

COLD BORE

Written by

Michael H. Childress II

Frank.castle.wash.dc@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT/EXT. UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

CARGO AREA OF THE VAN

In the vehicle's rear TWO MEN, LIAM GLOVER, early 30s, Black/Native American, and DANIEL "DANNY" HARGRAVE, late 20s, Caucasian, don law enforcement-like tactical assault gear -- they are not police officers.

Liam's face shows a seriousness that makes him look older than his years, creases in his forehead reveal he frowns a lot.

Danny resembles a street urchin who grew up and joined the military, scruffy, but also looks to be a hard man who will engage battle mode at the drop of a hat.

A cache of long rifles and handguns litter the spaces around the two men -- enough firepower to assault a small village.

The two men check weapons and secure their body armor -- tactical patches on the plate carrier vests bear the word: "POLICE".

Liam smacks Danny's shoulder to get his attention.

LIAM

D...listen... Keep your eyes on the prize...stay laser-focused on the mission.

DANNY

Sorry Bro, what was that?

Liam frowns.

LIAM

Solid trigger discipline, quality target selection. No errant rounds flying into neighboring houses and kids' bedrooms.

DANNY

Bruh, you think we're in Fallujah or something? These little sewer rats might as well be fish in a motherfuckin' barrel.

Liam sucks his teeth in disapproval, glances at his tactical watch.

LIAM  
Two Mikes until we roll.

Danny gives Liam a facetious salute.

DANNY  
Good copy Leftenant. Let's smoke  
these fools. I should have taken a  
shit before this op.

Danny inserts a magazine into his rifle, taps it and pulls  
the charging bolt to chamber a round.

Both men put on ballistic helmets and half-face respirators.

Liam clasps his throat microphone.

LIAM  
Comms check.

Danny throws up a thumbs-up.

DANNY  
Receiving.

LIAM  
Copy.

Danny arches his back, pushes his rear out towards Liam.

DANNY  
Does my butt look big in these  
contractor pants?

Liam shakes his head, chuckles.

Liam glances at his watch, throws up three fingers to signal  
"three-two-one" until go-time. He peers out of the van's rear  
windows, opens the back door, slowly.

They exit the vehicle, stealthily.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

The two men crouch behind the van, weapons raised.

They survey their surroundings, move from the van.

EXT. URBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The dark street the van sits on hosts a dozen or so vehicles. Several broken or flickering streetlamps ensure the street is poorly illuminated, some of the row houses that line the street have front door nightlights providing a bit more light.

Liam and Danny move, methodically, from their location behind the van across the empty street to take cover behind a large SUV parked on the other side of the street.

Liam pokes his head up somewhat from behind the vehicle, points his rifle barrel and scope towards a house at the twelve o'clock of their position.

THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

The scope view moves from the house's front door to the front window with blinds pulled down up to the second floor windows and then to the roof -- lights in the house show moving silhouettes that dance behind the curtains and blinds.

BACK TO SCENE

Liam returns to his previous crouched position.

He whispers to Danny without utilizing his mic.

LIAM

Multiple hostiles on both levels,  
as anticipated.

Danny nods in acknowledgment.

Liam attaches a suppressor to the barrel of his rifle.

The two men prepare to move on the house.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE TARGET HOUSE - SAME TIME

A large, dark shape emerges from the clouds, hovers over the dwelling -- no discernible openings or light emittances from the surface.

A powerful, vibrating hum emits from the underbelly of the craft.

A massive burst of energy erupts from the unidentified aerial phenomenon, it penetrates the house's roof.

EXT. URBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Liam and Danny look at the craft above the house bewilderingly as the energy burst that launches from it impacts the house.

The two men look at each other, gobsmacked.

DANNY  
Yo...what the F --

An explosion from the house cuts Danny off.

A weird, colored blast wave blows out the house windows, then retreats back into dwelling like an implosion effect.

LIAM  
That did not look like a normal explosion.

DANNY  
We must have been exposed to some damn Fentanyl or something.

Screams emerge from those house in addition to a barrage heavy-caliber automatic weapons fire.

Sounds from some sort of pulse or sonic weapons also emit from the house.

TWO MEN FROM THE HOUSE, mid 20s, emerge from the front door, both carry automatic rifles and shoot rounds off back towards the house.

The two absconders run down the street away from the house, they look back repeatedly as they flee.

A SPACESUIT MAN in a futuristic-looking space/bio-suit steps out from the smoke and fire of the house -- the suit appears seamless, mutes the ambient light.

LIAM  
Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore...

DANNY  
I don't know if this shit is Earth anymore... I-I think we should escape and evade.

The alien-like figure raises an object in the direction of the two fleeing house occupants.

LIAM  
Oh, this won't be good...

The object Spacesuit Man holds fires a bright green energy stream -- the beam makes contact with the two men from the house, they are vaporized instantly.

DANNY  
O-o-oh shit!

The space-suited being snaps its helmet towards Liam and Danny's direction.

LIAM  
Fuck, man. Lay down suppressing  
fire now!

Danny pops out from his cover behind the vehicle, still low to the ground -- he unloads rifle fire on the position of Spacesuit Man at the front door.

DANNY  
Reloading!

Liam moves to his right by sliding along the car's side, ascends with rifle raised, positions it on the vehicle's hood and stares through the rifle scope.

SEVERAL MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN run from neighboring rowhouses, all frantically look back at the scene as they do.

Spacesuit Man moves with great speed and agility out of the way of Danny's rounds.

Liam fires a single shot -- it zings past the helmet of Spacesuit Man, comes within millimeters of making contact.

LIAM  
Fucking cold bore...

FLASHBACK - HUNTING TRIP, 2000

EXT. APPALACHIAN WOODS - DAY

Thick wood cover makes up a dense forest.

A deer feeds on a patch of plants.

YOUNG LIAM, 10, aims a bolt-action hunting rifle with a scope at the grazing deer one hundred meters out from the deer's position.

Young Liam's GRANDFATHER, late 60s, Native American, adjusts Liam's trigger arm some.

GRANDFATHER

That's it...that's it Liam. Steady your breathing now.

Young Liam stretches his head and neck a bit, re-targets the deer.

He draws one more breath and fires.

The round strikes a tree very close to the deer -- the deer bolts off at the sound of the rifle.

Young Liam sighs disappointedly.

His Grandfather grins.

YOUNG LIAM

Grand Da what happened? I had the deer right in my scope!

GRANDFATHER

Ah...cold bore Young Wolf...

Young Liam looks up at his Grandfather, puzzled.

YOUNG LIAM

"Cold bore"? What is that?

GRANDFATHER

It means the first shot you fire from your barrel. It might not go where you intend it to go.

Young Liam nods his head in understanding.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

That can also apply elsewhere in life my boy. Sometimes you can start out on a path and you may end up off-target somewhat. You can always keep firing until you hit it...or if it runs, like your deer, find a new one, or chase the first one...

YOUNG LIAM

Ah, okay...I understand, I think.

GRANDFATHER

That's my boy! Now let's find  
another target for you. Plenty of  
deer about for a Young Wolf!

Young Liam rises from his position and he and his Grandfather  
move from their temporary encampment.

Young Liam appears deep in thought.

YOUNG LIAM

Cold bore...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

DANNY

Fucking cold bore!

Liam ducks back down behind the car, removes his suppressor  
and hits the "full-auto" switch on his rifle.

He springs back up and fires a full magazine at the space-  
suited figure.

LIAM

Reloading!

Liam's target deploys an energy shield and all of the rounds  
he fired at it drop harmlessly to the ground as they make  
contact with the it, inches away from Spacesuit Man's form.

DANNY

Cool...fucking force fields...

LIAM

Is there an R-P-G in the van by  
chance?

Danny grins at Liam, sheepishly.

Spacesuit Man's suit vibrates, glows faintly.

DANNY

Bro, I think we need to...run!

Liam and Danny ditch their car cover quickly, head back  
towards their van.

Spacesuit Man launches an energy beam assault on the cover  
vehicle -- it glows brightly momentarily, detonates in a  
blinding flash.

Liam and Danny fall forward violently as a concussive wave  
from the explosion hits them.



Liam grabs at his lower back, extinguishes a bit of flame on his shirt.

LIAM  
That...is going to leave a mark.

DANNY  
I think my fuckin' innards shot up  
into my god damn mouth.

Danny spits out some blood.

Liam gets up, pulls Danny to his feet.

LIAM  
Definitely time for some escape and  
evasion...

DANNY  
E-and-E fo' sure Homie!

Danny glances back at Spacesuit Man.

TWO MORE SPACESUIT MEN join Spacesuit Man at its front door location -- they all appear to look at Liam and Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Get the lead out old man!

Liam and Danny reach their van, enter quickly -- Danny gets in the driver's seat.

The three Spacesuit Men move towards Liam and Danny, they fan out as they approach.

Danny starts the van and peels out as he moves it from the parking space onto the roadway.

The three Spacesuit Men collectively raise their arms, energy beams shoot out from all three and make contact with the van.

Liam and Danny in the van rise up several feet in to the air -  
- the two men jump out and fall to the ground -- the van continues to ascend until out of sight.

Liam and Danny recover quickly from impacting the ground, they run behind another vehicle on the street for cover.

From under his rifle barrel Danny fires a forty millimeter grenade at the Spacesuit Men.

A force bubble instantly surrounds the three.

Danny's grenade round makes contact with the force bubble and detonates -- no apparent damage done to the three.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
We need a motherfucking  
distraction.

LIAM  
Yeah, like a nuclear detonation...

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE TARGET HOUSE - SAME TIME

A second craft appears above the house, sleek, black -- differs in appearance from the first one that still hovers above the roof.

From the second craft a pulse beam fires from the fore of the ship, the energy stream decimates the first ship in a brilliant flash of light.

The second craft deftly pilots down closer to the ground.

EXT. URBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Liam and Danny shield their eyes from the ship detonation above the target house.

DANNY  
Is...is that a second fucking  
spaceship?! That's not a helo!

LIAM  
Well the operators of it certainly  
don't seem to be friends with our  
current salty, otherworldly *amigos*  
on the ground...could weigh in our  
favor...

DANNY  
The enemy of my enemy is  
my...fucking distraction! We  
rollin' the fuck out of Dodge if  
they engage the ground force?

Liam raises an eyebrow, wipes sweat from his face.

LIAM  
Is that an actual question man?!  
The millisecond they assault them.

Fire engulfs almost the entire target house.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Well there goes our bounty...

The second aircraft trains a green spotlight on the three Spacesuit Men on the ground -- who activate individual shields around their suits.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Okay let's fucking move!

Liam and Danny stay crouched and stealthily make their way from car to car as they move away from the target house.

They keep an eye on the ship and the three Spacesuit Men as they go.

The second aircraft fires futuristic ordnance at the three on the ground, who remain encased in force fields.

DANNY  
The flying fuck did we walk into?

LIAM  
I don't know, but not sure there's going to be enough whiskey in the western hemisphere to dull this memory...

DANNY  
Might need some heroin after this!

The ordnance from the second craft detonates on the ground, generates blinding flashes of light around the three Spacesuit Men -- their force fields wink out from the explosions.

The green search light from the remaining aircraft targets Liam and Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Oh...fuck...

Liam motions for Danny to be silent.

Liam and Danny hold their position behind a large truck as the searchlight scans the area around them.

The vehicle they hide behind launches into the air -- one of the three Spacesuit Men stands where the other side of the car was.

LIAM  
Fucking go!

Liam and Danny break out into full sprints -- they stop occasionally and dodge in and out of the backs and fronts of parked cars as they do.

Danny turns and launches another forty millimeter grenade at their pursuer -- the grenade detonates and blows up a vehicle near the Spacesuit Man, knocks it about somewhat, but doesn't stop it.

The two men approach the intersecting street.

The second aircraft descends in front of them, green light illuminates them.

Liam and Danny halt, aim their rifles at the craft.

The ship's spotlight move from the two men to the Spacesuit Man behind them -- it fires more ordnance at it.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
We are definitely stuck in the  
middle of space wars...

DANNY  
What's the fuckin' play?! We can't  
outrun these Mofos!

Liam and Danny duck as the ship's weapons fire detonates swathes of ground, and vehicles, behind them.

The aircraft descends all the way to the street, lands sans landing gear -- hovers a few feet of the ground and sends litter and debris flying.

An opening forms on the side of the aircraft -- the green light retrains on Liam and Danny.

LIAM  
Nothing's exiting... Does it want  
us to enter?

DANNY  
What fucking choice do we have?!

The other two Spacesuit Men stand near their compatriot.

Liam and Danny see the three together, move for the aircraft, tentatively, but briskly.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I am going to shoot you if I get  
anal-probed...

LIAM  
I will let you shoot me if that  
happens...especially if I'm likely  
next...

They reach the entrance to the aircraft, point tactical  
flashlights into the opening.

DANNY  
Uh, not seeing shit.

Liam looks back, the three pursuers close in on them and the  
craft.

LIAM  
Well feel free to hang out with the  
Three *Amigos* there!

Liam jumps through the doorway.

Danny turns his head towards the Spacesuit Men, turns back.

DANNY  
Fuck it Yo.

Danny jumps in after Liam, yells as he does.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT FUSELAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BLACKNESS

A low red light emits from an orb in the center of the ship's  
cabin.

Liam and Danny navigate the space slowly, flashlights on.

DANNY  
Yo, I can't see shit man.

LIAM  
Me neither.

The craft's door closes behind them.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
No turning back now

DANNY  
(loudly)  
Alien motherfuckers...we come in  
peace!

Liam shakes his head.

LIAM  
You missed your true calling as a  
diplomat...

The craft's hull goes transparent.

Liam and Danny both jump.

DANNY  
O-o-oh shit!

LIAM  
Well that was disconcerting...

The two men see everything outside the ship.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
This would have been useful in The  
Sandbox.

Danny shakes his head in agreement, eyes wide.

DANNY  
Who...what the fuck is flying this  
shitbox?

The three Spacesuit Men fire at the craft -- their ordnance  
dissipates upon contact with the ship's outer force field.

The aircraft hums.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Is this a fucking kamikaze ship?

LIAM  
We did get on the thing,  
willingly...

Danny facepalms.

The ship launches a barrage of weapons at the ground force.

The three Spacesuit Men disappear in a cloud of smoke and  
fire.

DANNY  
Dat's what I'm talkin' about!

Liam and Danny fist bump each other.

LIAM  
Okay, now what?

The ship's hull goes back to normal opaqueness.

Light illuminates the hold Liam and Danny reside in.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
And then there was light...

DANNY  
Anal probes.

The fore section of the craft melts away.

LIAM  
Our hosts I presume.

From the cockpit TWO HUMANOID FIGURES in spacesuits similar to the other Spacesuit Men emerge.

DANNY  
Yo, nice knowin' ya kid.

LIAM  
It's been real...motherfucker.

The two beings' suits dissolve away from their forms, reveal the faces of PARALLEL UNIVERSE LIAM and PARALLEL UNIVERSE DANNY.

Liam and Danny gasp, collectively.

DANNY  
I fucking knew it Bro!

Liam looks at Danny unbelievably, sighs.

Parallel Universe Liam and Parallel Universe Danny smile, ear-to-ear.

LIAM  
Motherf --

FADE OUT.