

ALIENS - THE SERIES

Episode 3/5

"Dawn"

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Second Draft

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ALIENS - THE SERIES

"Dawn"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS - DUSK.

A WARZONE

Hundreds of buildings have been more or less destroyed. Fires rage everywhere. Thick black smoke fills the sky, strangling the light from the setting sun.

A grey mist of dust and smoke blankets the entire area. Navigation lights from the few crafts that circles above can be seen.

EXT. STREET.

Rubbles, debris and craters. A woman in pain occasional cries for help. Bodies fill the street, some have been horribly massacred by fallen structures, others lie there, as if they had died in their sleep.

INT. BROKEN BUILDING.

Water gush from broken pipes. It covers the floor, spilling over cracked edges in the prefab concrete. Pieces of clothing are pushed along by the water, a pair of broken glasses, a child's toy, splintered wood.

MAN

lies on his back, eyes closed but breathing. ALFRED MENDOZA (mid 40's), beard, a tad overweight. His clothes soaked in water but his collar is red from blood.

His eyes open. He sits up, moans. Alfred looks around, clearly confused he gets to his feet. His legs wobbly.

ALFRED

Tam? Nidia? Maria?

He stumbles through the room, pushing knocked over tables and chairs out of the way. He struggles his way to the door leading to an adjacent room.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Tamara? Honey?

Alfred tries to push the door open but it will not budge. He rams his shoulder against it.

The door flies open, sending Alfred plunging to the floor. He lands with his face close to a pair of bare feet. The toenails covered by red nail polish.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Tam?

He looks up, sees her legs, her hands, her arms. And the large piece of concrete lying where her upper body and head should be.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(softly)

Tam?

He sees the pool of blood that has formed underneath the piece of concrete.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

No. Oh God no! Please! No!

GIRL (O.C.)

Daddy?

Alfred turns. NIDIA MENDOZA (11), skinny, stands in the doorway. He tries to wipe the tears from his face.

ALFRED

Nidia. Honey, stay there. Don't come in here.

But tears already runs down her cheeks.

NIDIA

Mommy? What's wrong with mommy?

Alfred gets to his feet, walks to the girl, wrap his arms around her and hugs her tight. They cry in each others arms. Alfred gently moves away from the door, moving the girl with him.

ALFRED

Where's your sister? Honey, where is Maria?

NIDIA

I don't know, daddy.

(sobbing)

Mom.

ALFRED

(struggling)

Hush. It's gonna be alright. Okay? Let's go find your sister. Is she in her room?

Alfred takes her daughter by the hand and they walk to another door, then down a few steps. They open a new door.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Maria?

Nidia screams. Alfred stumbles back a step, gasping for air. He pulls Nidia away from the door.

Inside the room, the floor has almost caved in. An old and worn bed is barely standing. In the bed lies MARIA MENDOZA (16) all peacefully.

A facehugger covers her face.

SMASH TO
BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Not much light in the room, most of the structures have collapsed. Raynes and Newman climbs over rubble, shining their flashlights around. Julie watches them.

JULIE

Anything?

RAYNES

Hang on.

MAC

Is there a way out back there?

RAYNES

Hang on, dammit.

NEWMAN

No. It's caved in, we're not getting out here.

Julie turns to Mac who sits on the floor next to Roland. Hernandez lies between them, still unconscious.

JULIE

How's your leg?

MAC

Hurts like hell.

JULIE

Did you have a look at it, professor?

ROLAND

Yeah. It's not broken. He's got a deep cut but it's not bleeding.

MAC

So basically I should just walk it off?

ROLAND

Actually, you shouldn't over exert yourself. Give it a rest, a chance to heal.

MAC

Well, since it looks like we're not going anywhere I guess I'll just sit here for a while then.

He leans back against the wall.

ROLAND

The cut needs to be cleaned though,
otherwise it could get infected.

JULIE

So clean it.

ROLAND

With what? You see any water?

She doesn't.

NEWMAN

What about Ramon?

ROLAND

That's a different story. He's still
unconscious and that worries me. He's
got some cuts and bruises but nothing
alarming and that leads me to believe
that he may have sustained internal
injuries. Head trauma maybe, spinal
injury. I can't say for certain until
he's been through a scanner.

NEWMAN

Damn.

ROLAND

Hey, I'm just guessing here. He could
snap out of it like that.

Raynes steps up.

RAYNES

Well, right now the Chicano's dead
weight. If we have to move quick then
we don't wanna be hauling an anchor
around.

NEWMAN

Hey, shut the hell up. That's my
friend you're talking about. I'm not
leaving him behind.

JULIE

Nobody is leaving anybody behind.

RAYNES

Speak for yourself, lady. The second
I find a way outta here I'm gone.
It's been great and have a nice life,
you know.

JULIE

We wouldn't be here if it wasn't for
the two of you and your little
science project.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

I saw one of those things kill a man right in front of me. See the blood on my face? That was his. These creatures were killing people left and right and now they might have escaped the building.

Raynes throws his hands in the air in a 'here-we-go-again' motion.

ROLAND

There was no way we could have foreseen that. We lost power for a couple of seconds and they escaped.

MAC

You lost power?

ROLAND

Yeah, apparently it was cut manually.

Julie and Mac exchange hidden glances.

NEWMAN

Whoa. Wait a minute. You mean you guys actually created that thing in your labs?

RAYNES

Of course not, you idiot. It's an alien species. It's from outer space.

NEWMAN

Then how the hell did you get your hands on it?

RAYNES

What does it matter? We got it. It escaped. End of story.

MAC

Don't you mean 'to be continued'? As far as you know they're still out there.

JULIE

Also, you forgot to mention the fact that you kidnapped a bunch of homeless people.

RAYNES

Can you please shut up, bitch?

Like a jack-in-the-box, Mac springs to his feet, nose to nose with Raynes.

MAC

You watch your damn mouth, you hear?

RAYNES

(laughing)

Or what? You can hardly stand.

Newman steps up behind Mac. He gives Raynes a hard stare.

NEWMAN

I'll keep him up.

RAYNES

Oh, just say when, kid.

The three of them stare each other down and get ready for the showdown.

JULIE

Knock it off. All of you. Enough of this testosterone crap.

(beat)

For all we know, the building, your precious playground, went down. Maybe some of the creatures escaped into the open, maybe not. But I don't think we should stick around here to find out. Rescue operations are probably under way as we speak but look at where we are. Street level. The very bottom on the priority list. It'll take days before anybody even considers looking here, maybe weeks. We have no com units, right? Newman? Raynes?

They both shake their heads.

ROLAND

She's right. We can't stay here. I have no doubt that some of the creatures escaped. Right now they're probably setting up a new hive somewhere in the city.

MAC

A hive?

ROLAND

Yeah, the way they work is that a queen, an egg-layer, begins laying eggs. Inside these eggs there is a small parasitoid. That thing attaches itself to a host and implants an embryo.

MAC

A host?

ROLAND

Humans. Animals. The embryo is incubated in the host for a short period of time, until it breaks out of the host's body and quickly grows into a large adult, those are the ones you saw. The adult then supplies the hive with more hosts and the cycle repeats itself.

Mac sits down again, careful not to put too much weight on his wounded leg. Julie helps him.

MAC

You said that this...this embryo breaks out of the hosts body, right? How?

ROLAND

Usually through the chest.

NEWMAN

And the host...?

ROLAND

The host dies.

JULIE

So in order for one of those things to live, someone has to die.

ROLAND

Yes. And that is why we have to find the hive.

Beat.

MAC

Find them?

ROLAND

Once they start multiplying they'll spread throughout the borders of the city. It'll be impossible to stop them. More hives. More hosts. More of them.

MAC

Yeah, I get what you're saying but c'mon. It sounds like a job for the army, not the six of us. We have no guns.

NEWMAN

I have my sidearm.

RAYNES

Hurrah. Look, I'm not gonna go search for those things, professor. You guys don't pay me nearly enough for that and even if you did, I'm not suicidal.

Newman squats next to Hernandez, his eyes concerned.

NEWMAN

I'm medevac'ing Ramon out of here. He needs medical attention.

MAC

What about you, Jules?

JULIE

I just wanna get out of here and find my sister. What about you guys, don't you have any family in the city.

RAYNES

No.

JULIE

I'm sure you were bred in a jar somewhere. What about you two?

ROLAND

My wife passed away six years ago. Our kids live off-world.

JULIE

Newman?

He looks up. Nods.

NEWMAN

Yeah. My dad lives downtown.

ROLAND

This is all very commendable, but I still don't think you quite comprehend the importance of finding that hive.

JULIE

Well, you are not going to find it in here. Right? So lets find a way out of this place.

They agree. Raynes and Newman resume their search.

EXT. METROPOLIS - NIGHT.

THE SKY

Filled with emergency response crafts. The night lid by the blue and red light from the crafts and the fires on the ground. The crafts douse water on the fires.

EXT. STREET.

The remnants of the apartment complex that used to house the Serrano residence, among others.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING.

A beam of light shines its way over the rubbles, furniture and concrete interlaced with each other. The beam continues to a cracked staircase and moves up.

As the beam ascends the stairs, it reveals more mayhem, broken apartments and a few crushed corpses.

A WOMAN

Lies halfway across a doorstep. The beam centers on her face. Sarah Serrano.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hey. Hey, you okay?

Sarah slowly comes around. Her face dirty and bruised. Blood crusted around her nose. She blinks a couple of times and coughs wildly.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Here, take a sip of this.

A hand passes her a bottle of water. She gulps down a couple of mouthfuls, coughs again.

SARAH

Thanks.

She looks up and sees DAVID WESTWOOD (50's), salt and pepper beard, muscular. He helps Sarah to her feet.

WESTWOOD

You' doing alright? You' injured?

SARAH

I'm okay, just got a headache.

WESTWOOD

You're Julie's sister, right? Sandy?

SARAH

Sarah. It's Sarah.

WESTWOOD

Nice to meet you, Sarah. I'm David.
I'm the super here.

SARAH

Hi.

He shines his flashlight around.

WESTWOOD

I'm gonna look around, see if there
are any more survivors holed up. You
can wait here til I get back, or you
wanna come along?

Sarah coughs again.

SARAH

I don't wanna stay here.

WESTWOOD

Alright. I gotta tell you though,
there's a lot of dead bodies lying
around. It ain't pretty. Okay?

SARAH

Okay.

They slowly proceed forward, Westwood on point. His
flashlight provides the light. The air is filled with dust.
They crawl over concrete obstacles, sidestepping mangled
corpses.

WESTWOOD

Watch it. It's slippery.

Sarah sees blood slowly running down broken steps. They pass
a pair of legs trapped between parts of concrete. Sarah
squirms.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)

Ah, man. Poor bastard.

They come to a flight of stairs. The steps leading up are
blocked by rubble.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)

Guess we're going down.

They descent the treacherous steps.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to ask, was your
sister in her apartment? I mean, when
it happened?

SARAH

No. No, she was out.

WESTWOOD

Lucky her.

SARAH

I'm not so sure.

WESTWOOD

What d'you mean?

SARAH

Well, she's a reporter.

WESTWOOD

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Oh. Right.

SARAH

She would've been down there,
covering the story. That's Julie,
that's what she lives for.

WESTWOOD

Well, she's seems pretty smart. She
likely got away before it went down.
Julie's probably on her way here to
check up on you.

Westwood stops at a child's toy, a fuzzy teddy bear, half
buried beneath jagged boulders. Blood covers most of its
head. A tiny human hand holds its left leg.

Westwood bends down, shines his light at the hand and moves
a couple of boulders out of the way.

He pulls back. Shakes his head.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)

Let's...let's move on here.

They walk away. Sarah casts a glance over her shoulder.

SARAH

Uh, right before the building went
down, I think I saw something on the
TV, just for a moment. I don't know
what it was. It looked like some kind
of animal.

WESTWOOD

Yeah, I saw it too.

SARAH

What do you think it was?

Westwood shrugs.

They reach the bottom of the staircase which leads into a oddly lit narrow hallway with doors on both sides. The concrete walls are cracked and skewed.

A nearby fire illuminates the hallway in an inconsistent way. The fire has engulfed the end of the hallway, flames lick the ceiling. They both cover their mouths. From the other end they hear faint a yell.

WESTWOOD

Down there.

They rush towards the yelling when the floor caves in. They stumble forward and fall through the air. They both hit an outcropping as they tumble down. Finally, they come to an abrupt halt on a lower floor.

They both moan and wince in pain.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Jesus. You guys alright?

Sarah and Westwood struggle to their feet and see EMMA STRADER (39), pretty but not attractive, RICK STRADER (37), accountant and their teenage son NATHAN STRADER (16), teeth too big, legs too long.

WESTWOOD

Rick? Emma? You guys made it out? I checked your place and it was totaled.

EMMA

We were visiting Ben and Kim upstairs when it hit but we got separated in all the commotion afterwards.

RICK

Have you seen them, David?

WESTWOOD

Yeah, they made it out okay.

EMMA

Oh, thank God.

WESTWOOD

Hey, Nathan. What's up?

The teenager looks up, eyelids saggy.

NATHAN

Nuthin'.

RICK

Who's uh...who's your friend?

WESTWOOD

Ah, this is Sarah. Julie's sister.

SARAH

Hi.

EMMA

Hi. Is Julie okay?

SARAH

Yeah. I mean I don't know, she wasn't home.

EMMA

She's probably okay then.

SARAH

Yeah.

RICK

We were looking for a way out but everything is blocked off.

WESTWOOD

Where are we? On fourth?

RICK

Yeah.

WESTWOOD

Well, there's an old maintenance ladder in 1013 or at least there used to be. It might have been boarded up by now. But back in the day, before they expanded this place, that apartment was used by the janitor. If the ladder's still there then it can take us to the basement. From there we can get out.

Rick looks sceptical.

RICK

The basement? I don't know. That sounds like a long shot, the place is probably caved in.

WESTWOOD

Maybe, maybe not.

RICK

I think we should wait here. Help will come.

SARAH

Let's see what's in 1013 and take it from there.

WESTWOOD

Let's do it.

Everyone but Rick leaves. He stands there for a while before he leaves too.

INT. SEWER.

A huge pipe leads to a large opening. At the center sits an alien queen. She is connected to the walls via long threads of deposited resin. Her translucent egg sack pulsates, ejecting yet another egg onto the already crowded floor.

Around the queen, adult aliens mill about, expanding the hive. Several humans are glued to the wall. Some have their faces covered by facehuggers, some have gaping holes in their chests.

A woman screams. Though most of her face is covered by blood and alien residue, she is still recognizable as Carrie Alexander. She convulses as a chestburster punches its way out of her.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - NIGHT.

The lights are on in nearly every office. A fleet of crafts swoop down from above. They approach the building with a purpose.

One by one the crafts set down and uniformed men spill out.

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - THE DUGOUT.

The room is filled with tired people. Coffee mugs everywhere. Ties have been removed, shirts unbuttoned at the collar. The opposite wall is decorated with monitors, all showing mayhem.

News Director Matthew Pierce looks tired, his face sags. Patches of perspiration visible around his armpits. He runs a hand over his face, almost knocking his headset off.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

(into mic)

Montana? You there? Danny? Rianne?

He shakes his head and turns to Tye Hamilton.

DIRECTOR PIERCE (CONT'D)

How many have reported back so far?

HAMILTON

Eleven.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Out of how many?

HAMILTON

Sixty-eight, boss.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Christ.

He opens his briefcase slightly and pulls out a cigarette. He lights it and inhales deeply.

HAMILTON

Are you crazy, boss? Those things are illegal, you can go to jail for that.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

What? You' gonna make a citizens arrest?

HAMILTON

Of course not.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Then get the hell back to work. Pull back whatever people we have across the country. This story's gonna be around for quite some time and we're a little short on manpower.

HAMILTON

You told me that three hours ago.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Did you do it?

HAMILTON

Sure did.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Good. Then...do something else.

His secretary, Jenny Russell, walks up to Pierce.

JENNY

Sir?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

What is it, Jenny?

JENNY

I just got a call from the reception. There's someone on the way up to see you.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

What? That's gonna have to wait.

JENNY

Well, the receptionist said that they were...

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Jenny, we've been over this a couple of times now. The information you need to give me has to come a lot faster.

JENNY

She said they were soldiers.

The room goes quiet.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Soldiers? Here? What the hell?

(to Hamilton)

Did you call someone about the cigarettes?

The door burst open and armed soldiers enter the room. A soldier wearing a black beret raises his hands. He is CAPTAIN DARRYL BYRD (early 40's), the kind of guy you can hurt yourself on.

CAPT. BYRD

People! Let's settle down. We're are not here to hurt you. Okay? Now, who's in charge here?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

I am.

CAPT. BYRD

Identify yourself, sir.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Matthew Pierce, News Director.

CAPT. BYRD

Good evening, Mr. Pierce. I am Captain Darryl Byrd, NSF, detachment Zulu.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

National Security Forces.

CAPT. BYRD

Correct, sir. My orders are to shut your operation down. So please cease and desist.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Shut us down? You ever heard of the Journalistic Freedom Act, Captain...Turd?

Byrd sighs disappointed.

CAPT. BYRD

Byrd, sir. And frankly I couldn't care less about any freedom act. Forty-six minutes ago the President signed Executive Resolution one-six-four putting this state under martial law.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

The President of what?

CAPT. BYRD

Sir, you are beginning to annoy me.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

So it would appear. You can't just show up here, wave your guns around and tell us to shut down. What the hell's the matter with you?

(MORE)

DIRECTOR PIERCE (CONT'D)

A catastrophe just occurred and we've lost a lot of good friends tonight. So pardon me if I'm pissing you off.

CAPT. BYRD

I'm sorry for your loss, sir. But I am under executive orders and I will carry them out.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Screw you. You're a Captain, right? That means that somewhere in the chain of command somebody outranks you. Well, I wanna speak to them. Where the hell is your CO?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Right here.

A tall and robust looking man enters the room. His face is scarred and battle hardened, his grey hair cut short. He is GENERAL J. J. MCCONE (60's).

CAPT. BYRD

General.

GEN. MCCONE

What's the problem here?

CAPT. BYRD

That one.

He points to Pierce. Pierce takes a step back.

GEN. MCCONE

Do you know who I am?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Of course. You're General McCone, chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

GEN. MCCONE

And do you think the President would send someone like me to talk to a nobody like you if this wasn't such a serious matter? No?

(beat)

You know, it's funny how history keeps repeating itself. Every conflict I've been involved in - and there's been plenty - every battle, there always was this one guy, a guy who had this twisted urge to be a hero, to stand up against overwhelming odds even though it meant certain death each time. Commendable? I guess. Stupid? Absolutely.

(MORE)

GEN. MCCONE (CONT'D)

Because sure enough, the guy was always the first one to die. And for what? We always prevail.

(beat)

Now, I'm sure you feel you're doing what's right. But let me update you on reality here, you're not. In fact you already have one foot in the grave. I will have zero reservation about ordering you shot right here and now, just to set an example. You wanna keep it up? Get to see what's on the other side? No? Then sit your ass down.

CAPT. BYRD

Sir, team two has found the main transmitter. They're standing by.

GEN. MCCONE

Blow it.

In a matter of seconds all screens and monitors show snowy static instead of live feeds.

GEN. MCCONE (CONT'D)

Does anybody else have something they want to say?

No one has.

GEN. MCCONE (CONT'D)

Good. Now, go...home.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Darkness.

RAYNES

(muffled)

I think there's something here.

A faint light appear. As debris is removed more light spill through the darkness.

NEWMAN

(muffled)

Yup, there's definitely some kind of opening here.

Raynes and Newman toss debris and rubles away from a hole in the concrete floor. Julie hovers over them. Her eyes widen. She turns to the others.

JULIE

We found a way out.

Raynes shines his light down the hole.

RAYNES

It's more like a way down than a way out.

MAC

I'll take it.

Newman pulls back.

NEWMAN

Christ, it stinks.

ROLAND

Probably leads to the sewerage system. There's a recycling station just under a mile from here.

NEWMAN

A sewer? Great.

JULIE

(teasing)

Girl.

NEWMAN

Hey.

RAYNES

Can we get the lead out please?

NEWMAN

Let's recon it first.

ROLAND

Good idea. I don't think we should be moving private Hernandez around unless we're absolutely certain that it's a way out.

JULIE

So who get's to stay with him?

RAYNES

Not me.

NEWMAN

I'm gonna stay. The rest of you should go.

MAC

No, I'll stay. I'm not that mobile anyway and I don't think I should expose my wound to raw sewerage.

JULIE

You sure, Mac?

MAC
Yeah. Leave a flashlight though.

NEWMAN
Sure.

MAC
And don't forget about us.

JULIE
We won't.

Newman tosses his flashlight to Mac. Julie bends down and embraces him, kisses his cheek. Meanwhile, Raynes pulls Roland off to the side.

ROLAND
What?

RAYNES
(whispering)
When we get out of here she's gonna tell the whole world about what happened at HQ.

Roland hesitates.

RAYNES (CONT'D)
(whispering)
C'mon. She's a reporter. Of course she'll talk.

ROLAND
(whispering)
What are you saying?

RAYNES
(whispering)
She'll implicate the two of us, right? So if we're lucky we get death. If not, we're gonna be spending the rest of our lives on some prison planet. You've heard the stories about those places. You want that? I sure as hell don't.

ROLAND
(whispering, upset)
What are you saying? What are you really saying here, Scott?

Raynes gives him an uncomfortable stare. Julie approaches.

JULIE
What's up?

RAYNES
'We set to go?

JULIE

Yeah.

RAYNES

Are you coming, professor?

ROLAND

(distracted)

Huh?

RAYNES

'You coming?

Roland snaps out of it. He, Raynes, Julie and Newman leave Mac and Hernandez behind and descend down the hole.

INT. NSF SHUTTLE.

Captain Byrd and General McCone sits in a comfortable cabin, flying across the city.

CAPT. BYRD

Major Briggs just confirmed his coordinates, all units are standing by, General.

GEN. MCCONE

Do it.

CAPT. BYRD

(into mic)

Green. Confirm, green.

(to McCone)

We're rolling, sir.

The General nods and sucks on a fat cigar. He lets the smoke roll around in his mouth before blowing it into the cabin.

GEN. MCCONE

My estimate gives us less than twelve hours to complete phase two. Then the boys from Capitol's gonna know something's up. Fort Hood is essential to our operation.

CAPT. BYRD

Yes, sir.

GEN. MCCONE

Without it, this operation is over before it begins.

CAPT. BYRD

We're on it, sir.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING - BASEMENT.

Light shines down from a large circular hole in the ceiling. A ladder leads from the hole to the floor. One by one, Sarah, Westwood and the Straders descend the ladder.

Westwood shines his light around, revealing roaches and other pests crawling around on the floor. Walls covered with mildew, cobweb intermixed with pipes overhead.

RICK

Great. Just great.

WESTWOOD

We're here aren't we?

RICK

Here? Where's here? We're in a basement for Christ sake. We should be outside.

SARAH

Come on, we're getting there.

WESTWOOD

Hey, I'm not suggesting we redecorate the place and start living down here.

RICK

I should've never listened to you. We stood a much better chance up there where rescuers could actually see us. If this archaic piece of junk building decides to collapse then we're done for. I want my family out of this rotten place.

WESTWOOD

Look, I'm only trying to help here. You wanna go back up, go back up.

RICK

Look at this place, vermin everywhere.

EMMA

It's okay, honey.

RICK

No, it's not okay. You and Nathan shouldn't be down here. It's a damn deathtrap.

WESTWOOD

If you're worried about the bugs...

RICK
(interrupting)
I'm not.

WESTWOOD
...they're more afraid of you than
you are of them.

RICK
I'm not afraid of them! Okay?

WESTWOOD
Okay, fine.

NATHAN
Come on, dad.

Rick turns and sulks, runs a hand through his hair. Tears
form at the corner of his eyes.

EMMA
It's just that...uh...ever since our
daughter died he's been very
protective of us.

WESTWOOD
You guys had a daughter?

EMMA
Jessie died four years ago, a couple
of months before we moved here. She
was twenty-one.

SARAH
What happened?

EMMA
She was...uh...raped. And murdered.
Brutally.

SARAH
Oh my God.

WESTWOOD
Jesus. Emma, I'm sorry.
(to Rick)
Rick. Look, we follow this stretch.
Right? It leads to a junction.
There's a way out up there. It's just
a few hundred yards. You'll be out in
no time. What d'you say, pal?

Rick turns to face them, his head hangs a bit. He sighs and
finally nods.

The party moves on down the long passage. Water drips from overhanging pipes, causing small pools of water to form on the floor. On point, Westwood shines his light around revealing old rusted doors to their left and right.

Graffiti covers some of the doors with words like: Ousted Posse '97 or Shank Central and other idiosyncrasies.

Rick and Emma - hand in hand - creep carefully forward with Sarah and Nathan making up the rear. Every now and then a crunching noise accompany the sound of footsteps.

NATHAN

Aw, man. Disgusting.

SARAH

Yeah. So, Nathan, right? You hanging in there?.

NATHAN

I'm cool. Dad makes us do fire drills and stuff all the time. This is pretty much like that. How 'bout you? You look kinda beat up.

Sarah chuckles and brings a hand up to her bruised face. After a while though, her expression turns serious.

SARAH

I just wanna get out of here. My sister's out there somewhere. I need to see her. Make sure she's okay.

NATHAN

Julie? Julie's a tough lady.

SARAH

You know my sister?

NATHAN

She helps me out sometimes. School papers and stuff. She's kinda smart you know.

SARAH

Yeah, she's kinda smart. I'm just afraid I'll never see her again. Last time we spoke we got into an argument. It was pretty loud, pretty heated.

NATHAN

Oh. Bummer.

EXT. METROPOLIS - STREET - GROUND ZERO - NIGHT.

A phalanx of large armored ground vehicles speed through the street. One of the APCs stop and heavily armed soldiers exit the vehicle. They disperse in a cover formation while a band of engineers sets up a checkpoint.

Curious bystanders - hoping for help or rescue - are utterly disappointed when the soldiers proceed past them.

INT. BROKEN BUILDING.

Alfred and Nidia Mendoza sit on each side of Maria's bed. They hold her hands, gently caressing them. The facehugger still covers Maria's face. Nidia hums a soothing melody.

ALFRED

Dear Jesus, we turn to You in this time of illness. We place our sick under Your care and humbly ask that You restore Your servant to health again. Above all, grant us the grace to acknowledge Your holy will and know that whatsoever You do, You do for the love of us. Amen.

NIDIA

Amen.

Alfred sighs deeply. He desperately tries to keep up appearances.

NIDIA (CONT'D)

Daddy?

But Alfred just stares at the abomination that covers his oldest daughter's face.

NIDIA (CONT'D)

Daddy?

ALFRED

Yes, honey.

NIDIA

Maria's gonna be okay. Right, daddy?

ALFRED

Oh, of course she is. Don't you worry, sweetheart. God is going to take care of her. Of all of us. You'll see.

Noises is heard from the outside, commotion, heavy boots hitting the ground, shouting. A light pierces the broken apartment.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

See? Stay here.

Alfred stands and hurries out of the room. Nidia moves closer to Maria and grabs both her hands.

NIDIA

Help is coming, Maria. God heard our prayers.

ALFRED (O.C.)

In here! Hey! We need help. My daughter needs help.

NIDIA

He will help mom too.

ALFRED (O.C.)

Yeah, over here. That's right.

Led by Alfred, NSF soldiers barge into the room.

JARHEAD

Jesus. Guys, we've got one. Get word to command.

GRUNT

Copy.

Jarhead forcefully pulls Nidia away.

JARHEAD

Girl, get away from her.

ALFRED

Hey!

GRUNT

Back off.

Grunt pushes Alfred back.

JARHEAD

Wrap her up, we're taking her with us.

Two soldiers step forward and snatches Maria from the bed.

ALFRED

What are you doing? Where are you taking her?

No answer.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Answer me?

Grunt and Jarhead push him up against the wall, making way for the other soldiers removing Maria.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Let go of me!

NIDIA
Daddy?

ALFRED
(crying)
Give me my baby. Maria!

NIDIA
(crying)
Daddy?

Alfred struggles with Grunt, knees him in the groin. He almost makes it to Maria but a steel baton rams the back of his head. Even though Alfred is down, Jarhead continues to pummel him.

NIDIA (CONT'D)
Daddy!

Jarhead turns, points his stick at Nidia.

JARHEAD
Shut up!

GRUNT
What d'you want to do with them.

JARHEAD
Take 'em with us. They're probably infected too.

Grunt grabs Nidia. She screams.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Mac's chin rests on his chest. He dozes off. He snaps out of it, turns to Hernandez who lies on the floor next to him.

MAC

You said something? No? You're still
in a coma, aren't you?

He looks around.

MAC (CONT'D)

Got any food on you? I'm starving
here. All you army guys get those
rations, right?

He checks Hernandez' sidepockets.

MAC (CONT'D)

Except you.

Mac points the flashlight at the hole.

MAC (CONT'D)

What the hell's taking so long?

He stands, tries his bad leg, grimaces. He limps to the hole, kneels and takes a peek. Nothing, he gets back up.

HERNANDEZ (O.S.)

(faint)

Hey.

Startled, Mac almost falls.

MAC

Jesus, you nearly gave me a heart
attack, man.

Hernandez, still lying on the floor, strains to turn his head. Moans. Mac sits down next to him.

HERNANDEZ

Who are you?

MAC

Mac Townes. And you're
Ramon...Velazquez?

HERNANDEZ

Hernandez. How do you know my name,
ese?

MAC

Your buddy Newman told us.

HERNANDEZ

Josh? He's here?

MAC

Uh, no. Not right now. He's looking for a way out.

HERNANDEZ

A way out? Yo man, where the hell are we?

MAC

It's kind of a long story.

HERNANDEZ

So get started.

INT. SEWER.

A dark and clammy sewer pipe, just under twenty-five feet in diameter. The sound of trickling water reverberates against the walls. Elevated grill walkways on both sides of the pipe overlooks a steady flow of unprocessed wastewater.

The pipe is dimly lit by lamps placed fifty feet apart. Far from all works.

Raynes covers his nose and mouth with a piece of black cloth torn from his shirt. His boots clang against the metal flooring.

Julie and Roland follow suit with Newman close behind.

ROLAND

(to Newman)

What's your specialty?

NEWMAN

Excuse me?

ROLAND

I noticed on your uniform, the insignia says 'Specialist'.

NEWMAN

Yeah?

ROLAND

So, what's your specialty?

NEWMAN

Um...

RAYNES
It's his rank. You know, like
'Sergeant' or 'Colonel'. He's not
specialized in anything.

ROLAND
Oh.

RAYNES
(to Newman)
He doesn't get out much.

The pipe bends slightly to the right leading to a three-way
junction. Everybody stops. They inspect the right and left
tunnels.

RAYNES (CONT'D)
Hmm. Professor?

ROLAND
Um...left. Or right. Maybe?

RAYNES
You don't know?

ROLAND
All roads lead to Rome, right?

RAYNES
What the hell is Rome?

They look from one tunnel to the next.

NEWMAN
Should we split in two? Cover more
ground that way.

JULIE
Sure, I'm with Newman.

RAYNES
Why?

JULIE
He's...got a gun.

ROLAND
Then I'm with Newman too.

RAYNES
Yeah, me too.

ROLAND
So, should we flip a coin?

NEWMAN
What's a coin?

ROLAND

Aw forget it.

NEWMAN

I'm kidding. I know what a coin is. I read about them.

JULIE

Come on, let's take...left.

A deviant squeal gusts through the sewer. Everyone looks up, not sure where the sound came from.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

What was that?

ROLAND

(whispers)

I think you know.

NEWMAN

It-it could have been the wind.

RAYNES

How could the wind make a sound like that?

JULIE

Did it come from the left tunnel? The right?

RAYNES

Sounded like it came from behind us.

NEWMAN

No, it didn't.

JULIE

You wanna go back?

ROLAND

No.

A faint scuttling noise echoes toward them, like claws against cement. They turn and face the tunnel they came from. The sound grows louder, closer.

Roland backs into the tunnel on his right. Newman pulls out his gun, flips the safety off. They hold their breaths, eyes fixed on the tunnel.

Closer.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Let's go.

JULIE
What about the others?

ROLAND
Let's go!

Roland turns and runs. Julie decides to follow him. Newman does the same. Raynes watch as the disappear into the tunnel. He makes a move to go after them but changes his mind. Instead he runs down the left tunnel.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING - BASEMENT.

A dog barks somewhere up ahead. Westwood freezes in his tracks. He holds his flashlight above his shoulder, the light not strong enough to penetrate the darkness though. The bark changes into a deep growl and then into a pathetic yelp.

WESTWOOD
Hello?

The dog barks again followed by a brisk rustling of chains, another yelp. Then silence. Sarah stares at Westwood. He squints his eyes but his feet are not moving.

SARAH
You see anything?

WESTWOOD
No.

Rick joins them.

RICK
What's going on? Is that a dog up ahead?

SARAH
Sounds like something's wrong with it.

WESTWOOD
Wanna find out?

RICK
Do we have a choice?

They move forward. Slow steps. Cautious breathing. After about a dozen yards the light finally reveals the source of the noise.

Westwood trains his flashlight on a what could be considered a dog. Its fur messy and caked with dirt and leftovers. Obviously a cross between an ugly mutt and an even uglier one.

A thick metal chain is wrapped tightly around its neck. The other end of the chain secured to an overhanging pipe.

The chain strained to its max, it shows no slack, the dog almost has to stand on its hind legs to keep itself from suffocating. Its purple tongue hangs from its open mouth. Labored breathing.

RICK (CONT'D)

What is this?

EMMA

That poor thing. Help me get it down from there?

RICK

Don't touch it. What's wrong with you? Look at it, it's sick.

EMMA

Honey, we can't leave it like this.

WESTWOOD

Somebody did this to it.

SARAH

Maybe they had a reason.

Exposed teeth snap towards Westwood. The dog strains its neck to get at him. He pulls back in time. The animal desperately tries to bark but the chain prevents it.

WESTWOOD

Whoa. I think you're right.

Lights on everywhere. The group momentarily blinded.

Movement. Footsteps. Boots. Light reflected by a knife blade.

Nathan takes a hard blow to the solar plexus, goes down panting.

Rick sees this, tries to protect his son. A kick in the groin folds him like an accordion, a knee to the chin puts him out.

Sarah, hand wrapped tightly around her throat.

Emma, held down by her hair.

Westwood, a shiny blade pressed against his Adam's apple.

The three attackers are in control. All of them wears grubby rags, surplus throwaways. Dirty unshaven faces, rotting teeth. They could be in their 30's or 40's - impossible to tell.

REEKER - alpha male - his mouth close to Westwood's ear.

REEKER

Very slowly, drop the flash. Try anything and Mister Shank here will see the insides of your throat.

Flashlight hits the floor.

REEKER (CONT'D)

That's a good boy. Now tell me, what the hell are you chummy-chumps doing in my castle? Didn't you see the sign? You're trespassing and that's a big no-no, boy. Now we have to tax you.

TOOTH FAIRY, hand around Sarah's throat, gives her a lusty grin. He smells her hair. Grin widens.

TOOTH FAIRY

Hey, check this one out.

Reeker spots Sarah. He nods, tongue dancing on his lips.

REEKER

My my. I just may have to tap that ass.

TOOTH FAIRY

Yeah, she's nice.

Tooth Fairy lets a short shank run along the curves of Sarah's body and circles the fabric that covers her breasts.

TOOTH FAIRY (CONT'D)

Very nice.

She pushes the knife away.

TOOTH FAIRY (CONT'D)

Ballsy too.

His grip tightens, bangs her head against the wall.

The third attacker, BLOATED, pulls Emma up by her hair. Tears run down her face, puffy eyes desperately looking to her beaten family.

REEKER

Well, Lookie lookie. Get 'em inside.

Bloated kicks the nearby door open, tosses Emma inside, then Rick and Nathan. Tooth Fairy lets go of Sarah's neck, grabs her hair.

TOOTH FAIRY

(whispering)

See you soon.

In she goes.

Reeker pushes Westwood forward, holding the knife near his chin. Westwood reaches the opening and Reeker kicks him hard in the back.

He turns to the dog, unstraps the chain.

REEKER

Good work, pooch.

He pulls out a piece of rat from his coat pocket, jams it into the dog's mouth.

REEKER (CONT'D)

Now, get your ass outta here.

He kicks the dog. It yelps and runs off.

Tooth Fairy and Bloated disappear through the door. Reeker follows them and slams it shut.

INT. SEWER - TUNNEL.

Feet bang against a metal walkway, rapid breathing.

ROLAND

(out of breath)

Stop. I-I can't...

The three of them stop. Julie and Roland desperately try to catch their breath. Newman, more or less unaffected by the sprint, keeps watch. His gun raised.

NEWMAN

I don't see them. I don't hear anything.

(beat)

Except you guys. Christ, talk about being out of shape.

Julie flips him the bird.

A sudden displacement of water grabs their attention. Newman leans against the railing. He stares down at the wastewater flowing beneath them. Julie motions to speak but a quick hand gesture from Newman shuts her up.

Newman, eyes squinting, slowly brings his gun up, points it at the water. The sound of water trickling growing louder. Roland puts a hand on Julie's shoulder and slowly pulls her away from the railing.

DRIP-DROP.

His finger gently poised on the trigger, Newman exhales.

DRIP-DROP.

A rat breaks the surface, its small limbs flailing about. It disappears underneath the water again.

Newman removes his finger from the trigger.

WHOOSH

A shower of wastewater hits them as an alien leaps from the water. It lands hard on the walkway behind them. The bolts holding the walkway in place complain from the sudden weight increase.

The railing vibrates in Julie's hand. She stares at the approaching monster. Roland gently pulls her backwards, both have their eyes fixed on the beast.

His training kicking in, Newman drops to one knee and fires the gun at the massive body approaching. The creature is hit but the projectiles bounce off its sturdy exoskeleton.

It is not to its liking though. In a flurry, the monster ascend the wall.

Hissing, the alien exposes its teeth. Goopy saliva drips from its mouth. It hangs from the top of the pipe, apparently unaffected by gravity, a mere five feet above them.

Newman changes his target and fires at the pipes. The bullets punctures the rusty tubes and super heated steam hits the alien.

It squeals and drops to the grill flooring.

The bolts screech. And then they snap. The walkway careens into the flowing stream, taking all four with it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

A rusty square manhole cover slides up from the pavement, powered by two hydraulic pistons. The cover splits in two, glides apart and reveals Raynes on a small pneumatic driven lift.

A nearby NSF trooper, standing guard at a makeshift checkpoint, spots him. He tilt his head.

TROOPER

Thought I'd seen everything.

(to Raynes)

Yo, sewer man. 'The hell you doing?

(MORE)

TROOPER (CONT'D)

A curfew is in affect. You need to
take yo ass home.

Raynes approaches the man.

RAYNES

Que?

TROOPER

I said a curfew is in affect.

RAYNES

No habla ingles.

TROOPER

Yo, man. Git yo ass outta...

A flurry of punches and kicks send the trooper to the ground. Raynes pulls the rifle from the trooper's hand.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

(groans)

You sunovabit...

A back heel to the chin shuts him up.

Raynes checks the weapon. Satisfied, he scans the surroundings. The streets are nearly empty. A few stragglers roam about the battered buildings, apparently without purpose.

He spots the light from a ground vehicle approaching through an alley. He ducks behind the corner and presses his back against the concrete wall.

The APC rumbles past him out into the open street, its floodlight hit the stragglers. A turret on the roof of the APC turns and a Railgun starts spewing ammunition in rapid concession.

One of the stragglers is shred to pieces while the others make it to safety inside a building.

Raynes backs away along the wall. The APC comes to a halt in the middle of the street, its turret turns a full 360 degrees. Raynes leaps behind a fuming pile of wreckage.

The light stops moving and centers on the fallen trooper. The light flicks off.

A hatch in the back of the APC opens and eight armed NSF troopers, donning night vision goggles, exit the vehicle.

With weapons raised they approach their fallen comrade, while spreading out. All communication is done by hand gestures.

Raynes peers through the smoking wreckage, sees the troopers move closer. He readies himself, his weapon poised.

The pointman kneels next to the downed trooper, checks his vitals. He shakes his head and circles a finger in the air. The remaining troopers fan out in a cover formation.

Two of them cautiously approach Raynes' hideout. They circle around the wreckage from both sides. Raynes is ready, his body coiled like a spring.

AN ALIEN

Jumps from the open manhole. It tackles the nearest trooper and impales him with its stinger tail. More aliens pour from the manhole. The troopers open fire but the creatures attack relentlessly.

One alien is hit in the legs, it goes down squealing, tossing its limbs around. Another alien mauls a trooper and pulls him into the darkness of a ruin. He kicks and screams but to no avail.

In the midst of the battle, Raynes makes it for the nearest building. He stumbles forward, jumps over a wide crack in the street and throws himself through a hole in a wall.

INT. BUILDING.

Raynes quickly gets to his feet and bolts up the nearest flight of stairs.

EXT. STREET.

The NSF troopers shoot in all directions. Aliens seem to come at them from out of nowhere. Somebody turns the floodlight back on. The troopers groan, suddenly blinded by the light intensified by their night vision goggles.

They pull them off as the Railgun on the APC starts cracking. A steady tsunami of projectiles cuts through the street, tearing down everything in its way.

Three troopers take cover behind the checkpoint but the Railgun perforates it like it was made of paper.

A rogue alien sneaks up behind the APC and disappears into the hatch. Moments later the Railgun goes silent. The alien exits the APC dragging a lifeless body.

The two remaining troopers stand back to back firing their weapons. They repel the first attacker but the second takes both men out.

The weapons fire subside, leaving the street fogged in smoke. All eight troopers are either dead or missing.

A large gunship roars around a building, spilling light on the ground. Simultaneously another gunship flies over a rooftop.

Both gunships start blasting away at the aliens on the ground. Rocket shoots from weapon pylons underneath their stubbed wings.

Large explosions shake the street and buildings, smashing all glass in the vicinity. An alien squeals when enveloped by fire.

Most of the other aliens manage to escape down the manhole where they came from but a few ascend the same building Raynes ran into. They climb the concrete walls with ease, defying gravity.

The gunships come around and unleash a deadly salvo. The rockets pierce the building before detonating. Explosion after explosion rocks the structure, sending debris and dead aliens to the ground.

INT. BUILDING.

The blastwave from the detonating rockets lift Raynes off his feet and slams him against the wall.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Mac and Hernandez look up as the building trembles. Dust starts raining from above.

Mac shines the light upwards. With a loud TEAR, the ceiling cracks.

MAC

Not good.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING - BASEMENT - STORAGE.

Westwood, Rick and Nathan lay face down on the dirty and dusty floor. Their fingers interlocked behind their heads. Bloated and Tooth Fairy stand guard close by, both packing knives and pipes.

The small enclosure is lit by a single halogen light sloppily screwed into the low wooden ceiling. The room is littered with all sorts of useless junk.

Reeker looks down on Sarah and Emma, kneeling in the center of the room. He bends down and pulls Sarah up into a standing position. His hand grabs her hair tight and pulls her face close to his.

REEKER

Damn, you smell nice. So clean.

He inspects Sarah's face, her skin, her teeth, like someone inspecting a horse before purchasing it.

SARAH

Let go of me.

REEKER

Naw, I don't think I will. Your ass is staying right here...with me.

She spits in his face.

REEKER (CONT'D)

Are you offering me something, girl?
'You looking to swap fluids?

Sarah wrestles with him.

REEKER (CONT'D)

Yeah, keep it up. It'll only make breaking you in that much sweeter.

EMMA

Why are you doing this?

REEKER

Lady, I will be with you in a second but until then, shut your hole!

RICK

You better not lay a hand on her, you bastard, or I will kill you. I swear to God I will. You hear me?

REEKER

Really?

WHAM

He punches Emma in the face. She stumbles backwards before the delayed effect buckles her knees and sinks her to the floor.

SARAH

Stop it!

RICK

You piece of...

WHACK! Bloated lands the pipe on Rick's head. Tooth Fairy follows up with a kick to his side.

NATHAN

Dad!

WESTWOOD

For Christ sake.

REEKER

You were saying?

Rick coughs and moans.

TOOTH FAIRY

So what's the plan?

REEKER

First, I say we have a little fun with the ladies. I know they're nothing like the usual skanks you hang out with but I think you can live with that, right?

TOOTH FAIRY

(grinning)

Oh, yeah.

REEKER

Second, we haul their asses down to the Slick Pit. Prop 'em up, you know. They're gonna make us rich, turning tricks.

TOOTH FAIRY

How about the boy? There's a big demand for that shit.

REEKER

Yeah, he comes too.

(to Nathan)

You hear me, pretty boy?

Reeker and Tooth Fairy laughs.

TOOTH FAIRY

So, who do you wanna do first?

Reeker tilts his head. He eyes rest on Sarah for a moment. She stands her ground, returns the stare with cold eyes. Reeker moves on to Emma. Her lips puffy, eyes red.

REEKER

Eeny...meeny...miny...ah, to hell with it.

He grabs Sarah by the hair and pulls her hard towards the door. Sarah struggles but Reeker is simply too strong. Westwood motions to get up but Bloated places a foot on his back, pushing him down hard.

REEKER (CONT'D)

See you in a bit. I'll be in the suite.

TOOTH FAIRY

Have fun.

Reeker pulls the door open.

WHOOF

Something big flies past the opening.

REEKER

Pooch? What...?

The dog's whine echoes against the basement walls. It is cut short by a growl and a thump. A few light bulbs bursts, leaving the basement corridor dimly lit.

TOOTH FAIRY

What's going on?

REEKER

Don't know.

(beat)

Didn't Pete the Meat say he had fixed the lights?

TOOTH FAIRY

Yeah.

Reeker and Sarah still stand inside the storage when a cold hiss moves through the corridor.

REEKER

Somebody's down here.

Reeker pushes the door shut. Just then, Sarah pulls herself free from Reeker's grab, leaving a wisp of hair in his knitted fist. She kicks him hard across the shin, he keels over wailing.

TOOTH FAIRY

Hey!

Tooth Fairy throws himself at Sarah but Rick manages to catch his foot with his hand. He tumbles forward knocking both Sarah and Emma to the ground.

Bloated immediately slams Rick with his pipe. Just as he is about to land another blow, Bloated is shoulder tackled by Westwood. They both fall to the ground and start exchanging blows.

On the ground, Sarah and Emma are hitting and kicking Tooth Fairy who tries to grab a hold of them. Rick comes up from behind. He picks up Bloated's pipe from the ground and swings it down on Tooth Fairy's head and his body goes limp.

Behind Rick, Reeker gets to his feet, knife in hand. He plunges the blade into Rick's lower back. Rick moans gently.

Reeker withdraws the bloody blade and sinks it back into Rick.

Reeker stabs Rick again and again. Rick coughs up blood. The pipe clangs against the ground. He sags forward, landing face first on the ground. Emma cries. Nathan screams.

Westwood gets a hold of Bloated's head and slams it against the concrete floor.

Nathan propels himself towards Reeker, his eyes filled with rage. Westwood reaches out to stop him but is not fast enough.

EMMA

No!

Reeker swings the blade but Nathan is already too close. The teen hits Reeker in the chest and rams his back against the wall. The knife flies from his hand.

Reeker slides to a sitting position. He reaches out for the knife but Sarah plants a foot on his hand.

Nathan slowly picks up the pipe his father dropped just a few seconds earlier. He weighs it in his hand, looks to Reeker.

REEKER

Whoa, kid. Easy. You don't wanna go there.

EMMA

Nathan?

Nathan swings the pipe with full force. The pipe strikes Reeker on the head, cracking his skull. The others look away in disgust. Reeker's body keels to the side.

Nathan continues to ram the already dead man's skull, beating it to a soggy pulp. Exhausted, he looks at his blood spattered hands and clothes. And at his father lying on the floor.

Emma runs to him and embraces him.

Tooth Fairy staggers to his feet, still groggy. Nathan pushes his mother away, readies the pipe.

TOOTH FAIRY

Hey. Don't. Don't.

He slowly backs away towards the door. With his eyes fixed on Nathan, he opens the door and backs out into the corridor. He looks up.

An alien pulls him into the air from above. He yells and thrashes about, his boots kicks against the door frame. Blood sprays the floor below him.

SARAH

Run! Let's go!

The others pause.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Come on!

She heads for the door, ducks under Tooth Fairy's flailing feet and turns right.

WESTWOOD

Let's move.

They storm out of the storage and follow Sarah, ignoring Tooth Fairy's pathetic cry for help.

Bloated opens his eyes, groans. He lifts his head a bit as something heavy lands close to him. Paralyzed by fear, he stares at an alien only two inches from his face. Its lips curl back, revealing its teeth.

INT. PREFAB BUILDING - BASEMENT.

Sarah, Westwood, Nathan and Emma sprints through the narrow corridor. Bloated's scream echoes against the walls.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Several NSF crafts descend from above heading toward a military installation.

EXT. FORT HOOD.

The military base is enormous. Tall barracks, wide dry docks, landing pads, pill boxes, barbed wire fences, administrative buildings, armored transports and a myriad of armed soldiers as far as the eye can see.

Huge radar and antenna installations occupy the center of the base. Powerful searchlights scan high and low.

PILOT (V.O.)

(filtered)

NSF shuttle Alpha Four Zero on inbound approach. Identification Two Two Mike Charlie.

GROUND CONTROL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Go ahead, Alpha Four Zero.

PILOT (V.O.)

General McCone to see Brigadier General Lang.

GROUND CONTROL (V.O.)

Uh...copy, Alpha Four Zero. Proceed to bay nine.

PILOT (V.O.)

Copy, bay nine. Out.

The lead NSF craft comes around and touches down on its designated landing bay, while the remaining crafts circle the compound.

Two men exit the craft and board a waiting ground vehicle. It speeds down a ramp into an underground facility.

INT. FORT HOOD - TUNNEL.

The vehicle rumbles through a wide and paved tunnel. Finally, the vehicle comes to a halt and McCone and Byrd disembark. A young soldier escorts them through a security check point and leads them through a blastdoor.

INT. FORT HOOD - OPERATIONS CENTER (OC).

Brigadier General WILLIAM LANG (50's), lean and bony, stands attention in a monitor packed room. A few adjutants stare nervously as McCone and Byrd enter the room.

Bill. GEN. MCCONE

Sir. GEN. LANG

The two Generals shake hands. Byrd salutes Lang.

General. CAPT. BYRD

Captain. GEN. LANG

Give us the room. GEN. MCCONE

The adjutants look to Lang.

Go ahead. GEN. LANG

They disappear out of the room. McCone, Byrd and Lang sit at a small conference table. Lang looks from Byrd to McCone.

GEN. LANG (CONT'D)
So...I guess I'm not surprised to see you here, General. We've picked up quite a bit of chatter on the com. Looks like you've been fairly busy these last couple of days. I'm sure Admiral Powers and General...

GEN. MCCONE
(interrupting)
We're taking over, Bill.

Beat.

GEN. LANG
We, General? You mean, you. Right? You're taking over.

GEN. MCCONE
That's another way to put it, sure.

GEN. LANG
And everybody's on board?

GEN. MCCONE

You tell me, Bill.

(beat)

Cold feet?

GEN. LANG

No.

GEN. MCCONE

Good, cos' it's a little too late for that now. And you're a little too involved.

GEN. LANG

Please tell me you didn't just threaten me, General.

GEN. MCCONE

Bill, Bill, Bill. The civilian government has had its chance. It doesn't work. It hasn't worked in years. Corporate operations more or less control this country anyway. United America is a joke. We were once a superpower and look at us now. A puppet, dancing to whatever tune the Supreme Chancellor of the United Systems feels like playing. It makes me sick.

(beat)

We've talked about this so many times, Bill. It's time.

Lang nods.

GEN. LANG

I know. But it's the timing that worries me. We're in a state of emergency. I've heard the reports, the Xenomorph is loose in the city. You'll be fighting battles on two fronts.

GEN. MCCONE

The Xenomorph. Yes, a most fortunate turn of events. My men have already begun the search for the queen. Fighting this creature provide us the guise to set everything in motion. And once the creature is defeated, people will praise the National Security Forces as heroes. The government won't know what hit them.

GEN. LANG

What about the USM, General?

McCone tilts his head.

GEN. MCCONE

What about 'em?

GEN. LANG

The United Systems Military won't sit still. If they feel their interest are in jeopardy...

GEN. MCCONE

(interrupting)

The United Systems Military is a pack of undisciplined, untrained illiterate inbreeds. They don't have the guts or the will to meddle in what is an internal conflict. But, if they come at us, we will be ready for them.

(beat)

And this is where you come in, Bill.

GEN. LANG

Sir?

GEN. MCCONE

The arsenal stored here is vital to our operation.

GEN. LANG

Our arsenal? Anything in particular?

GEN. MCCONE

Yes. Captain?

CAPT. BYRD

Fifty-one Prowler ICBM's, nuclear. Eleven Beta II Cobalt's, also nuclear. Four hundred and ninety gallons of VX, Sarin and Tabun, nerve gas. Then there's the biological agents, Anthrax, Ebola, Marburg. The list goes on, sir.

GEN. LANG

Thank you, Captain. I'd almost forgotten what those launch codes were for.

GEN. MCCONE

Darryl, give us a minute here.

CAPT. BYRD

Certainly, General.

Byrd gets up and leave the two generals alone.

GEN. LANG

Nice pet.

GEN. MCCONE
 He's alright. Up and coming, fairly
 ambitious. Kinda reminds me of
 myself.

GEN. LANG
 Then you've better keep an eye on
 him.
 (beat)
 You're not really planing on using
 those weapons, are you?

GEN. MCCONE
 Wouldn't be the first time.

GEN. LANG
 I didn't agree with you then.

GEN. MCCONE
 It got the job done. Didn't it?
 (beat)
 No, I don't plan on using them. But
 then again I didn't plan on losing
 two sons to terror attacks.
 (beat)
 If push comes to shove, I guarantee
 you, that I will use every weapon at
 my disposal to get the job done. Am I
 making myself clear?

GEN. LANG
 (sighs)
 What do you want me to tell the men?

GEN. MCCONE
 Tell 'em whatever it takes. Persuade
 them, bribe them, threaten them, kill
 them. I don't care.
 (beat)
 Are you with me on this one, Bill?

GEN. LANG
 Yes.

McCone gives him a hard stare.

GEN. LANG (CONT'D)
 Sir.

GEN. MCCONE
 Thank you.

INT. RECYCLING STATION.

The brown waste water drips from Newman's uniform as he
 pulls Julie from the enclosed basin.

She coughs and coughs, almost vomits as a result. Her long hair clings to her face, it is filled with chunks.

Newman scans the surface.

NEWMAN

Where's the professor?

JULIE

Did we lose that thing.

NEWMAN

I'm not sure.

Roland breaks the surface, his hands desperately try to find something to hold on to. Newman is there right away and helps the older man out of the basin. Roland rolls onto his back while he tries to catch his breath.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Come on. We gotta go.

He pulls Roland and then Julie to their feet, dragging them to a set of steep concrete steps. They double time it up the stairs, not bothering to look back. They reach a steel door with manual controls.

Newman pulls the door's lever and gives it a push. The door shrieks open, painstakingly slow.

INT. MAINTENANCE FACILITY.

The room is dark and empty except for a few monitors that are turned off. Two windows are barred from the outside.

Newman closes the door behind them. Julie and Roland are still out of breath. They lean against the wall and recuperates.

Though the windows are dirty and stained, the faint light from the rising sun is still visible.

JULIE

I think I swallowed some of it.

ROLAND

Yeah, me too.

JULIE

That's not like...good, right?

ROLAND

Not really, no.

Newman runs to the door at the end of the room. It is an electronically controlled metal door, embedded in the frame.

He tries the controls. Nothing happens. He tries again. Same result.

NEWMAN

Come on.

He kicks it hard. Still nothing.

Instead he turns to the windows. Newman rams his booted foot against the nearest window, smashing it to pieces. He grabs two of the four bars blocking their escape and attempts to rock them loose. It doesn't happen.

WHAM

Something hits the metal door leading to the sewer. Julie and Roland recoil. The door construction buckles and the door itself bends inward.

Newman goes for his gun but the holster is empty.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Dammit!

WHAM

The door is hit again.

With a sense of urgency, Newman returns to the bars. He throws his shoulder against it and moans in pain. Roland helps by pushing the bars with his hands, rocking them back and forth.

Newman kicks and kicks and this time it has an effect. The left bar breaks loose. Newman pulls it from the old cement and uses it as a wedge on the other bars.

The door is still being pounded, claws scratching at it. The metal groans.

Newman manages to break free another bar, the hole big enough to climb through. He grabs Julie and pushes her against the opening. Her hands grab the outside of the window frame and she pulls herself through.

EXT. RECYCLING FACILITY - DAWN.

Julie falls ten feet to the ground and lands awkwardly. She moans but gets to her feet. Seconds later Roland lands next to her.

INT. RECYCLING STATION.

CRASH

The door finally caves in as the alien - using its head as a ram - plows through it. The beast swivels just in time to see Newman tossing himself at the hole.

It reaches out for him, grabs his boot. It comes off and Newman slips through.

EXT. RECYCLING FACILITY.

The three of them runs across the gravel surface, kicking up pebbles with each step. Dirty and decaying machinery make up the surroundings.

Newman looks over his shoulder. The alien is too big to fit through the hole between the bars. But it doesn't give up. Violently it destroys the remaining bars.

NEWMAN

Faster!

A beam bathes them in bright artificial light. A gunship hovers silently above them. Two APCs roar forward, plows through the fence enclosing the facility.

The three of them stop as the APCs pull up beside them. NSF troopers exit the vehicles. Roof mounted railguns opens fire at the alien.

The recycling station - including the alien - is blown to pieces, leaving nothing more than a fuming metal structure.

The troopers gather around Julie, Roland and Newman, their weapons trained on them.

SQUAD LEADER

On your knees. Do it.

ROLAND

What?

JULIE

Look, we have friends inside that need help.

SQUAD LEADER

Get on your knees now!

NEWMAN

C'mon, you don't have to do this.

JULIE

They're trapped inside. They need help for Christ sake.

SQUAD LEADER

Lady, I believe you but I don't care.
The three of you have been in direct
contact with an alien organism and as
far as I know, you've all been
infected. Now get on your damn knees.

Newman buckles to his knees as the butt of a rifle slams
against his lower back. Reluctantly, Julie and Roland slowly
get to their knees as well.

TROOPER

Sir, sector nine just called in,
they're engaging multiple hostiles.

SQUAD LEADER

Alright. Teflon, load these assholes
in your APC and take 'em to the
quarantine facility. We're gonna head
down to the staging area.

TEFLON

Aye, sir.

Julie, Roland and Newman are all brutally loaded into an
APC. The vehicles take off in opposite directions.

INT. BUILDING.

Raynes sits with his back to a scarred wall in a badly lit
room. The crackle of gun fire penetrates the building from
the outside.

Raynes pulls a jagged pieces of shrapnel from his left
thigh. He grind his teeth, moans. Blood oozes from the
wound. He presses a hand against it. Moans again.

Breathing heavily, he turns to peer through a puncture in
the wall.

Two storeys below him, on the street, war rages. Troopers
and aliens fight it out. The street and its surroundings are
lit by muzzle flares from inconsistent weapons fire.

EXT. STREET.

Screams, explosions and squeals fill the air. Pure carnage.
Neither side seem to have the upper hand, the fighting is
too disorganized, too primal.

Gunships and APCs arrive at the scene, adding to the mayhem.

INT. BUILDING.

Raynes ducks as projectiles slam near his vantage point. An explosion tears a small hole in the wall a bit away from him.

RAYNES

(whispers)

Idiots. Ever heard of collateral damage?

A huge explosion lifts him into the air and throws him sideways through the room. The entire wall he was peering through a moment ago is now gone.

He coughs, struggling to breath.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

Whoa, guess not.

He picks up his rifle and limps through a nearby door.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Dust and pebbles rain down on Mac and Hernandez. The private still lies on his back. Mac tries to shelter both of them with his arms. Deep thumps from muffled explosions tremble the place.

HERNANDEZ

They're not coming, are they?

Mac doesn't answer. He looks to the hole in the floor.

MAC

Can you move?

HERNANDEZ

I don't know, man. My legs feel all funny and I think all my ribs are broken.

The ceiling creaks. A larger piece slams to the floor not far away from the two men.

Mac gets to his feet.

MAC

We can't stay here. I don't care what you say, we're getting the hell out of here.

HERNANDEZ

Go. Leave me.

MAC

Screw that hero crap, pal. You're coming with me.

HERNANDEZ

Come on, man. You can barely walk. How you gonna carry me out?

MAC

I'll figure something out. Now shut the hell up.

EXT. STREET.

Aliens tear through their opponents. A trooper fires his grenade launcher at an incoming horde, causing severe damage. The launcher reloads but before he can fire it, the trooper is slaughtered by an alien from behind.

The grenade launcher fires into the air and explodes against a hovering gunship. The craft careens to the side and spins out of control. It plows into the nearby building and explodes.

INT. BUILDING.

Raynes stumbles down as the explosion rocks the building. The floor disappears under him. He falls. A second explosion rips a wall to threads. Raynes rolls down the slanted floor, while his body bumps into every obstacle on the way.

He tries to slow down the ride with his feet and hands but finally, he rolls through the shredded wall.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX.

Raynes falls five feet through the air until his body hits the floor. He screams, rolls around on his back. Small rocks rain down on his face. He gets to his knees and scuttles away. Exhausted, he falls down, resting on his stomach.

MAC (O.S.)

I don't believe this.

Raynes looks up. At the other end of the room, Mac stands with Hernandez hanging on to his shoulder. Raynes lays his face back down on the floor.

RAYNES

Are you kidding me?!

He rolls to his back, picks up his weapon and gets to his feet.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

Hi there.

MAC

Where are the others?

RAYNES

We got separated. They didn't come back yet?

MAC

What do you think, man?

HERNANDEZ

Who's he?

MAC

He's the asshole I was telling you about, one the guys responsible for all this.

HERNANDEZ

So you're the reason I'm all messed up here, man.

RAYNES

Ah, piss off. Go wipe your eyes somewhere else mayate.

HERNANDEZ

What did you call me, homes?

RAYNES

You want a piece of me? Huh?

CRACK

The ceiling break apart, large pieces fall from above. They land between Raynes and the two other men, the floor vibrates.

MAC

Whoa.

The floor begins to crack too. Parts of the floor cave in. The debris from the ceiling disappears down through the hole in the floor.

Mac sets down Hernandez and steps to the edge of the cracked floor.

RAYNES

Great, a way out of here.

Mac peers down into the hole. He freezes.

MAC

It ain't.

RAYNES

What?

Raynes steps to the edge on his side of the hole. Below him, not far from where the debris landed, an alien queen looks up at him. The floor filled with eggs.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

The queen roars.

SMASH TO
BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR
THE END