

A Screenplay by
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UTOPIA-1
(The Awakening)

2006 Draft

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EXT. SPACE - ENDLESS AND DARK.

A dark shape slowly materializes. The moon's dark side.

The moon rotates showing a man-made complex, lit with high-tech building structures.

The complex is encased in a transparent dome.

MONTAGE DURING INSERTS

- Facility construction.
- The Eifel tower melting in a nuclear explosion.
- Street riots.
- The Earth's atmosphere littered with decaying satellites.
- The earth's surface covered in vicious storms.

INSERT: COMPUTER TEXT SCROLLS ACROSS THE SCREEN

2010: Global warming worsens. Scientists forecast increasing climate changes and overcrowding, prompting the search for alternative real estate off-planet.

2015: Development starts on the Earth's first off-planet facility, on the moon. Project name : Utopia-1.

2020: A nuclear bomb explodes in France during global peace talks, most of the World's leaders perish. Governments fall. Terror rules. A Global Government is formed.

2022: Utopia-1 is rushed into completion fuelled by third party funding and fear of more attacks. Entrance fee - Ten million.

2025: The first inhabitants move into Utopia-1. A safe location for Government, being beyond the range of conventional nuclear weapons. Tonight all that will change.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - ABOVE A CITY - NIGHT

FRANK WEBSTER is standing in the centre of a bay window. He is the Global President, tall, mid fifties and average weight.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - PRESIDENTS OFFICE - NIGHT

A man enters the room. He is DAVID MARSH, aid to the President. Middle aged, short, over weight and balding.

DAVID MARSH

Mr. President. They are ready for you now.

Frank Webster turns to face Marsh. He nods, but doesn't speak.

Marsh leaves the room, moments later Webster follows.

Earth shown through the window. The view is from Utopia-1.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Marsh stands with various officials and Military figures as Webster enters.

WEBSTER

How are we looking David?

MARSH

Sir, the team is in place on the vessel. Live feed is about to start.

WEBSTER

Seals or Delta?

MARSH

Neither Sir. G-five, we're in very good hands

WEBSTER

Indeed we are.

The room lights up with huge definition three dimensional holographic video, as various screens show different angles of the same location.

The main screen shows a satellite image of a large tanker rocking wildly in the stormy water.

The three dimensional image changes to a first person perspective image, broadcast from one of the team members.

WEBSTER

Who are we traveling with?

MARSH

Sergeant Davidson.

The three dimensional image clears as the perspective changes to live images.

One man BREAKS from the group and makes his way to a higher position. The lone soldier climbs a ladder to a crane at the rear of the ship.

He is MIKE SHAW, Irish, average height, but well built, early thirties. He aims his weapon at an unseen target.

SNIPER SCOPE (NIGHT VISION):

The scope FOLLOWS THE MAN for a few seconds, the figure appears in an on-screen Heads up display, the outline of the man's image marked in red.

The remaining group is split into two teams. Alpha team is lead by COMMANDER JACK PHILLIPS, American, a large framed man in his mid forties, but looks fitter than men half his age.

Bravo team is lead by SEAN DAVIDSON, English, early thirties and very fit looking.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
Take him.

The SOLDIER FIRES.

The bullet reaches its target with a DEAFENING THUD.

The target FALLS. The heads up display outline of the man's image changes to blue.

SHAW
(INTO HEADSET)
Dropped him. Tango down. Moving
to over watch.

With rehearsed precision, the remaining members SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS. One group moves out of frame.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
All Tango's tagged and ready for
take down.
(pause)
Go GO Go.

INTERCUT: from room to room showing various precision kills. Bodies fall, rooms clear of smoke, both rooms fall silent with only the team members left standing.

SCREAMING AND CRYING are the only sounds heard, as the hostages go into shock.

PHILLIPS
Secure the hostages and prepare
for transport.

JACK PHILLIPS removes his helmet and Balaclava. He is leader of this special anti terrorist group.

PHILLIPS
How did we do, Sergeant Davidson?
Any better than your last unit?

Davidson approaches Phillips.

DAVIDSON (O.S.)
Well the S.A.S. are good,
Commander Phillips, but ..

Phillips smiles and talks into a headset transmitter.

PHILLIPS
(Into Headset)
Command. Mission complete.
Request bomb disposal units and
evac.

COMMAND
Roger Commander Phillips. ETA ten
minutes. Cold ones are on me.

PHILLIPS
(Into headset)
Always aim to please.

Webster and the others start to clap.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

WEBSTER
Great work men, great work.

Webster turns to Marsh and claps him on the back.

WEBSTER
Keep me informed on the device.
Time for a little showbiz.

Webster turns and leaves the room.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Webster approaches the end of the hallway where two men
stand guard.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The door opens. Webster is greeted with loud applause. He
walks through the crowd of people, all standing at dinner
tables and approaches the head table.

The applause and CAMERA FLASHING continues until he reaches his seat. He motions the crowd to stop and the applause slowly drowns out.

WEBSTER
 (speaking into
 microphone)
 Thank you, thank you.
 (pause)
 Adjustment to a single global
 Government has taken considerable
 work and effort from us all. One
 problem still plagues us no
 matter what our cultural
 differences. Terrorism. As I
 speak, authorities are closing in
 on the leader of one these
 groups, Joseph Blake. Within
 hours he should be in custody.
 These acts of terror will no
 longer be tolerated. No longer be
 funded. We will hunt these people
 down and we will treat them as
 they have treated their victims.
 With NO MERCY, with NO
 COMPASSION. We will exterminate
 them as the cancer there are.

Everyone is on their feet now. A standing ovation.

WEBSTER
 There are no more hiding places.

CLAPPING AND CHEERING. Webster whispers to Marsh.

WEBSTER
 (whispering)
 Lets just hope we get the funding
 we need to keep this promise.

Webster smiles to the crowd, raising both hands in a "V"
 for victory sign.

The CROWD ROARS.

INT. EARTH - SMALL DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Nine military dressed bodies lie dead on a floor. The air
 is fresh with the smoke of gunfire.

A man sits back in a chair with a cigar in his mouth. He
 reaches into the pocket of one of the dead and removes a
 pack of matches. He LIGHTS the cigar and takes a long drag.

He is JOSEPH BLAKE, English, leader of NEW WORLD ORDER. In
 his early forties. Slim with cropped graying hair.

A woman in her mid twenties ENTERS. She is MARIA CROWE, South African, tall and slim.

BLAKE

Looks like we alter the schedule a little. That was too close.

Blake stands up.

CROWE

Don't tell me the great Joseph Blake is getting nervous? When do we leave?

BLAKE

Immediately, Maria, immediately.

Blake TOSSES the cigar across the room and it erupts in flames.

EXT. MOONS SURFACE - FAR SIDE

The surface of the far side of the Moon. The terrain is more damaged by meteors than the colonized side.

A figure dressed in a modern style space suit takes slow moon steps. Another man dressed the same works a few feet away.

ENGINEER ONE, early twenties turns to face ENGINEER TWO, early forties.

ENGINEER ONE

Hey, quit goofing around. You look like Neil Armstrong on speed.

ENGINEER TWO

Yehaa. Come on dude, how in sweet Jesus can you not be getting a buzz out of this shit.

Engineer two slowly somersaults through the air.

ENGINEER ONE

Jesus, quit the shit will you. I just don't like being on this side. You've heard the stories?

ENGINEER TWO

Dude, don't tell me you believe those freaky ghost stories?

ENGINEER ONE

Stories maybe. But we are the third team to be out here in as many weeks and no one has laid eyes on those guys since.

ENGINEER TWO

Just stories they tell the new guys. Just freaking us out.

ENGINEER ONE

Maybe. I just want to get this unit repaired so I can get out of here.

Engineer two leans over to open a toolkit. He turns back to Engineer one but he is gone.

ENGINEER TWO

Hey dude, quit with the fucking magician disappearing act shit.

Engineer two scans the area then pulls the life line between them, it is loose. He continues to pull the line, suddenly it stops. He pulls harder but with no luck.

ENGINEER TWO

What the fu...

The life line rips in the other direction, and drags the man flat on his face across the surface towards a small crater.

ENGINEER TWO

Shiiiiittttt. Control, come in control...

He is dragged onto a crater and into a crater.

ENGINEER TWO

Jesus fucking christ ...

Teeth and yellow eyes in the reflection of his helmet, the man screams as is dragged inside.

Snarls, screams and ripping flesh. Static.

CONTROL (O.S.)

Come in team two.

(static)

INT. UTOPIA-1 - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

David Marsh sits in front of a computer screen. The screen shows images of the attack on the engineers.

He leans back in his chair.

MARSH
(talking to himself)
Interesting.

He taps the screen as images flash. The computer shows images scans and data collection.

The image on screen shows an alien type life form, the image rotates in high definition.

COMPUTER
Origin unknown.

MARSH
Very interesting.

Marsh smiles and as he plays back the video of the men being slain.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Webster is sitting at head of an u shaped table. The table seats ten other men and one woman.

The door opens and Marsh enters the room.

A large glass dome sits in the middle of the table. Encased within is the Apollo eleven American flag, still planted in it's original spot on the Moon's surface.

WEBSTER
General Marshall. We understand you have an update of the device on the ship.

GENERAL MARSHALL
(on intercom)
That's correct Mr. President. It was not the device we have been hunting. Just a standard dirty bomb, bound for London.

WEBSTER
What? God damn it General.

GENERAL MARSHALL
(on intercom)
Sir, with all due respect we can only act on the accuracy of intelligence....

MARSH
(cutting him off)
After what this group did in
'twenty, it would be political
suicide for a repeat of that
disaster.

WEBSTER
To hell with politics. Think
about the casualties, the
disease, the panic.

Marsh drops his eyes to look at the table.

MARSH
Of course.

WEBSTER
Keep on it General. I want
constant updates.

GENERAL MARSHALL
(on intercom)
Yes, Sir.

Webster SLAMS THE TABLE with both hands in frustration.

INT. EARTH - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Team is celebrating and looking drunk. Shaw is DANCING on
the stage with a band. He joins in with the back up
singers.

Davidson and Phillips are absent from the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH - EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

It is dark and raining. The area is poor and slum like.

Davidson pulls his hood up, takes a mask out of his pocket
and places it over his nose and mouth. He hails a cab. None
can be seen.

He walks, passing empty shops and street walkers.
Everything is rundown and poorly maintained.

Further on is a street riot. Police are dispersing the
crowd with water cannons. He attempts to hail another cab.
One stops.

TAXI DRIVER
Get in, quick.

Davidson gets in and the cab drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. EARTH - PHILLIPS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phillips is sitting at a Dinner Table with his wife and kids. Phillips' wife LISA, middle aged, blonde and fit, collects his plate and he kisses her on the cheek.

His youngest Daughter DAYNA, three years of age, blonde hair, sits at his left hand side.

She is hiding her face behind her hands, playing.

Phillips copies her, sticking his tongue through his fingers. Dayna copies his actions and starts to laugh.

Phillips stands up, smiles and picks the girl up in his arms. His older daughter GRACE, five years of age, also blond, runs over to join the hug and laughter.

INT. EARTH - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The team are now locked together, arms around each others heads and singing. Shaw walks up to a blonde woman sitting on her own.

SHAW
(Slurring slightly)
Hello there.

The woman smiles. Shaw goes for a chair and SLIDES RIGHT BACK OFF COMING TO A HALT ON THE FLOOR. He is flat on his back.

SHAW
Bollock.
(looking up at woman)
Could you give me a hand my dear.

The Woman looks down in disgust, stands up and walks away.

SHAW
Charming.

MARK RYAN Late twenties, Australian, tall and skinny. Walks over to help. Along with LEON DUPEE, early thirties, French, short and well built. Both help Shaw to a stool.

JORDAN MARTIN, American, mid twenties blonde with catwalk height and looks, the only female member of the team, observes the scene from across the room.

MARTIN

You keep getting it wrong Shaw.
She is supposed to fall for your
charms.

(smiles)

Not the other way around.

Shaw turns and gives her the finger.

MARTIN

Always the charmer.

SHAW

Just because you don't like men,
Jordan. No need to bust my balls.

MARTIN

Most of my old boyfriends could
be described as men of sorts. But
describing you as a man, kind of
stretches the term a little.

Shaw blows her a kiss from across the room. She catches it
and smiles.

Shaw turns to face the others. CARL MILLER, German, a very
large framed man, early thirties, laughs at the antics.

SHAW

Another round?

CUT TO:

INT. EARTH - DAVIDSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Davidson enters the bathroom. He is coughing heavily. He
leans over a sink and throws up.

A black ooze is in the sink. Lungs poisoned from the
polluted smog outside. Davidson looks at his respirator and
notices the tear.

DAVIDSON.

Cheap foreign crap.

Davidson THROWS it across the room into a trash bucket.

He goes to the fridge. It is half full with bottles of
spring water. He removes a bottle and opens it.

Davidson lies down on the bed and removes a photograph from
his wallet.

INSERT: PICTURE:

Two boys eight and ten, kneeling in front of a Christmas tree. A man, (not Davidson) has his arms around them. His face is strangely smeared.

BACK TO SCENE

He RAISES his bottle of water to salute.

DAVIDSON
Night, lads.

He takes a few sips of the water and turns on the large wall mounted screen. His eyes are watery.

The screen fills with newscasts of street demonstrations and violence, different stations showing similar scenes.

DAVIDSON
Lovely fucking world.

INT. EARTH - DAVIDSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Davidson is lying on the bed. Something is ringing.

DAVIDSON.
Take call.

The wall mounted screen flickers and the face of Commander Phillips appears.

PHILLIPS
We have a big problem. I have assembled the team.

DAVIDSON.
How bad?

PHILLIPS
Can't say too much on this line.
Let's just say it's Global.

DAVIDSON.
On my way.

INT. EARTH - PHILLIP'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Phillips turns from the screen.

He daughter Dayna runs to him and grabs one of his legs.

He knells down to face the child.

DAYNA

You come up Daddy. You come home later?

PHILLIPS

I'll come home later doll. I promise.

He kisses the child as she hugs him tightly.

Phillips looks up at his wife and smiles.

She attempts to smile back, a look of knowing and fear on her face.

PHILLIPS

(lip syncing the words)
I promise.

Lisa turns her head to hide her tears.

INT. EARTH - MILITARY BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

The team are assembled as Davidson enters. In the map area of the center console is a three dimensional model of the moon.

PHILLIPS

Okay, lets begin. General Marshall will brief you.

GENERAL FRANK MARSHALL, African American, late fifties but looking ten years younger. A light tint of grey in his shaven hair. Walks up to brief the team.

GENERAL MARSHALL

At 1100 hours yesterday we began to experience communication issues with Utopia-1. At 1400 Joseph Blake claimed he had taken over the complex.

A look of worry on the faces of the squad.

GENERAL MARSHALL

Here is a fragment of that transmission.

The General taps a key. A close up of a man's face appears on the screen. It is Joseph Blake leader of New World Order.

BLAKE

(pre recorded)
This is Joseph Blake broadcasting from Utopia-1.

BLAKE(cont'd)

As you can see from the images we are sending you, we are to be taken seriously.

The images are from Utopia-1's main control room. It is a collage of death which freezes on a large device strapped to a metal crate. A nuclear bomb.

The General taps a key and the image is frozen.

GENERAL MARSHALL

The rest of the transmission was the usual bullshit.

The team studies the frozen image.

PHILLIPS

Ford. What do you think?

KEVIN FORD, mid twenties, American, tin and pale. Adjust his glasses and looks at the screen.

FORD

Looks standard enough. But I will need more than an image. How big is the payload, Sir?

GENERAL MARSHALL

Equivalent to five hundred kilotons.

A look of worry comes over Ford's face.

MILLER

How big is that?

FORD

Forty times the size of Hiroshima. Twice the size of the device used in 'twenty.

SHAW

Christ above.

JACOB DAYAN, late twenties, Israeli, average height and light frame, rubs the sweat from his face.

DAYAN

Even God almighty himself won't be above, if they set off that payload.

Dayan kisses a ring in his finger.

SHAW

But isn't that suicide?

GENERAL MARSHALL

Blake's men are no strangers to sacrifice. He feels that taking down our government is a sacrifice worth paying. Has made it his life mission to attack Western Governments ever since french special forces attempt to kill him.

SHAW

What happened?

DAVIDSON

They failed but managed to kill Blake's wife and three year old daughter.

DUPEE

Sounds like a reason to bare a grudge. But what does he expect to achieve with this type of destruction?

PHILLIPS

Who's knows. Its a safe bet that years of life in hiding has only added to Blake's lack of sanity and hatred. It is doubtful that logical thought plays any part in his plans.

SHAW

A man with twisted beliefs, not afraid of death...

DUPEE

Worst kind.

Shaw nods.

Silence in the group as they look at each other.

DAVIDSON.

Sir, are there any demands?

GENERAL MARSHALL

Yes! The full and unconditional resignation of this government. Along with making all government documentations public domain. Blake demands full disclosure on what he calls their "dirty deeds".

PHILLIPS

What's to stop him meeting his goal by just killing them all?

GENERAL MARSHALL

Apparently the Vice president is on holiday in Hawaii, so he could just step in and take control. Besides, Blake wants resignations and admittance of their atrocities.

MARTIN

How the hell did they take the complex?

GENERAL MARSHALL

We believe they had help on the inside. All defense and security systems on Utopia-1 have been terminated.

DAVIDSON

Is there enough time to plan the attack?

GENERAL MARSHALL

We certainly have to try, son. The effect on the earth's weather and environment would be catastrophic. It could drive us all back to the third world.

PHILLIPS

On the plus side we had the advantage in that we have excellence intelligence of the target and have experience in dealing with cells of this faction.

MARTIN

Why a small team? Why not an all out attack?

GENERAL MARSHALL

Command have decided a small surgical strike is more probable to success that a large scale attack. We can't afford to let Blake see us coming. So the less people who know, you know the drill.

(pause)

Any more questions?

The team are motionless. There are no more questions.

PHILLIPS

Then it's game time! Full
planning and briefing in one
hour. Until then I want everyone
geared up and ready to fly.

TEAM

Sir.

Phillips claps Davidson on the back as they follow the
others out of the room.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - MAIN BANQUET AREA - NIGHT

Heavily armed men cover all exits. People in formal wear
are sitting at tables in the center of the room.

A man approaches the head of the room and speaks into a
microphone.

BLAKE

In minutes we are going to begin
moving you to your living
quarters. No one will be hurt if
you all do as you are told.

A MAN FROM THE CROWD

(shouting)

Like those soldiers you killed?

BLAKE

Who said that?

A man in his sixties stands up, broad in his stance.

MAN

I did.

BLAKE

Oh, is that a fact.

Blake pulls out a pistol and SHOTS the man in the head.

The man FALLS to the ground as the room erupts with panic
and screaming.

BLAKE

(shouting)

Shut up.

Blake FIRES A SHOT INTO THE AIR.

Dead Silence.

BLAKE

If anyone else has a word of wisdom, feel free to air it now.
 (voice calming)
 Anyone? Please, anyone. Oh, come on people I could do with the practice.

No answer.

BLAKE

No takers? Pity! Now that I have your attention...

Blake points his gun at the corpse of a soldier and fires two rounds into it.

BLAKE

Don't worry about these political puppets. They died the day they put on their uniforms. Died and became soulless slaves to the scum that runs our world. Oh, I forgot.
 (laughs)
 That includes all of you, doesn't it?

Blake TURNS to face a terrorist at the top of the room and the terrorist moves the crowd through the main doors.

BLAKE

Not you Mr. President. I would be honored if you could join me.

Webster turns to face Blake. Blake smiles and holds out his empty hand to beckon the President.

Webster gives a Blake a look that would cut in two.

Blake smiles as Webster sits.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

The civilians are pushed through doors by the terrorists and the doors are locked behind them.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

Blake and Webster are sitting at either end of a long table. Two men stand guard in the background.

WEBSTER

You will never get away with this.

BLAKE

I already have.

WEBSTER

I will never stand down and give into your demands of terror.

BLAKE

Then you will die. Live? Die? Either way I get what I want.

WEBSTER

Even if that means suicide for you and your group?

BLAKE

Every crusade has its martyrs.

WEBSTER

So now it's a crusade?

BLAKE

Yes. You and your kind have been killing Earth for years. It's time you were made accountable for it.

WEBSTER

I am not responsible for the condition of earth. If anything I have made it better.

BLAKE

Maybe you personally have not caused it. But you have definitely added to it. Your kind have stripped, mined and polluted the earth's skies, poisoned generations of our children, wiped out animal and plant life. For what? I tell you what! PROFIT.

WEBSTER

You should try and reverse the roles for a while.

(pause)

Easy to sit on the sidelines and not get you ass in the game.

BLAKE

I am and with my new role I am going to get rid of ninety percent of the people responsible for the companies that caused these problems.

WEBSTER

(clearly shaken)

Wa... wait a second. I though you where only interested in getting the government to stand down. You're going to blow this bomb anyway, aren't you?

BLAKE

Ah, I can see you're a smart one.

WEBSTER

But you can't. The consequences will be ...

BLAKE

Consequences.

(cutting him off)

Consequences. Don't make me laugh. MR. PRESIDENT. You want to think about consequences? When was the last time you set foot on earth and took a breath of her air?

WEBSTER

You're insane...

BLAKE

If insanity means having poor people living normal lives on the planet you abandoned, trying to raise children without the continued risk of cancer and disease - then I rejoice in that insanity!

WEBSTER

That's rich, how can you talk about disease and pollution after what you have caused?

BLAKE

Enough.

(talking to guards)

This is boring me.

Webster is dragged from the room.

WEBSTER

Take your hands off me.

Blake PLACES HIS GUN AT THE PRESIDENT'S HEAD.

BLAKE

Power is a wonderful thing isn't it?

BLAKE(cont'd)

I know now why you politicians
crave it so. The power to give
and take. Life and death.

Blake raises the gun and BRINGS IN DOWN HARD across
Webster's forehead. Webster falls to the ground
unconscious.

BLAKE

Pick him up! Get him out of here!

GUARDS

Sir!

Webster is dragged out of the room.

INT. EARTH - TEAM OPERATIONS PLANNING ROOM - NIGHT

The group are gathering around a table, full plan of the
Utopia-1 complex is visible on a display.

SHAW

How the hell do we get up there
without being spotted?

PHILLIPS

A NASA shuttle is going to take
us in from the rear of the moon.
It is the only vulnerable section
as comms are down due to a failed
repair. We will set up a solid
holding area as soon as we land
and prepare for immediate action,
in case anything goes wrong with
the deadline.

Phillips points at the area on the moon.

DAVIDSON

Any more questions?

DAYAN

Just go on record that I'm not
happy with this op.

PHILLIPS

Noted. Anyone else.

No answer.

PHILLIPS

Okay. Lets saddle up.

INT. EARTH - MISSION PREPARATION ROOM - NIGHT

Weapons and gear are packed and prepped. A large crate of weapons is at the far end of the room.

DAVIDSON
Sir, what the hell is that?

PHILLIPS
The M1-112 prototype rifle.

DAVIDSON
Heard of that. Very state of the art but still in bug fix stage. Don't tell me we're expected to test them.

PHILLIPS
No. Brass just wants to see how they survive in zero gravity.

The crate is sealed and moved towards the shuttle.

EXT. EARTH - SHUTTLE BAY - NIGHT

The troops walk down a gangway. They halt at the tail end of the very modified space shuttle.

PHILLIPS
Okay. Everyone load up.
(turns to Davidson)
Something on your mind?

DAVIDSON
You know I don't agree with all this terrorist crap. But...

PHILLIPS
But what?

DAVIDSON
Well I can't help but feel a little bit pissed off that we're expected to save people who abandoned this planet when things got rough.

PHILLIPS
I know. I have family here too Sean. The fact that my kids have to play under a plastic tent makes me want to strangle someone. But what do you want us to do? Without some kind of control, where would we be?

DAVIDSON

I know, I know. I just wish if we had to do this, it was for someone who deserves it.

PHILLIPS

Our families deserve it. If we fail on this, things are going to get a whole lot worse.

DAVIDSON

Just letting you know I am not happy. Rumor has it that RODGER's team had brought in a mission to take out Blake. They were also dealing with less unknowns than we are.

PHILLIPS

I still can't get confirmation of what happened to them. That alone make me nervous. But glad you are still in.

The two men approach the shuttle.

INT. EARTH - NASA CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Several military types are mixed in with NASA control technicians.

General Marshall turns to NASA official.

GENERAL MARSHALL

How long till take off?

NASA TECH

Five minutes and counting.

GENERAL MARSHALL

Good we are on a tight schedule!

INT. EARTH - CARGO HOLD OF SHUTTLE - NIGHT

All are strapped in and ready for flight.

DAYAN

I have a bad feeling about this one.

MILLER

Not getting superstitious on me again now are you Dayan?

DAYAN

It just doesn't feel right. Feels
rushed or...

(pause)

I don't know.

DUPEE

Just stick to the game plan.
We'll be Okay.

DAYAN

I hope you're right Dupee.

MILLER

Don't you know the French are
always right.

The group laugh. (except Dayan)

Phillips stares at an open locket. He kisses the picture of
his two daughters.

PHILLIPS

For you girls.

Shaw is nervous and breaks into song.

SHAW

(thick Irish accent)

Blue moon, / you left me standing
alone / without a care in my
heart/ Blue Mooooonnnnn

Everyone laughs.

Shaw continues to sing as the Ship boosters IGNITE. A voice
comes over the intercom.

NASA VOICE

Prepare for take off. Ten
.....nine.....eight.....seven.....

DAVIDSON

This is what we train for people.

NASA VOICE

Six...Five....Four...Three....Two.....One

SHAW

(shouting)

This ain't so bad

The MAIN BOOSTERS IGNITE and the shuttle lifts off. The
room shakes with the brute force of the rockets.

EXT. EARTH - THE SHUTTLE LAUNCH SITE - NIGHT

Shuttle launches and it leaves the earth's surface. Fire engulfs the end of the ship as it travels out of view.

INT. EARTH - NASA CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a hive of activity.

General Marshall stands in front of a large screen, watching the take off.

GENERAL MARSHALL
God's speed men. God's speed.

EXT. SPACE - OUTSIDE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT

The shuttle dumps FUEL CANISTERS and leaves earth's atmosphere, slowing down past the earth as it travels in the opposite direction.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Two men sit at the controls. CAPTAIN JIM REID, A stocky man, in his mid fifties.

The second man is CAPTAIN MARTIN ASTIN, mid thirties, smaller in height and size than Reid.

INT. SHUTTLE - INTERIOR OF SHUTTLE BAY - NIGHT

Inside the group remain strapped into their seats.

SHAW
Sir, how long till touchdown?

PHILLIPS
Eight hours. We need to go
through this thing until it is
perfect.

Everyone positions the monitors attached to their seats and Phillips activates a file.

A a map appears on the screens.

PHILLIPS
Let's start.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is populated with armed men. Webster bound and standing near a large screen.

The door opens. Blake and Crowe enter the room.

BLAKE

Ah Mr. President. I trust you enjoyed your little rest?

An armed man walks up behind Blake and whispers in his ear.

BLAKE

It appears our friends on earth are not taking us seriously. Perhaps it is time for a little demonstration.

The screen behind Blake lights up. Blake turns. The image shows a large table with about a dozen people sitting at it.

BLAKE

Who am I talking to?

The person sitting at the top of the table stands up and speaks. He is VICE PRESIDENT DICK WALSH, overweight and middle aged.

MAN ON SCREEN

This is Vice President Walsh here, MR. Blake. We are not scheduled to talk yet. Can I assume you are considering our offer and you are planning to release some hostages?

BLAKE

Hello "MR. Not the President, because I couldn't quite cut the mustard and get the real job". I'm afraid you assumed wrong.

The Door opens and Crowe enters followed by two armed Guards and Marsh.

WEBSTER

What are you doing?

Blake raises his hand and the man standing behind Webster gags him.

BLAKE

Mister Vice President, you don't think we are serious here.

BLAKE(cont'd)

Quiet strange, considering we have taken control of your precious facility, plan to set off a nuclear weapon and are threatening the life's of your rich and powerful.

(places hand on chin)

What more can I do to convince you?

Blake TURNS AND GRABS Marsh by the neck and DRAGS him towards the screen.

Blake pulls his handgun from its holster and sticks it into the back of Marsh's head, pulling TRIGGER. Marsh's head explodes.

Blood and brain matter hit the screen and Blake's face.

Blake wipes it away from his face with his hand and cleans his hand with a handkerchief from Marsh's pocket.

VICE PRESIDENT

Madman! There was no need...

BLAKE

(cutting him off)

You know our demands. There will be no negotiations. I told you I would get you what you wanted if you helped us get hold of this complex. So help me to help you. You want power, we want the truth. Utopia-1 over and out.

The Vice President looks stunned as the screen goes black. Blake taps a keyboard and cuts off the transmission.

CROWE

I thought the deal was to never mention his involvement in this.

BLAKE

Fuck him. He is just a means to an end. Besides, it will heat things up a bit. He will have a hell of a lot of explaining to do now.

(laughs)

He sold out his own, so I trust him even less.

Blake walks over and drops the blood stained handkerchief on Webster's lap.

BLAKE

You see Mr. President. I am a very serious man and I will use anyone to get what I want.

WEBSTER

(clearly shocked)

I should have known. But what can Walsh gain from this?

BLAKE

Oh he has his own agenda. To get rid of this abomination.

(gestures at surroundings)

As he called it. Something about bringing politics back to the people. A Phoenix, for Christ's sake! Rising from the ashes to save the day. Well that was the plan 'til I let the cat of the bag.

(laughs)

Personally I think all politicians and scum. But this one is so stupid, he is just easier to control.

Blake turns and walks away and steps over the body of Marsh. He shouts orders to one of the armed men and leaves the room.

Webster's looks confused and sad, before his expression changes to anger.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY IN COMPLEX

Shaw lies prone, his weapon pointed at the far end of a hallway.

SHAW

(INTO HEADSET)

Roger. I can see the tangos. One visible. Clean shot.

Shaw moves his scope to the far end of the hall. Two of the team come into view, preparing to enter a room.

A green outline surrounds their figures in Shaw's heads up display.

SHAW

(INTO HEADSET)

Delta and Romeo. Prep almost complete.

Phillips runs down a large corridor, he is accompanied by another figure. He checks every door way and opening with the sight of his gun.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
Roger. Hold and wait for my go.

SHAW
(INTO HEADSET)
Roger that. Holding.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
Bravo. Status.

DAYAN
(INTO HEADSET)
At target. Good to go on your order.

Phillips, Still running talks into headset.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
Roger.

The image crackles like it is experiencing interference - double images and static. Phillips shakes his head and the image clears.

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
Found tango two. We will take him. Team three and four storm first. Team two go with me and sniper take out tango one. All tangos tagged and marked.
(pause)
..four.....three.....two.....

SHAW
(INTO HEADSET)
WAIT!!!

PHILLIPS
(INTO HEADSET)
All teams hold. Shaw, what is it?

SHAW
(INTO HEADSET)
I've got a third Tango. Repeat three tangos. Not a clear shot. Repeat, someone else will have to take him.
(adjust weapon)
Switching to Thermal.

Shaw's heads up display shows a thermal image of the room beyond the team.

SHAW
 (into headset)
 Nothing. Too many bodies inside.
 Could be posing as a hostage.
 Can't find his tag.

The Heads up display shows various bodies, some outlined in red, the others green.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 Shit. Bravo. He is all yours. All
 teams, confirm coordinates and
 positions and prepare to go.

All leaders take handheld computers from their equipment and receive new coordinates. Each begin to TAP THE LOWER SCREENS of the units.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 .four....three....two....one..GO.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two doors at one side of a room explode, at the same time the two main doors at either end of the room explode. Teams two and three THROW in flash bang grenades.

Sniper scope view as Tango one goes down.

SHAW
 (INTO HEADSET)
 Tango down, repeat Tango one
 down.

Alpha team takes out the second tango with two bullets to the head.

Suddenly.

DAYAN
 (INTO HEADSET)
 I can't see the third tango.
 Where the fuck is he? Come on,
 some one fill me in.

Dayan is clearly panicking. POSITIONING HIS GUN from side to side. Suddenly, there is movement in the room. He OPENS FIRE.

A young teenage girl falls to the ground. He freezes. At almost the same time the third Tango appears from behind a storage box and OPENS FIRE.

The room disappears in a haze of static and distorted images, it is replaced with an interior of the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - INTERIOR OF SHUTTLE BAY - NIGHT

The team are strapped to chairs, all connected into headsets marked Empeiria Five.

Phillips stands up and shouts in disgust.

PHILLIPS
God damn it.

He rushes over and picks Dayan out of the chair.

PHILLIPS
What kind of rookie shit was that?

Dayan staggers from the chair.

PHILLIPS
Anything to say. You are an experienced operative and you just killed a civilian as well as got you team killed.

DAYAN
I..
(pause)
I panicked.

PHILLIPS
You knew this was a drill and you panicked?

DAYAN
I..

Phillips grabs Dayan by the shirt.

PHILLIPS
Get you're shit together man.
There is too much at stake on this.

REID
(on intercom)
Five minutes to landing.

PHILLIPS
Saved by the bell. Okay everyone,
get your game faces on. We are
getting ready to land.

DAVIDSON
How far from the complex are we
landing?

The team start to prepare weapons and gear.

PHILLIPS
Coming in from behind the moon
and approaching the complex from
zero altitude. We should be
landing at the facilities cargo
loading area.

DAVIDSON
What about resistance? Surely
they have this area protected.

PHILLIPS
It's a big complex and this area
is unfinished. Blake is supposed
to have his men guarding the
other three cargo areas.

SHAW
(whispering)
Let's hope the intel is right.
(pause)
For a change.

EXT. DARK SIDE OF MOON AS SHUTTLE APPROACHES.

Only the outline of the moon is lit, the earth can be seen
in the distance.

EXT. SPACE - TRAVELLING SHUTTLE - DAY

Now traveling very close to the moon's surface. The shuttle
slows as it approaches part of the Utopia-1 complex.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - DAY

Reid talks into intercom.

REID
(into headset)
Prepare for landing.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 Roger. Brace yourselves team.

EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE SLOWING SPEED - DAY

Shuttle slows and hovers before it drops attitude. Small BOOSTER ROCKETS slow its descent.

INT. SHUTTLE - CARGO AREA - DAY

The group ARE ROCKED from side to side as they land.

SHAW
 Shit!! Smooth landing. NOT.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE COCKPIT - DAY

Reid talks into the intercom.

REID
 (into headset)
 That's it, we're down. Control!
 We are on the surface! All
 systems are five by five.

NASA
 Good to hear. This will be our
 last communication until return.

REID
 (into headset)
 Got that Control. Wish us luck
 over.

NASA CONTROL
 Good luck. Over and out.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE CARGO AREA - DAY

The troopers open their seat belts and harnesses.

PHILLIPS
 Sergeant I want everyone armed
 and prepped before we leave this
 bird. We may meet a little early
 resistance.

DAVIDSON
 Sir!

The door leading to the Cargo area OPENS. Reid and Astin enter.

REID
Welcome to Utopia one

Both pilots start to WORK ON A CONSOLE in the room.

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

A large TELESCOPIC DOOR IS RELEASED FROM THE SIDE OF THE SHUTTLE and meets the complex door with a slight thud.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE COCKPIT - DAY

Reid taps on the keyboard and turns to Astin.

REID
Initiate decompression routines.

ASTIN
Roger. Clear in five, four,
three, two, one. Clear! Ready for
entry.

Team members PREP WEAPONS and gear. They begin LOADING THEIR WEAPONS and looking down rifle sights, ensuring they work.

PHILLIPS
Davidson. How are we looking?

DAVIDSON
Good for initial breach.

PHILLIPS
Roger that. Captain, lead the
way.

REID
Okay, Commander. Follow me.

Reid walks down the narrow, short tunnel. He is followed by two members of the team in attack positions.

Reid enters a code on the keypad and turns to Dayan before pressing the final key. Dayan nods and the Reid opens the door.

The two commandos scan the area from side to side with their weapons. Suddenly.

DAVIDSON
Go.

Both men run through the hanger and stop at a container by diving prone onto the floor.

DAVIDSON

Clear.
 (pause)
 GO.

Two more figures follow similar patterns, running past the first two. Both come to a halt, about ten feet from the first.

SHAW

Clear.
 (pause)
 Go.

The pattern is repeated until eight members have left the shuttle. The final team member scans the adjoining room with a scanner, it appears clear.

MARTIN

Clear. Room secure.

Three figures leave the shuttle and walk to join the others. Four of the main group run back into the shuttle and reappear pushing equipment crates.

PHILLIPS

How are we doing for time?

DAVIDSON

Two hours left.

PHILLIPS

RYAN. I want the main camera systems looping before we start the first assault.

RYAN

Sir, already on it.

PHILLIPS

I want equipment and personnel ready in twenty minutes.

TEAM

Sir!

INT. UTOPIA-1 - PRESIDENTS OFFICE - DAY

Blake is sitting back, enjoying the view of earth through the large window. The door behind him opens. Maria Crowe enters.

CROWE

Any communication from earth?

BLAKE

No. Nothing. Still considering our demands.

CROWE

Maybe they are planning something.

BLAKE

No way. Not enough time for them to plan any kind of rescue. In another ninety minutes it won't matter.

CROWE

Are the escape shuttles ready?

BLAKE

MARKS is taking care of that. If we don't hear anything in ninety minutes we start the bomb timer and take off. Thirty minutes later... BOOM. No more rich man's paradise.

CROWE

And no more global government or corrupt billionaires.

Blake turns around (still sitting).

BLAKE

(arms in air)

You see! Everyone wins!

Crowe walks up behind Blake and touches his neck with her index finger, rubbing it affectionately.

CROWE

Joseph. How do you think history will view us?

Blake turns to face her. Looking concerned.

BLAKE

I don't know Maria. I don't know. I know I don't want to simply murder people. Jesus who does? But what else can we do? These people have no long term plans. Never think about repercussions. Only think the length of their administration.

CROWE

I'm sure they will say the same about us in years to come.

BLAKE

What do you mean?

CROWE

Come on Joseph. We have already been accused of killing hundreds of thousands of people with the blast in 'twenty. Why didn't you deny that? Do you want to be remembered as a murderer?

BLAKE

We would have achieved nothing with denial. I believe they did it themselves. They benefited the most, gaining power over everything. People need a monster and I fit the profile. At least now we have them all together. Why should I care how historians view me?

CROWE

You don't really care how you are remembered?

She leans in to Blake.

BLAKE.

I can't afford to care. I have a mission to complete

She tries to kiss him, but Blake pushes her away.

Crowe looking surprised, turns and leaves the room.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CARGO AREA - DAY

A door opens. A voice is heard from the other side.

PHILLIPS

Go!

Nine figures run like ants and reach the end of a long hallway. Four figures go left, the other five go right.

PHILLIPS

(into headset)

Okay! This is not going to be pretty. Bravo team, we take out target one and you take target two. On room clear we converge on target three and take it from there.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Roger. Talk to you in five.

Davidson approaches a doorway. Shaw scans the door and both men observe the contents of the next room using thermal imaging on his handheld computer unit.

Scrolling image on screen, red thermal images come into view. One, two, ten figures.

DAVIDSON
(whispering)
I count ten tangos. Tag and confirm targets. Confirm

SHAW
Roger. Ten. Confirm.

DAVIDSON
Remember stick to your designated tagged targets. No hero stuff.

Davidson turns to the other two men in the team and starts the countdown with his fingers, five, four, three, two, one.

Shaw BLOWS THE DOOR which enters the room with tremendous force landing several feet away. Two flash bang grenades are tossed inside at the same time. The room is a collection of BLINDING LIGHT AND SMOKE.

Two figures enter the room and DIVE INTO PRONE POSITIONS, FIRING their weapons at targets at the same time. The remaining two members of the team enter and split up, one left and one right. The figures sweep from side to side FIRING THEIR WEAPONS. A terrorist falls from a head shot.

A terrorist FIRES HIS WEAPON blinded from the flash of the grenades. He shoots one of his own men in error, before he is killed by two members of the team.

Two BULLETS HIT his head and two his chest with exact precision.

Red outlined targets disappear in a heads up display. Another man falls and another.

Only two remain from the ten previously contained in the room.

ONE FIRES and hits Dayan DRIVING HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Man down. Man down.

At the same time he DISPATCHES THE TARGET WITH TWO BULLETS to the face.

The final terrorist is alone. He places his hands in the air and DROPS HIS WEAPON.

One of the team disables him with a KICK TO THE GROIN and binds his hands.

The remaining members sweep the room quickly and accurately ensuring all remaining terrorists are dead. When complete, they run to their fallen comrade.

Shaw scans Dayan, his vital signs appear on Shaw's heads up display.

SHAW

His armor couldn't contain the damage. Too many hits.

Shaw takes off Dayan's head gear.

Dayan is not breathing, he is dead. The armor piercing bullets are buried in the blood soaked wall behind him.

DAVIDSON

So much for self healing fucking armor.

(pause)

God Damn it. Status.

SHAW

Nine dead, one captured. Friendly casualties zero. One team member down.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)

Clear. We lost Dayan.

PHILLIPS

(in headset)

Understand. Any radio communications?

DAVIDSON

(into headset)

None. We caught them off guard.

PHILLIPS

(in headset)

We're set to go. Talk to you in a few minutes.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)

Good luck.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENT LATER

PHILLIPS
Okay team, lets get ready.

Martin scans the room. A thermal view shows it empty.
Davidson pans back for a second look. A terrorist is right
behind the door.

Phillips turns to other members with hand signals. Phillips
takes up position behind the door and OPENS FIRE drilling
through the door and killing the man inside.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HOSTAGE ROOM - DAY

Two BULLET HOLES APPEAR in his back, centre chest entry. He
falls to the floor as the team enters the room.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Bravo, Clear. Moving to position
three.

DAVIDSON.
(into headset)
Great. Almost there.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Should be there in two minutes.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Roger.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAYS - DAY

Several guards are visible at doorways. Behind the doors,
the Complex prisoners are being held captive.

Each team appears at either end of the large hallway. With
rapid and surgical type precision the team KILL ALL
OPPONENTS and arrive at the centre of the hallway. Bravo
team arrives first.

DAVIDSON
(out of breath)
You getting slow with old age?

PHILLIPS
No. Just more cautious.

DAVIDSON
Touché.

PHILLIPS

Status?

The wall beside Phillips explodes as bullets hit their target.

Phillips and Davidson dive for cover.

PHILLIPS

Fuck. Looks like we missed someone.

SHAW

Negative all tags accounted for.

DAVIDSON

Must be a sleeper.

More shell hits.

Shaw peaks out to take a look.

Two sets of gunfire from the end of the hall.

The wall beside him explodes.

SHAW

Fuck.

(pause)

Make that two. One grenade and this would be over in two seconds.

Shaw leans his weapon and adjust the mounted screen. He returns fire without exposing his body.

PHILLIPS

One grenade in the wrong place up here and we'll all be making the trip to our maker a little sooner than planned.

Davidson opens fire with the same method as Shaw as Shaw reloads.

PHILLIPS

Keep them fixed. Suppressing fire. Shaw and Martin. Flank just fuckers.

MARTIN

Sir. Make sure you can keep up.

Martin gets to her feet and runs.

Shaw looks at her rear end as he follow.

SHAW

No problem there. But may be a bit, ahem. Distracted.

Martin smiles as he runs at full speed.

Davidson and Phillips keep the attackers pinned down with suppressing fire. One firing as the other reloads.

DAVIDSON

Dug in like fucking cockroaches.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and Shaw reach their target.

Martin signals Shaw with hand movements to stop and look.

Shaw reaches into his pack and removes a small fiber-optic camera.

Shaw maneuvers the snake around and under a door.

The screen shows the two men firing down the hall at the rest of the team.

Shaw tags the men and their heads up display change. Each select a target.

Shaw counts down with his fingers and finally a hand signal to go.

The two charge the room.

The attackers are dispatched in seconds.

SHAW

Clear!

MARTIN

Clear!

Phillips and Davidson stand up from behind their covered positions.

PHILLIPS

Excellent. Status report.

DAVIDSON

Fifteen tangos down. One captured. No friendly casualties. You?

PHILLIPS

Six including here. No friendlies.

DAVIDSON

Huh! Keeping soft targets for yourself.

PHILLIPS

Well except for the fact I nearly got some new ventilation thanks to our two friendly sleepers.

DAVIDSON

(sarcastically)

Not like our intel to be inaccurate?

PHILLIPS

Never.

The two men share a smile.

PHILLIPS

Right. Spread out and check the status of the prisoners. Secure all prisoners before status check. Don't take any chances.

TEAM

Sir!

Each door is opened in rapid succession. All prisoners inside the rooms are tied and bound. No hostiles are met.

MARTIN

We have two dead prisoners here. Head shots. Assassinations.

DAVIDSON

All prisoners less one accounted for. The president is not here.

PHILLIPS

Brief the prisoners and prepare for assault on control room. Move! Before someone notices these guys don't answer their next check in.

DAVIDSON

Roger. Good to go in two minutes.

PHILLIPS

Sounds good. Remember Yellow tags are off limits. We need someone alive in case the device is a nightmare.

DAVIDSON

Roger that.

The hostages are moved to one location as the team prepare for their last assault.

INT. UTOPIA-1 CONTROL ROOM.

Blake is inside, behind him is Webster, bound and gagged to a chair.

BLAKE

Looks like our little deadline is up and your people have abandoned you to die on this moon.

Blake signals Crowe with his right hand.

BLAKE

Ensure we have them on the main comms and prepare the president for his FINAL address to the people.

Webster is rolled across the room and turned to face a large screen on the wall. His mouth gag is removed.

WEBSTER

Don't think you can force me to make a speech for you.

(coughing)

You are going to kill us all anyway.

BLAKE

I am not threatening you at all Mr. Webster. Sorry, Mr. President. These will be your words, you can choose to speak or not. Either way we would have proven our point and our message will have been...

Instantly the room goes pitch black. In the next second the room is lit with BRILLIANT BRIGHTNESS. Silenced GUNFIRE is heard with a few returning rounds of MACHINE GUN FIRE. Someone is screaming. Firing continues.

A heads up display shows read outlined figures. One falls, another. One figure is shown in Green. Two figures outlines are yellow, Blake and Crowe. Their names clearly shown above their targets.

Night vision firing and killing of a man, TURN AND FIRES at another, two bullets to the head.

DAVIDSON

Clear!

PHILLIPS

Clear!

SHAW

Clear!

RYAN

Clear!

The lights come on. Seven of the ten terrorist guards lay dead. Blake and Crowe are standing with their hands in the air.

They both have gun barrels in their mouths as two team members watch over them. Phillips pulls down his face mask.

PHILLIPS

MR. President. We're here to get you out.

WEBSTER

Soldier, am I glad to see you.

The president is released from the chair and Blake and Crowe are placed on the ground and tied up.

PHILLIPS

Ford. Give me a status on the bomb.

FORD

Already started sir.

Phillips walks over to Blake.

PHILLIPS

Well, Blake. Looks like we finally got you.

BLAKE

You have not beaten me yet...

(pause)

Sir!

FORD

Sir, we have a big problem here.

Phillips walks over to Ryan.

PHILLIPS

What is it?

FORD

This bomb is set to go in thirty minutes. The main control panel has been sabotaged.

PHILLIPS

Can't you just disarm it. Shut it down?

FORD

Negative, it's too heavily modified. It would take too long.

Ford points at a scanned image on a small hand held computer.

FORD

I'm afraid to even touch it.

PHILLIPS

Shit. Any options Ford?

DAVIDSON

Get the guy who made it to turn it the fuck off.

The sound of clapping.

Phillips turns to look at Blake, who is just managing to clap his bound hands.

BLAKE

(from across the room)

Fools! There is no way to turn it off.

Phillips loosing his temper for the first time, approaches Blake.

The two men stand nose to nose.

PHILLIPS

This device was going to go off anyway, wasn't it?

Blake looks on in silence.

PHILLIPS

You had no intention of leaving here or letting anyone live. Did you?

Crowe looks at Blake looking concerned and surprised.

BLAKE

No.

WEBSTER

Why am I not surprised to hear that?

PHILLIPS

Why? What are you trying to prove? That you can kill on a grand scale.

BLAKE

You wouldn't understand! Another one of their soldier puppets.

PHILLIPS

I understand enough. You think you are working for some cause, but your only method of attempting to prove your point is to kill all who disagree with you.

BLAKE

We are all entitled to our opinions, aren't we soldier boy? Or are we so brainwashed by our Nazi regime we don't have opinions any more. Huh.

PHILLIPS

Nazi? That's rich coming from a murdering piece of shit like you.

Phillips pushes Blake towards and through a wall.

PHILLIPS

Turn it off now Blake.

Davidson grabs Phillips and pushes him back.

Phillips pushes him away and draws his sidearm.

Phillips points the weapon at Blake's groin.

PHILLIPS

Either you start cooperating, or I start a little pain management and see how you deal with physical agony.

Blake drops his eyes to look at the weapon.

BLAKE

(Smiling)

I can't. Even if I wanted to. It was designed for one purpose, to explode. So if you feel the need to shoot, shoot. I'm already dead anyhow.

Davidson grabs Phillips by the arm, but is unable to shift the gun arm.

DAVIDSON

If you put a round in him, we will just waste time trying to keep him alive.

PHILLIPS

You heard him, he is of no use.

Davidson again attempts to get Phillips to lower his weapon.

DAVIDSON

Sir, we don't have time for this. We need to do something about this bomb. Now.

Phillips eyes show pure hatred as he looks at Blake.

Suddenly he realizes something and blinks.

PHILLIPS

You're right, you're right.
(lowers weapon)
Ford have we any options?

FORD

Fly this thing out of here?

PHILLIPS

How long have we got?

FORD

Twenty five minutes and counting.

PHILLIPS

Ryan, get me a position on the closest shuttle, escape pod, anything that can fly. Quickly.

Ryan taps at keyboard and screen, he brings up a map of the facility.

RYAN

There's a small shuttle in section two.
(tapping screen and keyboard)

PHILLIPS

That will have to do. Can you program it to fly on auto pilot, try to get the bomb clear?

RYAN

Sir, will have to.

PHILLIPS
Get on it, now! Start
transporting and loading the
bomb.

Ford begins tapping at a keyboard, keying in flight paths
as the others start to move the bomb.

Phillips turns to face Blake.

PHILLIPS
I see a lot of pain in your
future. You and me are going to
spend a little quality time
together.

Blake attempts a smile.

BLAKE
Looking forward to it captain.

Phillips turns away as Blake swallows his spit.

EXT. OUTSIDE COMPLEX - MINUTES LATER.

Escape shuttle from outside. The shuttle hangs like a small
bee leaving its nest.

A figure is seen moving within the cockpit. Ford prepares
the craft for take off.

FORD
Sir, we've secured the bomb and I
am prepping the ship for take
off, well at least I think I am.

PHILLIPS
Good. We are running low on time.

FORD
Sir, leaving now.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHUTTLE.

The shuttle ROCKS slightly.

The craft leaves the ground. Rocking from side to side it
GAINS ALTITUDE and speed in the moon's zero atmosphere.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM -DAY

Phillips is standing behind Ford, who is working on a
computer with Ryan.

PHILLIPS
How are we looking?

FORD
Five by Five, Sir.

PHILLIPS
Excellent, nice work son.

Phillips claps Ford on the back as everyone watches the seconds disappear on the large screen.

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE.

The shuttle is clearing the moon, the Far side is seen behind the shuttle as it leaves the moon.

The terrain is more violent than the colonized side. The shuttle continues to travel, peacefully in the atmosphere of space.

Suddenly it disappears. A LARGE SHOCK WAVE, travelling in an almost perfect circle of red fire moves from the INITIAL BLAST POINT and spreads with almost inconceivable speed.

The SHOCK WAVE HITS the moon's surface, almost lighting up the moon as it does so.

INT. UTOPIA-1 CONTROL ROOM.

The FACILITY ROCKS VIOLENTLY in the shock wave of the blast. The lights flicker and go off. Emergency lighting comes on.

Various members of the team get back on their feet.

PHILLIPS
Ryan. How are we doing.

RYAN
We've lost radio communication, but radar systems are back on-line thanks to E.M.P. shielding. Appears to be no structural damage. All critical life supporting systems are 100%. All visual systems are fried. Some damage to the far side of the Moon, but doesn't look critical.

MILLER
(talking to Dupee)
Looks like we're going to live through this one after all.

MILLER(cont'd)
(claps Dupee on the
back)

DUPEE
(looking nervous but
relieved)
Yeah.

Suddenly at the edge of the radar screen a dot appears.
Then a second dot appears, a third, and fourth.

A MASS OF BLUE DOTS appear, moving towards Shaw's signal.
No one notices the images on the scanner.

Ryan turns to check another system, Looking back, He stops,
a frozen expression on his face.

RYAN
What the Fu...

He checks the setting. It appears correct.

RYAN
Commander.

PHILLIPS
Yes.

Phillips turns to face Ryan.

RYAN
(whispering)
This can't be right.

Ryan continues to attempt to adjust the scope and fails.

RYAN
I'm getting a lot of life
readings here.

PHILLIPS
What?

Phillips runs over to see for himself.

RYAN
It must be an error. But I have
checked the equipment and it
appears Okay.

On the radar screen the number of signals has doubled.

PHILLIPS
What in God's nam...?

RYAN
I count fifty or so life forms
moving at speed.

PHILLIPS

What do you mean life forms?

RYAN

I don't know what they are, but they are alive and moving bloody fast.

DAVIDSON

That can't be right, show me.

Davidson Takes over console and starts tapping keys.

DAVIDSON

Bollock, what in hells name?

PHILLIPS

Davidson, what is it?

DAVIDSON

If I was more sure of what I was looking at, I would ...

PHILLIPS

What?

DAVIDSON

Sir, I think we will have to presume they are hostile .

PHILLIPS

What, how? Troops what?

RYAN

Too fast for men. Besides why wait 'til now?

Dupee kisses the crucifix that is hanging around his neck.

DUPEE

I have a bad feeling about this.

PHILLIPS

We are just going to have to presume they are hostile.

Ryan is looking at screen.

RYAN

What the fuc...

Ryan points at screen.

RYAN

It disappeared.

PHILLIPS
Must have been a malfunction

RYAN
Hope so. But I've calibrated and
check all settings. It appeared
genuine. Sir.

The group cheer.

PHILLIPS
Great. But keep an eye on that
scanner. I don't want any more
surprises.

RYAN
Will do.

Phillips turns.

RYAN
(focused on scanner)
Eh. Commander.

PHILLIPS
What is it?

RYAN
That signal is back again. But ...

PHILLIPS
But what?

Phillips moves towards console.

RYAN
It's bigger and changed
direction.

SHAW
And the hits just keep on coming!

PHILLIPS
What's the heading?

RYAN
North West. Straight for us.

PHILLIPS
Ryan, how are we doing on radio?

RYAN
Comms are up within the station
only. Still zero communications
beyond the complex.

PHILLIPS

Keep on it.

RYAN

Sir.

SHAW

Don't mean to be the party pooper here but anyone got any idea what we're dealing with?

PHILLIPS

Ryan?

RYAN

Eighty unknown objects moving at tremendous speed. What ever they are they are alive but not human.

PHILLIPS

What do you mean?

RYAN

Look.
(pointing at screen)

Ryan's finger points to a status panel at the top of screen the display clearly shows thirty km/hour.

RYAN

For one thing they move way to fast and their vital signs are all over the shop.

PHILLIPS

Must be some kind of mistake.

DAVIDSON

Nothing human could be alive out there.

DUPEE

What the fuck are we going to do?
(looking shaken)

WEBSTER

We can ask ALISA.

PHILLIPS

Ryan?

RYAN

Sir, Utopia one has the most advanced artificial intelligence systems known to man, ALISA. But I can't access it.

Webster walks over and places his hand onto a scanner. A large screen comes to life. Large letters flash across the screen "Access granted".

WEBSTER

Now see what you can do.

RYAN

Wow! Let me take a look.

Ryan taps at the keyboard and the screen fills with maps of the moon, the complex.

Ryan taps the keyboard keying in a data.

RYAN

Eh. Sir.

(pause)

This can't be right.

PHILLIPS

What is it?

RYAN

Sir the computer already has detailed files.

The screen shows a scanned outline of the creatures, all in high resolution three dimensional computer imagery.

PHILLIPS

How? What do you mean.

RYAN

I mean detailed, look.

Ryan points at the screen. Images of attacks on engineers, bodies. Three dimensional image of creatures. Details of what the creatures are made from.

RYAN

Correction very fucking detailed. Someone knew about these things. Christ how long have they known?

PHILLIPS

Who created the files?

Ryan access another file.

RYAN

Eh. One David Marsh. Very high access levels to, but the looks of things.

WEBSTER

Son of a fucking bitch.

PHILLIPS

One of yours?

WEBSTER

No longer with us, I'm afraid.
Thanks to Blake.

DAVIDSON

Good, saves me a job.

PHILLIPS

Right, the computer knows. But
what can it tell us.

Shaw walks up to the screens.

SHAW

What kind of area fifty one shit
have we stumbled onto here?

Ryan taps the screen, the images fade.

Large letters come across the computer screen.

COMPUTER

Origin Alien. Probability 99.2%.

RYAN

Commander. It believes the
hostiles are alien.

PHILLIPS

I can read son. Jesus, it must be
a mistake?

DAYAN

It a fucking computer, how can it
believe.

DAVIDSON

Keep it together man.

Dayan kisses the ring on his hand once again.

RYAN

Guess this Marsh son of a bitch
had plans.

WEBSTER

Why?

RYAN

From what I see here, he had some
of your people trying to figure
out where these things came from.
But the computer came up empty.

Various images of planets flash on the screen.

RYAN
Jesus which solar system is this.

DAVIDSON
Guess this guy had some motives
of his own.

WEBSTER
I don't understand. He knew there
was a threat, but kept it to
himself. Why?

RYAN
Power perhaps? Look.

The image on screen changes to a three dimensional
representation of the moon.

It rotates to display the Far side.

The other layers of the moon disappear, showing a massive
cavern beneath the surface on the far side of the moon.

The cavern is filled with the alien life forms.

SHAW
Jumping fucking Jesus. How many
of those things are there?

RYAN
A fucking lot.

DAVIDSON
Whereever the fuck they came
from. Someone went to a lot of
effort.

PHILLIPS
None of this shit is important,
for now at least. Can these
things, these Aliens be killed?

RYAN
Don't see why not. They have
vital signs of sorts, which I
guess means they could be killed.

DAVIDSON
Guess we'll find out soon enough.

Davidson points at the screen which shows the attackers
getting closer.

Everyone is looking nervous.

PHILLIPS

Okay everyone relax.
(loads his weapon)
Standard defense procedures,
distribute weapons immediately.
Secure the prisoners.

DAVIDSON

What about the captives in
section seven? We had better get
to them first.

PHILLIPS

Shit. Martin and Dupee, go to
section seven, release the
captives and hump it back here
ASAP.

MARTIN

Sir.

Martin and Dupee both run towards the exit.

PHILLIPS

Be careful.
(addressing the two)
We don't know what we are dealing
with here. Maintain regular
comms.

Both nod and leave the room.

PHILLIPS

Ryan. How long before they get
here?

RYAN

Hard to tell. Ten minutes, maybe
less.

PHILLIPS

Punch up Dupee and Martin on this
screen. I want them monitored and
kept up to date on approach.

RYAN

Sir.

PHILLIPS

Okay, keep sharp people. This is
what we have trained for.

SHAW

Yeah, but usually we are the
unknown force.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY IN COMPLEX - DAY

Dupee and Martin approach section seven, RUNNING FLAT OUT.

MARTIN
(into headset)
Passing section five approaching
six. Expect to be there in three
minutes.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Excellent. Keep me posted. Out.

RYAN
Sir, the signal has changed
direction.

PHILLIPS
What, which way are they headed
now?

RYAN
North. Towards section seven.

PHILLIPS
(Looking closer at
screen)
What?

RYAN
Looks like whatever it is has
picked up speed.
(pointing at screen)
Going to be there before Dupee
and Martin.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Martin, Dupee we have a problem.

INT. UTOPIA-1 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Martin and Dupee running. Martin slows the pace as he
checks his headset communicator.

MARTIN
(into headset)
What is it Sir?

PHILLIPS
 (on intercom)
 Hostiles have changed direction
 and are heading towards section
 seven. They will be on top of you
 in minutes.

MARTIN
 (into headset)
 Understood sir.

PHILLIPS
 (on intercom)
 Exercise caution and approach
 with care, you could be running
 into a shit storm.

MARTIN
 (into headset)
 Roger that.

Martin signals Dupee.

MARTIN
 Lets roll.

The two pick us running speed, running flat out down the
 corridor.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

RYAN
 The signal has reached section
 seven and slowed.

DAVIDSON
 Surely there is no access from
 outside unless there is a breach.

An ALARM IS HEARD and computerized voice is played through
 the Complexes P.A. System.

VOCAL ALARM
 Breach in section nine, warning
 breach in section nine. All
 personnel exit that area
 immediately. Automatic shutdown
 in progress.

DAVIDSON
 Spoke too soon.

RYAN
 They punched through. The signal
 is in section nine.

RYAN(cont'd)

The main systems are shutting that area down and decompressing. This complex is carrying out its self healing procedures. They were designed for meteor showers. Sections seven, eight and nine are automatically closed.

DAVIDSON.

What about Martin and Dupee?

RYAN

Not sure. All cameras in that area are still offline.

PHILLIPS

Martin, Dupee come in. Status.

MARTIN

Just approaching section seven. The main section door is closed. We can't get in.

PHILLIPS

Can you see anything?

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

Martin approaches the small glass window in the emergency door and peers inside. A look of horror comes over her face as the BLOOD DRAINS FROM IT. She leans over and gets sick.

Dupee walks to the window to see for himself. He stands, against it with his mouth open.

The area is a mass of bodies, torn limb from limb. Blood is sprayed up the walls and ceiling. The area looks like a SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

Martin composes herself and reports the situation.

MARTIN

(into headset)

Si, Sir.

(shaking)

It's a slaughter sir. They are all dead. Someone ... Something has killed them all.

Martin's face is pressed up against the glass. Suddenly SOMETHING SMASHES UP AGAINST THE GLASS on the other side. Teeth, black and blood is all she can see as she stumbles and falls backwards, landing on her back.

Something attempts to PUNCH THROUGH THE DOOR to get at them. The door bends. Martin screams.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PHILLIPS

Get back here now. There's nothing you can do. How the fuck could they have done that so quickly?

RYAN

Sir, comms are operational in section seven. The signal is inside and moving. Moving slowly towards Martin and Dupee's old position.

PHILLIPS

(into headset)

Martin. We have a problem. You will have to pick up speed. Double time and move back here. Carry only essential equipment.

(Turns to Ryan)

How's it looking?

RYAN

Sir, a small group is heading straight for Martin and Dupee.

PHILLIPS

Can you close doors from here?

RYAN

Yes sir.

PHILLIPS

Close all possible doors behind Martin and Dupee as they pass. Hopefully we can slow them down, whatever the hell they are.

RYAN

Sir. Closing now.

Ryan taps at keyboard. Both men observe the screens.

RYAN

Sir, whatever these things are, they are cutting through the doors like paper. We are slowing them down, only just.

DAVIDSON

How about the emergency seal doors?

RYAN

Possible, but it will take me a little longer to over ride the system.

PHILLIPS

Do it.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

Dupee and Martin running flat out. They halt, disturbed by what they see.

MARTIN

(into headset)

Sir, we may need a little help here.

PHILLIPS

What's the problem?

MARTIN

I think we may have walked into a trap.

The next doorway is blocked with creatures. Sounds of their pursuers can be heard behind, getting closer. Dupee turns and crouches to cover the approach with his weapon. Martin covers the doorway with her weapon.

PHILLIPS

We won't be able to make it to you on time. Can you punch through?

MARTIN

Sir, will definitely try.

PHILLIPS

Do it.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

WEBSTER

What are they going to do?

PHILLIPS

Do what any good soldier does when they walk into an ambush. The last thing an attacker expects.

WEBSTER

What's that?

DAVIDSON

Take the fight to your attacker.
If you retreat, you are dead. If
you attack you have the element
of surprise on your side.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

Dupee and Martin RUN AT THE DOOR FIRING THEIR WEAPONS at
the same time. Screams of dying creatures are heard.

Dupee DROPS TO HIS KNEES AND RELOADS his weapon.

MARTIN

(shouting)
Coming through.

Martin passes Dupee and stops a few feet beyond.

DUPEE

(shouting)
Coming through.

Dupee passes Martin and they both repeat the movement,
FIRING AND RELOADING PROCEDURE. Gaining ground against the
attacking creatures as they do so.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Ryan TAPS FRANTICALLY on console, attempting to get the
emergency systems online. Sweat dribbles down his forehead.

RYAN

Got it.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE ROOM - DAY

A HEAVY EMERGENCY DOOR CLOSES as Phillips and Ryan observe
the screen. The signal comes to a halt and stops at the
door.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

RYAN

Yes!
(punches the air)

PHILLIPS

Right. Seal all areas from that
point as Martin and Dupee pass.

RYAN

Sir.

The door to the control room opens and Dupee and Martin enter. They COLLAPSE ON THE FLOOR, exhausted and out of breath.

Dupee dumps a creature off his shoulder and onto the floor.

DUPEE

Thought this might help.

The creature is about six feet with four legs. Its heads is undersized, housing a large set of teeth. They are jet black in colour, with over sized torsos.

Shaw leans over, to examine the dead creature.

SHAW

What the hell is this?

He points to a mark on the creatures hind. It is red and shaped like a pyramid with a single dot in the middle.

SHAW

Looks like a brand of some kind.

RYAN

What do you mean, brand? Is someone breeding these things.

SHAW

I am just saying the last time I saw a mark like this, it was on the ass of an animal on my uncle's farm.

DAVIDSON

Great. So now we are fighting cattle.

BLAKE

What makes you so quick to pass these things off as simple cattle? I can see you are all "branded".

Blake points to the special forces tatoo on Shaw's forearm as Shaw KICKS the corpse.

SHAW

Perhaps they are grunts, like us.

Everyone looks concerned.

BLAKE

Whatever they are, they are not human.

WEBSTER

So now you are an expert on these
... these things.

BLAKE

Go on, you can't even say it can
you. Aliens, little green men,
martians. Even though you are
being attacked by something you
can't explain, you still won't
accept what you can't control.

WEBSTER

Go to hell Blake.

BLAKE

It looks like hell has already
found us.

DAVIDSON

These things must be alien right?
Otherwise they would have been
discovered before now. These
things are recent. Branded, and
trained to kill. Surely someone
would have come across them
during the construction of this
place.

WEBSTER

There have been a couple of cases
of repair teams disappearing.

PHILLIPS

Let me guess. Marsh was looking
into them?

RYAN

You mean observing. Gathering
facts more like.

The screen shows images of the attacks.

WEBSTER

Murdering bastard.

PHILLIPS

So he was covering it up. They
would have been discovered before
now. But why?

RYAN

The perfect weapon.

The screen shows military files and images.

DAVIDSON

Fucking great, our own people had knowledge.

WEBSTER

How do you think I feel. I will personally have some heads on the block for this.

PHILLIPS

Lets just worry about our own first, shall we?

DAVIDSON

Perfect, nice to find out now.

PHILLIPS

All right everyone, listen up. We don't have time for quibbling. Ryan feed the new data into the computer, see what it THINKS.

RYAN

Already on it. But commander I don't think you'll like it.

Phillips and Davidson look over Ryan's shoulder to see what is on the computer screen. The screen shows various news clips of war and invasion. World War II, Vietnam ...

PHILLIPS

What the hell does it mean?

RYAN

Well its only really a hypothesize on what it already knows but...

Ryan taps on the lower screen to query the computer.

The screen changes to black. One word appears in big red letters across the upper screen.

COMPUTER

INVASION.

RYAN

Holy shit.

DAVIDSON

That nuts. It's only a Computer how could it be right?

WEBSTER

Consider the events of today? I think we HAVE to take it seriously.

PHILLIPS

At least it explains why they
have been up here and in such
large numbers. Stored and ready.

WEBSTER

What do you mean?

DAVIDSON

Classic troop movement.

PHILLIPS

Front line force. Preparation for
something bigger.

DAVIDSON

By why attack now.

RYAN

Maybe the blast woke them up,
ahead of schedule.

The screen shows an animation of the blast hitting the
Moon's surface.

BLAKE

Speculation! Guesses by amateurs.

DAVIDSON

Amateurs? Who the hell got us...

PHILLIPS

Ease off. One more word out of
you Blake, and I'll feed you to
them on a fucking stick.

Blake smiles and steps back.

Shaw walks over to Martin who appears shocked and shaken.

SHAW

Jordan, how are you doing?

MARTIN

A bit freaked but I'll live.

SHAW

See that you do. Where would I be
without your creative insults.

Martin smiles. Shaw hands her something.

SHAW

Here. Eat this. Your sugar level
will have dropped.

MARTIN

Why Mike, I'm shocked. For a second there I thought you might care.

SHAW

(laughing)

Well don't worry I'll try not to make a habit of it.

Miller and Ford help them across the room.

RYAN

All emergency doors shut. Sir. These "things" are retreating back towards section seven.

PHILLIPS

Good. When they reach section six seal them in. Let's see if we can contain these buggers and give ourselves some time. Keep an eye on them.

RYAN

Sir.

Phillips walks over to Martin and Dupee.

PHILLIPS

What happened?

MARTIN

Sir, I'm not sure.

(clearly shaken)

We could hear something, something... ungodly and there were screams. By the time we got there, there wasn't much left. Or anything we could have done.

PHILLIPS

Don't worry, it's not your fault.

MARTIN

Sir, one things for sure, they are fast and smart.

PHILLIPS

Smart?

MARTIN

I hunted enough in my time to know when I'm out matched. They outflanked us like, like they knew what we would do. They are hunters, fast and vicious.

MARTIN(cont'd)

The only thing we know for sure
is we can put them down.

PHILLIPS

Any possible survivors?

DUPEE

No Sir. Whatever those things are
they leave nothing alive. Just,
just bits and pieces of bodies.

PHILLIPS

Okay. Rest up. We've got to
figure out a way off this rock.

SHAW

Sounds like a plan. At least we
can be clear of their intentions,
hostile.

PHILLIPS

What about escape pods, shuttles?

RYAN

All escape shuttles are beside
the living quarters, Section
eight. There's no way to get
there, unless we go outside.

PHILLIPS

Not an option. What about the
Shuttle we came in on, Captain
Reid?

REID

If we can get to it, but she
needs refueling and preparation.

PHILLIPS

How long.

REID

About one hour.

PHILLIPS

Can any of the preparation be
done remotely.

REID

Negative. We both need to be at
the shuttle.

PHILLIPS

Damn!

SHAW

I'll go with them.

PHILLIPS

(pauses to think)

Okay Shaw, Ford and Miller go with Captain Reid and CAPTAIN ASTIN. The rest of us will remain here and attempt to come up with some contingency plan.

Shaw, Miller and Ford suit up and arm themselves.

Phillips takes two weapons and ammunition from dead terrorists and hands them to the NASA pilots.

PHILLIPS

Ever used one of these?

REID

Not since the War.

PHILLIPS

Better to have one and not need it, then to need one and ...

RYAN

Sir. They have disappeared.

PHILLIPS

What, how?

RYAN

I'm not sure.

PHILLIPS

Did they punch through?

RYAN

Negative. Wait a minute. Sir, I think. Can't be. Shit.

PHILLIPS

What?

RYAN

They moved under the floor. They are moving through the air systems.

PHILLIPS

How fucking smart are these things?

DAVIDSON

Smarter than us.

Shaw is seen strapping extra ammo into his belts holders.

SHAW

That wouldn't be hard, stuck up here with no fucking support.

PHILLIPS

Which way are they heading? Are they coming here?

RYAN

Negative. They are heading for section eight.

PHILLIPS

Good. Gives us a breather so we can figure out what the hell we are dealing with.

Shaw walks over to Martin.

SHAW

You going to be alright without me to watch your back?

MARTIN

OH. I'll try.

SHAW

Seriously. Be safe Jordan.

MARTIN

You too Mike. You too.

The two share a look. Shaw turns to the others.

SHAW

Sir. Good to go.

PHILLIPS

Good luck and keep me posted.

SHAW

Sir.

The group leave the room RUNNING AT A STEADY PACE.

PHILLIPS

Right. It looks like we are in the thick of it. We are going to need every man on deck.

Phillips turns to look at Blake.

PHILLIPS

Dupee, free the captives feet, leave their hands tied.

DUPEE

Sir.

Dupee CUTS THE CAPTIVES FREE and Phillips hands a handgun to Webster.

PHILLIPS

MR. President, you know how to use one of these.

WEBSTER

I'll learn Commander.

Webster takes the gun.

Phillips turns to walk away. Webster SPRINGS TO HIS FEET and rushes to where Blake is being released. Webster picks Blake up BY THE THROAT AND PUTS THE PISTOL IN HIS MOUTH.

WEBSTER

Now,
(gun hand shaking)
you murdering bastard.

Phillips turns to see, too late to stop it.

PHILLIPS

Mr. President, we are going to need everyone alive and every round of ammunition intact.

WEBSTER

Sorry Commander. I'm calling the shots here and I say we can't trust this fucking animal.

PHILLIPS

Calling him an animal insults the animals. I agree we can't trust him. But we will keep him on a tight leash. If I even feel he is compromising our safety, I will feed him to those things myself.

Webster turns one eye to look at Phillips.

PHILLIPS

Okay?

WEBSTER

Okay.
(lowering the gun)
But when this is over. I am going to deal with you. Personally.

Blake smiles an arrogant smile through the whole affair. As Webster turns away from him a single bead of sweat slides down Blake'S face.

RYAN

Got some survivors here. Two young male life forms in section six. Not too far. Looks like they are huddled or hiding in some kind of store room.

Davidson runs over to Ryan and stares at the screen.

DAVIDSON

Right I'm off. Give me thirty minutes then right me off.

PHILLIPS

We all move together. Everyone prep for moving.

The group prepare to leave and make their way towards section six.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY IN SECTION SIX - DAY

Davidson takes point and is first to hear one of the boys scream as they approach the room. Davidson runs full speed into the room, closely followed by the others.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - STOREROOM SECTION SIX - DAY

On entering the room Davidson can see the two boys cornered against the far side of the room.

They are JOSHUA and GABRIEL WALSH, both brothers and under the age of ten. They are SURROUNDED by creatures who are approaching them slowly.

DAVIDSON

Cover me!

He RUNS towards the creatures position FIRING as he goes. Several creatures are dispatched.

But there are too many of them and they turn their attention to Davidson.

The others enter the room.

PHILLIPS

Covering fire!

Everyone carrying a weapon starts to FIRE at the creatures in front of Davidson, several fall. One makes it though the wall fire at leaps at Davidson.

Davidson's weapon is knocked from his hands as the creature pins him to the floor. The creature's face comes within inches of Davidson's as he GRABS the creature by the throat.

Davidson grabs a grenade from his belt, PULLS THE PIN and RAMS it into the creature's mouth, cutting his hand on the creature's teeth as he does so.

In the same action he DRIVES the creature backwards, using his legs to propel it.

He jumps to his feet and manages to reach the two boys by diving onto them, shielding them just as the grenade goes off. The walls are painted with the creature's blood.

Davidson looks down at the two unhurt, but terrified boys.

DAVIDSON

Hello boys, you had us worried.

The boys attempt a smile and hug into the man, shaking as they do.

DAVIDSON

Easy now, easy. You're going to be fine. Come on we better move before more of these nightmares turn up for dinner.

The three move towards the others.

PHILLIPS

Lets fall back to the control room.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The group enter the room and secure it. Davidson studies a plan on the main screen.

DAVIDSON

Ryan, How far to the primary reactor?

RYAN

Not far.
(tapping keyboard)
It's next to section four.

PHILLIPS

Davidson. What are you thinking?

DAVIDSON

A backup plan in case we get
overrun.

PHILLIPS

Just see that does not happen.

DAVIDSON

Agreed. But what if it does? I
don't think we want a rescue team
walking blind into this shit
heap.

PHILLIPS

Ryan, any luck in getting Command
on the horn.

RYAN

Negative. The long range comms
are totally fried. There's no way
I can fix it.

WEBSTER

Surely they will have seen
something. Or know there must be
something wrong.

PHILLIPS

They will follow protocol and
send a rescue team after
sufficient time.

WEBSTER

Why don't we stay put and wait
for them?

BLAKE

Yeah. Circle the wagons. Ye ha!

DAVIDSON

Shut it. If I want your opinion
I'll beat it out of you.

BLAKE

Ironic,
(laughing)
isn't it?

PHILLIPS

What?

BLAKE

Oh I was just thinking how ironic
this all is. Here we all are.
Politicians, soldiers and
Terrorists.

BLAKE(cont'd)

Whatever the label, for centuries we have been responsible for deaths of millions in one way or another. Whatever the method, missiles, car bombs, or invading countries. We are all murderers of some form or another.

WEBSTER

Your point?

BLAKE

Oh I was just getting to that. We are responsible for so much death and misery and here we find ourselves banded together to survive. Man has always been so creative at killing. Now we find ourselves up against something better at the job than we are. So we stop killing each other for a while and fight together. Ironic.

WEBSTER

I'd call it basic human survival.

PHILLIPS

Blake. Could you do everyone a favour and shut the fuck up. Now where was I? Oh yes. They will send a small force and even if they did get here in time there's no way a team would be prepared for this.

DAVIDSON

Just more lambs to the slaughter.

WEBSTER

How long before they get here?

PHILLIPS

They will wait until our mission window has closed. Then there is preparation, flight time. About eight hours from now.

WEBSTER

I don't think there will be anything left to rescue by then.

PHILLIPS

Okay Davidson.

(nods)

What's your plan?

DAVIDSON

If we can lay enough charges at
the base of the reactor,
(pointing at screen)
we could theoretically set off a
chain reaction.

PHILLIPS

Any risk of breaking up the moon.

DAVIDSON

Theoretically, no.

PHILLIPS

Theoretically
(pauses)
Okay do it. What do you need?

DAVIDSON

All the explosives we have and
one man.

PHILLIPS

Take Dupee. Go.

DUPEE

(in french)
Fucking wonderful.

The men prepare their weapons and pick up satchels of
charges. They leave the main doorway.

PHILLIPS

Sean.

Davidson turns

PHILLIPS

Good luck.

DAVIDSON

Thanks, I think we may need it.
(looking scared)

Phillips nods in reply. The door closes behind him.

PHILLIPS

(turning to Ryan)
Punch them up on the monitor, I
want their every step traced and
download everything you can on
these creatures. All this Marsh
fucker had on these things and
anything our military was working
on.

WEBSTER

In case we make it?

PHILLIPS

When we make it.

(pause)

The intel may also be useful. If the computer was right, we could be facing something worse. May help to have some intel on our enemy.

WEBSTER

Agreed. Whatever the hell they are?

PHILLIPS

You mean wherever in hell they came from.

Ryan works on the computer.

RYAN

Taking everything ALISA will allow.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - REACTOR AREA - DAY

The group enters a new room and the reactor is shown in front of them.

DAVIDSON

Okay. This is it.
(Talking into headset)
Sir, we're here.

PHILLIPS

Good get to work. We will monitor for activity here and keep you posted.

DAVIDSON

Roger.

The men drop the contents of their back packs and start to hand explosives to Davidson.

Davidson kneels in front of the main reactor and Dupee COVERS HIM, looking down their rifle sights in each direction.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

RYAN

Sir.
(looking at screen)
I've got movement.

PHILLIPS

Where?

RYAN

About half a click from their
position and moving fast.
(pointing at screen)

PHILLIPS

Christ.
(talking into headset)
Davidson do you read me, over.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)
Sir.

PHILLIPS

Large group moving at speed
towards you. You'd better finish
up and fall back here.

DAVIDSON

Almost done here.

PHILLIPS

Hurry.
(staring at screen)

DAVIDSON

One... more... minute.

He turns to a noise in the distance behind him. Davidson holds his finger in his ear piece. A drop of sweat rolls down his face.

Shadows can be seen in the lighting of the Hallway in front of the room.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)
I think we've got company.

PHILLIPS

(into headset)
Fall back now.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
I don't have all the explosives
in place.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Put a detonator on what you have
and leave the rest. Now go.

DAVIDSON
Roger. Cover me while I finish.

DUPEE
(aiming at shadows)
Roger..Hurry.

Davidson is finishing setting the explosives. Dupee OPENS
FIRE at unseen targets. Non-human screams can be heard from
the targets as they fall.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Okay - Done.

Davidson throws the remaining explosives into his bag and
throws the bag onto his back.

DAVIDSON
Fall back! Fall back!.

The two men run from the room FIRING behind them every few
seconds.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Okay. We are at the door.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Control room door opens. Davidson enters.

DAVIDSON
Where the hell is Dupee?

Looking down the hallway he sees no movement or sign of
Dupee.

DAVIDSON
Shit.

Davidson loads a fresh magazine into his weapon and loads
the chamber. He prepares to leave the room.

PHILLIPS
Take someone with you.

DAVIDSON
Negative. My op., my responsible.

Phillips looks unable and hesitates for a moment.

PHILLIPS
Okay GO.

Davidson leaves the room and the door shuts.

PHILLIPS
Ryan. Keep an eye on him.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

Davidson walks down hallway, stopping at each door way.
There is a blood trail on the floor. He follows.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Got a blood trail.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Roger. Be careful. We see life on
the scanner here, in the section
below you.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Roger.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - ROOM - DAY

Davidson enters. There is a small staircase which leads
below. Davidson approaches the banister and looks over it.

Lying there is Dupee, injured but alive. Davidson smiles.
At the same instance several creatures LUNGE OUT FROM BOTH
SIDES of Dupee and begin to ATTACK him.

Without thinking Davidson JUMPS OVER the banister to the
room below. He FIRES AND THE BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE
CREATURE'S FLESH.

They retreat. Davidson HITS THE FLOOR WITH A THUD and runs
to check on Dupee.

Dupee lies motionless. Davidson scans his body, his vital
sign appear read in Davidson's heads up display. The heart
rate in the image shows a flat line.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Shit.

DAVIDSON(cont'd)

(pauses)
Dupee is dead.

PHILLIPS
(Shouting)
Damn it. Fall back here

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
You sounded a little busy there.
Everything Okay?

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Looks like they found us.

Phillips FIRES his weapon.

PHILLIPS
They have punched through, we're
falling back.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Roger. On my way.

The Door to the control room opens and the group leaves just as Davidson reaches them. Phillips is last out as the door seals behind him.

The door GETS HITS from the other side, again and again.

PHILLIPS
Looks like we are on the move.
Ryan, Find me somewhere safe.

The radar screen is covered in dots.

RYAN
Your kidding right?

PHILLIPS
When have you known me to have a
sense of humor?

The group approach the end of the hallway. A corridor leads both left and right. Something can be heard from behind. Shadows and noise are in all directions.

Davidson FIRES up the main hallway. Ryan FIRES up left, Phillips up right. They are being ATTACKED FROM ALL ANGLES.

PHILLIPS
Open up this God damn door.

RYAN
(taps at keyboard)
Got it.

PHILLIPS
Fall back. Fall back!

The door closes with a CRASH and seals the remainder of the group inside. The group are clearly shaken and tired (most are breathing heavy)

PHILLIPS
Weapons check.

DAVIDSON
one clip left. Two grenades.

MARTIN
Just a pistol clip.

RYAN
one clip.

Blake tosses Ryan a pistol and two clips.

BLAKE
I'm down to final clip.

WEBSTER
Same here.

PHILLIPS
Shit. Another attack like that
and we are done.

SHAW
(on intercom)
Sir. We can be there in fifteen
minutes.

PHILLIPS
Negative. Stick to the mission.
If any of us make it we need
someway of getting off this rock.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE BAY - DAY

SHAW
Yes Sir. Out. Damn it.

Shaw kicks a wall in frustration.

Suddenly his attention is taken by a yet unpacked crate.
The crate of M1-112 rifles. Shaw smiles.

Shaw beckons Miller and Ford to help him load the crate onto a transport truck.

FORD
What about orders?

SHAW
Feck 'em. You both stay here. I'm taking these guns to the others. This is not the time or place for holding our dicks waiting on orders or rules of engagement.

Shaw Opens the crates and he hands each man a rifle and some ammunition. He JUMPS INTO THE DRIVING SEAT of a transporter and drives.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Ryan is working from a small computer slightly smaller than a laptop.

PHILLIPS
Anything?

RYAN
Nothing. They doubled back and are still holding position. Almost like they are waiting for something.

PHILLIPS
We can assume it is another attack. So we had better keep moving.

RYAN
Sir, they are moving.

PHILLIPS
Which way.

RYAN
Straight for...

There is a LARGE THUD as the door to the room buckles. Immediately the opposite door is HIT, again and again.

Both DOORS BEND INWARDS with the force of the blows from the other side.

RYAN
Sir that makes two groups. The second group is as large as the first.

PHILLIPS

Guess that is what they were waiting for, fucking reinforcements.

DAVIDSON

Seems these things can really coordinate and communicate.

PHILLIPS

Unfortunately, that's what worries me.

They all back up against the wall preparing for the impending attack.

PHILLIPS

Remember! Control your shots and conserve your ammo. Make every shot count.

SHAW

(on intercom)

Ryan. Any chance of disabling the fucking speed limit on this fucking piece of shit unit? I could walk faster.

PHILLIPS

Shaw that you?

SHAW

Affirmative.

PHILLIPS

I thought I told you... Never mind.

(pause)

What is your location?

SHAW

Approaching the Ball room now. I have a little surprise for you.

PHILLIPS

Too many surprises for one day.

SHAW

This is a good 'un Remember the prototypes?

PHILLIPS

Excellent. Set up in the Ball room and we will try and get to you.

SHAW

Roger that.

PHILLIPS

Now all we need is to get out of here.

(pauses)

The moon is poorly lit right?

DAVIDSON

What are you getting at?

Phillips pulls out two Flash bang grenades.

PHILLIPS

I wonder how they would react to extreme light?

DAVIDSON

(smiles)

Worth a shot.

PHILLIPS

Open the south door. Just enough to roll these under.

RYAN

Roger.

Ryan taps on keyboard.

The door opens about five inches from the bottom. Part of two creatures faces can be seen with TEETH GNASHING up against the opening.

Phillips OPENS FIRE killing the two and PULLS THE PINS on both grenades. He TOSSES two flash bang grenades through the opening.

PHILLIPS

Let's hope they don't use sonar.

The FLASH OF THE FLASH BANGS can be seen under the door.

The sounds beyond the door slowly drown out into silence.

PHILLIPS

Ryan. Status.

RYAN

Nothing on thermal. Sir, appears you were right. They have retreated.

The attack on the other door stops, then STARTS AGAIN, with more urgency.

RYAN

Fuck, these things are organized.

PHILLIPS

Right! Prepare to move. Martin,
blow the door and leave a little
surprise for our friends.

Martin lays charges on the door and BLOWS IT. It BLOWS OUT
and up into the adjoining hallway.

She lays a few explosives in the room, in random positions

Phillips remains in the doorway as the others retreat
towards the ballroom.

PHILLIPS

Martin, how are we doing?

MARTIN

Almost there... now.

Martin runs to join Phillips.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

They both start to run up the corridor. POUNDING on the
door can be heard behind them.

As they reach the ballroom the kitchen DOOR CAN BE HEARD
COLLAPSING, finally giving in to the attack.

MARTIN

Fire in the hole.

Martin presses a button and the Kitchen BURSTS INTO FLAMES.
High pitched screams can be heard as several of the
creatures are engulfed in flames.

FIRE POURS OUT OF THE SOUTH KITCHEN door moving up the hall
towards the two. Phillips pushes Martin inside and closes
the door behind them.

PHILLIPS

Ryan.

RYAN

Already started. Stand back.

An emergency door comes CRASHING DOWN in front of Phillips.
Phillips turns to see Shaw dispensing the new rifles.

PHILLIPS

Shaw. Never though I would be
glad to see you disobey an order.

Shaw tosses him a rifle.

SHAW
Your welcome, Sir.

MARTIN
Good to see you are still
vertical Shaw.

SHAW
Good to be vertical.

The two share a smile as Shaw continues handing out the new weapons.

PHILLIPS
How far are we from the Shuttle?

RYAN
Ten minutes on foot.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Captain Reid. How is the Prep
going?

REID
(on intercom)
Good to hear your voice
Commander. Refueling complete,
should be ready in twenty
minutes.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Excellent. All going well we will
be with you before then. Now all
we need is a way out. Time to
light up the walls.

Each of the members slide small hand help devices across the room, into different positions.

PHILLIPS
Now Ryan. Light it up.

Ryan activates the devices remotely and each of the devices projects onto the four walls and ceiling of the large room.

The surfaces change into thermal images. The ceilings and walls are virtually light up in purple and red moving objects.

The room appears surrounded by creatures, all fighting to get inside.

SHAW

Jesus! Now I know how Custer
felt.

Shaw's heads up display fills with read targets. Nothing else is visible as he pans left and right. Shaw turns off his one screen display.

RYAN

I would gladly swap places right
now.

The walls and ceiling start to flicker as the power in the devices die, the projected images disappear.

PHILLIPS

Looks like we going to have to
punch our way out....

With that the doors to the ballroom burst doors open. As the room fills with Aliens and death.

PHILLIPS

Open Fire.

The creatures move with AMAZING SPEED, some running left, some head on. They are like a flock of birds in ATTACK FORMATION.

Twenty, thirty of the creatures fill the room. Running up the walls and ceiling. Some of the creatures are running on two legs while other run on four legs.

Shaw OPENS FIRE with his new weapon. It RIPS through one skittering along the ceiling. He shoots another, and another.

Everyone is now FIRING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS in panic.

Creatures run through dining tables, throwing them into the air.

Crowe IS HIT from one as it POUNCES on her. She is knocked down and SLIDES ALONG the floor with the creature on her chest.

Before anyone can react she is RIPPED TO PIECES by another two of them.

BLAKE

NO.

Blake grabs a hand gun from one the group's hip holster. He FIRES AND KILLS those swarming Crowe.

Blake turns and for the first time joins with the rest of the group as they FIRE at their attackers.

WEBSTER
(Fires weapon)
Not too nice when you lose
someone you care about is it?

Blake doesn't respond but keeps FIRING AND RELOADING with no emotion on his face.

Davidson adjusts his weapon to select the strapped grenade launcher.

DAVIDSON
Let's hope this piece of shit
works.
(squeezes trigger)
Fire in the hole.

The FAR SIDE IF THE ROOM EXPLODES and the things are driven back. More are DISPATCHED while running along ceiling.

PHILLIPS
Fall back, fall back. Make your
way to the shuttle. Go!

Ryan opens the door at the far end and the group attempt to leave.

DAVIDSON
On me. On me.

Davidson stands in the doorway and claps each person on the back as they pass him and leave the room, counting them as they pass.

Martin is last to leave. As she approaches the door she is grabbed from behind and dragged back inside.

PHILLIPS
Nooooo!

Phillips runs inside the room and takes aim. The thing is dragging Martin behind itself and scrabbling in the other direction. She is still alive.

Shaw reenters the room rushing towards the horror. Phillips stops him.

PHILLIPS
No. Stay with the others. I have
this one.

SHAW
But Sir...

PHILLIPS

That's an order Shaw. If we start losing control now, we are all in shit. Now stow your emotions. I'll bring her back. Go with the others. Move!

Phillips pauses.

SHAW

FUCK!

Shaw leaves the room.

Phillips loads a fresh magazine into his rifle.

PHILLIPS

(into headset)

I am going after Martin. Keep moving to the Shuttle.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)

Roger. Good luck.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - BALLROOM - DAY

The room is half on FIRE. Two creatures RUN at Phillips from the left HE FIRES A GRENADE, they EXPLODE.

PHILLIPS

Fuck the no explosives rule.

The BLAST FORCES HIM ON TO ONE KNEE. He stands and continues the pursuit.

Phillips THROWS A FLASH-BANG GRENADE through the door as he approaches it. Waits for the flash and then continues.

No creatures are visible on the other side of the door, the flash bang did it's job. Phillips just catches Martin being DRAGGED through the very end of the hall.

His heads up display shows her vital signs, all appear green.

Phillips looks through the scope of his rifle and the image turns to thermal. The only red shown is at the end of the hall, Martin and her companion.

The target is tagged and followed in his display. Phillips takes aim and FIRES, wounding the creature. It crawls onward, slower.

Before he can get off another shot, something attacks from behind.

Without hesitation, Phillips swings around and draws his side arm.

Firing without looking, he dispatches one of the creatures. It lands within inches of his feet.

He instantly swings back around in the direction of Martin and the creature. The target is gone.

PHILLIPS

Damn it.

Phillips continues the pursuit.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY APPROACHING SHUTTLE - DAY

The group is retreating to the shuttle. Davidson receives a call on his radio.

FORD

(into headset)

We are being attacked and have to take off immediately.

DAVIDSON

(into headset)

Can you hold. We are five minutes. Out.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - LANDING BAY - DAY

Ford and Miller are falling back towards the shuttle, FIRING at something beyond. Their target comes into sight. Hundreds of creatures are running flat out towards them.

FORD

Negative. This fucking place is swarming. We are getting overrun.

Miller turns to check the distance left. They are too far from the exit. Miller reloads his weapon and starts to advance.

FORD

Miller what the fuc...

Miller continues to advance. Firing and reloading with almost robotic precision.

MILLER

Just get off, that shuttle is everyone's last hope. GO!!

Ford turns and runs towards the shuttle. Miller loads his last magazine.

He has reached the door at the end of the hall. The room is full of creatures. There is no way back and he checks the ammo readout on his gun, almost empty.

MILLER
Fuck it. Live fast ...

He grabs two grenades from his belt.

MILLER
Die young ...

Places one in each hand

MILLER
And leave a good looking
corpse...

Pulls the pins and breaks into a run.

FORD
Miller no, you can make it.

MILLER
(shouting back at Ford)
Get everyone out. Now!

Miller runs through the doorway and dives at the advancing creatures. He releases both grenades at the same time. The room explodes and the creatures are driven back.

Ford is forced to seal and close the door to protect himself from the advancing flames.

FORD
Miller you crazy bastard.

He Turns and enters the ship.

FORD
We are taking off. Sir,
(pauses)
Miller is gone.

DAVIDSON
Got that. Do what you can. Out.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - CARGO BAY - DAY

Shuttle takes off. Something CRASHES against the outside of the Shuttle.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE COCKPIT - DAY

FORD
We have to take off. NOW.

CAPTAIN REID.
Understood. Hang on!

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

The shuttle is ENGULFED IN BLACK FIGURES. As the ship gains altitude the creatures disperse back into the complex.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - DAY

FORD
(into headset)
Be advised you have a large force on its way to you. As soon as we find a safe landing zone we will be in touch.

DAVIDSON
How many?
(looking at laptop)

RYAN
Hundreds.

DAVIDSON
We need safety and we need it now!

RYAN
How about here.

Ryan points at screen.

RYAN
It's back the way we came, at section four. But they should be able to land a shuttle and hook up.

DAVIDSON
Any creatures?

RYAN
Looks clear. For now, at least.

DAVIDSON
We're running out of options. It will have to do. Advise the shuttle. Right everyone, prepare to move.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - HALLWAY - DAY

Phillips moves carefully towards a doorway.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Phillips! We are moving to
section four. The shuttle had to
move.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Understood.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
She's gone Jack. Let her go.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
The rules, remember? No one gets
left behind.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
But those rules did not
anticipate this!

Phillips notices a black trail along the floor. A blood trail.

PHILLIPS
(into headset)
Just a second, out.

The trail gets thicker as he follows. He looks down the rifle scope through the adjoining wall. A human body is lying on the ground, a creature (clearly injured) crawls towards it.

Phillips takes aim and FIRES through the wall. The creature FALLS TO THE GROUND as the bullet RIPS through its head.

Phillips enters the room.

Martin is on the floor injured, but alive. He status appears good in Phillips display.

PHILLIPS
Martin. Jordan, can you hear me?

MARTIN
Sir, is that you?
(pause)
I'm Okay.

DAVIDSON
(into headset)
Jack you've got to move, now.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 I found her she's alive. What's
 happening?

DAVIDSON
 (into headset)
 There are about two hundred
 happenings coming your way.
 (pause)
 And believe me when I saw that is
 an optimistic number. This place
 is fucking crawling.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 Nice fucking odds. Which
 direction?

DAVIDSON
 (into headset)
 South. We are relaying their
 position to your handheld now.

Phillips looks down at the handheld computer Screen. It's
 alive with active dots.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 Got it. Jesus! How many of these
 things are up here.

DAVIDSON
 (into headset)
 Not sure, a lot. Not staying here
 long enough to start a body
 count.

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 On our way. See you in section
 four.
 (to Martin)
 Can you walk?

MARTIN
 Better than that, I can run.

PHILLIPS
 (Looking at screen)
 Let's go.

They move backwards. Something can be heard behind them in
 the distance, closing quickly.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SECTION FOUR OF COMPLEX - DAY

The main party arrives in section four and prepares for shuttle arrival.

DAVIDSON
 Captain Reid. We're here. How long till you can land?

REID
 Five minutes tops.

DAVIDSON
 Will be waiting. Ryan where will the shuttle land?

RYAN
 At the end of the next cargo area.
 (pointing left)

DAVIDSON
 Any sign of any of our FRIENDS?

RYAN
 Looks clear. For now at least.

DAVIDSON
 (into headset)
 Phillips, do you read me?

PHILLIPS
 (into headset)
 Almost there.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - COMPLEX HALLWAYS - DAY

Phillips and Martin run up the final hallway. The creatures are closing behind. Martin slows.

Phillips claps her on the back and pushes her forward.

PHILLIPS
 Go. I'll try and slow them down.

Martin, hesitates.

PHILLIPS
 GO.

She turns and runs. Phillips looks down his rifle scope. Only his HEART BEAT is heard, louder and faster.

His expression changes to concentration as he PULLS THE TRIGGER. A flash and an alien scream.

Phillips FIRES A GRENADE from the rifle and another, squeezes the trigger for the third time to a dull clank.

Empty! He OPENS FIRE with standard bullets and continues to move back.

Phillips moves back through a doorway and closes it. Turning around he runs, as the door is STRUCK HARD BEHIND HIM.

At the end of the large open corridor he sees Martin being escorted into the room where the others are waiting.

DAVIDSON

Come on. Come on.

The door behind Phillips EXPLODES. Creatures POUR into the hallway closing on Phillips.

Phillips knows his pursuers are behind and attempts to OUTFIGHT them. They are too fast.

PHILLIPS

Shut the door. Do it now!

Davidson closes the door halfway. He leans down to look through the half open door.

DAVIDSON

Come on Jack. You can make it.

Phillips DIVES TOWARDS THE HALF OPEN DOORWAY. He lands face down, propelled across the floor.

A creature SNAPS at him from behind. Phillips swings and turns, sliding backwards. Sparks fly from his body armor.

He opens FIRE. THE RECOIL OF HIS GUN PUSHES HIM FASTER. The closest creature loses its legs as the bullets RIP through flesh.

It falls. Several creatures collide with the corpse and STUMBLE HEAD OVER HEELS into others. Looking like an alien freeway pileup.

Phillips continues FIRING as he slides under the door. It slams shut in front of him.

An emergency door closes shut. Phillips is helped to his feet by Davidson and Martin.

DAVIDSON

Stubborn old bastard aren't you?

The horrors pound the newly closed door.

PHILLIPS

Yep.

Phillips Reloads his weapon.

PHILLIPS

How long till the shuttle lands?

RYAN

Landing now. Should be ready to board in minutes.

PHILLIPS

Let's move before that door decides to let us down.

The Door BENDS INWARDS from its attack. As the group move towards the Cargo bay door the pounding stops.

Shaw turns to look at the door.

SHAW

I don't like when that happens.

PHILLIPS

No time to worry about that now. Ryan. Any movement on the other side of that door?

RYAN

Can't tell it's too frigging thick. These handheld units are not powerful enough to read.

PHILLIPS

Forget it. Let's move.

A creature BREAKS OUT OF AN AIR DUCK. It takes seconds to realise where it is. But as soon as it does it goes for Webster.

No one reacts. Webster'S own gun is jammed. The creature lunges at him. A handgun is FIRED, several SHOTS are heard.

The creature is dead as it KNOCKS Webster TO THE GROUND.

Webster looks up to see Brake lowering his gun. Blake presents his free hand to Webster to help him up.

Webster (looking confused but relieved) takes the hand and Blake pulls him to his feet.

WEBSTER

Eh, thanks.
(choking on words)
But why?

BLAKE

I think the time for taking sides is over. For now.

WEBSTER

Agreed. For now.

PHILLIPS

Alright. Everyone keep it together. We have to leave this place. We are going to move, full speed. All right, move out! Anything gets in your way, put in down and put in down hard. Follow your training and hit your targets centre mass or with head shots. Double taps all the way, no wasted opportunities.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - LOADING AREA - DAY

The group enters the centre of the adjoining room. Immediately, the room BEGINS FILLING with creatures.

Within seconds, almost the entire floor of the one hundred foot long cargo bay is filled. They are SURROUNDED.

As the floor fills, creatures start to crawl the walls and ceiling. The complete room is a MOVING CARPET OF moon CREATURES.

PHILLIPS

Fuck me.

DAVIDSON

What do we do?

SHAW

Start praying to whatever God takes your fancy I think.

PHILLIPS

Running out of options. Form a circle - inner and outer. Inner covers outer on reloading and vice versa. Everyone got it? Remember these thing are fast, you take too long to reload or fail to cover the man next to you and we are all in a world of hurt. We have to move fast and aggressively. We are not going out this way. You all with me?

TEAM

Sir.

The circle enters the interior of the cargo bay. The group turn on the lights mounted on their weapons. Davidson's two remains remain in the centre.

The creatures back off staying outside the range of the lights. ROARS are heard as the creatures HISS IN FRUSTRATION and anger. They SWIPE AND HISS at the group.

SHAW

Jesus.
(looking up)

The entire ceiling is covered, along with the walls and pillars. The group edges on.

A heads up display is filled with red targets. Too may for the computer to handle, the image begins to flash and malfunction.

DAVIDSON

Everyone turn off your target system. Unless you want to go blind.

SHAW

Fucking software bugs.
(pause)
Why don't they field test this shit properly.

Davidson laughs nervously.

Each flick a switch on their helmets and the heads up display disappears as they slowly advance.

They are halfway through the room when the creatures ATTACK from above.

Shaw opens FIRE, killing two creatures. They fall just outside the group and are RIPPED to pieces by the others.

PHILLIPS

Open Fire!

All of the others OPEN FIRE. There is no need for aiming as there are too many targets to choose from.

DAVIDSON

Reload!

The outer circle reloads as fast as possible by loading a fresh clip and crouches to avoid fire from behind while still moving.

PHILLIPS

Open Fire!

The inner circle starts the cycle of FIRING. Creatures FALL dead in all directions.

Shaw standing in center THROWS A GRENADE as far backwards as possible. The wall behind them EXPLODES sending CREATURE PARTS FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION.

The group moves on.

PHILLIPS

Reload!

The inner cycle reloads.

DAVIDSON

Open fire!

The other circle FIRES. The creatures body count increases but they continue to attack.

Blake'S weapon jams. Before he has time to react A CREATURE lunges AT HIM. IT rips the weapon and his hand from his body.

He screams in agony and collapses. Webster pulls him into the center of the circle with the two boys and throws him over his shoulder as Blake passes out in shock.

The other circle closes.

PHILLIPS

Reload. Open fire. This is it, no more ammo clips.

The group continues to advance in their circle of fire. Suddenly two figures emerge from the shuttle loading bay. Ford and Astin open fire clearing a route for the group.

FORD

(shouting)

Lets clear the road!

Astin AND Ford run towards the group, FIRING AS THEY RUN.

FORD

Coming through.

The group step up their pace and reach the doorway before Phillips' group runs out of ammunition, the others FIRE through the doorway as the creatures assault.

Ford is pounced on from above. He is pounded into the floor before he or anyone else can react. Half a dozen creatures finish him off.

SHAW

Ford! Shit.

PHILLIPS

Let's get the hell out of here.

Shaw is the last one through the door. He runs out of ammo and throws the gun at the creatures in a desperate bid.

One of the creatures pounce, pinning Shaw to the ground.

Shaw lashes out with his fists.

SHAW

Get the fuck away from me you
mother fucking, shit eating, ugly
son of a bastard.

He strikes the creature with every spoken word until it falls dead.

He turns and runs, as the door shuts behind him.

The survivors board the ship.

REID

(on intercom)

Strap yourselves in. This is
going to be one rushed take off.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE CARGO HOLD - DAY

The shuttle ROARS INTO LIFE.

INT. SHUTTLE - SHUTTLE COCKPIT - DAY

Captain Reid looks worried as he struggles with the controls of the shuttle.

PHILLIPS

What's wrong?

REID

The hydraulics are damaged. We
can't take off.

PHILLIPS

What?

REID

Someone has to go out and try a
manual release. I'm the only one
qualified and suited up.

PHILLIPS

You can't go out there
unprotected.

REID

Astin can get you off the ground.
I will take the cargo loader she
has an attached mini-gun. That
should help in case I get any
unwelcome visitors.

(pause)

I hope.

PHILLIPS

Do it. Shaw, Miller with me.

All four men grab weapons and make their way to the
shuttle's loading doors. The door to the shuttle is about
to give.

PHILLIPS

Check your targets. We are not
sure how long this will take.

The door collapses and creatures enter the loading tunnel.
The men OPEN FIRE.

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

The Shuttle's under belly opens up and a mechanical walker
slightly larger than the man's frame, walks out. Reid makes
his way to the damaged hydraulics.

INT. UTOPIA-1 - SHUTTLE LOADING AREA - DAY

The group CONTINUE FIRING and the doorway is jammed with
creature's bodies. The attack ends.

PHILLIPS

Don't like this.
(into headset)
Reid any update?

REID

(on intercom)
Just done. Get on board and fire
her up. I will stay here and make
sure its operational.

The men retreat to the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - DAY

ASTIN.

Firing primaries ... now!

The SHIP ROARS INTO LIFE.

REID
Great, looking good. Coming on board.

Reid's loader is JUMPED FROM BEHIND. A creature PINS HIM TO THE GROUND.

He HITS it with one of the metallic arms and sends it FLYING through the air.

He is surrounded! His path to the Shuttle is blocked.

REID
I'm not going to make it here. If I get on board I will be bringing an ass load of these things with me. Dust off, that's a order.

ASTIN.
Negative. Make a play for the door.

Reid looks at door and then back at the creatures. He backs away as they approach.

REID
Negative. Take off and I will distract them. I should be able to get airborne with the rocket pack on this loader. You can pick me up when you get free.

Astin closes the bay door and fires the main engines.

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

The shuttle LEAVES THE GROUND AND HOVERS over the area where Reid is surrounded. Phillips enters the cockpit and observes the view.

PHILLIPS
Shit.

Thousands of creatures are approaching the lone figure. He is FIRING THE MINI GUN but the creatures continue forward.

ASTIN
Okay we're clear, take off.

EXT. UTOPIA-1 - OUTSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

Reid is FIRING bursts into a crowd of creatures. They fall and are swarmed over by creatures behind.

Reid flicks a switch on his loader. Nothing happens. He tries again and again.

REID
Shit.

ASTIN
(on intercom)
What is it sir?

REID
(into headset)
My pack is dead. Must of have
damaged when I was kicked on my
back. This equipment is not
designed for this type of shit.

ASTIN
(on intercom)
We are coming for you.

Reid opens fire, dispatching several advancing creatures.

REID
(into headset)
Forget it. You wouldn't get back
off the ground. Get out.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Phillips is looking over Astin's shoulder.

PHILLIPS
Got another of those suits?

ASTIN
Yes, in the cargo back.

PHILLIPS
Suit me up. I'm going down there.

DAVIDSON
Fuck that Sir. We discussed this.
You still have family.

PHILLIPS
The day I place other's lives
ahead of mine, is the day I quit
and I don't think today is a good
day to start quitting anything.

DAVIDSON
Good luck Jack.

PHILLIPS
See you soon. If I don't make
it...

Phillips hands his locket to Davidson, who claps it in both hands.

DAVIDSON
Don't worry. You'll get to tell
them yourself.

PHILLIPS
Just in case, tell my girls I
loved them and daddy is sorry he
couldn't keep his promise, but it
was for them, always for them ...

ASTIN.
Sorry Commander. But we're ready.

PHILLIPS
Okay. Just...

DAVIDSON
I know Jack, it's Okay, I know
what to tell them. Make sure
there is no need.
(pause)
'cause you know I'm bollock at
that kind of thing.

The two share a brief smile.

PHILLIPS
See you soon.

Astin flips a switch and the shuttle hovers in auto mode.

INT. SHUTTLE - SHUTTLE CARGO BAY - DAY

The men hurry to suit up.

PHILLIPS
Reid. How are you doing?

Reid still walking back. Running out of room.

REID
Not too hot.

His heads up display shows a warning on an ammo gauge. He continues to fire, choosing his targets carefully. But he is outnumbered.

PHILLIPS
Hold on.

INT. SHUTTLE - SHUTTLE BAY - DAY

Astin shows Phillips the controls.

ASTIN

You know it takes weeks of training to get the hang of flying these things.

PHILLIPS

Think we've heard that before. Okay I'm ready, open the door.

Astin seals the door into the bay, sealing Phillips inside. The outer door OPENS TO THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE.

Phillips walks to the end and steps out. Slowly FALLING he flicks the controls of the jet pack. His descent ACCELERATES.

He lands within feet of Reid. A THUD as he SQUASHES A CREATURE BENEATH.

REID

Nice landing!

The creatures advance faster.

REID

Looks like we pissed them off.

PHILLIPS

Or they know we're up to something.

Phillips sprays the creatures with FIRE FROM HIS MOUNTED MINI-GUN. The reflection in Reid's helmet shows more creatures pouring over the top of the complex.

Reid turns! A look of horror comes over his face. Phillips backs up. The men are back to back, FIRING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

PHILLIPS

Not sure if this is going to work.

Phillips grabs the back of Reid's walker with his free hand. He straps himself to it. Reid Grabs Phillips' walker with his free hand. Both men continue FIRING.

REID

Well it's been that type of day. Fire her up.

The ROCKET PACK RIPS INTO LIFE and the men leave the surface. Creatures run at them but are BURNED UP BY THE ROCKET FLAMES.

The two men, inter-twined, slowly rotate continuing to FIRE AT TARGETS ON THE GROUND. This forms a CIRCLE OF FIRE WHICH ENGULFS THE ATTACKING CREATURES BELOW.

They clear the surface as the shuttle closes in.

ASTIN

Good to see you. Prepare to board.

REID

Roger that.

The cargo Bay opens. The two drift towards the harness coming from the bay. Reid Clips it on and the two are pulled in.

Thousands of creatures are seen below.

INT. SHUTTLE - SHUTTLE CARGO BAY - DAY

The door closes. Both men lay on the floor as the room decompresses. They stand and detach from the walkers.

Reid steps forward and shakes Phillips hands.

PHILLIPS

We're not out of the woods yet.

INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT - DAY

Reid and Phillips enter.

REID

Status?

ASTIN

Looking good.

Utopia-1 is no longer visible under the sea of moon creatures. Shaw and Phillips take one last look at the view.

SHAW

Jumping Jesus! Mother fucking Christ standing naked in a convent! (MORE)

PHILLIPS

Couldn't have said it better myself.

PHILLIPS(cont'd)

Davidson set off the little surprise we left when we're clear.

REID

Surprise?

PHILLIPS

We left behind enough explosives to trigger the complex reactor. Cause a chain reaction.

(pause)

Punch it!

Davidson holds the worn picture of his kids.

DAVIDSON

For those who have fallen.

Davidson presses the trigger device and a SMALL EXPLOSION is seen around the center of the complex.

Utopia-1 DISSOLVES IN A BLINDING FLASH. The Shuttle is ROCKED as the SHOCK WAVE hits.

It passes and calm returns.

Davidson tosses the locket back to Phillips. He catches it and kisses it with pride.

PHILLIPS

Thanks for taking care of them for me.

The two men smile as Webster enters the cockpit.

WEBSTER

Nice work men.

DAVIDSON

Looks like you'll have your hands full when you get home.

WEBSTER (O.S.)

Yes. I do have some house-keeping to do. There is also that LITTLE problem the computer suggested.

PHILLIPS

You still believe it?

WEBSTER

After this day, hard not to? If the computer was even close, we could be dealing with something a lot more advanced than what we have seen.

PHILLIPS

Lets just hope it was wrong and
those things were indigenous and
not Alien.

Phillips leans back in the chair and lets out a deep
breath. He opens the locket to look at his two daughters
and smiles.

PHILLIPS

Captain. Take us home. I have
some ladies waiting for me.

REID

Yes Sir. Switching to cruise.

Phillips closes the locket and places it back over his
head.

PHILLIPS

No rush, I have all the time in
the world.

Earth as seen from the Moon's surface, as the shuttle
journeys home.

The Earths image disappears as the Moon comes into view.

The far side of the Moon looks like a rotten apple, a large
open crater stretches for miles across it's circumference.

Close to the massive hole lay several saucer shaped craft,
one slowly descends onto the Moon's surface.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END