

SUPERCOLONY

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FADE IN:

THE AMAZON RIVER

SUPER: "OBIDOS, BRAZIL 1979"

An old boat chugs upstream past WOODEN SHACKS on stilts lining the river at the edge of the jungle.

INT. SHOP - WOODEN SHACK - DAY

A fat Brazilian SHOPKEEPER sweats and swats flies. Follows the movements of a white tourist perusing his shop...

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN carrying a knapsack slung from her shoulder, a Canadian maple leaf stitched onto its side.

She stops by a shelf filled with insects in containers. Takes one in hand and studies it. Approaches the counter.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

This will do.

The fat shopkeeper smacks a fly and stares.

CUT TO:

AN AZUL A330 IN FLIGHT

The brightly colored Brazilian airliner soaring over an array of cotton ball clouds.

EXT. URANIUM CITY - CANADA - DAY

Dense white fog wafts by. Clearing to unveil a sign spanning a FOREST ROAD: "URANIUM CITY WELCOMES YOU".

The remote Canadian mining town faintly visible through the mist at the end of the unpaved road.

We hear MUSIC approaching: *"We are family! I got all my sisters with me. We are family! Get up everybody and sing!"*

The SONG BLARING from a old Ford pickup that comes bounding down the road with suitcases in the bed.

It passes under the sign and putters away.

INT. OLD FORD - DAY

The middle-aged woman drives along bobbing her head to Sister Sledge's disco hit.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
 (really into it)
 "We are fam-i-ly!... I got all my
 sisters with me. We are fam-i-ly!..."

OLD FORD - TRAVELING

Up a slope along the rim of an abandoned URANIUM MINE: a mile-wide scar in the land with a BLUE POND at its base.

AT THE POND EDGE - IN THE SHALLOWS

Radioactive waste barrels entombed in the mud, leaking streams of green and yellow ooze.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The *song ends* as the truck enters a small clearing in the woods. Stops near a battered '54 Kozy Coach mobile home flat to the ground, ensconced in the trees and undergrowth.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Middle-aged woman sits at a table and opens a package. Takes a plastic container from a box and views a queen ant inside.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
 Your Highness, welcome.

She threads her way past the suitcases to a row of terrariums housing exotic queen ants. Stick-on labels read:

"Dorylus gribodoi (Driver Ant, Ghana)"

"Odontomachus bauri (Jumper Ant, Costa Rica)"

"Camponatus saundersi (Exploding Ant, Malaysia)"

She puts the queen in a terrarium. Attaches a label:

"Solenopsis invicta (Fire Ant, Brazil)"

EXT. TRAILER - TWILIGHT

The woman sits outside smoking a massive joint, savoring the beauty of her private patch of wilderness.

Sparrows in the grass. Crickets TRILLING. A SCREECHING owl bursting from the trees at the edge of the clearing.

She pops a Twinkie in her mouth from a pile of snacks on a table beside her. Suddenly notices the CRICKETS HAVE STOPPED.

She looks around, curious, when all at once the sparrows fly off and a deep silence falls over the woods.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Ow!

The woman bolts up and knocks an ANT THE SIZE OF A MATCHBOX off her hand. Brushes two more from her pants.

A strange SQUEALING SOUND rolls toward her from out of the trees. She peers through the dim light and SEES...

The grass in front of her home QUIVERING WITH MOVEMENT.

She stares at the undulating ground in utter astonishment.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

(breaths out)

Jesus, no.

She runs back to her home. Stumbles through the front door and grabs a shotgun above the door. SCREAMS and falls to the floor, the shotgun landing beside her.

VIEWED FROM A DISTANCE

A black mass, like a tide of oil, engulfs the RV.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

crawls along the floor in agony, ants all over her. She grabs the shotgun as a lamp sparks and the lights go out and everything goes BLACK...

Through the dark...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, God... God...

Then a THUNDEROUS BANG followed by silence. We hold on the BLACK SCREEN... hear HEAVY BREATHING...

SMASH CUT TO:

DR. JENNIFER JACKSON "JEN" (25) - (PRESENT DAY)

racing through a SERIES OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES past frenetic officials and staff clearing out desks, computer files, etc.

She runs by a TV on CNN.

ON THE TELEVISION

A map of the United States with a shaded area extending from central Canada down to Texas and as far east as Virginia.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
 ...CNN can now confirm that most of
 the Midwest has been completely
 overrun and now the entire eastern
 seaboard is threatened. Washington
 D.C. and the seat of government are
 currently being evacuated with...

THE BROADCAST CUTS TO:

THE USS NIMITZ

ANDERSON COOPER on deck, an F-14 Tomcat landing behind him.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...President Clemens expected to
 arrive here on the Nimitz within the
 hour. Secretary of Defense Baird--

PICKUP JEN

Rushing down a HALL. Bursting through a door into an...

OVAL OFFICE - THE OVAL OFFICE

Quiet as a tomb. Jen stands over the Great Seal on the rug.
 Breathes and thinks. Dashes from the room.

Down a CORRIDOR toward a cluster of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS
 guarding an exit to the SOUTH LAWN where the PRESIDENT is
 being escorted to MARINE ONE.

She reaches the agents. Flashes a badge. Tries to pass.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 1
 (grabs her)
 Sorry, ma'am, that's as far as you go.

JEN
 I have to see the President!

A SENIOR AGENT steps up.

SENIOR AGENT
 I'm sorry, Dr. Jackson, that's
 impossible. The President is-

JEN
 Listen to me! I don't have time to
 explain, but I have to speak to the
 President! Oh, for God's sake, you
 know who I am! Why I'm here! Now
 stop wasting time and take me to the
 President! NOW!

Senior Agent thinks and decides. Rushes her out onto the SOUTH LAWN to a barrier of Marine guards.

SENIOR AGENT
 (shouts over the
 helicopter)
 Wait here!

He runs to the President who has just entered MARINE ONE. Speaks to her under the HURRICANE WINDS of the blades.

PRESIDENT HELEN CLEMENS (69) looks back at Jen. Apparently knows her. Locks eyes and gives her a cold hard stare.

HOLD ON JEN

Her bold unwavering eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

JEN

in her quaint APARTMENT, eyes staring. Tucked up on her couch in morning dishabille, drinking coffee, looking at

a PHOTO on the wall of a six-year-old girl standing with a woman beside a train. A small suitcase in the girl's hand.

Jen studies the scene, remembering. Looks around the perfectly silent room.

Diplomas and awards on the wall. FLASHES OF WORDS: HARVARD - ENTOMOLOGY - SUMMA CUM LAUDE and PRINCETON give clues to her considerable accomplishments.

A tournament photo of Jen, a black belt in jujitsu, throwing a man over her shoulder.

Next to it, an idyllic poster of "Tahiti": looks like a portal to paradise. Below it...

A terrarium with two Mongolian gerbils. Cute little guys who resemble mice. Heads popping out of a nest of confetti.

Jen opens the lid. Feeds them sunflower seeds.

JEN
 Good morning... All right, Madame Curie, cut it out. Share with your husband.

She puts an empty egg carton in with them.

JEN (CONT'D)

Here, help save the world, remodel
your house.

The two gerbils attack it with their teeth, adding the filings to the mound of shredded cardboard that comprises their nest.

Jen picks up mail from a tabletop. Flips through it: Letters from OXFORD... MIT. A third from NATURE magazine.

She drops the Oxford and MIT letters in a waste basket. Opens the one from Nature - a receipt for a published article.

Jen checks her iPhone, an online account designated "TAHITI FUND". The recent deposit. Notes her new balance: \$241,000.

She checks the time on her phone: 7:40.

Walks down a hallway toward a bedroom.

At the open door she reaches up and grabs hold of a pull-up bar. Does a quick leg raise - effortlessly touching her pointed toes to the bar from a dead hang.

She drops lightly to her feet and steps into the BEDROOM where she finds a beautiful HISPANIC GUY sleeping face down on the bed.

Jen pauses to admire his perfect back, the shining brown contours of his muscular body.

She slides a manicured nail gently up the sole of his foot.

JEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, lover, better get up. Time
to go.

The man groans inaudibly under the sheets. Jen walks over and throws open a curtain.

CLOSE ON a tattoo on Jen's upper arm - the Japanese Kanji symbol for speed. She gets dressed - jeans, a blouse. Puts on a colorful motorcycle jacket and pulls up a zipper.

EXT. HALLWAY - JEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jen and Hispanic Guy pass a neighbor's door where LOUD DISCO MUSIC plays. Jen bangs on it with her fist as she walks by.

JEN

Turn it down, Toby! People are
sleeping!

The door pops open and a white guy (50) with a rainbow afro steps out wearing a velour shirt and Speedo underwear.

TOBY

This is America! Don't tell me what
to do! I can do what I want!

Jen, at the elevator, just shakes her head and steps inside.
VOOOOMMMM!! The roar of a Suzuki Bandit 1250S motorcycle
starting up takes us to

An UNDERGROUND GARAGE where Jen revs up the bike.

Pulls out onto the STREET with Hispanic Guy holding her from
behind her. Peels out and pops a wheely.

EXT. STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Jen weaves the bike expertly through early morning traffic.

JEN

(over her shoulder)
Where do you live?

HISPANIC GUY

Just drop me back at the bar. I've
got the day-shift today. I start in
an hour.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Jen turns onto a street in a commercial district. Brakes
before a neighborhood bar.

Hispanic Guy hops off the bike.

HISPANIC GUY

You're a dangerous lady. You know
that?...
(cracks a sexy smile)
Am I gonna' see you again?

Jen gives him a kiss.

JEN

Not likely.

She rides away. Leaves the guy staring after her wondering
what just hit him.

HISPANIC GUY

(mutters ruefully)
Shit.

EXT. STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Jen rides down an avenue toward the Washington Monument.

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - SMITHSONIAN - DAY

Cruises past the entrance to the museum where colorful banners hang from the front columns. One reads: "AMAZING ANTS!"

INT. EXHIBIT HALL - SMITHSONIAN - DAY

The enlarged frightful face of a leaf-cutter ant on a screen.

JEN (O.S.)

Now there's a handsome fellow.

STUDENTS laugh, watching a slide show hosted by Jen.

JEN (CONT'D)

And this is his home...

NEXT SLIDE: An ant nest excavation twenty feet deep, fifty feet wide - scientists and laborers working all around it.

JEN (CONT'D)

... A nest in Brazil. Some scientist had the clever idea of pouring cement into it to form a cast. What you're looking at is the excavation. All those tubes you see are tunnels connecting the different chambers. The whole thing is more complex than New York City's subway system. And the amount of dirt removed and sheer scale of the construction is equivalent to humans building the Great Wall of China. Only these ants did this in a matter of weeks.

ANOTHER SLIDE shows a graph representing the timeline of ants, dinosaurs, man.

JEN (CONT'D)

And ants have been making these amazing structures for nearly a hundred and thirty million years.

(to a LITTLE GIRL)

Which means they were here long before the dinosaurs.

NEXT SLIDE: a map showing figures of ants on all continents but Antarctica.

JEN (CONT'D)

And you'll find our little friends on continents and islands all over the world, except Antarctica.

LITTLE GIRL

Then why do they call it Ant-arctica?

Laughter. Lights up. Slides off. Jen puts away her notes and slides her laptop into her bag.

JEN

All right kids, that concludes the show. I hope you all enjoyed it. For anyone interested I'm hosting a Reddit AMA on ant pheromones tomorrow at one. And I'll be here for a few more minutes if you have any questions. Otherwise, please follow your teachers into the next hall where you can learn more about our "Amazing Ants".

Most of the kids file out, but a few teenagers hang around.

SMART GIRL

Dr. Jackson, my science teacher says that it's ants and not humans who really dominate the Earth. Is that true?

JEN

Yeah, in a way. They outnumber us a million to one. And in evolutionary terms there's simply no comparison: ants are a far more successful species than humans. So you could say it's ants who really have supremacy over the Earth; but it's on a whole other level.

SMART GIRL

But could they ever really take over?

JEN

From their point of view they already have. But they're no threat to us because of our vast difference in size. Frankly, we humans are more a threat to ourselves.

SMART BOY

You mean global warming?

JEN

Among other things.

COOL KID

I don't think we're so bad for the environment. We build dams, plant trees, *cultivate herbs*.

(MORE)

COOL KID (CONT'D)

(over snickering)

Besides, I think global warming's overrated.

JEN

Does your science teacher agree with that?

COOL KID

No, but my dad does.

More laughter.

JEN

Well, leaving the facts of global warming for another day, consider this: So far science has only been able to identify about ten percent of the world's species. The other ninety percent of plants, animals and micro-organisms are unknown to us. And yet for the last hundred years we've been destroying that biodiversity at an incredible rate, putting one fourth of the world's species into extinction. Many before we even know they exist. We may be the supreme rulers of planet Earth but as far as other species are concerned they'd be a lot safer if it were the ants.

Jen heads for an exit with the group of kids shadowing her out. A loud cry of *Hajime!* (*Begin!*) carries us to a...

MARTIAL ARTS DOJO

Where Jen stands alone in the middle of the mat. Legs planted. Hands on hips. Eyes focused straight ahead. Streams of perspiration trickling down her cheeks.

From out of nowhere male and female students, all black and brown belts, come at her one at a time.

Jen's skills are fluid and lethal... using Nage... Oku... and Shinnin techniques she puts all comers on the mat.

An audience of students kneeling on one side of the dojo watches the exhibition.

When it's over and her last opponent takes a fall, the students applaud and the sensei, a woman in her sixties at the head of the class, nods in approval at Jen.

Jen bows respectfully to her sensei between breaths.

EXT. DOJO - DUSK

Jen leaves the dojo in street clothes holding a gym bag. Walks down the street to her motorcycle. Suddenly a black Suburban whips around a corner and stops. Two men in suits step out: Homeland Security AGENTS WILSON and EDWARDS.

AGENT WILSON
Dr. Jennifer Jackson?

Jen takes the measure of the serious men blocking her path.

JEN
Yeah. Who wants to know?

AGENT WILSON
(flashing a badge)
I'm agent Wilson; my partner, agent Edwards. We're with Homeland Security. We need you to come with us, right away.

JEN
What?... Look, I'm not going anywhere with you. I'm on my way home.

The cold hard stares of the agents say otherwise.

JEN (CONT'D)
What's this all about?

EXT. ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

The black Suburban speeds across the tarmac. Stops before a building beside a hangar. In the pale glow of the outdoor lights the two agents get out and escort Jen inside.

INT. OFFICE - ANDREWS AFB - SAME

Secretary of Homeland Security ARLINGTON ADAMS stands at a window watching Jen approach. Adams is a big man, world-weary and imposing. A wise old bear in a dull suit.

Next to him in a wheelchair is DR. PAUL TOLAN (70). Dr. Tolan is African-American, thin and frail, but with enough intellectual energy to power a city.

SECRETARY ADAMS
She looks awfully young.

DR. TOLAN
I wouldn't have asked for her if she couldn't do the job.

SECRETARY ADAMS
(reads a file)
She got a PHD at eighteen?

DR. TOLAN
Yep.

SECRETARY ADAMS
So she's smart.

DR. TOLAN
If she were a physicist, she'd be an Einstein. Smart enough?

SECRETARY ADAMS
I don't know, Paul. Who goes from being a full professor at Princeton to a docent at the Smithsonian? Who's she hiding from?

DR. TOLAN
Everyone.

Adams shares a meaningful look with Dr. Tolan. Turns to go.

SECRETARY ADAMS
Well, you comin'?

DR. TOLAN
You go ahead. I'll be in.
(hands him a box)
Put the hook in first.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ANDREWS AFB - CONTINUOUS

Jen sits alone at a table in the sterile room, waiting.

Adams walks in holding the box. With him is COLONEL AARON WEBER who carries a laptop. Aaron's in his thirties, handsome and powerfully built. A man of sly humor and grand experience. Someone born to command.

SECRETARY ADAMS
Dr. Jackson, sorry to keep you waiting...
(taking a seat)
I'm Arlington Adams, Secretary of Homeland Security. This is Colonel Aaron Weber, my associate.

AARON
(with a nod)
Doctor.

JEN

I'm meeting with the Secretary? How serious is this?

SECRETARY ADAMS

We don't know yet. That's why you're here.

JEN

Those *polite* gentlemen who picked me up said it was imperative I come here immediately, but couldn't say why. Now what could you possibly want with me? And why all the rush?

Adams slides over the box he has placed on the table.

SECRETARY ADAMS

Take a look at that.

Jen opens the box and she is thunderstruck by what she sees.

JEN

(softly)
Oh, my god.

In the box is a dead TEN-INCH ANT. Jen reaches for it.

AARON

I wouldn't do that.
(off her look)
It's slightly radioactive. It's not dangerous, but you shouldn't handle it without gloves.

Jen's astonishment is quickly eclipsed by bursting excitement.

JEN

Where'd you find it? This is incredible! Are there others?

SECRETARY ADAMS

Dr. Jackson, that's precisely what we're afraid of.

A new reality dawns on Jen.

JEN

(voice trailing off)
I see. A colony of such ants...

SECRETARY ADAMS

It was found in a Chipewyan village in Northern Saskatchewan.

He looks to Aaron who pulls up a map on the laptop.

AARON

(showing Jen)

Here, up around Uranium City and Lake Athabasca. Two such villages and a truck stop have been attacked with virtually no trace of the people left behind. The only body found was this woman who hung herself.

Aaron pulls up a photograph of a body hanging from a ceiling with most of the flesh stripped off the bone.

Jen stares at the horrific image.

SECRETARY ADAMS

I'm handling this directly because we don't want a word of it getting out. There's not a department in Washington that doesn't leak like a sieve and the last thing we need is to start a goddamn panic. You're here to lead an investigation, if you're willing. You'll be working with Canadian authorities of course, but I want my own personnel on the ground.

JEN

Why's that?

DR. TOLAN (O.S.)

Because we believe the colony is moving south.

Jen turns to Doctor Tolan entering the room in his wheelchair. By the look on her face she would rather it were the ants.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

Judging from the timing and vector of the attacks, they could be across the border into North Dakota in a matter of days.

He wheels up beside her.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

Hello, Jen.

JEN

(rather cool)

Paul.

SECRETARY ADAMS

Your ah... mentor here, wanted to go himself, but I wouldn't hear of it.

(MORE)

SECRETARY ADAMS (CONT'D)

And when the world's foremost authority on ants gives you a recommendation, well...

JEN

(to Dr. Tolan)

Now you're recommending me? That's a switch.

Dr. Tolan takes the sharp remark without comment.

JEN (CONT'D)

(looks at the ant)

How'd you get the specimen?

SECRETARY ADAMS

Canadian officials sent it to us. To get our attention I suppose.

(adds ironically)

...I wouldn't have believed them otherwise.

DR. TOLAN

Apparently their top myrmecologists are unavailable. Professor Carrington is somewhere in Borneo, and Jacob Barnhardt is laid up with pneumonia. So they've turned to me. And I, for obvious reasons...

(taps the wheelchair)

...have recommended you.

JEN

(re. wheelchair)

When did this happen?

DR. TOLAN

Remember that helicopter I buzzed around in on weekends? Finally put it into a tree.

Jen weighs it all: the incredible ant, her former mentor's involvement, the anxious faces of the men before her.

JEN

No, thank you. I'll pass.

Adams looks at Dr. Tolan in disbelief.

AARON

Ma'am, I'll be leading a highly-trained security team assigned to protect you. You won't be in any danger.

JEN
How gallant of you, Colonel.

She looks at Dr. Tolan and Director Adams.

JEN (CONT'D)
Is there anything else?

Secretary Adams turns to Dr. Tolan for help.

DR. TOLAN
Give us a minute.

Secretary Adams and Aaron leave the room. Before he goes Aaron studies Jen with a respectful gaze - impressed by her courage to stand her ground.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)
I hope this decision has nothing to do with me.

JEN
It doesn't.

DR. TOLAN
Then why?

JEN
I'm not interested.

DR. TOLAN
The hell you're not.

Jen thinks. Pulls the box closer. Looks again at the ant.

JEN
(humorously)
I get a team?

DR. TOLAN
There is a significant element of danger in this.

JEN
You don't say.

Jen handles the box.

JEN (CONT'D)
Radioactive, huh?

DR. TOLAN
(nods)
Um, hmm.

JEN
 What's in it for me? I can't afford
 to be off work.

DR. TOLAN
 What'll it take?

JEN
 Ten grand.

DR. TOLAN
 All right.

JEN
 A week.

DR. TOLAN
 Still workin' on the Tahiti fund?

JEN
 Halfway there.

DR. TOLAN
 You know, Jen, there are a number of
 people who live in Tahiti.

JEN
 Not that many. And they speak French.
 I don't.

A PROPELLER BUZZES TO LIFE

A green C-145A Skytruck powers up on the tarmac.

EXT. C145-A - ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

Jen and Aaron approach the plane. Shouting to one another
 over the BLARE OF THE ENGINES.

JEN
 So what do I call you, Colonel Weber?
 Sir? Great Lord Protector?

AARON
 Aaron will do, *Doctor* Jackson.

JEN
 It's Jen, please. Or we're not on
 speaking terms.

They climb the short airstair and enter the plane.

EXT. ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

The big green albatross of an aircraft takes off.

EXT. SKIES OVER AMERICA - NIGHT

Soars over a black landscape sprinkled with lights.

INT. SKYTRUCK - MOVING

Up the aisle between rows with four seats. Our first look at Aaron's team: a young, multiracial group in fatigues.

In the very back of the plane sits CAPTAIN VIRGINIA "GINGER" CAMPOS reading a report by herself.

STAFF SGT. ANG CHUN sits across the aisle studying her with admiring eyes. Ginger feels it and side-glances at the handsome Chinese-American. Smiles coyly and turns away.

IN THE NEXT ROW - PRIVATE BOBBY "STYX" ROBERTSON grooves to a tune on his iPhone. Tapping out the beat on his armrest.

CORPORAL LINUS "MARBLES" EKMARK dozes beside him. The big Swede drops a massive paw over Styx's black hand.

MARBLES

(eyes closed, drowsy)

I can feel that.

Styx removes the big hand. Waits. Starts tapping his foot.

AHEAD OF THEM - IN SEATS JUST OUTSIDE THE FLIGHT DECK - are SPECIALISTS IUDS TURNER and LARRY LAXALT. Turner and Laxalt sit as far from each other as they possibly can.

Turner drinks coffee from a styrofoam cup. A Confederate flag tattooed on the inside of his wrist.

Laxalt flips through a Sports Illustrated. Looks briefly at an ad with a handsome man. Laxalt looks, and is, the most macho man on the plane. He just happens also to be gay.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK

Aaron flies the plane. Jen, in the co-pilot seat, goes over the report marked TOP SECRET on Aaron's laptop.

AARON

Mind if I ask what changed your mind about coming?

JEN

(reading the report)

He threw in a dental plan.

AARON

Yeah, well, that'll do it. Got me in the Air Force.

Jen looks over and smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)

So why ant scientist? How'd you get interested in that?

JEN

Oh, I don't know, goes back to when I was a kid, I guess. I put a stick into a Fire ant nest and got stung up and down my arm. I couldn't believe something so small could hurt me so bad... Been a fan ever since.

AARON

I had an ant farm when I was kid. It didn't last a week. My uncle told me they could lift fifty times their own weight so I kept putting rocks in it for them to move around. I think they died of exhaustion.

Jen appreciates the quip with a grin, pages through the report. Comes to the photo of the woman who hung herself.

AARON (CONT'D)

(re: the photo)

Ever seen anything like that before?

JEN

Yeah, once, in Africa. Driver ants. They killed everything in their path: a baby, some dogs, even a tethered horse. And they were nowhere near the size of what we're dealing with.

Aaron's gaze falls again on the photo, the magnitude of the coming danger driven home to him.

EXT. CANADIAN FORCES BASE (CFB) COLD LAKE - DAY

The C-145A drops toward a runway out of a colorful sunrise.

ABE MARCEL (65) A Chipewyan tribal policeman watches it land.

Marcel stands off by himself near a group of CANADIAN SOLDIERS beside three Milverados: the military version of the 4-door Chevy Silverado.

MOMENTS LATER

Aaron's team unloads their gear from the plane. Ang picks up a PX shopping bag. Puzzled, he looks inside: a new tackle box, sunglasses, women's clothes with price tags on them.

JEN (O.S.)

It's mine.

Ang turns and hands it to Jen.

JEN (CONT'D)

I travel light.

Jen takes the bag. Turns and looks for Aaron. Who stands a short way off in council with Marcel and a Canadian Army officer, MAJOR BILL LEVEILLE (50).

Aaron breaks away and comes over to Jen.

AARON

Apparently our clearance to operate in Canada hasn't come through yet. So it looks like we're gonna' be on hold for a while.

JEN

The hell we are. I didn't come all this way just to hang out in the middle of nowhere.

She strides past Aaron to Major Leveille.

JEN (CONT'D)

Are you going out to the site today?

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Yes, ma'am... in about ten minutes. I take it you must be the ant scientist.

JEN

I am. And why is it I can't come with you?

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Well, ma'am, you can, but these American soldiers haven't been cleared yet to conduct operations on Canadian soil. They'll have to remain here.

JEN

But I'm good?

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Yeah.

JEN

Well, then there's no problem. Shall we go?

AARON

(coming over)

Hold on a second! You bet there's a problem. We're here to protect you. You're not going anywhere without us.

JEN

Oh, yeah? Just watch me.

AARON

Hey look, lady-

JEN

No, you look. I'm not here under your command, Colonel. I'm a private citizen. And since this Major has no objection, I'm going. Got it?

Aaron's crew has stopped unloading to watch.

Aaron, ticked off, turns to Major Leveille.

AARON

Is there a problem if I come along as an observer?

Major Leveille appears amused by the whole thing.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Fine with me.

Aaron swings his eyes sharply back to Jen who takes the sunglasses from her bag and puts them on. Grins smugly and walks off toward the vehicles.

MAJOR LEVEILLE (CONT'D)

What's with her?

AARON

(starting after her)

She's lost her broom.

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN PLAINS - DAY

The three Milverados fly down a remote dirt road. The open countryside and blue dome of the sky dwarfing the vehicles.

INT. MILVERADO #1 - SAME

Marcel drives with one hand on the wheel. Major Leveille beside him. Jen and Aaron a yard apart in the back seat.

Leveille throws his arm across the seat and smiles at Jen.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

So whaddya' think, Doc? Any idea
where our little friends come from?
What's behind all this?

He drops his hand on her knee. She removes it.

JEN

Touch me again, Major, and I'll touch
you back.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

(smirking)
Sorry. Didn't mean nothin' by it.

Jen looks out the window.

JEN

I've got no idea what's behind this.
That's what I'm here to find out.

MARCEL

(chimes in)
I'll tell you what's behind it.

Everyone looks at Marcel.

MARCEL (CONT'D)

It's Mother Nature fighting back.

Jen smiles knowingly.

JEN

The Gaia Hypothesis?

MARCEL

Yep, that's it. We've messed with
her world and now she's pissed.

AARON

(to Jen)
The "what" Hypothesis?

JEN

Gaia, the Greek goddess of the earth,
(with a nod to Marcel)
Mother Nature if you will. It's a
theory that looks at the earth as
essentially being a living organism;
a great mother to all life. She
creates life, nurtures it, makes
adjustments to maintain it, and does
whatever it takes to protect it.

AARON

From what?

JEN

From anything that threatens the
balance of life.

AARON

Like us?

JEN

Yeah, like us.

EXT. CHIPEWYAN VILLAGE - DAY

A sad little hamlet out on the plain where a dusty white road ends at a dozen shacks are the Chipewyan's homes.

The three Milverados cruise down main street and stop.

Jen takes in the eerily silent town with a prolonged gaze.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- Jen takes pictures with her phone.
 - A soil sample. That she puts in her tackle box.
 - Aaron INSIDE A HOME. A little girl's doll on the floor. He bends down and picks it up. His eyes fixed on a streak of dried blood smeared across the floor.
 - The Canadian soldiers hang with the vehicles. Leveille checks his watch. Walks passed a soldier and rolls his eyes.
- He walks around the SIDE OF A HOUSE and finds Jen kneeling in the dirt taking a soil sample. She stands and turns.
- Emits a small gasp at finding Leveille suddenly there.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Did I you scare you?

JEN

I didn't hear you coming.

Major Leveille moves in a little closer.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Worried about the big ants?
(smiles creepily)
Got your heart pounding?

He places his hand over Jen's heart, touching her breast.

Quick as a cat Jen pins his hand to her chest, presses forward and pushes his hand back painfully over his wrist.

Major Leveille CRIES OUT and buckles in pain... when Jen, lightning-quick, grabs his shoulder, sweeps out his leg and slams the big man hard to the ground.

Major Leveille looks up at her through a cloud of dust.

JEN

I told you I'd touch you back.

Jen walks off.

The justly humiliated Leveille left on the ground.

PICK UP Marcel wandering around. Pausing BEHIND A HOUSE, studying the terrain. Jen comes up from behind.

MARCEL

It's a helluva' mystery, isn't it?

JEN

Did you find any nests?

MARCEL

Nothin' around here.

Jen looks with interest into the distance.

JEN

You check those rocks?

Across the white haze of the plain sits a cluster of rocks more than a mile away.

CUT TO:

THE THREE MILVERADOS SPEEDING ACROSS THE BARREN PLAIN

White spirals of dust thrown up in their wake.

A TRUCK WHEEL grinds to a halt.

Doors open and everyone gets out.

AARON

(shouldering his weapon)

All right, help me out. Just what is it we're supposed to be looking for?

JEN

Any sign of a nest: small trails, mounds of dirt, any holes.

Jen's gaze falls on Leveille who looks quickly away.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

All right guys, you heard her. Fan out.

The armed soldiers disperse at a disinterested pace.

Jen walks the perimeter of the ROCK FORMATION which rises like a lumpy brown monument out on the plain.

She moves in and out of the rocks. Stops and thinks.

Suddenly spots one of the ants scurrying across the ground. A black TEN-INCH FORMICA foraging for food.

Jen takes a clear container from the tackle box. Covers the ant and shimmies it inside. Stares at the CAPTURED ANT.

The ant STRIDULATES: CHIT-TA-CHIT-TA-CHIT, a rubbing sound ants make that resembles radio static or the shake of Maracas.

Jen scans the area. Spots...

Five other TEN-INCH FORMICAS answering the call. They scramble out of the rocks. Race away.

Jen stomps on one. Kills it. Chases the others who run past Aaron.

JEN

Aaron! Aaron, stop them! Don't let those ants get back to the nest!

Aaron rushes over and stomps on an ant. Missing a couple times before he gets it.

The other three racing away across the flat dry earth.

Aaron unslings his weapon and FIRES! Leveille and two other Canadians hustling over.

AARON

(aiming)
Shoot 'em!

The black specs race across the white ground heading straight for a large boulder.

BULLETS SMACK the dirt around the ants. Kicking up dust. Nailing one ant!

Two Canadian soldiers run after the ants FIRING as they go.

HITTING an ant... Leaving one last ant racing to the boulder.

Aaron sites it. FIRES!

And OBLITERATES the distant black spec... Fragments flying into the air. Falling into a hole at the base of the boulder.

Jen stares at the boulder, the two soldiers halfway there.

JEN

Oh, no.

Suddenly a BLACK MASS pours out of the hole.

JEN (CONT'D)

(to the Canadians)

Run! RUN!!

THE TWO CANADIANS

Stand frozen by the sight of the approaching ants. They raise weapons. OPEN FIRE!

Aaron, Major Leveille and the other Canadians join in, unleashing a barrage at the front line of the ants.

HOT LEAD RIPS into the insects. Splatters them every which way. But the flood of ants comes on.

The two Canadians turn and run. The ants overtaking the slower man. Rising up his legs, bringing him down SCREAMING!

Jen carries the captured ant and dashes over to Aaron. Pulls him toward a truck.

JEN (CONT'D)

Everyone, in the trucks! Now!

Aaron and Jen get in and look back at the Canadians.

One writhing under a pile of ants. The other running like an Olympian, eyes wide with terror.

Major Leveille and his men FIRE their weapons. Try to save him. To no avail. The ants catch the man and take him down.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Let's go! GO!

He waves his men back to the trucks. Major Leveille and Marcel getting in one truck, the last four soldiers another.

AARON AT THE WHEEL - WITH JEN

Speeds backwards. Whips the truck around and floors it!

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Starts his truck. Jams it in drive and pulls a U-ey.

MARCEL

(banging the dash)

C'mon man, MOVE! MOVE!

Leveille floors it and off they go.

THE FOUR CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Pile into their truck. Their driver with one eye on the ants. Fumbling with the key... DROPPING IT!

His comrades shouting! Frantically pushing power window buttons that don't engage with the engine off.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS

C'mon! Get us outta' here!

Too late. The wave of ten-inch ants slams into the Milverado.

Up the tires. Through the open windows. The trapped soldiers quickly overwhelmed. Bitten and stung a hundred times.

MAJOR LEVEILLE

Looks in his rear view mirror. SEES...

A mound of ants where a truck had been.

He checks his speedometer. Pegged at sixty.

Looks up at a boulder in his path!

MARCEL

LOOK OUT!

Leveille veers. Tilts. FLIPS AND CRASHES!

The big green truck rolls over the plain like a toy. Crunches to a stop upside down in a cloud of dust.

A wave of ants closing in. Arriving... Encasing the vehicle.

Moments later, Major Leveille breaks through the shattered windshield covered with ants. He crawls along the ground. Tries to rise, SCREAMS horribly then drops out of frame.

AARON AND JEN'S TRUCK

Speeds away. Putting distance between themselves and the great BLACK BODY OF ANTS pooling over the plain.

EXT. CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

Aircraft lights come out of the black void of night.

A Gulfstream G550 approaches and lands. Decelerates past the parked C-145A and air base hangars.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM II - HQ - CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

The captured ant tries to escape its plastic container.

Jen watching it impassively. Aaron beside her at a large table with a pot of coffee between them. A grave silence pervading the room.

Aaron checks his watch - 1:30 a.m.

AARON

Where the hell are they?

He pours himself more coffee and offers Jen.

JEN

No, thanks. Another cup and I won't sleep for a week.

AARON

Sleep? What's that?

Jen grins wearily and leans back, bone-tired.

AARON (CONT'D)

By the way, thanks.

JEN

For what?

AARON

Gettin' me outta' there.

JEN

(making little of it)
You drove.

A door opens and in comes NANCY SIMS (50) a sharply dressed Canadian Minister. With her is Secretary Adams and Dr. Tolan in his wheelchair. They join Jen and Aaron at the table.

Minister Sims scans a pair of tired faces.

MINISTER SIMS

Dr. Jackson, Colonel Weber, sorry to keep you waiting. I understand you've both had a very trying day.

Jen and Aaron share a look - that's an understatement.

MINISTER SIMS (CONT'D)

I'm Nancy Sims, Canada's Deputy Minister of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness. The Secretary and I are here to gather facts for our respective governments and to come up with a recommendation on how best to proceed.

SECRETARY ADAMS

So, what do we know?

Jen holds up a lab report.

JEN

I had the soil samples I took from the village analyzed.

(hands it to Dr. Tolan)

There's no sign of radioactivity. That means these ants came from somewhere else. Most likely from around Uranium City and the surrounding waste sites. Which means they've tunneled a long way. Probably twenty miles. And that's only possible if the colony is massive.

MINISTER SIMS

How massive?

JEN

In the millions.

SECRETARY ADAMS

Oh, shit.

MINISTER SIMS

So what are our options?

Jen looks at Dr. Tolan who defers to her.

JEN

Well, pesticides won't work - they'd be nearly impossible to apply effectively to a colony this size. And in any case it would only serve to move them from one area to another.

She checks with Dr. Tolan who nods in agreement.

JEN (CONT'D)

We could try pumping poison gas into the nest, but they'd probably overcome any foreign agent introduced into the colony.

SECRETARY ADAMS

I don't follow you. How so?

DR. TOLAN

As soon as they encountered the gas the ants would send out signals to evacuate the nest, like rats leaving a sinking ship. And even if we were able to locate and block every exit... they'd just dig new exits or plug up the gas-filled tunnels.

JEN

They might even divert the gas by making new tunnels and chambers to re-rout the poison airflow. They're very smart. Besides I doubt that there's just one nest.

(checks with Dr. Tolan)

It's more likely we're dealing with multiple nests. Which would make using gas even less effective.

MINISTER SIMS

So what does that leave us? Bombs?

JEN

Probably won't work either, unless you go nuclear.

MINISTER SIMS

Oh, come now, Doctor. These are just insects we're dealing with. You're not seriously suggesting we irradiate half of Saskatchewan just to deal with them, are you?

Jen and Dr. Tolan trade looks over the comment.

JEN

It's your call... But you should know there's a very real chance that this problem gets totally out of control. Very quickly... In my opinion only an overwhelming response can prevent that.

AARON

But overwhelming doesn't have to mean nuclear, does it? There are ground penetrating ordnances that are extremely powerful. What if we use those?

JEN

I don't know. But with all due respect to our technological superiority and the great power and might of our armed forces, these aren't "just insects" we're facing. Frankly, I doubt if any of you has the faintest idea of what it is you're actually dealing with.

Dr. Tolan lowers his head in embarrassment. Jen's blunt comment puts a pall over the room.

JEN (CONT'D)

Ants are the most warlike species on earth. Next to them we're all pacifists. To quote the late Dr. Edward Wilson, the Einstein of myrmecologist, "their foreign policy is restless aggression, territorial conquest and genocidal annihilation of neighboring colonies." And to ants this size...

(points to the ant)

that means us. To tell you the truth, no matter what we do, I don't give us better than fifty-fifty odds of ever completely stopping them.

A long silence follows Jen's warning. Then...

SECRETARY ADAMS

Well, I'll be sure to pass on your ah... assessment of the situation and our various options to the President. But this is Canadian soil, the final decision will rest entirely with them.

MINISTER SIMS

I'm sure our government will consult with your President on whatever we decide.

(flashes a sharp look
at Jen)

Now if you all will excuse me. I need to put a call in to the Prime Minister.

Minister Sims gets up and walks out.

Dr. Tolan turns to Jen as if to say "Did you have to put it like that?"

Jen meets his gaze with a justified expression. She pulls the captured ant closer to her. Taps at it with her finger. The stubborn creature still trying to escape.

EXT. CFB COLD LAKE - DAY

A cloudless sunrise over the base.

INT. BARRACKS BATHROOM - CFB COLD LAKE - DAY

A busy shower area where Styx and Marbles shave at sinks. Half-dressed soldiers moving to and fro.

STYX

Hey, Marbles, you know if we're stayin' or goin'?

MARBLES

Beats me?

STYX

That's what I love about the Army.
No one knows a thing and every day's
the same: hurry up and wait.

WITHIN THE BARRACKS

Rows of cots where several soldiers dress for the day.

Laxalt sits on his bunk reading a text. His husband's handsome face displayed on his phone.

TEXT: "MAY BE WITH YOU SOONER THAN YOU THINK. STAY SAFE"

Laxalt taps out a response: "PROMISES, PROMISES."

On the cot across from him lies Turner relaxing in his boxers with his hands clasped behind his head.

Styx and Marbles join them. Getting dressed as they talk.

STYX (CONT'D)

Hey, Turner. What are you gonna'
do, skip another shower?

TURNER

Mind your own business.

MARBLES

(ribbing him)

Turner doesn't like to take showers with other men. He gets too excited.

TURNER

That's Laxalt's problem, man, not mine.

Laxalt never takes his eyes off his phone.

LAXALT

Leave me out of it, Turner, or I'll come over there and squash you like the bug you are.

TURNER

You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you, puttin' your hands all over me?

Laxalt looks up indulgently, accustomed to gibes.

LAXALT

You know, Turner, I don't mind that you're an ignorant, homophobic, racist. I think there's room in this world for everyone. But I do mind having to ride all day sitting next to you when you stink like a pig.

(looks at his phone)

Now get off your lazy ass and take a shower.

TURNER

I ain't racist, I'm tribal.

STYX

Same thing.

TURNER

No, it ain't. There's a big difference. If you're racist you think you're better than other people. If you're tribal, you just think we're all different and you don't wanna' mix with the other tribes.

STYX

(to Marbles)

You believe this shit?

MARBLES

Never argue with an ignorant man, Styx. He'll take you down to his level then beat you with experience.

(MORE)

MARBLES (CONT'D)

(snaps a towel at Turner)
Now ain't that right, country boy?

TURNER

Hey, cut it out, Marbles!

STYX

All right, Turner, if that's how you feel, tell me somethin'. What the hell ya' doin' in the Army if you don't like to be around different kinds of people?

TURNER

Well, you see I'm from Welch, West Virginia... Ever heard of it?

STYX

Hell, no.

TURNER

Yeah, right, nobody has... But there you either dig coal, brew meth or join the military. Now I don't like drugs and I don't like dark holes so... here I am.

STYX

Yeah, here you are, stinkin' up the place.

The guys bust out laughing and Turner turns away.

Marbles points at Turner's feet. Checks Styx and Laxalt who get the plan. All at once they grab Turner.

MARBLES

All right, son, c'mon now, time to wash up. You ride with us, you take a shower.

TURNER

Hey, cut it out! Let me go!

They carry him off to the shower laughing as they go.

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

Ginger and Ang kiss passionately in a little enclave behind the barracks. They pause and come up for air.

GINGER

Love me?

ANG

(playful)

Like the monkey loves the tree.
Like the fish loves the sea.

GINGER

C'mon, stop. I'm serious.

ANG

(sincere)

So am I.

They kiss again. Bodies pressed together, yearning for more.
Ginger pulls back. Her brow furrowed with concern.

GINGER

We can't keep this up. Someone's
bound to find out.

ANG

So they find out. So what?

GINGER

They'll separate us, that's what.
And bust me a rank for fraternizing.

ANG

They'll separate us anyway if we let
'em know. What's the difference?

GINGER

I don't know. But I can't keep
sneaking around like this.
Something's gotta' change.

ANG

Like what?

She looks into his eyes. He knows what.

ANG

Marriage?

GINGER

You say it like it's a four letter
word.

ANG

Well, isn't it? The only happy
marriages I've ever seen are on TV.
Why do you wanna' mess with something
when it's so right?

GINGER

'Cause it isn't so right.

Ginger eases out of his arms. Disappointment rising.

GINGER (CONT'D)

And for your information, it's a long way from right.

She hurries away.

ANG

Hey, Ginger, c'mon. Come back!

CUT TO:

A STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL MOTIF OF VIBRANT COLORS

The amino acids of an ant viewed under a microscope.

Jen examines the slide in a BASE LABORATORY.

She rests her eyes. Writes a note. Dr. Tolan enters through an open doorway across the room.

JEN

Hey, there you are. I was just gonna' call you. Take a look at these amino acids. I may have found something.

Dr. Tolan appears to have other things on his mind, approaching Jen with a severe look in his eye.

DR. TOLAN

(re: her work)

Just leave it. I'll look into it later. Right now, you have a plane to catch. You're out of here.

JEN

What? You can't do that.

DR. TOLAN

Come again?

JEN

Paul... I'm right in the middle of this now. Don't pull it out from under me... What's got into you?

DR. TOLAN

I made a mistake. I don't want you on the project anymore. It's too important. Professor Barnhardt's over his pneumonia. I'm having you replaced.

JEN

Look if it's about the money. I don't give a damn-

DR. TOLAN

It's not about the money, Jen. And you know it. It's you. It's the same old Jen.

They lock eyes, endure a span of charged silence.

JEN

Don't do this to me. I deserve better. Especially from you.

DR. TOLAN

No, Jen, you don't. What happened at Princeton had nothing to do with me. That was all about you. And that's the problem, it's always about you. Back then you went your own way and it cost you a job. Yesterday, going your own way nearly got yourself killed. And what's with the attitude last night? Is that anyway to talk to a member of the Canadian cabinet?

JEN

I was tired.

DR. TOLAN

Yeah, I know. And so am I.

It's a comment pregnant with meaning. Jen looks at Dr. Tolan as if she's been betrayed.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

I brought you here as part of a team, but you're not a team player, Jen. And I realize now you never will be.

JEN

Okay, so I bruised a Colonel's ego and offended a Minister. For that you're just gonna' toss me aside?

DR. TOLAN

Put it however you like, it doesn't change the fact you brought it on yourself.

JEN

All right, fine. Fuck it anyway.

She gathers up her work, holds back a dam of emotions.

DR. TOLAN

Look, Jen, I know with your history
it's damn near impossible for you
trust people. But...

He wavers, pauses, clearly conflicted over the decision.

JEN

So I rub people the wrong way and
that makes me a big pain in the ass.
I'm still the most qualified person
to help you with this and you know
it. It's why I'm here.

Dr. Tolan thinks it over. Resolves it.

DR. TOLAN

You know, Jenny, lately, I realize,
like never before, that my life is
going to end. I think about it every
day. I try to make some sense of
it... this hour I spent upon the
stage. All I can come up with is
the same ironic conclusion: The very
best thing in life, and the very
worst thing, are exactly the same...
It's people. For all their kindness
and cruelty, all their virtue and
vice, they're really what life is
all about.

Dr. Tolan leaves. Halfway to the door he stops and turns.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, the Canadians decided
to go with conventional weapons.
Colonel Weber's taking his team up
to an observation point to monitor
the strikes. Be a good idea if one
of us went with him. Don't you think?

Jen smiles, relieved.

CUT TO:

THE RED-HOT EXHAUST PLUME

Of a CF-18 Hornet speeding down a RUNWAY. Taking off with a
DEAFENING ROAR.

EXT. CANADIAN SKIES - DAY

Four Hornets fly in formation through a clear blue sky.

HORNET PILOT (V.O.)
Sunray this is Thunder. We are
approaching target area.

SUNRAY (V.O.)
(base command)
Roger that, Thunder. Proceed. Give
'em hell.

THE HORNETS

Zoom across an open plain. Releasing BUNKER BUSTER BOMBS -
GBU-28 guided missiles that drop from wings and spear the
ground... WAH-BOOM!!... BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Ant swarms on the ground are obliterated in the FIREBALL.
Great clouds of smoke and dirt billowing into the air.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

Aaron, Jen and the team stand in front of two jeeps watching
the fireworks in the valley below. The CF-18 Hornets soaring
away. Heading for home. Aaron lowers binoculars.

AARON
Those were the Canadian "Bunker
Busters". Now it's time for the big
boys... the MOPs.

JEN
The what?

AARON
Massive Ordnance Penetrators. Bombs
that can go two-hundred feet into
the ground. They're comin' in on
American B-2s. That first run was
to soften 'em up. These boys will
finish 'em off.

He raises the binoculars to sight the planes.

IN THE DISTANCE TWO DARK SPECS APPEAR IN THE SKY

B-2 Stealth fighters descending. Targeting a mile-long tower
of dust raised by the explosions.

They drop their ordnance: fat white missiles that fall and
vanish in the raised dust. Seconds later... BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!
MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS split the plain like a volcanic eruption.

JEN, AARON AND HIS TEAM

Gaze at the incredible spectacle.

AARON (CONT'D)

That oughta' do it.

GINGER

Ya' think?

Jen wears a troubled look. Not quite so sure.

GO WIDE ON THE ROILING EXPLOSION. Tons of dirt raining down from the sky. ROCK MUSIC... takes us to...

INT. NCO CLUB - COLD LAKE AIR BASE - NIGHT

A band playing. A servicemen's group entertaining a mid-week crowd of co-workers letting off steam. All the members of Aaron's team (Ginger, Styx, Marbles, Laxalt and Turner) except Ang, sit at a bar near a dance floor. Drinking. Laughing. Having a good time.

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICER QUARTERS - NIGHT

Aaron steps out of his room. Walks toward an exit then stops and turns around. Comes back down the hall to another door where he listens.

He raises his hand to knock. Hesitates. Then goes ahead and knocks. Jen answers. Numerous reports, aerial photos and a laptop spread out on the table behind her.

AARON

Hi.

JEN

Hello. Something wrong?

AARON

No. No, I... I was wondering if you might like to join me for a drink?

For a moment something bright and hopeful flashes in Jen's eyes. But it's fleeting. She closes the window to her thoughts and smiles politely... Glances back at her work.

JEN

No, I don't think so. I should keep at this. Got a report to make... But thanks.

AARON

C'mon, you've been cooped up in here since we got back. Take a break. Have a drink... or two. Just to get out of the room. Forget about the other day. I did.

Jen is disarmed by his sincerity and charming smile.

JEN
All right, give me a minute.

INT. NCO CLUB - DAY

A bartender pours out seven shots. Aaron and Jen have joined the team at the bar. Jen lifts her glass.

JEN
(mocks Aaron)
A drink or two?

AARON
Yeah, per hour. Cheers!

They tap glasses and drink. Styx leans over to Ginger and speaks confidentially.

STYX
Where's Ang?

GINGER
In his room.

STYX
Lover's quarrel?

GINGER
(without malice)
Shut up.

Ginger looks past Styx to Aaron seated next to Jen in the middle of the group.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Hey, Colonel, we goin' home tomorrow?
Mission's over, isn't it?

AARON
(indicates Jen)
This is our mission, right here. We go when she goes.

JEN
The first reports suggest the ants have been wiped out. But there's still a lot of intel to go through. And I need to check out some other sites tomorrow just to be sure.

MARBLES
(raising a drink)
Take your time, Doc. We like it here.

Aaron lowers his tone for Jen only.

AARON

What about Dr. Tolan? He stayin' too?

JEN

Oh, yeah. He's like a kid in a candy store. He'll be the last one to leave.

AARON

I would have invited him, but I haven't seen him all day.

JEN

He's working in the lab. I showed him something intriguing this morning and he's been at ever since. Still hasn't come up for air.

AARON

So you're two of kind, huh?... What ya' show him?

JEN

It wouldn't interest you.

AARON

Try me.

Jen gives Aaron the once over.

JEN

All right... It has to do with the amino acids of those ants. You see there's an inexplicable anomaly within the polarity of the amine and carboxylic groups that-

AARON

Okay, okay, enough. It's over my head... Bartender!

EXT. VALLEY

Thick night. A field of grass shimmers in the moonlight.

Suddenly small mounds rise up in the ground, EVERYWHERE. Like water brought to a boil the earth cavitates, bubbles and bursts open... ANTS POURING OUT. Thousands of them!

Bigger than the village ants, these MINORS, SUB-MAJORS AND MAJORS are as big as dogs - from TWO TO FOUR FEET LONG.

All kinds of fierce-looking species: BULLDOG ANTS with long jagged mandibles; red FIRE ANTS and black FORMICAS; various others, coming out of the ground, moving off like a herd.

INT. NCO CLUB - NIGHT

Jen and Aaron sit at the bar enjoying one another's company.

AARON

So what about you? Where're you from?

JEN

All over. I was in three states, five towns and eight schools between the ages of six and sixteen.

AARON

Seriously?

JEN

Yeah, I was always the new girl.

AARON

Military family?

JEN

No, foster child. I got tossed around like a football.

AARON

That must've been rough. What, were they just mean to you?

JEN

No. Most of them were pretty nice. I was just... difficult.

AARON

(kidding)
You still are.

JEN

Well, you can just move right on down the bar, soldier boy. It's all right with me.

AARON

Not a chance. I like it right here.

CUT IN:

A SEA OF ANTS

Passing like a great shadow over a prairie near the base.

RESUME JEN AND AARON

JEN

What about you? Got a family?

AARON

Nope. Almost. But it fell apart before it got started.

JEN

You cheated on her.

AARON

No. Hell no! Why, do I look the type?

JEN

Not especially. But you know servicemen, they get around. A girl in every port kinda' thing.

AARON

Ah, yes, the glamorous life of bar girls and hangovers.

Jen studies Aaron's face. She likes this man. He's genuine. It's a moment of mutual attraction. Aaron bypasses it.

AARON (CONT'D)

No, I wanted kids and she wanted to wait. After five years I called her on it. She called a co-worker and took off.

(looks at Jen's hand)

Why haven't you married?

JEN

Just picky I guess.

LATER

The band plays. Styx has joined them. Pretty good on the drums. The regular drummer lifts a beer to him in approval.

Ginger and Marbles dance. The big Swede in a humorous way. Jen and Aaron watching from from a nearby table, having moved away from the bar.

JEN (CONT'D)

Is he always this crazy?

AARON

Why do you think we call him "Marbles"?

JEN

What about you? You got a nickname?

AARON

Nope.

JEN

Yes, you do. Come on, tell me.
What is it?

AARON

(jesting)
Twinkletoes.

He sets down his beer, stands and puts out his hand.

AARON (CONT'D)

All right, lady, c'mon. On your
feet. Let's dance.

JEN

Uh-uh. Not me. I don't dance.

She picks up her beer and sits back in her chair.

AARON

Not ever?

JEN

No. Never.

AARON

What about in high school, didn't
you dance at the prom?

JEN

Never went to a prom, or a dance.

AARON

So what'd you do?

JEN

I studied. Night and day. Pretty
boring, huh?

Aaron looks at her with a touch of understanding.

AARON

Pretty, yes... Boring, never.

LAXALT AND TURNER

Are still at the bar. A half dozen empty seats between them.

A handsome man in a green flight suit enters the room - TONY,
Laxalt's husband. He comes over and covers Laxalt's eyes.

TONY
Guess who?

LAXALT
Tony!

Laxalt bolts up and hugs him.

LAXALT (CONT'D)
What are you doing here!

TONY
I told you I'd see you soon. I brought up the flying gas station for the B-2s.

LAXALT
You coulda' told me?

TONY
Actually I couldn't. But anyway, I'm here.

LAXALT
Well, this is great! What a surprise. Have a seat.

He looks down the bar to introduce him. Sees only Turner.

LAXALT (CONT'D)
Tony, this is Specialist Idus Turner. My husband, Tony.

Turner nods rudely. Gets up and walks away.

LAXALT (CONT'D)
Sorry. He's the one jerk on my team.

TONY
Wouldn't be a team without one.

EXT. CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT - A HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF

The well-lit air base between Cold Lake and a wooded plain.

CUT IN -

SECRETARY ADAMS and MINISTER SIMS

In a BRIEFING ROOM with several generals. An officer with a pointer going over a bomb site photo up on a screen.

DR. TOLAN

Working alone in the LAB. Studying his notes. Concerned.
He pockets them. Hurries toward the door in his wheelchair.

EXT. MAIN GATE - CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

An MP fills out a report in a guard shack. The road outside
vanishing into the Stygian darkness of the night. At the
far end a vague gray line appears. Approaching like the
leading edge of a flood.

The MP looks up casually, SEES... A tide of huge ants racing
toward him. He fumbles with a walkie-talkie.

MP #1
Alert! Alert...!

He tears out of the shack. Overtaken instantly. Huge ants
all over him. Clasp his arms and legs. BITING HIM.
STINGING HIM... Spread-eagling the man. He SCREAMS in pain!
A cry truncated when a BULLDOG MAJOR snaps off his head.

JEN AND AARON

Exit the NCO CLUB.

AARON
Walk you home?

Before Jen can answer she sees Dr. Tolan rolling rapidly
toward them down the sidewalk.

DR. TOLAN
Jen! Jen!

JEN
Paul? What are you doing out here?

DR. TOLAN
(breathless)
Jen, you won't believe it... But
that anomaly in the amino acids, I
double-checked it against the
enzymes... Been at it all day...
and there's only one possible
conclusion. Those ten-inch Formicas,
they're at least twenty years old!

JEN
Oh, no. It can't be.

DR. TOLAN
(holds up his work)
It's all right here.

AARON

Wait a minute. Am I missing something?

JEN

Those ants didn't get to be ten inches overnight; it took generations. So if they're twenty years old, how big are the new generations?

A BASE KLAXON goes off, joined by the CRACK OF GUNFIRE.

AARON

What the hell's that?

DR. TOLAN

Look!

At the far end of the street, muzzle-flashes from weapons and DOG-SIZED ANTS climbing up and over the buildings.

AARON

C'mon! Inside!

He takes the wheelchair. Follows Jen into the NCO CLUB where they encounter his team and some CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

GINGER

Colonel! What's goin' on!

AARON

More ants. Big ones! Real big!...
Barricade the door!

JEN

Aaron, that won't stop them. We need to get outta' here.

AARON

All right, everyone, out the back.
C'mon, move it!

The whole group rushes off. Ginger lingers.

GINGER

(thinks out loud)

Ang.

She shoots out the front door. Looks up the street.

In the distance a group of soldiers are illuminated in the flash of their weapons, firing at a crowd of ants.

Ginger turns and runs down the sidewalk.

AARON AND JEN

Come out the BACK OF THE BUILDING with the group. Two of the Canadians rushing over to a couple of pickup trucks.

CANADIAN AIRMEN #1
(waving him over)
Colonel!

Aaron wheels Dr. Tolan to one of the trucks. Helps him into the cab. Jen gets in front beside him. Styx, Turner, Marbles, Laxalt and Tony climb in the bed. The other truck now loaded with Canadian soldiers.

AARON
(to the Driver)
Get to the airfield! Now!

He hops in the bed and the two trucks speed away.

AARON (CONT'D)
(noticing)
Where's Captain Campos!

STYX
She was just with us!

TURNER
Colonel! Sergeant Chun's back at the barracks!

Aaron goes to the driver. Speaks through the open window.

AARON
Let me off!

The driver brakes and Aaron hops out.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Driver, re: Jen and Dr. Tolan)
Get them to a chopper! And get 'em the hell outta' here! That's an order!

Aaron runs off. Marbles jumps out and chases after him a moment before the truck pulls away.

STYX
Marbles!

Styx wants to follow, but the truck's traveling too fast.

EXT. CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

The ant raiders swarm all over a building. Brave soldiers putting up a fight. Laying down gunfire! Heaving grenades!

The ants are chopped up. BLOWN APART! But there's so goddamn many they just keep coming. They overrun the line of soldiers. Literally tear them apart.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

Secretary Adams and Minister Sims, generals and staff, run through the building.

Come to a glass door piled high with ants. The glass CRACKING. Ants pouring inside.

Everyone turns and runs, except one gutsy guard who draws a pistol and fires. Stands his ground until engulfed by ants.

Adams, Sims and the generals run back into the BRIEFING ROOM and slam the door. Two generals quickly braced against it.

They hear the CLAMOR OF THE ANTS outside the door.

Then CRASH! Two four-foot ants, *Camponatus saundersi*, blast through a window and jump onto a table in front of everyone.

Their fat bodies swollen with a gold fluid visible through their exoskeletons. Their bodies pulsate, expand and EXPLODE! SPRAYING FORMIC ACID all over the room. Like suicide bombers they kill themselves and everyone else.

Secretary Adams SCREAMS and grabs his face. Flesh melting as he drops to his knees.

PICKUP GINGER

Racing up to the ENLISTED MEN'S QUARTERS. Ang standing outside in his undershirt, bewildered by the clamor of the SIRENS and DISTANT GUNFIRE.

ANG

(meeting Ginger)

What the hell's goin' on?

GINGER

(breathless)

We're under attack! More ants! And they're huge!

Just then Aaron and Marbles round the corner of the barracks.

AARON

Campos! Chun! Get over here!

They run toward to Aaron and Marbles who look past them at several soldiers running for their lives from a TIDE OF ANTS.

AARON (CONT'D)
 (ushering his crew away)
 Go on, move!

EXT. AIR FIELD - NIGHT

The two pickup trucks hit the tarmac. Speed toward two CH-146 GRIFFON HELICOPTERS parked outside a hangar.

RESUME AARON'S GROUP

Coming out BEHIND THE BARRACKS onto a SWARM OF ANTS!

They do a 180 and run along the side of the building. Ants now pouring like rivers down the streets in front and behind the building. Aaron stops. Breaks a window with his elbow.

AARON
 Inside!

Ginger and Ang climb in. Ants approaching from the front and back of the BUILDING as Marbles climbs in. Then Aaron. Halfway up when an ant latches onto his leg.

AARON (CONT'D)
 AHHH!

Marbles pulls Aaron in through the window, a BLACK FORMICA clasped to Aaron's leg. Marbles stomps on its head then runs off with Aaron.

They catch up to Ang and Ginger racing up STAIRS. Marbles stops at the base of the stairs and looks back at ants pouring through the window.

He picks up a steel cot and charges.

BOOM! ... Rams it into the window. Blockades the opening. Buying time for his comrades to escape.

A DOZEN ANTS already inside attack him. He fights them off. Stomping one, throwing another, pounding a third with his fist. But there are just too many... they squeeze through the jammed window. Collect on Marbles and bring him down.

AIR FIELD

The two trucks come to a halt before the HELICOPTERS. Everyone piling out. Tony rushing to the nearest chopper.

TONY
 Does anyone else know how to fly!

DR. TOLAN

I do! Help me to the controls!

Laxalt and Styx help Dr. Tolan into the second helicopter. Jen gets in next to her mentor. Looks across the tarmac at more ants pouring onto the airfield from out of a woods.

JEN

Hurry! Hurry!

Tony powers up his Griffon. Canadian soldiers climbing in.

Dr. Tolan works his controls, only much slower than Tony.

More ants appear at the end of the runway. Linking up with the ants coming from the woods. Closing in on the choppers.

Tony gets his BIRD AIRBORNE. Spins it around. Banks away... but flies OVER THE SWARM.

The ants FORM A TOWER with stunning speed. CATCHING THE HELICOPTER! Unbalancing it. The chopper spins... Tilts... HITS A BUILDING and CRASHES in a ball of flames.

LAXALT

Looks on with horrified disbelief at the death of his husband. But no time to mourn. The great swarm now closing on the second helicopter. Dr. Tolan struggling to get them airborne.

JEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Paul! C'MON!

At last the bird begins to rise, an ant tower following it up... HIGHER AND HIGHER until it REACHES THE CHOPPER where the top ant grabs Turner and pulls him out.

Turner clings to the landing gear! Hangs on for dear life. The chopper breaking away from the ANT TOWER. One ant clinging to Turner's leg. Several more linked below.

Turner looks up at Styx in the open doorway.

TURNER

Styx!... Help!

Styx steps onto the landing gear. Kicks the top ant. With no effect. The bottom ant climbing up. Closing in on Styx.

Jen scrambles down beside Styx and breaks off the antennae of the top ant. It releases Turner. Tucks into a ball and falls, taking the other ants with it.

Styx grabs hold of Turner's collar.

STYX
C'mon, man, pull!

Jen helps Styx haul Turner in then drops to the chopper floor completely out of breath.

INT. BARRACKS - CFB COLD LAKE - NIGHT

Aaron, Ginger and Ang race down a hallway just ahead of a MOB OF ANTS.

They come to a ladder. Climb to the ceiling. The ants catching up. Scaling the wall.

Ang throws open a trap door. Gets on the roof. Helps Ginger and Aaron up. Then SLAMS the door on the ants just in time!

Aaron leads them across the roof.

Suddenly ants come pouring over the front fascia of the building. Then up over another side. And ANOTHER! Ants all around them... TRAPPED!

GINGER
(clutching Ang)
Oh, Ang! No...

Ang holds her tight. Aaron beside them, defenseless. He balls up his fists, grits his teeth, ready to die fighting.

The ants closing in... thirty feet, twenty... TEN!

Suddenly the powerful winds of a helicopter BLASTS the leading edge of the ants away.

Dr. Tolan lowers the chopper to the roof.

Styx and Turner pull Ginger and Ang in.

Aaron climbing onto the landing gear. Shouting at the top of his voice.

AARON
GO!!!

The helicopter peels away. Flies off into the night.

INT. GRIFFON HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jen looks down from the helicopter at the air base now completely overwhelmed by legions of giant ants.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS-ST.PAUL - DAY

Sunrise over the twin cities on the Mississippi.

EXT. ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

The Griffon helicopter is parked outside a hangar.

In the background, the Airport Hilton. A hotel sign atop the roof still lit from the night before.

MOVE IN ON

A room near the top floor.

INT. ROOM - AIRPORT HILTON - ST. PAUL - DAY

Jen lies in bed asleep. She stirs. Gets up and opens a curtain. Revealing a spectacular view of the city.

She takes a seat on a chair and just sits there processing the events of the night before.

MOMENTS LATER

Jen sits at a table with a laptop working the problem.

SHOTS OF

Jen bringing up - graphs, chemical compounds, diagrams of ant nests and map projections of expanding colonies.

She types in a question:

"PROBABILITY GENERATIONS WILL CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE?"

Simulator answer: "72%"

"PROBABILITY CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS WILL ERADICATE COLONY?"

Simulator answer: "17%"

Jen stares at the dire prediction.

INT. HALLWAY - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Aaron steps out of his room. Goes down the hallway and knocks on the door of another room. Ginger answers.

GINGER
Morning, sir.

AARON
You ready?

GINGER
Just about.

AARON

(checks his watch)

Well, hurry it up. We're meeting our professors in the lobby in ten minutes. They got some big briefing to go to.

GINGER

Yes, sir... Colonel, about last night.

AARON

Save it, Ginger. Nothing you say at this point will make any difference. When this is over I'm transferring you and Ang to different units.

GINGER

Yes, sir. I just want you to know we didn't mean to get involved. It just happened.

AARON

That you fell in love with a team member isn't what bothers me. It's that you hid it from me.

GINGER

We never meant to hurt the team.

AARON

I'll mention that to Marbles' wife.

He moves on to the next door and knocks. Styx answers.

AARON (CONT'D)

Mornin', Corporal. I want you all downstairs in five minutes, pronto.

STYX

Yes, sir.

Aaron starts away.

STYX

Hey, Colonel. You might wanna' check on Laxalt.

Styx steps back to reveal Laxalt on a balcony all by himself. Aaron shoulders another responsibility. Walks inside past Turner sitting on a bed and Ang emerging from the bathroom.

ANG

Colonel...

AARON
Not now, Sergeant.

Aaron opens the glass door and steps out onto the BALCONY where Laxalt sits smoking a cigarette, teary-eyed.

LAXALT
Morning, sir.
(notes the fair weather)
Beautiful day.

Aaron's face is a model of empathy. After a time.

AARON
I want you to know how sorry I am.

LAXALT
Thanks... We lost Marbles too. Rough night.

AARON
The worst... I've already cleared it with Division for you to go home.

LAXALT
That an order, sir?

AARON
It's whatever you want it to be.

Laxalt stands and goes to the balcony railing where he looks out at the world. He takes a moment, turns and faces Aaron.

LAXALT
I'd just assume see this thing through if it's all right with you.

Aaron nods. Has miles of respect for the man.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

A wall-mounted computerized map of the United States and Canada shows the area occupied by the ants. It runs from Canada through the Dakotas up to the border of Minnesota.

Jen, Aaron and Dr. Tolan pass through the room where a gaggle of TECHNICIANS work at computerized stations. The whole place bustling with urgent activity.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

A large screen closed circuit TV shows President Clemens and a team of advisors in the situation room. Jen, Aaron, Dr. Tolan and a number of Air Force brass sit below it around a table. Dr. Tolan addressing the President.

DR. TOLAN

... To sum it up, Madam President, long term exposure to soil and water sources contaminated with radiation wreaked havoc on the ants DNA causing the gigantism. The Formicas, the only ants in the colony native to Saskatchewan, are known to enslave other ants. We believe they somehow came in contact with other, foreign species, and incorporated them into their colony. Probably from some individual's private collection. What we're dealing with now is a "Supercolony" - a giant family of ants that acts in unison.

JEN

And to make many matters worse these mutations have accelerated all of their biological functions. Not only are they growing incredibly large but they're also reproducing new generations at an astonishing rate.

(checks with Dr. Tolan)

Until recently, we believe the ants were feeding on the dead bodies of previous generations, which explains why they were able to get so large without being detected. Up to now they've never had a reason to come to the surface.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Then why come up now? What are they after?

JEN

A new food source.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

You mean us.

A grim silence fills the room. Every eye on the President. She lets them wait while she thinks. Finally...

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)

So how do we stop them?

DR. TOLAN

We have a difference of opinion on that.

He looks at Jen.

JEN

Madam President, it's my opinion that conventional weapons will prove futile.

A hubbub breaks out in the situation room.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Are you saying we have to use nuclear weapons?

JEN

Yes, Ma'am, I am.

A dignified old man, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE BAIRD, breaks in.

SECRETARY BAIRD

That's never going to happen on American soil.

JEN

It won't be American soil for very long if you don't stop them.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

And you, Dr. Tolan, you disagree?

DR. TOLAN

I can never recommend the use of nuclear weapons. From all evidence, the conventional weapons wiped out the smaller, older generation of ants. These larger ants are geometrically more challenging but I still believe conventional weapons will work. It will have to be a massive effort, but it will work.

President Clemens looks at one of her other ADVISORS.

ADVISOR

By last report the ants have overrun Saskatchewan and North and South Dakota. Regina, Bismarck and Pierre are gone, with massive loss of life. And a few hours ago the colony crossed over into Minnesota.

SECRETARY BAIRD

Well, Madam President. What are you going to do?

The decision weighs heavily on the brow of the President.

EXT. ELLSWORTH AFB - DAY

A line of B1-B Lancers primed for takeoff.

One of the sleek, swept-wing bombers tears down a RUNWAY and soars into the air.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

The room is filled with Air Force technicians, officers and generals. The computerized board on the wall shows symbols indicating planes nearing a RED AREA designating the ants.

Jen, Dr. Tolan and Aaron watch from the back of the room.

AARON

(re: the planes)

Each symbol represents a squadron.
Every squadron is tasked with its
own area on the grid to carpet bomb.

DR. TOLAN

Which squadrons have ground
penetrating ordnance? It's vital we
collapse the tunnels.

AARON

All of them.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE - DAY

The iconic faces on Mount Rushmore, ants the size of dogs climbing all over them. In the sky... an array of bombers passes overhead.

EXT. SKIES AND LANDSCAPES - VARIOUS SHOTS -

- The scores of bombers release their payloads. Blanketing the landscape with explosions.

- Large crowds of ants blasted to bits.

- Wave after wave of planes take off.... TRANSITION TO

- SUNSET with the bombers rising into a fading blue sky.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - NIGHT

Jen, Aaron and Dr. Tolan watch the big board.

The symbols of the squadrons now deep within the RED AREA marking the ants. Some portions of the RED AREA TURN GRAY.

JEN

What do those changes mean?

AARON

The gray areas show where the ants
have been neutralized... This is
gonna' go on all night. You hungry?

JEN

Starved.

AARON

Dr. Tolan, want to join us for a
bite to eat?

DR. TOLAN

No, you two go ahead. I think I'll
stick around awhile.

JEN

So, where to?

AARON

I know the perfect place.

EXT. MCDONALDS - NIGHT

The golden arches of a neighborhood McDonalds.

INT. MCDONALDS - SAME

Jen and Aaron sit down for a meal.

AARON

It's not what I had in mind for our
first date but it's cheap, fast and
one of the few places open.

JEN

This is not a date. It's two colleagues
having a bite to eat. Besides, I love
McDonalds... Once in a while.

They eat in silence for a moment, then Aaron blurts out:

AARON

You much of a cook?

JEN

Not bad? Why? What have you got in mind?

AARON

Don't worry, I'm not gonna' propose.

(slyly)

Wouldn't dream of it until I least
had a taste of your cooking. Whatever
it is you'd like to put out.

Jen notes the double-entendre. She pulls her straw from her soda. Slides her fingers over it then bends it in two.

AARON (CONT'D)
(smiling)
What?

JEN
I didn't say anything.

After a quiet moment.

JEN (CONT'D)
So you're telling me your wife left
you for a co-worker?

AARON
Yep.

JEN
Just 'cause you wanted to have kids?

AARON
That's what she said.

JEN
I don't buy it.
(points a fry at him)
There's something wrong with you.

AARON
Yeah, I guess. Somethin' wrong with
everyone, I suppose. If you look
close enough... Why? You interested?

JEN
Nope. Not in the slightest.

But her eyes tell a different story.

MINUTES LATER

They exit McDonalds. Pause next to an Air Force jeep. In the distance the aerial bombardment lights up the horizon.

EXT. SKY - NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

An MQ-9 Reaper reconnaissance drone flies over a DEVASTATED LANDSCAPE.

DRONE CAMERAS CLICKING... LENSES TURNING...

ON THE GROUND

Far as the eye can see the broken earth is covered with the burnt and shattered bodies of a million dog-sized ants.

MOVE DOWN... UNDERGROUND

Deep into the earth, into a CAVERN where a colony of bats blankets the walls. SQUEALING NOISES and the CLATTER of a thousand ant tarsals disturb the silence.

The bats peel off the walls and swarm.

A bat crawling on the cavern floor gets squashed under the tarsal of a giant ant... GO WIDE TO REVEAL the dim rounded shapes of a horde of huge ants rumbling through the dark.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Jen sits with Dr. Tolan nursing a beer. A TV behind the bar playing a news conference where Defense Secretary Baird addresses a group of reporters.

SECRETARY BAIRD (ON TV)

The initial reports coming in from all sectors have confirmed that the ants have been completely destroyed. A few stragglers here and there, but our ground forces are mopping them up. We're fully confident the carpet bombing campaign was a complete success and that no significant populations of ants are left alive.

Dr. Tolan smiles sardonically.

DR. TOLAN

That's a little premature, don't you think?

Jen just sips her beer, her eyes sullen with concern.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

What is it, Jen? Something wrong?

JEN

No, just tired.

Dr. Tolan studies her a moment then checks his watch.

DR. TOLAN

Hey, don't you have a plane to catch?

JEN

I'm not going back... not with Aaron.
I booked a commercial flight for
later today.

DR. TOLAN

Oh... Why?

Jen conceals her ambivalence about Aaron behind a drink.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

He's probably waiting for you
downstairs right now.

JEN

Yeah, probably.

DR. TOLAN

Aren't you gonna' tell him?

JEN

What for? He'll figure it out.

A moment passes, Jen's concealed feelings out on a limb.

DR. TOLAN

You know, Jenny, you can't hide
forever. One of these days you're
gonna' have to let someone in.

JEN

Says who?

She gets up and walks away.

EXT. AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Ginger, Ang, Styx and Laxalt sit on a bench outside the hotel
entrance. Turner behind them leaning against a wall.

LAXALT

Hey, Ang. Got a cigarette?

ANG

Sorry, man, I'm all out.

Turner observes Laxalt for a moment. Pulls out a pack of
cigarettes and comes forward.

TURNER

Hey... Laxalt...

Laxalt looks up at Turner, ready for a gibe.

TURNER (CONT'D)
 (offers the pack)
 Take one of mine.

It's a meaningful gesture, an olive branch of sorts. Laxalt takes a cig and Turner lights him. Styx looks at Turner with new respect. Just then Aaron comes out of the hotel.

AARON
 Any sign of Dr. Jackson?

GINGER
 No, not yet, sir.

There's something broken in Ginger's tone that strikes Aaron.

AARON
 Hey, Campos. Come here.

He leads Ginger off to the side. Speaks confidentially.

AARON (CONT'D)
 I want you to know I was out of line
 yesterday with that crack about Marbles.

Ginger drops her eyes, gathers herself. Looks up at Aaron.

GINGER
 No, you weren't. I had it comin'. I
 should've told you right off about me
 and Ang. But these guys, you know...
 they've gotten' under my skin. They're
 like family now. All of 'em, even
 Turner... I just didn't wanna' leave.

Aaron gets it. Respects it.

AARON
 I'll see what I can do about putting
 Ang into another unit on base.
 (points affectionately)
 But you stay put. I'm gettin' too
 old to break in new officers.

GINGER
 (dabbing her eye)
 Shit, Colonel, nobody makes me cry.

An Air Force VAN pulls up beside them and a DRIVER gets out.

VAN DRIVER
 Colonel Weber?

Aaron acknowledges with a wave.

AARON

All right, everyone, here's our ride.

They all move to the van.

GINGER

What about Dr. Jackson?

AARON

(looks around)

I don't know.

(to the Airman)

Hey, hang on a minute, will ya'.

He heads into the HOTEL LOBBY where he moves through a crowd. No sign of Jen until she suddenly appears at his side.

AARON (CONT'D)

There you are. You ready?

JEN

No, I'm stayin'. I think I'll stick around awhile and help Dr. Tolan, see if I can't get a look at one of the nests.

Aaron takes a moment to import the full meaning of this.

AARON

(disappointed)

Oh, yeah. Sure. Well, I can't say it's been fun, but... How 'bout we get together for a beer when you get back? One or two?

JEN

We'll see.

Aaron studies Jen tryin' to figure her out. She looks distant, conflicted. He accepts it and let's her go.

AARON

Take care of yourself.

He touches her tentatively on the arm. Turns and goes.

Jen follows him with her eyes as he gets in the van and drives off. Stares after him long after he's gone.

INT. ELEVATOR - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Jen enters an elevator. Presses her floor, which doesn't light up. She smacks it a few times. Breathes and tries to rein in her tension.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

She steps into her room and goes straight to the bed and sits. Something heavy weighing her down. She gives into it and falls back on the bed.

CUT TO:

AARON IN THE VAN

Gazing pensively out the window, no doubt thinking of Jen.

CUT TO:

THE ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - DR. TOLAN

Nursing a martini. A pretty waitress delivering his lunch.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

Aaron's van turns off an access road and parks next to the building, the C-145A Skytruck in sight out on the tarmac.

Aaron, his team and driver step from the van. In the foreground, a CRACK IN THE GROUND MOVES TOWARD THEM UNNOTICED.

DRIVER

(points to the plane)

There she is, Colonel. All fueled up and ready to go. Just log your flight plan and you'll be on your way.

Before Aaron can answer the CRACK REACHES THEM AND THE GROUND NEAR THE VAN SUDDENLY SPLITS OPEN! The huge head of a Fire ant pushes aside the concrete and the TEN-FOOT GIANT ANT bursts out of the ground.

Aaron is stunned. So too the driver. He tries to run but is grabbed instantly and raised SCREAMING into the air.

The ant darts back down the hole with the man. Other ants, all about the SIZE OF A CAR, come out of the hole. Wiggling antennae. Running off at all angles across the airfield.

Aaron and his team back away from the ants, astonished. Suddenly one turns toward them.

AARON

C'mon!

Aaron throws open a building door and hustles his team inside.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

They tear down a hallway and encounter a frightened airman fumbling with a key before a door marked "ARMORY".

Aaron shoves the airman aside and kicks open the door. Everyone pouring inside.

ASSAULT WEAPONS are pulled from lockers. Loaded with magazines. Aaron and his crew, now fully armed, head back outside. Slipping out the exit nearest the van.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - ST. PAUL AIR STATION - DAY

GIANT ANTS all over the place. SQUEALING LOUDLY. Creating a buzz like a swarm of cicadas.

One of the giants rushes them. Ang and Styx gun it down.

The frightened airman, behind the group, is suddenly lifted into the air and BITTEN IN TWO by an ant atop the roof.

Ginger wheels and pummels the ant with bullets!... Everyone rushing to the van. Getting in...

AARON DRIVING

Ginger at his side. SPRAYING GUNFIRE out the window!

Ang and Styx in the back seat. Laxalt and Turner in the seat behind. Bashing out the rear glass... FIRING AWAY!

Aaron speeds across the TARMAC charged with adrenaline. Weaving between ants. A Dorylus major heading straight for them in a game of high-speed chicken...

Ginger hops up in her window. FIRES! And drops the beast, which curls up in a ball.

Aaron whips around it. Makes for the plane. Brings the van to a skidding stop next to the wing.

Everyone out. Into the plane. Aaron hesitating. Looking into the distance. SEEING...

The Airport Hilton dotted with giant ants.

He grabs Ginger.

AARON

Get 'em out of here! I'm staying!

He hops back in the van.

GINGER

Colonel!

AARON

That's an order!

Aaron slams on the gas and takes off.

CUT TO:

GINGER

Hustling into the COCKPIT. Flicking on switches.

The propellers coming to life.

THE C145A SKYTRUCK

Turns onto a runway... Takes off... Flying over the ants...
And Aaron in the van racing away.

THE PLANE SOARS OVER MINNEAPOLIS - ST. PAUL

The entire city under attack. Total havoc below.

Traffic jams. Crashed cars.

The tiny faint figures of people running, being carried off
by ants. The giant insects all through the streets.

EXT. RESTAURANT - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Dr. Tolan eats his lunch in peace. Suddenly he notices a
commotion. People leaving their tables. Gathering at the
roof edge where they look out at the city.

INT. JEN'S ROOM - AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

Jen in bed, dozing. FAINT NOISES disturbing her. HORNS and
SIRENS. She gets up, curious, and goes to the balcony. Out
the sliding glass door where she looks over the railing at...

A MASSIVE BULLDOG ANT climbing straight toward her!

Jen SCREAMS! Turns and runs. The huge ant looming behind
her, smashing through the glass door, nearly on her when she
flies out the door into the HALLWAY and runs for her life.

The powerful ant smashes through the wooden door and
surrounding drywall. Comes out of a cloud of dust after Jen.

Who tears down the hall. The SQUEALING giant in hot pursuit,
virtually filling the corridor.

Jen stumbles around a corner. Grabs a fire extinguisher. Sprays the ant as it makes the turn. Heaves the canister.

Then races toward a stairwell door. Slipping inside just ahead of the ant that SMASHES into the steel fire door and concrete wall.

STAIRWELL - AIRPORT HILTON

Jen flies up the stairs three at a time. Past a couple of scared young men descending.

She bursts out onto the ROOF amid total chaos: People SCREAMING! Ants racing to and fro. Terrified men and women fighting to get in the elevators, desperate to escape.

An ant runs by with a man held high overhead. Jen moves out of the way... SEES...

A terrified mother hiding under a table holding her child.

Jen rushes to the mother. Gets her to her feet.

JEN

C'mon! Get out of here!

Jen leads the woman and her child to the stairs. Guides them inside then looks back for Dr. Tolan. SEES HIM...

Across the roof on the far side of the bar.

Jen scampers toward him. Hides behind a pillar from a massive ant. People's SCREAMS and SQUEALING ants filling the air.

She makes it around the bar. Nearly to Dr. Tolan when he turns, sees her and puts out his hand for her to stop.

Jen freezes. Stasis...

Dr. Tolan in his wheelchair, fearful for Jen.

Jen perfectly still, understanding why... The antenna of an ant visible above a storage room near Dr. Tolan...

DR. TOLAN'S POV

Reveals the ant ten feet away wiping flesh from its mandibles.

In the next moment. The ant lunges, snaps up Dr. Tolan, and nose-dives over the roof edge.

JEN (CONT'D)

NOOOO!

Jen runs to the railing... SEES

The ant already halfway down the building and Dr. Tolan's severed arm falling to the ground.

Jen looks away in horror. Quickly gathers her wits as a HUGE ECITON comes up over the roof edge.

Jen darts through the tables and dives over the bar. Lands hard on the floor then sits up and puts her hand in a pool of blood - a decapitated bartender right beside her.

Jen crawls down the bar. Takes a breath, thinks... Then gets an idea!

She goes through the bottles. Grabs the two highest proofs... a 151 rum and a Balkan vodka. Stuffs rags in the bottles and lights them with bar matches.

She comes out from the bar armed with the Molotov cocktails.

Makes a dash for the stairs... A huge yellow ant suddenly blocking her path. Jen heaves the Molotovs... sets its head on fire then sprints past the BURNING INSECT into the stairs.

CUT TO:

AARON

Driving wildly through the STREETS OF ST. PAUL, ants and cars crisscrossing his path.

Terrified people running every which way. Ants pouncing on them. Picking them off and carrying them away.

Aaron peels around a corner... the HOTEL just ahead... When WHAM! An ant SLAMS into the van and flips it over, sends it sliding across the road, SPARKS SHOOTING from underneath.

Aaron spun around in the cab. Battered into a daze.

He shakes it off. Unfastens his belt and looks around for his weapon... There in the back seat!

He reaches for it... when the wall of the van is suddenly ripped open by a BULLDOG ANT, its thick mandibles shredding the metal like tin foil.

Aaron kicks out the shattered windshield. Clammers outside just ahead of the ant's snapping jaws.

He gets to his feet and tears down the street...

Up to the HOTEL between panicked people rushing out.

INT. AIRPORT HILTON - DAY

He bursts into the LOBBY amid total mayhem... People running pell-mell... Ants crashing through windows... Raiding... Carrying people off.

Aaron looks to the elevators. One of them open. The back end of an ant sticking out. The crowd inside under attack, SCREAMING!

Suddenly Aaron is yanked aside a moment before an ant rushes past him from behind. Saved by Jen hiding behind a pillar!

AARON

Jen! Thank God!

JEN

(totally breathless)

Aaron! What're you doin' here!

AARON

(just as winded)

I couldn't leave you. Just couldn't... C'mon!

They sprint to the entrance and run outside.

EXT. STREETS OF ST. PAUL - DAY

The two of them run full speed down the sidewalk. Only pausing to catch their breath or hide from an ant.

They cross a street jammed with crashed cars. Duck into the doorway of a brick building.

AARON

Hang on.... Don't move. I'll be right back!

Aaron sprints away.

Jen too tired to argue.

He darts across the street into a GUN STORE.

Jen takes a breath. Looks around. SEES... A SUZUKI MOTORCYCLE DEALERSHIP across the intersection.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Aaron takes a shotgun off the rack. Loads it and fills his pockets with boxes of shells.

EXT. GUN STORE - DAY

Aaron comes outside and looks for Jen. Nowhere in sight. Crestfallen, he hustles across the street to the brick building. Peers inside... VOOOOMMM!

Aaron turns to Jen behind him on a Suzuki Hayabusa motorcycle.

JEN

What are you waitin' for! Get on!

Aaron hops on the back then is suddenly yanked off. TWO BIG DUDES trying to take the bike. They grab Jen. Bad idea!

In a whirlwind of motion Jen throws Dude 1 onto his back. Strikes Dude 2 then grabs his chin and sweeps him hard to the ground, smashing his head against the pavement. Knocking him cold, maybe dead, Jen doesn't bother to check.

She jumps on the bike. Spins it to Aaron.

Who climbs on... And WHOOMMM!... They ride off.

THROUGH THE STREETS

Weaving among crashed cars. Riding onto the sidewalk and back into the street. Narrowly escaping ants and collisions with people and cars.

They get in the clear when Jen suddenly brakes the bike and jumps off... a group of ants closing in.

AARON

What the hell! Jen!

Jen runs up to a pen that holds a group of dogs and releases them from "Joe's Doggy Day Care".

Aaron looks back at the group of ants nearly upon them.

AARON (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Jen lets the last dog out. Comes back and hops on the bike.

Aaron blasts an arriving ant with the shotgun just as Jen opens the throttle and speeds away.

Flying down a PROMENADE along the banks of the Mississippi.

AARON (CONT'D)

(shouts in Jen's ear)

We gotta' cross the river to get outta' town!

Jen weaves the bike onto the street closing in on the ROBERT STREET BRIDGE.

She turns onto the access road... SEES Both lanes of the bridge packed with ants.

She swerves away. Back down the road.

Rides parallel to the river looking for a place to cross.

Up ahead a BRIDGE OF INTERLOCKING ANTS spans the Mississippi.

More ants come down a street at an angle to her. Others gathered ahead of her beyond the ant bridge.

JEN

Hang on!

AARON

(aware of her plan)

What are you doin'! No!... Don't!
Are you crazy!

Jen opens up the bike and TURNS STRAIGHT FOR THE ANT BRIDGE...

She rides up it... Speeding over the backs of ants.

Aaron holding tight with one arm, bouncing along, the shotgun aimed out in front of them.

An ant meets them on the bridge.

Aaron FIRES!... Blows a hole in the bug's head.

Jen skirting the body. Cresting the insect bridge. Heading down the other side into a pile of ants.

Jen guns the bike... Pulls off the bridge and JUMPS!...

THIRTY FEET THROUGH THE AIR! Landing on the far bank... wobbling... recovering... Dopplering away at high speed from the multitude of ants.

EXT. MIDWESTERN CITIES - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

A brief MONTAGE shows the Midwest in panic:

Packed highways. Jammed city streets.

Frantic families in suburban neighborhoods loading cars.

Other cities under attack. Ants ruling the streets.

LANDMARKS AND SIGNS convey the broad extent of the regional evacuation: With the chaos WE SEE...

- The ST. LOUIS ARCH covered with Formicas.
- A "DES MONIES" highway sign rising out of an ocean of ants.
- An upended "WELCOME TO OMAHA" billboard beside an ant mound.

An ARMY CONVOY motoring toward the front. Abrams tanks.
Mobile artillery. Troop trucks.

An AIR BASE fully mobilized...

- Ordnance stacked on loaders.
- F-15 and F-22 jet fighters fueled.
- A lead B1 taking off at the head of a line of bombers.

The total impression is one of unraveling civil order and a nation mobilizing for war.

EXT. PETERSON AFB - COLORADO SPRINGS - DAY

CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR in front of a building with an imposing marble sign out front: "HEADQUARTERS NORAD AND USNORTHCOM".

CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR

... and CNN can now confirm that President Clemens is in route from Washington to NORAD Headquarters here in Colorado Springs. Once she arrives she is expected to coordinate defense efforts with NORAD commanders, Defense Secretary Baird and other special advisors. A massive military mobilization is taking place across the entire Midwest in order to try and stem the tide of the giant ant invasion which appears to be growing larger by the hour. Units of the 1st Armored Division--

EXT. PLAINS - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

Of the quilted green plains of Nebraska pimpled with the mounds of a HUNDRED ANT NESTS. The industrious insects, tiny from this height, are everywhere.

INT. C-145A - DAY

Laxalt looks out his window at the nightmarish phenomenon.

LAXALT

Look at that. There must be a million of those giant bastards.

Styx peers out the window then settles back in his seat.

STYX

You know somethin', I'm startin' to
wonder if we're gonna' lose.

Turner dozes in the seat behind them. Balancing down the aisle comes Ang with two cups of coffee. He enters the FLIGHT DECK where Ginger flies the plane.

ANG

Hey, how 'bout a hot coffee?

GINGER

You read my mind.

Ang sits in the co-pilot seat. Blows into his hands.

ANG

Gets cold up here, doesn't it.

He looks out at the featureless terrain.

ANG (CONT'D)

Where we goin'?

GINGER

Colorado Springs. NORAD. Orders
came through a half hour ago.

ANG

Any word on the Colonel?

GINGER

No. No one's heard a thing.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BEYOND ST. PAUL - DAY -

The Hayabusa flies down an isolated stretch of road.

JEN DRIVES THE BIKE

Concentrating on the road. Aaron taps her shoulder and points to a radio tower rising out of the plain.

EXT. RURAL AIRFIELD - DAY

Jen halts the bike before a shack-like building. An old Cessna 172 sitting off by itself. Dust and silence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RURAL AIR FIELD - DAY

Aaron searches a desk with drawers. Comes up with a key.

AARON

We're in luck. Now let's hope we
have fuel.

He goes back outside to the Cessna. Jen gets a cup of water from a dispenser. Notices her bloodstained hand.

She enters a closet-like BATHROOM. Washes off the dead bartender's blood.

Stares at the rose-colored water swirling down the drain.

A line of Carpenter ants marches along the windowsill. Jen watches them a moment, then reaches out and smashes the lot.

EXT. RURAL AIRFIELD - DAY

Jen comes outside and joins Aaron who inspects the plane.

AARON

She's got plenty of fuel... They
must have left in an awful hurry.
(looks in the distance)
Wonder why they didn't fly? Probably
couldn't fit everyone in.

He turns to Jen who just stands there staring at him.

AARON (CONT'D)

What?

JEN

You came back for me.

They share a moment. No words. Just an understanding.

CUT TO:

THE CESSNA 172 TAKING OFF

Rising into the pastel bands of an end of day sky.

INT. CESSNA 172 - NIGHT

Aaron flies through pitch darkness, his handsome face looking careworn in the dim light of the instrument panel. Jen is asleep beside him. She wakes up, a bit groggy.

JEN

How long was I out?

AARON

Most of the flight.

JEN

Where are we?

AARON

Colorado.

He points to yellow lights in the darkness below.

AARON (CONT'D)

Peterson Air Force Base. And you're not gonna' believe who's waitin' for you down there.

Off Jen's look...

EXT. PETERSON AFB - COLORADO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Aaron's Cessna 172 drops out of the sky and lands. Taxis past AIR FORCE ONE parked off the runway.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

Jen and Aaron board the aircraft. Travel a corridor to a RECEPTION AREA. Senior Agent approaching.

SENIOR AGENT

Dr. Jackson. Colonel. Right this way.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

ON TELEVISION: A nighttime shot of a huge traffic jam at the U.S. - Mexico border.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

The mass exodus of Americans has overwhelmed Mexican officials.

PULL BACK to reveal President Clemens, Secretary Baird and several ADVISORS watching the report.

Jen and Aaron are escorted in and seated across from the President and her advisors.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In spite of this President Vasquez has pledged his country's full cooperation with the American evacuation efforts, reaffirming today his country's open door policy toward all American refugees--

The President turns off the TV. Looks at Jen and Aaron.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Rather ironic isn't it? Who wants a wall now?

The wry comment draws smiles from her glum advisors.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Dr. Jackson... Do you know the whereabouts of Dr. Tolan? We can't seem to locate him.

JEN

Paul Tolan didn't make it out of St. Paul.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Oh,... I'm sorry to hear that. I understand you two were quite close, that he was your mentor. My condolences on your loss.

JEN

Thank you, Madam President. His death is a great loss for us all.

A brief respectful silence, then...

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Before we begin there's something I'd like you to understand. I have all the military advice I need.

(indicates Baird, her advisors)

But what I lack, what I need from you now, is a better understanding of these creatures. In particular, any weaknesses.

Jen looks at Aaron, the advisors, the President.

JEN

I don't know that there are weaknesses, Madam President. These mutated ants have brought together some unique characteristics that are going to make them nearly impossible to stop.

President Clemens' greatest fears cloud her face.

JEN (CONT'D)

First, as I mentioned before, they're reproducing at an incredible rate. Much faster than a normal life cycle. And a single "normal" queen can lay as many as three hundred million eggs in her lifetime.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

I can't even begin to calculate what one of these queens might do. And this colony most certainly has multiple queens.

SECRETARY BAIRD

How do you know that?

JEN

Dr. Tolan and I were able to identify at least eight different species that the Formicas have incorporated into the colony. Each species will have its own queen.

She pauses. Reorganizes her thoughts.

JEN (CONT'D)

(to the President)

You can't think of them as individual ants. This supercolony is like a single organism. Every one of these millions of ants is working in unison. They move, think, and act as one.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

What if we kill the queens? Will that stop them?

JEN

Probably not. All these ants we're seeing are females. No drones, males, have been sighted. But they must be there. So even if we kill the current queens other non-fertile females will just become fertile and mate with the males.

A heavy pall falls over the room.

JEN (CONT'D)

Are you still reluctant to use the nuclear option?

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Yes, if there's any other way.

JEN

At this point all I can suggest is that you hold them off. Deny them their food source.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

As large as they are, their larvae, which feed only on protein, will place tremendous demands on the colony to provide enough food to sustain them. If you can keep it from them, perhaps the colony will eventually starve itself out.

President Clemens looks to the Secretary of Defense.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Can we do that?

SECRETARY BAIRD

Every available wing and division is now in place. We're fully prepared to stem their advance and launch a full scale counterattack.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Then I suggest we get on with it. We have a country to take back.

INT. NORAD COMMAND - PETERSON AFB - DAY

This isn't the nuclear hardened center under Cheyenne Mountain but it looks just the same.

A dozen computerized and HD screens high on the walls. Upwards of twenty technicians and brass at their stations buried behind walls of electronic equipment and computers.

"WE HAVE THE WATCH" A room-length sign painted on the wall.

President Clemens sits in the catbird seat watching the show, Jen, Aaron, Baird, her advisors and generals all around her.

SECRETARY BAIRD

Madam, President, the B-1s are now in position.

CUT TO:

A B-1 BOMBER IN FLIGHT

PILOT and CO-PILOT looking like bugs themselves with their oversized black visors and oxygen masks.

PILOT

Wing command, we are over target. Proceeding with drop.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Roger that.

PILOT

All right guys... let 'em have it.
BOHICA you ugly bastards!

JEN - IN NORAD COMMAND

Listens to the pilot chatter, turns to Aaron.

JEN

Bohica?

AARON

Bend over, here it comes.

SMASH CUT TO THE B-1 BOMBERS

Dropping their payload...

The ants among their mounds... Bombs detonating all over the place. Ants and nest-tops blown to smithereens. A great cacophony of EXPLOSIONS and SQUEALING ANTS.

INT. B-1 BOMBER - DAY

The co-pilot checks a screen lit up like a Christmas tree - a hundred tiny lights showing objects on radar.

CO-PILOT

Major, multiple bogies! Ground floor!

CUT TO:

A GREAT SWARM OF DRONES

Flying toward the aircraft. The pilot spotting them.

PILOT

God-damn... WATCH-IT!

CO-PILOT

NO!

WHAM!! The plane is slammed by a drone... three more hitting it in the blink of an eye. The plane drops. Loses altitude.

Drones all over it like lions on prey.

It spirals out of sight.

Hits the deck and raises a FIREBALL!

THE WHOLE WING

Now under attack. The SKY FILLED WITH DRONES. Thousands of them. Smashing into bombers. Sacrificing themselves.

The planes FIRING WEAPONS to keep them off. With all the effectiveness of shooting at rain. There's simply too many of them.

Far off, in other parts of the sky, CLOUDS OF DRONES engulf other squadrons. The B-1s come down, one after another crashing to the ground.

THE PRESIDENT

Turns to Jen.

JEN

The drones. The colony's learned how to fight the planes.

CUT TO:

F-15 EAGLES AND A-10 THUNDERBOLTS

Cruising over a landscape in tight formation two hundred feet in the air. They soar over ground forces with a THUNDEROUS ROAR. Men on the ground CHEERING them on.

CUT TO:

AN ANT ARMY

Blanketing a wide open plain. A line of fighters and A-10s approaching inches off the horizon. On top of us in an instant. Bombs and missiles raining down! BLASTING the hell out of the ants!

A SECOND WAVE appears. Sweeps in and... SOARS OVER THE HORDE OF ANTS.

Odontomachus bauri, huge JUMPER ANTS, press their mandibles to the earth. Snap them rapidly and CATAPULT INTO THE AIR!

Flipping end over end up to the level of the planes. Crowding the airspace with their bodies.

The F-15s and A-10s plow into them! BAM! BAM! BAM! Disintegrating the ants. But going down themselves in huge balls of fire and twisted metal.

All over the sky high speed head-ons take down the planes.

THE PRESIDENT

Stares with disbelieving eyes at the ingenuity of the ants. Air Force officers around her SHOUTING COMMANDS.

AD-LIBBED COMMANDS

Pull up!... Get 'em out of there!...
Squadron leader, abort your attack!
Abort!...

THE BATTLEFIELD

Is littered with crashed planes, fires and dead ants. And still more ants keep coming.

A whole section of plain covered by a legion of BULLDOG ANTS.

ECITONS, Army ants, climbing up out of holes.

DRIVER ANTS spread over the ground like roots from a tree.

GOLD PHARAOHS and BLACK FORMICAS merging HUGE BATTALIONS.

From across the plains, over hills and out of the ground, the endless multitude of ants keeps coming.

INT. NORAD - DAY

Jen turns desperately to Aaron.

JEN

I have to go up there!

AARON

Are you out of your mind?

JEN

Look, I belong in this fight. It's the only reason I'm here. Now up there I could see things, learn things and do a helluva' lot more than I can standing here!

Aaron weighs it.

JEN (CONT'D)

Aaron, you can't stop me. If you don't take me. I'll find someone who will!

ON AARON

Faced with an impossible choice.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE WHIRLING BLADES OF A UH-60 BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER

Aaron's team on board. Loaded down with weapons.

Aaron and Jen run up to the chopper in a crouch. Climb in under the DEAFENING DOWNWASH... Styx greeting Jen.

STYX
(over the noise)
C'mon, Doc, you're next to me!

He helps her to a seat and fastens her belt. Ginger gives her an okay sign. Laxalt, a wave.

TURNER
(leans in, smiles)
Hey, Doc. Anybody ever tell you you're crazy.

AARON
Yeah, me!...
(to the pilot)
All right, let's go!

The Blackhawk takes off and heads into the fight.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - GREAT PLAINS

A beautiful day. Blue skies, puffy white clouds, a sprawling windswept plain.

A colorful oriole forages for food in the low grass. Takes to the air and lands on the barrel of an M-1 Abrams tank.

A FRONT LINE of men and weaponry as far as the eye can see. A modern day high noon where a mechanized army of men faces off against a multitude of giant ants.

PAN ALONG THE GRIM FACES OF THE MEN. Their eyes fixed on the wide open plain.

A dark line in the distance. Shimmering like a mirage. A SQUEALING SOUND coming before it, growing louder and LOUDER.

CUT TO:

BACK AREA - ARTILLERY POSITION

An array of howitzers and HIMARS (high mobility artillery), fire-ready rockets and missiles on flatbed trucks.

FRONT LINE

An officer with binoculars spies the enemy...

POV BINOCULARS - THE FRONT LINE OF THE ANTS

The leading edge of an army of black, red and gold ants. The HUGE MAJORS standing out among the swarm.

The officer lowers the binoculars.

OFFICER
(to radioman)
Commence fire.

AN ARRAY OF HOWITZERS

Open fires in rapid succession - BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Heavy shells rain in on the ant position. MASSIVE FIREBALLS pummeling the ants. BLASTING huge cavities among their ranks.

Soldier ants incinerated in the flames. Ripped to shreds by the concussive force.

AN OVERVIEW

Of the tidal wave of ants flooding the plain. Their relentless momentum unaffected by their losses.

ABRAMS TANKS AND ARMORED VEHICLES

Open FIRE! The air charged with the BOOM of tank cannons! The BARK of machine guns... BAP-BAP-BAP-BAP-BAP!

Shells, bullets and tracers fill the space between the lines. A blizzard of hot steel greeting the ants. Engulfing them in a WALL OF FIRE!

Thousands of ants are killed, but as one falls two more take its place. Climbing over the burning bodies, in and out of the craters...

A teeming, SQUEALING juggernaut of ants that closes on the men and smashes into their front line.

The men fight like lions...

Blasting away with weapons.

Firing M72 LAW rockets and RPGs. But the ants overmatch them with speed and ferocity. Whole platoons are torn apart.

Chomped by mandibles. Impaled by stingers.

Ten-foot long EXPLODING ANTS burst out of the ground among the troops. Their swollen bodies pulsating, DETONATING! Formic acid spraying the men, burning holes in the vehicles.

Jumper ants come tumbling out of the sky like six-legged paratroopers. Crash-landing among the troops. CRUSHING THEM. Wreaking havoc.

Massive Bulldog ants barrel into the front line, smashing through it, snapping up men in their long mandibles.

Black Formicas joining them. Shooting geysers of formic acid from their ABDOMEN'S. Showering death among the men.

The tide of mass murder turns against the soldiers, the ants with the upper hand. And unlike their enemy, the men know fear. Many turn and run. Only to be caught and torn apart.

Bradley fighting vehicles and sixty ton tanks attacked. Covered by ants in fractions of a second. Lifted by teams of ants pushing in unison. Flipped over onto horrified soldiers too close behind.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Two squadrons of APACHE and BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS in flight.

INT. BLACKHAWK -

Jen, Aaron and team on troop seating between two window GUNNERS manning mounted M-60 machine guns. Everyone in body armor. All but Jen armed to the teeth.

They fly over the BATTLEFIELD. The bloody chaos. Gunners SPITTING HOT LEAD among the ants.

Suddenly a drone drops out of the sky. Aims right for them.

A gunner pivots. FIRES! Blows it away.

More drones descend among the choppers. Now an air to air combat engagement. Apaches and Blackhawks FIRING at will... machine guns and Hellfire missiles.

Kamikazi drones swooping and diving. Smashing into choppers. Knocking several out of the sky.

AARON AND CREW

Part of the fight. Firing M-4s at incoming drones. When WHAM! A drone slams into the Blackhawk's tail. Explodes like a water-balloon. SEVERING THE REAR ROTOR from the tail.

Jen and Aaron thrown to the floor. A gunner tossed from the chopper. A long fall to his death.

The aircraft spinning. Tilting...

Jen sliding toward an open door. Caught at the last second by Aaron. His one hand holding a seat brace - the other clasping Jen. Dangling. The tumultuous battle two hundred feet below.

Aaron grimaces, fully stretched in a Hercules pull.

Jen hanging on for dear life.

The chopper spinning.

The pilot working frantically to regain control.

Jen holding on desperately with one hand. Reaching with the other. Grabbing Aaron's wrist.

Suddenly another DRONE BARES DOWN ON HER. Closing fast!
Two hundred feet, one hundred... fifty... ten!

BALM! BLAM! BLAM! Ang fires from the chopper floor.
Destroys the ant.

He crawls over to Jen and helps Aaron pull her inside.

BLACKHAWK PILOT

Fighting the descent. Losing. The chopper falling. Wildly!
WHAM! It crashes hard onto the earth. A huge cloud of dirt
thrown into the air.

OUT OF THE DUST CLOUD

Comes Aaron, Jen, Turner, Ang, Ginger and Styx... the pilot
hobbling after them.

They run for their lives, besieged by the din of battle...
BARKING MACHINE-GUNS, BOOMING EXPLOSIONS, WHIRLING CHOPPERS
and the constant EAR-PIERCING SQUEALS OF THE ANTS.

They stagger past a mound. Come face to face with a group
of RED GIANTS.

Laxalt open fires with an M-4. Fights like a man possessed.
Charging the ants. Avenging his husband. Shooting the
bastards from point blank range!

The whole team fighting as one. Forming a circle. Shooting
at ants all around them.

The pilot using his pistol. Suddenly snatched by a Fire
ant. Held upside down and stung in the face. His heads
swells with burning venom. Literally melts before our eyes.

The ant zips away with the body. Out of sight in an instant.

Aaron blows away the last two Fire ants. Waves everyone on.

AARON

This way!

He runs toward an abandoned GROWLER, a dune buggy-like jeep. Stops and shoots an ant.

Turner and Styx cover the rear. Shooting as they run. Styx stumbles. Ants closing in.

Turner runs back. Guards Styx and fires up at the ants.

Styx grabs his weapon. Springs to his feet. Turns to find Turner surrounded by ants, wielding his weapon like a club.

He BASHES IN the head of an ant. Gets seized. Hauled into the air. Torn limb from limb by other ants.

Styx fires a blast. Turns and runs.

Catches up to the others fighting around the Growler. Ginger letting the ants have it. Mowing them down with precise BURSTS aimed at their heads.

She runs out of ammo - reloads. Suddenly grabbed on the arm by a black Formica.

GINGER

AHHH!

The ant drags her across the ground... moves in for the kill.

Ang SEES IT... Fires... CLICK-CLICK! Out of ammo.

He draws his knife. Rushes up. And slices through the arm raising Ginger to the mouth. Ginger falls, SEES...

Ang snatched up in the jaws. Huge mandibles biting his waist.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Ang!

Ang gives her a last look, all his love in his eyes. He pulls out a grenade. Blows himself and the ant to bits.

Aaron makes it to the GROWLER. Leaps on top. Fires in a circle to fend off the ants.

AARON

GET IN!

Laxalt shields Jen into the jeep. Styx right behind them.

Aaron spins the Growler around. Puts it between Ginger and a couple of ants.

Laxalt and Styx gun the ants down. Help Ginger in. And Aaron pulls away.

Drives like a madman between roving ants.

All of a sudden a GIANT MAJOR comes out of nowhere and SNATCHES JEN RIGHT OUT OF HER SEAT!

Aaron throws the Growler into a spin. Looks back and SEES...

The Major racing off with Jen held high overhead.

Aaron slams the gas. Speeds after her.

Racing across the plain. Weaving among the ants. His crew FIRING from all angles at the marauding insects.

THE SPEEDOMETER CLIMBS - HITS 70!

The ant still outpacing them. But then it stops and touches another ant and Aaron closes the distance.

AARON (CONT'D)

Shoot the legs!

Ginger and Styx... Aim. FIRE! HIT THE BULL'S-EYE!

Two legs blown away. The ant drops.

Jen slammed hard to the ground... She grabs a stone. SMASHES a tarsi. Breaks free! And staggers to her feet.

Aaron arriving. Braking. Throwing up a wall of dust. Styx and Ginger riddling the Major with bullets.

Laxalt leaps out. Helps Jen into the jeep.

Aaron spins the Growler. Fishtails away. Drives in a winding path through the ants... Escaping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORAD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A computerized board showing the disposition of U.S. forces. Suddenly the whole board goes BLACK. The other boards and HD televisions go off one by one.

A technician near the door flicks off switches. Pauses and looks around the vacant command center with the big sign on the wall: "WE HAVE THE WATCH".

He flicks a last switch and everything goes dark.

EXT. RUNWAY - PETERSON AFB - NIGHT

Air Force One rises majestically into the night.

INT. GUEST SECTION - AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

Jen and Aaron with Laxalt, Ginger and Styx, all that's left of the crew, sitting in the back of the plane.

Aaron dozes. Comes awake to the sound of someone SOBBING.

Ginger off by herself weeping. Aaron comes and sits beside her. Without a word she leans over and puts her head on his shoulder. Takes comfort from her commander, her friend.

Jen observes this. Turns and looks into the eyes of Styx across from her sitting stone-like under a mantle of grief. No words. Just a moment. Then...

STYX

You know I'll never figure out people.
Turner was one of those good ole
boys cut from the Confederate flag.
His grandfather was a goddamn
Klansman. And he does something
like that.

JEN

Maybe that's the one thing that truly
unites us - we're all unpredictable.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

President Clemens sits alone having a drink. Feet up. Head back. Photos and reports on the table at her feet. She thinks a moment. Presses an intercom on a table beside her.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Donald?

SENIOR AGENT (V.O.)

Yes, Madam President?

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Ask Dr. Jackson to come up here,
will you. I need to speak to her.

SENIOR AGENT (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am.

MOMENTS LATER

A tired Jen settles in across from the President.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

Sorry to call you up here at this
hour. How 'bout a drink?
(reads the bottle)
Thirty-year-old Scotch?

JEN
(wearily)
I'd love one.

The President pours her a glass.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
Tell me something... Jen. Why'd you
become a scientist? What drove you
to pursue your profession?

Jen thinks about, then...

JEN
Curiosity, I guess. I always wanted
to know things, especially about nature.

The President studies her with a gaze. Seeking something
deeper, more intimate.

JEN (CONT'D)
And if I'm honest with myself, a
burning desire to prove 'em all wrong.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
Sounds like a woman I know.

The two women reflect a moment. View one another across a
bridge of common experience.

President Clemens picks up a report.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)
As Commander in Chief of this country
I have at my disposal over five thousand
attack aircraft including drones. And
in one day of fighting these ants
we've lost forty percent of them.
I've had to recall the carrier groups
in order to replenish our planes.

She tosses the report back on the table.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)
We've probably killed a million of
'em and barely made a dent in their
numbers. They're coming up all over
the Midwest.

She looks at Jen with desperation haunting her eyes.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)
How long do we have?

JEN

Not long. At this rate they'll take over North and South America before the year's out. Soon after that the queens will cross the Atlantic. In a few years they'll cover the world. Civilization will end, and any humans left will just be small pockets of populations hiding from the ants.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

So where does that leave us?

JEN

With the unthinkable.

President Clemens holds Jen in her gaze.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Thin silvery clouds scud across the ceiling of a moonlit sky. A beautiful valley below, where through a veil of light and shadow we see a landscape teeming with giant ants.

Wind blows. Sudden silence. Then the GREAT WHITE FLASH of a hydrogen bomb.

The massive fireball turns night into day. Its ROARING EXPLOSION and SUPERSONIC SHOCK WAVE annihilating the ants.

In the distance glowing mushroom clouds rise up through the dark skies all across the countryside.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISH

The familiar residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - SAME

Jen and Aaron sit against a back wall in a room full of reporters. The mood is light, almost celebratory. Casual conversations and pockets of laughter.

JEN

What happens after this?

AARON

Well, if we've killed them all, I'm goin' home.

JEN

I lose my bodyguard?

AARON

Uh-huh. Unless you'd like to be escorted to an Italian restaurant.

JEN

I hate Italian.

AARON

Nobody hates Italian. You're just scared.

JEN

On to me, huh?

AARON

From the start.

Senior Agent walks in and comes over to Jen.

SENIOR AGENT

Dr. Jackson, please come with me.

Jen gives Aaron a "What now?" Look. Gets up and leaves.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY - OVERHEAD SHOT -

The Great Seal of the United States on the floor. The President at a window gazing outside. Jen entering.

ON THE PRESIDENT, stern. Grave. Now seated at her desk with Jen standing before her like a disciplined pupil.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

At this moment my staff is canceling the press briefing. Instead, tonight I will address the entire nation.

Jen's face darkens with a dreadful sense of what's to come.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS (CONT'D)

Our nuclear weapons did not stop them. We killed a great many on the surface and collapsed nests in the softer soils. But it appears the majority of the nests, according to our top geologists, are built deep inside the Mid-Continental Rift which runs from Lake Superior as far down as Oklahoma and Alabama. A sort of natural bomb shelter made of rock.

JEN

(breathes out)

Oh, my God.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

It appears you were right. I'm told if we had gone nuclear earlier, before they reached the rift, we would have destroyed them. I just wanted to tell you that in person. I think I owe you that.

JEN

Madam President, I'm sorry. Perhaps if I would have...

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

No. Please, Doctor Jackson, don't... You gave me the right advice. It was my decision not to listen to you. Mine alone. Let's just leave it at that.

INT. JEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jen sits alone in the dark listening to Dido's "*White Flag*". The President's address on the TV - volume down.

The doorbell RINGS. Jen answers. Aaron in civilian clothes bearing gifts: a take-out dinner.

AARON

Hey. Surprise.

JEN

How'd you know where I lived?

AARON

Military Intelligence is not really an oxymoron.

She opens the door for him to come in.

JEN

Remind me to sue 'em.

Aaron looks around the dark room. Notes the mournful tune.

AARON

That bad, huh?

JEN

Not so bad. I just brought about the end of the world.

AARON

(gently chides her)
All by yourself?

Jen registers the comment's kind intent. Half-smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)

I know it's hardly the right time,
but...

(holds up the food)

... I wanted to have dinner with
you. And the way things are going
tonight's my last chance. I have to
report in the morning. I'm being
reassigned.

There is a moment, a decision at hand.

JEN

This reminds me of a game I used to
play with my girlfriends at our
slumber parties. "What would you do
if it was your last night on Earth?"

AARON

Yeah. And what was that?

Jen moves a little closer.

JEN

Even at sixteen it had nothing to do
with food.

Aaron puts down the take-out and kisses her.

INT. BEDROOM - JEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The morning after. Jen and Aaron asleep. Jen gets up, looks
warmly at Aaron and leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM

She feeds her gerbils. Plops down on the couch with a cup
of coffee and turns on the television.

ON TV - A REPORTER ON ANDREWS AFB

REPORTER

...out West, Salt Lake City and Santa
Fe have been evacuated. Here in the
East, Cincinnati, Frankfort and
Nashville are now overrun. Reserve
forces are forming defensive lines
up and down the east coast...

CLICK. Jen turns it off. Suddenly LOUD MUSIC comes through
the wall... the instrumental lead-in to a song.

Jen looks to the bedroom, to Aaron sleeping.

JEN
 (pissed)
 C'mom, Toby.

She gets off the couch and heads to the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - JEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

She bangs on Toby's door. The MUSIC loud as hell: *"We are family! I go all my sisters with me! We are family! Get up everybody and sing!"*

Toby answers in a wild disco outfit holding a bottle of wine, drunk as a skunk.

TOBY
 (over the music)
 Hey, Jen! Righteous timing! Come
 on in, girl! Join the party!

Jen sees an old disco-attired couple passed out on the couch.

JEN
 Toby, turn it down will ya'! My
 friend's still sleeping!

TOBY
 What the hell for, girl! It's the
 goddamn end of the world!

He spins away groovin' and takes a swig. Jen marches inside and goes straight to the MP3 player.

"We are family! I go all my sisters with me! We are family! Get up everybody and sing!"

Jen reaches to turn it off then suddenly stops and listens. Her wheels turning... a budding idea stirred by the song.

"We are family! I go all my sisters with me! WE ARE FAMILY!"

Suddenly Jen knows! She rushes out past Toby.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Hey, girl, where ya' goin'? Let's
 put this party back on its feet!

CUT TO:

Jen slipping on a jacket. Grabbing her keys. Aaron waking. Catching a glimpse of her going out the door.

EXT. JEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jen comes up from the underground garage on her motorcycle. Ready to enter traffic when Aaron emerges from the building.

AARON

Hey! Where the hell're ya' goin'?
It's total chaos out there!

JEN

To the White House. I have to see
the President!

AARON

Not alone, you're not.
(hops on)
I'm still your bodyguard...
(checks his watch)
For another half hour.

Jen revs the bike and takes off.

EXT. STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Jen winds her way through a city in the grip of an evacuation.

People loading cars. Looting. General panic in the streets.

She weaves through traffic. Finally turns onto PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, the White House coming into view.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Jen waits at the gate in a line of cars. SEES Marine One landing behind the White House.

JEN

She's leaving!

AARON

Go on! Get in there! Hurry!

Jen hops off the bike and sprints toward the guard house.

ON JEN

Running, BREATHING HEAVILY...

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING SCENE WITH JEN

racing through the WHITE HOUSE. Frenetic officials and staff clearing out desks, computer files, etc.

ANDERSON COOPER ON A TELEVISION

In front of an F-14 Tomcat landing.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
 ...President Clemens is expected to
 arrive here on the Nimitz within the
 hour. Secretary of Defense Baird--

REPLAY JEN

- Bursting into the OVAL OFFICE...
- Rushing with Senior Agent onto the SOUTH LAWN.
- President Clemens in MARINE ONE listening to Senior Agent.
- Looking back at Jen with a cold hard stare.

INT. FOYER - SOUTH LAWN - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

President Clemens and Jen step inside, shutting out the
 DEAFENING WHIRL of Marine One.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
 All right, Dr. Jackson, you have
 three minutes. Three! Now what's
 so vitally important?

JEN
 I know now how to stop them. I should
 have seen it before... The solution
 was right in front of our eyes the
 whole time.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
 What solution?

JEN
 These ants, they're not a family,
 they don't really belong together.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
 I'm not following you.

JEN
 Ants don't have any natural enemies...
 except other ants. We can't destroy
 them, but we don't have to. Turn
 them against each other and they'll
 destroy themselves.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS
 (a dawning)
 Start an ant civil war?

JEN

Yes, exactly. And I know just how to do it.

CUT TO:

JEN IN A LAB

Dissecting a dog-size ant...

Filling a hypo with pheromones and holding it up to her eye.

JEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To understand this you first have to know that ants communicate by smell, using chemical compounds called pheromones.

JEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Briefing President Clemens and her cabinet.

JEN (CONT'D)

And that's all that matters to an ant: how you smell. If a centipede smelled right an ant would sit down to dinner with him. Now for generations...

DEEP IN AN ANT NEST

Different species of queens laying eggs.

JEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...the different species of queens in this colony have been held together by a unifying pheromone that they acquire when they hatch; a common smell that makes them part of the colony. The queens create it, maintain it and pass it on to the workers who in turn pass it among themselves.

One worker ant touches another. Who touches a third...

JEN IN THE BRIEFING

JEN (CONT'D)

If we neutralize that odor with another compound, like masking a bad smell with a match, then all hell will break loose.

President Clemens listens to Jen, keenly interested.

JEN (CONT'D)

The queens won't recognize each other and they'll sound the alarm, emitting other pheromones to members of their own species telling them to go on the attack.

She turns to a free-standing display showing pictures of different species of ants within a diagram of a nest.

JEN (CONT'D)

(following the diagram)

That should, like a domino effect, spread throughout the colony and turn all the different species against each other.

A hum of excitement percolates through the room.

SECRETARY BAIRD

That's all well and good, Dr. Jackson, but these queens are in nests deep underground. How can we even reach them without being killed?

Jen holds up a small vile of liquid.

JEN

We cover the team that goes in and all their equipment with this - the unifying pheromone of the colony.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

And after all hell breaks loose? What happens to the team then? Won't the ants turn on them too?

JEN

Yes, Madam President, they most certainly will. This unifying pheromone comes from the original mutated colony, the Formicas. To them we'll be family members. But to every other species in the nest we'll be a threat.

PRESIDENT CLEMENS

We, Jen? Are you planning to go on this mission yourself?

Jen smiles mirthlessly.

JEN

Who else?

The RHYTHMIC WHIRL OF HELICOPTER ROTORS takes us to

A NIGHT SKY OVER WASHINGTON

Where THREE MH-47D CHINOOKS in formation thunder past a brightly lit Capital Dome and Washington Monument.

INT. AFT SECTION - CHINOOK #1 - NIGHT

A blue Subaru WRX STi sits on the loading ramp.

Aaron, Jen, Styx and Ranger #1 sit along side it in jump seats. Combat gear. Head sets. Night vision glasses. All but Jen armed with weapons, grenades, TOW missiles, etc.

Assailed by the constant WHIRL OF THE CHOPPER everyone sits cocooned in their own thoughts, their own fears.

Aaron looks at Jen, a bead of sweat rolling down her cheek.

AARON

Hey. Stick close to me. All right?

Jen nods tersely. Titters nervously.

JEN

My heart's pounding like a drum.

AARON

Nothin' unusual about that.

Aaron tries to get her mind on something else.

AARON (CONT'D)

Aaron-hardt.

JEN

What?

AARON

My nickname. Sometimes they call me Aaron-hardt. Like Earnhardt. Dale Earnhardt the race car driver.

(re: the STi)

I drive these on weekends. For fun. Just thought you'd like to know.

JEN

Gee, thanks. Now I'll sleep nights.

They exchange looks, Jen aware and appreciative of what Aaron was trying to do. She looks at the blue STi.

JEN (CONT'D)

It's pretty... Fast?

AARON

Top speed one-fifty-five. Fast enough
to outrun them?

JEN

We'll see.

Jen looks at a portable spray canister beside the car. Speaks
more from a need to say something than true concern.

JEN (CONT'D)

Did everyone spray themselves down?

AARON

Yeah. And the car. Don't worry.
We got it covered.

Jen smiles nervously at the pun.

STYX

Hey, Colonel. We aren't goin' where
they dropped the nukes, are we?

AARON

No, not even close.

STYX

Says who?

AARON

Army Intelligence. This is a new
nest... miles away.

STYX

Yeah, right, and Agent Orange was
full of vitamins.

A BUZZER SOUNDS and an overhead light TURNS RED.

Aaron puts on a headset. Speaks into the mic.

AARON

Radio check. Red Team, White Team,
do you read?

CUT TO:

CHINOOKS IN FORMATION

GINGER (V.O.)

Copy that, Colonel...

INT. CHINOOK #2

Ginger with Laxalt, Rangers #2 and #3, and a RED STi.

GINGER

Red Team reads you loud and clear.

INT. CHINOOK #3

RANGER CAPTAIN with three more rangers and a WHITE STi.

RANGER CAPTAIN

White Team. Read you five. Over.

RESUME AARON

AARON

All right everyone, mount up.

Aaron gets into the driver's seat of the STi.

Jen up front beside him.

Styx and Ranger #1 place two flamethrower-like sprayers and some rappelling gear in the trunk then get in the car.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

The three Chinooks come in low and fast. Fifty feet over a grass field covered with GIANT ANTS.

A BIG YELLOW ANT rises up and wiggles her antennae at the choppers. Comes down and moves off the other way.

The helicopters land among the ants.

INT. HELICOPTER #1 - SAME

PILOT and CO-PILOT look out at ants all around them. One tickles the windshield with her antenna. Moves away.

PILOT

I'll be damned. Whatever they sprayed on us seems to work.

CO-PILOT

(not the sharpest
pencil in the box)
Probably Raid.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

The ramps of the three Chinooks lower in unison. A moment of quiet expectation then, like bullets from a gun, THREE SUBURU STIS COME FLYING DOWN THE RAMPS.

INT. BLUE STI - SAME

Aaron winds the car among the disinterested ants. Meets a wall of black Formicas and brakes hard.

JEN

Go ahead, just keep goin'. Slowly.

Aaron eases the car through the gang of black ants. Their frightful faces just inches from the windows.

STYX

Mornin' girls. Don't mind us, just passing through.

GINGER

Steers cautiously.

Keeps her RED STi close to Aaron's bumper.

RANGER CAPTAIN

And his team bring up the rear in the WHITE STi.

The three cars clearing the cluster. Speeding up. Weaving between a host of scattered ants.

Headlights reaching into the night. Illuminating a tunnel as wide as a tank at the base of a HILL.

INT. BLUE STI

Jen peers out the windshield.

The entry to the nest getting closer and closer.

JEN

Once we're in, slow down, there will be some vertical tunnels near the entrance.

AARON

Vertical tunnels?

JEN

Holes - tunnels that go down!

Aaron looks over at Jen and smiles.

Jen, nervous as hell, her eyes fixed on the cave entrance like an impending doom.

AARON

You all right?

JEN

No. Ever since I was a girl I've
been terribly claustrophobic.

AARON

Fine time to tell me.

INT. ENTRANCE - NEST - NIGHT

The STIs enter the nest and run smack into a group of Fire ants heading outside.

They come up to the first car. Tap it with antennae and climb over it.

INT. BLUE STI

Jen and Aaron look up at the underbelly of an ant. Bright red in the beams of the lights.

They drive on. Headlights reaching into the dark.

The black maw of the tunnel receding before them. Suddenly an ant appears in the beams. Coming out of a hole in the tunnel floor.... Aaron brakes.

The ant clears the hole. Turns and runs off into the dark.

AARON

(into headset)

All right, everyone, watch out. Got
a hole right in front of us.

Aaron steps on it.

THE BLUE STI LURCHES FORWARD

Banks along the side of the tunnel. Two wheels on the wall. The other two passing along a strip of earth between the hole and tunnel wall.

They clear the hole and come suddenly upon a SHARP INCLINE.

The STIs speed downhill. Banking left and right. Avoiding holes... and ants that appear suddenly out of the dark.

They round a turn and speed into a HUGE CHAMBER filled with THOUSANDS OF ANTS. Several rushing the cars all at once. Antennae twitching.

ON AARON DRIVING

AARON (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

JEN

Easy! They won't do anything! Not unless we hurt them.

Styx is jarred by a Jumper ant suddenly at his window. TAPPING at the glass with her thick mandibles. The monstrous creatures crawling over the cars like any other ant.

Aaron cruises forward. Slowly.

GINGER

Right behind him. Driving among the ants. Doing her best to keep sight of Aaron. Giant insects moving in and out of her high-beams. Obstructing her view of the blue STi.

RANGER CAPTAIN

Stays close to Ginger's bumper. Ants crawling on both cars.

JEN

Peers through a windshield obstructed by ants. Suddenly rolls down her window. Aaron reaches over.

AARON

What are you doin'! Shut that!

STYX

(overlapping)

Hey! What the hell!

JEN

I can't see a damn thing! Now just take it easy. They won't hurt us.

A huge ant comes right up to Jen. She holds up her sleeve. The ant feels her with its tube-like palp then turns away.

Jen hops up into the window. Peers around the dark chamber. Monstrous ants right beside her.

THERE! In the distance... The beams flash on another tunnel.

Jen slips back into the car and rolls up her window.

JEN (CONT'D)

All right, that way!

(points)

There's a big tunnel leading down. It should take us to the nursery.

Aaron turns the wheel.

THE THREE STIS

Move among the ants, heading toward a spotlighted tunnel on the far side of the chamber.

2ND TUNNEL

The STis cruise down the new WIDER TUNNEL. Whatever came through here was really big.

INT. BLUE STI

Jen and Aaron on edge. Eyes wide. Nerves taut as tightropes.

Down, down they go through the dark, like a trek through a haunted house. The SQUEALS of ants echoing around them.

The horrific creatures suddenly appearing out of the dark. Crossing into tunnels branching off at all angles.

Aaron rounds a bend and Jen touches his arm.

JEN

Stop!

Up ahead a huge hole in the tunnel floor.

JEN (CONT'D)

All right, here's where we get out.
That hole will lead to the nursery,
to the queens. See how big it is?

Aaron checks out the hole, it's a least twenty feet across.

AARON

(into his mic)
Okay, heads up, everyone. We're
gettin' out.

SHOTS OF

Weapons cocked... Helmet lights turned on.

Rappelling gear and ropes unloaded.

Attached to the bumper of the lead STi.

JEN

Slips on a pheromone sprayer that resembles a flamethrower. Squirts a blast of yellow liquid against the tunnel wall.

STYX
 (hand over his nose)
 Oh, man! What's in that? It smells
 like hooker's breath!

Aaron shines a light into the giant hole.

A dim floor visible in the spotlight below. A few ants
 crawling up and down the sides.

QUICK SHOTS OF

The ranger team in action: Rappelling ropes lowered. APA-3
 vertical ascenders attached to the lines.

Handheld LED lights turned on.

A grenade fixed to an RPG.

Aaron, Laxalt and Ginger strapping on sprayers.

AARON

In position to rappel into the hole. He looks over at Jen
 ready on another rope.

AARON
 Done this before?

JEN
 Never.

Jen smiles and drops out of sight. Rappels a third of the
 way down in one go... Aaron follows.

INT. QUEEN'S LAIR - NEST - MOMENTS LATER

Nearly everyone gathered at the bottom of the hole.

ONLY RANGERS #1 and #2

Still up top, keeping watch on the cars.

AARON

Leads them all out of the tunnel. The beams of light from
 their headlamps and LEDs shining into the...

QUEEN'S LAIR

An enormous cavern the size of a sports arena. Along the
 walls lie GIANT QUEENS nearly eighty feet long:

A huge BLACK FORMICA off to their right.

To their left... A BULLDOG QUEEN laying eggs.

Beyond her... a FIRE ANT QUEEN buried under workers.

All around the chamber are different species of ants. All the queens amid piles of workers. Who tend them and their TRANSPARENT EGGS - glistening white ovals stacked nearly as high as the ceiling.

Other workers hoist HATCHED PUPA over their heads and carry them off out tunnels on the far side of the chamber.

JEN

Looks around in quiet astonishment. Aaron at her side.

AARON

It's a goddamn factory.

Suddenly a huge Eciton major comes over the ledge at their feet. Antennae twitching.

LAXALT

(raising his M-4)

Look out!

JEN

Don't shoot! She just wants to smell.

The massive ant, her head as big as a washing machine, gets the scent. Turns and goes back down the ledge.

Jen taps Aaron and points.

A FIRE ANT QUEEN lies a hundred yards to their left.

JEN (CONT'D)

Take your group and spray that Fire ant queen first. On your way back, hit that one...

(points to a BULLDOG
QUEEN half as close)

That's all.

She points the other way.

JEN (CONT'D)

We'll get the Driver and Formica.

AARON

What about the other queens?

JEN

It won't matter.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

If we separate four queens from the colony they'll alert their workers. Then all hell will break loose. I don't know how much time you'll have, but I wouldn't stroll.

Aaron looks at Jen more personally. Points a finger.

AARON

Listen, no heroics. All right? Just spray 'em and get the hell out. And don't wait for me.

JEN

(smiles broadly)
That's what I was gonna' say.

She backs away. Turns and engages her group.

JEN (CONT'D)

All right, come on, time to paint some ants.

Jen leads away Laxalt, Ranger Captain and Rangers #3 and #4.

Ginger and Styx come to Aaron's side.

GINGER

You know that woman would make a pretty damn good soldier.

STYX

...And a helluva' fine wife.

Ginger and Styx grin at Aaron.

AARON

All right, cut the crap. Come on.

Aaron leads them and Rangers #5 and #6 off the other way.

JEN

And her group traverse a ledge running along the cavern wall. Avoiding passing ants... One stopping and sniffing with an antenna before moving on.

They pass the first queen - a huge FORMICA just below them.

Head toward the DRIVER QUEEN when a parade of ants suddenly comes speeding along the ledge.

Jen's group darts out of the way. The stream of ants rushing by like a freight train.

Jen shines her light after the passing parade.

Finds the head of the DRIVER QUEEN with the light. The massive creature now only thirty feet away. So big her mandibles reach up higher than the ledge.

JEN
(to Laxalt)
What do you think, close enough?

LAXALT
Absolutely.

JEN
(into her mic)
Aaron? You ready?

AARON

And his group in position on a shelf above the FIRE ANT QUEEN.

AARON
Yeah, all set.

RESUME JEN

Tapping Laxalt, raising her sprayer. Laxalt shoulders his M-4. Draws his sprayer. He and Jen facing the giant queens.

JEN
All right, you big... ugly...
bitches... Here it comes.

Jen and Laxalt fire twin streams of yellow liquid... Splattering the Driver queen.

AARON

And his group do the same. He and Ginger squirting the Fire ant queen. Styx and two rangers ready with weapons.

JEN

Squirts the Driver queen's head with a last blast. Backs up and leads Laxalt, Ranger Captain and Rangers #3 and #4 away.

AARON AND GINGER

Coat the FIRE ANT QUEEN then turn and run.

JEN AND LAXALT

With their group tear along the ledge. Come to a halt over the BIG FORMICA and hit her with the yellow spray.

All of a sudden the DRIVER QUEEN SQUEALS and emits a cloud of fine mist: an alarm pheromone signaling her workers.

Every DRIVER ANT in the chamber springs into action. Suddenly racing around wildly. Launching themselves on passing ants.

Attacking Formicas... Bulldogs... and Fire ants. Any bug at hand except their own species.

AARON'S TEAM

Shoots pheromones on the BULLDOG QUEEN.

The FIRE ANT QUEEN rising in the distance. SQUEALING!... The whole chamber resounding with the SHRIEKS of the endangered queens.

JEN

Surveys the mayhem... All across the chamber floor ants are latching on to each other. Five mobbing one.

GIANT MAJORS battling one another on hind legs...

FIRE ANTS stinging... BULLDOG ANTS tearing away limbs... Huge FORMICA'S spraying formic acid.

A wall-to-wall orgy of rampaging ants across the queens' lair.

JEN

Looks at it all, exhilarated. She turns to her team.

JEN (CONT'D)

All right, let's go! Get outta here!

She and her team run like hell. A massive DRIVER ANT coming after them. Catching Ranger #4. Ripping him apart.

Laxalt spinning. FIRING!... Blowing the ant to pieces! Ranger Captain and Ranger #3 at his side. FIRING at ants.

Machine guns spitting lead. TRACERS lighting the place up like the 4th of July.

Ranger Captain fires an RPG among the ants... BOOM! The FIREBALL throws flames and ant parts across the chamber floor.

Jen's team backs up. Runs... Merges with Aaron's group entering the BIG TUNNEL. Aaron nearly stumbling over Jen. He takes her arm. Cracks a smile.

AARON

Think that'll do it?

Jen looks back at the chaos, flush with excitement.

JEN

Hell, yeah!

They both turn and run.

CUT TO:

THE FINE MIST

Emitted by the DRIVER QUEEN filtering through the air.

Sweeping up on an air current into a tunnel. Dispersing over ants huddled in the dark.

JEN AND AARON

Reach the rappelling ropes. Ranger #6 already halfway up the hole. Riding upward on an APA-3 Powered Ascender. Ranger Captain holding the rope.

RANGER CAPTAIN

(to Jen)

Dr. Jackson! C'mon!

He hooks her to an ascender. Sends her up.

Jen rides up the side of the hole...

Rangers #1 and #2 up top shining a light on Jen and Ranger #6 ascending on the other rope.

Suddenly a BULLDOG MAJOR balloons out of the dark behind the two rangers. Snaps Ranger #1 in half with its jaws.

Grabs Ranger #2 in a tarsal. Lifts him in the air. Another Bulldog pops out of the shadows. Snatches the SCREAMING man and disappears into the dark.

AARON, LAXALT AND STYX

At the base of the rappelling ropes, look up at Jen rising into the dark. Suddenly the SQUEALING and THUDDING OF ANTS comes from behind them. They turn and FIRE!...

Greet a wall of charging ants with a HAIL OF HOT LEAD!

RANGER #6 REACHES THE TOP OF THE HOLE

Only to meet the BULLDOG MAJOR. SNAP!! It severs his head. His body falling past Jen...

She looks up. Headlamp hitting the BULLDOG MAJOR above her.

Jen tries frantically to stop the ascender.

Rising closer to the ant... She fumbles with the controls. Finally hits a button and stops! Ten feet from the ant.

It comes over the edge after her.

And Jen attacks the controls. Tries to go down. HITS THE WRONG BUTTON and moves upward. Closer to the ant!

Jen STOPS. REVERSES! The ant's jaw closing in... OPENING WIDE... BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM!...

Ginger comes zooming up the other rope FIRING her M-4! Blowing the head off the Bulldog ant.

Its body falling. Like a tank...

BAM! Right onto Ranger #4 looking up. Crushing him.

Ginger reaches the top. Open fires on the darkness beyond the cars. DEATH SQUEALS coming at her from out of the spotlighted gloom.

Jen arrives. And Ginger helps her up.

AARON, STYX AND LAXALT

Hold off ants that pour into the tunnel, laying down a wall of WITHERING FIRE!... Dropping the ants into piles.

The three men retreat, FIRING. Turn and run to the ropes. Ranger Captain and Ranger #5, his last man, already ascending.

AARON
(to Laxalt and Styx)
GO! GO!

Styx and Laxalt climb freehand up the ropes. Aaron shooting at the ants. Shouldering his weapon and starting after them.

CUT TO:

THE BACK WHEEL OF AN STI

Spinning in the dirt. Gaining purchase.

Whipping the BLUE STi in a U-turn in the tunnel.

AARON DRIVING

Ginger beside him. Her M-17 aimed out the window. Jen in back. Everyone breathless. Spent from the harrowing flight.

INT. BIG TUNNEL -

The BLUE STi sails through the tunnel. The other two vehicles right on their tail.

STYX AND LAXALT

In the RED STi...

RANGER CAPTAIN

In the WHITE one, Ranger #5 beside him.

All three vehicles racing through the giant nest.

AARON

Driving, laser-focused. Hands tight on the wheel. Suddenly an ant appears in the headlights. Ginger FIRES out the window and drops it.

Aaron whips around the body at top speed. SOARS OVER A HOLE in the tunnel floor!

STYX - IN THE RED STI

Avoids the ant. Makes the jump!

RANGER CAPTAIN

Follows their lead... JUMPS... and SLAMS INTO A HUGE ECITON MAJOR coming up out of the hole. Car and ant crunched in the collision.

The WHITE STi flips. Rolls. And BASHES into the tunnel wall. Brought to a sudden halt in a huge cloud of dust.

Bloody and dazed Ranger Captain looks over at Ranger #5, dead against the dash.

Ranger Captain staggers from the car. Silhouetted in the dust cloud, illuminated by light thrown from the headlights.

Massive shadows APPEAR in the cloud. POUNCE on the Captain. His SCREAM! Takes us to...

THE SCREAMING ENGINE

Of an STi... SPEEDOMETER pegged at 130.

AARON DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN

Toward a ball of light at the end of the tunnel.

EXT. PASTURE - MORNING

The BLUE STi comes flying out of the nest onto the grass field. A red sky in the east, the dawn of another day.

Styx's STi right on his tail - emerging onto a battlefield where TEN THOUSAND ANTS are engaged in furious combat.

INT. BLUE STI - DAY

Aaron steers between the warring ants.

AARON
 (into headset)
 Chariot One! Chariot One! Come in,
 Chariot!

EXT. SKIES AWAY FROM THE ANTS - DAY -

The three Chinooks in flight.

INT. CHINOOK #1

Pilot and co-pilot at the controls.

PILOT
 We read you loud and clear, Colonel.
 We're on our way. Repeat. On our
 way!

THE THREE CHINOOKS

Bank hard and fly in a tilt toward the extraction point.

INT. BLUE STI - DAY

Aaron, Ginger and Jen speed across the battlefield.

Ginger firing out her window at ants.

Suddenly BOOM!... they get hit from behind.

Tackled by a vicious FIRE ANT that has leaped onto the car.

Stabbing with its stinger... Smashing the rear window.
 Shooting formic acid into the cab!

Aaron weaving the car... Fighting for control.

Jen pushing away the stinger... The acid spraying!

Ginger turns to fire. Gets hit on the arm with acid.

She CRIES OUT. Drops her gun.

LAXALT IN THE CAR BEHIND

Shoots out his window trying to kill the FIRE ANT attached to Aaron's car. Styx doing his best to stay on their tail.

AARON

Weaves the BLUE STi wildly. Tries to shake the ant off.

Which clings to the car. Raises its stinger...

SLAMS IT DOWN an inch from Jen's leg.

Jen plants herself flush to the door. The stinger withdrawing.

An opening! That Jen seizes. Jen grabs Ginger's gun off the floor. Flips onto her back and FIRES up at the ant!

Gutting the Fire ant that falls off the car.

THE CHINOOKS

Coming in... JUMPERS ATTACKING! SMASHING ONE HELICOPTER... then suddenly BLASTED AWAY IN MID-AIR by three F-15s joining the fight. Protecting the Chinooks.

The two surviving choppers land among the ants. MACHINE GUNNERS firing madly from open doorways at the insect horde.

THE BLUE AND RED STIS

Speed to the Chinooks. Nearly there. When a DRIVER ANT MAJOR bulldozes into the RED STi and knocks it flying.

AARON

Checks his mirror. SEES THE CRASH...

He spins to a stop before the first Chinook. Its open ramp. A gunner at the rear door WIELDING A MACHINE GUN.

Aaron jumps out. Comes around to Ginger and gets her out of the car, her left arm severely burned. Jen joins him.

AARON

Take her! Get her inside!

Jen ushers Ginger toward the ramp. Into the arms of a crewmen who runs down to greet them.

BOOM! BOOM! Rocket blasts blow the hell out of ants.

The F-15s MAKE ANOTHER PASS... assisting the extraction.

Aaron runs back toward the crashed RED STi. The DRIVER ANT MAJOR atop the car... biting it with her mandibles.

LAXALT AND STYX

Trapped in the car. Weapons out of reach. The ferocious ant ripping the roof to shreds. Exposing the sky.

Aaron charges with his pistol - FIRING! Doing no damage.

The ant attacks Laxalt with its tarsals... who kicks madly with his feet until it catches his ankle and lifts him from the car, SCREAMING!

Aaron runs up and jumps on the ant's huge back FIRING his pistol into its head. BAM! BAM!... WITH NO EFFECT!

The ant swings Laxalt around like a doll. Pulls him toward its mouth... when AARON grabs an antenna, swings down around its neck and FIRES POINT BLANK INTO THE EYE - BAM-BAM-BAM!

The ant drops like a stone.

Aaron goes to Laxalt. Frees him from the tarsals.

Styx crawling out of the demolished STi.

The ant battle raging around them... the SQUEALS and SHRIEKS accompanied by the ROAR OF F-15s soaring past overhead BLASTING MACHINE GUNS to provide cover.

Aaron and Styx lift Laxalt between them and run to a Chinook. The second chopper in the distance overwhelmed with ants.

It tries to take off but it's too heavy...

It CRASHES AND EXPLODES!

JEN TENDS TO GINGER

At the top of the ramp, bracketed by a machine gunner and crewman FIRING AT ANTS.

AARON AND STYX

Race toward the last Chinook with Laxalt between them.

SUDDENLY A MASSIVE BULLDOG QUEEN

Comes out of the tunnel behind them. Hot on their tail. CLOSING...

Machine Gunner spins his weapon toward the GIANT QUEEN. Aims and shoots. CLICK-CLICK! Out of ammo!

A crewmen FIRES his M-17. With no effect on the huge ant.

GINGER SEES THIS

Looks around the cabin... An M72 LAW rocket on the far side.

GINGER
(to Jen, pointing)
Give me the rocket! Hurry!

Jen rushes to the rocket. Brings it to Ginger.

AARON, STYX AND LAXALT

Run desperately for the ramp... Almost there... When Laxalt stumbles. Drops to his knees.

Aaron looks back at the MASSIVE QUEEN closing in, her high-pitched SQUEALING splitting his ears.

AARON
C'mon Larry, RUN!

Laxalt, his ankle bleeding badly, gets to his feet. Hobbles as fast as he can between Aaron and Styx.

The QUEEN ANT gaining on them... a HUNDRED FEET... EIGHTY...

GINGER

Tries to raise the rocket but can't with her burned arm.

THE MASSIVE QUEEN

Getting closer to the men... FIFTY FEET... THIRTY...

JEN

Takes the Law rocket from Ginger.

JEN
How do you work this!

AARON, LAXALT AND STYX

Running for their lives... The giant queen closing fast... TWENTY FEET!... TEN!

She's right over them... Her long jaws reaching, when... WAH-BOOM!! The BULLDOG QUEEN'S head gets blown sky high.

JEN

With Ginger, holds the LAW rocket. A wisp of gray smoke spiraling out the back.

Aaron, Styx and Laxalt stagger up the ramp into the cabin. Chinook crewmen helping them inside.

Jen drops the rocket, helps Aaron with Laxalt. A crewman smacks a button... the ramp door closes.

AND THE LAST CHINOOK

Takes to the air...

F-15s FIRING at ants to provide cover. Escorting the chopper across the plain. Leaving behind a landscape littered with BATTLING ANTS. A CIVIL WAR among the colony well begun.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

The grave majestic face of Lincoln's statue.

Jen gazing up at it with reverence in her eyes. She wanders through a crowd. Pauses and looks at a plaque on the wall.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Words in the last paragraph:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all..."

JEN

Breaks off reading. Scans the crowd.

A diverse group of Americans and foreign tourists: black, white, brown, Asian... a healthy slice of humanity.

A pretty teenager with a Star of David around her neck.

An old woman adorned with an hijab... An Hispanic priest.

A young black couple with a baby, etc.

Jen resumes reading...

CLOSE on the last phrase... *"to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."*

Jen reflects on the wisdom of the words.

CUT TO:

A HUGE ANT - IN FOCUS

Background BLURRED. SHIFT PERSPECTIVE to reveal it as a normal ant crawling over a red and white checkered tablecloth.

A picnic in the PARK in sight of the memorial. A group of families and friends enjoying a warm summer day.

MUSIC. Barbecue. Children at play.

Styx on a blanket with a pretty East Indian woman lying at his side, laughing.

Laxalt and his new boyfriend - one cooking, one coaching.

A very PREGNANT GINGER chatting with a group of women at a table. Her forearm scarred, but healed from the burns.

Aaron sitting against a tree nursing a beer. Watching someone... Jen coming across the grass.

She arrives and stands over him.

JEN

Hi, handsome. Miss me?

Aaron holds out his hand.

AARON

Come here.

Jen sits down with her head resting against Aaron's chest.

AARON (CONT'D)

I was watching you walk over here from a long way off. And you know what I said?

JEN

Nope. Not a clue.

AARON

I said, that woman would make a pretty damn good soldier...

JEN

Oh, yeah?

AARON

And a helluva' fine wife.

The breezy moment turns deeply romantic. Jen turns and looks at Aaron caught completely off guard. In the next moment Jen's answer comes through her eyes. She kisses him, deeply.

STYX (O.S.)

Hey, everybody!

Jen and Aaron turn to Styx standing among the group.

STYX (CONT'D)

Come on! Get over here! It's time
to play!

Aaron stands and offers his hand to Jen.

AARON

Shall we?

JEN

I told you, soldier, I never dance.

AARON

Yeah, I know... but things change.

Jen comes to her feet.

MOMENTS LATER

Everyone in position for musical chairs: Jen and Aaron.
Laxalt and his boyfriend. Ginger, Styx and his girlfriend.

STYX

All right, everyone set? Get ready.

Someone turns on an MP3 player and Sister Sledge's hit disco
song starts to play... *"We are family! I got all my sisters
with me. We are family!"*

Everyone circles the chairs... dancing, laughing, having a
good time.

The MUSIC STOPS and they all scramble for a chair. The
LAUGHTER taken to another level. One guy odd man out.

The MUSIC starts up again and everyone really gets into it.

PULL BACK AND AWAY... leaving everyone playing to the music.

*"We are family! I got all my sisters with me. We are family!
Get up everybody and sing! WE ARE FAMILY! ..."*

THE END