EXT. - THE SOUTH PACIFIC - 1944 - DAY

A dense cover of brush. Faraway guns boom. Machine-gun fire rattles. The pounding of surf against the base of nearby cliffs cannot drown the wails of pain from fallen soldiers.

A LONE MARINE creeps through the brush, his rifle at the ready. His heart pounds. He steps quickly into a clearing, raising his weapon, surprising...

A YOUNG JAPANESE WOMAN stands at the cliff’s edge. She is beautiful, her brightly colored robe stark against the sea. In her arms there is a small bundle. Her eyes are bright with fear. The bundle begins to cry.

The Marine lowers his weapon, and moves cautiously toward the woman and her child, his hand outstretched. She backs away from him. He lays his rifle on the ground, and removes his helmet. He beckons to the pair with arms outstretched.

The Woman’s feet are at the cliff’s edge. She looks the Marine in the eyes, and her gaze calcifies to one of grim determination. She soothes the child with a soft coo, and clutches him to her breast.

She turns, closes her eyes, and gracefully launches herself and her child to their deaths.

The Marine lunges fruitlessly after them, filling his lungs as he attempts to scream...

INT. - DINGY APARTMENT - NIGHT

CARLO FIBONACCI, 42 awakens from the dream with a start. His face and undershirt are damp with sweat. His breathing is shallow and rapid.

The room is spartan. On the bedside table an alarm clock ticks away. The minute hand lurches forward to mark 5:00, but before the clapper can ring the brass bell, Carlo reaches over and silences it.

Rising, he splashes water from the washbasin onto his face. Carlo looks himself in the mirror. A hint of gray is creeping into his hair. His eyes are deep, his face weathered.

He pulls a dog-eared photograph from the edge of the mirror, a picture of himself when he was still that young Marine.

He moves into the kitchen doorway, and grasps a metal bar, begins his morning pull-ups, the muscles of his arms and back outlined by the light of the breaking day.
EXT. - LOWER MANHATTAN - JUST BEFORE DAWN

We hear the bustle of the Manhattan waterfront and the keening of gulls above the fishing boats, swooping and diving before the New York skyline.

CHYRON: LOWER MANHATTAN - 1962

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - JUST BEFORE DAWN

A lone figure stands at the transom of the boat, his gaze sweeping up and down the docks. He checks his watch, and raises his face as though smelling for something in the wind.

The BOAT CAPTAIN shuffles forward, his cap in his hands. He smokes nervously.

**BOAT CAPTAIN**
Will we be heading out, sir? 
 Folks'll ask questions if I stay moored much longer.

The figure pulls a small smooth stone from the pocket of his long black coat. He waves a hand over the object and it glows faintly orange. He turns to the captain, and we see the pale and ethereal shape of his long face. His eyes are nearly black. His name is **POLLUX, A FOREIGNER**.

**POLLUX**
Soon.

The captain backs slowly away from Pollux, as the companionway slides open with a thud. **CLIO, A FOREIGNER**, thin and limber, emerges from below, wiping grease from her hands. She stands beside Pollux.

**CLIO**
They're late.

**POLLUX**
I know.

INT. - DINGY APARTMENT - DAWN

Carlo drops from his chin-up bar, his skin glistening with sweat. He opens his icebox, and pulls out a container of milk, drinks.

He rests only a moment, and then grabs the bar again. Swinging his legs over it, he hangs upside down from his knees, and begins vertical sit-ups.
EXT. - THE FISHING PIER - DAWN

A pair of feet come pounding down the dock, racing past the other fisherman loading their boats, dodging the swinging nets loading gear onto other vessels. The runner finally reaches the boat, and Pollux extends a hand and helps the man aboard.

We see that their faces are nearly identical, he is CASTOR, A FOREIGNER.

POLLUX
Where's Jason?

CASTOR
We had some trouble.

Clio, who has been standing at the bow, looking out at the brightening sky, joins them.

CLIO
Time to go.

Pollux goes into the forecastle to speak with the captain, as the FIRST DECKHAND and SECOND DECKHAND throw off the mooring lines. The boat pulls away into the harbor.

EXT. - FIRE ESCAPE - DAWN

The window rolls up and Carlo steps out onto the fire escape, carrying a spray bottle. His apartment is on the top floor, and the landing of the fire escape holds several large tomato plants in terra-cotta pots.

Carlo brings his face near the growing fruit, and minutely examines the leaves, giving each a delicate squirt with the spray bottle. Behind him the city skyline is silhouetted against the growing light of day.

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - DAWN

The boat steams out of the harbor. A deckhand coils rope at the bow. The shadow of a figure passes over him. He shudders.

Castor stands at the bow, his gaze cold. They pass under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, its incomplete roadway stopping suddenly in space.

They round Coney Island, where a banner hung across an incomplete roller coaster can be read: "Coming Soon: Astroland."
INT. DINGY APARTMENT - MORNING

Carlo dresses for his day. He combs his hair and buttons his shirt. He puts on his slacks and buffs his shoes. He straps a revolver to his ankle, tucks a switchblade in his waistband, and puts on a leather shoulder holster.

He ties his necktie and puts on his suit jacket. He checks the chamber of his .45 and loads a magazine. He screws on a silencer, and slides it into the holster beneath his jacket.

He loads a large medical bag with weapons: A dagger, a sawed-off shotgun, two more pistols, a pair of grenades.

He pours a small amount of milk into a saucer and leaves it by the open window. He exits the apartment, and a small tabby cat appears on the windowsill and begins drinking the milk.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - MORNING

Pollux squints out over the water from the bridge. He pulls the smooth stone from his jacket. It pulses brightly. He leans toward the captain.

POLLUX
Stop here.

Pollux walks out toward Castor at the bow. The deckhands shuffle away from the two, as the boat's engines die away to silence.

POLLUX (CONT’D)
It's time.

INT. - APARTMENT STAIRWELL - MORNING

Carlo descends the stairs. He hears voices, and leans forward to spy PETER, 18, talking in a doorway to SOPHIA, 40. Peter stuffs the remainder of a piece of toast into his mouth and shrugs on his jacket.

Carlo leans away, eavesdropping.

SOPHIA
...And be polite, and don't ask too many questions.

PETER
(around his food)
Gi Gknow, Ma....

Sophia fixes Peter's collar, then jerks him toward her.
SOPHIA
And remember your father gave his life for this family. So don't take any shit from anybody.

Carlo's face shows a thin smile.

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - MORNING

A low rumble. The crackle of static electricity in the air. A streak of light breaks suddenly across the sky, followed by a deafening sonic boom that creates a wide wake across the water.

MONTAGE -- THE WAKING CITY

--A prison guard on duty at Rikers Island.
--A shopkeeper sweeping his stoop in SoHo.
--A child playing catch in Harlem.
--A stockbroker eating breakfast on his penthouse patio.
--All look skyward at the noise, pause momentarily, and return to whatever they were doing.

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - MORNING

An arc of light is traced across the sky, and a glowing object streaks toward the boat, burning like a meteor.

The Boat Captain's eyes widen, the cigarette dropping from his lips, and the object splashes into water near the boat. A large object, shaped like a sarcophagus, rises to the surface.

CLIO
Get closer.

EXT. - CITY STREET - MORNING

Peter stands near the hood of a large sedan. Carlo exits the building, carrying the medical bag. Peter fumbles for the keys, opens the trunk. Carlo eyes Peter.

CARLO
Thought you went away to college.

Peter shrugs.

PETER
I guess it didn't take.

CARLO
They got you driving, then?

Peter nods. Carlo gets into the rear of the sedan.
CARLO (CONT’D)

So drive.

Peter scrambles into the driver's seat and starts the car. The sedan pulls away.

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - MORNING

The boat maneuvers closer to the sarcophagus. Castor and Pollux are in the bow with gaff hooks, reaching for it. We see that a layer of ice has frozen around it.

The boat captain is craning his neck to see, when Clio leans close to him. He shrinks away.

CLIO
Take your men below.

The Boat Captain nods, backing away from her.

EXT. - THE PIERS - MORNING

The sedan pulls to a stop in front of a gate that reads: PIER 51.

We see a large tramp steamer moored beyond the gate. Carlo exits the sedan, opens the trunk. He rustles in the trunk, as Peter nervously checks his rearview mirror. Carlo closes the trunk, leans into Peter's window.

CARLO (emphatically)
Stay. Here.

Peter nods, and Carlo heads toward the ship.

EXT. - FISHING BOAT - MORNING

Castor and Pollux have large cargo loops strung around the sarcophagus. They connect the loops to the boat's crane, and begin hoisting the load.

The motor whines under the strain, as the ice-covered casket breaks the surface of the water and is hoisted into the air.

They swing the sarcophagus onto the deck, where it lands with a heavy thud.
EXT. - THE PIERS - MORNING

Carlo walks purposefully down the pier, his eyes down. He approaches the gangway, where two ROUGHNECKS are standing guard, cradling shotguns. One of them yawns, rubs his eyes. As Carlo nears, one of the men notices him, and levels his shotgun.

ROUGHNECK

Hey, you can't...

The man's face jerks backward with a fine red mist, the wet impact the only sound. The second man turns in surprise, but is dropped by another shot before he can react.

Carlo holsters his silenced pistol, rolls the corpses into the water, and ascends the gangway.

EXT. - THE FISHING BOAT - MORNING

Clio kneels over the sarcophagus, her fingers searching its surface. She stops.

CLIO

Give me the key.

Pollux hands her the smooth round stone. She places it against a slight indentation on the surface. The stone begins to glow, and a network of light becomes visible within the sarcophagus, like a circulatory system.

The glow intensifies. Steam begins to rise from the object. Clio backs away, as the whole sarcophagus is consumed by a rising pillar of steam. Not just the ice, but the sarcophagus itself is evaporating.

The steam clears, and reveals the figure of a naked man. This is PERSES, A FOREIGNER.

INT. - STEAMER CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

GREGOR, 55, enormous, rises from his bed, wrapping himself in a robe. He opens the rear doors, allowing sunlight to flood into the cabin.

A PROSTITUTE, lying on the bed, shields her eyes. The Fat Man steps onto the balcony, looking across the Hudson. He calls back over his shoulder.

GREGOR

Pieter!

A young orderly enters.
GREGOR (CONT’D)

Coffee.

The orderly nods, and exits.

INT. - TRAMP STEAMER BRIDGE - MORNING

The OFFICER OF THE WATCH looks out over the foredecks of the ship, drinking coffee. There are armed men standing guard at several locations.

He looks at a man standing near the bow, who bends over, as though he dropped something, but does not reappear. The officer leans forward, squinting.

He crosses to the port side of the bridge, hoping for a better view.

There is a sound like something being dropped, and the officer sees that another man seems to have disappeared.

He crosses again, opening the door to go investigate. As he steps out the bridge we see a flash of steel, and the man drops, his throat cut.

EXT. - THE FISHING BOAT - MORNING

The eyes of a deckhand spy through a slit in the companionway, wide with wonder.

Clio has Perses stretched out on his back on the deck. She has connected several electrodes to his arms and chest. His skin is pale and bluish. His eyes are shut. He is not breathing.

She pulls a long steel object from her case, shaped like a marlinspike. She looks toward Pollux.

CLIO

I'm ready.

Pollux motions to Castor.

POLLUX

Make sure they are out of sight.

Castor heads toward the companionway, as the eyes, in terror, pull away into hiding.

Castor sees no sign of the men, nods to Pollux.

POLLUX (CONT’D)

Let's make it quick.
INT. - STEAMER CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

Gregor stands at his balcony, looking impatient.

GREGOR
Pieter! My coffee?

There is no response. The Fat man goes to the door of the cabin.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Goddamit Pieter, I told you...

Gregor yanks opens the door, and the lifeless body of the young man slumps into the room, his face a bloody mess.

Gregor scrambles back into the cabin, fumbling in a drawer for his pistol, a huge revolver. He backs away from the body, onto the balcony. His back is at the stern rail.

His eyes are wide, panicked. A pistol appears, pressed against his temple.

Gregor drops his gun. Carlo is close. Tiny beads of splattered blood color his face.

CARLO
Hello, Gregor.

Gregor's hands begin to shake. He knows that voice.

GREGOR
Carlo...

EXT. - THE FISHING BOAT - MORNING

Clio cradles the marlinspike in both hands, holding it high above Perses' chest. She looks to Castor and Pollux, who both nod.

In one swift stroke, she plunges the spike downward, stabbing it into Perses's chest with a sickening sound.

There is a spark of electric current. Perses' eyes begin to flutter. His muscles convulse. Clio keeps her grip on the spike. Perses’ seizures intensify, building to a fever pitch, until suddenly...

Perses' hands lunge forward, grasping around Clio's grip on the spike. He opens his eyes. Together, they draw the spike from his chest, and his lungs fill with air.

The spike comes free, and Castor and Pollux watch as the wound it left behind begins to close, healing almost instantly.
Pollux puts his hand behind Perses' head. A look of awareness and recognition comes over Perses' face.

POLLUX
Welcome to earth.