

TARGET THY ENEMY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN LAND, MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

GOPRO POV

A wide view of the area reveals mostly dry, yellow grass and weeds. With a woodsy area of trees in the distance.

It's so hot the ground seems to crackle beneath the feet of

TWO ARMY SOLDIERS

who trudge their way to a momentary refuge, a small tree.

CAPTAIN FONSBACK (40s) stands in the tree's shadow. He drops his gear and surveys the land with binoculars.

He's a tall, lanky fellow, with matted gray-brown hair beneath his helmet. He faces the GoPro. Camera's POV.

FONSBACK

Day six. Since losing contact with our squad we have had no radio response, no sign of human life - dead or alive, no sign of the enemy. Only thing, it's goddamned hot.

PVT. FC LOOPESKO (mid-20s), sits in the shade of the tree. Gulps the remaining water from his canteen.

Loopesko has thick arms, legs and body. His dark rat-tail hair drips under his helmet.

He sags as he studies an area map. He looks around and nods.

LOOPESKO

There's a road ahead. And a church. About a half-mile up.

Fonsback removes his helmet. Shakes his head and sweat flies.

Each man is armed with a Sig Sauer XM250 automatic rifle.

The sun blisters them as if they're in the circle of a giant magnifying glass.

Loopesko pulls a knife, bends over and stabs a grasshopper. He sits up and studies the bug, its legs twitching.

Camera's POV.

LOOPESKO (CONT'D)

Is this the most pathetic
thing you ever seen?

Loopesko unsympathetically flicks away the insect. He spits at it. Then, his superior gets in his face.

FONSBACK

Is that all the respect you
have for life, Pvt. Loopesko?

Loopesko is taken aback by Fonsback's directness.

LOOPESKO

Sir, it's just a bug.

FONSBACK

You see anything else in this
godforsaken area that is
breathing? Moving freely?
Surviving? Do you?

LOOPESKO

No, sir.

Fonsback's expression changes.

He hands the GoPro to Loopesko. He raises his sniper rifle and steps to his right. Eye to the scope.

Takes aim toward a tree, 20 yards behind the Private.

Loopesko spins around, pans the camera across the landscape.

FONSBACK

Two o'clock. A reflection...
Keep alert.

Fonsback moves cautiously toward the woods. He waves Loopesko to follow.

FONSBACK (CONT'D)

Keep your rifle alert,
private. Not the camera.

CAMERA POV – we see a sideways world, then see the ground.

LOOPESKO (OS)

Is it the enemy? Sir.

CAMERA POV has gone from bright ground to dark woods.

FONSBACK (O.S.)

(shouts)

We are soldiers of the United States Army. Under the command of General William Hastings. We are here to survey this area. We mean you no harm.

(beat)

Please, step out and identify yourself. Now.

No return response.

FONSBACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you see what I see?

LOOPESKO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you mean a water well, then yessir, I do.

CAMERA POV – level again. Attached to Fonsback.

He scans the woods, his rifle poised for action. Turns to the

WATER WELL

Sees Loopesko peer down, who drops a pebble. Hears a distant SPLASH.

LOOPESKO (CONT'D)

We're in business.

Loopesko turns the handle vigorously. Up comes the bucket.

FONSBACK

Careful. Likely contaminated.

Loopesko stares at the bucket. Pours out its dark content.

LOOPESKO

Looks like... blood.

As the bloody liquid splashes on the ground, he notices something. Picks up a book-like object. Blows off dirt from

An IPAD

FONSBACK

How much action have you seen, Pvt. Loopesko?

LOOPESKO

... not much, sir.

FONSBACK

Don't you watch TV? That there is a potential booby-trap. You know what a booby-trap does to you? It turns you into hamburger.

LOOPESKO

All due respect, Captain. They said the invaders were from... up there. I don't think they do booby traps.

FONSBACK

On this recon mission, under my command, you think and act like a soldier. That clear?

LOOPESKO

Yessir. Very clear.

Fonsback takes the iPad and it immediately starts a video.

IPAD SCREEN

A video capture of PASTOR ED, 60s, thin, glasses and dressed in a rumpled suit. He stares into the camera.

PASTOR ED

August 24, 2022. This is Pastor Ed Jones of the White United Church in Midwich County. All means of communication have broken down. Last live feed was at ten a.m., when Nextdoor Media reported that an unprovoked invasion of extraterrestrial nature was in progress across every continent.

The crowd of mostly elderly people stirs. Low chatter. Pastor Ed glances over and then back to the camera. He continues:

PASTOR ED (CONT'D)

I'm here with about 20 of my church parishioners. We stay united in the face of evil.

One parishioner places a hand on his shoulder. Others pray.

Loud KNOCKING is heard OS. The Parishioners turn to the left. So does Pastor Ed.

The iPad screen goes blank. An instant later, a new video kicks in.

Pastor Ed is back. Parishioners join hands.

PASTOR ED (CONT'D)

We have updated information.
They are here in our county.
I repeat, the invaders are
here in our community. The
enemies are duplicators. They
mimick... US. Don't be
fooled. For those neighbors
still with us, flee to our
church. Flee with all your
might. The Lord welcomes you.

IPAD

Screen goes blank again.

BACK TO REAL TIME – GoPro POV

A dark sky. Fonsback slips the iPad inside his shirt.

FONSBACK

You said the church was up
the road?

No answer. Fonsback shines his flashlight.

FONSBACK (CONT'D)

Loopesko?

No Loopesko. Then, SCREAMING from the woods.

Jumpy blurs of light and trees. Fonsback on the move.

FONSBACK (CONT'D)

Where are you, soldier?

LOOPESKO (OS)

It's got me, Cap! Help –

Fonsback runs. Stops abruptly – we see Loopesko.

His body hangs from a tree. Twenty feet up.

LOOPESKO (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I can't move. Oh god. It's
inside of me... eating me...
help me!

FONSBACK
Where's the enemy?

LOOPESKO
Kill me! You gotta kill me!

FONSBACK
I can't see the enemy...

Suddenly, Loopesko drops to the ground. He rises and menacingly charges at Fonsback.

LOOPESKO
I am the enemy, sir.

Fonsback keeps the flashlight on Loopesko. Aims his rifle.

FONSBACK
Lord have mercy.

He fires once, then twice. Bullets don't both Loopesko.

The captain drops his rifle and gear, turns and sprints. A GROWLING from Loopesko chasing him.

Fonsback dashes across the open land. He stumbles to a gravel road. His legs rubbery. The shaky image of the church ahead.

An M17 pistol in his grips. He fires behind him as he runs.

The iPad drops. The GoPro tumbles to the ground.

Fonsback's boots can be seen plodding faintly, lit dimly by the moonlight. He chugs for air. His presence diminishing in the night.

On the ground:

IPAD SCREEN

A last video of Pastor Ed. His Parishioners around him.

There is a momentary GLITCH in the visual and we see them as they really are: INVADERS.

PASTOR ED
Come to the church of new
light and greet your savior.

The image then Glitches back to Pastor Ed and the Parishioners as humans. Smiling with open arms.

FADE OUT.