

The **FIND**

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

An amber glow of the shuttlecraft's rocket thrusters highlight the rugged landscape. The ship hovers.

A quartered circle symbol etched on the side next to the word HARMONIA. Two huge metal ski-like feet emerge. The ship spits out steam as it lands on the surface.

A landing platform from the Harmonia opens.

MITCHELL, PARKER (mid 30s) and CAROLINE (late 20s) step out. Emerald jumpsuits with glowing stripes hug their statuesque forms. Helmets with breathing tubes connect to small packs on both shoulders. Small compact keyboards on the right wrists.

Before them is a series of caves next to a huge mountain of quartz and coal. Steam rises from the peak.

CAROLINE

(French accent)

That volcano's not active, is it?

PARKER

Readings said it was alright. Let's get cracking.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Alien symbols embedded in the walls. The glow from the astronauts suits discover all the details. One illustration has a depiction of a line of people going up to a peak.

Parker presses a keypad on his wrist. A low sonic hum echoes from around them. Turns into morse code.

A bald, pale skinned cherub meets them. Fish eyes, on the side of the head. Mouth in the center of the face. Tar colored lips open, babble follows along with three bird chirps.

Another cherub-like alien wobbles forward with a bag. Dumps the contents, Three cylinder tubes. Like its brother, it speaks in a unknown language with brief high pitched chirps.

Mitchell steps up. The aliens back away, hide in the dark corners of the cave. Mitchell examines the cylinders.

MITCHELL

Got the x-rays on, Laura?

LAURA (O.S.)
(filtered through static)
I'm on it.

INT. HARMONIA - NIGHT

LAURA (40s) long white blonde hair, six foot and an athletic build, punches keypads and flips switches. Her Navy Blue uniform hugs her hourglass shape.

Holographic interfaces spit up on her mirrored visor.

MITCHELL (O.S.)
Haven't got all day. It's like a
fucking sauna in here.

LAURA
Keep your shit together.

Images on her visor magnify. Infra-red cylinders have alien markings.

LAURA
Non-explosive. Nothing toxic.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Mitchell squats, picks up the cylinders, two in one hand. All three are lightweight, no bigger than dynamite sticks.

Mitchell heads back with the cylinders.

PARKER
Should have waited for the tongs.

INT. HARMONIA - LAB - NIGHT

Four Plexiglas drawers filled with an amber gelatin add to the hi-tech decor of the room.

The three astronauts, all dressed in the same uniforms as Laura, pay attention to the discovery before them.

The cylinders spread out on a glass container on a table.

Laura examines them with a pair of heavy plastic gloves.

PARKER

The Greeks gave a horse to Troy.

LAURA

They cleared. Nothing can harm us.

PARKER

So you think. Just be careful.

Everyone takes a deep breath, goes quiet. Laura pops the first cylinder open. A mess of white powder shimmies out. Laura moves on to the second.

CAROLINE

And you sure it's safe?

LAURA

What's with you two?

CAROLINE

What if it's combination of three things, not just one?

Laura locks eyes with Caroline. Without looking, Laura unscrews the second cylinder with the same noise result. Yellow powder sprinkles out like confetti.

Parker backs up, presses a red button on the side of a panel. A drawer slides out. Parker digs around, puts on a filter mask and goggles.

Laura unscrews the third cylinder.

Parker shoves in a pair of earplugs.

Pink particles sparkle out of the container.

MITCHELL

Ooh. Close call.

Caroline slugs him in the shoulder. Mitchell bursts into laughter.

MITCHELL

Something I said?

Laura sifts through the alien sand. The mix causes the contents to form into a low-level funnel. The result cuts off Mitchell's chuckles. Everyone creeps in for a closer look.

Amazing. They watch the colors swirl around together for minute more.

MITCHELL

Maybe there's another life form in there. Like some kind of ant.

PARKER

Some sort of Nano-technology?

LAURA

I think it is a form of communication.

CAROLINE

Through some kind of sand? Why not just draw in the sand?

Parker looks out of the port side window, does a double take. His eyes go to a video monitor, which sees the same thing.

PARKER

Hey. Get a load of this.

Mitchell shrugs, goes on over. Outside and on the monitors they see hundreds of the cherub aliens on some pilgrimage to the top of the dormant volcano. When one cherub reaches the peak, he steps over the edge and into the mouth.

Parker flicks on a few switches, records the action.

PARKER

What the hell are they doing?

The colored dust shoots up into Caroline's face. She sneezes blood. She stumbles back, her legs give out. The alien sand hugs her face. Her colleagues scramble around her.

Everyone's attention goes to her.

Caroline's body arches. Her mouth opens, lets out a deep amplified moan. Yellow mist rises from her lips, but her lips don't move.

CAROLINE

We are the Am Vat He Lye. Do not be scared, for these are our methods.

LAURA

Is my crew member safe?

CAROLINE

The Caroline vessel is under our control. It is necessary. You have intervened in a war between our race and the Baud Dim.

LAURA
Intervened?

CAROLINE
Your arrival is a sign from the
ancient gods of Om Lech. The
prophecy has come to pass.

Caroline levitates. Her body straightens, stands.

LAURA
Are you the same creatures from the
cave? This is how you communicate?

CAROLINE
Do you not know?

Mitchell holds out his hand. Caroline focuses on the hand.

Caroline meets his eyes. She grabs him, slams his body
against the wall. Her mouth finds his. Tears off half his
uniform, her fingers scratch his bare chest.

Mitchell inhales the vapor. His face turns pale, he collapses
to the floor. He screams in agony.

PARKER
What in the fuck!

Parker dashes to another room. He rummages around OS.

Caroline rips her flight jacket to shreds, jumps on Mitchell.
Smothers his face with another lip-lock.

Parker storms back in with a huge chrome plated shotgun.
Pumps it loud and clear.

Laura kicks the possessed Caroline off Mitchell. Emerald
slime spits out of Mitchell's mouth and nose. Caroline gets
back up. Finds Parker's shotgun in her face.

Caroline puts her hand on the end of the gun, lowers it.

CAROLINE
Your sign for us means a mating
signal. You are The Find, I
considered it an honor.

LAURA
The Find?

CAROLINE
Messengers from the gods.

PARKER

Horseshit. Gods of Om Lech. Sounds like Omlet. You let go of Carol, or I'll go back in your cave and I'll give you some goddamn communication you can understand!

LAURA

Stand down, Parker!

CAROLINE

I didn't mean any harm!

Caroline's gaze falls on Mitchell. Caroline shrieks. The cry makes the ship rattle. Blood spurts out of her nose and ears. Fingernails. Caroline grabs her hair, pulls it.

LAURA

He's still alive! Is there a way your people can help him?

Caroline calms down. Thinks.

CAROLINE

Can't you?

LAURA

We are The Find, the messengers of Om Lech. You are being tested. The Baud Dim. Where can they be found?

INT. HARMONIA- CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Parker and Laura activate a chrome plated stretcher. The sides glimmer up with UV light. The stretcher hovers in mid-air. They put on spacesuits.

They carry an incapacitated Mitchell to the hover- stretcher. He moans. Coughs up slime. Parker fixes a breathing apparatus to his uniform. Caroline observes.

Laura grabs two hand-held pulse guns. Shoves them in shoulder holsters.

EXT. HARMONIA - NIGHT

Without any space suit or breathing tubes, Caroline walks next to the hover- stretcher. She guides it and Mitchell towards the caves.

Armed, Parker and Laura march off in another direction.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Mitchell squints his eyes. Alien markings on the cave ceiling pass by him. He turns his head, Caroline beside him.

MITCHELL
(raspy voice)
Thank you.

Caroline looks back at him.

CAROLINE
It will all be good soon. Peace is
at hand, and you will be well.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Laura and Parker approach a large, troll-like creature with small, opaque eyes and a large jaw with protruding, jagged teeth.

PARKER
Now watch. These ugly assholes will
be atheists.

Off to the side, in a pile of rubble, body parts of the cherub race.

PARKER
Wonderful.

They come face to face with the Troll. Troll, dressed in rusted armor and spikes, smiles.

TROLL
(slight stutter)
I am Baud Dim. I understand you. We
are far more advanced than those...

Spits on the ground.

LAURA
We are what you might consider to
be Finders, sent by the gods of Om
Lech.

TROLL

Are you?

Parker nods. The Troll's eyes go wide.

LAURA

So there can be a cease-fire
between the Baud Dim and the -

Troll grabs Parker. Swallows his head, chomps down on the neck. Rips Parker's head off the shoulders. The shotgun clatters on the ground.

Troll raises his arm, his mouth rolls the head and cracks it like a walnut. Parker's blood gushes out everywhere. The Troll howls. Other Baud Dim emerge from the shadows.

TROLL

To eat Finds, become Finds! Closer
to the gods of Om Lech!

Laura shoots her two guns at random targets. The Baud Dim charge her with battle axes and swords. She kills three of the advancing army.

Troll snatches Parker's headless body, throws it over his shoulder. One of his soldiers slices off the left arm in mid-air. Showers of blood.

Laura blasts two more beasts. She scoops up the shotgun.

An unarmed Baud Dim soldier grabs the corpse away from the crowd. Flips it upside down, breaks the legs like a wishbone. Laura blows the creature's head off.

EXT. VOLCANO TRAIL - NIGHT

Mitchell looks up at the starry sky. Afraid. Caroline shoves a velvet cloth in his mouth.

EXT. HARMONIA - NIGHT

Laura runs to the shuttle craft. Troll leads the army who close the gap. Laura makes it to the platform.

INT. HARMONIA - CARGO HOLD

Laura presses buttons, switches. The ramp goes up. Troll jumps in the ship, flies into the wall. Uniforms, helmets and other items crash over the brute.

The platform slams shut.

Laura grabs another gun.

Troll swats it out of her hand. Troll swings a huge curved knife at her. Laura's helmet takes the blow. The knife breaks off on contact. Her oxygen tubes spit out in the Troll's eyes.

Troll howls. Grabs Laura's uniform, rips half of it off down to her tight bra.

Laura reaches, pulls a lever. A brass staff with a tongs-end fires out, Laura snatches it. Whips it across Troll's head.

Troll backs up. Troll's jaw severs, falls to the floor. Troll collapses. Yellow blood oozes all over.

Laura looks at the dead Troll, the tongs. Above her, the UV lights.

EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

Caroline gives Mitchell a smile.

CAROLINE

The best way to heal a Find is to
send you back to the gods.

She tips the hover-stretcher. Mitchell slides. Darkness embraces him.

EXT. HARMONIA - NIGHT

The lights from the ship shine like a ultraviolet sun on the Baud Dim. Knees buckle, Screams. Faces melt. Flesh burns.

INT. HARMONIA - NIGHT

Laura takes a deep breath. Her gaze drifts over the monitor, which shows the volcano mouth. Caroline at the top of the mouth. Laura leans, turns up the volume.

CAROLINE

The Finders have stopped the war!
Peace through the land!

EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

The cherub alien nods to Caroline. Overjoyed, she jumps forward.

INT. HARMONIA - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Laura slides in a small quarter size disc into a panel. Ambient music plays over speakers.

Laura snaps on latex gloves.

Digs around the blood and puss of the leftover Troll. Out of the Troll's severed jaw, she finds a piece of blood caked scalp and a chunk of human skull.

Puts Parker's remains in a clear plastic box.

LAB

Laura opens up a gelatin drawer. Places the contents of the box into the gelatin. Presses a few codes on a nearby keypad.

On her hands and knees, Laura collects hair and blood samples from the floor. Both go in different vials.

She examines the samples with a microscope.

Empties one vial into the second gelatin drawer.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A group of alien cherubs approach the Harmonia. All of them enchanted by the music that pulses from the ship.

One of them, unimpressed, wobbles out to the fallen Baud Dim. Holds up an axe and hoots in victory.

INT. HARMONIA - SHOWER - NIGHT

Laura slips off her battered clothes.

Turns on a faucet.

Water splatters down her back right shoulder. Blood and dirt wash off.

SLEEP CHAMBER

Dried off, and wearing only underwear, Laura dims interior lights.

Rests on the bunk.

One of the alien cherubs spies on her through a window port.

DINING AREA - DAY

Laura, in a clean uniform, eats alone. A buzzer sounds.

LAB - DAY

Laura taps in a keyboard code. The first drawer opens. A new bald PARKER sits up, emerges from the gelatin. Naked, but his body fully intact.

Laura runs a full scan on him.

LAB - DAY

Parker, clad only in silver boxer shorts, seated in a chrome plated chair. Laura places EEG wires and monitors all over Parker's head, arms and chest.

Laura slips in another quarter disc marked PARKER'S MEM into a device attached the wires around Parker's head. Presses play. Parker's eyes roll in the back of his head. His body shakes, muscles tense up.

PARKER
(deep breath)
Hit me again.

Laura presses play one more time. Parker's body reacts like being given an electric shock.

PARKER
Mitchell? Caroline?

LAURA
I could only get some small DNA
samples. It'll take longer.

Parker touches her right cheek. Kisses her full on the mouth.

PARKER
How much longer?

LAURA
Three days.

FADE OUT.