one arm and turns the private -- who is now spitting grass out of his mouth -- around to face him.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)  
Boy. When we tell you to beat yo' face, knock 'em out or kiss the dirt of this precious land of ours... that means DO PUSH-UPS!!

He drops the kid, who immediately begins doing lots of push-ups as fast as he can.

Across an open field, opposite the First Sergeant's office, Zak and Pierce walk up a sidewalk.

PIERCE  
Nah. Rivera's been talking about getting out for a while now. So, he's definitely a no-go.

ZAK  
Well, hopefully Calhoun won't be.

Seeing the line of recruits standing outside of Calhoun's office, they decide to wait and observe. Pierce smiles shaking his head.

PIERCE  
I don't know. I think he's found paradise.

Calhoun looks up and sees Zak and Pierce across the field. They give a subtle wave. A slight grin comes across his face as he turns back toward Private Abiks.

After doing about thirty push-ups, Calhoun finally stops the kid.

CALHOUN  
GIT UP PRIVATE!

Private Abiks gets up and stands at attention.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)  
AT EASE! I work for a livin' boy.  
When we tell you to beat yo'  
face, knock 'em out or kiss the  
dirt.. you're only supposed to do  
ten. Now git back down.

Drill Sergeants Scott and Walsh watch the poor kid pound out ten more push-ups as Calhoun heads back into his office.

D.S. SCOTT  
That's enough. Now get up and get  
back in there private! MOVE!  
MOVE! MOVE!

The kid runs back to the First Sergeant's office and tries to go back inside again. As he opens the door, Calhoun is putting his hat back on the rack. He turns around, looks down and his eyes bug out as he starts yelling again.

CALHOUN  
OH MY GOD!!!! YOU'RE *STILL*  
BRINGING SNAKES INTO MY OFFICE!  
WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU  
BOY?? GIT OUTTA HERE!

Drill Sergeants Scott and Walsh rush to encircle poor Private Abiks who still has no clue what he's doing wrong as Calhoun calls to Drill Sergeant Hales.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)  
Sergeant Hales.

D.S. HALES  
Yes First Sergeant?

CALHOUN  
I need three volunteers.

Drill Sergeant Walsh randomly selects three recruits.



D.S. HALES  
You. You. And you.

CALHOUN  
Great. Half of you git in here.  
The rest guard my doorway. I  
don't want no more snakes gettin'  
into my office.

Calhoun slams the door.

D.S. HALES  
Well? What are you waiting for?  
GET IN THERE!! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

The three terrified recruits look at each other, not knowing what to do with the First Sergeant's last command.

EXT. CALHOUN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD GRILL - NIGHT

Zak and Pierce, each with beers in hand are now wearing civilian clothes and laughing as Calhoun -- also in civilian clothes -- takes a few burgers off the grill and places them on a plate.

CALHOUN  
That poor kid screwed up six  
times just walking in my door.

PIERCE  
So how long did it take him to  
figure out his boot lace was  
sticking out?

CALHOUN  
Finally figured it out on the  
fourth try -- well, after a  
little game of "Sergeant Says"  
that is.

Calhoun places the plate of burgers on the table.

PIERCE  
Sergeant says.  
(laughing)  
Get up. Get down. Roll over. Get  
up. Get down. Roll over. Get up.  
Get down...

ZAK  
WHO TOLD YOU TO ROLL OVER!!

ALL TOGETHER  
OH MY GOD!

(CONTINUED)

They all laugh as Calhoun takes a seat with his friends.

ZAK

And you loved every minute of it.

CALHOUN

Yes sir I did. These kids gotta learn discipline somehow.

PIERCE

And nothing like a little trauma-based mind control to do the trick, aye?

CALHOUN

Worked on you didn't it?

Pierce smirks an "are you kidding?" look and sticks out his foot, revealing even on his civilian shoes, the LACES are still all neatly tucked in -- with no "snakes" sticking out. Zak and Calhoun both look down at their own SHOES, and WE SEE that it worked on them too. They all laugh as Zak changes the subject.

ZAK

So... last I knew you were at Bragg. Reggie told me you took the job here. What happened?

CALHOUN

All this kinder, gentler - "here's my stress card crap." I saw an opportunity for promotion and figured if someone didn't toughen these pansies up at Basic, we'd never even have any candidates worthy of applying for Ranger School, much less passing Phase One.

PIERCE

(raising his beer)  
Good for you.

ZAK

Well... we need your help Top.

CALHOUN

I didn't think you were stoppin' by just to enjoy the show.  
(opening a beer)  
Shoot.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SIERRA VISTA - HOUSING COMPLEX - ZAK'S HOUSE - DAY

A U-Haul moving van sits parked in the driveway of Zak's new house.

INT. ZAK'S HOUSE - DAY

Dressed in civilian clothes, Zak unpacks moving boxes along with his fiancée JESSICA CAINE (late 20's), who is an attractive, fun-loving, feisty, fiery red head, with sky-blue eyes. She rubs Ares' head as he lies half outside his dog house - which sports the words "Dog of War" above the opening.

JESSICA

You like your new home? Huh?

Yeah. Get that bone. Get it.

(turning to Zak)

See. Retirement agrees with him just fine.

Zak smiles as he looks over at the two of them. Ares, no longer wrapped in bandages, does indeed look quite content chewing on a large bone.

ZAK

Ah well... he was trained to adapt.

JESSICA

Sierra Vista. How awesome is this? I still can't believe you got relocated here. Have you told Jake and Melissa the news yet?

ZAK

No.

JESSICA

No!? What are you waiting for?

(giddy)

Let's call them now.

ZAK

(laughs)

Or... how about we get settled in first? They're not going anywhere.

Jessica gets in his face as only she can.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

No. But *you're* gonna be all over the map for the next five months doing God only knows what.

(poking his chest)

So don't put it off.

She turns and opens another moving box.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You don't know how lucky you are. I *wish* I could still talk with my brother. Unlike my parents, he'd actually be happy for us.

ZAK

(understanding)

How's he doing these days?

JESSICA

Getting worse last I heard. Mom wants to put him in a mental institution, but you know how my dad is.

ZAK

Still waiting for a miracle?

JESSICA

Of course. And they're *always* fighting about it. I'm just saying.... at least your family's functional -- and close. You should take advantage of that.

ZAK

Look, it's not like we don't talk. I mean...

Jessica gives him a "you're so full of it" look.

JESSICA

Really? OK. Seriously. When was the last time you two talked?

ZAK

I don't know... probably... just before Afghanistan.

JESSICA

Yeah... nearly a year ago! Now, we're practically neighbors. So, there's no excuse.

(CONTINUED)

ZAK

OK. OK. I'll give them a call  
once we're all unpacked.

JESSICA

(dead serious)  
I'm gonna hold you to that.

ZAK

Yes ma'am!

Desperate to change the subject, Zak grabs her in his arms.

ZAK (CONT'D)

In the meantime, you may as well  
start settling into our new home.

He kisses her.

JESSICA

And you're *sure* you're OK with  
this? I mean, I can wait...

ZAK

I've never been more sure of  
anything.

He holds up her left-hand ring finger which has an ENGAGEMENT  
RING on it.

ZAK (CONT'D)

That's why I gave you this.

Jessica smiles as they both look at it.

As Zak releases her, she turns and takes some of her clothes  
out of a box and scampers off to hang them up in the master  
bedroom closet.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Maybe Melissa can help me  
decorate.

ZAK

I'm sure she'd love that.

Zak begins to pull several popular BOOKS on atheism out of a  
box and puts them into a nearby bookshelf, when a KNOCK at  
the door catches his attention. But before he can answer it,  
the door opens. His visitor is COLONEL GRANT RANDALL (late  
50's), a stoic, highly disciplined type -- and Zak's father.

GRANT

Hello?

(CONTINUED)



ZAK

Oh hey pop. Come on in.

Grant takes off his officer hat and enters, looking around.

GRANT

Nice place.

ZAK

Yes sir.

Jessica comes back into the room.

JESSICA

Hello Colonel.

Grant smiles and gives her a hug.

GRANT

Jess.

JESSICA

I was just telling your son how  
happy I am we're all so close  
now.

GRANT

(turning to Zak)

Maybe even closer if I can just  
convince your mother. I keep  
telling her retirement will be so  
much easier out of the city. But  
she's definitely not much for  
change.

ZAK

You thinking about relocating to  
Sierra?

GRANT

Tombstone actually. Just found a  
great deal on a descent plot of  
land down in the valley.

ZAK

Nice.

GRANT

But keep it on the d.l. -- she  
doesn't know I bought it.

ZAK

(pleasantly surprised)

Roger that.

(CONTINUED)

They both look over at Jessica.

JESSICA  
Oh, absolutely.

She pretends to button her lips.

GRANT  
(to Zak)  
Listen, can we talk?

Zak clears some boxes off the couch.

ZAK  
Of course. Have a seat. Can I get  
you a beer?

GRANT  
No thank you.

Grant looks over at Jessica, feeling a bit apprehensive.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Uh...

Jessica gets the signal.

JESSICA  
Oh. Hey. Yeah. No worries. I've  
got to pick up another load  
anyway.

She grabs her keys, kisses Zak and heads for the door. Grant  
nods in appreciation as she leaves.

GRANT  
(turning to Zak)  
That's a good woman you've got  
there.

ZAK  
Don't I know it. So, what's up?

GRANT  
First of all, your mother and I  
are very proud of you son. But...  
I need to tell you some things  
about Karydis.

ZAK  
OK.

GRANT

He was a good man when we served together in 'Nam -- one of the best.

ZAK

Was?

GRANT

Things changed when we got home, Zak. And let's just say... I now question his loyalties.

ZAK

What? Why? Karydis is probably the most respected general in the Pentagon. He --

GRANT

Yes. That's true. But I've come to learn there are forces outside of our government pulling the strings of *many* within it. So, it's critically important you surround yourself with men you personally know and trust.

ZAK

Well... except for Rivera, my whole Unit's still with me. And I just made Calhoun my N.C.O.I.C.--

GRANT

(relieved)

Good choice.

ZAK

Reggie's on board too. He's leading Bravo Team and Jim Riley's agreed to take Charlie. Karydis staffed the rest, but I think I've definitely got a solid leadership core.

GRANT

Excellent. Look... I'm not trying to scare you, son. I'm just saying... watch your back.

ZAK

Always.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - HAINS POINT - DAY

General Karydis, dressed in civilian attire approaches a park bench, where a lone figure, a tall, THIN MAN (60's) dressed in an expensive suit awaits staring at the THE AWAKENING, a large statue of a bearded giant struggling to rise up from the ground before them. He speaks in a smooth British accent.

THIN MAN

Thank you for coming Victor.

KARYDIS

What's this about?

THIN MAN

Sit.

The general takes a seat beside him and they share a moment of silence as the thin man chooses his words carefully.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

Do you know why this place is called Hain's Point?

KARYDIS

No.

THIN MAN

It was named in memory of Peter Conover Hains - the man who designed this Tidal Basin.

(pointing around them)

Besides improving the scenery, it rid this whole area of a putrid smell.

KARYDIS

(a bit annoyed)

Fascinating.

THIN MAN

Hains holds the record as the oldest officer in the U.S. Army, retiring at 76 as a Major General and a decorated hero of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and World War 1. He was the engineer responsible for this and the Panama Canal among other significant achievements.

KARYDIS

Is there a point to this history lesson?

(CONTINUED)

THIN MAN

Yes. Hains... was a warrior, a digger and a builder. And yet, for all his many accomplishments, no one's ever heard of him. We're counting on you to follow his lead.

The thin man hands Karydis a small box.

KARYDIS

What's this?

THIN MAN

A way of showing our appreciation for your dedication to the cause. Of course, you will receive it through normal channels, but I wanted to be the first to congratulate you.

Karydis opens the box, which holds the TWO STAR INSIGNIA of a Major General.

KARYDIS

Thank you.

THIN MAN

A Civil War is brewing Victor. It will inevitably lead to another World War. And like Hains, we need you to do some digging in order to get rid of another... foul stench.

KARYDIS

I won't let the Legion down.

THIN MAN

How soon will your teams be ready for their first assignment?

KARYDIS

We intend to be mission ready by December.

THIN MAN

See that you are.

The thin man gets up and leaves.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GENERAL KARYDIS' OFFICE - DAY

COLONEL BALDWIN (mid 40's), a handsome, razor sharp, no nonsense kind of guy who commands respect at first glance, stands at attention in front of General Karydis' desk.

The general hands him a stack of eighteen personnel folders.

KARYDIS

Are the labs clear on what we need them to do?

BALDWIN

Yes sir. Everyone's on standby, and I've been assured all of your directives will be carried out on schedule.

KARYDIS

Very well. Let me know as soon as we have the first viable subject.

BALDWIN

Yes sir.

KARYDIS

Dismissed.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Baldwin observes from behind a large window as the S.E.E.D. teams undergo various examinations and tests.

Alpha Team consists of:

Captain Randall, First Sergeant Calhoun, Sergeant First Class Pierce, Staff Sergeant Jakes, Staff Sergeant Reid, and Sergeant First Class Clark

Bravo Team consists of:

Lieutenant Knight, MASTER SERGEANT RIVES, SERGEANT FIST CLASS HALTON, STAFF SERGEANT PARKER, STAFF SERGEANT KIM, STAFF SERGEANT HEMSWORTH

Charlie Team consists of:

LIEUTENANT RILEY, MASTER SERGEANT HARRINGTON, SERGEANT FIRST CLASS LEVESQUE, STAFF SERGEANT PARROT, SERGEANT FIRST CLASS MILLER, STAFF SERGEANT BRAULT

Everyone is under the age of 40, with most in their late 20's/early 30's and all are in great physical condition.

(CONTINUED)



SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) The men get examined -- eyes, ears, nose, throat, etc.
- B) The men run on treadmills, doing stress tests.
- C) The men have blood taken and DNA swabs done to them.
- D) The men receive microchips inserted into their right hands, in the fleshy area between thumb and index finger.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Baldwin stands beside two doctors who show him the final results and stats from the tests they've run on the teams.

BALDWIN  
Is there anyone I need to be  
concerned about?

DOCTOR #1  
No sir. Every one of them is in  
excellent health and physical  
condition.

Baldwin looks at the other doctor who shakes his head in agreement.

DOCTOR #2  
You've got the green light to  
begin.

BALDWIN  
Then so do you.

Baldwin exits the room.

Doctor #2 goes to a refrigerator, opens it and grabs the labeled vials of blood from each of the team members then he and Doctor #1 exit into another, adjacent lab.

EXT. FORT HUACHUCA - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

EXT. FORT HUACHUCA - FIELD - DAY

WE ARE CLOSE on the STATUE of an 1800s era soldier standing beside a kneeling Native American scout, who is pointing with two fingers toward the distance behind us. The plaque below it reads, **"EYES OF THE ARMY"**.

INT. FORT HUACHUCA - MISSION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

EIGHT MONITORS arranged to form one large video screen in the center of the wall display a large image of the black Thunderbird set against the red and yellow rays of the sun rising over the blue ocean, arranged inside the shape of a shield, which is set against a white background.

Colonel Baldwin stands before the three rows of six men as they each take seats behind long tables looking toward the front of the room.

Baldwin clicks a remote and the screens switch from the Thunderbird logo to video from the soldier helmet cam footage of Zak's team's fight with the Kandahar giant.

BALDWIN

As you know, this event was the catalyst, which led to the creation of S.E.E.D..

As the assault on the giant plays out, Zak and his team feel the effects of it more than the rest who gaze in amazement at what they are seeing.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

We lost an entire squad in the first engagement with this creature. And Captain Randall's unit lost a good man in the second.

Baldwin stands off to one side of the screen. Once the carnage ends with the death of the giant, all of the screens hold on a frozen image from each helmet cam.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Legends of giants have circulated all around the world for thousands of years.

Baldwin clicks a remote and the primary viewing screen switches to a MAP of the world, which shows a number of highlighted countries and "hot zones" within them.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

While some areas are currently still more active than others, new ones seem to be popping up in increasing numbers -- and no one knows why.

He clicks again and the main viewing screen switches to a montage of stills and video footage of U.F.O.s.

(CONTINUED)

BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, the governments of the world are also reporting a massive increase in U.F.O. and other paranormal activity. The obvious questions are... where are they coming from and why now? Our job is to find the answers.

He switches off the monitor wall and turns to his men.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
As the eyes of the military -- and boots on the ground -- you'll be providing us with the intel we need to learn the most effective methods for identifying and dealing with such *unconventional* threats. Of course, the challenge will be... to do so as discretely as possible.

He shuts the lid to his laptop and puts it into a briefcase as he acknowledges Zak's raised hand.

ZAK  
Sir, what kind of command and support will we have backing us up?

BALDWIN  
We may have only been authorized three teams for field ops... but you'll have *the best* support the military has to offer.  
(beat)  
But rather than tell you about it... I'll show you.

He turns and goes to the door.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
It's time to get acquainted with our new home base here... at Fort Menes.

As he punches a code into its locking pad, Calhoun turns to Zak with a confused look.

CALHOUN  
*Fort Menes?*

Zak just smiles as he stands and motions for the rest to do the same.

(CONTINUED)

Baldwin heads for the large storage closet at the back of the room.

BALDWIN  
Right this way.

Baldwin holds one of the double doors open as the men curiously file into the storage closet, beginning with Charlie Team at the back, followed by Bravo and finally, Alpha. Before entering himself, Zak extends his hand for Calhoun to go before him.

ZAK  
Age before beauty.

CALHOUN  
Yes sir.

Calhoun enters followed by Pierce.

PIERCE  
Better to go into the closet than  
come out I guess.

CALHOUN  
Don't ask don't tell.

As Zak finally enters, Baldwin shuts the closet doors.

INT. FORT MENES - S.E.E.D. ELEVATOR

Baldwin moves to the circuit breaker box and inserts a special key, which causes the panel to swing open, revealing another panel that has a keypad on it.

BALDWIN  
This is just one of several  
concealed entrances to the base.

He motions for a few of the men to stand back a bit before punching in a code, which results in a HEAVY METAL DOOR sliding in front of the closet doors from the right. Suddenly, the room begins to shake ever so slightly.

RILEY  
It's underground?

BALDWIN  
You're about to witness one of  
the most ambitious, above top  
secret projects the U.S. has ever  
created.

(CONTINUED)

REGGIE

Who else knows about this?

BALDWIN

Apart from the defense contractors who built it and all essential S.E.E.D. support personnel, very few. This place is more locked down than Area 51, which is why you needed Cosmic Level Clearance.

Zak reaches down and lifts the COSMIC LEVEL CLEARANCE KEY CARD attached to his belt loop.

INT. FORT MENES - S.E.E.D. LEVEL ONE - HALLWAY

At the end of a long hallway, LARGE METAL DOORS open upward and the METAL DOOR behind it slides to the left revealing the men in the storage closet elevator. They all exit and head toward us.

RILEY

How did they build this place without anyone knowing?

BALDWIN

The entire operation was completed underground... beginning in Dulce, New Mexico.

PIERCE

Dulce!? That's over four hundred miles from here!

BALDWIN

Four hundred and seventeen point six-five to be exact.

Although the newest, we're just one of hundreds of D.U.M.B.s west of the Mississippi. And this facility is directly connected to both Area 51 and Dulce. So you might say we're the southern tip of what we affectionately call the Wonderland Triangle.

They come to the end of the hallway where there is another large metal door. Baldwin enters a code into the accompanying keypad, inserts his security clearance card and puts his eye up against a retina scanner.

(CONTINUED)

The MASSIVE DOOR slides open and the men walk up to a viewing area window.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Fort Menes gentlemen.

Looking down with the men, WE SEE that this is indeed just level one of a *very deep* underground base.

PIERCE  
Well... now we know where that 2.3 trillion went.

BALDWIN  
Or at least half of it anyway.

Baldwin grins knowingly as everyone quickly turns and gives him a *"Wait. Did he really just say that?"* look.

As if going through the viewing window WE FALL DOWN into the base getting just a small taste of how massive this facility is -- and the sight is truly breath-taking until we

FADE TO:

CLOSING TITLE ON BLACK: **SEED**

END OF SHOW

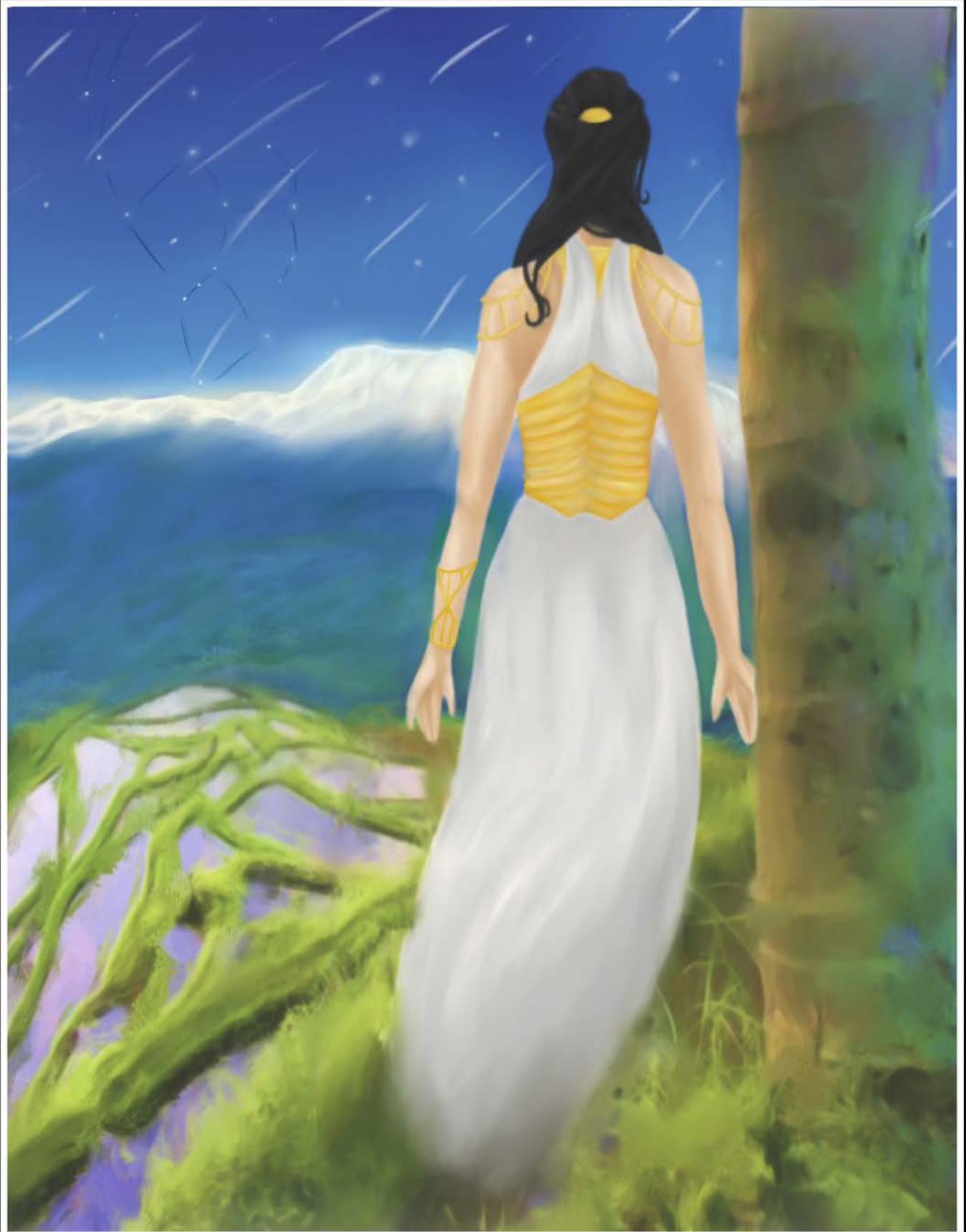


A stylized tree with a glowing sun at its base, set against a teal and red background with a DNA helix. The tree is silhouetted against a bright light source, creating a lens flare effect. The background is a gradient of teal and red, with a DNA helix visible in the lower half. The word "SEED" is written in white, bold, sans-serif font across the middle of the tree.

**SEED**

**BONUS GALLERY FEATURING  
ADDITIONAL FAN CREATED  
ORIGINAL ARTWORK**

# THE ARRIVAL ON MT. HERMON



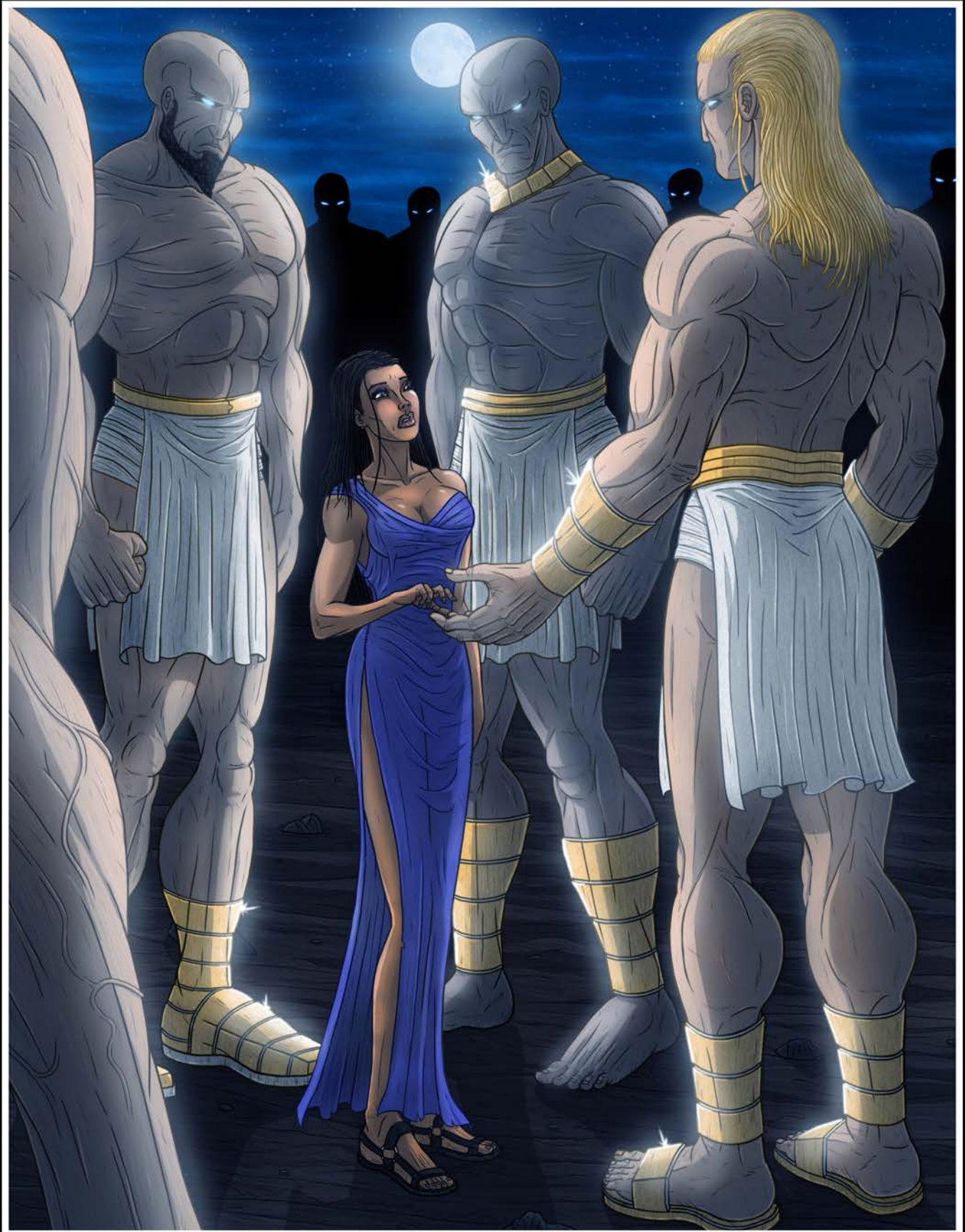
THIS ORIGINAL PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS DONE BY:

**Kelly Weinzapfel**

fazeinkwell@gmail.com



# THE ARRIVAL ON MT. HERMON



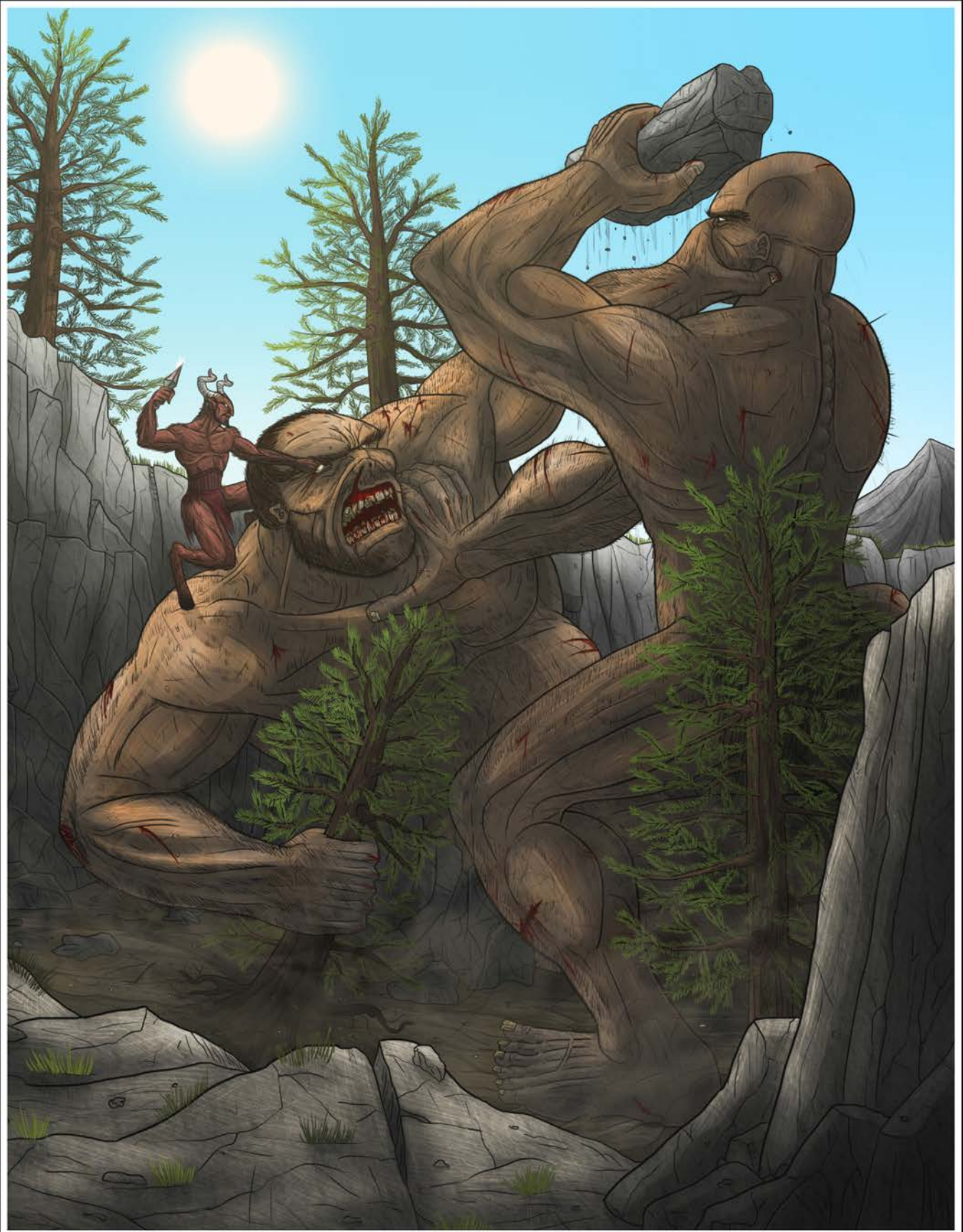
THIS ORIGINAL PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS DONE BY:

**Tomi Hanzek**

[www.thanzek.com](http://www.thanzek.com)



# ENDING THE CLASH OF THE TITANS



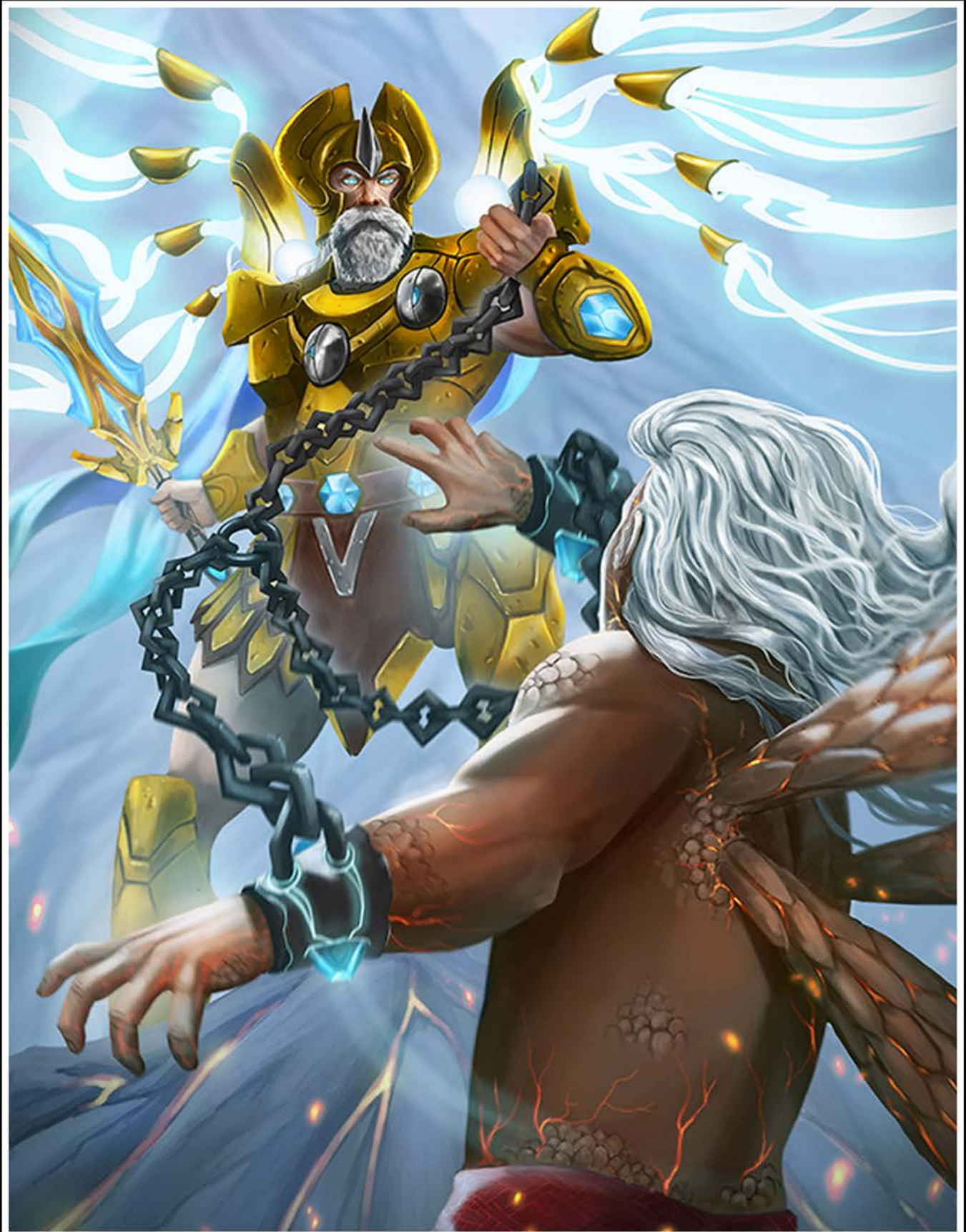
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# ENDING THE CLASH OF THE TITANS



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# ATTACK IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS



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# THE KANDAHAR GIANT



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# THE KANDAHAR GIANT



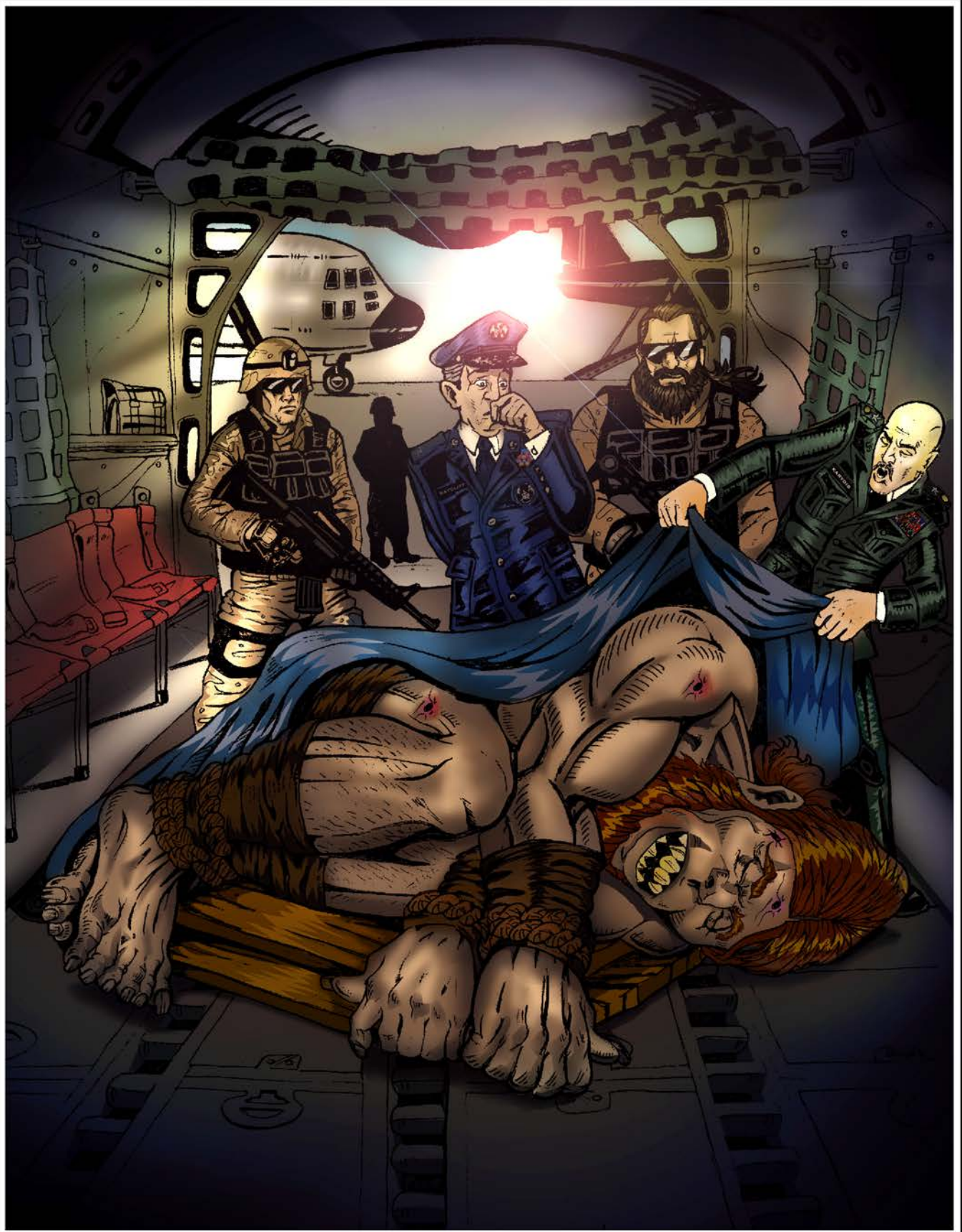
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# THE KANDAHAR GIANT



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# AZAZEL ATTACKS



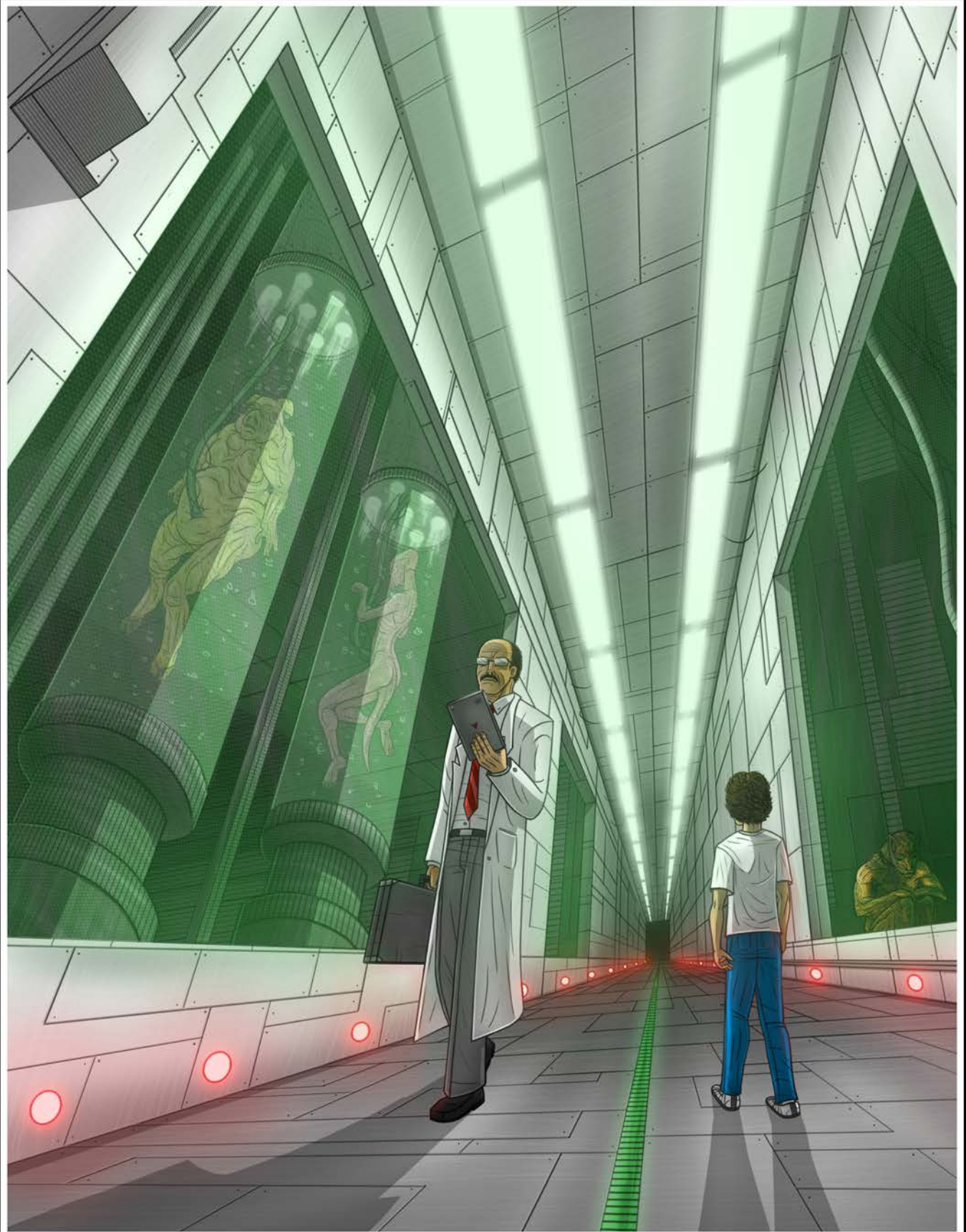
THIS ORIGINAL PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS DONE BY:

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# A DEN OF HYBRIDS



THIS ORIGINAL PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS DONE BY:

**Tomi Hanzek**  
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## A CALL TO ACTION

So... what did you think? Did you like it? Could you visualize these stories in your head? Can you imagine the impact an actual, episodic series like this can have? Do you want to know how you can get involved with this project?

As stated at the beginning of this book, *SEED the series* is meant to be a grass-roots, crowd-funded project, apart from the Hollywood studio system. Having read the Pilot Episode, you can probably see that we're headed in a very specific direction with this project. We have 72 episodes planned out and we know the end from the beginning. We cannot risk ever giving anyone the ability to censor us, control our content or cancel us prematurely. The only way to retain 100% creative control therefore is to do it ourselves – as in you, working together with us, to make it happen.

Have you ever sat through the end of a movie or TV show to watch all the credits? You know all the names that show up there? We need all those people. Therefore, opportunities abound for talented people, who catch the vision of what we are trying to do, to get involved. We need:

- Writers (must own and know how to use FinalDraft script writing software)
- Producers
- Visual Effects Supervisors
- Directors and Assistant Directors
- Art Directors
- Set Designers
- Concept Artists
- Costume Designers
- 3D Content Creators and Animators
- Makeup Artists and Custom Creature Creators
- Attorneys
- Accountants
- Casting Directors
- Actors
- Music Composers
- Photographers
- Marketing Directors
- Stunt Coordinators
- Location Scouts
- Security
- Catering
- Social Media and Web Experts
- and more...

In short, we need everyone it takes to make a show like this look and sound amazing.



Our mission, right from the start of this project, was to become as good at telling the truth as the Enemy is at telling lies. I'm not sure we're there yet, but I am certainly working toward this goal. Because, whether or not you agree with what is put out by mainstream media and the Hollywood studio system, one thing is certain: The content they put out is done with technical, audio and visual excellence. Therefore, **SEED** the series is not worth doing if it can't be done right. We need to be able to bring this project to life with the same (or better) production value. It needs to look and sound just as good as anything else you've seen on TV. This means we must have very talented and experienced people in each of the previously listed roles. And we need the budget to pay for all of it.

There is a reason movies and TV shows cost as much as they do. Granted, sometimes budgets are inflated due to "star power" and whether or not you have an "A-list" writer, producer, and/or director involved. But putting inflated egos and associated salaries aside, the fact remains, high-quality, talented people generally don't come cheap. As the old saying goes, "You get what you pay for." You go cheap, you get cheap. You go top of the line, you get top of the line – generally speaking of course.

Up to now, I've essentially been a one-man-show. Although there have been a fair amount of people who have donated their time and talents for one thing or another along the way, that sort of thing only goes so far. Eventually, everyone ends up in Jerry MaGuire mode (i.e. "show me the money"). And understandably so. We all need to eat, keep a roof over our heads and the lights on. My problem is, since 2009, this has been a passion project, where no one was paying me to do anything either. I had to work very hard to develop books, DVDs and other materials so I could feed myself and my family, keep the roof over our heads and food on the table – along with all of the expenses involved with trying to launch **SEED** the series too (our professional office space and a lot of traveling being the most expensive). By the Grace of YHWH, He provided for us all along the way. Finally, after many years of hard work, our bills are now largely being met by the income generated from my books, DVDs, CDs and other materials. And we've been blessed to have a number of people give regularly to supplement this income in loving support of our various ministry efforts too. But I am still far from being in a position to hire full time writers – or anyone else for that matter.

The simple fact of the matter is, it takes money to make money. So now we come to the moment of truth. How is **SEED** ever going to get produced as a live-action series? The world has no problem funding worldly projects. In fact, when it comes to media, *trillions of dollars* fund countless movies and television shows. And we pay for it too. We go to the movies. We rent and buy DVDs. We pay for cable and satellite services. We have memberships with Netflix, Hulu and Amazon just like everyone else. So... if we are willing to fund secular projects, why not band together in a unified effort to fund something of our own?

If we go the usual route of seeking "investors" for the project, we will then have to deal with a return on investments. Revenue generated by the project will thus need to go from the project into paying investors back. This is not the preferred way to go. Our goal is to take all of our net profits and roll them right back into the project, because in an ideal world, **SEED** the series needs to become 100% self-funded. And the more of a budget we have to work with, naturally the better the end product can be. So, I can either get a lot from a few investors, which will require paying back returns on their investment, or I can solicit very small contributions from many. With the latter, there will be no expectation of a return on the investment – apart from the creation of outstanding production value and the completion of the series. This can be done through subscriptions and other crowd-funding efforts along with using the net profits from ancillary products (such as books like this one, the comic books, video games, fiction novel series, etc.) to help fund the project.

I've always envisioned *SEED the series* to be a worldwide collaboration, with as many people having the opportunity to "sow" into it as possible. I've done two things so far to test the waters in this regard: The Audio Drama and the Art Contest. Both were well received and everyone involved said they really enjoyed being able to participate. There is a real sense of community, which can be built when many are involved, sharing a common goal... and there is *enormous power* in numbers.

Therefore, we believe the best option is to seek a little bit from a lot of people. In fact, the more the merrier. For instance, if we have 300,000 people contributing just \$3.33 each month, we can raise \$999,000 – or just shy of a million dollars per month. That's 1/3 of our episodic budget. If this happens, we could easily finance an episode every 3 months for what basically amounts to each person contributing less than the cost of a cup of coffee at Starbucks toward the project per month. With that in mind, think of it like this: would you be willing to buy us *one cup of coffee per month* to help make this happen? When put this way, it's really not a whole lot to ask for the opportunity to create something really cool that could potentially reach the world with powerful truths they won't get anywhere else. Of course, if we have 30,000 contributing \$33.33 per month, we'll get there that much faster. These are the subscription options we've proposed on our website.<sup>1</sup> Plus, in addition to having the satisfaction of knowing you helped make something like this become a reality, we've also set it up so that these subscriptions come with various levels of benefits for each supporter.<sup>2</sup>

So, consider this a **Call to Action**. Naturally, we will continue to do our part to try and improve on what has already been done and to find more talented people to join us. Are you one of them? If you enjoyed what you've read so far and want to see this project actually become a live-action series, there are several ways for you to get involved to help make this happen:

1. If you are interested in contributing financially to this project, please visit: [www.seedtheseries.com/sow.html](http://www.seedtheseries.com/sow.html)
2. If you are interested in contributing your talents, and you have the high-quality skills we will need for this project, please feel free to contact us at: [production@seedtheseries.com](mailto:production@seedtheseries.com)
3. If you can't contribute financially, nor have the talent we need, you can still help us by promoting this book, the website and everything else we are trying to do to create more awareness. Let's get the word out!
4. Of course, you can also pray for us. This is an enormous undertaking, sure to be met with a lot of resistance. So, we appreciate and can use all the prayers we can get.

In the meantime, we would sincerely like to thank you for your time and consideration. At this point, *SEED* is just a prayerful shot in the dark, with a trigger being pulled on an empty rifle, assuming a bullet will supernaturally appear and hit the target. Naturally, this requires faith, believing all the while that YHWH doesn't call the equipped, rather He equips the called. So one way or another, we're moving forward. The question is... will you join us?

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1. As for why I'm using all these multiples of "3," no, I'm not a Freemason, nor do I have any affiliations with the Illuminati. Those numbers are explained in a fair amount of detail in my "Why We Need to be Culturally Relevant" video, linked on the page before the Introduction of this book and on the front page of the *SEED* website. Suffice it to say, they are quite relevant to the story, but - at least in this case - have nothing to do with Secret Societies.

2. See: <http://www.seedtheseries.com/benefits.html>