

"STEELER"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

AERIAL VIEW OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

on a sweltering hot summer day. A glimpse of the bustling, hectic, cosmopolitan center.

Throngs of denizens blanket the footpaths in the usual hubbub. Streets are teeming with traffic, crawling beneath steel and concrete towers. Then all DISSIPATES to --

EXT. NYC RUINS - NIGHT

A DERELICT E.T. SPACECRAFT

illuminated by the bright moonlight, projects upward from heap of rubble. Canted on its side it buckles against RUINS OF A SKYSCRAPER. Mask of dust on its hull hints that happened yesteryear.

An eerie glow has lit the sky against the cold backdrop of night. Spooky wind chimes through the desolation.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a scarcely recognizable vista.

A SERIES OF "NYC PLACES" IN RUINS:

-- Beyond the ship, the greatest city of New York is now a sight of a stark wasteland. The skyline of buildings has been ravaged, almost biblical in proportion.

-- Dust skims over an auto graveyard. The streams of cars are stopped -- decaying masses in rusted rows.

-- LADY LIBERTY OF GOTHAM has been uprooted -- jutting out into the water with serpent like vines spiraled around her.

-- Human skulls planted like cabbages, row upon row, bare witness to the mass extermination by brutal invasion.

-- Lastly, comes INTO VIEW --

EXT. CATHEDRAL RUINS - NIGHT

-- A weather-beaten rusty SIGN spells 'HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL'. CREAKING in the breeze. Tiny and unafraid. Visible beyond the sign, CATHEDRAL ruins lit by moonlight.

Proportionally, half of the roof has been bombed out. Yet the spire stands its ground.

In this desolation, with nary a soul in sight -- A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM rises sending an echo. The source is indiscernible until --

A WOMAN CUTS INTO VIEW, passing the sign and headed for the ruins. Clad in mangy rags, exposing her alabaster skin.

From this pov, only her back can be seen. Left arm badly injured hangs, blood sodden, limp at her side.

Pace increasing, groaning with every step, stumbling through a graveyard of skeletal remains she shelters in the relics.

INT. CATHEDRAL RUINS - NIGHT

A shaft of moonlight showers the nave through torn ceiling. Structural chunks of concrete gouge out the sanctuary. A labyrinth of pews is overturned and in disarray.

From the chancel looking back -- Woman emerges through the large brass doors. Gasping for air, she approaches the chancel maneuvering through the obstacles.

Seeking refuge, she cowers behind the altar at the foot of reredos on the opaque floor.

WOMAN'S FACE concealed by grunge resembles a coal-miner, putting a tricky question on her age. Mop like hair cascades down her shoulders. Manifested terror is in her eyes.

Pathetically emaciated, she's a picture of miserable mien. Once might have been a quintessence of elegance and beauty.

A LOUD CLANG like the tolling of a bell, reverberates through the desolation, stealing her breath.

Slowly she peaks from behind the altar with heart pounding like a distant beating drum.

What has scared the ghost out of this Woman? The unseen terror remains a mystery.

Then it is HEARD, distant footsteps of a soldier, or in semblance to that, coming closer.

Trembling in fright the Woman ducks her head between knees fearing the inevitable.

HER POV BETWEEN KNEES -- at first the dusty floor then, TUCK, TUCK, A PAIR OF CHROME BOOTS APPEAR.

The Woman jerks up her chin to see -- A FUTURISTIC SWORD STRIKES DOWN unto her in a blur --

INT. LA - CATHY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING

-- lunging INTO VIEW with a wild outcry, A WOMAN'S PRETTY FACE is soaked in sweat. Gasping for air, heart battering her ribs she escapes from a nightmare.

Solving the tricky age equation, Dr. CATHY WALKER, 30ish, holds down her posh bed. Did I say pretty? I meant gorgeous.

Morning-light streams in from the window. Cathy glares aimlessly as nightmare haze dissipates into oblivion.

RING! RING! Phone startles her. Shamefacedly, she shifts to the phone on the mantle.

Groaning like a zombie, she stumbles out of bed. Last night's empty wine BOTTLE topples at the bedside.

Ignoring it she trudges to the phone. Snatching the receiver off the mantle it is noticed a photo of her at the altar with a willowy man. An exhibition of their endless love.

CATHY

Hello...

(Clears throat)

Dr. Goldberg? I wasn't expecting your call...so sudden.

A matured Dr. Goldberg articulates his pronunciation.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

(filtered)

No more sudden than your resignation, my dear.

CATHY

Oh, I see. So, it's business not...

She rubs sleep from her eyes -- blows out, groggy.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Any adequate explanation?

CATHY

You know, this job has done nothing but cause me despair, and...

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Understand there are implications. You can't just acquit yourself.

CATHY

I had no choice! Guilt is ripping me apart.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

And you think, your resignation is going to set her free.

Cathy sighs shaking her head in disbelief.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Listen! I care about you like one of my own...

CATHY

Then, you should have stopped him. It was supposed to be research...

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Darling, we have gnawed on this bone, before. Lets not rehash...

CATHY

Sir, please. I really don't want anything more to do with NORD-AT.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Abandonment seems to resolve all of life's problems for you. First John and now...

Dr. Goldberg has dropped a psychological warhead, exploding into her core of emotions.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

...try to understand my position. I recommended you after all, and that bastard will castrate me...

She leans over the mantle, eyes filled with tears.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

...all I'm asking is that you finish your contract. Then we both will be free.

Standing erect, she wipes the tear out with her thumb.

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Reconsidering, would be a great deal of indulgence for me.

Their is silence on the both sides as Dr. Goldberg awaits.

CATHY

I regret abandoning John. But...

DR. GOLDBERG (O.S.)

Oh, honey. I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to pique you.

CATHY

No, you're right. Thank you for reminding me 'how selfish I am'. I wont let you down.

Cathy hangs up and picks up the picture. Thinking of fond memories of the past bring a thin smile to her.

EXT. SPACE

In its flawless glory, the heaven adorned with mansions of stars glow like God's infinite mercy.

A loud RUMBLE is heard, shattering the serenity. Gradually, it grows louder and louder. Then, slide INTO VIEW --

Protruding METAL SPIRES OF AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL BATTLE CRUISER. A BROBDINGNAGIAN mass of drab and ugly metal tails behind fashioning the vessel.

Rolling overhead, the immense under-belly of this gargantuan Cruiser obliterates the view. A HIDEOUS SHRIEK. Suddenly --

A SLEEK METALLIC CAPSULE FIRES OUT downward from a small egress on the under-belly.

Resembling a double-headed bullet cartridge, four ft in diameter by ten ft, the initial size of the Capsule seems lilliputian in stark contrast to the Cruiser.

Rotating like a drill, the capsule rapidly propels downward and whip past in a blur. FOLLOWING its trajectory to see its headed for --

Come INTO VIEW one-third of Blue Marble's sphere illuminated beneath.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The Moon shines over the bucolic. A PICKUP TRUCK parked in a clearing off the beaten path. HIP-HOP ROCKS on the radio.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

KATE a freshman and JIM a senior are partaking in some extracurricular activity.

Lips are locked as Jim tries to sneak to next base -- slipping his hand under her shirt -- GROPEs her breast.

KATE
Whoa, big boy! Hands off the merchandise.

Kate pushes his hand away, sheepishly.

JIM
I just wanna sample. You know I'm good for it.

Jim persists wanting more than a goodnight kiss.

KATE
No, you're looking for a five finger discount.

Jim draws himself nearer, intimately.

JIM
(wooing)
Come on, baby. You know I love you.

Kate holds her ground, pushing him back.

KATE
Lip service is not gonna work on a first date.

JIM
Gimme a break. It's not like you got your 'V' card.

Kate turns away, seems jaded with this reply. Peeved, she leans forward on the dashboard, turning her eyes skyward out through windshield.

JIM
Huh, that's it then.

Jim grabs cell-phone from his pocket. Angrily, he flips it open and starts scrolling down. Kate's not putting out so who's next in line?

KATE -- as something catches her attention.

HER POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD -- of the clear black sky sprinkled with stars. AN ISOLATED STAR more lustrous than any other glows stronger and stronger.

KATE

Did you lace that joint?

Jim ignores her and continues playing with his cellphone.

JIM

Whatever!

KATE

Seriously, my eyes are tweaking out. It's like that star is gettin' bigger... This is messed.

Kate turns off the radio. A distant RUMBLING like a freight train becomes audible. Squinting her eyes, she languidly points her hand at the night sky.

Jim jerks his head up from his phone, glaring at Kate, irritated that she turned off his tunes.

JIM

What the hell...? Don't touch it. I love this shit.

Mesmerized, Kate is unmoved. Jim follows her point, looking out through the windshield, he drops his phone.

The glowing star has now become a raging FIREBALL.

JIM

(reverently)

That's no star. It's a fucking meteoroid!

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jim emerges from his truck wanting to get a better look. Kate follows him, staring at the sky.

Approaching meteoroid rips through the atmosphere in a fiery wrath. RUMBLING rises to a crescendo and the BLAZING CAPSULE barrels to the ground SEARING and HISSING. WHAM!!

IMPACT! Slicing through the landscape like a hot knife in butter. Earth displaces as it digs into the ground carving out its landing strip only yards away from the couple. Smoke and dust rise into the air.

Then silence. Jim and Kate look at each other speechless. GULP! Jim swallows hard, nodding his head slightly.

Both creep forward. Reaching the edge of the trench, eyes widen with wonder as they peer in --

THE CAPSULE -- charred and battered exterior, lays horizontal. Debris settles. Then --

HISSES! The Capsule casing seals release with an ERUPTION OF ESCAPING GAS. Mystified, the Couple staggers back.

KATE

Jim, I've a bad feeling 'bout this.
Maybe we should get outta here.

JIM

No way, baby! This is the shit. I'm
cashing in!

Out of the blue, the rounded ends PULL AWAY from the capsule shell simultaneously. WHITE LIGHT spills out from the openings.

With a MECHANICAL HUM, the central casing ROTATES within itself opening to REVEAL --

A powerfully built FIGURE. Motionless like a corpse in a casket. BLINKING hieroglyphics on small screens flicker amongst hi-tech gizmos covering the interior.

Surprisingly, the core is FROSTED, so too his body save INTRICATE MAZE PATTERN GREEN FACE.

He's in HUMANOID shape, but that's all that can be told about him so far. Lets call him Humanoid for now.

KATE

This is sooo X-Files.

JIM

Dude! Just got your ass thrown off
Mars.

HUMANOID'S FACE -- barely registers any sign of life. Then a sudden high-pitched TRILLING accompanies a sequence of lights begin running through maze patterns --

Abruptly, He POPS OPEN his eyes, which are strangely BOLD WITH RADAR GRIDS OVERLAYING THE PUPILS.

KATE

Oh, shit!

GOBSMACKED JIM AND KATE -- jump backward, but this time they don't stop there.

JIM
I'm bustin' this Popsicle stand.

He sprints for his Truck. Kim cannot help but to steal another glimpse as she turns and runs for the truck.

Jim already in the truck, turns over the engine and hits the ruts. Kate shouts, panicked, nearly incoherent...

KATE
Jim!! Stop. Stop. Wait, don't leave
me here...

Hoping that he might have a change of heart, she waits for a moment. But Jim does not stop and keeps going, heartlessly.

KATE
...you asshole.

By now Humanoid is on his feet and in motion, taking heavy measured steps and moving towards her.

Now you get a better view of his ULTRA-TECH body which appears to be MASKED by countless CHROME BALL-BEARINGS covering all, save green face.

Two inch long CHROME CABLES SPRINGING OUT from his head, resembling a Mohawk. An EMBLEM is emblazoned on the chest. Two sword-hilts are visible over his shoulders.

He is a GOGTOR. A SOLDIER from a dwarf planet called GOGTUM by terrestrials.

Kate, without looking back, runs for her life. Too bad, TRIPS and tumbles to the ground. She turns her face to see her worst nightmare. He's closing in fast.

Kate is too frightened to move, or cry out.

Gogtor's impassive gaze passes over Kate, like the angel of death himself. Ignoring the horror-struck girl he passes by and continues, lumbering on its way.

KATE -- exhales a breath of relief. KA-BOOM! The CAPSULE SELF-DESTRUCTS, startling her. A geyser of smoke and flame fills the air. A fiery glow mantles her face.

EXT. KOOL-STOP DINER - NIGHT

Surmounting the rooftop of a retro diner, a hot buzzing neon sign spelling KOOL STOP DINER flashes, on an otherwise empty stretch of forested road.

A FEW VEHICLES occupy the beaten up parking spaces off to the side.

INT. KOOL-STOP DINER - NIGHT

A FEW LOCALS are having their regular at the counter. A BUNCH OF ROWDIES occupy the pool table at the rear.

A DISGRUNTLED FAMILY, clearly from out of town, seated at a corner table. Well dressed but looking haggard from their trip.

MIKE, a commercial pilot, looks impatiently to the kitchen door for his bite. BETH nibbles her slimness magic -- salad. Both are in their mid-thirties. Mike is in a bad mood.

Accompany them their two adorable kids. JEFF (8) hangs on to a burger. DOLLY, 15, slurps her drink.

MIKE

We just had to stop?

BETH

Mike, kids were starving.

MIKE

Airline is losing. You know that. I put my ass on the line, booking off for your family reunion.

BETH

Don't spoil it then.

MIKE

I'm inches away from a pink slip.

He looks back at the kitchen door and turns to Beth.

MIKE

What's taking them so goddamn long?

BETH

Don't get your gotchies in a gob.

Dolly quits slurping.

DOLLY

How original?

MIKE

You want something unoriginal. How about showing me some damn respect.

DOLLY
Here we go again. Chill out, man!

MIKE
How about I cut off your phone
privileges until you learn to talk.

Dolly turns to Beth for rescue, whining...

DOLLY
Mom, promise me that I don't have
to put up with this all the way
back to L.A.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

White in the moon, a winding road cuts through the woods a
piece back from the diner.

A TRUCK'S BEAMS penetrate the darkness, approaching. In this
enormous silence, Truck's hard groaning engine can be heard
in the far distance.

INT. 18-WHEELER MACK - NIGHT

HUMMING to country music, A HAULER grips the steering wheel
with one hand and puffs a cigarette with the other.

THUD! Something hits the Trailer. Startled, the Hauler
checks the side-mirror. CLEAR.

Another THUMP turns his attention to the passengers side.
Nightmarishly, the Hauler watches as Gogtor lets himself in.

HAULER
Oh, Jeez!

GOGTOR
My destination...

Impetuously, the Hauler JUMPS OUT of the moving Rig.

Gogtor watches him go. Meanwhile the Mack crosses over into
the oncoming lane. He spins his head to look at the road
just as HEADLIGHTS of a vehicle wash over.

Trying to avoid the collision, Gogtor blindly swings the
steering wheel hard right. Inadvertently towards the
Kool-Stop Diner --

INT. KOOL STOP DINER - MOMENTS LATER

A WAITRESS carrying a steak entree drops the plate in front of Mike. He looks up at Waitress's face, tending to comment on lousy service as they hear GROWLING engine of Big Rig --

K-KRAASH! Unforeseen event occurs -- 18-Wheeler Mack CRASHES into the diner, FLATTENING the front wall.

CUSTOMERS dodge out of the way as Mack bulldozes through the tables coming to rest only after SLAMMING into the rear wall. All happened so quick, left everyone in a daze.

The sound of the sputtering engine is overcome by SHOUTS of outrage. A few brave creep toward the smoking Mack.

Suddenly, driver's door forcefully opens. Gogtor drops landing on the floor. THUMP! Customers backtrack foreboding.

An alien with massive physique, DEVOID OF EMOTIONS, strikes terror into their hearts. Paralyzed with fear, nobody dares gaining least attention.

His blank gaze passes over STUNNED customers with one question in minds "What is next?".

GOGTOR'S POV -- scan of the diner, overlaid with scrolling UNKNOWN SYMBOLS to the side of the visual, moving faster than a human eye can follow.

JOE, the dive's owner, emerges from kitchen in a greasy apron. A DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUN in hand.

JOE

God damn! You ugly son of a bitch!

Joe fires and a flame leaps from the muzzle. BLAMM!!!

GOGTOR'S BACK, as shrapnel hit where he has BUILT-IN CRISSCROSS SCABBARD. Everyone witnesses an amazing --

GOGTOR BODY REACTION TO SHRAPNEL -- impact DIGS TINY CRATERS in his body and the CHROME BALL-BEARINGS SPLATTER in mid-air, momentarily.

Astonishingly, some mysterious force of his body PULLS THEM BACK, placing perfectly as they were intact before. Shrapnel hurt him not a jot. A fire-power-repellent living organism.

Gogtor's automatic defense system is amazing! It even SAFEGUARDS exposed green face in a fraction of a second with a chrome shield. All before shrapnel touch him.

Costumers just stare, mouth agape, at what they are seeing.

Gogtor turns swiftly and stares at gun's muzzle. Then strides toward target. Sweat trickles down Joe's wan face. Oh boy, he's dead.

Before Joe could even blink, Gogtor reacts with unbelievable agility. Unsheathes A FUTURISTIC SWORD and STRIKES.

Stunned by terror, Joe looks down at the gun in his hands. Chopped clean in two! Shuddering he looks up, when Gogtor speaks --

GOGTOR

Wrong! I am not son of a bitch.

(emphatically)

I am a Gogtor.

Joe stands his ground for a beat then... BANG! Passing out he falls backward on tile floor like a sack of cement. Gogtor turns and walks out through the scattered rubble.

FADE OUT