

ICARUS RISING  
"pilot"

Screenplay by Darren J Seeley

Story by Wayne Clark

FADE IN:

EXT.SPACE.

Two arrowhead shaped ships drift over Mars.  
Engines flare up on the small craft.  
Thrusts forward.

The big ship descends into the depths.  
Red clouds swallow it.

THE MOON

The small ship flies by, heads toward Earth.  
Unseen pilots attempt to get control.

EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

Heat sears over the front and sides.  
The craft's alien markings smear, streak.

ABOVE A FOREST

The ship trapped in the center of a giant oak pinball  
machine! Tops of trees snap and bustle!

FOREST

A pack of long-fanged oversize wolves surround a saber-  
toothed tiger. The tiger roars in defense.  
Engines of the shuttle drain out the growl.

Branches big and small rain down around them.  
Lumber and leaves bury the tiger. The pack scatters!

The shuttle smacks down, gains on the wolves.

The ship passes them! The ship's engine shoots out smoke.  
Engulfs the forest in the destruction.

Metal scrapes. More jagged timber descends from above.

Ship disappears...the ground shakes with a BIG BOOM!

LATER

Smoke dissipates as a giant, dog-nosed, beaked mouth, five  
foot long turtle crawls over a chunk of fallen tree.

The prehistoric turtle peers over the edge. A large, metal  
door greets it. Metal door opens. Green smoke billows from  
within.

A slender, two finger hand rises from out of the smoke.

The turtle, in curious awe, moves.  
Knocked aside by the wolves, who jump in the opening.

One of the pack bites down on the alien hand.  
Yellow goo plasters out...

SUPER: 3,000 YEARS LATER

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A yellow paint blob splatters all over a camouflage shirt which belongs to BRANDON (late 20s). His expression is clear even under the goggles: shock.

BRANDON  
You got to be kidding me.

JASON (late 20s) runs up next to him. Like his friend: dressed for paintball.

BRANDON  
Walked right into it.

JASON  
He had a lucky shot.

BRANDON  
Don't just stand there, I'm dead,  
go after him.

Jason trots off.

BRANDON  
Better tag him, Jason! We are down  
by two!

Brandon walks off, eases his paint-gun.  
Out of disgust, fires off a round at a mantis resting on a stump. Blankets the bug in blue.

Jason books through the terrain.

Hidden well between trees and brush, ERIC (20s) watches. He hears twigs snap, rustle of leaves. Brandon whizzes past his line of sight.

Eric moves forward.

ERIC  
(under his breath, soft)  
Security Officer Eric Ider almost  
had the intruder on the E-F seven  
base camp.

Hunts for Jason...

ERIC  
He will find the target. He will  
zap him, game ...over.

Blue paint splatters over his upper arm.

JASON  
That's game.

ERIC  
Shoulder wound. Don't count.

Brandon aims, turns Eric's butt blue.

JASON  
Bet that does.

ERIC  
You Ovary.

JASON  
Corpse.

ERIC  
Yeah, yeah.

Jason spots a reflection a few yards away. Walks in that  
direction. Stops.

ERIC  
What now?

JASON  
Someone lose a mirror or something?

ERIC  
Why?

JASON  
Thought I saw something shiny.

Eric looks in that direction, sees nothing. Gazes around. His  
focus falls on an empty beer bottle.

Jason pats him on the shoulder. Points.

JASON

A little to the right, four, five yards down. See it now?

ERIC

What do you think it is?

JASON

I'm going to check it out. Go get Brandon and Naomi.

LATER - DAY

Flanked by the three guys, NAOMI (20s) an athletic bookworm, looks down on the discovery.

NAOMI

All this time, you just notice this now?

JASON

Only bought the cabin out here last month. Haven't really looked around these woods much.

BRANDON

Man, F-15 Hornet buried in your own backyard. Awesome.

JASON

I don't know if that's what it is.

BRANDON

It's got to be something.

ERIC

It's a spy satellite.

NAOMI

Too big. Flat.

ERIC

Bet you call the Air Force they'll deny it or send in the CIA and clean up.

JASON

CIA doesn't work like that.

ERIC

How do you know?

JASON  
I read Tom Clancy.

NAOMI  
Well, you should call someone.

The three guys eyeball her.

NAOMI  
What? Someone has to know. We're famous.

JASON  
That's right. But if we call the press, NASA or...the CIA, whoever. They are going to take over.

ERIC  
You know that's right.

JASON  
Take over, seal off my property, kick me in the rear, and fame's only a file in a cabinet.

ERIC  
That's what they do. Men In Black.

JASON  
I don't need help, Eric.

NAOMI  
You get this viral, it won't matter.

JASON  
Still have the problem of people coming out, making it a circus.

BRANDON  
Fallout shelter.

This idea gets sighs from the other three. Internal light bulbs go off.

BRANDON  
That's what this is.

JASON  
Earth Force Ten re-enactments.

Jason hi-fives Eric and Brandon.

NAOMI  
I'm science officer.

BRANDON  
Only if you show off some leg.

NAOMI  
What do take me for? Of course!

JASON  
We'll need a couple more people  
though. If they want to be in the E-  
F crew, they got to bring shovels.

Naomi salutes.

NAOMI  
Aye, Cap'n.

ERIC  
Whoa. Who says he's in command?

NAOMI  
He found it, his property. Besides,  
you're security and tactical.

BRANDON  
What's that make me?

Naomi shoots his chest with a red paint-ball.

INT. BRADBURY TAVERN - DAY

ASHLEY (20s), one attractive lady. Her long fingers grasp an  
empty glass. She taps it on the bar counter.

The BARTENDER (30s) steps up.

BARTENDER  
Don't do that.

ASHLEY  
Fill me up and I'll stop.

The Bartender gives Ashley a wide smile.

BARTENDER  
A double?

ASHLEY  
Don't want a double.

BARTENDER

Here cometh your assassin; you  
might reconsider.

Ashley looks over her shoulder. Naomi's right hand pats  
Ashley on the shoulder, buddy-buddy.

ASHLEY

UV Blue and lemonade.  
(to Naomi)  
What do I owe the pleasure?

NAOMI

We need you Ash. Need the whole  
team on this. Jason found  
something.

ASHLEY

His brain?

NAOMI

If only he were that lucky. Better  
if you came out and see it for  
yourself.

ASHLEY

"It?" Guess he did lose his IQ  
somewhere down the road, can't come  
in here, apologize.

NAOMI

He's sorry about that. He just felt  
it was better if I talked to you.  
Girl talk, that sort of thing.

Bartender slides Ashley the blue-colored beverage. Plenty of  
ice.

ASHLEY

What did he find?

NAOMI

Perfect place for a fan video of  
Earth Force Seven.

ASHLEY

That's his way of apologizing?

NAOMI

We need you, Ash.

ASHLEY

I know what I need.

She downs her drink. Taps the glass on the counter. Bartender comes over with a frown.

NAOMI  
How about you?

BARTENDER  
How about me what? You mean Earth Force Seven?

Ashley rolls her eyes.

NAOMI  
Sure. We'd need a character to cook, make drinks, give advice. It'll be fun.

BARTENDER  
I'm no actor.

Naomi motions to a framed photo on the wall : a picture of the Bartender with actor "Ken Shamoy" so says the signature. Shamoy, dressed like something out of a mobster movie.

BARTENDER  
Ancient history. I was an extra on that movie. They gave me a line. I was dubbed with an Irishman.

NAOMI  
But you were good.

BARTENDER  
Picture bombed. Shamoy, that actor there, disowned it. Can't say I blame him. If he walked in here, saw that, he'd light it on fire.

NAOMI  
You didn't.

BARTENDER  
I'm no actor.

NAOMI  
You just -

ASHLEY  
Oh, give the man a break, will you?  
(to Bartender)  
Earth Force Five...? It's a stupid show. Fanbase?

Jerks a thumb Naomi's direction.

ASHLEY

There's the poster child, fan club president.

BARTENDER

Earth Force Seven.

ASHLEY

Give me another drink.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jason leans against a tree, looks around.  
Nobody else around.

Frustrated, takes a glance at his watch.

Heads over to the edge of the ditch that leads to the metal surface. Slides in. The small ditch reveals to be knee-deep and fifteen feet in circumference.

Jason stomps down. Iron noise echoes back.

Jason squats, thinks for a moment.

Chooses a side, digs with his hands.

Tufts of dirt and grass spill into his hands. He heaves bits of soil over the edge.

Uncovers an odd shaped emboss marking on the metal.

His wrist yanks his body forward.

The watch CLINGS right on the marking. The watch sparks, dies. The marking on the metal glows with new energy.

Jason breaks free, gets his watch off ASAP.

His wrist: fine. His watch : burned.

Jason turns around, takes one step out of the ditch. Part of the metal floor retracts.

Jason slips, falls into the abyss.

INT. ICARUS - DAY

Jason lands, light shimmers from above. Dust kicks around him. He moans, gets his bearing.

He comes face to face with a frozen five foot long turtle with an odd looking beak.

The mutant turtle stares right back at him.

Jason gets to his feet.

He digs into his pocket, finds his keys. He flicks on the "Earth Force Seven" key-chain, which flashes a red and white pulse like police car sirens.

Jason finds five more turtles on the floor, which point in all directions. He steps around them.

A wolf-like skeleton fossil up ahead.

More wolf bone fossils emerge from darkness as Jason nears them. The wolf's fangs are like a saber-toothed tiger.

Jason's confusion changes to awe.

Along the right wall: more symbols. Jason follows the pattern.

The entrance to an another room.

Jason's light flickers within...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Eric, Brandon, Ashley, Naomi, and The Bartender arrive with shovels and two coolers. TOM (25) a hunky guy with sunglasses, steps forward. Complete with Hawaiian shirt.

Naomi looks him up and down, smirks.

TOM

I- don't- see -a thing. Where's your friend again? Who is he?

BRANDON

He's the Captain. He was supposed to be right here -

TOM

Uh-huh.

ASHLEY  
Who's the brain?

TOM  
Mean me?

ASHLEY  
Wrong choice of words.

TOM  
Tom Anaustin.

ASHLEY  
(to Brandon)  
Where'd you dig him up at?

BRANDON  
Long story.

Tom puts his hands up, makes a picture frame with his hands, pans right to left.

TOM  
Beautiful.

The Bartender offers his hand. Tom doesn't take it.

BARTENDER  
I'm -

The ground QUAKES.

Leaves, branches rain down.

Everyone rabbits. Mounds up dirt rise up like a tidal wave. Small trees fall left and right.

Birds squawk, fly away.

Tom trips, lands. His sunglasses shoot off his face.

TOM  
Don't want to die, don't want to die...

Tom looks back, stunned. The doom of dirt stops, dust clears.

An alien space shuttle looms over him.

Everyone comes back, fascinated.

A hum comes from within. A side metal door slides open. A ramp cranks out.

The edge of the ramp stops at Tom's sneakers. He opens his mouth to say something, nothing mumbles out.

INT. ICARUS - DAY

Flashlights and explorers. Everyone enters. Tom hangs back.

BRANDON

Yo, Jason! You in here?

ERIC

Of course. What's left of him,  
anyway.

Tom gets a nervous look.

NAOMI

Eric, don't help.

ERIC

I wasn't serious.  
(beat)  
Hey Jason! Just kidding!

He bumps into a frozen five foot turtle.

ERIC

Cool.

Tom eases away, leans against the right wall. A door retracts open. He turns.

A GIANT GREEN BUG FACE peeks out of the darkness. Double blade pinchers. Tom shits his pants.

Runs deeper into the ship, past the others. Everyone turns, a flashlight shines on a seven foot tall mantis-alien that emerges. A mist billows from the room as it exits.

The alien cocks its head, gives them a once over, approaches.

BRIDGE

Tom books into a connected room. The interior lights up in a white hue.

Joined by the rest, Eric frantic, looks for a way to close the door.

ERIC  
Didn't nobody think to bring one of  
the shovels!

ASHLEY  
If that thing is real -

ERIC  
It's real!

ASHLEY  
What good's a shovel!

Jason's key-chain blinks in a corner.

In a robotic-like chair sits Jason, a bizarre, wired up  
contraption connected to his head.

Jason's eyes open, a white glow shines over his friends. It  
gets everyone's undivided attention.

JASON  
She's right. Both of you are.

ASHLEY  
Jason?

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE OUT.