

BANDIT

Screenplay Written by

Kurt Weichert

Created by

Kurt Weichert

Based on the book Universe Destroyers: Bandit  
Written by Kurt Weichert and Brandon Weichert

Kurt Weichert  
(239) 810-9356  
Email: [kurtw423@gmail.com](mailto:kurtw423@gmail.com)  
Website: [weichertmedia.com](http://weichertmedia.com)

EXT. UFO CRASH SITE CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI

TITLE: April 12, 1941 Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Pastor Timothy Harding pulls up to a field in his car. The area is swarming with official government personnel: there are firefighters everywhere, police officials— both local city cops and sheriff's deputies— two men in black suits and fedoras with grim looks on their faces, and dozens military personnel.

Standing in front of Pastor Harding's car is a Sheriff's deputy and an armed soldier with a rifle. The young soldier is pale. A makeshift cordon had been erected in a perimeter and a sleek, silver metallic craft looked as though it were welded into the ground.

SOLDIER 1

State your business, sir!

The young soldier is firmly gripping the barrel of his rifle, pointing it in Harding's general direction.

The more seasoned Sheriff's deputy places his right hand over his pistol that was still in its hip holster, and raises his left hand calmly, motioning for the soldier to calm down and lower his rifle.

SHERIFF DEPUTY

Relax, kid, he's a local pastor not a Nazi spy.

From behind the two guards, Cape Girardeau police chief Walter Morton approaches.

CHIEF MORTON

Ah, gentleman, this reverend is with me.

The sheriff's deputy moves aside slightly to allow for Morton to pass but the soldier wasn't budging. The chief sticks his right arm forward, extending it into the space between where the sheriff's deputy is standing and where the young Army soldier is standing tensely. Morton waves the apprehensive Harding forward.

Pastor Harding locks eyes with Chief Morton and then reaches into the backseat of his car and pulls out a worn Bible and his sport coat.

Pastor Harding approaches the uneasy soldier and weary sheriff's deputy slowly.

As Harding passes the worried soldier, he whispers.

PASTOR HARDING  
Go with God, son.

SOLDIER 1  
There ain't no God out here,  
Pastor!

Pastor Harding stops and looks at the soldier.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you come talk to me after you  
see what's back there, Pastor.

They begin walking toward the downed craft that was standing on its side, crashed into the ground, on an angle.

Chief Morton surveys the activity that was bustling around them as they followed what appeared to be a well-worn path that led directly to the underside of the strange, downed craft. Smoke bellowed from the field, the closer they got to the craft.

Pastor Harding is gripping onto his Bible. There was something extraordinary happening here today— and he was dead in the middle of it.

CHIEF MORTON  
You okay Pastor?

PASTOR HARDING  
Y-yes. Thank you.

Pastor Harding is staring as he watches four soldiers carry a long wooden crate from the opposite side of the downed vehicle and load it into a flatbed truck.

Standing beside the downed aircraft were the two G-Men in black suits and black hats. They stare unblinkingly at Harding as he approaches the craft. Harding and his police escort rounded a mound of dirt, rock, and dry grass that had been kicked up by the crash, where the entire field in front of them that led to the base of the crashed vehicle was strewn with what appeared to be thin, rumpled sheets of metal that looked more like tinfoil from his kitchen than it did parts of an airplane. Harding starts coughing as he inhales smoke that became increasingly thicker the closer to the downed craft he and Morton got.

Chief Morton had already placed a red handkerchief over his mouth, to better protect his lungs from the smoke.

Seeing the chief of police do that prompts Harding to place his own white handkerchief over his mouth as he starts to instinctively cough from breathing in the smoke.

The closer he looked at the crash site through the thick smoke, the more Harding could see that there were embers across the field— emanating from the countless bits of various-sized tinfoil— like metal debris strewn about the place. Firefighters were standing and spraying water on the different burning pieces of debris, clearly concerned that the field could catch afire.

Harding looks at what appears to be an opening on the underside of the craft that, now that Harding was within spitting distance of the crashed vehicle, he could tell that this was no ordinary airplane. It was a saucer of some kind.

The bottom of the saucer had been opened and three men in US Army officer's uniforms were inside the craft, talking amongst themselves; they were inspecting the vehicle and touching various panels— as though they were trying to see how the thing worked.

To the right side of the opening of the saucer are two soldiers posing for another soldier holding a large, clunky camera.

PASTOR HARDING (CONT'D)

What is that?

The two soldiers held the most shocking thing that Pastor Harding had ever seen in his life: a short, grayish being— no more than four feet tall, almost childlike but strangely different— with slits for a mouth, two black dots for a nose, the tiny creature was totally hairless, too. It had two huge eyes with vertical slits for pupils. Its arms were extraordinarily long, with three elongated fingers.

SOLDIER 2

Hold it up so he can get a picture.

The two soldiers are laughing wildly as they lift the strange being, each soldier with their arms underneath the two arms of the being, holding the gray creature up before the camera and smiling wildly.

The camera flashed, making a loud pop! As it snapped the incredible black-and-white photo. In that moment, the Army photographer, who was also grinning widely, peered from behind his camera and says jokingly

ARMY PHOTOGRAPHER

That's one for the history books,  
fellas!

Buckling under the weight of the alien being, the two soldiers lose their grip on it and drop the creature roughly to the ground. The photographer grimaces at the sight of the two soldiers manhandling their prize.

Momentary rage flashes over Harding as he believed he had just witnessed the carefree soldier disrespect a victim of this strange, horrific crash.

An Army officer moves swiftly outside of the crashed craft and positions himself directly over the two soldiers who were kneeling, inspecting the strange being. The Army officer, who has the gold bars of a second lieutenant on his shoulders, points at the two, giggling soldiers.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE

Now you two men knock it off!

SOLDIER 2

Yes, sir.

Chief Morton tugs on Pastor Harding's left arm.

CHIEF MORTON

Put your coat on, Reverend.

Morton points at the three tiny bodies lying on the field before the downed craft.

CHIEF MORTON (CONT'D)

There are your victims. You've got to administer their last rites.

PASTOR HARDING

I'm not a Catholic priest. We don't do last rites.

CHIEF MORTON

Just pray over them, please. Some of the guys out here are very jittery.

PASTOR HARDING

I can see that.

After he finishes putting on his coat, he glares firmly at Morton.

PASTOR HARDING (CONT'D)

So am I, by the way.

CHIEF MORTON

It's important for the sake of everyone here that we maintain some semblance of normalcy.

Harding glances at Morton with a look of concern.

CHIEF MORTON (CONT'D)

Or at least that's what the Feds tell me...

Harding glances back at the officer who is standing over the bodies. The two soldiers he had reprimanded are walking off to the other side of the crash site, their rifles slung around their shoulders.

The second lieutenant then turns to face Harding and Morton and motioned for them to approach the bodies.

When Pastor Harding stands directly over the three tiny bodies, he knows that these are not disfigured children. These were beings from elsewhere.

Rather than give into his fear, Pastor Harding clings harder to his Bible.

Empathy and compassion sweep over him as he realizes that these beings— whoever or whatever they were and wherever they were from— must have had a rough, painful last few moments on this planet.

He kneels beside the being that the soldiers had roughly handled and taken their photograph with.

CHIEF MORTON (CONT'D)

This is Pastor Timothy Harding of the Campland Baptist Church.

Pastor Harding raises his Bible slightly and with his free hand and begins preaching.

PASTOR HARDING

The third angel blew his trumpet, and a great star fell from Heaven, blazing like a torch, and it fell on a third of the rivers and on the springs of water.

Overcome points at the downed craft and the burning field with his free, right hand and proclaims.

PASTOR HARDING (CONT'D)

The name of the star is Wormwood. A third of the waters became wormwood, and many died from the water, because it was made bitter. Revelations eight, ten-to-eleven.

Harding concludes solemnly.

Some of the soldiers have moved toward where Harding was standing over the dead bodies of the occupants of the downed craft.

CHIEF MORTON

All is well here, fellas. The pastor is just giving last rites to our friends over here.

Another Army officer, wearing two bars on his shoulders, indicating that he was a captain comes storming out of the downed craft.

CAPTAIN SHELDON

You boys report back to your posts, damn it!

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE

I didn't want any unofficial personnel here!

CHIEF MORTON

I understand that, Lieutenant Lightie, but my guys were very troubled by this whole thing. And clearly so are yours.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE

Be quick, please, Reverend.

Harding kneels beside the corpses. Just as he starts to recite a prayer, he sees that the being he was kneeling beside— the same creature that the soldiers had taken a sloppy photograph with— was still breathing! Harding's heart jumps at that, sending him to his feet.

PASTOR HARDING

Gentlemen!

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE

What is it, Reverend?

PASTOR HARDING

This one is still alive!

The creature was clearly breathing— albeit shallowly.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE  
No, he's not.

PASTOR HARDING  
Yes, lieutenant, he is!

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE  
It's a dead man's twitch.

CHIEF MORTON  
Corpses sometimes move after  
they've been killed.

Harding looks back down at the corpse who was now leaning slightly up, its wide, vertically slanted eyes staring directly into Harding's, and pointing its straggly, elongated, gray index finger at Harding.

PASTOR HARDING  
Look! It is alive!

Lieutenant Lightie shoves his right index finger aggressively into Harding's chest.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE  
You don't understand, Reverend:  
it's a dead-man's twitch!

Harding looks helplessly over at Morton, who stares sternly at Harding.

CHIEF MORTON  
Oh, look, it's stopped moving.

Before Harding could act any further, the downed craft begins humming loudly; the ground begins to shake, and everyone begins running about the place with panic upon their collected faces. Harding instinctively kneels and covers his head, as he assumes the craft was readying to either take off or explode.

Another Army officer, who had lieutenant bars on his shoulders, comes running out of the craft screaming.

ARMY OFFICER  
I didn't touch anything, sir!

Lieutenant Lightie waves Lieutenant Digiglia over, who was their medic.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE  
Medic, this one just died!

The pastor is mesmerized by what he sees as strange, glowing writing scrolling along the sleek, silver hull. The writing glowed an orange-red and appeared to Harding as ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics— though he could not be certain, as he was not an expert in ancient languages. As quickly as the commotion from within the strange craft had begun to rock the area, the loud humming noises ceased, the ground stopped shaking, and the hieroglyphics disappeared.

There was an eerie, long silence that fell over the crash site.

Harding glances up and sees a line of massive, green flatbed Army trucks. A crane was in the Army convoy as well.

CAPTAIN SHELDON

We're leaving.

Captain Sheldon is walking quickly past Lieutenant Lightie and Chief Morton, toward where the convoy was entering the cordon.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE

Yes, sir!

Lieutenant Lightie shouts at the soldiers.

LIEUTENANT LIGHTIE (CONT'D)

Let's get this place cleaned up!

Pastor Harding kneels beside the beings and does the sign of the cross in the air above the downed beings and stands up mournfully.

PASTOR HARDING

It's finished.

CHIEF MORTON

Follow me, Reverend.

Chief Morton escorts Pastor Harding away from the wreck, the pace of activity intensified as dozens of more soldiers exited the flatbed trucks and began moving toward the crashed craft. The smoke has died down, too, as the firefighters had effectively managed to douse most of the fires that were burning throughout the field.

When they arrive back at the reverend's white Studebaker, one of the black suit-and-tie- wearing FBI agents was leaning on the vehicle.

The agent wore a black fedora as well and his Bureau-issued pistol hung lazily in his chest holster, which made a hollow clicking sound from behind the agent's black jacket as he approaches Chief Morton and the disheveled Pastor Harding.

Harding was now standing face-to-face with the creepy agent. The agent remained staring coldly at Harding and then flashes a cat-like grin at Harding; as though the agent had found whatever it was he was scavenging in his right breast pocket for. He brings it out. Pastor Harding winces, expecting the agent to reveal a gun. Instead, the agent pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

The agent places a stogie in his own mouth, lighting it up. When the agent flicked the lighter to its fiery life, Harding jumped slightly.

AGENT GREAVES

Why are you so damned jumpy,  
Reverend?

PASTOR HARDING

Long day doing the Lord's work,  
Agent...?

AGENT GREAVES

Greaves.

The agent said in between puffs of smoke.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

Special Agent Patrick Greaves.

PASTOR HARDING

Pleasure to meet you.

AGENT GREAVES

And this event- none of it ever  
happened.

Pastor Harding takes that cryptic statement in for a moment. He looks over at Chief Morton who is staring intently at Pastor Harding. The pastor nods slowly.

PASTOR HARDING

Yes, sir.

Morton smiles and places his hand reassuringly on Harding's back.

CHIEF MORTON

It's for our nation's security,  
Pastor, you understand?

Greaves remains staring intently at the pastor. Harding glances back at Chief Morton and nods slowly.

AGENT GREAVES

We could be at war any minute,  
Pastor. The last thing we need is  
something like this event getting  
to our enemies...

PASTOR HARDING

I understand.

AGENT GREAVES

I need to hear it from you, Pastor.

PASTOR HARDING

You have my word, sir, that I'll  
never utter this to another soul  
for as long as I live.

Greaves smiles maniacally and then nods at Morton.

AGENT GREAVES

Good.

Chief Morton slaps Pastor Harding on the back enthusiastically.

CHIEF MORTON

Nothing like having the word of a  
Man of the Cloth!

PASTOR HARDING

I'd like to go now.

Greaves continues puffing his cigarette, watching as the reverend speeds away, wondering if he was going to have to take more decisive action. He glances over at Chief Morton whose posture was slightly slouched, revealing a small gut hanging over his police belt and pants. Greaves takes another puff of the cigarette. Chief Morton looks over at Greaves.

CHIEF MORTON

He'll be good for it.

AGENT GREAVES

We'll see.

Greaves flicks his cigarette on the ground and turns to face Morton after the pastor's car disappears from their view.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

And what about your people?

CHIEF MORTON

My boys and I know where our bread  
is buttered.

AGENT GREAVES

They're going to keep their damned  
mouths shut about the survivor?

Morton looks confused and then remembers the baby-sized gray creature they had been recovered from inside the craft that was alive shortly before the pastor had arrived.

CHIEF MORTON

I can assure you they've already  
forgotten about it.

AGENT GREAVES

Good.

Greaves looks back at the tip of the saucer that was jutting into the air from the ground it had crashed into. The sound of work machines resonated throughout the field.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

You know, I think we might get all  
this out of here before anyone  
notices.

Agent Greaves turns around and begins walking toward the crash site.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

Chief Morton.

Morton turns back to face the serious G-Man.

CHIEF MORTON

Yes, Agent Greaves?

AGENT GREAVES

Your application to the FBI Academy  
has been accepted.

Morton grins from ear-to-ear.

CHIEF MORTON

Well, hot-diggity.

AGENT GREAVES

Congratulations. Now get your  
people the hell out of our crash  
site.

CHIEF MORTON  
Consider it done, Agent Greaves.

Chief Morton places his right index finger and thumb in his mouth and let out a wail of a whistle that resonated throughout the field. The Cape Girardeau cops come hustling over to where Chief Morton was standing.

CHIEF MORTON (CONT'D)  
Pack it up, boys, we're outta here!

INT. OVAL OFFICE

TITLE: APRIL 15, 1941 White House

In the Oval Office sat some of FDR's closest advisers.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt also known as FDR is sitting at his desk reading the document that U.S. Army intelligence had compiled on the recent, shocking events in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

FDR  
Incredible!

He finishes reading the unbelievable document, FDR puts it down on his desk, removes his reading glasses which are clipped to his nose, and rubs his eyes in exasperation.

FDR (CONT'D)  
You boys have had quite the week!  
And we're sure this isn't one of  
Hitler's newfangled machines?

HOPKINS  
This is not one of Hitler's  
experiments, Mr. President.

FDR shot his old friend a playful look.

FDR  
Oh?

GENERAL MARSHAL  
The craft does not belong to any  
known nations.

FDR  
To which unknown nation does this  
vehicle belong to, General?

GENERAL MARSHAL

Mr. President, this craft and its occupants aren't from around here.

FDR's eyes widened.

FDR

Where from, then?

Secretary of War Stimson looks over at FDR, leans forward and waves his right hand to get FDR's attention.

STIMSON

They're from a distant part of our galaxy.

FDR

Gentlemen, I know these are trying times, but it is best that we not succumb—

STIMSON

Mr. President, this information comes from a primary source.

FDR

What does that mean? You've spoken with one of these... little people?

HOPKINS

Mr. President, Henry has one of them in his custody.

FDR

That wasn't in the report.

HOPKINS

Sir, my people and I were of the mind that we should keep that particular detail out of any printed material for now.

FDR nods slowly, taking in the shocking news.

FDR

Yes, I'd say so. Wouldn't want anyone in the press getting a hold of that document, thinking that we're all mad as hatters up here!

GENERAL MARSHAL

Mr. President, we've recently moved the being to a secure location, given the security concerns of late.

FDR

That's a reasonable precaution.

HOPKINS

They've moved him here.

FDR's eyes widen trying to hold back his emotions.

FDR

What?!

STIMSON

I had my soldiers place the being in the bunker under the White House yesterday.

FDR chuckles uncomfortably.

FDR

This is a joke, yes? You're playing a prank on your president.

No one laughs. No one even cracks a smile. FDR surveys the faces of the men assembled around him, trying to gauge if they were, in fact, pulling his leg.

FDR (CONT'D)

What are you all talking about?!"  
For goodness sake, the world is burning and you're all playing some kind of intricate prank on me!

Henry Morgenthau, FDR's secretary of treasury, looks directly at the president. Like FDR, he appears to be in a state of disbelief.

MORGENTHAU

Let's go see this visitor downstairs.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Absolutely not, Secretary Morgenthau! We moved the being downstairs as a last resort and temporarily! Once Fort Hunt can be fully refurbished, then my people will keep the visitor up there under our close supervision.

FDR leans back in his wheelchair, taking in the situation.

STIMSON

We can't expose the president to a being like this.

MORGENTHAU

Well, why not? He's downstairs. It's not like you haven't already put the president— this whole building— in jeopardy!

STIMSON

It's not the same as putting the president directly in front of the thing. And as the general said, we expect to have a specialized facility built by next week up the road at Fort Hunt.

Morgenthau shrugs and looks back at FDR.

FDR

I agree with Henry.

FDR chuckles and points at Morgenthau.

FDR (CONT'D)

My old neighbor, Henry. The one man who helped to save this country from the Great Depression.

Morgenthau smiles as Stimson lowers his head.

FDR (CONT'D)

Don't look so down, Stimson. I understand what you're saying, too. But, since the little man is already downstairs, I ought to be able to see it for myself. What do you say?

HOPKINS

I think you're the president, sir, and it's your house.

FDR

Ataboy!

## INT. WHITE HOUSE UNDERGROUND BUNKER

General Marshal leads them down the corridor. The lights gave off a yellowish hue that reflected off the drab colored walls. The air in the bunker made a whistling sound as forced heat blew its way through the confined space. A sense of foreboding filled FDR and some of the other presidential advisers who had not yet seen the creature. Army guards are posted at the four doorways that lined the hallway.

FDR

I feel not unlike Robert Armstrong about to encounter the strange and malevolent beast from King Kong!

MORGENTHAU

That film did not end very well, if memory serves, Mr. President

FDR laughs loudly, his bellowing laughter echoing throughout the sparsely populated presidential bunker. From ahead of him, General Marshal, unmoved by the conversation behind him glances back at the president.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Sir, I'd advise we make no sudden movements or loud noises upon viewing the entity.

FDR

Of course, General.

Harry Hopkins is walking directly behind Alonzo Fields, who is pushing FDR's wheelchair. Alonzo did whatever needed to be done to help the president, who had been stricken with debilitating complications from exposure to Polio years earlier, without any reservation or complaint. Alonzo and FDR had an unshakable bond.

Hopkins taps Alonzo on the shoulder and whispers.

HOPKINS

Alonzo?

ALONZO

Yes, Mr. Hopkins?

HOPKINS

I want you to keep an eye on the president for the next few days.

ALONZO

Mr. Hopkins, I look after the president every day, sir.

HOPKINS

Yes, of course. And, Alonzo, you are wonderful. But we know next to nothing about this creature. Just by being near it could have implications for the president's health.

ALONZO

To be honest, Mr. Hopkins, I'm a little worried about what this thing might do to all of us...

Before Hopkins could reply, Marshal stops in front of the steel door at the end of the hall. A soldier standing guard salutes him. Marshal returns the salute. He then turns to face the group, feeling more like a surly docent at a museum rather than the country's most powerful general.

GENERAL MARSHAL

The lights have been dimmed inside to accommodate the creature. I would ask that you gentleman stay near the threshold of the door while I take the president inside the room. Remain along the perimeter of the room in the event the creature becomes hostile.

The soldier moves forward, grabbing a metal handle and opens the door. Marshal moves in front of Alonzo and reaches for the handles on his wheelchair. Without another word, Marshal begins wheeling the thirty-second president of the United States to meet a visitor from another world.

GENERAL MARSHAL (CONT'D)

We keep this room warmer than the rest of the facility because the creature is comfortable in higher heat.

FDR reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out his glasses, placing them atop his nose.

GENERAL MARSHAL (CONT'D)

We have determined that our visitor prefers a darkened environment. Our scientists suspect that the alien world where this creature hails from is darker than our own.

MORGENTHAU

Will you look at that!

Now FDR was excited. From beneath the darkened bed before them were two shining, tiny vertical slanted eyes. FDR's face went pale at the sight.

FDR  
We're through the looking glass  
now, aren't we, General?

FDR smiles. He is apprehensive but he did not feel frightened. He was more curious than anything else.

The eyes started moving, indicating that the being was moving away from its hiding spot. The pitter-patter of feet walking along the cement could be heard followed by a slight wheezing of alien breathing.

HOPKINS  
It's moving toward the president.

Hopkins is calmly, staring at the creature coming toward FDR and the Marshal.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)  
I've never seen it come toward us  
before.

Marshal grips the wheelchair handles and starts to turn the president around and wheel him to safety. Before he could act on his instinct to flee with the president, FDR glances up angrily at Marshal.

FDR  
Don't you dare, General. I want to  
see this thing for myself!

The being was now inches away from FDR's paralyzed left foot. The creature was now fully visible in the light. It was no more than two feet tall and it was squat. It had a tiny slit for a mouth, two small dots for a nose, and large, black eyeballs with vertical-closing eyelids. Its skin was an off-gray color and it had three fingers on each hand and three tiny toes on each foot. It was draped in a tiny white sheet that the military had fashioned into a sort of bathrobe. FDR was beaming.

FDR (CONT'D)  
He's just a baby!

The tiny creature reaches forward with his small left arm, grabs onto the president's shirt—prompting Marshal to move forward in a defensive posture—and the alien creature pulls himself up to the president's chest.

Hopkins is worrying that the creature was going to attack the president like a feral beast.

HOPKINS

My God!

FDR is chuckling wildly, like a man playing with a beloved dog or a toddler. He waves Marshal off and instantly grabs the being and lifts it up, as though it were a small baby. The president stares into its piercing eyes. And smiles.

FDR

Well, hello there, little friend!  
What's your name? I'm Franklin. But  
my friends call 'Mr. President'!

The tiny gray alien let out a garbled wheeze that sounded almost like a laugh. This prompted FDR to chuckle.

FDR (CONT'D)

What a thing! You've been through  
the ringer haven't you, little  
friend?

The alien let out a wheezy hoot in response.

FDR (CONT'D)

You know, I think he's actually  
trying to talk to me.

Marshal looked visibly disturbed.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Yes, sir.

FDR

Aren't you, little one?

The tiny alien let out a series of toots and hoots and FDR's smile widens.

FDR (CONT'D)

Children. They're the same  
anywhere, General!

Marshal nods. He replies coolly, still tense, still prepared to kill the creature if it dared to threaten the president.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Yes, sir.

HOPKINS

Mr. President, I-I think you might  
want to put the creature down.

FDR

Oh, it's a baby, Harry. Don't be such a wet blanket!

HOPKINS

Sir our reports indicate that his species is small in stature. The ones that died in the crash measured no taller than four feet.

FDR

And this guy is no more than two feet. So, even for his species, he's a kid!

FDR started making a funny face at the creature, prompting the creature to let out an alien chortle.

FDR (CONT'D)

I've been a politician my whole life— made it to the Big House, kissing babies is part of the deal!

HOPKINS

Please don't kiss this particular baby, Mr. President! Cubs can be cute, too. And dangerous, sir.

FDR

Well, little one, are you a threat?

More hoots from the being and FDR smiles once more. This time, though, FDR's gold watch caught the light and reflected in the baby alien's eyes. He immediately stops chattering in his alien tongue and let out a "Wooo...." The alien reaches forward and grabs onto the president's watch. This prompts FDR to let out a slightly less boisterous chuckle.

HOPKINS

Uh, sir...

FDR

Well, General, what are we going to do with this thing?

GENERAL MARSHAL

Sir?

FDR

It's just a baby. A very cute little thing.

FDR is looking back playfully at the creature sitting on his lap.

FDR (CONT'D)

I have my doubts that it'd be a worthwhile ambassador between us and wherever he came from.

STIMSON

We were... planning on studying him in greater detail, sir.

FDR

Yes, at this facility you were building up the road at Fort Hunt.

FDR sounds unimpressed.

FDR (CONT'D)

What can a baby teach us?

STIMSON

He could help us understand the craft that we captured.

FDR rolls his eyes.

FDR

Gentlemen, could a baby fly an airplane?

GENERAL MARSHAL

No, sir, but—

FDR

So, I've my doubts that this tyke will do anything other than look cute and eat whatever kind of baby food it eats.

MORGENTHAU

It'll grow, sir.

FDR nodded, playing more with the small creature on his lap.

FDR

Yes, it will. But who's going to raise it? Teach it?

HOPKINS

I think what the president is saying, is that, with this thing being so young, it's likely to know only that which we teach it.

FDR

Exactly. It'd know more about us than it would of where it came from or how its spacecraft works.

GENERAL MARSHAL

So, what should we do with him, sir?

FDR shrugs, staring at the alien creature.

FDR

Well, whatever you were initially planning to do with him is a fine plan, General. I just wouldn't throw too many resources into this little guy as I doubt that he'll be the key to unlocking the secrets of the universe as some of you clearly believe he will be.

Hopkins nods approvingly from behind FDR. FDR stares a while longer at the playful, small alien and smiles at it once more. He then lets out a loud sigh and looks up at General Marshal.

FDR (CONT'D)

Well, George, Thank you for this lovely little distraction today. I needed that. It's been getting far too tense lately around here for my liking. Sadly, I'll be needing to return upstairs to continue with my schedule today.

FDR jokes, referring to his longtime private secretary, Marguerite Alice "Missy" LeHand.

FDR (CONT'D)

We've already fallen so far behind schedule, that Missy may actually murder me!

Hopkins and the rest of the group let out a chuckle at that. FDR went to hand the small being to Marshal. Before anything else could be done, the alien removes the watch from the president's wrist and is now firmly grasping it in his tiny hands.

FDR (CONT'D)

Well, you're quite the little bandit, aren't you?

The alien remains staring at FDR, gripping the gold watch. FDR let's out another uncomfortable chuckle.

FDR (CONT'D)

All right, little one, you've got it. Now what?

Seeing the president's hand move toward the watch prompts the alien to let out a small hiss. He then pushes himself off the president's lap, and scurries down, scampering toward the darkened underside of the bed, let out what sounds like a devilish chuckle as he disappears from the president's view.

FDR (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Marshal grabs the wheelchair handles again.

GENERAL MARSHAL

I think we should go back upstairs, sir.

FDR

What about my favorite watch, General?

Marshal has an exasperated look on his face.

FDR (CONT'D)

I don't tolerate theft in my own house, General, even from such a cute thief. We've got to retrieve my watch.

Marshal nods in understanding and starts moving toward the bed. The clanging of metal could be heard from beneath the bed.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Private, I need a flashlight!

Within seconds, the soldier came in bearing a large silver flashlight. Marshal points it at the darkened underside of the bed.

GENERAL MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Shine it under there, Private.

When the private shines the bright light under the bed, they all see the small alien sitting on the floor with the gold watch completely disassembled before the creature.

FDR

Well, there goes my favorite watch... Kids will be kids, I suppose.

FDR fights back a bit of frustration that was welling from within him at the sight of his beloved watch being completely torn apart.

FDR (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, little one, consider that a parting gift!

FDR then looks behind him and motioned with his head.

FDR (CONT'D)

Alonzo, get me out of this God-forsaken room, please!

Alonzo begins to turn the president's wheelchair around and leave when a high-pitched sound could be heard from underneath the bed.

PRIVATE

General, look!

GENERAL MARSHAL

What in the—

FDR

Oh, what is it, General? Turn me around, Alonzo!

As FDR returns to his previous position, he is amazed to see the small creature was reassembling— at an inhuman speed— the watch. In a matter of second, the watch was completely restored to its previous condition.

"Hoot-hoot." The small alien said in its nasally, childlike voice. He extends the watch in his left hand so that it was beyond the protective overhang of the bed. Marshal kneels and retrieves it from the alien. He stares at the watch and put it to his ear, to hear if it was working. He hears the usual tick-tock of a watch, and then glances back at the president.

FDR (CONT'D)

Give it here.

Marshal nods and hands the watch over to the president. He, too, put the watch to his ear and shakes it. The sight of the president shaking the watch caused the alien to let out a slight chuckle. FDR smiled.

FDR (CONT'D)  
How'd it do that?

HOPKINS  
It likely disassembled it to learn  
how it worked and then reassembled  
it.

FDR  
That's quite a talent: being able  
to build a device it has no working  
knowledge of simply by taking it  
apart.

STIMSON  
Imagine what it might do for more  
sophisticated technology.

FDR  
Indeed, Secretary Stimson!

FDR looks at General Marshal.

FDR (CONT'D)  
We're keeping him.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
Yes, sir.

FDR  
Here.

HOPKINS  
What, sir?

FDR  
We are keeping him here. We've got  
spies everywhere, Harry, you know  
that as well as I do. This little  
guy is going to have a very big  
target on his back. And if Adolf or  
Tojo or Mussolini- well...

MORGENTHAU  
Or Stalin.

FDR nods.

FDR  
Or Uncle Joe... If any of those  
bastards got their hands on this  
little one here, it'd be all over  
for us- and for him.

(MORE)

FDR (CONT'D)

No, we keep this guy here. Make him comfortable. But he stays put.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Yes, Mr. President.

FDR

All right, Alonzo, get me back to Missy.

As the wheelchair spins around, FDR calls behind him.

FDR (CONT'D)

See you around, Bandit!

The men exited the room, leaving behind a smiling small alien. The guard closes the door to the room slowly.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

Harry Hopkins is talking into the telephone receiver in his private room on the second floor of the White House.

HOPKINS

Mayor, we need to meet.

MAYOR

No, no, no Agent 19, that is not a good idea!

The Soviet handler, whom he knew only by the code name of "Mayor." While his Soviet handler knew who he was, the handler would never dare utter Hopkins' real name on an open line.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Where are you calling me from?

HOPKINS

My home.

Hopkins' home these days was the White House, where phone calls were monitored as a matter of course.

The phone went dead.

Hopkins quickly hangs up the phone. Then, he picks up the receiver yet again and begins dialing the phone number of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Soviet Union's trade representation in the United States that was based in New York City.

HELEN  
Amtorg Trading Corporation how may  
I direct your call?

Hopkins recognizes that he couldn't avoid playing these silly  
spy games.

HOPKINS  
Yes, I'm calling in regards to a  
grain shipment to Minsk...

HELEN  
Oh, yes! Unfortunately, Mr. Grinke  
has stepped out for a very  
important dinner obligation.

HOPKINS  
Dinner? It's 2:30 in the afternoon!

HELEN  
Well... uh... I've been instructed  
by Mr. Grinke to set up a meeting  
in Washington later this evening to  
discuss that grain shipment.

Hopkins rolls his eyes.

HOPKINS  
I see. May I ask with whom I'm  
speaking?

There was another long pause followed by an uncomfortable  
response.

HELEN  
Helen Lowry of the Amtorg  
Corporation.

HOPKINS  
We don't have until this evening.

HELEN  
Oh no! Mr. Grinke is in Baltimore.  
His calls are being routed through  
our offices in New York. He will be  
able to meet you within the next  
hour-and-a-half.

HOPKINS  
Indeed.

HELEN

Mr. Grinke wanted me to know that you'll be dining with him at Ebbitt's Grill.

HOPKINS

You want me to meet with him in one of the most public spots in all of Washington?

HELEN

Sir, Mr. Grinke is well known in the capital city.

HOPKINS

I will meet him at Ebbitt's Grill.

INT. EBBIT'S GRILL

When Hopkins enters, the older bartender with a gray handlebar mustache locks eyes with him and nods knowingly. He points to the back of the restaurant, indicating that Hopkins' party was waiting for him. Hopkins nods in thanks and removes his fedora and begins walking calmly toward where his Soviet handler was seated.

As Hopkins approaches his usual table in the darkened back corner of the restaurant, just across from where the back of the bar was. He hangs his hat on one of the golden hat hangars that hovered near the table and removes his jacket. A rather pedestrian looking middle-aged man sits at the table looking sheepishly, sipping on what appears to be Vodka.

Hopkins sits across from the man he only knew as "Mayor."

HOPKINS

Thank you for meeting with me on such short notice.

The man looks down at his Vodka and says nothing.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

We have a problem.

The man speaks in perfect English with only the slightest hint of a Russian accent.

MAYOR

You call me- frantic- telling me the sky is falling...

Mayor sips his Vodka.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But, tonight I look around and I do not see the sky falling.

HOPKINS

Are you upset with me?

MAYOR

Goodness, no! You are... You are the most important thing to us here in this country.

The Mayor speaks with love and certainly with adoration in his voice.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You are, comrade, the goose that lays the golden egg. And you've always been so good to us.

Hopkins nods, unsure of where his handler was going with these comments.

Mayor starts motioning to their surroundings.

HOPKINS

I never wanted to meet here.

MAYOR

Just know, you take risks for us—

HOPKINS

Serious risks.

MAYOR

And we, take serious risks for you, comrade.

HOPKINS

This isn't about me. Or about us, though.

Mayor nods, finishing his Vodka.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

This is about our shared vision.

MAYOR

Our revolution.

Hopkins reaches down and retrieves a copy of the document that Stimson and the others had presented to FDR earlier that day. He looks around suspiciously and slides it slowly across the table.

Mayor folds his hands and lifts them slightly above the table so that the document and the manila folder it was enclosed inside could be slid directly under his hands. After a long moment, Mayor then slides the document below the table and into his own briefcase.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Is it your health?

HOPKINS

It's not about my cancer. That's not what this meeting pertains to.

MAYOR

What is it, then?

HOPKINS

There is a visitor staying in the White House.

MAYOR

Explain, please.

HOPKINS

There's much in that document in the way of explaining what I'm talking about.

MAYOR

I need more than what you've told me, though, if I am to alert the people you want me to about this supposed threat.

HOPKINS

A few days ago, on April 12, something crashed near the regional airport in Cape Girardeau, Missouri. A foreign craft of unknown design.

MAYOR

German Luftwaffe?

HOPKINS

No.

Mayor nods again, his face an empty slate. He was the ultimate spy master, taking in information while betraying nothing— not even the slightest emotion.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

There was a survivor that the Army picked up from the crash.

MAYOR

Right. What did the survivor say,  
comrade?

HOPKINS

It's not so much what he said as  
much as what he did and who he did  
it in front of...

MAYOR

And that's why you call me here?  
That's why we have this meeting?

HOPKINS

It was a being not from this world  
and the craft it arrived in is  
centuries ahead of our technology,  
as the report I just gave you  
details.

After a long moment, Hopkins shakes his head.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

Mayor sniffles for a second and shrugs.

MAYOR

This... is not extraordinary to me.

Hopkins is stunned.

HOPKINS

Wh- what do you mean?

MAYOR

Such events have occurred in our  
country as well.

HOPKINS

Like this?

MAYOR

Not with living samples, no. But,  
yes...

HOPKINS

So, you have access to this  
technology and biological samples?

Mayor looks around to make sure no one was eavesdropping. He  
then leans forward and shakes his head.

MAYOR

Nothing useful. Nothing— and no one— intact.

Mayor explains to Hopkins, referring to Nazi Germany.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

But our reports indicate that something similar happened in 1936 in the Black Forest near Freiburg, in the Reich. Our people believe the Nazis have working technology from that incident.

HOPKINS

At least you're allies.

MAYOR

Stalin's pact with Hitler? How long will this last?

HOPKINS

Well, this is what I wanted to talk to you about— in person.

MAYOR

Go on.

HOPKINS

This survivor, we've determined is a child.

MAYOR

How young?

HOPKINS

Hard to tell. But it's a juvenile.

MAYOR

What good is a child to us? What about its craft? The Nazis have one!

HOPKINS

No. It's too big and that will bring too much pressure down on me from Marshal and Stimson.

MAYOR

You are the great Harry Hopkins. Shadow president. You've moved heaven and Earth for our revolution so far.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You mean you cannot move a simple aircraft from a hangar and over to our meeting spot in Nova Scotia?

HOPKINS

No, friend. That is not possible. It'd raise too many questions that I could not answer well enough to avoid suspicion.

Hopkins leans in with a look of fear.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

Hoover's FBI is on the warpath. J. Edgar Hoover is a man who sees communists, Nazis, and mafiosos under every bed and behind every door... and he even occasionally manages to find them!

MAYOR

You can handle him. You've done so well with that thug up until now.

HOPKINS

Not if I use my position to move the whole craft out of the country.

MAYOR

Your people have a craft. The Nazis have a craft. We just have a burned-out forest and some folk tales from villagers.

HOPKINS

You don't have a craft at all?

MAYOR

It is my understanding that we have bits and pieces of one. The Nazis, and now apparently your people, have them intact.

Mayor shakes his head and curses in Russian.

HOPKINS

But you have pieces of one?

MAYOR

Yes, recovered many years ago, in 1908, if I remember correctly, by the tsar's forces in the Tunguska Forest. But nothing works.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

There are just pieces of the damned thing. The Nazis have an intact craft!

Hopkins laughs. Mayor looks offended. Hopkins raises his hand defensively.

Remembering how the tiny being disassembled and rapidly reassembled FDR's watch earlier that day.

HOPKINS

No, no, you don't understand. This little guy could probably make your craft work.

MAYOR

It is in pieces! There is nothing to repair.

HOPKINS

I'm telling you, he's the key.

MAYOR

You can get this visitor out of the country and over to us?

HOPKINS

Well, the president certainly took a liking to him today.

MAYOR

This thing is here, in Washington?

HOPKINS

In the White House basement.

MAYOR

What has your president ordered to be done with this survivor.

HOPKINS

He's to be kept downstairs at least until better accommodations can be built for him.

MAYOR

Where?

HOPKINS

The military wants to keep it close by. They're worried about spies getting wind of it and trying to kidnap or kill the thing.

Mayor nods his head.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

They're refurbishing the old Civil War fort up the road near where George Washington's Mount Vernon home is located. The Army thinks they can have a facility ready by next week.

Mayor perks up at the news.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

The president has taken a liking to the thing, though. Treated the damn thing like it was a baby or a dog...

MAYOR

You have to change his mind. It's the only way. We have to get this thing away from your military and that can only be done in transit.

HOPKINS

I can do that. After all, I run the daily operations of this presidency. But you can't attack anything in transit. Americans would die. That's insane!

MAYOR

If your government is able to master this technology and we cannot keep up with you Americans or the Nazis, for that matter then our revolution is dead in its infancy.

HOPKINS

I can move him without anyone suspecting.

MAYOR

How?

HOPKINS

The same way I've been helping to off load our uranium to you: by official orders.

MAYOR

So, you plan on stealing this thing right from under FDR's nose without so much as a shot being fired?

HOPKINS

I can get this done.

MAYOR

Like I said, comrade, you are the goose that lays the golden egg.

They start to gather their belongings but then Mayor puts his left hand on Hopkins' right wrist.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Be careful. It isn't only your domestic security services you must fear.

Hopkins shoots Mayor a quizzical look.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

The Abwehr group here in Washington, the Nazi intelligence spy ring that is operating on the East Coast of the United States presently. Is getting increasingly belligerent with us.

HOPKINS

I thought you people were friends.

MAYOR

Comrade Stalin is blinded by the Fuhrer. He believes they are cut from the same cloth, yes?

HOPKINS

Well, Hitler's National Socialism and Stalin's 'Socialism in One Country' are remarkably similar.

MAYOR

A piece of cloth is one color. It cannot be red and brown. It can only be brown or red. At some point one dominates the other. This is from Hitler's own book.

Mayor smiles devilishly.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Comrade Stalin... thinks many thoughts. Today, he appears enthralled by the Nazis. His affectation for the Fuhrer, I worry, it blinds him. Hitler has made very clear his plans for our revolution. One day soon, I fear, we will wake up to a Nazi attack against which we are unprepared for.

HOPKINS

I see.

MAYOR

That is to say, watch your back from the Nazi's hiding in America, comrade.

HOPKINS

Indeed, I shall.

The two men parted ways. As they exited the restaurant, the surly looking bartender smirks as he had heard the whole thing. Unbeknownst to them, he had installed a tiny recording device that was aimed at Hopkins' table. The bartender kneels underneath the bar and pulls out a small wooden box that was made to look like the boxes that vintage wine were routinely shipped in. It was stamped with the symbol of Vichy France, the portion of France that the Nazis had occupied since 1940. Inside of that box was an intricate recording device.

The bartender then walks over to the wall behind him which had a big, black phone hanging on it. He picks up the receiver and begins dialing the number for his handler, Nazi Colonel Fritz Joubert Duquesne, where he would urge the legendary Nazi spy master to make his way to the bar and retrieve the recording.

## INT. EBBIT'S GRILL

Fritz Joubert Duquesne is a South African born spy who had initially served as a captain fighting the British in the Second Boer War and, because of his animosity toward Britain, joined the German intelligence service known as Abwehr during the First World War.

Fritz stayed involved with German intelligence. He is now serving as a colonel in the Nazi-led Abwehr operating under an alias in the United States and running the largest Nazi spy ring in the country.

Fritz is wearing a black trench coat to better protect him from the rain and a black fedora. He is wearing a dark blue suit with a burgundy tie and white shirt.

Fritze has entered Ebbitt Grill an hour after Harry Hopkins and his Soviet handler have departed.

The Nazi spy removes his black fedora and approaches the bar, briefly making eye contact with the surly old bartender. The bar tender immediately begins to pour Fritz a thick Bavarian beer and slides it toward the Nazi spy, without saying a word.

The legendary Nazi spymaster reaches into his black coat and pulled out a coin, flipping it toward the old, grisly bartender.

FRITZ

For your troubles, friend.

## INT. PRESIDENTIAL BUNKER

TITLE: JULY 4, 1941 Presidential Bunker

Bandit, as he came to be known, sits on the concrete floor of the presidential bunker. Dr. Vannevar Bush, the man who is charged by FDR to run America's secret weapons programs—especially the ongoing atomic bomb program known only as the "Manhattan Project"—stands in the darkened room, wearing a wrinkled lab coat.

Arrayed before him and Bandit are a series of disassembled devices. There is a shattered glass mug. Beside that is a broken lamp. Next to that, a busted watch. All these devices are of increasing complexity to see what the alien creature can do and reassemble.

After the being proved it could reverse-engineer these devices, Bush would then introduce devices his team had discovered from the downed craft that the tiny alien arrived in.

DR. BUSH  
Go ahead, little one.

Bandit purrs like a cat, but even his purring was slower and less melodic than it usually was.

Bush gets down on one knee beside the being and begins talking to it like one would speak to a recalcitrant toddler unwilling to do what their parents had asked.

DR. BUSH (CONT'D)  
You don't want to assemble these neat machines for us?

The gray alien shrugs indifferently.

DR. BUSH (CONT'D)  
Well, c'mon, just do it once.

He shakes his head. It'd been weeks since the little alien had done anything for them in their experiments. What's more, the creature did not eat. Whereas when he was first captured, he ate a collection of leaves even some crickets nothing seemed to satisfy him.

Vannevar Bush was not psychiatrist but he sensed that the being was homesick.

DR. BUSH (CONT'D)  
Just do this one time and I'll leave you alone for the day, please.

Bandit does not move.

DR. BUSH (CONT'D)  
C'mon, you do this one for me. And I'll be out of your hair for the evening...

Before anything else could be said or done, the cheerful whistling of the president could be heard from the other end of the hall. It'd been weeks since the president had made his way downstairs.

Bandit and FDR had shared a bond.

FDR

My God, man, you don't look like you've slept a wink! How long have you been down here?

DR. BUSH

A few days, sir, maybe longer.

FDR

I told you not to make this such a priority!

DR. BUSH

Mr. President, this creature may be the key to both the defense of this country from Hitler and his ultimate defeat by our hands!

FDR

What child can do that?

DR. BUSH

This isn't an ordinary child, sir. You've seen what he can do.

FDR

Yes, and has he done it since I was last here?

DR. BUSH

Not really, Mr. President.

FDR

There, there, Dr. Bush. I appreciate your dedication, but you really ought to be focused on your other scientific projects.

DR. BUSH

Mr. President, this thing may be the key to winning the next war!

FDR

You keep saying that. But all I see over there is a scared and lonely child. That atomic program of yours sounds much more promising, if you ask me.

FDR eyes the mess in front of him.

FDR (CONT'D)

What's going on in here anyway, Doctor Bush?

DR. BUSH

Oh, Mr. President, we've gotten nowhere with this being.

FDR starts laughing.

FDR

Yes, I can see that. But you've made a fine mess in my bunker, I see.

DR. BUSH

Perhaps you could assist me, Mr. President?

FDR

I'm not a scientist, Doctor.

DR. BUSH

Of course not, sir. But you do have a bond with the being and he's not been the same since the last time you were down here... which was several weeks ago...

FDR

Well, Dr. Bush, the Nazis have invaded the Soviet Union and Uncle Joe looks like he's in a real pickle.

DR. BUSH

As Nazism marches onward, we will ultimately need an ace-in-the-hole to stop that war machine.

FDR

Bandit?

Without another word, the small creature comes out from its hiding spot and skitters toward the president's waiting wheelchair. He clamors up the president's leg, and nestles himself on the president's lap. FDR chuckles giddily when the being does that.

FDR (CONT'D)

Well, hello there, my little Bandit!

The alien giggles madly while Dr. Bush looks on in amazement.

FDR (CONT'D)

You've got to talk to it like it's a person!

DR. BUSH  
Of course, Mr. President.

FDR pulls out a quarter and smiles.

FDR  
Now watch my hand...

FDR then proceeds to do a trick.

FDR (CONT'D)  
It's an old trick my kids loved. My  
father taught it to me when I was a  
boy...

FDR lifts the quarter and shows it to the tiny alien who is  
clearly in awe of the shiny coin. Bandit reaches for it but  
FDR moves it away.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Now you see it...

FDR then closes his hand around the quarter.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Now you don't!

FDR opens his hand again, revealing that the coin was gone.  
The alien is mesmerized and begins chuckling. FDR opens his  
other hand to show that he wasn't hiding it.

FDR (CONT'D)  
What's this?

FDR pulls the quarter from behind Bandit's right ear. At  
that, the little alien begins laughing uncontrollably.

DR. BUSH  
I've never seen him like this.

FDR  
I keep telling all of you eggheads  
that a child is a child, no matter  
where they're from!

FDR could see that the alien wanted to get its hands on the  
coin.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Now, if I give this to you, promise  
me you won't eat it.

BANDIT  
Gwa-gwa-to-Gwa-Nu!

FDR  
I'll just have to take your word  
for it, Bandit.

Before FDR could hand the coin over to the alien, the alien starts chuckling maniacally and reveals that it was holding the coin in its left hand.

FDR (CONT'D)  
What in the—

FDR looks down at his hand where he had thought the coin had been.

Dr Bush's eyes widened.

DR. BUSH  
Telekinesis.

Dr Bush looked over at the adjacent wall where his team had installed a recording device.

DR. BUSH (CONT'D)  
I hope you're all getting this!

BANDIT  
Twab-tik-Gwa-Oot!

FDR stares blankly at the being.

FDR  
I really wish we could understand  
what this little guy was saying.

DR. BUSH  
Me too. But our linguists can't  
make heads-or-tails of it, sir.

BANDIT  
Neeb-Neeb, Gwa-Tal!

The small alien continues. He then raises his right hand with the quarter inside of it and clenches his tiny fist around the coin tightly. A sizzling sound can be heard.

FDR  
What are you doing?!

BANDIT  
Oot-Tal-Au-Gwa!

Bandit then unclenches his fist, which has steam emanating from it. The quarter has been smelted down into hot, liquid metal.

The tiny being slightly raises his left hand and the broken equipment and glass begins to rise silently from the ground and hovers just before Dr. Bush, whose eyes are wide and his face is pale in shock.

BANDIT (CONT'D)  
Ong-Ua-Oola-Ong-Ua!

The alien points his left index finger at the floating debris and it begins swirling around them quickly— so quickly a wind began roaring.

Alonzo comes running up to FDR's wheelchair and grabs the handles. The soldier stationed outside entered as well, a Colt .45 pistol drawn. FDR sits grinning at the sight of the alien orchestrating the debris.

FDR  
You boys stand down! Let's see what  
Bandit is up to.

Dr Bush turns to face Alonzo who is clearly concerned and he gives Alonzo a reassuring nod. Dr. Bush motions for the soldier to stand down. But the soldier remains poised behind FDR and Alonzo.

As the glass and debris swirls around Dr. Bush and FDR as though they were in a wind tunnel, the alien then opens his right palm that had the melted, liquid hot metal inside of it from the coin and that silver metal oozed from his hand in a twisting line.

Soon, that metal finds its way in the swirling debris cluster. Seconds later, the wind stops and the debris forms into a clunky, rectangular shape with an outer layer of liquid silver from the quarter that flowed around the surface of the makeshift alien device like water.

The device hovers lazily before Dr. Bush who stares in amazement.

DR. BUSH  
The being does not only reverse  
engineer our disassembled  
technology.

FDR nods.

FDR  
It can build its own devices with  
our equipment.

ALONZO  
Most impressive!

BANDIT  
Scoot-Scoot-Mwa-Dunga!

Dr. Bush reaches for the device and before he can grab it, the device floats over to FDR and Bandit. Dr. Bush follows it.

Bandit looks up at FDR and points.

BANDIT (CONT'D)  
Ung tolo!

FDR  
I can't understand you, Bandit.

Bandit repeats, pointing at the device he had constructed.

BANDIT  
Ung tolo!

DR. BUSH  
Mr. President, I would not-

Before Dr. Bush can finish, FDR has already grabbed the device.

Once FDR grabs the device, blue electricity shoots out and consumes the president.

ALONZO  
No!

Alonzo moves forward to pull the president back. Before he can, an unseen force pushes Alonzo to the ground.

Dr Bush lunges for the device but the same unseen force that had pushed Alonzo to the ground now holds Dr Bush in place. The soldier in the back is joined by three other soldiers who are immediately thrown out of the room and the steel door is slammed shut by an unseen force.

BANDIT  
Oooo...

FDR  
I'm OK, boys.

FDR was in physical danger the longer he held onto the alien device. Yet, his mind was being transported to a place far away; a disjointed memory of an alien world.

FDR was being given a warning of what was in store for the United States— for humanity— if they did not fully awaken to the realities of the space around Earth. And the images that the device flooded FDR's mind with were truly terrifying.

#### EXT. BANDIT'S HOME PLANET

FDR awakes from what he assumes was a terrible nightmare. Some time must have passed from when he was in the bunker below the White House as he was now in totally different surroundings.

As FDR comes to, he hears the familiar hoots and toots of Bandit.

The sand was coarser and darker and the rocks around him were an obsidian black. The air smelled strange, too; metallic. And it was quiet. Almost as though he were standing in a soundproof room or a radio booth.

FDR is jolted when that deep silence is penetrated by the sounds of high-pitched whining, as though some unknown machine had been activated in the distance, followed by the familiar sounds of massive explosions. Whatever is transpiring in the distance is forceful enough that the ground shook.

FDR stands up from the ground that he had been lying on, and he is momentarily taken aback by the fact that he is standing. He looks down at his legs and is marveled at the sight at seeing his once athletic legs supporting his body without any assistance from either metal braces around his legs or without the wheelchair that he had been bound to for so long.

Ignoring the chaos occurring around him, FDR beams at the thought of being able to stand, walk, and possibly run again. The president's momentary excitement is broken by the repeated sounds of the high-pitched whining.

He sees over the obsidian cliff that he was standing on and sees in the valley below him the orange and yellow lights of a vast city in the strange valley below where he stood. The city was larger than any city he had seen.

The buildings looked like a combination of the glassy, obsidian rock that comprised the alien desert FDR was standing in but with sleek, silver metal interspersed within the obsidian rock along with yellowish lights.

The city below was still. No one walking the streets or vehicles of any kind traversing roads.

A robotic screeching could be heard echoing throughout the city that FDR immediately assumed was a form of alien alarm.

When FDR looks up into the dark sky above the city, he realizes that those alarms must have been the equivalent of air raid sirens. Directly above the city are strange crescent-shaped ships hovering silently directly over the buildings. They are an olive green, gold, brown, and gray color, with demonic red and orange energy firing from the underside of the craft cutting down the buildings of the city in fiery explosions.

FDR sees an emblem of a winged serpent emblazoned on the side of the crescent-shaped ship.

FDR is unsure as to what was going on around him and but he could tell that the city was under attack. There is no indication that the people who were under attack were mounting any kind of defense of their great city. It was simply being obliterated all around FDR. The city remained silent, save for the alien alarm that shrilled throughout the empty boulevards and roadways.

Dust and debris rises quickly from the valley that had once housed the alien metropolis. FDR begins coughing and squinting as the dust from below rises to the top of the valley where he is standing, viewing the alien apocalypse. He reaches in and pulls out a handkerchief adorned with the presidential seal on the bottom and covers his nose and mouth.

FDR turns to flee from the area. But when he turns around his heart almost stops as he sees a nearly seven-foot-tall lizard-like creature standing before him. Its eyes glowed red and it bore its fangs out at FDR.

The monster is wearing a golden mesh skin-tight uniform with a smaller version of the winged serpent proudly displayed on the reptile's right chest. The image reminded FDR of Hitler's Swastika. He knows that he is staring at one of the city's attackers.

The creature hisses at FDR who is standing totally captivated by its hellish appearance. He wishes that the nightmare would be over. The strange beast raises his claws high in the air and starts to lunge at FDR. When it does, it suddenly froze in place. FDR, who is waiting for the blows to rain down upon him from the beast in the hopes that he'd be awoken from his nightmare, was puzzled.

He recoils as he sees, standing behind the beast, a four foot-tall gray being that looked like a slightly taller and more mature version of Bandit.

The gray creature holds out its arms. FDR knows that it is the reason for why the vicious man-like reptile did not complete its violent attack upon him. Then, another gray alien appears from behind the one that was using its telekinesis to hold the reptile in place; it makes a fist with its right hand and then twists that fist in the direction of the reptilian beast.

The reptile's body contorts awkwardly and the loud popping of all its bones could be heard being broken by the force of whatever power the gray aliens were using on the being. The reptilian then collapses to the ground, dead.

The lead gray alien that had been holding the reptile in place reaches his tiny left hand out for FDR to take. When FDR grabs the hand, everything went silent. He could tell that the battle was still raging all around him. But he could hear nothing except for his own breathing and the breathing of the gray alien that had embraced him.

FDR  
What is this?

The gray alien pulls FDR toward him and points at what looks like a floating brown crate. When FDR looks inside it, he recognized Bandit, sleeping within the protective confines of it. Immediately, FDR is overcome with a sense of hopefulness. This was not coming from within him. It was being put on him by the powerful, four-foot-tall gray alien being who was holding his hand.

INT. BANDIT'S FLYING SAUCER

Instantly, the image of the burning alien city shifts and he is sitting alongside the gray alien and two of his compatriots inside a flying saucer.

A three-dimensional image of Earth projected in front of them. FDR realizes that he was not living through the present. He was seeing living history; a live record of how Bandit came to be on Earth.

As FDR stares in awe at the image of Earth, he feels the seat that he was sitting in become tight around him. Suddenly, the walls of the circular control room they were in faded away and an image of a strange, alien hangar appeared.

INT. GREY ALIENS HANGER FOR FLEET OF SAUCERS

A hangar door slowly opens in front of the saucer they were on. FDR glances over at the gray alien who had held his hand.

He sees that the aliens had placed their three tiny fingers into what looked like handprints on the seats next to them. When they did, the entire ship whirred to life. FDR looks beyond them to the side, where the steel-like wall had been replaced with a 360-degree panoramic view of the ship's surroundings. He sees a whole fleet of flying saucers readying to depart alongside theirs. He did not understand how he knows, as no words had been uttered since his arrival in this strange place, but FDR knows that they were leaving their home world and coming to Earth.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The saucer quickly clears the hangar and begins ascending into the dark sky above. Red lights begin flashing and FDR can see that several smaller crescent-shaped vehicles with the winged serpent logo on them were giving chase to their saucer.

Electric green energy shot forth from the crescent-shaped vehicles that were pursuing their saucer. They had reached the upper atmosphere of the alien world and were now making wild zig-zagging movements, still climbing into the alien sky. Through the transparent wall, FDR could see what looked like were hundreds of other saucers rising from all around the alien world. FDR is mesmerized also by the fact that they were clearly now in space and that this world had three moons orbiting it.

FDR's focus shifts away from the natural, alien beauty around him to the fact that the hundreds of other saucers fleeing from the stricken world were exploding as they got into space. FDR saw why: there was a fleet of continent-sized ships that looked like giant, scraggly space rocks all with the winged serpent symbols on them orbiting the alien world. They were picking off the fleeing saucers like it was a turkey shoot. FDR becomes enraged by this sight. He becomes especially irate as he realizes that not one of the saucers was fighting back. Without thinking, he places his hands inside the three-fingered handprints on the seat beside him, transforming his hand so that only three fingers were on where the three alien fingers should go. Not expecting anything to happen, FDR was surprised to see the console come to life momentarily. But when it did, the white light turned red, prompting the other two aliens to look back with concern at FDR.

From behind the saucer, the multiple smaller crescent-shaped ships that were madly firing their green energy weapons at the escaping saucer. Several blasts landed on the underside of their saucer, causing the ship to shake and sparks to fly. The two gray aliens piloting the craft's eyes widened. FDR could tell they were extremely displeased with him.

The other gray stood and charged over to where FDR was seated and reached down, pulling FDR's hands away from the handprint console beside his seat. The being was shaking his head and, while his face was expressionless, FDR could sense that the being was very upset at him. Just as a massive green energy bolt was coming from one of the larger alien ships in orbit, the gray alien who was piloting the vehicle, the one who had taken FDR's hand on the planet below, jumped the ship away from their dying world.

EXT. EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE

The next thing that FDR sees is the ship entering the Earth's upper atmosphere rapidly, out-of-control, clearly more damaged from the battle than their silent pilots had realized. FDR realizes he was witnessing the events that led to the crash of the craft in Cape Girardeau. His eyes widen as he sees they were rapidly approaching a brown field. FDR knows the craft was coming to its end. He let out a wail of fear as he felt his heart stop. Just as the stricken vehicle was readying to plunge into the ground below, FDR believing everything was over for them, everything went black.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

FDR let's out a scream. He immediately recognizes where he is: the room where Alonzo and the White House physician routinely administered his doses of medicine.

FDR recovers his breath and leans up as best he could, suddenly realizing that he was once again a prisoner in his own body.

FDR

I know what happened to Bandit. I know it all.

DR. DRAPER

There, there, sir.

FDR

Ah, doctor...

DR. DRAPER

There was some concern about your health these last few days.

FDR

How long have I been asleep?

GENERAL MARSHAL

Two days, almost.

FDR  
That's not good, general.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
No, sir, it is not.

FDR  
Well, don't go swearing in my  
successor just yet!

FDR jokes as Dr. Draper helps the president up. Alonzo moves  
in behind FDR and FDR looks relieved when he saw Alonzo.

FDR (CONT'D)  
How are you?

ALONZO  
Oh, I'm fine, Mr. President!

FDR  
Were you affected by whatever our  
little Bandit did?

ALONZO  
I couldn't move neither could Dr.  
Bush for a few minutes but whatever  
Bandit did to us wore off fairly  
rapidly, sir.

FDR slaps Alonzo on the shoulder enthusiastically.

FDR  
Thank, God!

Marshal approaches FDR with a stern look on his face.  
Unbeknownst to the president, Marshal and Draper were both  
trying to assess if FDR had been compromised by his contact  
with the alien in some manner.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
You said you knew something about  
the creature, sir?

FDR  
Gentlemen, as badly as we've got it  
down here, it'd seem like it's much  
worse up there!

Draper remains staring at FDR.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Our little friend downstairs,  
Bandit is one of the last of his  
kind.

Dr. Bush, who had entered the room along with Harry Hopkins.

DR. BUSH  
Respectfully, sir, how can you know that?

FDR  
Glad you could join us!

HOPKINS  
I could say the same to you, Mr. President.

FDR  
I'm fine. Just fine.

HOPKINS  
How did you come by this intelligence, Mr. President?

FDR  
Bandit told me.

Draper looks concerned and Marshal and Bush exchange confused glances.

DR. BUSH  
How, sir?

FDR  
Well,

FDR starts and then looks annoyed.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Will you two come around where I can see you?

They instantly do as they were told.

FDR (CONT'D)  
That device that Bandit built from all that junk you had assembled, Vannevar, that was how I saw it.

DR. BUSH  
Saw what, precisely, Mr. President?

FDR  
How Bandit's home was destroyed.

DR. BUSH  
You're saying the device is some kind of recording device?

FDR  
No.

DR. BUSH  
How do you know Bandit's home was  
destroyed?

Dr Draper trying to see if his president had been compromised  
psychologically by the alien.

FDR  
Don't look at me like that, George!  
I'm not crazy!

DR. DRAPER  
Of course not, Mr. President.

FDR  
Well now you're just humoring me!

General Marshal steps forward, boxing both Vannevar and  
Draper out.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
Who are his people and who attacked  
them?

FDR stares at Marshal, remembering the winged serpent logo.

FDR  
Big lizards.

All the men exchanged confused looks.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Like something from a horror film.  
It looked like the London Blitz but  
with spaceships.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
What did, sir?

FDR  
Their great city was attacked by  
these lizard-men. Then these four-  
foot-tall gray beings, Bandit's  
parents, or caretakers, I think  
took me to their flying disc.

Realizing that he sounded insane.

FDR (CONT'D)

There were hundreds of these ships and they put me onboard one with Bandit, who was in a crate of some kind, and we blasted away from their dying city-

FDR cuts himself off as he realizes his advisers were skeptical. FDR softens for a moment.

FDR (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I am not crazy.

DR. DRAPER

Mr. President, what you're saying is extraordinary.

FDR

It is all extraordinary and for the last few weeks we've had a being from another world living in the basement of the White House.

Hopkins stood quietly behind the rest of the group, taking in what the president was saying. He feared that FDR's sanity may be questioned by some of the things he was saying.

FDR (CONT'D)

I saw the most incredible battle take place, not only on this strange alien planet, but in the skies and space above. And their ships. My God, the spaceships are... mortifying.

Hopkins watches Draper reviewing the president and Hopkins could tell that Draper was contemplating the idea that FDR had lost his mind.

While FDR was incapacitated, Hopkins authorized Vannevar Bush to transfer the alien far away from the White House; to the General Electric facility where the alien craft was being studied in Lynn, Massachusetts. Unbeknownst to either Vannevar Bush or George Marshal, the alien would never make it to the facility. Hopkins' Soviet handlers planned to intercept the package. This was not according to the plan that Hopkins had initially wanted, but FDR's interaction with the alien forced Hopkins' hand.

FDR (CONT'D)

And, gentlemen, I got the distinct impression that was not merely a recording.

DR. BUSH  
What does that mean, Mr. President?

FDR  
I interacted with the people there.  
I even commanded one of their  
starships. I think I might have  
been the reason for why the aliens  
chose to come here...

FDR rubs his eyes.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, I really should get some  
rest...

DR. DRAPER  
Of course, Mr. President.

Draper then motions for Alonzo to assist the president into  
the nearby wheelchair.

DR. DRAPER (CONT'D)  
Let's get you up to the residence.

FDR is placed into his wheelchair, Alonzo begins wheeling him  
out.

FDR  
Please do not think this is madness  
of some kind, men.

DR. DRAPER  
Just get some rest and get back to  
us, sir!

As soon as FDR and Alonzo exit, Marshal glares over at  
Hopkins.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
None of this goes into the public  
record.

DR. DRAPER  
What?

GENERAL MARSHAL  
What just transpired here.

DR. DRAPER  
Nothing happened here as far as I'm  
concerned.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Thank you, doctor.

DR. BUSH

It's a good thing you authorized me take possession of the creature.

Hopkins nods.

GENERAL MARSHAL

It should be at my facility.

HOPKINS

It will be transferred once Dr. Bush and his team are done with it.

GENERAL MARSHAL

C'mon, Mr. Hopkins, putting that thing anywhere near its craft is a bad idea!

DR. BUSH

I couldn't disagree more, General. It might be able to unlock the secrets of the downed craft faster than my team ever could!

HOPKINS

General, it sounds to me like Dr. Bush's team is at their wit's end with that spacecraft.

DR. BUSH

We can't make heads-or-tails of any of it.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Well, it's out of my hands for now.

DR. BUSH

I assure you that my team will keep your people apprised of whatever we discover in our experiments.

Hopkins' mind was elsewhere. He kept checking his watch, knowing that the Soviet spies were readying to make their moves.

Hopkins had given Mayor's team the train information that the alien was being transported on. Their plan was to ambush the train at one of the scheduled stops in Connecticut. Hopkins had no idea how the team planned on stealing the creature without getting into a firefight. He was gripped by worry.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RESIDENCE

FDR is positioned in his plush bed in the upstairs residence in the White House.

FDR  
They just don't understand, Alonzo.  
If they could just see what I saw.  
Experience what I experienced.

ALONZO  
Yes sir.

FDR looks up at his caretaker with skepticism.

FDR  
What'd you experience?

Alonzo cocked his right eyebrow up.

ALONZO  
You mean when I was under whatever  
spell that thing put me under?

FDR nods.

FDR  
The world's biggest headache, sir.  
Like one whale of a hangover!

The White House butler joked, eliciting a hearty belly laugh from the president.

ALONZO  
So you say that little guy is a  
refugee?

FDR  
I tell you, Alonzo, it sounds like  
the whole universe has gone mad  
with war fever.

The caustic images of the alien city being decimated by the strange reptilian ships flooding into his mind.

FDR (CONT'D)  
They were trying to tell me  
something about Bandit. They were  
trying to warn me... or tell me...

Alonzo finishes tucking the tired president into his bed.

FDR (CONT'D)  
I don't know, Alonzo.

ALONZO

You were with his parents, though,  
in the memory?

FDR

I really don't know what they were  
to him. I sensed that they cared  
for— even probably loved him.

ALONZO

You said they came here because of  
you?

FDR

I tell you, Alonzo, I don't think  
it was just a memory or some kind  
of living recording. I think I was  
actually there.

ALONZO

How's that possible?

FDR throws his hands up in the air.

FDR

I really don't know, Alonzo.

Alonzo nods sympathetically.

FDR (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what: I don't think  
they were planning to stay here.

ALONZO

Oh?

FDR

Their ship was damaged as it was  
fleeing. I think they came here to  
make repairs and then move on to  
somewhere else...

ALONZO

Do you know where?

FDR

I got the sense that there was a  
big war going on and Bandit's  
people were just caught in the  
middle. Like Poland today.

FDR shakes his head.

FDR (CONT'D)

Their attackers, though, make the Nazis look like wall flowers.

ALONZO

That's pretty frightening, sir.

FDR

And I tell you, I don't think we've seen the last of them. I really don't.

ALONZO

Oh, dear.

FDR

First thing when I'm feeling better is I go downstairs and find out more from our little friend. Might I get a glass of warm milk with some nutmeg?

ALONZO

Of course, Mr. President.

Alonzo reaches over to the nightstand and grabs the phone to the White House kitchen and requests the president's order.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

I'll be right back upstairs with it, sir.

FDR

Good man!

ALONZO

Oh, and Mr. President?

FDR

Yes, Alonzo?

ALONZO

Well, it's just... I don't think you'll be able to see your little friend anymore.

FDR glowers in confusion.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

Mr. Hopkins had the being moved from the White House. He and General Marshal were very worried about your reaction to whatever the little guy put you through.

FDR is visibly upset.

FDR  
Where'd they move him to?

Alonzo wasn't sure he remembered so he shrugs.

FDR (CONT'D)  
To that facility up the road in  
Fort Hunt?

ALONZO  
No, sir. Somewhere in  
Massachusetts.

FDR knew exactly where they were transporting him.

FDR  
Why on Earth would they put  
Bandit with his ship?!

ALONZO  
There was a polite argument between  
Mr. Hopkins and General Marshal  
about that very possibility, if I  
recall. But Dr. Bush interceded and  
agreed with Mr. Hopkins that the  
alien should go to their facility  
in Massachusetts.

FDR let's out a loud sigh.

FDR  
Of course he did, Alonzo.

ALONZO  
I'll get that warm milk now, sir.

FDR  
Alonzo, the first thing I'm doing  
when I wake up is calling that  
damned facility to get my little  
Bandit back here!

ALONZO  
I'll be back with the milk, Mr.  
President.

Alonzo said once more, exiting the room.

## EXT. TRAIN TRACK IN THE WOODS

Fritz Joubert Duquesne drives the car over the train tracks in the Connecticut woods. He parks the car on the tracks and steps out, flicking the cigarette he'd been smoking on the ground of the forest he was in. Fritz then runs to the side of the tracks, where a group of his men— armed with knives, pistols, and automatic rifles are hunkered down, waiting for the fireworks to begin.

One of Fritz's men, another German-American who posed as a dock worker, named Alfred Brokhof, hands Duquesne a Tommy Gun.

Fritz smirks and checks to make sure the weapon that had made American gangsters a decade earlier, like Al Capone, so infamous, was loaded.

FRITZ

Danke! Our sources say that the target is in the fifth train car. We hit there first.

The ground begins rumbling and the blaring horn of an incoming train in the distance, getting nearer to where the men were hiding, could be heard. Fritz nods in excitement to himself. He pulls out a wired detonator from his pocket.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Be ready!

The headlight from the train cut through the trees and darkness of the night as it rounded a corner, getting very near to where the men were.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Get ready, my friends!

The train was within spitting distance of Fritz and his men now. He knew the engineer driving the train saw the parked car. The horn on the train intensified in its blaring...

The screeching of the train's air brakes resonated throughout the dark forest in rural Connecticut. There was nothing the train could do to stop in time. A few moments later, the loud crash of metal on metal could be heard as the slowing train slammed into the parked car.

The car's fuel tank exploded, lighting the front of the train on fire. Screaming from the front of the train could be heard as the hopeless engineer dove from the train. He is on fire and lands in the grass nearby, rolling around and thrashing wildly.

Fritz detonates his perfectly laid bombs. The train tracks below the train erupts, sending the back portion of the train tumbling from the tracks.

It was chaos and destruction, just as Fritz had envisioned it. His men instantly erupted in giddy applause. Fritz, the ultimate swashbuckler, laughing proudly.

The front and back of the train were burning. The back of the train was totally off the track, leaving the middle and front standing still on the tracks.

Fritz pulls out a pocket watch and sees the time. He knows that they could not linger.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Schnell!

A small team of German spies go charging to the train.

Two American soldiers have managed to exit the train car where it was suspected the target was being held. Fritz takes immediate aim with his Tommy Gun and squeezes the trigger, dispatching the Yanks.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Schnell! Schnell! Schnell!

The thrill of battle is rushing into his blood.

The team reaches the targeted train car and set up a perimeter while Fritz places a grenade in between the door and the handle.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Stand clear!

Without another word, the door explodes open. Fritz pokes his fedora-wearing head inside the darkened car.

Immediately, a shot from an M1 Grand Rifle rang out— just missing Fritz's head, blowing his fedora clean off.

Fritz finishes the soldier off. Fritz waves his men inside the train.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

We're looking for...

Fritz trailed as he moves throughout the damaged train car and sees at the back a crate with a strange box inside the wooden crate.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

That's it!

A muffled moan can be heard from beneath one of the seats and a crumpled American soldier can be seen stirring. Fritz raises his pistol and shoots the soldier and begins leading his men off the train. Fritz looked back at the dying soldier.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Sorry, lads, but war is war!

Fritz jumps back outside and begins marching with his men to their escape car which would take them to a nearby bay where they would deposit the crate onto a small vessel, which would then rendezvous with a U-Boat waiting just off the coast.

As the men run into the forest where a car was waiting for them, Fritz turns to face his loyal aid, Paul.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

I'd love to see the look on Akhemov's face when he realizes we got to the train before he and his Soviet stooges could!

Paul laughed madly at that thought.

PAUL

Yes, Colonel, that'd be a sight to see!

FRITZ

Gentleman, there's no way we can lose this war!

His men letting out a Huzzah! As they ran into the night, laughing proudly at their accomplishment.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

FDR slams his hand into his maple wood desk in the Oval Office after hearing from his advisers what had transpired in the woods of Connecticut the previous night.

FDR

I told you that Bandit needed to stay here!

Hopkins lowers his head apologetically.

HOPKINS

We were just trying to do right by you, Mr. President.

FDR

I know, Harry.

FDR then glares over at FBI director J. Edgar Hoover who is standing in the corner of the Oval Office with his hands folded in front of him, looking unmoved.

FDR (CONT'D)

Edgar, what do your people have to say about this?

J. Edgar Hoover is a smooth operator.

HOOVER

We have a line on the culprits, Mr. President.

FDR's eyebrows go up at that.

FDR

Oh?

HOOVER

It is the assessment of my counterintelligence agents that this was the work of a Nazi spy ring that we've been tracking for months.

FDR

You're actively tracking this spy ring? If that were so, how did they have such free reign to be able to conduct a brazen attack on a US Army train as they did?

Hoover nods in affirmation.

FDR (CONT'D)

And?

HOOVER

We have a source inside of the spy ring who has been working with us.

(MORE)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

The problem is that the spy ring is using the German diaspora, as well as we believe to be the Japanese, to augment their capabilities and reach here in the United States. That's why we missed this attack, despite having a source inside the spy ring.

FDR

Well what does your source say?

Hoover frowns.

FDR (CONT'D)

About this attack? Gentlemen, you know the importance of the package!

HOOVER

Respectfully, Mr. President, I'm not aware of the contents of the package in question.

FDR realizes that he'd never read Hoover into the alien.

FDR

You're aware of the incident at Cape Girardeau earlier this Spring?

HOOVER

I'm aware that something crashed, and our government recovered that craft... but my people were systematically cut out from any further aspect of that investigation by the US Army intelligence corps.

General Marshal looks uncomfortable at the conversation.

GENERAL MARSHAL

Well, Edgar, we had the lone survivor of that craft here.

HOOVER

Where?

GENERAL MARSHAL

In the White House bunker.

FDR

It gave us— me— some pretty interesting information.

(MORE)

FDR (CONT'D)

And now, just when we got it doing what we needed him to do, the Nazis steal him away from us!

HOOVER

Mr. President, this Nazi spy ring is the key to finding out the creature's whereabouts.

HOPKINS

The greater question, Director Hoover, is how did this Nazi spy ring even find out about the creature?

HOOVER

Well, Mr. Hopkins, as I've been saying: this city is crawling with foreign spies and agents provocateurs.

Hopkins nods.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

I suspect you might have a mole in your administration, Mr. President.

FDR rolls his eyes.

FDR

Oh, Edgar, let's not go down this path again!

HOOVER

Mr. President, how else would the Nazi spy ring have learned about this?

FDR is silent.

HOPKINS

I find it difficult to believe that there's a Nazi spy high up in either this administration or the military.

HOOVER

The Reds are everywhere. Why not the brown shirts?

FDR

We're not having this conversation again, Edgar.

HOOVER

Yes, sir, Mr. President. Luckily, Mr. President, my men are already onto this spy ring. If we take them down, we'll probably be able to figure out what they did with the creature.

FDR

Good. Notify me constantly of your progress, please, Edgar.

HOOVER

Yes, Mr. President.

HOPKINS

If Hitler's people can get this creature to give them advanced technology...

FDR

...It'd be the end of the American experiment!

Hopkins nods in agreement. He sets aside his guilt, knowing that it was his contact with the Soviet spies that must have tipped off their rival Nazi spy ring operating in Washington, D.C. Hopkins wished that he had taken better care to protect the truth.

HOOVER

Mr. President, I always get my man!

FDR

I just want my little Bandit back.

EXT. POLISH FOREST, PEENEMUNDE

A giant, silver bell-like device with the black German cross painted on one side and a Nazi swastika painted on another rested in the center of a Stonehenge-like circle of concrete monoliths. Nestled deep inside the Polish forest, the Nazi proving ground known as Peenemunde was at the epicenter of Hitler's frantic effort to build his "Wunderwaffe" or, "wonder weapons."

Everything from rudimentary atomic weapons technology to jet engines to the V2 Rocket were being tested at this site.

Three men in black Nazi officer's uniforms stand at a safe distance away from the Stonehenge-like concrete slabs, wearing protective goggles.

SS- Obergruppenführer Hans Kammler stood in the middle of the three Nazi officers, with his black military cap cocked slightly to the right.

Kammler, unlike the other two men who stood beside him, Kammler was not a scientist. Kammler was an administrator of extraordinary capabilities, or at least that was what his immediate boss, the head of the brutal SS, Heinrich Himmler, believed.

To his right stood Werner von Braun, the genius behind the V2 Rocket program that was terrorizing the people of England, and to his left, stood a short, stout man in a brown suit with a red Nazi swastika pin on the lapel. This was the head of Hitler's atomic weapons program, the world renowned quantum physicist from Bavaria, Werner Karl Heisenberg.

In German over a loudspeaker, an officious officer announces.

GERMAN ON LOUDSPEAKER

Attention! Attention! Test flight  
in one minute!

Dozens of armed soldiers milled about being followed by countless scientists in white lab coats. Heisenberg is visibly depressed, his hair standing high above his head, making him look to the disciplined Kammler as a madman.

Von Braun stood poised, despite the fact that Kammler had been hounding the two men to complete this most important project for more than two years! Kammler got along with von Braun. He could not stand Heisenberg and had long suspected that the famed scientist was, in fact, working to sabotage the ailing Nazi atomic weapons program along with the rest of his science team.

KAMMLER

This had better work.

HEISENBERG

I make no guarantees.

VON BRAUN

It will fly.

KAMMLER

That is not the problem with this device. The problem is keeping it flying.

Kammler appears cool and collected. Behind his eyes he was a sea of rage. He was angry because he had long believed that their best-and- brightest were actively working against the interests of the Reich and, in recent months, working to preserve for themselves a place in whatever order they assumed would come after the Third Reich lost the war.

Kammler's summation, Germany was not losing the war. They were losing the race for better weapons. If they could achieve Hitler's dream of building more advanced weapons, the war would enter into a new phase- a period in which the Nazis regained the upper hand and defeated the Allies.

HEISENBERG

This is an entirely new domain of physics we are dealing with.

KAMMLER

Every area of science is new to those who have never explored it before!

Kammler evokes his Nazi ideological indoctrination.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

All that is required to master the new science is the will. And I find your will to be most lacking in these matters.

HEISENBERG

The Fuhrer trusts me. Who do you think you are to challenge me in this way?

KAMMLER

When you are speaking to me, here, I am speaking for the Fuhrer, Dr. Heisenberg.

VON BRAUN

Power up Die Glocke!

A low warble resonates from beneath the bell-shaped vehicle. Four chains tethered the vehicle to the ground since the Nazis had not yet figured out how to control the craft. A blue energy emanated from the bottom of the bell.

It blasted off the ground, high above the Stonehenge concrete formation it had been sitting inside, the chains straining to keep the vehicle in place.

The craft was sold to Kammler as an anti-gravity vehicle that could bend space— and time— around its curved surfaces. Kammler was convinced that this vehicle could not only become the next-generation fighter craft that would down countless Allied bombers, possibly even forcing the Allies to discontinue their brutal air raids on Germany, but Kammler believed the vehicle might even be a time traveling device. At least that was what Von Braun had theorized.

It was created by alien hands and it was based off of a damaged alien craft that the Nazis had uncovered in the Black Forest almost a decade earlier.

The Nazis had even captured a living occupant from the downed vehicle, but it was injured. They did their best to repair its wounds but all they managed to do was to slow down its death process. It was well enough that the Nazis under Kammler were able to convince the creature to help them, though like Heisenberg and some of the other Nazi scientists, Kammler suspected that the alien they had captured was passively resisting them.

That was until the Abwehr presented his team with a gift from America: another alien. And as soon as the juvenile alien captured in America came around, the attitude of the older alien they had harbored since the Black Forest crash had changed markedly.

Kammler had desired for the aliens to get the alien craft they had captured repaired. It was determined that the aliens could not— or would not— do that. However, they did design and build Die Glocke.

As he watched Die Glocke spin and bounce around the sky above the concrete structure, Kammler picked up the radio and screamed

KAMMLER

Increase the power!

VON BRAUN

No, Obergruppenführer! The capacitors are already at full power!

Kammler looked madly at Von Braun and pulled the radio handset away from the scientist.

KAMMLER

Nothing great is achieved without  
risk, Doctor!

Kammler moves the radio handset to his mouth.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Increase capacitors to 200 percent!

Seconds later, Die Glocke begins moving erratically about the place. Kammler grins, believing they may have gotten the device working as intended. In fact, after a brief moment of insane movement, Die Glocke slows down and appears to stabilize its flight pattern. Once it stabilizes and hovers over the Stonehenge-like structure, its power levels off-the-charts, its hull glows red and it starts to disappear.

Its disappearing act piqued Heisenberg's interest, who pulls out a notepad and begins taking feverish notes about what he is witnessing. Kammler stands stoically in front of the other two scientists, a sense of victory overwhelming him. Von Braun stares in shock as his cap blows off his head. He starts laughing madly at the sight of the disappearing Die Glocke.

Massive sparks erupts from the power generators surrounding the complex. The lights flicker as the sound of an engine being powered down resonates throughout the massive complex. Immediately, Die Glocke begins bouncing about erratically once more. It returns fully into view. Then, its blue engines go dark and the thing smashes loudly into the ground below. Heisenberg ducks down and is covering his head with his arms while Von Braun takes cover behind Kammler, who remains standing, his look of anger worsening.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Another failure.

VON BRAUN

Oh, no, Obersgruppenführer! The amount of data we've collected from this incident will go a long way toward us understanding how best to use this weapon!

Kammler is unimpressed. He marches steadfastly toward the bell-like ship, which had steam rising from the rivets on the hull. Kammler is wearing black gloves, like many SS officers did. He quickly reaches forward, grasping a scalding hot handle which felt hot even through his black leather gloves, and he pulls up on the handle. Instantly, the hatch leading to the inside of the craft lifts open.

As it lifts open, steam hisses out, followed by a flood of human blood and internal organs. The test subjects— Jewish slave laborers— had liquefied. Yet again, Die Glocke was not safe for human use.

Kammler lifts his boot as some of the liquefied remains got on them. He shakes his head bitterly and turns to face Von Braun and Heisenberg, who is covering his mouth with a cloth from his pocket.

KAMMLER

I want to see him.

Heisenberg and Von Braun both starts to protest.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

That was not a request! The creatures are sabotaging us.

HEISENBERG

But, Obersgruppenführer, why would these beings do such a thing?

Heisenberg is pleading for the lives of the aliens in their care.

VON BRAUN

Sir, those two beings are our—

KAMMLER

Our what, Doctor? They've given us nothing but grief!

VON BRAUN

They constructed his entire craft for us, sir.

KAMMLER

You mean they've misled us!

HEISENBERG

You are a fool, Obersgruppenführer, to think that you could even threaten these beings.

Kammler's eyes widen and he moves closer to Heisenberg, gripping the handle of his Lugar pistol which is housed in its holster on his belt.

KAMMLER

Who are you to speak to me in such a way? Unlike you, doctor, I've not surrendered in this war!

HEISENBERG

For the record, I strictly oppose your decision to harass and threaten these beings in our care.

KAMMLER

And you, Dr. Braun?

Von Braun lowers his head as he feels Heisenberg's glare fall upon him. Von Braun looks up at Kammler and nods.

VON BRAUN

I concur with your judgment, Obersgruppenführer. These beings may prove to be a security threat that we must assess.

Kammler smiles while Heisenberg chortles.

VON BRAUN (CONT'D)

Although, I'd also like to go on record voicing my concern that you may inadvertently harm or kill these creatures and that will set our efforts back significantly.

Kammler is incensed by Von Braun's hedging.

KAMMLER

You are dismissed.

Kammler motions for two SS guards to approach him.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Come with me.

INT. PEENEMUNDE CONCRETE CELL

The door to the concrete cell that housed the two aliens at Peenemunde squeals open, revealing an irate Obersgruppenführer Kammler flanked by two armed SS soldiers.

Kammler stares at the two, tiny gray aliens sitting on the floor inside. The older gray alien, who has been their captive since 1938, has black pock marks across his skin and his skin is dry and wrinkled whereas the other alien, the one they captured from America, appears otherwise healthy.

The German scientists had nicknamed the two "Hansel" and "Greta", though it was rumored that the younger alien that they called "Greta" was called "Bandit" by FDR.

Kammler grips his pistol and pulls it out menacingly. The two aliens stare emotionless at him and then he plops the gun into an unseen box on the outside of the room. He motions for his guards to leave their weapons there as well. The Nazis had learned the hard way what happens if they brought weapons near the aliens— the older one, Hansel, used his mind to turn those weapons against the Nazis. Kammler would use his fists anyway, if necessary. He enters the room.

KAMMLER

The test failed.

The two aliens stare at Kammler silently.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

You failed us! Again!

The aliens remain staring at him, the older one barely able to stand after the torture it had been subjected for years under Nazi care.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

You!

Kammler hisses marching toward the older alien.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

You did this!

As Kammler approaches the dying adult alien nicknamed Hansel, preparing to beat him, the smaller one that the Americans called "Bandit" and that the Germans called "Greta" begins throwing its hands in the air, making an assortment of strange hooting and whooping noises, as if to get Kammler's attention.

Kammler has been intrigued that the younger, healthier one tended to make so many vocalizations whereas Hansel never once uttered a sound. Hansel, despite being featureless, has what Kammler thought was the same empty, defeated look that so many of the victims of Nazism had at their hand. This gives Kammler a bit of perverse pleasure, knowing that he could inspire such fear on the pathetic races both on Earth and, obviously, from beyond.

Once Bandit tries to intercede, Hansel becomes animated in ways not seen since when the creature was first captured in the Black Forest. He begins shaking his head back-and-forth, screaming "Un-Lat-O!" at the younger one.

The guards move in and grab Bandit roughly, prompting Hansel to let out a hiss. The lights begin to dim as though another test of Die Glocke was occurring and the whole room begins to shake violently.

Hansel's eyes glowed white and a blue energy begins forms in the center of Hansel's chest. The creature's ragged fists are clenched tightly and he stares intently at the two SS guards who are manhandling Bandit.

The energy that gathered around Hansel's chest shoots out like lightning and hits the two SS guards, the explosion from the impact also knocks Kammler off his feet. Kammler, remembers that he did not have a pistol on him, reaches into his right boot and pulls out a Nazi dagger. He is going to kill Hansel.

The two SS soldiers are dead on the floor. Bandit is freed from their oppressive grip. Hansel has also crumpled to the floor, weakened from using his limited energy the way he did to protect the child who, unbeknownst to the humans, was their species' only hope for survival.

Bandit is but one of only a few children who survived the purge of their home-world by the reptilians. Like the rest of his species, Hansel understands that he has to protect Bandit with his life. That urge to protect the child is why Hansel gives into the Nazi demands and constructs a craft for them.

Kammler is starting to realize, Hansel has tricked the Nazis. Instead of simply repairing his ship that had crashed—something he could have done with the tools the Nazis had made available to him—Hansel destroyed his ship and built for the Nazis a craft that would surely kill any human that tried to pilot it, depriving these awful humans of any chance of dominating either this world or the stars. The last thing the universe needed was another band of murderous beings ravaging the stars, as the reptilians currently were.

Kammler tries to stab the downed Hansel when suddenly the steel in his knife simply liquefies and, like water flowing from faucet, drips over toward the waiting hands of Bandit, which are extended out and maneuvering in a way that indicates to Kammler that the small being is manipulating matter. Next, Bandit takes the liquid steel and fashions them into what looked like bullets and arrays them in what Kammler assumes is an attack formation. Instantly, Kammler's façade of being the dominant, tough guy drops away and he screams And begins groveling and whimpering before the empowered juvenile alien.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Please, my friend, I'm just following orders!

Before Bandit can complete his innovative attack against the evil Nazi, Hansel lifts his weary head from the concrete floor and raises his left hand, waving it once.

As soon as he does that, the steel turns to liquid again and splatters on the floor before Bandit. Bandit turns to face Hansel with a confused look. What the humans did not know was that this species of tiny gray aliens were pacifists.

Hansel takes this moment to teach the young one an invaluable lesson: any violence he employs would become like an addictive substance. Once the young Bandit begins using his powers to hurt, no matter how noble his reasons may be, the juvenile would seek to dominate others with that power.

Hansel stands up, slowly, knowing his time is limited before his body completely shuts down. He limps over to the two downed SS guards and closes his eyes, motioning his tiny hands over their bodies. Seconds later, the two men awake, perfectly healed, except for the scorch marks on their uniforms. The only reason Hansel has used his power on the two humans is because, with so few of his species having survived the purge, all juveniles have to be protected at all costs. This was one of the times their pacifistic code has to be abrogated— and immediately restores thereafter.

Kammler stands slowly and watches as the two shocked SS guards stand as well. He looks at them and shakes his head in disgust. Kammler then smirks madly as he recognizes the true power that these tiny beings wielded. Now, more than ever, he wants to harness that power and claim it for the Reich. He kneels beside Hansel, who is sitting, weakly on the floor and points at him.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Now, you have my attention, Hansel.

Kammler then looks over at Bandit, or Greta as the Germans call the juvenile, and laughs sadistically.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

And now I know what compels you. A child. You will give me what I seek. Because if you don't, my friend, one way or another, the child will suffer.

The tiny gray alien nods. They do not understand the human language anymore than the humans understood theirs. These grays, were empaths; they could understand what another being was saying or thinking by their emotions. And having spent almost a decade with these humans, Hansel had picked up some of their nonverbal mannerisms.

Hansel nodded.

Kammler stands and pivots, marching quickly toward the door. The guards continue to compose themselves.

The clanging sound of Kammler retrieving his pistol can be heard. He places his black luger in its belt holster as the two delirious guards slowly retrieve their machine guns and sling them around their shoulders.

Bandit has moved alongside Hansel, who is weak and dying and places his hand over Hansel, who immediately slaps it away. Bandit is far too young to try to save the old and dying tiny Hansel. The attempt would kill them both. Only adults can try such a risky procedure. Kammler smiles viciously at the two aliens and then slams the steel door shut.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE

Kammler exits the fortified bunker where the aliens are housed and sees Lieutenant Alois Handel standing, waiting for him. The lieutenant snaps a sieg heil salute, which Kammler dutifully returns.

Handel gives a piece of paper to Kammler, who unfolds it and reads it. The communications office has received a call from Kammler's nominal boss in Berlin, Heidrich Himmler, urgently requesting to speak with him.

The two men march to the communications office and Kammler enters a smaller office for classified calls. He picks up a black handset and instructs the operator to patch him through to Himmler. After a few brief moments, Kammler hears the distinct breathing of Himmler on the other end.

HIMMLER (O.S.)

Heil Hitler!

KAMMLER

Heil Hitler! To what do I owe this honor, Reichsführer?

HIMMLER

Ja, what is this I hear about you interrogating the visitors?

Kammler's brow furrows as he tries to determine just who leaked what was transpiring to his boss in Berlin. Before another word can be said, Kammler rolls his eyes as he realizes it was Heisenberg.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

Hello, Kammler?!

Kammler puckers his lips in anger and then calms himself, gripping the handset in anger so tightly that his knuckles turns white.

KAMMLER  
Yes, Reichsführer, I am here!

HIMMLER  
And?

KAMMLER  
We had another setback with Die  
Glocke, sir.

HIMMLER  
Ja, this is what I have been told.  
The test subjects were still  
liquefied, eh?

KAMMLER  
They were, sir.

Himmler can be heard letting out a low chuckle.

HIMMLER  
A little lesson from my farming  
days, Obersgruppenführer: always  
have a pair of spare boots at the  
ready!

KAMMLER  
Of course, sir.

HIMMLER  
Now, you are to leave our visitors  
alone! Their value is immense.  
Especially now that the Allies have  
landed in France.

KAMMLER  
Respectfully, Reichsführer, that is  
all the more reason for me to find  
out why the device is not  
functioning.

HIMMLER  
Killing our visitors serves no  
purpose for us.

Kammler has to tread lightly here. He does not want his superior, the second-most powerful man in the Reich, to think he was being insubordinate.

KAMMLER  
Of course, sir. I was—

HIMMLER

You were merely trying to serve myself and the Führer. I understand that. But you are risking everything with these antics. And you are upsetting Heisenberg and the other scientists in whom the Führer has placed great faith.

The mention of Heisenberg's name makes Kammler's skin crawl. He would make the shifty scientist pay for having pulled an end-run on him.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

We are growing very concerned about your apparent lack of progress, Kammler. If you are unable to execute your assignment, while regrettable, we will have you reassigned.

KAMMLER

That won't be necessary, sir.

HIMMLER

Fine. Fine. Redouble your efforts. But do not harm the visitors!

Kammler processes what he was ordered and then returns the black handset to the receiver and opens the door to the private booth. He sees Heisenberg and Von Braun standing in the tiny communications hut, with pale looks.

KAMMLER

You're stuck with me.

HEISENBERG

Which one did you kill?

KAMMLER

Neither of them. But the Reichsführer informs me that you are trying to kill my career! By calling him and accusing me of overstepping with the visitors.

HEISENBERG

I never called the Reichsführer.

Kammler does not believe Heisenberg and rolls his eyes. He then regarded the quiet Von Braun suspiciously.

VON BRAUN

Not me!

KAMMLER

I do have one standing order from  
the Reichsführer...

HEISENBERG

And?

KAMMLER

In light of your recent failures to  
get Die Glocke functioning and safe  
for human use, I am to redouble our  
efforts. What will you two need for  
that?

HEISENBERG

More power.

VON BRAUN

More test subjects.

KAMMLER

Fortunately for us, we've got them  
in abundance. You will have as many  
as you need to experiment on.

Kammler snaps a sieg heil salute. The two men return the  
gesture.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The door to the Oval Office opens and the president's  
secretary steps out. She eyes Greaves and smiles. He returns  
the smile.

MISSY

They're ready for you now, Agent  
Greaves.

Greaves is frozen in place. He grabs the knot at the top of  
tie and squeezes.

AGENT GREAVES

How do I look, dear?

Missy winks at him.

MISSY

You look great.

AGENT GREAVES

Thanks, doll.

When Greaves enters the Oval Office, he sees Harry Hopkins sitting beside the president at his desk in a ruffled suit, looking as though he'd not slept for some time. FDR is sitting at the center of the desk in his wheelchair, he too, looks haggard and he puffs on a cigarette that was dangling from a black cigarette holder, which hung lazily out of his mouth. Generals Marshal and William "Wild Bill" Donovan of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), America's foreign intelligence. Greaves sees the secretaries of war and state seated at the couches as well. Standing in the corner, watching the whole meeting unfold is Greaves boss, J. Edgar Hoover who is clenching onto a binder with the FBI logo on it and he has a frown on his face.

FDR calls out as he sees Greaves gingerly enter the room.

FDR

And, uh, who, pray tell, is this?

HOOVER

This is Special Agent Patrick Greaves of my Counterintelligence Center, the CIC.

FDR

Some bang up work your boys have been doing against those Nazis in South America!

AGENT GREAVES

Your very kind, Mr. President.

FDR

I'm not being kind, Agent Greaves. Just stating the facts.

AGENT GREAVES

Yes, sir.

Hoover stares briefly at Greaves and then looks back at FDR.

FDR

I do recognize your name, Agent Greaves.

AGENT GREAVES

Sir?

FDR

Yes, from a very intriguing report from the Spring of '41...

Greaves immediately remembers and focuses on FDR like a bird of prey focuses on its next meal.

No one was supposed to talk about that incident. While FDR was the president, Greaves had assumed that the Cape Girardeau affair would have been kept quiet even to the president, given Hoover's penchant for total secrecy as a form of exercising his complete control over sensitive national security matters.

HOOVER

Agent Greaves believes he's got a significant lead on our friend.

FDR

Have you found my Bandit?

GENERAL MARSHAL

The survivor.

AGENT GREAVES

I think we have, sir.

FDR

Is he alive?

Greaves glances at Hoover, prompting FDR to look annoyed.

FDR (CONT'D)

Agent Greaves, you're talking to me not to Director Hoover!

AGENT GREAVES

It sounded on the intercepts like the Nazis have him and that he is, yes, alive.

HOPKINS

Where is he?

HOOVER

We assess that he's being held at one of the Nazi missile proving grounds. A facility that's located in Poland's hinterland known as Peenemunde.

"Wild Bill" Donovan was a bull of a man. He was tall with wide shoulders. The epitome of an American warrior. He stands and begins distributing a one page document to the men assembled in the Oval Office. Hoover grits his teeth and shoots what Greaves interprets to be a death glare as Donovan quickly hands the materials out. Greaves received one as well and he could see that it was a breakdown of what Peenemunde was.

FDR

This is where they're launching the V2s that are plaguing Winston from!

WILD BILL

That's correct, Mr. President. We also think the facility has a role in Hitler's atomic weapons program.

Donovan bites his lower lip and then adds.

WILD BILL (CONT'D)

And our pilots have been reporting strange objects flying from the direction of the facility during bomber raids.

FDR grins madly, puffing on his cigarette.

FDR

Yes! The foo fighters! We're taking these reports seriously now?

GENERAL MARSHAL

We have to, sir. There's simply too many reports coming in from both our people and the Brits.

FDR

It's little Bandit. It has to be!

HOPKINS

So he's helping the Nazis develop advanced weapons?

FDR

Have these foo fighters damaged our birds at all?

WILD BILL

Reports indicate that some have interfered with the electrical equipment on some of our bombers, but no, sir.

FDR

Bandit has been kept there for years now. He's probably being forced to build things and do God knows what! Those monsters have probably tortured him.

FDR composes himself, takes another puff of his cigarette, and then smiles at Greaves.

FDR (CONT'D)  
When do you head out to Europe?

Greaves' eyes widen.

AGENT GREAVES  
Uh...

WILD BILL  
Sir, FBI isn't operating in the war zone.

HOOVER  
No thanks to you and your OSS misfits.

FDR puts his hands up, as if to calm situation.

FDR  
All right, gentlemen, we don't have time to fight a war in here as we're fighting the war out there.

Hoover and Donovan nod and say nothing.

FDR (CONT'D)  
Greaves. Do you have any military experience?

AGENT GREAVES  
I served in the Army, sir. Before the war.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
Agent Greaves was previously a lieutenant who graduated from West Point.

Greaves smiles at Marshall and nods.

AGENT GREAVES  
Yes, sir. And I received training at the Infantry School at Fort Benning when you were the assistant commandant there, sir.

GENERAL MARSHAL  
I know, son.

FDR  
Okay. So you are not a totally inexperienced.

WILD BILL

Mr. President, I can assemble a team and try to get into Peenemunde within the week.

FDR

That's exactly what I want you to do, Bill.

WILD BILL

Yes, sir.

FDR

With Agent Greaves here or should I say Lieutenant Greaves on the team.

Wild Bill recoils and Hoover smiles briefly, sensing a victory.

FDR (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Lieutenant Greaves, you are now an agent of the OSS! Good luck and God bless! And bring my Bandit back. Every moment he's in the Nazi's custody, he's a threat to our war effort.

AGENT GREAVES

Very good, Mr. President.

Wild Bill approaches with a sullen look on his face and taps Greaves on the shoulder.

WILD BILL

Welcome to the OSS.

Greaves shakes Donovan's hand.

AGENT GREAVES

Thank you, sir.

Hoover approaches the two men from behind. Donovan looks at Hoover.

WILD BILL

Well, Greaves, you're mine now. Report to me tomorrow morning at 0730!

AGENT GREAVES

Yes, sir!

Greaves and Hoover exit the Oval Office together.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)  
Well, Director Hoover, it was a  
pleasure to serve you.

HOOVER  
Oh, I'm not done with you yet.

Hoover grabs Greaves' left shoulder and gives him a  
reassuring squeeze.

HOOVER (CONT'D)  
You're still one of mine, Patrick.

AGENT GREAVES  
Sir?

FBI Director Hoover has lowered his voice.

HOOVER  
You think you're the only Bureau  
agent to go work for Donovan? I've  
got my people all over the OSS. And  
now you're going to be my golden  
boy. This mission they're sending  
you on... it's the only one that  
counts. I want intel on everything  
the Nazis are up to at Peenemunde.  
I want regular reports to me.

Greaves nods slowly.

HOOVER (CONT'D)  
Roosevelt, None of these  
politicians get it. The communists  
are everywhere. They've infiltrated  
every layer of Roosevelt's  
government. The OSS is full of the  
Red menace. But then you know that.  
You've been working  
counterintelligence for me since  
the start of this.

AGENT GREAVES  
How will I get reports to you?

You're one of the best counterintelligence agents in the  
country. You'll figure it out.

Hoover then angrily shoves his right index finger in Greaves'  
chest.

HOOVER  
We cannot let the OSS get a hold of  
that technology or the visitor.  
(MORE)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

They would just be handed over to Stalin! Well, not on my watch! I've been fighting the Reds my entire career. And after this war is over, they'll be next. And you're going to be my eyes and ears out there. You got that?

AGENT GREAVES

Of course, Director.

Hoover smiles like a predator once more and slaps Greaves' back.

HOOVER

Good hunting.

EXT. FLYING OVER GERMANY

United States Army Air Corps Captain Hank "Spinner" Clark is looking out at the night sky over Germany below his A-20 Havoc bomber. Assigned to the legendary 415th Night Fighter Squadron operating out of Southern France to support the Allied invasion of Europe from Normandy, Clark is tasked with a very special mission this evening.

Clark piloted the A-20 that was escorting a team of six OSS commandos into Germany where they would assault a Nazi secret weapons production facility.

Clark shouts into his headset, knowing that by now the Nazi air defenses were alerted to their presence.

CAPTAIN CLARK

All right, men, pucker up!

All they needed to do was to escort a lone transport plane through the heavily fortified area of German territory nicknamed, "Naziland", where the elite OSS team would parachute under the cover of darkness to the secret Nazi proving ground in Peenemunde.

Once Clark gave that warning to his flight of ten A-20 Havoc bombers belonging to the legendary Army Air Corps 415th Night Fighting Squadron, who was escorting the transport plane, the flak started exploding all around their planes.

CAPTAIN CLARK (CONT'D)

Let's get this show on the road!  
Stay on target!

Clark speaks into his headset, speaking with the pilot of the lead transport

CAPTAIN CLARK (CONT'D)

Okay, We're in Naziland! We're going to distract the Krauts as long as possible while you follow the pre-arranged flight path! You should be through this muck in a few minutes!

The A-20 Havocs veered to their right, taking much of the attention of the Nazi air defenses with them, giving the lone transport plane a chance to get through unscathed. The A20s soon begin dropping their payloads on the ground below, lighting up the ground and turning it into a fiery hellscape. The pilots cheer across the radio frequency as their bombs were scoring major hits on the air defenses and infrastructure below.

INT. INTERIOR TRANSPORT PLANE

The air around them was quiet. They had made it through Naziland and were now moving swiftly to their drop point. Over the radio, they heard the desperate calls from the A20s, which were no longer within view. They weren't going to make it.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Hey, Captain!

PILOT

Yes, Captain Marks?

CAPTAIN MARKS

Those boys aren't gonna make it. Can you cut that off?

PILOT

Yes, sir.

Captain Marks looks down at Greaves sternly.

CAPTAIN MARKS

This mission had better be worth their sacrifice.

AGENT GREAVES

It is.

CAPTAIN MARKS

We're about an hour out! Get some sleep, boys!

Captain Marks then sits down beside Greaves and glares at him.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)  
This mission had better be  
everything you say it is, too

AGENT GREAVES  
This mission is whatever Washington  
wants it to be, Captain Marks.

Marks shakes his head.

CAPTAIN MARKS  
Washington.

Marks leans back and closes his eyes.

Greaves then notices Corporal Takeuchi Itijima—Taki— has  
closed his Bible and sat quietly with his head down, praying.  
Takeuchi then glances up at Greaves.

TAKI  
So, you saw it?

AGENT GREAVES  
What?

TAKI  
The creature.

Greaves says nothing in response, instinctively protecting  
the information.

TAKI (CONT'D)  
It's okay, Lieutenant Greaves.  
We're all spies here.

Greaves smiles and points to the bible.

AGENT GREAVES  
Does that help you?

TAKI  
Yes, sir. It's gotten me through a  
lot.

AGENT GREAVES  
Why'd you join?

Taki sits back and shrugs.

TAKI  
It was the right thing to do.

AGENT GREAVES

Even in spite of what the government did to you?

TAKI

My grandfather was born in Japan. He came here as a man to work on the railroads. He then brought my grandmother over, her parents arranging the marriage. My father was born here. My mother was born in Japan. My parents had an arranged marriage just like my grandparents. But my dad and I... We're Americans.

Taki stares intensely at Greaves.

TAKI (CONT'D)

Honestly, sir, it was bullshit what the government did to us. But, after Pearl, there was no way I was just going to sit on my hands in that internment camp while my country was under attack.

Greaves could not help but to be moved by the young man. He pats Taki on the shoulder.

AGENT GREAVES

Yeah, I've seen the creature.

Greaves glances out the window behind them. The shooting around the plane had stops. They'd made it through the supposedly impenetrable Naziland air defense zone.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

I saw it all that day.

TAKI

Did it change you, sir?

Greaves shrugs. He points at the Bible in Taki's hand.

AGENT GREAVES

It certainly made me question much of what's in there.

Taki clings to it defensively.

TAKI

I don't want to see it, then.

AGENT GREAVES

Corporal, I think the fewer people see this thing, the better.

Taki nods and sits back in his seat.

From across Greaves' seat, Sergeant Major O'Shaughnessy spits chewing tobacco on the floor and is cleaning his B.A.R., a long-barreled machine gun that packed quite a wallop. Greaves stares back at the weapons expert.

The short but buff sergeant major, nicknamed "Fireball," let's out a surly huff.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

You've got a problem, Sergeant? Or is there some other reason you've been staring at me since we departed?

FIREBALL

You Irish?

Greaves rolls his eyes.

AGENT GREAVES

My mother was Irish.

Fireball chews more on his tobacco.

FIREBALL

I fookin' knew it.

Referring to Greaves' thick, black hair.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Black Irish.

Greaves regarded the red-haired weapons expert with bemusement. This was not an ordinary military unit. While they all had military ranks, these men were spies first and soldiers a distant second, so the discipline was somewhat lax.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

You were a fed before this, though.

AGENT GREAVES

That's right, Sergeant Major.

Fireball shakes his head in disgust.

FIREBALL

Spent your time going after workin' stiffs like my Old Man!

AGENT GREAVES

I never worked anything related to the Volstead Act. I worked counterintelligence. Y'know? I went after spies.

FIREBALL

Yeah, we've got former feds in our ranks. All of 'em are the same: cockier than God!

AGENT GREAVES

Okay.

FIREBALL

What I'm sayin' is, the sooner we get this mission over with, the better.

AGENT GREAVES

Well on that, Sergeant Major, we are in complete agreement.

Dr. Elbridge Mace leans forward, cutting off the tense conversation between Fireball and Greaves.

DR. MACE

So, what condition do you believe the entity will be in when we get to the Nazi facility?

AGENT GREAVES

Well, it's been in Nazi captivity for more than two years, so...

DR. MACE

Yes, but-

AGENT GREAVES

I've no idea, Doctor.

DR. MACE

I reviewed the notes from the Army docs who initially studied the being-

Mace is cut off again by Greaves.

AGENT GREAVES

Then your guess is as good as mine.

DR. MACE

So you can offer me nothing more?

AGENT GREAVES

The medical side of this operation is your business, Dr. Mace. You need to be ready for anything.

The pilot calls out from the cockpit.

PILOT

Captain!

Captain Marks remains sitting beside Greaves with his eyes closed and his cap over his eyes.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Yes?

The pilot shouts, sounding frantic.

PILOT

We've got a problem up here!

Captain Marks lifts his cap and looks toward the cockpit, sighing.

CAPTAIN MARKS

What is it?

PILOT

We're surrounded by... something...!

At that, both Marks and Greaves glance out the window. Dancing silently around the wings of the plane are bluish-purplish orbs of light. They are fixating on the propeller engines on the transport.

CAPTAIN MARKS

What is that?!

PILOT

I don't know, sir!

CAPTAIN MARKS

How far are we from the drop zone?

PILOT

Twenty more minutes, at least, sir!

Greaves shakes his head and stands. As he stands, the engine on Greaves' side of the plane makes a sputtering noise and starts to deactivate. Greaves glances over at the cockpit and can see the pilots moving frantically over the controls.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Okay, we're losing an engine!

Now, Captain Marks is standing and he marches up to the cockpit.

CAPTAIN MARKS

What the Hell is happening?!

Greaves signals for Taki to stand. When he does, he motions for Taki to turn around and Greaves begins checking Taki's parachute to ensure that it is in working order. Afterward, Greaves turns around and Taki begins checking Greaves' chute, too. When they finish checking each other, Taki moves over to Dr. Mace to do the same. Greaves points at Fireball who scoffs at him.

FIREBALL

My chute is fine!

Fireball begins packing his weapons and explosives.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

I don't need your fookin' help!

Greaves then marches to the back of the plane and opens the door.

Captain Marks calls after Greaves from the front of the plane.

CAPTAIN MARKS

What're you doing?!

AGENT GREAVES

Captain Marks, this plane isn't going to make it to the drop zone!

CAPTAIN MARKS

We're too far away and too high above the ground for a jump!

AGENT GREAVES

Captain Marks, if we wait any longer, we won't make it!

Marks stares intently at Greaves and sees the seriousness in his face. Marks is clearly thinking about what next to do.

After a long while, he nods and marches back to where Greaves and the rest of the team are.

CAPTAIN MARKS  
We're jumping now!

PILOT  
Roger that, sir! I'm descending to  
jump altitude!

CAPTAIN MARKS  
Can you boys get back to base  
safely?

PILOT  
So long as those... foo fighters  
don't take out the other engine,  
yes, sir!

CAPTAIN MARKS  
Then the sooner we get off this  
bird and on the ground, the better!

The Captain begins checking Fireball's parachute and Fireball returns the favor. He then pushes his way to the front of the jump line where Greaves ready to jump. Marks waves Greaves away.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)  
I'm CO of this mission! I'm the  
first to jump and the last to  
leave!

Greaves moves behind Marks in the jump line, pushing Fireball a space back, prompting the angry Irishman to let out an animalistic snarl.

AGENT GREAVES  
Easy, boy.

PILOT  
Okay, these things are moving to  
the other engine!

TAKI  
What, exactly, is going on with the  
plane?

PILOT  
Whatever these things are, they're  
interfering with the plane's power

At that point, the loud whirring sound of the plane's propeller engines dissipated and only the sound of howling wind could be heard. The plane was completely out of power.

PILOT (CONT'D)

That's it! We're dead in the water!

AGENT GREAVES

We've gotta go.

PILOT

We're still too high.

Suddenly, a round of explosions erupted all along the plane. The Germans knew they were overhead.

AGENT GREAVES

We've gotta go, now!

Without another word, Greaves pushes beyond Marks and dives out of the plane.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Goddamn it!

Marks turns back to the pilots.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)

You boys need to bail!

PILOT

We're going to try to keep this thing flying until you're all cleared!

Marks knows it is a death sentence. He just nods in understanding and gives the pilots the thumbs up.

CAPTAIN MARKS

All right, boys, let's go see where Greaves got off to! Welcome to Naziland.

Marks then dives out of the plane, into a sea of darkness below that is punctuated by the explosions from the flak that Nazi cannons were lobbing up at the plane. Seconds later, the sky erupts in an explosion as one of the Nazi flak rounds scores a direct hit on the stricken plane, destroying it, and killing the two pilots onboard.

## EXT. PEENEMUNDE

Walther Brünow stood in the forest which led into Peenemunde. He and his group of heavily armed friends waited anxiously for their American contacts to arrive. They were already two hours overdue.

Walther's group are massive and are part of a larger pan-German Catholic resistance front led by the Austrian priest Heinrich Maier and his organization, the Austrian Committee of Liberation, was the most significant resistance front within Germany. It was their extensive resistance movement that had amassed critical intelligence on Nazi secret weapons facilities and offloaded those plans to OSS and British intelligence over the years.

GUNTHER

They are not coming, Walther.

WALTHER

They will come.

GUNTHER

My friend, you heard about the air raid last night. All of the American planes were destroyed.

WALTHER

If you wish to leave, you may at any point, Gunther.

GUNTHER

I am no coward!

Walther smiles at his friend and pats him on the shoulder.

WALTHER

I swear that is not what I meant.

Gunther nods.

WALTHER (CONT'D)

You have sacrificed much over these years. And if you believe your talents are not needed here today then you may go.

GUNTHER

If we are discovered-

WALTHER

If we are discovered, the resistance movement will go on. God is on our side.

(MORE)

WALTHER (CONT'D)

If we are discovered, the  
resistance movement will go on.

Suddenly, to Walther's left was a loud rustling in the bushes followed by Alois, who is now pointing his machine gun toward the rustling bushes.

ALOIS

Psst!

Walther and Gunther both raise their weapons and readied for a shootout with a Nazi patrol. Instead, it is US Army Captain Marks. Walther beamed. He had met Captain Marks once, while Marks was exfiltrating a Jewish physicist who had been taken to Peenemunde to be worked to death in the mines there.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Hello, my friend!

Walther lowers his weapon and trundles down the hill, embracing the American.

WALTHER

It is good to see you again!

Marks nods, looking tired and dirty from what Walther assumed was a rough night of marching and evading Nazi patrols.

WALTHER (CONT'D)

Are you all here?

CAPTAIN MARKS

Yes.

He then steps aside and holds back some bushes, revealing his OSS team. They, too, look haggard.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)

Minus one. Our medical officer was  
killed during the jump.

WALTHER

We heard about the battle in the  
sky.

CAPTAIN MARKS

We almost did not survive it.

Gunther then peeks through the bushes.

WALTHER

This is your entire team?

Marks nods again. He then begins introducing them one at a time.

CAPTAIN MARKS

That's Corporal Takeuchi Itijima,  
our communications officer- we call  
him Taki- that's Sergeant Major  
O'Shaughnessy, our weapons expert-

The massive Gunther locked eyes with the short but muscular  
O'Shaughnessy, and the two men nod at each other in respect.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)

We call him "Fireball," for obvious  
reasons. And that's Lieutenant  
Patrick Greaves. He's the new guy.

AGENT GREAVES

So, are we going to stand around  
here and have coffee hour or are we  
going to get this show on the road?

WALTHER

Does he speak German?

CAPTAIN MARKS

No.

AGENT GREAVES

Yes, of course I speak German!

CAPTAIN MARKS

I didn't-

AGENT GREAVES

Need to know. Let's get one thing  
clear here, Captain: I don't report  
to you!

CAPTAIN MARKS

Like Hell you don't!

AGENT GREAVES

No, I don't. I report to  
Washington. This mission and its  
prioritization is unlike anything  
you and your team have ever worked,  
understand?

Marks looked angry but says nothing.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

So, yes, you are in charge of the mission on the ground here, but I am the guy the White House personally appointed to take care of this matter. Now, we're on the clock. The sooner we get this thing over with, the better.

GUNTHER

Why so few of you?

AGENT GREAVES

Because this is all that Washington could spare.

CAPTAIN MARKS

How many men do you have out here?

WALTHER

Twenty.

AGENT GREAVES

The uniforms?

WALTHER

Oh, do we have the uniforms...

He trails and then he gives Captain Marks a playful tap.

WALTHER (CONT'D)

Just like last time.

Alois pulls up a rucksack and unfurls it, revealing a gray and white Nazi officer's uniform.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Papers?

WALTHER

Taken care of, my friend.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Way to go, Walther!

WALTHER

And the bastards never plugged the gaps in their security from the last time you joined us!

CAPTAIN MARKS

That doesn't sound like the Nazis...

GUNTHER

These are very arrogant people.

Sounding more like the Yale football quarterback than a spy.

CAPTAIN MARKS

So, it's the same play from before, then?

AGENT GREAVES

What about the timing of this thing?

WALTHER

There are some boats that are kept by the living quarters to allow for the soldiers to come and go as they need to. We will take one of those boats over to the island.

AGENT GREAVES

No one will ask any questions?

ALOIS

Our papers will get us onto the base, Mr. Greaves.

WALTHER

But we have to time this operation well. They do their experiments with Die Glocke and other exotic propulsion technologies around sundown.

AGENT GREAVES

What does that matter?

ALOIS

Your visitors are brought from their confinement underground to the surface where they are made to control the vehicles.

AGENT GREAVES

I thought we were retrieving these things from their holding area underground.

WALTHER

If we go down below, we will never get out of there alive.

AGENT GREAVES

The whole point of this operation is subtlety. There's nothing subtle about walking up to the most secure Nazi military facility in the whole Reich and plucking the package right from in front of the Nazi's eyes!

WALTHER

We can distract them long enough to allow for you to escape.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Plus, Taki here is going to call into Bomber Command and the Brits are going to blitz the bejesus of this whole area tonight.

AGENT GREAVES

Yes, but the plan of us exfiltrating with the visitor by sea only works if we take him from his cell, without anyone noticing.

WALTHER

Unfortunately, we can't get down there. These identification papers are good but they only get us on the island. They don't get us underneath it.

CAPTAIN MARKS

It's fine.

AGENT GREAVES

Great planning: we've got a perfect way in... and no way out!

Marks grabs a rucksack with a Nazi uniform in it and shoves it into Greaves' hands.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Just get this on and let's get ready!

Greaves scoffs and begins doing as he was told. As he disrobes and places on the Nazi officer's uniform, he's fixated on something that Walther had said, unsure if it was just a language barrier.

AGENT GREAVES

You keep referring to the visitor in plural sense...

Walther, who was also donning a Nazi uniform nods.

WALTHER

Yes.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Why?

Walther looks confused.

WALTHER

There are two of them in there.

Greaves and Marks exchanged shocked glances.

CAPTAIN MARKS

I thought all the other ones died  
in the Cape Girardeau crash.

AGENT GREAVES

They did!

WALTHER

One of them is not from America.  
One of them has been here for  
almost ten years. It was captured  
alive in the Black Forest.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Can you make it out with two of  
them?

Greaves nods.

AGENT GREAVES

They're tiny. It shouldn't matter  
if there were one or ten of them.

CAPTAIN MARKS

We should hold here until the sun  
starts to go down. How much longer  
until that happens?

GUNTHER

One more hour.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Okay, guys, we hold here for an  
hour. Then we move.

CAPTAIN MARKS (CONT'D)

Report into command and tell them  
to get ready to unleash Hell over  
these skies.

TAKI

Yes, sir.

EXT. PEENEMUNDE

Hans Kammler stands proudly in the back of the concrete testing site. Since his interaction with the gray aliens, everything had started falling into place. Antigravity vehicles that his team had created over a year ago based on alien designs finally began working and Die Glocke has enjoyed some marginal interesting gains in its testing.

Intelligence reported a large movement of Allied bombers coming from Britain that would be over Peenemunde shortly. Kammler intends for the grays to finally prove their worth and deploy the silent, antigravity orbs to swarm the incoming bombers. An individual plane proved no match for these systems that disrupted the electronics on Allied bombers. Yet, there were usually so many bombers that the Allies sent against German targets that they couldn't all be stopped. Kammler expected things tonight to be different.

Heisenberg stands shaking his head as he watches two Nazi guards escorting the tiny gray beings to the stationary Die Glocke. His stomach churns at the sight of such monstrosity. The older gray being, looking ragged and weaker than he has ever looked, is placed gently into the craft while the Nazi guards take the seemingly helpless tinier alien, the one that the American president had nicknamed "Bandit," and stands in a clearing in direct line of sight from the experimental vehicle.

The guards are unarmed and all metal had been removed from their uniforms, making them look somewhat silly, in Heisenberg's opinion. Heisenberg is keenly aware that any metal or energy device could be fashioned into a weapon by the small creature once known as Bandit.

One of the Nazi guards lifts the tiny being off the ground while the other stands with his right hand clasped tightly around the creature's throat. The implication was clear: if the older gray being, known to the Germans as "Hansel," did not comply with Kammler's demands, then Kammler would order Bandit to be strangled to death in front of the alien.

Heisenberg nervously checks his watch, glancing around to see if he could spot the German resistance members he had made contact with. He knew they were coming for these beings. He did not know, however, who they were.

KAMMLER

You are nervous, Dr. Heisenberg?

Heisenberg looks on in horror as he sees the aliens loaded into the Die Glocke.

HEISENBERG  
This could kill them,  
Obergruppenführer.

KAMMLER  
These creatures are almost Aryan in  
their stamina.

Heisenberg shakes his head.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
Be thankful, Doctor, that you are  
necessary for the Reich. For  
without that mind of yours, a  
bullet would have been delivered to  
the back of your skull long ago!

Heisenberg glares back at Kammler, unafraid of the threats.

HEISENBERG  
A bullet awaits for all of us.  
Sooner than we realize,  
Obersgruppenführer.

KAMMLER  
Not so long as these weapons exist,  
I think.

At that Heisenberg let's out a bellowing laugh.

HEISENBERG  
What have these weapons done? The  
Allies still blitz us daily! And  
Dresden...

KAMMLER  
A necessary sacrifice.

As he watches the aliens be loaded into Die Glocke.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
From the fire and ashes a newer,  
better Germany will be reborn.  
Indeed, it is almost Wagnerian in  
its undertone!

HEISENBERG  
Look around you, sir! This is not  
the beginning of something  
wonderful. This is the tragic end  
of our nation!

Kammler is enraged.

KAMMLER

I've had enough of you, Doctor! If you've nothing more to add to this demonstration, then you are dismissed!

Heisenberg glances back at Von Braun who stares nervously, worried that the legendary scientist might get himself shot. After a long moment, Heisenberg acquiesces and marches out of the testing area. While Heisenberg departs, Kammler watches what he believes was the misguided scientist leave.

When Heisenberg enters his car and is driven away, Kammler returns his attention to Die Glocke. A low, but growing louder, hum of energy emanates from below and around them as Die Glocke is powered up by Peenemunde's massive power generators (which drew on power from the nearby town).

VON BRAUN

Powering up now!

Kammler smiles widely.

The sound of energy roars around them as Die Glocke whirred to life before them. From around Die Glocke, multiple bluish-purplish electromagnetic, antigravity orbs appears. These would be the weapons they deployed against the incoming Allied planes— and this time, Kammler believed the orbs would do their job and destroy all the Allied bombers.

Die Glocke spins wildly as the chains holding it down strained under the increased stress. Kammler nods excitedly, expecting this test to go far differently than the previous ones had. He glances over at the small creature whose life hung in the balance before the madly spinning Die Glocke.

Air raid sirens began wailing all around them.

Kammler's aid, Nazi SS Colonel Ernst Richter marches up behind Kammler and Von Braun with a worried look on his face. For his part, Von Braun was moving away from Die Glocke and heading toward a concrete bunker nearby where he could hide from any possible bombs, fearing that the test site where Die Glocke was powered up was an obvious target for Allied bombs.

Kammler stood tall, staring intently at the wildly swinging Die Glocke. The two soldiers holding Bandit hostage did not move either. They were fanatics of the sort that Kammler associated with: they would not be moved by the threat of Allied bombing.

Richter motions for Kammler to follow him.

RICHTER  
Sir, Allied bombers are within  
striking distance of this location.

Kammler ignores his aid and takes two steps forward.

A look of fear flashes across Richter's face. He steps forward, directly behind Kammler.

RICHTER (CONT'D)  
Obersgruppenführer?

Kammler is ensconced in the strange, alien beauty of Die Glocke as it spins around before him, with the electromagnetic, antigravity orbs dancing around it. He is transfixed on the otherworldly display before him.

KAMMLER  
Tell me, Colonel, Are you an ardent  
National Socialist?

RICHTER  
Y-yes, Obersgruppenführer!

KAMMLER  
And are you aware of how Wotan  
received his wisdom and strength?

The mad Nazi leader is referring to the character of Wotan from Wagner's The Ring Cycle opera, one of Wagner's most famous pieces.

Richter shakes his head.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
Wotan plucked out one of his eyes  
to receive his wisdom!

The hum of the energy is so great that even the blaring air raid sirens cannot be heard. The moment that Kammler finishes that sentence, though, a series of explosions erupted from behind Kammler.

VON BRAUN  
The Allied bombs!

Von Braun gasps as he dives into the nearby concrete bunker.

Kammler knew better than that. The explosion came from behind the island, where the German mainland was located. The bombers were coming in from across the sea, in front of them.

KAMMLER  
Sabotage!

Kammler screams madly as all the power on the island instantly shuts down. Instantly, the load roaring and manic maneuvering of Die Glocke is replaced by an eerie silence that was only punctuated by the blaring klaxons of the air raid sirens.

Darkness descends on the proving ground, since someone has obliterated the massive power generator that powers the entire facility. Kammler composes himself and is reassured by the fact that the backups would kick on soon. Once they did, Hansel would be able to continue his mission of defense. Approaching from the distance, Kammler can hear the hum of Allied bombers moving closer. Even if the backup generator activates, Die Glocke would not have time to power itself and launch the electromagnetic antigravity orbs— what the Allies called “Foo Fighters.”

Kammler turns to his aid, Richter.

VON BRAUN

Get word to the airfield to deploy  
conventional air defenses! Die  
Glocke will be delayed!

Richter snaps a salute and then goes running off to relay Kammler's orders.

Immediately, power is restored as the sound of the backup generator erupted from across the testing facility. Kammler grins proudly at the efficiency with which his operation performed under immense pressure. However, almost as quickly as the power is restored the backup generator erupts in a dazzling explosion and power shuts down yet again.

KAMMLER

NO!

He pivots to where his two loyal guards are holding the younger gray alien, Bandit, in place. Through the darkness, Kammler sees what appears to be two officers approaching the guards, with weapons in hand. No one was supposed to approach the creature with weapons or any form of metal on their persons. Kammler reaches out as if signaling for the two officers, whom Kammler did not recognize but sees that one was a colonel and the other a major, to stop approaching the creature, whose eyes glowed white in the darkness.

Before Kammler could react, the sky above him explodes in a rage as the air defense guns of the base roared to life. Flares illuminated the dark skies above, revealing innumerable Allied bombers flying overhead. The flak cannons pulsed to life and sent their devastating payloads flying desperately up toward the Allied bombers.

Kammler grits his teeth. The screeching of four Messerschmitt Me262 fighter jets come from the runway behind Kammler's location. These were experimental fighter jets, the first of their kind, that can fly 100 miles faster than the fastest Allied propeller-driven aircraft. Kammler does not have enough of these jet fighters to win the war yet. But, he has a squadron that could adequately defend the base in a pinch—and Kammler is in a very serious pinch.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

You there!

Kammler screams at the unknown officers who were almost eye-to-eye with his two guards holding Bandit hostage.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Stand back!

The officers either could not hear Kammler or are ignoring him.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

STAND BACK!

The larger officer, whose uniform Kammler could tell the closer he got, did not fit him properly simply glanced back nonchalantly at the approaching Kammler. The two guards holding the creature hostage look confused.

The officer with a colonel's rank shot the two preoccupied guards in the head and the larger officer, the one wearing the ill-fitting uniform with a major's insignia on it, placed a black, burlap bag over the alien.

Without hesitation, Kammler pulls out his Luger pistol and begins firing madly.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

Saboteurs!

The larger man in the poorly tailored major's uniform is unfazed by Kammler's mad firing at them. He turns around, revealing a machine gun and fired a burst. It misses, though it did kick up dirt from the ground in front of Kammler, which lands in his eye. Kammler fires again, knowing that the alien they were kidnapping was his only chance to make the machines his team had created here work. Kammler settles himself and takes aim at the larger man who was running behind the strange Nazi colonel carrying Bandit in a burlap sack. One shot is fired by the cool as a cucumber Kammler. That one shot landed perfectly in the square of the larger man's back. He drops without another word.

Kammler rejoices momentarily and then takes aim at the other man carrying Bandit. Right as he went to squeeze trigger, the pistol jams. Kammler's eyes widen. The Lugar was one of the most reliable handguns in the world. It'd never jammed on Kammler before. He moves it aside and stares at it in confusion. He then looks up and sees the door to Die Glocke open and Hansel was standing, waving his arms in a manner that Kammler immediately understood meant that he was using his telekinesis to jam the weapon.

Kammler screams accusatorily at the older, dying alien.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)

YOU!

He throws the gun aside and charges toward Die Glocke. When he gets within arm's length of Hansel he can tell that the craft is powered up. This should have been impossible as the craft required a massive charge from the facility's power grid which was presently deactivated, thanks to the saboteurs who had kidnapped Bandit.

Kammler ignores the fact that Die Glocke is fully operational and he tries to grab tiny Hansel from the open hatchway. When he reaches inside the craft an electric hissing emanates from the craft which makes Kammler feel as though all his nerves are on fire and sends him flying many feet back from where he had come from.

Disoriented and in pain, Kammler composes himself and stands up again, marveling at the power that Hansel is exhibiting and in shock as he sees Die Glocke lift itself slowly into the air, its metal chains breaking away effortlessly as Hansel clearly navigates the craft into the sky.

Kammler watches in anger and shock at the image of his prized wonder weapon leaving his control, he hears the familiar click of his Lugar and turns to see another Nazi officer holding it to his head.

Kammler does not recognize the man.

AGENT GREAVES

Obersgruppenführer.

Kammler stares at the man's face for a long while and immediately recognizes him from intelligence reports. The man was a top-ranking FBI counterintelligence operative who had helped to dismantle Fritz Duquesne's spy ring in the United States and had wreaked havoc on Nazi spy operations in South America.

KAMMLER

Parick Greaves!

Greaves is taken aback. He simply stares and raises the Luger coldly in Kammler's face.

Kammler pretends to be more scared than he was. He winces at the sight of the pistol being raised in his face. Kammler winces.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
Oh God! DON'T SHOOT ME!

Greaves grimaces, disgusted by this man's cowardice.

Kammler demands, crying.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
Don't you know who I am?

Greaves shakes his head.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
I'm your source!

AGENT GREAVES  
What?

KAMMLER  
Who do you think gave the  
resistance the information, the  
uniforms, the papers they needed to  
get in here?

Greaves is alone, so he cannot confirm or disconfirm what Kammler was saying.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
I'm the resistance's source! If you  
kill me, you're going to destroy  
the resistance!

Greaves raises the pistol again.

Kammler screams, raising his hands frantically.

KAMMLER (CONT'D)  
I could be of use to you and your  
agency, too!

AGENT GREAVES  
How?

Kammler looks around, hoping that his troops would arrive. He is annoyed when he sees that no one was coming. They were all too distracted with the battle overhead.

KAMMLER

I... I... Everyone other than the  
Fuhrer knows that this war is lost!  
That your army will be here soon,  
whether it's this week or next  
year, they will be here!

Greaves is getting worried that he is about to be left behind  
by the rescue team.

AGENT GREAVES

I have access to sophisticated  
technology that your country could  
use in their pending war with the  
Reds.

Greaves watches with amazement as the bell-shaped Nazi craft  
moves toward where Bandit and the resistance members had  
taken him.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

It looks like I already have your  
sophisticated technology.

Kammler closes his eyes.

KAMMLER

That's not all there is here! If  
you're not careful, you'll destroy  
it and it won't be of no use to  
anyone!

Greaves thinks about it for a second, remembering the strange  
airplanes he saw rocketing from the runway behind them.

AGENT GREAVES

Okay.

KAMMLER

Remember me, Agent Greaves. I can  
be your country's man on the  
inside. And when the time is right,  
I can preserve these wonder weapons  
and give them to your country... in  
exchange for my freedom, of course!

There is silence. He opens his eyes, realizing that Greaves  
has run off into the night. On the ground before him, though,  
Greaves has left a business card with the FBI logo on it. The  
card had Greaves' personal contact information. Realizing  
that he was free and alive, Kammler laughs giddily. He stands  
and runs toward where his troops would be, pocketing the  
business card as he runs away.

EXT. PEENEMUNDE

Greaves runs at full speed to catch up with Walther, running past Gunther's dead body in the field where Kammler had shot him in the back. Ahead of Greaves is the bell-shaped Die Glocke, which is clearly chasing Bandit and Walther. Greaves did not know if the craft was a threat or not. To his right, he sees that Walther has run down some concrete stairs that led to the docks beyond. Gunshots erupt from down there and Greaves fears the worst: that Bandit has been killed. He quickens his pace.

Greaves runs down the stairs to see that Walther has been shot dead and the burlap bag with Bandit in it has been opened and Bandit is wandering around aimlessly as six Nazi guards run toward him. Greaves' eyes widened. He takes aim with Kammler's pistol and fires at the approaching Nazis. He takes two of them down, but the other Nazis manage to take cover and begin firing at Greaves' position at the top of the stairs. Greaves frantically dives down from the stairs, landing in the grassy knoll beyond.

Greaves stands and charges toward Bandit. He screams at Bandit, not sure if the creature can even understand him.

AGENT GREAVES

Get down!

Bullets bounce on the ground around him, but Greaves knows that this being is his entire mission. But Greaves is pinned down. He dives down to the ground as the bullets from the Nazi bullets coming precariously close to hitting him.

Just when Greaves thought all was lost, from above them where Greaves had just come from, Taki and Fireball appeared and take aim at the Nazi guards, firing and killing them.

Greaves locks eyes with Fireball who scowled at him and then Greaves charges toward Bandit as Fireball and Taki runs down the stairs to join Greaves.

Fireball sees Bandit wandering around.

FIREBALL

What the fook is that thing?!

AGENT GREAVES

It's classified!

FIREBALL

Yeah, everything we fookin' do is classified! But that thing is...

Taki kneels down beside the small creature and smiles.

TAKI

Special.

Greaves is annoyed and knows they did have much time to escape. Plus, even though he could no longer see the strange, Nazi bell-shaped craft, Greaves suspected it was nearby.

AGENT GREAVES

Wonderful. Put it in the bag and forget you ever saw it.

FIREBALL

Get a load of this guy!

He then looks around.

FIREBALL (CONT'D)

Where's the fookin' Captain?!

Greaves is silent as he realizes that Marks was not with them. He shakes his head.

AGENT GREAVES

Gone, obviously.

FIREBALL

No way! We don't leave him behind!

Taki finishes putting Bandit back inside the burlap bag.

AGENT GREAVES

If you want go find him, have at it! But we're leaving with the package!

FIREBALL

You cold sonofabitch!

AGENT GREAVES

We don't even know where he is.

FIREBALL

Weren't you with him?!

AGENT GREAVES

We got separated!

FIREBALL

Then lets go back to where you got separated!

AGENT GREAVES

No. We're going. Taki, let's move!

Taki pauses, carefully slinging the burlap bag around his shoulder and stares at Greaves.

TAKI

Uh, sir...

AGENT GREAVES

You too? Understand: the president has given me a direct order! That's who we're doing this for! Not for General Donovan. Not for Director Hoover. For the president!

Fireball huffs and turns around to go back up the stairs.

FIREBALL

Yeah, fook this Fed!

Taki takes one step forward, passing a shocked Greaves. When Greaves realizes they were taking Bandit with them, he instinctively raises the Lugar he had taken from Kammler and points it at Fireball. Without hesitation, he moves the pistol's aim down to a stunned Taki and tells the young corporal to leave Bandit with him.

AGENT GREAVES

You two can go look for Captain Marks. I saw him near the bunker but I am going to the boat and I will wait for you there.

Fireball and Taki go and try to find Captain Marks. Agent Greaves returns the pistol to his belt, kneels beside Bandit, and ties the sack around him. He then slings the sack around his back and begins jogging down the pier to the fast boat that he and the team had taken onto the island.

Greaves is stopped dead-in-his-tracks when he sees a bloodied and wounded Captain Marks standing on the boat, staring coldly at him, his machine gun pointed at Greaves. The captain had survived!

CAPTAIN MARKS

Where are my men!

AGENT GREAVES

We got to go now! They are all dead. I saw them all get killed. No survivors. Let's go.

They can hear gunfire and his men yelling from a distance.

CAPTAIN MARKS

You treacherous bastard!

Captain Marks starts clamoring off the boat and points his gun at Greaves' chest.

AGENT GREAVES

We don't have time for this!

Marks shouts bitterly, as blood pours from where has been shot in the leg and the left arm. Blood pools from a large gash across his forehead, too.

CAPTAIN MARKS

Like Hell we do!

AGENT GREAVES

I am under orders.

CAPTAIN MARKS

To get my men killed?!

AGENT GREAVES

To tie up any loose ends.

CAPTAIN MARKS

You got my men killed! You are going to pay for this!

Agent Greaves braces himself for the barrage of bullets that was about to rip through his chest. Just when Marks was about to pull the trigger a blinding light shined down from above Greaves. It was the bell-shaped Nazi craft.

Marks fires a burst from his machine gun, but an invisible force deflected the bullets. One of those bullets ricocheted back at Marks and kills him.

Agent Greaves clings desperately to the burlap bag, assuming that the being inside of it would be his only bargaining chip.

To Greaves' surprise, he was soon levitating off the ground and being pulled inside the strange craft.

INT. HOSPITAL

When Patrick Greaves awakes, he is in a windowless hospital room. Both General "Wild Bill" Donovan and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover are standing over him with grim looks on their face. Greaves is sore everywhere and confused. A bright light shines over Greaves and an attractive nurse finishes checking on him. Greaves feels as though he had the worst hangover in history.

AGENT GREAVES

What happened?

WILD BILL

That was precisely my question,  
Agent Greaves.

Greaves looks bewildered. The entire ordeal surrounding that creature was confusing to him.

HOOVER

Whatever you did, you lost them!

AGENT GREAVES

Who?

HOOVER

The creature!

AGENT GREAVES

"How?! Is this some kind of a Nazi  
trick?! The last thing I remember  
was being taken inside the strange,  
experimental Nazi craft.

HOOVER

What?!

Donovan leans into Hoover.

WILD BILL

He may have suffered a mental  
break.

HOOVER

Not likely.

WILD BILL

You mean to tell us, you remember  
nothing of what happened out there?

Greaves collects himself, shifting uncomfortably in the hospital bed.

AGENT GREAVES

I remember... My whole team was  
killed.

WILD BILL

Yes.

AGENT GREAVES

I encountered the commander of the  
Peenemunde facility.

HOOVER

And?

AGENT GREAVES

He recognized me from my work on the Duquesne spy ring.

HOOVER

Yes, you're quite the celebrity.

Greaves ignores his nominal boss' sarcasm.

AGENT GREAVES

No, Director Hoover, he claimed he was the inside source for the Austrian resistance.

Donovan then moves himself between Hoover and the delirious Greaves.

WILD BILL

That's not right. I know who their source is inside Peenemunde.

AGENT GREAVES

Well, General, he offered his services to us— directly. Kammler. Hans Kammler was his name.

HOOVER

That's all well—and-good, but I want to know what the Hell happened to the creature!

AGENT GREAVES

I had him! He was in a burlap bag around my back...

WILD BILL

Well, he's gone, son.

AGENT GREAVES

There was a craft...

HOOVER

Go on.

AGENT GREAVES

It was a Nazi craft of some sort or another... It flew over me... shined a light down on me when I was standing on the docks, trying to make it to our escape boat, as per our plans...

WILD BILL

Was it all bell-shaped craft?

AGENT GREAVES

Yes, sir! I remember it did something to me...

WILD BILL

Like what?

AGENT GREAVES

I don't remember!

HOOVER

Oh, come on, man!

AGENT GREAVES

What is it, Director Hoover?

HOOVER

Three days ago, that thing appeared at the facility in Lynn, Massachusetts, where we had moved the alien craft from Cape Girardeau for study... Within seconds after it appeared, both the Nazi vehicle and the Cape Girardeau craft were gone!

Hoover's face is turning red with anger. He moves closer to the hospital bed.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

And in their place, in that hangar, was you!

AGENT GREAVES

I didn't give the Nazis anything!

WILD BILL

What about the device?

AGENT GREAVES

Wh-what device?

HOOVER

Why would you bring that up here?

WILD BILL

When you were... delivered to the hangar in Massachusetts, you had a device in your hand...

AGENT GREAVES

What device?!

WILD BILL

It was identical to the one that the creature built for the president when it was in our custody back in '41.

He pulls it out from his pocket. It is in a small, airtight container.

As soon as Greaves sees the device, he turns pale. Memories from being on the bell-shaped craft comes flooding back to him, as if a door had been opened. He stares as if in a trance.

AGENT GREAVES

It is a message for the president.

HOOVER

Saying what?

AGENT GREAVES

They're coming here.

WILD BILL

Who's coming here? The alien?

Greaves shakes his head, remaining in the trance.

AGENT GREAVES

The creatures who destroyed the alien's home.

Hoover looks skeptical.

HOOVER

Oh, come on!

AGENT GREAVES

It's for the president's eyes only. But they're coming here— sooner or later.

Greaves looks squarely into Donovan's eyes.

AGENT GREAVES (CONT'D)

And we've got to be ready.

Hoover let's out a doubtful sigh.

HOOVER

Well, thanks to you, Greaves, the only technology that might have helped get us ready was taken when you came back to us!

Greaves continues appearing as though in a trance.

AGENT GREAVES

There are others out there. Friends. They will come to our aid. But we must be ready... and we must ask them for help...!

EPILOGUE: ROSWELL

EXT. ROSWELL NEW MEXICO

TITLE: JULY 1947 Roswell, New Mexico

NARRATOR

Strange sheets of thin, burning metal coated the desert hillside. US Army personnel roamed about the area and a giant, silver disc was burrowed into the desert. A rancher had discovered the wreckage and called the authorities who, unlike in 1941, were better prepared to respond and contain the crash site.

Agent Greaves is walking around the crash site.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Tall, gray bodies had been discovered. One of them, just like the Cape Girardeau crash, was alive. These gray aliens were different than the ones discovered in Cape Girardeau, though. They were tall and slender whereas Bandit and his kind were short and stocky.

Tall gray alien bodies can be seen near the craft.

The country was still celebrating its victory in the Second World War. Everyone was ready to move into peace. But, threats remained. For many in Washington, they were transfixed on the Soviet threat.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For the slightly older and wiser Patrick Greaves, he knew the real threat came from above.

Greaves bends over and touches one of the gray alien's body.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Greaves had been fired from the FBI after he recovered from his ordeal at Peenemunde. Hoover believed that Greaves had been compromised by the Nazis. General Donovan of the OSS did not agree with Hoover's assessment. After Hoover canned Greaves, General Wild Bill Donovan hired Greaves to be a full-time OSS man. After the war had ended, the OSS was folded into the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency. Greaves was then tasked with ensuring that the atomic secrets of the US military were protected. That was why he was assigned to the US Army base in Roswell, New Mexico, where the 509th Composite Group was located. This was the group that dropped the two atomic bombs on Japan that ended the Pacific Theater of the Second World War.

Soldiers load the gray alien bodies into the back of a truck.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now, here Greaves was, standing over another alien wreck. Something in the back of his mind told him that the warning that Bandit and the other alien had imparted to him to give to FDR back in 1945 was coming true: more aliens were coming. This was but the first wave. But he was not filled with fear or consternation. Instead, Greaves was hopeful. Now they had access yet again to sophisticated alien technology that they might be able to build their own defenses from. Now they could prepare— and possibly ask— for help from other, more advanced aliens.

Greaves lights a cigarette and smiles.

AGENT GREAVES  
We're back in business!

NARRATOR  
Agent Greaves is excited about the prospects of an entirely new adventure ahead. Now, he just had to cover this incident up and alert his leaders in Washington.

The End.