

MICROCOSM

By
Ryan Lee

FADE IN:

EXT. SECURITY FENCE - AREA 51 - DAY

A metal sign, clamped to a chain link fence and tinged with rust, reads "WARNING - U.S. AIR FORCE INSTALLATION - USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED BEYOND THIS POINT."

The fence stands amid an expanse of desert scrub brush.

Nearby, two white SUVs are parked next to a sentry booth.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A thick steel door slides open. CAPTAIN TOM WICKS, a trim 33, walks down the bare concrete passage as the door slides shut behind him. He carries a briefcase.

Tom wears the blue uniform of an Air Force officer, complete with Captain's bars and an impressive display of ribbons.

He arrives at another sealed steel door. He places one hand on an optical reader built into the wall, looks into a retinal scanner just above it.

A small monitor commands, "State name and rank."

TOM
Captain Thomas Wicks, United States
Air Force.

After a few moments, the screen glows green. "Identity confirmed. Enter now."

The door slides open and Tom walks in.

INT. CELL - DAY

Tom steps into the room and the door shuts behind him. The walls are composed of a white metal. No windows.

He lays his briefcase on a desk, which has a computer built into it. The monitor displays the Air Force insignia.

Tom sits in a chair, looks through a thick acrylic partition which divides the room in half.

Within the holding cell lies a cot, desk, sink, toilet, and a large bookcase crammed with volumes of all kinds.

A LONE FIGURE dressed in a bright orange jumpsuit stands with his back to Tom. It studies a painting on the far wall.

TOM
Good Morning, Adam.

ADAM turns toward Tom. He stands about six feet tall, with a slender build. Chalk gray skin. The eyes a vivid violet.

As he walks toward the partition, his unusual features become even more stark. Completely hairless. Undersized ears and nose. Lipless slit for a mouth.

ADAM
It's good to see you again, Tom.

Tom smiles, turns to the computer, keys in a password. Access granted to the Sensitive Compartmented Information(SCI) program known as KRONOS.

ADAM
And how does the day find you?

TOM
Very well, thank you. I, uh, stopped at the airport gift shop. Saw this. On sale. Thought of you for some reason.

Tom reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a small plastic FIGURINE of an alien. Gray skin, black eyes, fangs.

ADAM
Not a bad likeness, as those things go. Always gratifies me to think of the thriving industry I created.

TOM
The local economy is forever in your debt, Adam. So... what's on your mind?

Adam's violet eyes narrow as they scan along the ceiling.

ADAM
Many things today.

TOM
Good. How about we talk--

ADAM
You haven't mentioned the birth of your child yet.

Tom grins.

TOM
I didn't want to be that guy. But
since you asked...

Tom reaches into his jacket, pulls out a picture of a beautiful BABY swaddled in a pink blanket. Tom walks to the acrylic wall, presses the photo against it.

TOM
Emma Catherine Wicks. Born last
Thursday.

Adam's features are not designed for expression. But the corners of his mouth upturn slightly.

ADAM
She's beautiful, Tom.

TOM
Thank you. My wife says she's
gonna grow up to be a scientist. I
say a senator. What do you think?

Adam's mild grin flattens. He steps away. Tom eyes him curiously, puts the photo back in his jacket.

TOM
Do you know what today is? July
seventh. Ring a bell?

No response from Adam.

TOM
It's been exactly seventy years
since you crashed in Roswell. July
seventh, 1947.

ADAM
I'm more than aware of that fact,
believe me.

TOM
Just thought you might like to talk
about it.

ADAM
It's always fascinated me, Tom.
This sentimental attachment humans
have to dates.

TOM
Just one of our many peculiarities.

ADAM

I...

He turns back to Tom, faces him.

ADAM

I want you to know, of all my jailers--

Tom grimaces a bit.

ADAM

--sorry, of all my counselors, you've been my favorite. By far.

TOM

Thank you. That means a lot to me. You know I consider you a friend.

ADAM

I do know that. Which makes this day exceedingly difficult.

TOM

What do you mean?

ADAM

It's begun.

TOM

What's begun?

Adam steps closer to the partition. He and Tom are inches apart now.

ADAM

The takeover. Of this planet. By my people.

Tom narrows his eyes.

TOM

Takeover?

ADAM

A euphemism. Every human being on Earth will be exterminated today. It's always been the plan, Tom.

Stunned, Tom takes a step back.

TOM

How could you know--

ADAM

They're speaking to me right now.
Through that strange lobe in my
brain your scientists have always
wondered about.

Stunned, Tom takes another step back.

ADAM

I don't blame you for doubting me.
And my feelings wouldn't be hurt if
you verified this.

Adam glances at the computer. Tom quickly moves toward it,
logs out of KRONOS.

ADAM

The crash was also part of the
plan, of course. We needed time to
study you before...

Tom clicks on an internet browser. CNN pops up. An ANCHOR
speaks into CAMERA. His eyes are wide, his voice shaky.

ANCHOR

Again, a spacecraft, which NASA
estimates to be at least five miles
across, has appeared in orbit above
the Earth. Tens of thousands of
cylindrical objects have descended
from the craft and now float within
the stratosphere.

It cuts to a live shot of a huge metal object in an azure
sky, like a silo standing amid drifting clouds.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

And there you see one. They now
cover every part of the globe.

TOM

What...

A DRONING ALARM resounds through the cell. A VOICE
accompanies it.

VOICE

Scramble Bravo Echo Zulu. This is
not an exercise. All flight crews
report to aircraft. Repeat, this
is not an exercise.

ADAM

Some on my planet consider it a...
humane weapon, because it's swift
and painless.

Tom frantically taps on the keyboard.

ADAM

But I disagree.

A LIVE FEED from the exterior of the installation appears.
Flight crews sprint across the tarmac, headed for their
aircraft.

ADAM

No weapon of this magnitude could
ever be considered merciful. It's
been activated. Any moment now.

As Tom watches the monitor, dozens of soldiers simply drop to
the ground and tumble in lifeless heaps.

TOM

No!

Tom steps away from the computer, turns to Adam.

TOM

Tell them to stop!

ADAM

I can't.

He reaches into his jacket, pulls out his cell phone, speed
dials "RACHEL." After a few moments of silence...

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Your call cannot be completed at
this time. Please try again later.

His face contorts in frustration.

TOM

Rachel...

His expression turns to horror as he looks to the monitor and
sees dozens of individual ALIENS approaching the base. They
appear identical to Adam.

They walk over and around the dead humans.

Tom drops his phone. The screen shatters on the floor.

ADAM

The pulse inflicts instant damage within the human brain, effectively turning it off. This is one of the very few places on Earth the pulse would not be able to penetrate.

Overcome, Tom leans forward to steady himself on the desk.

TOM

Can you...

ADAM

I wish I could tell them to spare you, Tom. I truly do. But it's not part of the plan.

Tom opens the door. Down the corridor, beyond the outer steel door, the sounds of chaos ensue. AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. HUMAN SCREAMS.

Tom leaves the door open as he steps back to the partition.

Adam holds his chalk gray hand near the small hatch used for sliding meals through.

Tom looks to the hatch, unclasps the lock, pulls down the latched door.

Adam extends his hand through the slot. Tom stares at the hand, then at his own.

ADAM

They're coming, Tom.

Tom clasps Adam's hand, shakes it. He looks into Adam's eyes, but sees no emotion.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO down the corridor. Growing closer.

ADAM

I want to thank you for your kindness. Many of your predecessors were... lacking in that regard.

The footsteps approach the doorway. Adam looks toward it, emits a stuttered croaking sound. A command of some kind.

The footsteps stop. He looks back to Tom, closes his eyes for a few moments.

ADAM

They tell me it's all over, Tom.
You are the last human alive now.

Tom struggles to contain his roiling emotions.

TOM

The last. Wish I had some...
profound words.

ADAM

I won't forget you.

Tom nods, lets go of Adam's hand.

TOM

Goodbye.

Tom closes his eyes.

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT.

FADE OUT.