

SPLODGE

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EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT (PHONE FOOTAGE)

Lights fall from the sky.

ONLOOKERS, fresh from a night out in nearby bars, gasp in amazement and raise phones to film.

One of the lights lands nearby with a liquid-splodge, and spreads three foot wide across the sidewalk.

Wary Onlookers get as close as they can to film it.

Made of a translucent slime with blue neon nerve endings that spread like veins throughout its mass, the SPLODGE pulsates and hums like an electricity pylon.

Another Splodge lands on a nearby apartment building and oozes slowly to the ground, like a deformed caterpillar.

A scream as a Splodge lands on a FEMALE, covering her head and shoulders, paralyzing her arms. Her screams reach a new intensity as her face melts. She spins a comical pirouette.

In shock, Onlookers watch as the Splodge slowly but surely consumes her within its expanding gelatinous mass. Her horrific screams continue as tissue and bone dissolve, becoming as one with the splodge.

A silent pause as the event processes.

Onlookers scream and run in different directions.

Heavy breathing and camera shakes.

The Splodge that devoured the Female, pulsates and grows, spreads across the ground until it meets with another, smaller splodge.

Screams of terror echo from everywhere. Dogs bark, snarl, growl, and whimper as the two splodges become one.

Somewhere nearby, a baby cries. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, gunshots reverberate around buildings.

Splodges land like a meandering rain, the camera moves between them and its OPERATOR's sneakers sprinting along the pavement.

A BUM, his scalp and right eye melted, appears from an alleyway and the phone falls.

OVER BLACK:

BUM

Did I get it all? It tried to... eat
me, I think. I can't see.

BACK TO SCENE.

More splodges fall as the phone is raised, putting the Bum in focus. Bum lurches forward.

BUM

Help me, please.

OPERATOR (O.S)

Get the fuck away from me.

A strong arm pushes the Bum away. The Bum falls into the alleyway, and looks up, hurt and confused. Then he remembers the danger, panic-stricken he turns and screams in terror.

The screams follow as we run.

Police sirens wail. Fires break out.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Splodges land here and there but move slow as there is little to feed on.

We stop outside a shuttered warehouse and the Operator bangs heavily on the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A security cam follows CLAUS (47), long hair, disheveled, clutching a sawn-off shotgun, as he edges to the fire exit and hovers near the door.

OPERATOR (O.S)

It's me.

Claus relaxes but hesitates.

CLAUS

You clean?

OPERATOR (O.S)

Just open the fucking door.

Claus keeps the gun aimed at the door and pushes the lever to open it. He steps a few paces back and shields his eyes against the light from Operator's phone.

CLAUS
Fuck sake.

OPERATOR (O.S)
You seen what's going on?

CLAUS
(nods)
Come look at this.

Operator follows Claus through a heavy door. Claus closes it and picks up an open metal flask filled with liquid nitrogen.

CLAUS
It's been all over the news. That is until the stations went down. These things have been eating up our satellites too.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GROW ROOM - NIGHT

Hundreds of hydroponic marijuana plants very close to harvest sit in multiple rows, taking up eighty percent of the space.

CLAUS
Some say it's an alien invasion.

Operator follows Claus through a wooden door.

CLAUS
Others that it's a space virus.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DRYING ROOM - NIGHT

Harvested buds rest in rows of hanging baskets. A workbench holds a dabbing rig, containers labeled, Liquid Nitrogen, and a large bucket full of frozen leaf and popcorn buds.

OPERATOR (O.S)
And what do you think?

CLAUS
Fucked if I know. Both, probably. One expert reckons on it being a kind of alien parasite.

Claus edges to the side of a fire exit door, puts down the shotgun, and stands ready with the liquid nitrogen.

CLAUS
Grab some of that nitro, will ya?

OPERATOR (O.S)

Why?

CLAUS

(frustrated)

Just in case, man. All will become clear, dude, don't you worry about that.

Claus waits for Operator to grab a flask of liquid nitrogen and then pushes the lever on the fire exit door, easing it open.

CLAUS

It was a total accident. I hadn't heard a thing about this. It was only after this shit went down that I turned on the news.

The fire exit opens onto a small courtyard where a splodge lies frozen solid just in front of the doorway.

CLAUS

I was in the middle of making some full-melt, and popped out to the yard for a quick smoke. Then that thing landed.

A fresh splodge lands on the outer wall of the courtyard and begins a slow but sure descent to the ground.

CLAUS

Didn't think much of it at first, but then it started moving, just like that one is now.

(nods to fresh splodge)

I had the nitro in my hand, and I threw it at it.

Claus shrugs and turns to look at Operator before closing the door. Operator steps in and opens the door back up.

OPERATOR (O.S)

I wanna see it.

CLAUS

Fuck that. Have you heard what these things are doing to people?

OPERATOR (O.S)

I've seen it. Hold the phone.

CLAUS
(taking the phone)
I'll act as back-up.

OPERATOR
Sure you will.

OPERATOR (35), broad-shoulders, a weathered, smoke-aged face, approaches the splodge as it, in turn, oozes toward him.

CLAUS (O.S)
Don't get too close, man. Pour and
run, dude. You don't want to
breathe that shit in yourself.

Operator takes a step back as another splodge lands much closer by and he reflexively throws the nitrogen, cannister and all.

The cannister hits the splodge and liquid nitrogen spills onto its flesh.

The partially frozen splodge pulsates and tries to move, but the freeze spreads until it resembles a frozen, pale cow pat.

Operator hurries inside the warehouse, slams the door, and holds his hand out for the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S)
We gotta get the news out there.

CLAUS
How? Internet's down, phones. What
the fuck? We got enough nitro to do
a few more of those things, but
then what?

OPERATOR (O.S)
(points at a cryo-cooler)
Make more.

CLAUS
It will take forever. It processes
approximately thirty-five liters of
air to produce fifty mil of nitro.

OPERATOR (O.S)
So, a few days?

CLAUS
(shrugs)
We got enough weed.

OPERATOR (O.S)
Food, Claus.

CLAUS
Maybe a day or so.

OPERATOR (O.S)
Then that's how long we've got.
We'll give it two days. That'll
have to be enough.

CLAUS
Then what?

OPERATOR (O.S)
We go out there and show the world
how to fight these things.

Claus looks doubtful.

FADE OUT.