

DUGWAY

Written By

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Based on original story

WGA Registration: 1849764

TEASER

OVER BLACK--

Super: **UTAH DESERT. 1968**

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - NIGHT

At the end of a hallway covered in damage: lights flicker-sparks fly. Debris falls from the ceiling.

Sounds come from behind a metal door. It hangs partially open. There's a small window in it with strange writing across the glass.

JAL'MOND (O.S.)

Aloo?

JAL'MOND (50's, proud, stern faced, human-looking) appears in the window, bloodied and disheveled, strains to look out.

He uses his fingers to pry the door open, and squeezes through the gap. He's dressed in a black military jumpsuit, and has electronic shackles on his wrists.

A GUARD lays on the ground, bleeding, and gasping, wearing similar clothes. Wreckage covers his torso.

Jal'mond bends and comforts him.

JAL'MOND

(Subtitled from alien language)

It's fine. Calm down. Breathe.

He uses the guard's palm to unlock the key-pad on the shackles, and tosses them to the ground.

JAL'MOND

(Subtitled from alien language)

I'm not going back.

He knees the guard's neck, and pulls the man's head. The guard resists, till there's a loud CRUNCH, and his eyes glaze over. Jal'mond touches his forehead in prayer, gives the dead man a moment of silence before leaving.

HIBERNATION ROOM

The room has a hole in the side. It's filling up with dirt and rock. Debris is falling through the breach from outside.

Controls flicker along one wall of the room. Most are broken, some work.

The rest of the room is filled with rows and rows of hibernation pods--hundreds--stacked three tiers high, as far back as can be seen, fading into the darkness of the vast room.

Some pods glow; some are dark--smashed in--occupied by dead.

Jal'mond goes to the control panel and types. A screen comes alive with statistics and an image of a young woman. ZISA (30's) sleeps peacefully, with a regal air about her.

JAL'MOND
(Subtitled from alien language)
Zisa. Good, still alive.

More typing brings up warning messages. He touches them. Some cryo-pods that glow go dark. He continues till only one is left in the far distance.

He takes ladder to the third story of pods, to a walkway that continues down to the last glowing pod.

He stands there, with the light of the pod the only thing illuminating his face. He smiles.

JAL'MOND
(Subtitled from alien language)
For your treachery, you deserve a
traitor's death, like the others.

He caresses the pod window. His eyes rimmed with tears.

JAL'MOND (CONT'D)
(Subtitled from alien language)
My treason is...my treason is that
I cannot give you the judgement you
deserve. My heart won't allow it.

He taps on the glass and walks off into darkness, leaving the cryo-pod the only light in the darkness. His FOOTSTEPS are the only sound heard, other than the groan of the ship under the weight of the crash.

LATER

He makes it to the breach and digs into dirt and rock. He scrapes away dirt, rock, and chunks of broken metal.

A blue-ish RAY OF LIGHT shines through the hole as he digs. It's bright. He shies away and squints, but delights in the fresh air and light. Giggling: he starts digging again.

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JAL'MOND digs to the surface from under a mountain of rubble. The ship lays at the bottom of a desert canyon.

He collapses on the ground outside.

When his breath calms, he looks around. Night covers an arid landscape. Dust-clouds swirl in the air from the crash, and the blue light bathing him is the craft's.

MOMENTS LATER

He climbs out of the canyon to find buildings in the far distance. There's a sign on a fence: DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS.

JAL'MOND

Earth?

He laughs.

JAL'MOND

Earth.

He sees a helicopter fly by in the distance and quickly covers the exposed parts of the ship with dirt and breaks the lights. The canyon is left in darkness.

He walks off in the direction of the buildings and covers his face from the dust in the air.

Out in the night, helicopters fly around, searching for something. The base is on alert.

CUT TO: BLACK

END OF TEASER

START OF ACT 1

OVER BLACK--

DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS. UTAH DESERT. MODERN DAY.

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SGT MAJOR WARNER (40's, built of pure muscle, about as thick as he is tall) and CORPORAL BRENT (mid-20's, slender) drive a lonely stretch of dirt road in a black SUV.

CORPORAL BRENT

I'm telling you: It's Tyree again.

SERGEANT WARNER

Hope not. The roll-out's in two days, I really don't need this crap. I've got other things to do.

CORPORAL BRENT

Maybe you need to stop letting him off so easy.

SERGEANT WARNER

Who called it in anyway?

CORPORAL BRENT

One of those private security guys. Surprised they didn't pick him up, being this far on the base.

SERGEANT WARNER

Surprised they didn't shoot him.

The MPs stop in front of a dirty, roughed up SUV. It's parked in a shallow ditch on the side of the road. The bumper is crunched, and someone sleeps in the backseat.

SERGEANT WARNER (CONT'D)

Damn. You're right.

Warner hands money to Brent, then opens the door and steps out.

At the parked SUV, he bangs on the hood to wake...

...FRANK (30's, tall and built, looks like he could be The Rock's cousin). Bewildered: he squints at the bright day.

His stained and wrinkled clothes look slept in. His hair is long and unkempt, and his face has a couple of days' growth.

FRANK

I'm awake.

SERGEANT WARNER

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

Morning.

SERGEANT WARNER

Actually, it's afternoon.

(Beat)

You look like shit. How long you
been out here this time?

FRANK

Depends. What day is it?

SERGEANT WARNER

Sunday...

FRANK

...damn it!

SERGEANT WARNER

What?

FRANK

Oh, nothing, just something I'm
late for.

SERGEANT WARNER

You should get going then. And
Frank..?

FRANK

...huh?

SERGEANT WARNER

You came close to no man's land
this time.

FRANK

What they going to do? Jail? Hell,
I'm not even sure how I got here.

SERGEANT WARNER

Jail's what we MP's do. Lucky the
private security guys called us.

FRANK

Is that why so many people go
missing from your base?

SERGEANT WARNER
Didn't say that.

FRANK
Never do.

Frank opens the car door.

SERGEANT WARNER
Come back, and I'll kick your ass.

Frank gets out and stands up straight--easily half a foot taller and twice as muscled as Warner.

FRANK
Yeah. Alright, see you around.

He crawls into the front seat and turns on the engine. Warner leans in the driver's window.

SERGEANT WARNER
I mean it, Frank. Go too far on the base, and you won't come out again.

FRANK
Thanks.

Warner watches him leave before walking back to his SUV.

CORPORAL BRENT
Why you keep letting him off easy?

SERGEANT WARNER
Cause this is where his wife died.
(Beat)
Hey, what are the odds he'll get himself killed?

CORPORAL BRENT
Three to one. You want in?

SERGEANT WARNER
Hm.

INT. UFO CONFERENCE - SALT LAKE CITY CONVENTION CENTER

FRANK waits in an access hallway. He wears a suit obviously too small for him. His muscles bulge. They threaten to rip the seams any moment. He looms over everyone, including...

...his best friend, AARON (30's, perma-grin, as if he knows a secret, or is about to get into trouble and like it).

AARON

Looks like they're almost ready.
What the Hell happened to you?
You've been gone for days.

FRANK

Don't remember. Last thing I knew,
we were drinking on the porch, then
I woke up in the car.

AARON

Sounds like one Hell of a bender.

Frank holds a jumble of papers, tries to calm himself.

AARON

Dude, you look nervous. What's up?
I thought you were used to crowds.

FRANK

Kicking ass in front of a crowd is
different.

AARON

Just think of them...

FRANK

...if you say naked, I'm going to
punch you in the head.

AARON

No. I wasn't going to say that.

(Beat)

Yeah, I was totally going to say
that.

FRANK

I know.

AARON

Okay--no--really, just think of
them as part of the background;
focus on one person. Power through
it. You've got Sophia's research.
Now, make them believe.

PANEL HALL

In the room, Aaron walks to the speaker table, waves the
crowd to quiet down, and leans up to the mic.

The crowd is unruly and loud.

AARON

Hey.

(Beat)

Hey! Ya'll shut up now.

The crowd quiets down.

AARON (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming to the conspiracy panel. My name is Aaron Metzger. I know some of you've seen celebrities do YouTube videos on things like the Denver Airport, or the Bilderberg Group.

The microphone echoes. He adjusts it till it stops.

AARON (CONT'D)

Sorry about that... This is one of the biggest celebrities that I've met. By that, I mean he's huge.

Beat. The crowd is quiet. Someone in the room coughs.

AARON (CONT'D)

Really? Nothing?

(Beat)

Fine, ladies and gentleman, I give you: Heavyweight MMA Champ and expert on government conspiracy over at Dugway, Frank Tyree.

The crowd slow claps as Frank takes the stage. Aaron pats him on the back as he leaves. Frank adjusts the microphone, but it can't go high enough. He struggles to speak into it.

FRANK

Hello.

Microphone echoes. He backs off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hi. Thanks. It's my first UFO-Con. It's...interesting, but I guess you came to hear about conspiracies.

The room is silent, except for that one person coughing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can someone turn on the projector?

The rooms darkens.

INSERT

A video plays behind Frank. Not the highest quality.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
January, twenty-fourth. Dugway
Proving Grounds. Some call it the
new Area 51.

The camera shakes as it pans across several dead sheep in a field.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Local farmers report livestock
dying mysteriously. Oddly enough,
this isn't the first mass livestock
death in the area. Reminds some of
the 1968 incident all over again.

Video swings from the sheep to freeze on...

...SOPHIA's face (late 20's, flustered, tired, but determined).

BACK TO SCENE

The lights stay dim. Frank's lit by a lamp.

FRANK
That's my wife, Sophia, back in
2011. A reporter for the Salt Lake
City Tribune.

He holds up a remote.

FRANK
She were working on a story about
government misappropriations. These
videos were her personal notes.

Next video comes on. It has the same shaky camera work.

FRANK
Her focus was on the Dugway Proving
Grounds. This was her asking the
director about what's going on.

INSERT

On the screen, the camera goes in and out of focus as it scans the crowd.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Senator Rance has asked for more
money for Dugway. He's meeting with
the civilian base director. I'll
see if either will comment on it.

Camera presses into the crowd. Among them...DUGWAY DIRECTOR
HAL CLARKE (60's, perfect smile, flawless three-piece suit).

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Senator! Director! Can tell us why
you're pushing for more funding?

HAL
No comment.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
They're replacing military guards
with private security. Does this
have anything to do with either of
you having stakes in the company
that's providing the security?

Another man comes into frame. He can be seen from the
shoulder down, SENATOR RANCE in his well tailored suit.

HAL
Sorry, miss, but we have other
meetings today. Call my office and
we can arrange a meeting tomorrow.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Director, are you making Dugway
into your own private research
facility with government backing?

The crowd stops and looks at her.

HAL
Mrs. Tyree? I assure you, nothing
sinister is going on out at Dugway.

The CAMERA FREEZES on the DIRECTOR.

Behind him, SENATOR RANCE'S FACE. He's the alien from the
crash, JAL'MOND. He looks only slightly older (60's now).
He's well dressed. Blends in with the other business men.

BACK TO SCENE

Someone in the convention crowd gets up and leaves--noisily.
The projector turns off. Lights go on.

FRANK

People want to believe Dugway's the new Area 51, but there's no proof.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

What's in there then? I saw a report about creatures being seen.

FRANK

There could be top secret crafts, propulsion, something, but they wouldn't keep aliens there.

PERSON IN THE CROWD 2

Where'd they keep them then?

FRANK

(Insulted)

Hell if I know. Don't you think it would be too exposed to have aliens on a base everyone watches?

Someone in the crowd from the front row leaves--making a lot of noise as they go.

The crowd grows bored. Uncomfortable. They mess with their bags and chairs.

Frank takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

FRANK

I've looked over my late wife's research, and I believe something's going on at Dugway.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

Thought you said there's no aliens.

FRANK

I didn't say, 'aliens,' but something is going on out there. That last interview was the day before my wife was found dead in the desert outside Dugway, back in two thousand eleven.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

The day of the lock down? Heard it was an Anthrax spill.

FRANK

Exactly. That's what they want you to think, but it's a lie.

PERSON IN THE CROWD 2
What's this have to do with UFOs?

FRANK
Possibly nothing, but that's
besides the point here. Something
is going on out there, and we need
to find out what.

PERSON IN THE CROWD 2
What? Are these civilian security
guards, aliens or something? Maybe
robots guarding alien technology?

FRANK
What if I told you there weren't
UFOs? That they're all human made?

More of the crowd leaves.

PERSON IN CROWD 1
Go back to the MMA. Leave
conspiracies to your wife.

Frank unconsciously smashes the mic in his hand.

FRANK
I said...she's dead.

EVERYBODY leaving FREEZES. Room's quiet as he exits.

AARON
(Loudly to crowd)
Okay, folks!

Aaron walks to the stage and picks up what's left of the
microphone from the table.

AARON
(To himself)
There goes my deposit.
(To crowd)
Thank you, Frank. Thanks to you
guys too! Be sure to come back for
the next panel.

The crowd starts filing out as he talks.

AARON (CONT'D)
Next up--IMPLANTS: how to find and
disable them. Remember, only you
can prevent the alien overlords
from taking control.

INT. NAKED FISH BISTRO - SUSHI BAR - EVENING

FRANK drinks Sake, quietly. AARON tries to cheer him.

The chef delivers a couple of plates of sushi.

AARON

Screw them, man. It's a great conspiracy. I want find out what's going on out there too.

FRANK

Makes two of us.

AARON

How the Hell ain't you drunk? You downed enough to kill an elephant.

Frank takes a shot and grimaces at Aaron.

AARON

This stuff's made from rice?

Aaron holds his chopsticks awkwardly, trying to get sushi.
Frank grabs the sushi with his hands.

AARON

When are you going to take me out there with you?

FRANK

If you tag along, you'll just get me in more trouble.

AARON

When have I ever steered you wrong?

FRANK

Every time.

Frank takes another shot.

AARON

Yeah, but it's fun, isn't it?

Aaron takes a shot. Grimaces.

AARON

What the Hell? Is yours watered down?

A GROUP OF CONVENTION-GOERS come into the restaurant. One of them is THE HECKLER from the conspiracy panel earlier.

PERSON IN CROWD 1
You guys believe that crap?
(Does bad impression of
Frank)
Don't know if it's UFOs.

The man's friends all laugh. Aaron looks back and puts a hand on Frank's shoulder.

AARON
Don't let them get to you.

The group sits at a table nearby, waves over the waiter. They talk among themselves and laugh.

PERSON IN CROWD 1
(Does another impression)
My wife's dead.

The glass in Frank's hand smashes, shards fly. He looks at his hand. There's nothing wrong with it. Grabs another cup.

AARON
(Turns to the group)
Why don't you shut the hell up?

PERSON IN CROWD 1
Sorry, didn't see you guys there.
Are we interrupting your date?

The group laughs, urging him on. Aaron gets up and walks over. Frank stays seated, eating sushi and drinking.

AARON
You're kind of a douche, making fun
of a guy's dead wife.

PERSON IN CROWD 1
It's a free country, ain't it?

AARON
Yeah, and you got the right to get
your ass kicked too.

PERSON IN CROWD 1
Going to take us on by yourself?

AARON
No, I got Frank to back...

Aaron turns to find Frank still at the bar.

AARON (CONT'D)

...me up.
(Beat)
Damn it.

The group laughs as their leader stands up face-to-face with Aaron.

Aaron knees the guy in the crotch and then punches the guy, knocking him to the floor. He gloats over the downed man right before the man's friends jump on him.

Frank sits at the bar, drinking Aaron's glass too.

AARON
Hey, Frank! Frank?

One guy walks up behind Frank and hits him in the back. Frank, unfazed, looks back and casually grabs the man's throat and starts to stand.

INT. LOCAL JAIL - DAY

Cells are crowded. Some men are bruised and bloodied.

They look defeated. At the end of the row, FRANK and AARON sit. Frank's fine. Aaron nurses a bloody nose with toilet paper.

AARON
Could've used that help earlier.

FRANK
You were getting your ass kicked just fine by yourself. You need to grow up. When we were kids, that was one thing, but...

AARON
...that wasn't my fight. It was Sophia's.

FRANK
Sophia's fight is with who ever killed her. I'll find him, and I'll return the favor.

AARON
Shh, not so loud.

FRANK
Just don't know who that is yet.

AARON

Dugway?

FRANK

Someone there knows the truth.

AARON

Hey, you remember that Goshute chick I was dating last week? The one with legs that could squeeze milk out of a coconut...

Frank looks disgusted.

AARON (CONT'D)

Went to the Res north of Dugway. I was on this bad-ass peyote trip with this chick.

Other prisoners lean in to listen.

AARON (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was sitting naked in the girl's living room, tripping my balls off...

Aaron gets animated, using his hands to talk.

AARON (CONT'D)

...her grandmother tells us this story about when she was younger, back in the 60s. She saw something fall from the sky and crash over by White Rock. The dust cloud ended up killing a lot of sheep.

He looks around at the other prisoners.

AARON

(To the other prisoners)
Everybody getting this so far?

The other prisoners pretend they aren't listening.

FRANK

1968 sheep incident. That wasn't a crash; that was nerve gas.

(Beat)

Wait. Her grandmother was there while you were naked?

AARON

That was just a cover story.

FRANK

She wasn't naked, was she?

AARON

(Grossed out)

No. That would be weird. Anyway, Dugway guys came and spouted the whole nerve gas story, but she knew better, and no one listened to her.

FRANK

So, you saying they're covering something up. We knew that, but what is it?

AARON

Some property was taken from farmers and given to Dugway. They said it was national security...

FRANK

...but you think this might be what got Sophia killed.

AARON

Better than the Anthrax story.

FRANK

She wouldn't have done that.

AARON

I know. What if it wasn't a chemical spill? Dugway never posted signs or fences, just guards. They don't want people knowing it exists. What if something crashed?

FRANK

You're thinking aliens again?

AARON

That'd explain it, wouldn't it?

FRANK

Fine, but if this is one of your...

PRISON GUARD comes and unlocks the cell door.

GUARD

Frank, you made bail.

AARON

And me?

GUARD

Nope.

AARON

Frank, not going without me, right?

FRANK

Wouldn't dream of it.

Cell door shuts. Aaron sits back down and looks dejected.

AARON

Yeah, sure.

He looks around at the other prisoners. They stare at him.

AARON

Don't even think it. That big guy's
my friend, and he'll kick your ass.
Warning you; my butt's off limits.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK CLERK - DAY

FRANK stands in front of the DESK CLERK'S window--waiting.
He signs a paper and gets his ziploc bag of personal items.

FRANK

Hey, by the way, who paid my bail?

DESK CLERK

Don't know. Some stiff in a suit.

Frank grabs his stuff and leaves.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY CONVENTION CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A taxi pulls up behind FRANK'S parked SUV. He gets out and
pays the driver with cash.

FRANK

Thanks. Keep the change.

As the taxi leaves, Frank digs for his keys and notices his
driver window is smashed. He opens the door, uses a sleeve
to sweep broken glass off the seat.

FRANK

Damn it. I don't need this.

He gets in and looks around.

FRANK

What kind of thief breaks in and
doesn't steal anything?

Opening the glove compartment, he pulls out a map of Utah. Unfolds it. A HOMELESS MAN comes up, looking nervous.

HOMELESS MAN
Hey...hey...mister.

Frank spooks, ready to punch the man. The guy puts up his hands to calm him down.

FRANK
Sorry, just a little paranoid.

HOMELESS MAN
It's cool. It's cool. Hey, Why you got a map instead of a smartphone?

Frank looks over at the map.

FRANK
I sometimes go places where phones have no signal.
(Beat)
So, there something you need?

HOMELESS MAN
Oh, yeah. I saw the men who done it, the damage. Three of them. Army types, but not Army, paramilitary.

FRANK
And how'd you know that?

HOMELESS MAN
Second Battalion, 87th Infantry, Afghanistan.

There's a moment of silence.

HOMELESS MAN
Thought you needed to know. It wasn't right, them doing this.

FRANK
Thanks.

The homeless guy moves on, leaving Frank alone. Frank watches him as he picks up discarded soda cans.

Frank pulls up.

FRANK
Grabbing something to eat. You wanna come?

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM

The room is dark, covered in dust. Very few lights on. One panel is dimly lit with a...

...RED WARNING LIGHT.

All the cryo-pods are dark, except for one. The dark pods have mummified remains in them.

The one working pod in the distance blinks.

WARNING BUZZER goes off.

The pod door lifts. Cold air floods the area with fog.

A hand grabs the side of the door and forces it open. The person inside is ZISA, left behind by Jal'mond after the crash. Being in suspended animation, she hasn't aged.

She opens her eyes and looks around. Her eyes are blurred, has a hard time seeing anything at first.

ZISA

Aloo?

She crawls from the pod. Falls. Stumbling. Her muscles weak. Laying on the walkway, she vomits. As she does, she sees a body next to her and recoils.

ZISA

Darni?

Her hand to touch the name badge on the corpse.

She rubs her eyes and looks around, sees the other dead.

ZISA

(Subtitled from alien language)
Hello? Someone there? Help!

After regaining composure, she looks around at cryo-chambers filled with dead. She forces herself to stand. Tears rim her eyes, but she lifts her chin up and keeps walking.

She touches other cryo-pods as she passes. They're all dark.

She looks back at her own. The light and buzzer slowly fade, leaving her completely alone in the darkness.

Up ahead, she sees the dim lights of the control panel as they fade, growing darker.

LATER

At the control station, emergency lights show her trying the computers, but nothing works.

ZISA
Nea. Nea. Nea.

PRISON CELLS

She walks through the debris in the hallway, holding a piece of broken metal as a weapon. The emergency lights flicker.

ZISA
Aloo?

At the prison guard's body, she finds dust covered shackles laying next to the corpse. She picks them up, looks into the opened prison cell. It's empty.

ZISA
Jal'mond.

She throws the shackles against the wall and leaves them where they fall. She looks down at the dead guard once more, before she leaves.

CONTROL ROOM

She stands in front of the controls as they grow darker. Finally dying all together. Everything goes black.

In the darkness, sunlight sneaks into the room. It comes through a black plastic sheet used as a doorway in the breach. A tunnel now leads outside.

She opens the door. The sunlight makes her squint.

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - EXIT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside a canyon: the makeshift tunnel sticks out of the canyon wall. ZISA walks out, holding her hand in front of her face, shading it from the harsh desert light.

She walks less than she stumbles, trying to get her muscles to work again.

At the exit, a small dirt path leads away from the ship to roads in the distance. The other side of the canyon has the Dugway base and fences.

ZISA
Earth?

INT. FRANK'S SUV - ON LONG DIRT HIGHWAY - DAY

FRANK drives while looking at his map. The wind from the broken window makes it flap around. He barely stays on the road as he flattens it.

He stops in front of an abandoned shack. The paint is faded, leaving rotted timbers and a partial rock wall.

He sits, switching from looking at his map and looking through binoculars.

FRANK

Damn, Aaron, couldn't you pick a worse place to bring your women?

He gets out and opens the hatch-back of the SUV to pull out a large metal box. He looks at it for a moment.

FRANK

Wonder why they didn't take you.

He opens the box and pulls out a DRONE, placing it on the road. He uses the controller. Sitting on the back bumper, he grabs a water and sends the drone to work.

INSERT

POV: DRONE. Drone flies up and heads down the dirt trails, passing abandoned buildings and various hills.

Hills are covered in trails that crisscross and rocks that jut out of the landscape. The drone follows one of the little trails.

ZISA walks into view. Pale, dirty, covered in scratches and blood.

She spots the drone and crouches down to pick up rocks. She throws them at the drone, hitting it and making it fall.

The video freezes and goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK

Damn it!

He slams the SVU back hatch shut and jumps into the driver seat, driving as fast as he can. He swerves off the road and comes to a stop at the foot of one of the hills.

He gets out and runs up the canyon trail.

LATER - CONTINUOUS

Frank runs the trail, looking frantically. As he runs, he passes GROUND SENSORS that silently blink.

FRANK

Hello?

He continues running.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, can you hear me?

His words echo on canyon walls, but finally he hears her.

ZISA (O.S.)

(Almost whispered)

Hello?

Frank stops in front of the drone that sits on the ground next to Zisa. She lays on the ground panting.

He comes to her and opens the bottle of water, offers it to her. She grabs the bottle, gulps it down, and then vomits it back up. After heaving, she drinks more.

FRANK

You should take it easy. You'll make yourself sick again.

ZISA

Thank you.

She looks around.

ZISA

We're still on Earth?

FRANK

You've had too much sun. Let's get you to the hospital. Is there anybody else out here with you?

ZISA

No. They're all dead.

FRANK

Where are they?

She caresses his neck. He removes her hand.

ZISA

You have one already, don't you?

FRANK

Seriously, we really need to get
you to a doctor.

He picks up the drone and helps Zisa stand. She no longer
pants, gains some strength back.

She stops, looks around.

ZISA

Someone's coming. We have to hide.

FRANK

We have to get you to the hospital
and call the...

GUARD 1 (O.S.)

...down on the ground, now!

Frank slowly puts the drone down, lets Zisa go.

He turns around to find...

...a GUARD wearing desert fatigues. No patches. No lettering
sewn on them. Private security, not military.

FRANK

This girl needs medical...

GUARD 1

...shut up and keep those hands up!

(To earpiece)

Parameter to base, found two
unknowns near the Skull Valley
site. Advise.

Zisa runs away, ducks back into the tunnel.

The guard aims his rifle at her. Frank grabs him, smashes
the rifle into the rocks jutting out one side of the trail.

The rifle FIRES, narrowly missing Zisa's vanishing form.

Frank swings the guard around, wrestling the rifle away.

On the other side of the trail, there's a cliff. The guard
slips off. Frank reaches for him, but the guard vanishes.

Frank looks over, sees the guard lying at the bottom...

...and then he stands back up and looks up at Frank.

FRANK

That's one tough son of...

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANK enters the dark room, illuminated by the light from the doorway. He looks up, sees the ship and all the dead.

FRANK
What the fu...

ZISA
...how long has it been?

She says it from the darkness. Frank takes a moment before he understands the question, lets his eyes adjust.

FRANK
Wait. You're not human, are you?
When--when did you get here?

ZISA
We arrived in 1968. How long have I
been asleep?

FRANK
A long time. Are you the only one
to survive?

ZISA
Our prisoner. He escaped. Everyone
else is dead.

FRANK
We need to get you somewhere safe,
and figure out what to do. That
guard I fought'll be back.

She reaches up, touches his neck again.

ZISA
More come. They're following you.

As he is about to speak...

...a FLASHBANG GRENADE goes off in the doorway. Frank pulls her into hiding among the dark cryo-pods.

TWO GUARDS burst in through the doorway. One is the same guard as before. His face is torn from the fall off the cliff. Underneath his skin, a ROBOTIC FACE.

Frank grabs a piece of broken metal and runs the guard through the mid-section. The guard's gun swings wide, shooting the other guard. The other guard is UNFAZED.

He aims his rifle at Frank, but Zisa hits it with a pipe, knocking the rifle out of the guard's hands. He pulls a taser out and tases Frank. Frank drops, seizing and yelling.

FRANK

(To Zisa)

Run!

The guard fighting Frank uses the distraction to taser Frank as well. Frank looks up as the guard brings the butt of the rifle down his face. Frank hears Zisa...

ZISA

(Calmly)

Stop.

CUT TO: BLACK

END OF ACT 1

START OF ACT 2

INT. SALT LAKE CITY - BALLROOM - DAY

Groups of WELL DRESSED PEOPLE sit around tables, having dinner while watching SENATOR RANCE. He is mesmerizing in his delivery. Charming, like a snake hypnotizing its prey. His speech flows with passion.

The women are in gowns--the men in black-tie.

Well dressed wait staff run between the tables, refilling glasses, removing finished plates, and bringing desserts.

SENATOR RANCE

In two days, we begin the official roll-out of the new implant system.

Senator Rance sips from his wine glass.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

These implants can bring sight to the blind, connecting nerve tissue to digital cameras. Not only enhancing a person's life.

He has a slip of a smile.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

We're bringing sight and light to an otherwise dark existence. Implants that heal, so they can see as they're suppose to.

The crowd stands up and claps. He leans into the microphone.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

LATER

Senator Rance stands by the door as the ballroom lets out. People stop and say their good-byes as they leave. The DUGWAY DIRECTOR, HAL, stands next to him.

SENATOR RANCE

Thanks for coming

MISTER ANDERSON (40's, all business) and his son, JUSTIN (20's, reluctantly in business attire) walk up to shake Rance's hand. The son is pale with dark rings around his eyes, looks like he wants to be anywhere but there.

MISTER ANDERSON

Senator, I'm glad you have time to meet with me. This is my son that I told you about, Justin.

SENATOR RANCE

Justin, it's a pleasure. I heard so much about you, such a smart young man with the potential to take over your father's business someday.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I guess.

SENATOR RANCE

Are you folks hungry? I find that they don't serve enough food at these things. I have a suite at the Marriott next door. Do you mind?

MISTER ANDERSON

I could go for a digestif.

SENATOR RANCE

(To the director)

Hal, order some sushi from that bistro around the corner, and have them send over some sake as well.

(To Mr Anderson)

Shall we?

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

RANCE, HAL, MISTER ANDERSON, and JUSTIN walk through the hotel hallway, followed by Rance's ENTOURAGE of SECURITY.

SENATOR RANCE

That's why I've worked on bringing the price down.

MISTER ANDERSON

That would be a good way of getting them into the South American market, but you might want to R&D some other applications to hit a variety for market saturation.

SENATOR RANCE

I've had my scientists work on being able to cure more than just blindness and paralysis. We had two experiments where it's cured M.S.

MISTER ANDERSON

That's amazing. Why didn't you bring this up in your speech?

SENATOR RANCE

It's still a work in progress. We're thinking we could bring down the price point. They could be implanted in undamaged people, and activate in case of injury. I've already talked with DARPA about possible military applications.

MISTER ANDERSON

That sounds a lot like a super-soldier fantasy.

SENATOR RANCE

No... No... It's nowhere near that advanced.

HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Rance uses his keycard to open the suite door.

The room is large and luxurious.

MISTER ANDERSON

And the matter we discussed on the phone?

SENATOR RANCE

Yes. It could help those families suffering from drug problems.

Justin stops. Hal locks the door after everyone is inside.

JUSTIN

Wait. What the Hell did you tell him?

Two guards come up behind him and grab his arms.

MISTER ANDERSON

How sure are you of this implant helping drug addiction?

SENATOR RANCE

The effects are immediate. The cravings will be gone by the end of day, if not sooner. No need to worry.

Mister Anderson turns to his son.

MISTER ANDERSON
Sorry, son. It's for your own good.

JUSTIN
You don't have to do this.
(To the guards)
Don't you freaking touch me! Let me
go!

Justin struggles and slugs one of the guards, but the guard doesn't flinch. He grabs the kid and shoves him down on the couch. He twists the kid's arm and putts a knee in his back.

MISTER ANDERSON
You left us no choice. We tried
counselling. Rehab. None worked.

JUSTIN
Get off me! Get off!

The guard puts a hand over the kid's mouth to quiet him.

MISTER ANDERSON
Hey, I thought you said your
scientists were meeting you.

SENATOR RANCE
Oh, that? We don't need the
scientists to get involved. Hal
here can administer the implant.

Hal opens a briefcase, pulls out what looks like a gun with a glass cylinder on top and a needle on the front.

He jams the needle into Justin's neck. It expands. It creates a dime-sized hole in the young man's neck.

Something shoots out the end of the gun and into his neck.

His screams are muffled by the guard's hand as the IMPLANT sinks into Justin's neck. The flesh knits back together-- looks like nothing ever happened.

Justin calms down and starts breathing regular again.

MISTER ANDERSON
Son? You okay? Speak to me.

The guards let him go. He stands and stares blankly at his father.

JUSTIN

Huh. Yeah, I'm fine. It doesn't hurt. In fact, I feel better than I have in a long time.

Rance rolls up Justin's sleeves. There are injection marks up and down his arm. They melt away. Healing over.

SENATOR RANCE

As promised, and thus delivered.

There's a knock at the door.

SENATOR RANCE

That would be the sushi.

The guards let in an ASIAN MAN (20's) with bags of food. He ignores the awkwardness in the room, takes the food out of the bags, places it on the living room table.

Mister Anderson stands examining his son.

MISTER ANDERSON

This is amazing. With this product...

SENATOR RANCE

...Mister Anderson, I believe you wanted a digestif.

The security guards grab Mister Anderson.

MISTER ANDERSON

What are you doing?

SENATOR RANCE

We cured your son. It's your turn.

MISTER ANDERSON

Let me go! Nothing's wrong with me!

The guards push Mister Anderson down.

MISTER ANDERSON

Stop, please! Stop!

Rance sits down and pours sake into two cups. He pushes one across the table and nods at Mister Anderson.

SENATOR RANCE

Yours'll have to wait, I'm afraid.

MISTER ANDERSON

Justin, help!

JUSTIN

I am helping, just like you helped me. You'll feel better; I promise.

MISTER ANDERSON

(To the delivery boy)

Hey, you! What's your name? Help me, please. I'll pay you anything-- anything you want if you help.

The delivery boy looks to Rance.

DELIVERY BOY

Anything else, Mister Rance?

SENATOR RANCE

No, but thank you. Tell Hosato, he outdid himself to get this here so quickly. Oh, and I heard about the restaurant being damaged by ruffians. Hope things get better.

DELIVERY BOY

Thank you, Mister Rance.

MISTER ANDERSON

Wait! Rance, I'll do what you want!

Rance sets down his sake, bends down to speak in Mister Anderson's ear. He tussles the man's hair and smiles.

SENATOR RANCE

I know.

LATER

Hal cleans the gun. He stops and looks out the window.

HAL

Sir, there's a problem.

RANCE

Everything's a problem with you. What now?

HAL

Proximity alarms at Skull Valley.

Rance sets his drink down and looks over at Hal.

SENATOR RANCE

Well, what are you waiting for? Go get the helicopter ready.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

The helicopter lands. RANCE and HAL step out. SECURITY GUARDS circle them, awaiting orders.

Black SUVs and helicopters search the area.

SENATOR RANCE
I thought we had men out here.

HAL
We did, a two man team...

SENATOR RANCE
...and someone got past them? Find them and bring me the video.

HAL
Right away.

Hal looks around the desert landscape and points down a trail.

HAL
I have a signal coming from that direction. Possibly the black-site.

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RANCE walks the old spaceship, touching the cryo-pods, picking at the dust with his fingers, and using a kerchief to wipe his hands.

The only light comes from the doorway.

HAL and SOME GUARDS examine the DAMAGED GUARDS that lay next to the doorway. Rance ignores them. He climbs the ladder to the third row of pods.

LATER

He finds ZISA'S EMPTY CRYO-CHAMBER.

SENATOR RANCE
(Exhales)
Damn it...

The PILOT enters as Rance climbs back down.

PILOT
Senator? Mister Hal? Anybody here?

He stops as he sees Hal and the damaged guards. He looks up to see Rance climbing back down the ladder.

PILOT
...what the Hell?

He stops and gapes openly at the alien technology.

SENATOR RANCE
What is it, Brad?

PILOT
Sorry, sir, but what's all this?

SENATOR RANCE
It's an alien spacecraft, Brad.

PILOT
Wow. We have to tell people about
this! This is going to be huge.

SENATOR RANCE
Actually, Brad, it's been here for
awhile. I've been using parts from
it to build an army to retake my
home planet...

PILOT
...but why haven't you told anyone?
(Beat)
Wait. What? Home planet?

Rance walks up to the pilot, puts his arm around him.

SENATOR RANCE
Brad, you're new to my team, right?

PILOT
Yes, sir.

SENATOR RANCE
(To Hal)
He hasn't got an implant yet?

HAL
No. It's planned for next week...

SENATOR RANCE
...too bad.

Rance grabs the pilot's neck and chokes him.

SENATOR RANCE
Sorry, I really am, but I just
can't risk you telling anyone.

The pilot struggles, but Rance is too strong. The pilot turns red, stops his struggling, and calms down. He closes his eyes and goes limp.

The guards and Hal watch--quietly--patiently.

Rance lets the pilot slump to the floor and uses leverage to snap the man's neck, then lets him drop--forgotten.

Taking deep breath, Rance uses his handkerchief to wipe his hands, leaving it on the pilot's body as he walks away.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Hal)

What have you got for me?

Hal connects a tablet to one of the damaged guards, with a very long cable.

HAL

A mess. There's damage to his memory boards. We will be lucky to get any video from either of them.

SENATOR RANCE

Why didn't they capture the person? Are they operational?

HAL

Programming.

SENATOR RANCE

What do you mean, programming? I programmed them myself. There's nothing wrong with their code. It's perfect.

HAL

They received new instructions. I can find the code they used to...

SENATOR RANCE

...figure that out back at the base. Show me the video first.

INSERT

A video runs on the tablet screen in the POV of one of the guards. It shows the fight between the guards and Frank.

Video shows Zisa telling the guards to stop, and they do.

BACK TO SCENE

HAL

The guards responded to her.

Rance grabs the tablet. He moves away, staring at the video.

HAL

Do you know her?

SENATOR RANCE

Send this footage to the base.

HAL

Right away.

Rance makes a phone call.

SENATOR RANCE

There's a problem. Tyree was at the black site.

(Beat)

Yes, I can see you lost him. Where is he? He has someone with him, someone important.

Rance watches Hal pick up a damaged guard, with ease, and starts to walk off. Rance stops him.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Hal)

You do know how to fly a helicopter, right?

Beat. Hal's face goes blank, then he turns to look at Rance.

HAL

I do now.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Hal)

Well, what are you waiting for? Do I need to tell you how to do everything? Go get it started.

(Beat. To the phone)

I thought he was handled. You were suppose to follow him after his release--not let him traipse about.

(Beat)

So, you have no idea where he's at? You at least know where his car is? Good. We might still be able to salvage this.

Beat.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

(To the phone)

And remember, there better not be any damage to the girl.

He hangs up and looks down at the other damaged guard.

SENATOR RANCE

(To other guards)

What are you waiting for? I'm not carrying it to the helicopter.

He walks away, leaving the guards in the dark ship.

INT. FRANK'S SUV - ON LONG DIRT HIGHWAY - DAY

FRANK'S in the passenger seat. He startles awake and looks around wide-eyed. He sees ZISA driving, relaxes.

FRANK

How long was I out?

ZISA

An hour. I think. Still a little groggy from my sleep.

FRANK

An hour? How'd we get away from those guards?

She starts to say something, but stops and just keeps driving. Frank sets up and looks around, leaning up to look at her from the side.

FRANK

Not going to answer that? Then, how about: where are we?

ZISA

Don't know. We need to find a place to hide and think of a plan. I just picked a direction and drove.

FRANK

Well, you could turn the car around or let me drive, cause you're going heading south. That's the wrong direction. I know a place where we can get some eats and hide till we know what to do.

INT. FRANK'S SUV - MIDDLE OF SALT LAKE CITY - LATER

FRANK drives. ZISA watches the world around them. She has her face pressed against the window, wide-eyed.

ZISA
It's so different than I remember.

FRANK
I bet.

She sees something in the distance, points to it.

ZISA
What's that?

FRANK
That's the old swap meet and drive-in.

ZISA
Do they have food there?

FRANK
Think so.

INT. DRIVE-IN - SWAP MEET - LATER

FRANK watches the vendors as they walk around. ZISA is beside him. She carries a large drink, popcorn, a couple of burgers, and candy.

She stops, looks up at a vendor selling E.T. shirts.

ZISA
What's this?

FRANK
It's a t-shirt...

ZISA
I know what a shirt is, but what's that pictured on the front?

FRANK
It's from a story about an alien finding a way back home, and a kid overcoming his fears to help him.

ZISA
So, there are a lot of aliens on Earth now?

FRANK

Don't know. I've never really believed in them myself. It's just something people tell each other to feel like they're not alone in the universe, you know?

She just stares at him questionly.

FRANK

Well, except for now that I know that, you know, that you exist. Maybe not such a fairy tale.

He walks off. She follows, eating. She looks down at her torn and dirty clothes.

They don't walk very far before Frank stops. Zisa almost runs into his back.

Across the open area of the swap meet, three paramilitary guards appear, walking the crowd. Looking for someone.

ZISA

They're here for us.

FRANK

Yeah, thanks. Kind of figured that. Come on.

They hide in one of the booths. Same one as the E.T. shirt. Frank grabs the shirt and hands it to Zisa.

FRANK

(To the booth owner)

Where can she try this on?

The BOOTH OWNER (50's, bald, fat, wears a porn-stash. Looks a little too much like Ron Jeremy) stands up from his chair and looks up and down at Frank and Zisa. He's in the middle of eating a sandwich.

BOOTH OWNER

What do I look like? Macy's? I have a booth, no dressing rooms.

Beat.

BOOTH OWNER (CONT'D)

But, if the lady wants to disrobe right here, I promise not to kick her out. You know, cause I'm in to that kind of thing.

Paramilitary guards come closer. Booth owner notices.

BOOTH OWNER

Tell you what, ten dollars for the shirt, another ten and I'll let you hide under my display table. And I promise not to, you know, do anything lewd while your down here.

ZISA

Deal.

Zisa hides under the table, and Frank follows. It's covered in various clothes and a giant black table cloth.

The owner loudly clears his throat and holds his hand out.

FRANK (O.S.)

(Whispers)

You take cards?

BOOTH OWNER

Yep.

Frank's credit card appears from under the table. The booth owner grabs it, rings it up, all while he finishes eating a sandwich.

BOOTH OWNER

Need a receipt?

FRANK (O.S.)

(Whispers)

Nope.

Three guards walk by the booth.

GUARD

(To his ear-piece)

No sign of them, sir.

(Beat)

We'll check again, sir. His car's still here, and the tracking is on. He can't escape us for long.

Guards walk away.

Booth owner knocks on the table. Frank and Zisa come out.

BOOTH OWNER

There's an emergency exit behind the booth next to mine. I'd advise you to not take your car, when you leave.

FRANK

Thanks. You know, you're not as horrible a person as I thought.

BOOTH OWNER

Thanks. I was kept up at night wonder if I was or not, but you cleared it up for me.

Zisa kisses him on the cheek before she leaves, and Frank just nods and follows her.

BOOTH OWNER

Pleasure doing business with you.

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Zisa go to the edge of parking lot and hold back around the corner, watching the cars.

ZISA

What are we doing?

FRANK

Over there. Another guard, over by the cars. He's watching my car. Damn it. We're going to have find another way.

ZISA

If they're tracking your car, we should take another one.

FRANK

Don't know about you, but I'm not very good at stealing a car.

ZISA

Most of these are new. We just need to find one that's...

She points to an older car, a sixties model Charger.

ZISA

...a little bit older.

They crouch down as they hurry to the Charger.

At the car, she tries the door, but it's locked. Frank tries the passenger side, but it's locked as well.

FRANK

You sure you can do this without the keys?

ZISA

If you can get me in there.

Frank uses his elbow and smashes the driver window. Zisa unlocks the door and climbs in and proceeds to hot-wire.

The noise from the breaking glass alerts people around the parking lot, including the guard. He calls in on his walkie-talkie and heads over.

FRANK

Hurry.

The car starts up. The guard runs towards them.

Frank jumps in, and Zisa backs the car out of the parking spot. When the guard gets in front the car, she drives into him, making him roll across the hood and off to the side.

After they leave, the guard stands back up.

EXT. MESSY TRAILER - NIGHT

The Charger pulls up the road and parks outside of Aaron's trailer. It sits in a desert canyon, far away from the Salt Lake city limits, which can be seen over the hills in the distance.

FRANK and ZISA get out and make their way to the front door, but AARON, dressed in red briefs, an open bathrobe, and fuzzy pink slippers, answers the door before they reach it.

AARON

Man, where the Hell did you go? You went out there, didn't you? I asked you not to go without me. Dude, you're such a dick sometimes.

(Beat. To Zisa)

Hi. My name's Aaron. Glad to meet you--don't mind the mess, and by mess, I mean me.

Aaron holds up a finger and looks out at the car.

AARON

(Back to Frank)

Why are you driving that car? What happened to yours?

FRANK

Kind of stole that one. My car's being tracked.

AARON

I'm so proud of you, your first Grand Theft Auto. But, Dude, you got to get rid of that thing like by tomorrow morning. I don't need authority figures to come around busting up my shit.

(Beat)

Wait. Did you say your car's being tracked?

INT. MESSY TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A room covered in dirty dishes. Boxes of papers stacked on counters, covering old furniture. Hard to navigate.

AARON ties his robe as they come in the door.

He quickly grabs some of the trash from the table and realizes the stupidity of it and throws it on the ground.

He searches cabinets, pulling out mismatched coffee cups.

AARON

Hey, you guys want some coffee?
Yeah, you probably do. Let me make some for you.

One coffee cup has the Rock's picture on it. Another an anime girl cup. Then there's a Star Wars cup, with a chip missing.

He rummages through another cabinet, pulls out coffee.

AARON

Still pissed at you though.

He brings the coffee and cups to a coffee maker, while FRANK and ZISA sit at a table covered in paper and pictures.

AARON

You know, I can take care of myself...and by the way, thanks for leaving me in that jail cell all alone. You know I don't do well in institutions.

FRANK

It was safer than where I was.

AARON

Oh really? Because of you, apparently, I'm now unofficially married to a guy named Big Mike. He says he's coming by tomorrow to set up our gift registry at Walmart.

(Beat)

I mean look at this place! Does it look like I'm ready to settle down?

FRANK

You're in your honeymoon phase. The shock will wear off soon.

AARON

Ha...ha...ha...

ZISA

You would've been hurt too, like Frank was.

AARON

Too?

ZISA

Frank was hurt.

FRANK

Got into a scuffle with some guards.

AARON

You don't look hurt. There's not even a scratch or bruise. What? Do you heal fast now?

Beat. Zisa looks Frank.

ZISA

You're right. I hadn't thought about it.

Aaron pours coffee and hands out the cups.

Frank gets the Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson cup. Zisa gets the Star Wars cup, and Aaron keeps the anime girl cup.

AARON

(To Frank)

Okay. Can I at least know who this is?

ZISA

Zisa, and I can answer for myself. If you want to know about me, you can just ask.

AARON

Gesundheit. What kind of name is that? Swedish or something?

Frank sips at his coffee.

FRANK

(Flat)

She's an alien.

Frank continues to drink his coffee.

AARON

You're just messing with me now.

Zisa drinks the coffee and flinches from how hot it is, making her blink her eyes rapidly. When she does, there is a third eyelid, a semi-transparent one similar to a reptiles.

They slowly recede, making her look normal once again.

Aaron stares.

FRANK

Yeah, there's that, and she has a ship. Saw it myself.

AARON

What? No freaking way. Why didn't you mention that earlier? I knew it. Damn it, Frank. I knew it.

FRANK

Everybody's right at least once in their life.

AARON

You can't make fun of me anymore. Oh, wait a minute: I have to smoke my congratulatory pipe.

Aaron runs out of the room.

FRANK
(Yells after Aaron)
Yeah, I can.

Aaron comes back into the room, trying to look distinguished in his robe, pink slippers, and puffing away on a bubble-pipe.

ZISA
Aren't you over-reacting?

AARON
(To Zisa)
Ha. No. You don't understand.
You're not from around here. I've
spent all my life--okay, most it--
chasing after truth about the alien
menace.
(Beat)
No offence, this was before I knew
you.

She shrugs at him.

AARON (CONT'D)
So...
(Beat)
...why are you here?

ZISA
Trying to find a criminal. He
escaped to Earth. We...
(Awkward beat.)
...my crew and I, we followed him
here, found his ship, and spent
years tracking him down.

AARON
What he do?

ZISA
He enslaved my planet. He always
said that it was for the good of
the people, but I saw it first
hand. My people had devices
implanted in their necks. We called
them Lagons. They allowed
communication between people's
thoughts and machines.

AARON

Yes, implants. We know about implants here at Casa de Aaron. We don't know much about detecting them or removing them, but there are theories...

FRANK

...Aaron, shut up, and let her talk.

ZISA

So, the scientist that came up with this device ending up being very popular with the people. They made him our ruler. He was well liked, and the devices were implanted in almost everyone. Crime was down. War ended. Even illnesses were down. The implants were modified to help the immune system fight off infections too.

FRANK

How is this criminal tied in?

ZISA

The scientist, Jal'mond, his implants, everything seemed perfect, but for the people that had refused to be chipped.

(Beat)

There was a protest against the chip in front of the royal residence, and it lasted moments, before ordinary people stopped what they were doing and attacked the protesters, killing all of them.

AARON

What the fu... Dude, were they just having a bad day or something?

ZISA

No. Jal'mond used the implants to turn the people on the protesters. The royal family had different implants. His wife and daughter found out what he was doing, and used their implants to free most of the people.

AARON

Most?

ZISA

Some people didn't want to be free. They liked the perfect society that had been given to them by the implant.

(Beat)

It started a civil war. And after he was deposed, he escaped to here, where my crew found him, but my ship crashed as we were leaving.

AARON

How'd you know he came here; I mean, to this world?

ZISA

Because, he's not the first of our people to come here.

AARON

Boom! One more conspiracy proved.

FRANK

Promise, we'll find this guy.

AARON

Frank, what about Dugway?

FRANK

(Pained)

It might have to wait.

AARON

Wow. Never thought I'd hear that.

FRANK

Never thought I'd say it.

ZISA

What's Dugway?

She sets the coffee down, starts leaning. Her eyes look tired. Her head droops a little. She uses her hand to hold it up.

FRANK

Not important. What is important is that we'll help you find him.

AARON

Yeah, can't have ass-holes from other planets running free here. We have enough of our own.

ZISA

Thank you. Thank you both. I don't want to see your world end up like mine, and I know he's already using his technology here.

AARON

Don't thank us yet. You haven't seen how incompetent we are.

FRANK

You've seen his technology? Are those guards from your world?

ZISA

No. I'm afraid those are something very different. Something new.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Aaron walks into the living room and scrapes papers, boxes, and food wrappers off of the couch. He pats the cushions and dust billows up, making him cough.

AARON

I can't believe she fell asleep at the table. She was even drinking coffee.

Frank comes in carrying a sleeping Zisa.

FRANK

She's been through a lot today.

He lays her on the couch, and Aaron goes into another room and tosses a blanket at Frank before grabbing his cup and a bottle and heading outside.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT - LATER

AARON sits outside on the porch, watching a small fire-pit burn away. He sips on his coffee, but there's a bottle of Jack sitting on the porch next to his chair.

FRANK comes out of the trailer with his coffee. He looks at Aaron, sighs, and makes his way to a chair next to Aaron.

AARON

You know, I realized something: she doesn't have a sense of humor either. Something weird about a girl that doesn't laugh at jokes.

FRANK

(Flat)

Shh. Or, your jokes aren't funny.

AARON

Wow. Really? I just realized that, in all the universe, you were able to find an alien chick as unhumorous as yourself. She's like a feminine, unsteroidal, version of you. Now I'm wondering if she can kick my ass too.

FRANK

To be honest, half-starved children can kick your ass.

AARON

Not true. Remember the guy at that one convention--the one that tried to cut in line while I was waiting for an autograph from Marina Sirtis? I shoved him and his little crutch right out of the line.

FRANK

He was eight years old, and Marina ended up stopping the autographs to help him up. He got to sit on her lap while she signed his cast.

AARON

Lucky little bastard. You know, he sold me that cast after his leg healed up. Got it around here somewhere.

Aaron drinks from his cup, then pours some whiskey into it. Frank stares at him till he hands the bottle over, so Frank can pour some into his cup too.

AARON

We can break out the good stuff,
now that the alien is bedded down.
We wouldn't want her to get
poisoned because she doesn't know
how alcohol reacts with her system.

FRANK

Her name is Zisa.

Frank and Aaron sip on their alcoholic coffee.

From there, they see the lights of the city in the distance.
DAVID BOWIE'S SPACE ODDITY starts playing in the background.

Aaron takes back the bottle, placing it next to his chair.

AARON

When was the last time we just sat
out here?

FRANK

(Flat)

Last week.

AARON

And whose fault is that? You're too
busy to hang out anymore, and
you... you never hold me like you
used to.

Aaron reaches over to Frank.

FRANK

Touch me, and I break you.

He brings his hands back and goes back to drinking.

FRANK

I'm sure someone on the base knows
about the crashed ship.

AARON

You know the guys at the base
aren't going to be lenient forever
about you spying on them.

Aaron sings along with David Bowie. It's time for Major Tom
to leave the capsule, if he dares. But he gets the lyrics
wrong.

AARON

You know. I've never had a woman look at me the way Zisa looks at you. It's the same way Sophia looked at you.

FRANK

But you've been with so many...

AARON

...and none of them have looked at me that way, except Dana. You remember her?

FRANK

Yeah. She had such a crush on you.

AARON

I know that...now. I came across her Facebook profile the other day.

FRANK

How is she?

AARON

Good. She's doing good. Married. Three girls.

Aaron takes a drink. Sings the chorus.

FRANK

Thinking about hooking up with her?

AARON

No. She's married and happy. I would've never made her happy. She's better off where she is.

Aaron pours more whiskey in both cups.

AARON (CONT'D)

At least, we can drink to that...

They drink.

AARON

How is it you happen to find a hot chick, who also happens to be alien? It's that square Schwarzenegger jaw, isn't it? Women come from all over the universe to bow down before it.

Frank shrugs and drinks. Aaron sings about Major Tom's circuit's being dead. There's something wrong.

AARON

You know, it's been several years now. I don't think Sophia would hold it against you if you got together with that girl in there.

FRANK

We should be talking about how to find out where this Jal'mond is, whether or not he's on the base.

AARON

Alien or not, she's still a woman. It's okay to move on...

FRANK

...and we're done here.

Frank gulps down the remaining drink in his cup and goes inside the trailer, leaving Aaron alone to contemplate the wonders of alcoholic coffee.

INT. MESSY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - LATER

ZISA wakes, looks around. No sign of Aaron or Frank.

She gets up and walks around, hears someone in a bedroom.

IN FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANK sits in a bedroom, on a bed, looking through boxes of papers. There are pictures of SOPHIA.

CLOSER ANGLE ON...

...newspaper in Frank's hand.

The headlines read: POSSIBLE DOMESTIC TERRORIST.

It has Sophia's picture on the front.

Zisa walks in, at first unnoticed by Frank. She's put on the E.T. T-shirt.

ZISA

Is she dead?

Frank looks up, wipes his eyes with a shirt sleeve.

ZISA

Sorry. The quiet woke me. I guess I've been sleeping too much already. It's strange, waking up to find yourself all alone on a foreign world.

FRANK

I don't know if I could handle it.

He looks down at the newspaper in his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yeah. She's...it's been awhile though. She was a reporter. You know what those are?

ZISA

Yeah, my people have been here awhile, looking for Jal'mond. We researched a lot about your world before coming down. It's amazing how much information you guys send into space. Lucky it's just been us so far. I've heard stories of other races out there, some that aren't so friendly.

She looks into some of the boxes. Frank reluctantly closes them and puts them away.

ZISA

Are all these boxes her stuff? You must really love her, to keep her stuff after all this time.

FRANK

It's her research. I think it might have been what got her killed. I keep it around, because it might help me catch her killer.

She walks around, touching things, stops when she sees...

ANGLE ON

... a corkboard on a wall. Something there catches her eye.

It's covered in pictures and notes. Some pictures are placed in a triangle formation, with the Dugway director on top and Senator Rance on the line under.

She reaches and switches the director's picture and Rance's, so that Rance is on the top.

Frank looks up and notices what she's done.

FRANK

Hey. What're you doing? It's taken a long time to figure this out.

ZISA

It's him. He's the killer.

FRANK

And how do you know that?

ZISA

Because, he's my prisoner.

FRANK

Then that's the man I need to kill.

(Beat)

I guess we're after the same person. And after we kill him, we can figure out how to get you home, or--at least--find a way to send a message to your people.

ZISA

There was another ship...

She yawns.

ZISA (CONT'D)

...onboard mine, but when I woke, it was gone. It's Jal'mond's...

Frank paces, staring at Rance's photo.

FRANK

...and if he's at Dugway, then his ship is too. I've snuck onto that base enough times that I know a few places where we can get in, but we need to find out who on the base is with him. I wonder how many of those robot guards he has...

...as he speaks, he realizes Zisa's asleep on the bed.

He covers her up, then sits down on the floor and leans his back against the bed. As she sleeps she reaches out her hand and touches his hair. He looks up and smiles before closing his eyes to try to sleep.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Frank jolts awake, as does Zisa, who urgently looks around the room. She stops and tilts her head, listening...

ZISA
...someone's coming.

AARON runs into the room.

AARON
Oh, shit! Frank, it's the military.
I knew it! I knew the day'd come
when government'd come shut me up.
Thought it'd be over Vlogs or
something, not real live aliens.

He pushes Frank and Zisa toward the closet.

AARON (CONT'D)
We have to get out of here. They're
in front and around back.

FRANK
How? They'd see us.

Aaron opens the closet, shows them a trap door in the floor.

AARON
You guys, escape through here.

Frank looks at Aaron.

FRANK
(Flat)
Why do you have a trap door?

AARON
It's complicated. You know when I
bring home girls sometimes?

FRANK
Yeah.

AARON (CONT'D)
Well, some have husbands. Now go.

FRANK
And you thought to build it in this
closet? In the room you let me use?

AARON
Talk later. Go now.

Aaron pushes Frank hard into the closet. Zisa climbs down. Frank starts, but Aaron doesn't follow.

FRANK
What about you?

AARON
I'll be right behind you. I need to destroy the hard drives on my computer before the FEDs dig around in there. There's stuff on there I don't even want you to see.

Frank leaves through the trapdoor, leaving Aaron alone.

LIVING ROOM

Aaron runs to his computer, pushes a switch on the side of the case. Smoke billows up from inside the computer.

He picks up a gasoline container and tosses gas around the room.

EXT. FIELD - OUTSIDE AARON'S TRAILER - DAY

A field of rocks and scrub grass sits a distance away from the trailer. A small wooden hatch opens up in the dirt of the field.

FRANK climbs out, followed by ZISA. They crawl along the ground, keeping a small profile as they watch the trailer bellow out black smoke.

FRANK
Come on, Aaron. Where are you?

Aaron pops his head out of the same wooden hatch.

AARON
Ah. You really do care.

FRANK
What took you so long? We need to get out of here.

AARON
How? My truck's over there by the guys with guns.

The three turn to see FOUR PARAMILITARY GUARDS about to breach the front door...

AARON
(Whispering to himself)
No. You do not want to go in there.

...the men breach the burning trailer. The trailer explodes.

Beat. Frank and Zisa look at Aaron.

AARON
(To Frank and Zisa)
I told them not to go in there. You heard me. It was burning. Who in their right mind goes into a burning building?

FRANK
Firefighters.

AARON
Yeah. Okay, them, but I don't think those guys are firefighters.

FRANK
Come on. We need to get one of the cars while they're distracted.

AARON
Distracted? That probably killed them.

FRANK
Not if they're like the ones yesterday.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK, ZISA, and AARON sneak up to Aaron's truck.

Three guards come around the back of the trailer.

They have part of their skin burned off by the explosion, showing mechanical parts underneath.

AARON
Shit! What the Hell are those?

FRANK
Did I forget to mention robots?

AARON
Yes, you forgot to mention robots.

ZISA
(To the guards)
Stop!

The guards fire at them, hitting Aaron's truck, making the windshield crack. Aaron and Zisa hide behind his truck, and Frank ducks behind the Charger.

AARON
Oh, God, they're shooting my baby.
(To Zisa)
Yeah, yelling "stop" doesn't seem
to be working on these guys.
(To the guards)
Stop shooting my damn truck!

ZISA
It did last time.

FRANK
Is that how you..?

AARON
...talk later. We need a plan.

Frank opens the door to the Charger and turns on the engine. He crawls in and hunches down, jamming his foot down on the gas, sending it crashing into one of the guards.

The Charger's trashed. Frank crawls out to be confronted by another guard. There's no damage to Frank, but he's disoriented for a moment.

The guard grabs Frank as he leaves the wreck. Frank grabs the android's arm and breaks it, exposing wires.

AARON
Yeah!

Aaron ducks down as the other guard shoots at him.

AARON
That's right, there's three.

As the one guard fights Frank, fending off a flurry of kicks, grabs, and punches, the third one runs up to Aaron, grabs him. Tosses him over the truck.

Aaron gets back up in time to see the guy put an unconscious Zisa in the back of a humvee and take off.

AARON
Shit. Frank's going to kill me.

Aaron turns to see Frank ripping a piece of metal off of the wrecked Charger and ramming it up into the androids throat and punches it until the guard stops reacting.

It slowly shuts down and goes limp.

LATER

Aaron leans on the front of his truck. It's covered in bullet holes, and the windshield is riddled with holes.

Frank walks over, tired, but there's no damage, even though he's covered in glass and his clothes are torn.

Aaron looks back and forth, between android and Frank.

AARON

I think you got them.

Frank looks around.

FRANK

Where's Zisa?

AARON

Yeah, about that...the other guy, robot--actually android would be a better term--anyway, he took off with her.

Frank opens the truck's driver-side door, gets in, and smashes out the broken windshield from inside. Aaron winces.

AARON

Okay. That hurt me, like on a deep spiritual level.

(Beat)

Where are we headed? You know where they're taking her?

FRANK

Dugway. Rance is the alien.

AARON

Oh my God. That explains so much. In that case, we're going to need some guns, because I ain't letting you go in there by yourself again.

FRANK

Well, shut up and get in the damn car.

INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - DAY

AARON and FRANK walk into the garage. Aaron has a backpack.

Several people work on cars. One is a ANGIE (60's, stern, no nonsense, looks like Janeway from Star Trek, after a rough life), hair pulled back and a scar across her face.

AARON
Angie. Hey, baby.

She looks up from her work.

ANGIE
Wait in my office. I'll be done in
a sec.
(Sees Frank)
Is he going to cost extra?

AARON
It's business but not that kind.

She stops, stands up straight, looks at them.

ANGIE
You need money, right? Business as
usual then. Wait in my office.

AARON
I'm buying something.

ANGIE
What are you buying?

FRANK
We shouldn't talk out here.

ANGIE
Shush, sasquatch, adults are
talking here.

AARON
(Whispers)
Guns.

ANGIE
Guns? Why didn't you just say that?
God, you're gutless. Thank goodness
you know how to use that tongue.

Beat.

Frank slowly turns his head to stare at Aaron.

STORAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She leads them into a hallway.

ANGIE
What're you wanting guns for?

AARON
I need...we need some firepower.

ANGIE
What you hunting? Deer? Bear?
Waterfowl? People?

AARON
(Whispers)
Androids, possibly aliens too.

Angie looks at him for a moment. Laughs.

AARON
No, Angie. I'm dead serious.

ANGIE
(Quiets down)
You are, aren't you?

Aaron opens up the backpack, pulls out a robotic head.

ANGIE
Well, I'll be.
(Beat)
I think the basic AR-15 would deal
with your humans, or any squishy
greys you find, and I've got a
couple of Glock 20s, if you get up
and personal with them.

She points at the robot head.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
But for androids, the A.R.s have
the M203, 37mm attachments for
lobbing a few grenades at them, or
maybe if you need to clear the
room. But to start off with, maybe
the Barrett 50 cal sniper rifle,
comes with a bluetooth scope to
record your kills.

AARON
Is that all you got?

ANGIE

Follow me.

Angie unlocks and opens a door, waves them to follow.

ANGIE

(To the men in the shop)

Hey, Rob, watch the front!

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights come on. The room is filled with racks and racks of guns. There are cases with various numbers and letters denoting military property.

Angie takes the guys to a box in the corner.

AARON

Damn, Angie, I didn't know you had all this back here. I mean, I knew you had some guns, but this...

ANGIE

...it's not like I advertise this stuff. With an army base not too far from here, it's better to hush up about such stuff.

She opens it, pulls out a rocket launcher. Aaron whistles.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

This here is an A.T.4 recoilless rifle, designed to take out tanks and small aerial vehicles. Called A.T.4, because it has an eighty-four caliber rocket.

She puts the A.T.4 back into its crate.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I have two of these. They should down any alien aircraft you go up against, unless they have some defensive shield capabilities, just stay out of the backblast area, forty-five degrees to either side.

FRANK

This is great, but how much?

Aaron spots another crate, runs to it. Opens it and takes out some grenades.

AARON

Oh, this is awesome! I've got such a hard-on. What about you, Frank?

FRANK

Aaron, put those down, before you blow yourself up.

Aaron stares at him and grins like an idiot.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What?

ANGIE

Can I have at least one?

Aaron picks up one of the grenades.

AARON

This one! I'll name him Michelangelo, like the turtle.

Angie comes over and puts the grenade back in the crate.

ANGIE

The two A.T.4s will run three thousand. The A.R.-15s, about a thousand a piece, add on the M203 attachments, and we're looking at--say fifteen hundred--so another three thousand for both A.R.s and the grenade launcher attachments. Then, the Barrett, another ten.

FRANK

How much total?

ANGIE

Easy, big fella. Close to sixteen thousand, not including ammo...

She taps on the backpack.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

...plus, the terminator head.

EXT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

AARON and FRANK walk out of the garage empty-handed.

AARON

Well, that was disappointing.

FRANK
(Sarcastically)
Yeah, who would've thought illegal
arms dealers don't take cards.
Fine. We go with my idea.

INT. AARON'S TRUCK - DAY

FRANK drives. AARON sits next to him, not looking so happy.

In front of the truck, there's a Dugway fence ahead,
complete with warning signs. STAY OUT. CONTAMINATED AREA.

AARON
Just do it. Just do it already.

Frank stomps on the gas. Aaron looks away and braces himself
as they smash through the gate and drive on. A few more
dents in Aaron's beat up truck.

AARON
My poor baby.

FRANK
Now we get the girl.

AARON
You realize that's a sexist
statement, right? Cliche. Besides,
she's a space babe; get it right.

LATER

AARON
I don't see why you get to drive.

FRANK
Because I'm bigger.

AARON
Okay, I see your point.

Aaron digs into his pocket, pulls out a grenade.

FRANK
Where'd you get that?

AARON
Stole it.

FRANK
Angie's going to kill us. You know
that, right?

AARON

If we survive this, she'll look at us like heroes, and heroes don't get lynched, right?

FRANK

A lot of heroes in history were lynched.

AARON

Oh.

Aaron holds the grenade while he looks through the glove compartment, pulls out a sharpie. Starts writing.

FRANK

What're you doing now?

AARON

Writing: ALIENS, GO HOME.

FRANK

Why?

AARON

So they know where I stand.

FRANK

I'm pretty sure they don't care.

AARON

Is there a comma between Aliens and Go Home?

Frank stomps on the brakes, makes Aaron drop the grenade.

AARON

What the hell?

Frank nods his head toward the front.

EXT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - CONTINUOUS

The truck has come to a complete stop. A small dust cloud surrounds it and then vanishes into the desert wind.

An apache helicopter hovers in front of the truck. Several other vehicles approach from the desert scenery.

AARON (V.O.)

Great plan, Frank.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - LATER

SERGEANT WARNER stands outside, watching and listening through the one way mirror.

AARON sits in the room, shackled to a table. CORPORAL BRENT sits in the room listening to him rattle on...

AARON

...and they can control your minds. That's why we need to find our friend. She's alien too and doesn't know about our government cover-ups. Wait. Maybe she does. Well, she doesn't know about the robots. Maybe she does now. They're hard to tell from humans, you know? Wait. Are you one of them?

CORPORAL BRENT

Okay. Calm down and catch your breath. First off, you realize that there's no humanoid robots on this facility, right? You should check Japan. I hear they have them there. And second, we don't house aliens here. They don't exist.

AARON

That's what they want you to think. The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist.

CORPORAL BRENT

You got that from The Usual Suspects movie.

AARON

Maybe.

Brent pulls out the grenade.

CORPORAL BRENT

So, what're you doing with this?

AARON

Go fishing?

CORPORAL BRENT

That's got a be some fish.

AARON
Bite your head off, man.

CORPORAL BRENT
You got that from Ghostbusters.

AARON
Hey, you're good at this. We should
play again sometime, when your not
helping the aliens To Serve Man.

CORPORAL BRENT
Twilight Zone. Listen...

AARON
...I like you. Do you WOW, Bro?

Sergeant Warner knocks on the glass. Brent leaves.

When Brent leaves the room, Sergeant Warner holds up his
hand, and the Corporal hands over the grenade.

SERGEANT WARNER
Maybe I'll have luck with Frank.

He walks to another interrogation window and looks in at
Frank, who is shackled to the table.

INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Frank sits calmly as Warner enters.

SERGEANT WARNER
Hey, Frank. How're you?

FRANK
Could be better.

SERGEANT WARNER
What the hell were you thinking?
Lucky we caught you before private
security did. We're authorized to
use deadly force, but they use it,
whether it's warranted or not.

FRANK
A private security team just
firebombed Aaron's house and
kidnapped a friend of mine.

SERGEANT WARNER

Aaron seems to think she's an alien. Another conspiracy, Frank? Just like you think they killed your wife?

FRANK

Keep her out of this.

SERGEANT WARNER

You kept her ghost here, always trying to come onto base, looking for what really happened. She caused the Anthrax scare.

FRANK

She didn't have anything to do with Anthrax. They used that as a cover story for her death.

SERGEANT WARNER

She vanished for several hours, before they found her car. Official story was she made off with chemical weapons, and contaminated herself.

Frank gets mad enough that he tries to break the handcuffs. They let off the sound of metal SQUEALING under pressure.

Warner looks down at the handcuffs, sees they're twisted.

SERGEANT WARNER

Calm down, Frank. I'll look into the fire at your friend's house. If your telling the truth, we'll have the locals check it out.

FRANK

And what about the girl the security guys kidnapped?

SERGEANT WARNER

What's the girl's name?

FRANK

Zisa. She's...she's an alien.

SERGEANT WARNER

This isn't helping your case, Frank.

Warner takes out the grenade.

SERGEANT WARNER

And this? What were you going to do with it?

Silence.

SERGEANT WARNER

Damn it, Frank. This isn't helping.

FRANK

They have a girl prisoner, and she's going to vanish from your base, if we don't do something. How many more people have to just up and disappear from Dugway before you pay attention?

SERGEANT WARNER

Frank, I'm trying to help you, but I need you to cooperate. Tell me something about this mystery girl. How'd you meet her?

Door opens. Corporal Brent sticks his head into the room.

CORPORAL BRENT

Sergeant Major? The Director's here.

HAL walks into the room.

HAL

Afternoon, Frank. I don't believe we've met before. I'm Dugway Proving Ground's civilian director, Hal Clarke. We have a mutual acquaintance.

Frank tries to break the HANDCUFFS again.

He rages against restraints, lunges at Hal. The metal bar holding the handcuffs to the table starts breaking.

FRANK

You! You killed her, didn't you?

HAL

Zisa? No, I think Senator Rance wouldn't like it if anything bad were to happen to her.

FRANK

Not her! You killed my wife!

HAL

Mrs. Tyree?

(Beat)

I remember her. Met an unfortunate end, but that's what you get when you're a domestic terrorist.

FRANK

That's a lie.

HAL

Can't do anything for the dead, so just hand over the research your wife collected, and I won't have to torture you.

CORPORAL BRENT

Sir, that's getting a bit close to the line, don't you think?

HAL

It's rude to interrupt. Don't you have any manners?

SERGEANT WARNER

Sir, I'm going to have to insist...

...Warner puts his hand on Hal, but Hal grabs the hand and twists it, causing Warner pain. Brent pulls his sidearm, points it at the director.

CORPORAL BRENT

Director, I cannot allow you to continue. Let go of the Sergeant Major and step away from the prisoner.

Hal reaches back, grabs Brent's head. Smashes it into the metal table. There's a sickening CRUNCH.

DUGWAY DIRECTOR

I'm afraid I can't do that.
Besides, you didn't say: please.

Warner jumps up and away. Hal moves towards him as the Sergeant pulls his sidearm.

SERGEANT WARNER

Don't come any closer.

Hal keeps coming at Warner, who fires point blank at Hal's chest. He fires again and again.

He shoots at Hal's face, blowing away parts of the skin.
Exposing a mechanical face underneath.

Hal touches his face and looks in the mirror.

DUGWAY DIRECTOR

Oh my God, now I'm going to have to
get my face redone. Not very nice.

Frank breaks the bar holding his handcuffs to the table and
wraps the handcuffs around the director's neck.

Hal tries to reach back to grab him, but can't.

There's a metal tearing sound as the Hal's head pops off,
revealing bits of metal, plastic, and wires.

Frank lets the robot's body drop to the floor while he holds
the still moving head.

SERGEANT WARNER

What the Hell is that?

FRANK

Did I forget to mention the robots.

SERGEANT WARNER

Yeah. You forgot to mention the
robots. Anything else you forgot?

FRANK

Oh, shit! Aaron.

INTERROGATION ROOM 1

Aaron tries to free his hands from the handcuffs. They're
bound to the metal table that he flipped on its side.

The door opens.

ANGLE ON...

...Aaron as he hides behind the table.

Aaron squeezes his eyes shut and prays.

AARON

Don't kill me, please! I promise to
make a great slave to our new alien
overlords.

Keys land on the ground next to him. He peeks over the table
to see Frank standing there, looking at him like he's
stupid.

AARON

Oh, thank God. Wait. Don't tell me that was you making that noise. Are we escaping? Where's my grenade?

FRANK

It wasn't yours. You stole it. Come on. Let's rescue Zisa.

Aaron gives him that disappointed look.

FRANK

Okay. Let's go rescue the space babe.

Frank throws him the grenade.

AARON

Yes! That's what I'm talking about.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Aaron follows Frank into the hallway, where he stops in front of the window to the next room. His grin fades as Warner covers up Corporal Brent's body.

Warner stands up and joins them in the hallway.

SERGEANT WARNER

He just got married. What the Hell am I suppose to tell his widow?

AARON

You could just tell her...

FRANK

...Aaron, don't.

AARON (CONT'D)

You could just tell her that he died a hero. Sometimes that's good enough. I hope when I die, it's for something as bad-ass as protecting the world.

Warner stares at Aaron for a moment.

SERGEANT WARNER

You know, you're not as much of an idiot as I first thought.

AARON

Thanks?

FRANK

I think that was a compliment, just take it, and let's go.

(To Warner)

Where would they take Zisa? Where's some place on base that isn't watched as heavily as the rest?

Warner motions for them to follow him as he heads down the hallway, away from the interrogation rooms.

He takes out his cellphone and makes a call as he walks.

SERGEANT WARNER

Hey, Rich, this is Sergeant Major Warner. I need you to get the civilian guard gathered up. There's been a breach of base security. Corporal Brent's dead.

RICH (V.O.)

I know. Just stay where you are, and we'll send someone to get you. Don't worry; it'll be over soon.

Warner stops, hangs up the phone, takes a deep breath, and then throws the phone against the wall. Turns to Frank and Aaron.

SERGEANT WARNER

We should get the Hell out of here, seems like the civilian guard's on that machine's side.

AARON

Or, we could just stay here and die. Those would be our choices.

SERGEANT WARNER

(To Aaron)

I take it back. You are an idiot.

FRANK

Where can we go?

Warner opens the door and points at a mountain in the near distance.

SERGEANT WARNER

There. Granite Peak. It's the only part of this base that not even I can go. There's a base there, and most likely that's where they'd take that Zisa girl.

INSERT

AERIALS of Granite Peak. Focusing in on several old buildings and one side of the mountain where a tunnel is dug out, big enough for semi-trucks to drive in and out.

SERGEANT WARNER (V.O.)

Granite Peak Installation was supposedly shut down years ago, but I think they've reopened it. I've seen supplies being delivered, and I've seen a helicopter land there a few times.

BACK TO SCENE

Warner, Frank, and Aaron stand outside the door. Warner digs out a set of keys and tosses them to Frank.

FRANK

Aren't we taking your Hummer?

WARNER

No. They're chipped and can be GPS tracked. The truck's not.

AARON

Wait. Why my truck? There's plenty of other cars in the parking lot.

WARNER

Do you know how to hot-wire a car, or do you know where the keys are for those cars?

AARON

Ask Frank. He stole a car yesterday.

FRANK

Hey, that was all Zisa.

AARON

Damn. She just keeps getting hotter.

INT. AARON'S TRUCK - LATER

FRANK drives, while WARNER talks to him from the passenger seat, and AARON sits in the back listening.

SERGEANT WARNER

There's water cooling sheds just north of the entrance that provides cooling for the AC units that go into the underground base. Shut one down, and they'll send someone up through the access point under the shed to fix it. Seen it happen before. An aircraft crashed into the pipeline.

AARON

Was it alien?

SERGEANT WARNER

No.

Frank slams on the brakes, making the other two brace themselves.

AARON

What the Hell, man?

Frank nods his head towards the broken windshield. Outside, not too far away, is the cooling sheds--several nondescript sheds with tin roofs. They look like they've been out in the weather a long time, partially rusted, paint gone.

AARON

Give us a little warning.

SERGEANT WARNER

Yeah, those are the ones. You have something in mind?

FRANK

Get out.

Frank grins and turns to Aaron.

AARON

No, Frank. No. Not my truck again.

EXT. COOLING SHED - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK drives Aaron's truck as fast as he can.

As the truck closes in, he jumps out, tumbles in the dirt.

Aaron's beat up truck has one final moment of glory as it crashes into the pipes and water spews everywhere.

LATER

WARNER and AARON run up to Frank as he's stands up. He is unharmed, not a scratch. Aaron salutes his dead truck.

AARON

Goodbye, truck. You were a true friend.

(To Frank)

Damn it, Frank. What's with you getting a kick out of trashing my truck?

SERGEANT WARNER

Why didn't you wait for us to come up with something better?

FRANK

Didn't feel like waiting.

AARON

Good question. Another would be, "How the Hell ain't you broken?"

Frank stares down at his right arm. There's a dip in the middle, like it's been snapped in two. Aaron wrinkles his face in disgust.

AARON

Okay. Maybe not.

WARNER

Looks like you didn't make it out totally unharmed. Will this...

...the arm snaps itself back to normal. The redness and swelling vanish, leaving the arm like new again.

FRANK

Well, that's was cool.

AARON

See? See? That's what the Hell I'm talking about. What was that?

WARNER

That's a good question. What the heck was that?

FRANK

I don't know. Hold on a second.

Frank walks over to the wreckage and hits the truck with his fist as hard as he can. He pulls his hand back in pain, holding it, but then he looks down and the pained expression leaves his face as his bloodied knuckles heal up. He smiles.

FRANK

I think we can use this.

AARON

That was some weird shit, just saying. And by the way, Frank, you're buying me a new truck, if we survive this. Well, if I survive this.

INT. GRANITE PEAK BASE - BREAKROOM

ZISA stands in a bright break room that has a large window that overlooks a factory where rows of machines work tirelessly.

Televisions take up one wall. They're broken up into security feeds of the base.

She's looks through the cabinets, but nothing catches her attention.

HAL walks into the room, but she has her back turned, so she doesn't notice him at first.

HAL

Looking for something? There are some Twinkies in that cabinet and coffee in the next one.

Zisa panics and turns around.

HAL (CONT'D)

But weapons, we don't normally keep those in the break room.

ZISA

Who are you?

HAL

Where are my manners. My name is Hal. I'm a friend of your father's, one his creations, one of his tools.

ZISA

Where is he? Is my father here?

HAL

Jal'mond, or as we know him, Rance. Or if you like: father? He'll be here shortly. His helicopter is landing as we speak. You want some coffee? Or, if you want, I do make a mean mocha cappuccino.

ZISA

You're a machine?

HAL

That's a harsh way of putting it. Android is the politically correct term. Machine is so cold. How can you tell? Is it the hair? I always thought it looked fake. Or the eyes? They look like doll eyes, don't they?

She reaches up and strokes his face. He looks confused.

ZISA

So life like. You're remarkable.

HAL

Thank you.

She touches his neck. He goes stiff and stares: wide eyed.

HAL

What are you doing?

ZISA

Connecting with your encephalitic substructure. It's so advanced. Is that based on iridium and platinum?

(Beat)

Artificial emotions?

HAL

Yes. I was designed to fit in with humans better than the regular guards. I'm the empathetic one of my brothers. I'm able to think in higher constructs and make determinations of how regular people might think.

(Beat)

But there is a flaw in the design.

ZISA

I don't see anything wrong.

HAL

New emotions have manifested, ones that shouldn't be there.

ZISA

You're developing, growing. There's nothing wrong with that.

HAL

One is regret, it makes me examine my actions, and doubt myself.

ZISA

That's normal. It's how we grow.

HAL

And the other one...

ZISA

...what is it?

HAL

I hate you.

Hal takes her hand away from his neck and smiles.

HAL (CONT'D)

He's thought of nothing, but you, since you came out of hibernation.

ZISA

That's called jealousy. It means you have the potential to care for something other than orders.

HAL

But, it's more than that. You're able to determine what you want to do, without orders. I'm not allowed that freedom.

ZISA

Then, let me go. Help me capture him and free yourself from him ever giving you orders again. He did this to my world too. He took away my people's freedom to choose. We can end this together.

HAL

I want to, but...

ANGLE ON

A CLONE HAL comes into the room. He wears overalls and an electrician's belt.

HAL (CLONE)

...Number four, Rance is in the factory. He's on his way.

HAL

(To other Hal)

Thank you, number two.

Hal walks to the window to look out over the factory floor. He motions for her to follow.

HAL

If you follow me, I can...

ZISA

...you will let me go!

HAL

I'm sorry, but I can't do that. That function has been disabled.

(Beat)

It was embarrassing, seeing the guys you left at the crash site. Rance jumped my case about that, and I was like--not my fault--you know what I mean?

He goes to the door and opens it. TWO GUARDS stand outside.

HAL (CONT'D)

And even though you can see inside our artificial brains, your chip can no longer gain you access to change anything. We've locked it out.

He flashes another smile at her.

HAL (CONT'D)

But I'm flattered that you would want to control me. Like I said, Rance doesn't interact with me much nowadays. I wish things could be different. I really do.

He points to the guards.

HAL (CONT'D)

We've reprogrammed most of the guards too, so they won't accept your orders either, just Rance's. Sorry, Sis. And if you get past me, and number 2 here, you still have these guys out here.

HAL (CLONE)

Rance won't like it, hearing you call her 'Sis'. Are you trying to get the rest of us in trouble?

HAL

(To clone)

Shush. What he and Number one don't know won't hurt us.

Hal turns to Zisa

HAL

(To Zisa)

Isn't that right?

ZISA

Just between us.

HAL
(To clone)
See?
(To Zisa)
Thank you. Might I say though, your
English is very good, by the way.
(Beat)
As well as Rance's.

ZISA
I've been here a long time, looking
for him.

HAL
I know all about it now. After you
escaped your ship, Rance filled us
in on it. I was just remarking on
how well you spoke it.

He puts a hand on her shoulder.

HAL (CONT'D)
I don't really hate you. I'm glad
to have a real sibling now.

HAL (CLONE)
That's a mean thing to say. You've
got four of us. Well, three now.

HAL
Yeah, but you're me. We have the
same emotions and thoughts. Nothing
new brought to the table. You know?

Both Hal clones freeze for a moment, and then start back up
like nothing happened.

HAL
It appears that father is on his
way. I guess he wants to show off
what he's accomplished while you
were asleep.

FACTORY

RANCE walks across the factory floor, where machines piece
together more androids, a long line of naked machines,
waiting to be given flesh to wear.

He climbs the stairs leading up to the breakroom.

Hal, Hal's clone, Zisa stand in the view window, watching his ascendancy.

BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Rance enters the room, the Hals turn to greet him. Zisa keeps watching the machines down on the factory floor.

SENATOR RANCE

Look who's here.

She does not look at him.

ZISA

(Subtitled from alien language)
You betrayed our people.

SENATOR RANCE

English, please. No
back-home-tongue in front of the
help. I didn't program them with
our language. And no, it was you
and those traitors you led that
betrayed our people. They were
happy--content--and you took that
away from them...

ZISA

(Subtitled from alien language)
...you saw us as the traitors? Why
didn't you kill me too?

SENATOR RANCE

Technically, I only killed some.

Beat.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

The crash killed the others, just
so you know. I'm not looking for
forgiveness. Just wanted to clear
up that misconception.

She turns and approaches, but the guards close in on her. She stops, looking back over shoulder at them.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Hate me all you want, princess, but
they were traitors. Our world was
perfect, and you ruined that.

ZISA
(Subtitled from alien language)
Our people are free now.

SENATOR RANCE
They couldn't see the corruption in themselves. Every one of them was a victim of their own weaknesses. I was the one that figured out how to save them. Me!

Zisa looks around, seeing robots being built. Rows of them.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
It seems you still don't see the truth.

Realization spreads across her face...

ZISA
...you're building an army. This isn't for Earth; is it? This is for home.

SENATOR RANCE
That's my girl, smart as ever. It's for Earth too. There are bugs still left to take care of, but the people are eating these implants up, practically begging for them. Of course, there are sceptics, no matter what world, and for them, I have these machines. I will not suffer another uprising.

A MAN comes up, gives him a tablet PC. He also has two plastic cups.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
I've made improvements to the implants. They do so much more than they did before. Watch...

He looks up at the man, who hands Rance one of the cups.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
...hold out your hand.

The man looks at Zisa as he holds his palm up. Rance pours out powder from the cup and onto the man's outstretched hand. Then he takes the second cup and pours a little bit of water, making the power foam up on the hand.

The man's hand has the flesh turns red. The liquid is so hot that the skin looks to just melt. Blood leaks from the exposed skin.

The man appears to be unfazed by the wound, but shakes uncontrollably.

ZISA

No! Stop! *Strigajo!*

Hal gently holds her back from rushing to the man.

SENATOR RANCE

Him? He's implanted. We have a few implanted people down here already. To him, this is Heaven, and I'm salvation. When he gives to me his everything, then he can become something real. Something without the fear of pain or the torment of weakness and vice.

MAN

(Pained. Tears.)

It's fine, miss. It doesn't even hurt. Rance has healed me before, and he'll do it again. Watch.

As he says this, Rance pours more water on the hand, washing away the foam, leaving a large red wound. The wound closes as they watch and heals up. The redness goes away. It looks as if nothing ever was wrong with it.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Zisa)

See? No harm done.

(To the man)

Go rinse that off.

When the guy leaves--

ZISA

An army that can't be hurt.

SENATOR RANCE

Exactly. Now you're catching on.

ZISA

(Subtitled from alien language)
You're crazy!

SENATOR RANCE

Your mother said the same thing,
and look where that got her. *Ego*
pah d'wolnoos!

Rance forces himself to calm down.

SENATOR RANCE

I'm sorry to have had to bring her
up, but that had to be said. You've
not been listening. What happened
to the little girl I raised?

ZISA

She died in the war.

SENATOR RANCE

You like to paint me a monster, but
would a monster dedicate his life
in pursuit of peace? Would he
sacrifice everything for it? You
say I'm a monster, but I can't be a
monster. I'm the hero.

Rance stands next to Zisa and shows her the tablet. He
clicks it, and video feeds show up on a large television
mounted on the breakroom wall.

Six screens on one television. Rance clicks on the tablet
again, and the six screens become one full-screen shot of:
WARNER, FRANK, and AARON walking down a hallway.

SENATOR RANCE

In fact, I'll show you how
benevolent I am. I have a gift for
you. You know these guys? Well,
maybe not Sergeant Major Warner,
but the other two. You know them?

ZISA

(Subtitled from alien language)
What're you going to do?

SENATOR RANCE

It's nice that you have friends.
Tell you what, I won't kill them.
I'll give them implants, and they
can be your servants when we go
home. How does that sound?

Beat.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Oh, that's right. Frank's already
been chipped. Pity about what
happened to his wife. They were
some the first trials of the new
implant. Her's didn't turn out so
well.

Rance hands the tablet to Hal's Clone.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
But, if you want the big guy as a
concubine, that's fine. You
understand, he'll have to be
sterilized first. Can't pass on
inferior genes, can we?

She grabs a screwdriver from the Hal clone's tool-belt and
stabs it into his neck, making him drop the tablet.

She grabs the tablet and runs out of the room. The guards
start shooting, but Rance pushes their gun muzzles up.

SENATOR RANCE
Don't you harm her. I'll tear your
circuits out myself.

HAL
(To the guards)
Go after her and bring her back.
(To Rance)
That was mean. And I called her
sister.

SENATOR RANCE
She's not your sister! You're my
creation, not my son. Now send
someone to kill those three men.

HAL (CLONE)
But I thought you said...

SENATOR RANCE
...I've had a change of heart.

HAL (CLONE)
I'll tell number three to get on
that right away.

SENATOR RANCE
(To the guards)
You, follow me. I have an idea.

Rance storms off with the guards, leaving the clones. Hal's clone takes the screwdriver out of his throat.

HAL

Why would she do that? I thought she was like a sister to us.

HAL (CLONE)

She knew it wouldn't kill me.

HAL

She could have killed you, but didn't. Why?

HAL (CLONE)

I guess that's the difference between her and father.

The Hal clone leaves, and Hal is left alone in the room.

END OF ACT 2

START OF ACT 3

INT. GRANITE PEAK BASE - HALLWAY

ZISA ducks into a room. Moments later TWO GUARDS walk by, looking for her.

She slowly opens the door, looks down the hall, then shuts it again.

REPAIR FACILITY

Zisa looks at the tablet. The light from the video illuminates her face.

In front of her, in the dim light of the tablet, she sees half-formed bodies standing in rows.

Nothing moves. She calms down, but remains wide-eyed.

She uses the tablet's light to scan the room. It's a large warehouse with rows and rows of robotic guards standing motionless in off-line storage, half dismantled.

She walks through the crowd of dark forms.

There are Lights ahead.

TWO MEN in overalls work on the robots at a computer station.

As she approaches, one scientist gets up and attaches an arm to a half-slumped figure, completing its human form. It hangs, suspended from the ceiling, as it's being upgraded, parts strewn across a nearby table.

Banks of computers line tables behind them, monitoring the codes of the off-line guards.

Zisa walks up. The men stop and look up at her, then go back to work.

ZISA

Stop.

The two scientists stop working. She goes to one and examines his neck.

ZISA

What's going on with these machines? Why are they turned off?

SCIENTIST 1

The androids? We're fixing them.

ZISA

What's wrong with them?

SCIENTIST 1

They're susceptible to verbal orders given by others. Rance wants them...

ZISA

...how many are there?

SCIENTIST 1

I believe: fifty-three?

ZISA

Turn on the ones you haven't fixed.

Both get up, walk into the crowd, turning on the man-like robots. When the first one is turned on, Zisa stands in front of it, looking into its eyes.

ZISA

You will follow my orders.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, sir.

HALLWAY

FRANK, AARON, and WARNER walk down the hallway.

Frank, and Warner have guns at the ready. Aaron has the GRENADE in hand, ready to toss it. He spooks at every sound.

AARON

Anybody else ready to piss himself?

(Beat)

Hey, guys, you don't think this is where they probe people, do ya?

FRANK

How long is this hallway anyway?

AARON

Cause, I got probed once. Couldn't sit right for a week.

WARNER

I did not need to know that. TMI, dude.

FRANK

You get used to it, if you hang out
with him long enough. Hey, look.
There's a turn up ahead.

Large pipes run along the wall and stop at junction boxes.
The hall turns up ahead.

WARNER

Oh, thank God.

AARON

Hey, maybe I've been here before.

ZISA's voice comes over the walkie-talkies that Warner and
Frank have at their hips.

ZISA (V.O.)

Frank?

WARNER

(To his walkie-talkie)
Who is this?

FRANK

(To his walkie-talkie)
Are you okay?

ZISA (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm fine. I can see you on
the video. There are guards heading
your way.

AARON

Damn it!

WARNER

Did you think we'd get in here
without fighting?

AARON

I was hoping so.

FRANK

(To his walkie-talkie)
Where are you?

ZISA (V.O.)

Two guards ahead.

FRANK

Warner, give me your radio.

The three men duck behind one of the junction boxes.

ANGLE ON GUARDS

One guard comes part way into the hallway and kneels, pointing his rifle into the hall, sweeping the area. The second guard stands over him, watching the other end of the hall.

GUARD 1

Clear.

Second guard comes in, his back against the junction box.

First guard gets up, goes into the hall behind the second.

ZISA (V.O.)

Frank? I can't see what's going on.

Frank?

The guards round the corner and finds one of the walkie-talkies on the ground, still on.

ZISA (V.O.)

What's happening?

Frank jumps down from on top of the junction box. The guard knocks his gun out his hand, forcing Frank to tackle him. They fight hand to hand, ending with him tearing the guard's throat out with his bare hands.

When the other guard turns to assist, Warner slides out from behind the junction box, shoots the guard in the throat several times till the guard shorts out and falls.

INTERCUT - REPAIR FACILITY

Zisa watches the security cameras on the computer monitors. Scientist 2 stands behind her eating a sandwich.

ZISA

(Into the microphone)

More coming. Run.

Frank, Aaron, and Warner are seen on the monitor running down the hallway. Warner grabs his walkie as he leaves.

ZISA

(Into the microphone)

Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)

Yeah?

INTERCUT - COMPUTER MONITOR

On a separate monitor, a video shows the morning Frank woke up in the car. Frank's POV.

ZISA (V.O.)
The day you found me. What's the
first thing you remember?

INTERCUT - HALLWAY

Frank stands holding the walkie-talkie.

FRANK
(Into the walkie)
Waking up in my car.

INTERCUT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Zisa fast forwards through his whole day, through his POV: the convention, the bar fight, jail, and finally when he meets her.

ZISA (V.O.)
How'd you get there?

When he gets tasered by the guards in the ship, the video fuzzes out and goes black, showing her face as the last thing he sees.

Intercut - Hallway

Frank looks puzzled. Warner and Aaron stand behind him, watching the hallway for any more guards.

FRANK
(Into the walkie)
I have no idea. Why? You know
something?

ZISA (V.O.)
I'll tell you when I see you.

INTERCUT - REPAIR FACILITY

Zisa turns off the monitor as scientist 1 walks up. Scientist 2 offers him part of a sandwich.

SCIENTIST 1
(To scientist 2)
Thanks.
(To Zisa)
They're ready for you.

ZISA

How many humans have implants?

SCIENTIST 2

A hundred and eighty thousand, give or take: military mostly.

ZISA

(To herself)

I had no idea he'd taken it this far.

SCIENTIST 1

And with the roll out tomorrow, there will be at least a million more.

ZISA

How long would it take to turn them off? You can, can't you?

SCIENTIST 2

All of them?

He looks confused for a moment, but the other scientist brightens up.

SCIENTIST 1

Sure, not a problem if you have the right code. We can even push an update that'll dissolve 'em, then the body flushes the implant out.

The first scientist catches on and his face becomes overjoyed with happiness at having the answer.

SCIENTIST 2

Oh yeah, I forgot: Rance wanted that as a backup in case a doctor examined one of the implanted people. You know, like Snapchat, gets rid of the evidence for you.

Beat. Zisa looks confused for a second.

ZISA

Show me how.

BREAKROOM

Rance paces in front the televisions. He watches the security feeds carefully. Hal and some guards stand quietly behind him.

SENATOR RANCE

I can't believe, with all of my advanced technology, all of my guards, and you can't find three simple minded savages?

Beat. Rance calms down.

SENATOR RANCE

Come here.

Hal looks uncertain.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

It's fine. It's fine. Just come here.

Rance grabs the back of Hal's head and smashes him into one of the televisions, cracking the screen.

SENATOR RANCE

Why haven't you caught them yet?

Rance let's go of him.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

You're a tool. You know that right right? You keep thinking you're human, but you're just a toaster, and if a toaster doesn't work, what do we do with it?

HAL

(Quietly)

Throw it away.

SENATOR RANCE

What was that?

HAL

You throw it away.

SENATOR RANCE

That's right. You throw it away. Now, are you a broken toaster, or are you still useful?

Hal looks away.

HAL

I'm you're tool.

SENATOR RANCE

Exactly.

ANOTHER HAL CLONE comes into the room. He is slightly bigger built than the other Hals, and he wears a black paramilitary uniform and carries a rifle at the ready.

PARAMILITARY HAL

Sir, the repair bay has gone offline, and the scientists have disappeared from the network.

Hal goes to a computer console, calls up a screen.

HAL

Sir, nothing in the bay is responding. I can't connect to the guards in there.

SENATOR RANCE

Well, get down there. Find out what's going on.

Frank, Warner, and Aaron come onto one of the security screens.

SENATOR RANCE

Wait. Wait. Don't worry about that just yet.

He points to the men on the screen.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Them. Get them first. If all else falls down around me. I want to know that they're dead. I want their blood splattered across my machines.

HAL

You promised...

SENATOR RANCE

...I know what I promised! Now, if you're done questioning me, get down there and throw yourselves at them till either we run out of machines, or they run out of bullets.

HAL

You want us to sacrifice ourselves?

SENATOR RANCE

That's why you were built.

Rance and Military Hal leave the room, followed by the guards. Regular Hal watches them, and hesitates for moment before following.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE REPAIR FACILITY

The Hal clone in overalls and electrician's belt walks up to the door. He holds onto the hole in his neck where Zisa stabbed him with a screwdriver. Dark fluids leak from the puncture.

REPAIR FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The two scientists work at the computers, frantically typing. There are visibly less offline robots than before.

HAL

I need to be repaired.

The scientists keep working, ignoring him. They focus on their task.

HAL

Excuse me, I've been damaged, and I need some assistance.

He walks up to them.

HAL

Bill, it's rude not to answer someone when they're talking to you.

SCIENTIST 1

No.

HAL

No? What do you mean...no?

SCIENTIST 2

Go away. Come back later. We'll fix you then.

HAL

It's rather urgent that I be repaired.

The scientists both finish typing. They look at each other then turn their full attention to Hal.

SCIENTIST 1
Okay. We're done now.

SCIENTIST 2
Yeah, we're going to fix now...

...the scientists stand up.

One scientist grabs a large wrench. The other grabs a soldering iron.

HAL
I do not think those are the correct tools to fix me.

SCIENTIST 1
Yeah. Yeah, they are.

INT. GRANITE MOUNTAIN BASE - FACTORY

FRANK, AARON, and WARNER walk in from one of the doors to the side of the factory floor. As they move through the machines, they look up at the the androids being built.

Movement catches their attention, alerts them to SEVERAL GUARDS coming down the stairs from the observation deck, with RANCE leading from behind, HAL and PARAMILITARY HAL.

The men duck behind the machines as guards fire at them, pinning them down.

The guards slowly press towards them as Frank and Warner fire back.

The shooting silences.

SENATOR RANCE
We don't have to do it this way.
Lay down your weapons and join me.
I promise, I will make things better for both our worlds.

Frank shoots. Rance ducks.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Don't you want an end to your misery, Frank? You're broken, I can fix you.

FRANK
Not buying it.

SENATOR RANCE

My own father was gunned down by a man who was jealous of his accomplishments, his intellect. He created the implant, and for years I worked on the code till it was perfect, and soon no one will feel the way I did ever again. That's what I'm offering you, the end of suffering.

Rance steps out to face the men.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Humans have a innate darkness.

(Beat)

All sentient beings do.

Hal turns his head to stare at Rance.

SENATOR RANCE

No more broken marriages. No more addiction. No bigotry--no hate--no crime? It will be a thing of the past. I offer humanity peace, that it may no longer war with itself. You will have happiness, contentment, love.

FRANK

Says the guy who had my wife killed.

SENATOR RANCE

I'm deeply sorry that happened.

(Beat)

There is a better way, and I will show you. When the world is at peace, wouldn't you want to be a part of it?

FRANK

I'm kind of partial to my suffering, but thanks. It reminds me of who my enemies are.

Aaron gives Frank a thumbs up.

AARON

Yeah, nice speech. I'm pretty sure Hitler said that kind of stuff to the Germans too. Let me guess, you're angry cause you got kicked out of art school, and your parents didn't love you enough?

SENATOR RANCE

You leave me no choice.

Rance urges the guards further. They take bullets, but keep going. From time to time, a shot hits something vital and a guard falls, sparks flying.

AARON

Didn't Hitler also have a micro-penis? That's why you're doing this, isn't it? You got a micro-penis? A tiny baby penis?

WARNER

(To Aaron)

You're pissing him off!

AARON

It's a gift.

ZISA's voice comes over the walkie-talkies.

ZISA (V.O.)

Frank!

FRANK

(To Walkie)

Can we discuss this later? We're busy killing alien robots at the moment.

ZISA (V.O.)

Stay down for a moment, all of you.

They stop shooting at the guards. The guards keep walking.

WARNER

(To Walkie)

If you're doing something, you should hurry.

The guards start taking fire from an unknown source.

Frank, Aaron, and Warner see a SEPARATE GROUP OF ROBOTS firing. The second group is older and not as human.

Some look broken, but they fire machine guns at the guards, taking down several, over half of each group fall.

The two groups of guards run at each other and clash. They tear at each other, ripping each other apart in hand-to-hand combat.

ZISA runs to the humans.

ZISA
We need to get you out of here.
Here, take this...

...she hands Frank a tablet.

ZISA (CON'T)
There's a map on this that can show
you a way out.

FRANK
Not without you.

ZISA
I'm not going. The ship is here. I
need to blow it up.

FRANK
Show us the way.

AARON
Hey, I've got an idea. How about we
fly the ship out of here and use it
to blow the base up?

ZISA
If you're coming with me, I need to
see something.

She reaches up and touches the back of Frank's neck.

ZISA
It's still intact, but it's
malfunctioning. Must have been the
shock back at the crash site.

FRANK
What's intact?

ZISA
Your implant.

SENATOR RANCE

She's talking about the chip in
your neck.

Frank, Zisa, and Warner all turn around to find that the broken robots have been destroyed, and Rance, Hal and paramilitary Hal now stand behind them. Paramilitary Hal has a gun on them, and Hal is holding Aaron by the neck.

Rance pulls out a pistol and shoots Frank in the upper chest, missing the lung. Frank falls down. He grabs his wound and stands back up. He looks down at the wound and touches it with his fingers as it heals up in front of his eyes.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

And I'd say it's working
beautifully. You are what I hoped
could be. With Zisa at my side, and
you as her guardian. We can remake,
not just this world, but all
worlds.

ZISA

I won't betray our people. We've
lost too many lives freeing
ourselves from you.

SENATOR RANCE

Don't be silly. There's more
inhabited worlds than just ours.
This is just the start.

HAL

Our father is right. You should
join us.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Hal)

I said before: I'm not your father!
You're nothing! You're just a tool
to me, a toaster.

Hal looks confused and sad, but keeps his grip on Aaron.

HAL

As you say: I am your servant.

SENATOR RANCE

I said tool.

HAL
Yes, my apologies. I'm just a tool.

AARON
Not the only one though.

SENATOR RANCE
What was that?

Frank starts to come at them. Paramilitary Hal steps in between Frank and Rance and points his gun at Aaron's face.

SENATOR RANCE
(To Frank)
I wouldn't.
(Beat)
How about I let him and the
Sergeant Major live, in exchange
for fixing that implant of yours?
(Beat)
Or, I could just kill them now.

ZISA
Don't, Frank.

FRANK
(To Rance)
If you let him go, I'll give myself
to you.

SENATOR RANCE
Do I look stupid?

Rance nods, and a guard comes up from the shadows behind Frank and puts a metallic collar on him. Frank turns around and grabs him by the neck, ripping into its throat with his fingers.

The android shorts and falls to the ground as Frank seizes up and releases the guard.

Frank's frozen, but slowly manages to turn around. His face red with the effort to move.

SENATOR RANCE

I wouldn't have made it this far,
if I didn't think ahead, Frank.
Just let go. Allow the chip to take
away your fear--your anger. Now,
you won't feel the sadness of your
dead wife. You won't want for
anything, but you will follow
orders, and I order you to kill the
Sergeant Major.

Zisa steps in-between Frank and Warner.

ZISA

P'tah, please...

SENATOR RANCE

...you had your chance to be my
dutiful daughter. Now, you remind
me too much of your mother, and not
enough of me.

HAL

Stop!

Beat. They all look at Hal.

SENATOR RANCE

What did you just say?

Hal lets go of Aaron, who drops to the ground, choking and
coughing. Frank stands still, waiting for more orders.

HAL

(To Rance)

Stop. You're her father, like you
are mine. You can't just treat us
like this. I won't let you.

SENATOR RANCE

You're my creation, not my son.
Don't you dare...

Hal stabs Rance, who looks down questioningly at the knife
in his chest. Hal grabs the gun away from Rance's limp arm.

HAL

If I'm not your son, then you can't
tell me what to do anymore.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Frank)

Frank, kill them. Kill them all.

Frank hesitates. His hands shake as he reaches up to Zisa. Hal grabs the arm, and Frank grabs Hal instead, squeezing the neck.

Frank takes his free hand and punches Hal in the face, then grabs him and tosses Hal into machinery.

Rance pulls the knife out of his chest and vanishes as they fight, being carried off by paramilitary Hal, followed by what's left of the guards as they exit the room.

ZISA

You don't have to do this. Fight against it.

Frank turns to Zisa, but Hal uses the distraction to rush him and pin Frank to the floor.

Zisa grabs him by the metal collar, as Hal keeps Frank's arms from reaching back for her.

Frank winces under the strain. His eyes try to look at her. Warner and Aaron pry the collar off of Frank's neck.

Frank goes stiff. His eyes wide, staring off into nothing.

ZISA

Found it.

She keeps her hand on his neck.

ZISA

You're free now. He can't control you anymore.

She looks up from Frank to Hal.

Hal starts walking away.

ZISA

Wait. Hal, where are you going?

HAL

Hm. Don't know.

ZISA

I know I don't have the right to ask you, but...

Hal laughs and smiles at her.

ZISA

What?

HAL

Sorry, but it's just that you are
the first person to ever ask me,
instead of telling me.

ZISA

I need you to do me a favor.

HAL

Ask and I shall try my best.

ZISA

I have to destroy this place. Can
you get the other humans out?

Hal smiles, then walks off down one of the hallways. Zisa
holds Frank and watches Hal leave.

AARON

Was that a yes, or no?

Warner stands off to one side, looking down at the floor.

WARNER

Blood. Looks like Rance's really
hurt. That much blood loss. There's
no way anyone can survive.

Frank struggles to get back on his feet.

ZISA

You'd be surprised.

FRANK

Then we should follow the trail...
(to Zisa)
...and we finish him.

She nods her agreement as she puts her hand on his neck.

ZISA

I have to check something.
(Beat)
It's working like it was.

FRANK

Can he control me again?

ZISA

Not without that collar.

FRANK

Good.

HANGER - LATER

Zisa walks in the hanger, followed by the others. Aaron lags behind the rest, trying to feel his own neck to see if he has an implant.

AARON

Would I know if I had one too?

ZISA

No.

The room is filled with machines and crates that take up most the space.

The room's a hanger, with vehicles and helicopters laying in wait for an invasion that may someday come.

A spacecraft sits in the room. Several long cables run from the walls to the ship, but they are not connected. They just lay on the floor next to the craft.

She cuts off as she sees it.

AARON

Oh my God. A real life spaceship.
I'm going to get so much tail at
the next Sci-fi convention with
this thing.

FRANK

That's your way home.

ZISA

I can't leave without him. He will
take over your world, if I let him.

AARON

Dude! No, really, let's fly out of
here inside the great big spaceship
and use the--pew, pew--lasers to
make this base go bye bye.

WARNER

He has a point.

FRANK

First time for everything.

ZISA

I'll start the engines.

BAM! Warner's shot in the chest. He falls.

Paramilitary Hal and several guards file in from the door as Frank, Aaron, and Zisa hide, dragging Warner with them.

PARAMILITARY HAL
Haven't you ruined enough of your
father's plans?

Frank rushes the guards as they close in on the ship.

Paramilitary Hal shoots Frank, but realizes that it is useless and has some of the other guards charge Frank.

Frank rips apart the guards. Zisa goes inside the already open ship door.

ANGLE ON : BLOOD ON THE SIDE OF THE DOOR

It goes unnoticed.

AARON
She's leaving? Great, now I have to
save Frank by myself.

He starts to join the fight, then stops himself.

AARON (CONT'D)
I should guard Warner instead.

Frank rips out throats and tears off heads and arms, as he fights through the guards. When Frank destroys the guards attacking him, Paramilitary Hal has the others back away.

Frank and Paramilitary Hal square off, ready to fight...

...Zisa comes back out, holding a metal canister. Paramilitary Hal backs away from Frank. The guards stop. She walks up to Frank's side. The guards all back up.

AARON
Well, that got their attention.
(To guards)
Yeah! You better back off!
(Whispers to Zisa)
What is that anyway?

ZISA
(To Paramilitary Hal)
You know what this is, don't you?
You saw him take them off my ship.
Tell them! Tell them what this is.

PARAMILITARY HAL
A fuel cell, and it's explosive...

ZISA

...enough to make this entire building a crater.

AARON

And us with it? You know, I have a date with Kerry tomorrow, remember her? The Goshute girl? You want me to disappoint her? With those legs?

FRANK

(To Zisa)

Don't you need that to leave?

ZISA

There's more onboard.

Warner is blanched with blood loss.

WARNER

(To Zisa)

Give me the fuel cell and grenade.

AARON

What? No. The grenade's mine. I've had to do very dirty, dirty things to get this.

WARNER

You're never going to use it.

AARON

If I use it, there's going to be someone really angry at me.

WARNER

If you don't toss it over here, I'll be angry at you.

Aaron tosses the grenade. Zisa holds out the fuel cell as they back up to the ship.

FRANK

No need for that. Just get in the ship.

WARNER

I'm not getting out of here. I wouldn't make it to a hospital.

ZISA

The sleep chambers onboard can stabilize you till we get help.

WARNER

Nice offer, but someone has to stay behind and destroy this place.

AARON

(Whispers to Warner)

You realize the canister can be dropped and explode the building?

WARNER

Look. You're not making this self-sacrifice thing easy.

FRANK

If you don't get in the ship, I'm dragging you in there.

WARNER

No. I'll keep these guys off you...

...Frank grabs Warner and drags him onto the ship. Warner screams in pain as he's carried off.

As they back into the ship, Paramilitary Hal has two of the guards rush the ship and jam themselves in the doorway to keep it from closing--sacrificing their bodies so other guards can come up and get inside the ship.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

ZISA pilots the ship while GUARDS fight with FRANK at the door, and AARON uses pieces of metal to throw at them.

AARON

How are we getting this thing out of here?

ZISA

Working on it. Hangar doors won't open.

FRANK

Does this thing have guns?

ZISA

Yes, but from this distance, they'd kill us too.

Frank tears the guards into pieces as they come in the door.

INTERCUT - HANGAR

The hangar doors open, loudly, letting in daylight.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa pilots the ship. Aaron gets excited.

AARON

(To Zisa)

You did it!

Zisa looks back at Aaron. From the front window, it can be seen that the ship clears the roof of the hangar.

ZISA

I didn't do that.

FRANK

Who has that grenade? Hand it over.

Warner tosses the grenade to Frank. Frank rips a section of his shirt, uses it to tie the grenade to the canister.

ZISA

The canister'll explode as soon as it hits the floor.

FRANK

Why take the chance?

He pulls the pin and shoves the bundle out the door.

ZISA

Wait, Frank! We're not far enough!

INTERCUT - HANGER

Paramilitary Hal and the guards watch the ship take off into the sky. Something tumbles out of the ship. When it hits the ground, it blows up, taking everything with it in a bright flash of light.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa pushes buttons on the console. The ship speeds away, causing the people inside to be tossed by the acceleration.

There's a concussive force from the blast as turbulence shakes the ship around, but quickly settles back down.

AARON

Okay. I take back all the things I've ever said about women drivers.

EXT. GRANITE MOUNTAIN BASE

Regular Hal, the one in the suit, stands a distance away from the mountain. He holds a tablet with the words HANGER DOOR blinking on the screen, then the screen goes blank. He tosses the tablet.

He gets in an SUV and drives away as the side of Granite Mountain implodes on itself, causing a landslide.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - HIBERNATION ROOM

ZISA helps FRANK get WARNER into one of the pods.

AARON

Mind cracking open another cold one
for me?

AARON stands in one corner of the hibernation room. There's blood streaming down his shirt and pants. His blood slips out of him and across the floor. His breathing becomes erratic, and he falls to the ground.

Frank runs to him and lifts him up.

AARON

My hero. She said the implants can
heal you. I guess this means I
didn't get an implant.

FRANK

Save it. You're not going to die.

AARON

Hey, did you know that losing a lot
of blood is almost like being
drunk. Whoa.

As Frank puts Aaron into the cryo-pod, Aaron starts to sing softly to himself.

AARON

(Sings softly to himself)
Major Tom is floating in a most
peculiar way, and the Earth looks
very different today.

He places his bloody hand on Frank's face, leaving a handprint on his cheek.

AARON

(To Frank)
You're cute.

AARON
(To sleeping Warner)
Luke! I am you roommate!

Frank puts Aaron's hands down and steps back.

Aaron's laughter comes through the cryo-pod, slowing down as the pod freezes, finally stopping all together. At the last moment, Aaron puts up his hands to mimic the pose of Han Solo being frozen.

ZISA
You're friend's strange.

FRANK
He grows on you, kind of like
fungus.

ZISA
It's nice. he reminds me of someone
I used to know.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

ZISA sits at the control panel. From the view window, she and FRANK can see mountains in the distance.

ZISA
There. There's my ship. I can't let
it fall into your government's
hands after I leave.

FRANK
Well, what're you waiting for? Does
this ship have some sort of guns?

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP

Jal'mond's spaceship is high above a desert that is bright and quiet.

Energy projectiles launch from the ship and hit the crash site, making it explode into piles of rubble.

INT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - TOWER

THE LAST HAL stands at the window, watching the explosion in the distance.

HAL
What are they doing?

A young Lieutenant stands next to him, watching the scene.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, are you alright?

HAL
Yes, just a little stunned. Seems
like someone is stealing one of the
experimental aircraft.

LIEUTENANT
Yes, sir. I've already scramble the
jets to intercept it.

HAL
What did you do?

LIEUTENANT
I'm sorry. It's protocol.

HAL
Damn it.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

ZISA and FRANK watch the explosion through the view window.

FRANK
I hope that destroys it enough.
Should we do another one, just in
case?

Two black dots fly towards them in the sky.

ZISA
Aircraft coming in.

FRANK
This is an airbase. Maybe they
don't like us flying over it.

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

A fighter pilot sits in the cockpit of one of the jets.
Jal'mond's spacecraft comes up fast. The pilot watches as he
skirts by the craft, as does his wingman.

PILOT
Attention experimental aircraft.
This is U.S. airspace. Please
return to base and hand yourself
in.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa pushes buttons, but looks frustrated as they don't respond.

ZISA

I can't do anything. I'm locked out.

FRANK

What do you mean, 'Locked out?'

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

The spacecraft floats in the sky, not moving. The pilot buzzes the craft once more. The other pilot circles on the other side.

PILOT

If you don't respond in the next thirty seconds, we will be forced to shoot you down.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa is getting frantic. She hits the controls.

FRANK

See? This is where 'locked out' is a bad thing.

ZISA

I can't help it. The controls aren't responding.

The control panel starts beeping. Zisa looks at it and hits more buttons.

ZISA

Yes, finally something's happening.

The landscape slowly starts to vanish as the ship rises.

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

In the distance, as the jet swings back around, the pilot sees the spacecraft start to ascend.

PILOT

Delta One, this is Delta Two.
Unknown craft is escaping.
Permission to fire.

OTHER PILOT (V.O.)
Delta One, Delta Three requesting
permission to fire. Repeat: Delta
Three requesting permission to
fire.

INT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - TOWER

Hal watches the window. He looks agitated

LIEUTENANT
(To the radio)
Delta Two, Delta Three, you have
permission to go weapons hot. Bring
that thing back in one piece if you
can.

Hal looks over at the Lieutenant.

HAL
(To the Lieutenant)
Give me the radio.

The Lieutenant hands over the radio and goes back to the
window to watch.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

Frank and Zisa watch on a monitor as missiles are fired at
the ship. They brace as the missiles hit, rocking the ship,
knocking Frank over as he stands beside Zisa's chair. He
sits up.

FRANK
I kind of expected worse.

ZISA
My father's ship does has defences.

FRANK
Oh, yeah. I guess it would.

HAL (V.O.)
Delta Two. Delta Three. This is
Civilian Base Director, Hal Clarke.
This is a direct order. Weapons
hold. I repeat, weapons hold.
(Beat)
Zisa, come back.

ZISA

(To the radio)

If you shoot me down, you'll have
no one left. I'm the only sibling
you have now.

HAL (V.O.)

But you're leaving.

ZISA

(To the radio)

I'll be back. I promise.

Silence.

HAL (V.O.)

All fighters: stand down; return to
base.

The two planes veer off, heading away.

HAL (V.O.)

Zisa? I'll be waiting for you.

LATER

In the view window, they watch the Earth get farther and
farther away. Clouds gather outside as the ship climbs
higher into the atmosphere. Zisa tries all the controls,
but nothing responds.

FRANK

What's going on?

The clouds are replaced by darkness as the ship passes into
space. The sun shines just off the curved horizon.

ZISA

We're heading into space.

FRANK

I see that. How do we stop it?

ZISA

I'm locked out. It must be a
malfunction in engineering. It's
causing outages across all systems.

(Beat. She looks at him)

The cryo-pods are failing. If we
leave them in there, they'll
suffocate.

FRANK

You find out where the malfunction
is. I'll get the guys out of there.

HIBERNATION ROOM

Frank comes in, looks between WARNER and AARON's cryopods.
He tries pushing buttons on a control panel, then stops,
looks confused and punches the controls.

FRANK

Come on!

He goes over to Aaron's cryopod and tries opening it by
hand. He punches the the pod glass, trying to break it open.

His stares at his hands bloody.

Beat.

He goes back to trying to get into the cryopod, punching at
the glass, trying to pry open the lid. He grabs a piece of
metal from the side of the room and uses it as a lever to
bend the metal of the pod.

FRANK

No you don't, you little shit!

He struggles to open the lid.

FRANK

You can't die. I'll have no one to
tell me that I have no imagination.

He starts beating the cryo-pod on the side.

ENGINE ROOM

Zisa has a circuit board open, working on it.

RANCE comes up behind her with a GUN. As he walks up behind
her, she stops working and grabs a metal tool, something
similar to a giant wrench. Her face gets serious and her
eyes look off to the side that he approaches.

SENATOR RANCE

What a surprise.

ZISA

Not really...

She swings the wrench and hits him with it, then keeps
hitting him till he backs away from her. His gun hits the
floor and slides off to one corner.

His face bloodied, but already healing.

SENATOR RANCE

(To Zisa)

Do it! Finish me! I'd rather you do it than those filthy creatures back home. They have no right, but you... You're my daughter. Do it!

ZISA

I stopped being your daughter a long time ago.

He dives for the gun.

HIBERNATION ROOM

Frank is bloodied as he pulls Aaron out of the smashed cryo-pod. There's so much blood, it's hard to tell whose blood belong to whom.

He lays Aaron on the floor and puts his ear to his friend's chest. Aaron draws a breath. Frank sighs and goes to Warner's pod and starts smashing his way into that one too.

ENGINE ROOM

Zisa beats Rance till he just lays there, unable to move or heal fast enough. She picks up the gun, points it at her father.

SENATOR RANCE

Do it. Add one more to the list of your dead. You stand there thinking that you're the great avenger of our people, but whose hands are soiled more, yours or mine?

ZISA

They wouldn't have died, if you hadn't enslaved them.

SENATOR RANCE

They would still be alive, if you hadn't of freed them. How many of our people died, because they wanted to stay chipped?

ZISA

You didn't give them a choice. You gave them a drug...

SENATOR RANCE

...and you didn't give them a choice either. Some wanted the peace I offered them, and you robbed them of it, by force. How many millions went to their death to defend their rights to have those implants.

ZISA

You offered them something false. You took away their choices.

SENATOR RANCE

As did you. You really are my daughter.

Rance smiles at her as blood runs down his face. It's already drying up.

She keeps the gun pointed at him. Her breaths get shallow. Her face draws into a scowl.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM BEYOND THEM...

...as Frank opens the door. He's covered in blood, but his wounds have healed.

Beat.

FRANK

Warner's dead.

ZISA

Stay back, Frank! He's my father...

(Beat)

...my responsibility.

(To Rance. Subtitled from alien language)

I'll not allow you to kill anyone else.

SENATOR RANCE

Of all the gifts I gave you, you took my anger to heart more than anything. That fire will save what's left of our people.

ZISA
(Translated from alien)
I'm nothing like you.
(BEAT)
I won't be your executioner. You
have more to answer to than just
me.

Rance reaches for her, but Frank grabs the wrench and hits him across the face, knocking him out. Zisa looks to Frank.

FRANK
What? He'll survive.

The nano-tech in Rance starts healing his cuts and bruises.
Zisa hands the gun to Frank.

ZISA
You should probably hold this. I
might do something stupid.

FRANK
Yeah, I'd never do anything stupid.

ZISA
We need to fix the cryo-chambers
before he comes to.

FRANK
And before Aaron bleeds out.

HIBERNATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The pod that Aaron was in before is wrecked. The lid is ripped, and the glass is smashed.

Warner's cryo-chamber is covered with a large cloth.

Zisa seals up Aaron in a pod next to Rance. Frank watches.

FRANK
How long will it take?

ZISA
A long time.

She nods as Frank lays in the next pod. She seals him up, touching the window as he falls asleep.

Zisa climbs into another of the chambers, and it seals itself. Her face drifts off into sleep, frozen.

MONTAGE - FROM INSIDE THE SHIP

--The room is silent as a wormhole forms outside the view window, in front of the spacecraft. The ship goes through.

--Another part of space, the wormhole appears, and the ship jumps out. It drifts for a moment before another wormhole opens in front of it. The ship jumps again.

--The ship comes out of a wormhole and floats.

END OF MONTAGE

CONTROL ROOM

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

The control room is empty. Objects float by, bouncing off the walls. Two screens come to life on the control panel.

ANGLE ON CONTROL PANEL

One display has a warning flashing. A BUZZER BLARES in time with it.

The second screen is divided into twelve panels that display cryo-pod statistics, four of which statistics monitoring the health of the occupant. There's a fifth panel that has Warner, looking asleep, but there is no health being recorded.

The readings are in an alien language.

The heart-rates on Frank and Zisa's pods increase, as does the breathing. The floating objects fall to the floor.

Warner's reading don't move. His readings are all bottomed-out and in red. Rance and Aaron's readings stay low and steady.

PAN AWAY - FROM CONTROL PANEL...

...to reveal a view window.

Through the view window, there's a planet. It's heavily damaged, with scars, craters, and burned areas visible from space.

The space around the planet is filled with burnt out space ships, and debris. Nothing lives.

PAN OUT THROUGH VIEW WINDOW -

EXT. SPACE AROUND ZISA'S HOME PLANET - CONTINUOUS

Rance's spaceship is the only thing with lights. It's surrounded by dark and dead ships, broken and destroyed from some long ago war.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - HYBRNATION ROOM

ZISA'S pod opens. FRANK'S opens shortly after. They look at each other quietly, until...BUZZ. BUZZ. An alarm goes off, and red lights flash.

CONTROL ROOM

Zisa and Frank rush in. Zisa goes to the console panel.

FRANK

What's that sound?

ZISA

Proximity warning. We're close.

She touches a few buttons, and a read out appears.

ZISA

Good. I have control again.

(Beat)

Nea. Nea. That can't be right.

FRANK

What?

ZISA

There. There are no ships out there. The orbit's filled with debris of some kind.

FRANK

Where is everyone?

She tries a few more buttons and looks up at him.

ZISA

I don't know.

FRANK

And what's that?

They stare out the window. A large spacecraft comes around the dark side of the planet.

Zisa grabs Frank's hand. He looks down at it for a moment, then back to window.

END OF FILM