THE COLONY RUN

by

Tiago Laranjo
FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A sea of stars ENGULFS the skies. Each and every one of them doing their job. Shining bright.

Except for one.

Moving. Getting closer. And CLOSER. Vertiginous speed.

Becomes clear, it ain’t no star at all. Little by little, we make it out to be an ESCAPE POD. And there ain’t no stopping it.

Unless, of course, when it HITS the ground. HARD.

But not just any type of ground. These are penetrating DARK sands. And they are ALIVE. Slightly moving without a drop of wind. They extend as far as the eye can see.

THE POD

Rests there. We await signs of life.

Its door HISSES and OPENS.

A wholesome MAN DROPS to the sands. CATCHING his breath. White overall. Seems important.

A RUMBLING sound RIPS through the skies.

The man looks up and sees

A MUCH BIGGER SHIP

Punching its card in. THUNDEROUS. Prepares for landing, not too far off.

The man starts to RUN. For his life.

Ship LANDS.

Main doors OPENING.

Four COVERED figures come down. At ease. All in brown linen, all with goggles. The most imposing one takes the forward position. One is noticeably smaller than the rest.

Almost look human covered like that. The dead giveaway? Thick hands and feet. Three and two fingers on each one, respectively.
One is giving the final touches on a SNIPER RIFLE. Looks heavy. Looks for the target.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

The only WHITE SPOT around. Hard to miss.

A LASER BLAST

SHATTERS the man’s right knee. Moves no more. You can feel his pain just by the AGONIZING SCREAMING.

The leader looks at the sniper. He SPEAKS, somewhat muffled by all of the rags around his face. No known dialect to us.

LEADER
(subtitled)
Next time, don’t miss.

Signals all of them to MOVE FORWARD. Meet the prey. Collect the reward.

THE MAN

SCREAMING his whole life away, as the figures approach. Their footprints CLAW the sand.

The man’s knee is a disgusting mess of mashed flesh and bone. The BLOOD RED stains the dark sands. And not by a small amount.

All four creatures come to a halt.

MAN
I won’t tell you a goddamned thing. A goddamned--

A BLAST TO THE HEAD.

Man speaks no more, courtesy of the leader.

LEADER
(subtitled)
We don’t want you to.

Searches the man. From one of his pockets, takes a SMALL PIECE OF RECTANGULAR GLASS. Fiddles with it.

ON THE SCREEN

Carrier/Ship: HUMMINGBIRD
Captain: Zekham Huyl
Official Distribution Colony: 6-A
CONTACT CARRIER?

A deep BREATHE from the leader. Hands the device to the sniper.

LEADER
(subtitled)
Mark the orders. Deliver the package. Contact the carrier.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
And who will be the package?

The leader puts his hand on the sniper’s shoulder.

LEADER
(subtitled)
You have my utmost trust. You know what we’re looking for. You find it first, we’ll come and get you.

SNIPER
And if you find it first?

A beat.

The leader clutches the sniper’s skull with both hands. Breaks a rare smirk, before letting go.

LEADER
(to the rest)
MOVE OUT!

They most certainly do as we take another LOOK at the man. Slowly being EATEN AWAY by all of these dark grains.

The team of four returns to the ship.

Doors CLOSE. Ship TAKES OFF.

The sands DEVOUR the pod, who now joins the man.

INSIDE THE SHIP

A tight, yet surprisingly hollow landscape. Just the essential machinery.

They remove their face covers. Each and every one of them. The MURKY LIGHTS are enough for a glimpse of what they actually look like.
Small noses, tucked in. Cavernous eyes. Layers upon layers of rugose skin - which, slicked back, forms their equivalent of hair. Meshing almost with their eardrums.

A mix between leprosy and a cat. Not the prettiest of sights.

The LEADER. Red eyes, battle scars. He’s been around.

The SNIPER. Youngest of ‘em all. True maverick.

The SECOND HAND. Focused, calm and collected. A professional.

The SHORT ONE. Largest and smallest of the four. Real short temper. If Joe Pesci was an alien, this would be it.

Around them, a mysterious device. Almost like a computer, but not quite.

Second Hand messes with it.

ON THE SCREEN

A prisoner profile for Sniper being created.

A PRINTED CARD

Comes out of that machine. Second Hand tags him with it.

SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
One last thing.

Short One pulls a NEEDLE GUN right to Sniper’s neck. INJECTS him. Sniper HOWLS.

LEADER
(subtitled)
Their language. Your location. We all have it.
(beat)
Now rest, my son. Rest.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A CLOCK on top of a table, in itself connected directly to an OLD TV SET. Not 60’s old. Late 80’s old.

Beneath the TV? A crummy VHS recorder.

Clock marks **8:30 PM**. The table has every little piece of junk you could find. I don’t mean just rusty pieces. Every other earthly relic you could think of is at your disposal.
The TV takes its time, but gets there.

A WESTERN THEME welcomes us. An old TV show. Maybe from the 60’s.

A BUNCH of actors’s faces FLY across the screen. The most important of all saved for last.

Blonde. Handsome. HENRY WILLIAMS as...

JOHNNY SMOKE.

Face comes alive.

    JOHNNY SMOKE (V.O.)
    And now for the touchdown!

Episode begins as we DRIFT away from the TV...

...just to discover that everything is pretty much like that table. Outdated technology galore - Empty eggnog boxes, equally empty whiskey bottles and a handful of naughty magazines.

Not that big of a house, so we get to the bedside table in a jiffy. Next to a worn-out remote, sits a worn-out FRAME with two things.

The first: Half of a small and old picture of a young MAN. Dressed like a security guard in a space suit. Torn at the middle. Missing someone.

The second: A certificate of some sorts.

    EDWARD T. CANTRELL - Primary Officer of the 6-A Interplanetary Colony. Human.

And it confirms. A very human HAND reaches for the remote. Not exactly sure of its location. GRABS it.

    CANTRELL (O.S.)
    (drowsy)
    I’m awake!

SHUTS the TV off. A different CLICK. Tries it again. Not a peep.

    CANTRELL (O.S.)
    Fuck! Not again!

Gets up from bed. Slippers are there, but fuck that. We follow his bare feet. All the way up to the TV.

At least he has some denim jeans on.
Grabs that sucker, drags it. Cords RIP themselves out.

OPENS a vent on the wall. THROWS the monolith inside.

JAIL CELL

Containing nothing but broken TV sets as prisoners.

A RUMBLING noise.

The TV set gets STUCK. Covers the whole hole.

BACK TO THE UPPER FLOOR

BATHROOM

Cantrell is facing the mirror cabinet. Trying to pick one of the bottles that range from almost every friggin’ color known to man and alien.

Picks the one that most definitely isn’t Listerine. Try Johnnie Walker.

GARGLES with it anyway. CLOSES the mirror. Swallows.

The reflection spits out the image of a MAN. Late-30’s, unshaven (but not with a beard). Great chin. Not a bad set of hair (but not that great either). Plain white t-shirt on (but not THAT white).

CANTRELL

And now for the touchdown.

Goes for the bottle again. Not a drop left. Looks back at the mirror.

CANTRELL

Note to self. Bring TV and booze.

CUT TO:

Cantrell putting some boots on. His holster. Two .44 Colt’s. His favorite brown jacket. Ready to move.

Just before he grabs the door knob, he notices a flyer on the floor. Picks it up. It reads:

“Need supplies. Quick. Won’t hold much longer. – Kluta”

Reading gets interrupted by a chair going THROUGH GLASS. A somewhat distant sound.

Cantrell goes to the window. Spots a RUCKUS outside. Complete with a tiny mob.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It ain’t a huge complex of buildings, but it would take a while to get around. All organized to be like an old Western town.

Of course, instead of a wooden landscape, we have a futuristic one... by yesterday’s standards, judging from the rust in most of the buildings. Worse than that, are the spent neons and flashy colors that some of them carry. Tacky, I know.

That same mob, all diverse alien creatures (tentacles, multiple limbs, one-eyed wonders, you name it) - stands outside a building that proudly displays the sign KLUTA’S.

Among such diversity is KLUTA - the bartender and owner, trying to put order into things, while speaking countless dialects at the same time.

A skinny individual this Kluta. Dark eyes, green skin. Very oily. Nothing on but a bartender vest. Relax, no genitals. At least none that we can see.

All in all, a friendly face.

Not a human amidst all this chaos.

That all changes when “Fast” Eddie Cantrell arrives. Everyone STOPS and looks. Not a WORD is uttered in his presence...

ALIEN #1
(in perfect English)
GET HIM!

...for a split second.

The mob advances towards Cantrell, who has a not-this-shit-again kind of look.

Grabs one of his .44. Left one. Makes it SCREAM in the air.

CANTRELL
Alright, everybody be cool. Be very, very cool.

KLUTA
Look, if it isn’t “Fast” Eddie. You come to save the place?

CANTRELL
Seems like the only place worth saving around here.

(MORE)
CANTRELL (CONT'D)
(beat)
And don’t call me that.

Cantrell looks around.

CANTRELL
What’s the matter here?

KLUTA
The matter is that I’m running out of supplies to give to these guys. In the meantime, I got my window broken. AGAIN.

CANTRELL
Don’t worry, I’m on it. I got your message.

KLUTA
Too bad I left that message on your doorstep TWO days ago!

Oops.

CANTRELL
Yeah, well, I’ve been busy.

KLUTA
So have they. Probably doing the same thing you have.

CANTRELL
Protecting a whole colony?

KLUTA
No. Getting shitfaced.

CANTRELL
Says the owner of the fuckin' bar!

One alien has had enough.

ALIEN #2
Shut up already and give us our booze!

Cantrell SIGHS. Another day in paradise.

Suddenly, a VOICE from inside the bar. A very, very old and frail alien comes with a box of beer. Goes by the name of OLDIE. Doubt that’s his real name.
OLDIE
Found an ol’ box of brewskis. Come
on in, it’s on the house!

The mob goes RUNNING back to the bar. Like dogs after a juicy
steak.

Cantrell puts the gun away. Kluta joins him.

KLUTA
They’re getting worse and worse
every time.

CANTRELL
Relax. They’re only con men and
petty thieves.

KLUTA
You’re getting worse and worse
every time.

CANTRELL
Relax. I’m only human.
(beat)
Any messages for your brother?

Kluta digs inside his bartender vest. Takes out a wrinkled
paper.

KLUTA
Here.

Cantrell SMIRKS.

CANTRELL
Three hundred years ahead of the
human species and you still use pen
and paper.

KLUTA
At least I don’t wipe my ass with
it.

CANTRELL
Touché, Kluta. Touché.

Oldie joins them.

OLDIE
What the hell are you still doin’
here, Cantrell?
CANTRELL
Jesus Christ, Oldie. Try to at least put on a smile when you see me.

OLDIE
Try putting alcohol in your car and you’ll get one.
(beat)
Now hurry up! I just gave those boys their daily doses of brown club soda.

OUTSIDE CANTRELL’S HOUSE

A BEEP. ANOTHER BEEP.

Cantrell with his arm STUCK deep inside a circular device. FLASHING RED.

Gives it a NICE PUNCH. For good measure.

CANTRELL
Goddamn futuristic crap.

Another PUNCH.

CANTRELL
WORK!

FLASHES GREEN.

Door OPENS. Cantrell enters.

INT. CANTRELL’S HOUSE

LOWER FLOOR

Door CLOSES behind him.

We’re in the CELL BLOCK. The very same one from earlier.
Cantrell passes by the TV cell.

CANTRELL
Fellas.

The remaining three cells are deactivated. No light coming from there, no nothing.

Cantrell reaches another DOOR. Presses his THUMB against the lock.

Door OPENS. Welcome to the
The lights automatically FLICKER ON.

Dead center, a BRIGHT YELLOW 1982 TOYOTA STARLET. Modified to fit the age it’s in. His pride and joy.

On the trunk lid, a STICKER:

**HUMAN, BUT NEVER BEEN TO EARTH. HOW AM I DRIVING?**

Ahead of the car, an ENDLESS TUNNEL. Scary if you look at it long enough.

Cantrell enters the car. Puts on the seat belt. Checks the visor. The other half of the picture is there. A beautiful woman.

By her side, a picture of planet Earth.

Cantrell SMILES.

**CANTRELL**

Morning, baby. Morning, Earth.

Turns his other baby ON. IT replies with a ROAR.

Almost everything has been tampered with. Upgraded. Except for the traditional pine tree air freshener.

Even the tape player didn’t make it. In its place, a CD player.

Beneath it, a little monitor. Cantrell gives it a few touches. RINGS someone. FLOORS it. Car gets moving. Through the tunnel.

Gaining speed. SHAKING.

Cantrell lights up a cigarette.

Weird. The darkness ahead SPLITS in two. A light at the end of the tunnel emerges. With all the shaking, this yellow wonder also looks like it’s about to split in two.

The car gets SPIT out of the tunnel. Upwards. Nothing but an orange desert around. No more roads. Rides the sky. As if it grows wings.

And by God, it has!

Not only does it exit the colony. It exits the planet. Straight into
OUTER SPACE

INSIDE THE CAR

Cantrell EXHALES. Lets all of that SMOKE come out. CLOUDS the whole car.

Call comes through.

CANTRELL
Having a good day?

VOICE (O.S.)
Even better with you in it.

CANTRELL
Be careful or I’ll blush.
(beat)
5-B. 15 minutes. Can you do it?

VOICE (O.S.)
You wouldn’t be calling otherwise.
(beat)
Check the main building. Bunch of fresh shit there only you would like.

Cantrell SMILES. Takes another PUFF.

CANTRELL
I still wonder how you two learned to curse so well.

VOICE (O.S.)
Got it from the best.

CANTRELL
(playfully)
No, I only taught you guns. Now, go fuck yourself!

DISCONNECTS the call.

A WARNING comes on.

SMOKE DETECTED

CANTRELL
(to warning)
Yeah? Well, too bad I can’t open the window.

VOICE (O.S.)
What?
CANTRELL
What the-- I thought you were gone.

VOICE (O.S.)
No, can still hear your lungs dying from here. Honk three times?

CANTRELL
Honk three times. Over and out.

Now, he really disconnects it. Now, we see who it was.

A little someone by the name of Zekham. The only contact in his call history.

THE STARLET
Heads to another little planet. A BLUE ONE. At least, most of it. A dark spot, smack dab in the middle.

LANDS

Cantrell’s driving on dry land. Passes by half a sign that’s kind enough to inform us we’re in 5-B. Once another colony, now a wasteland.

STOPS near an IMPOSING BUILDING.

Getting the last bits out of that nicotine roll, Cantrell opens the glove compartment.

Pen, paper, a flashlight, a badge, some loose ammo and a bottle of pills. Takes the flash and the pills.

OPENS the bottle. Goes to SWALLOW one. Nada. Empty.

THROWS it to the floor.

Exits the car. Twists and throws the cig to the ground. It meets a bunch of others. They all look alike.

Cantrell looks down.

CANTRELL
I really oughta quit.

Takes his left Colt. Checks the bullets. No trouble there.
INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Piles and piles of JUNK around Eddie Cantrell. Who knows their age or what’s actually beneath all of these mountains of unsolicited crap.

Very relaxed, Cantrell enters the building. Grabs a shopping cart by the entrance. Sits little Colt in the kid’s seat. Hopes it’ll behave.

Drives the cart for a bit. Stops when he notices a big “FRESH” spray-painted on a wall. Beneath it, more random objects. A lot of briefcases, cases, TV’s and weird antennas.

Cantrell DIGS right in.

Puts an HDTV inside the cart.

Once that’s done with, he goes for broke. HUGS as many of those briefcases as possible. THROWS them into the cart.

They all hit the mark. Except one. Almost gets him in the head.

CANTRELL
What the hell?

Black. Metal.

Picks it up.

CANTRELL
(with unexpected strain)
Motherfu---

Opens it. If he could. Doesn’t budge.

HARDER. Same result.

A WHISPER. Barely audible. Then, three HONKS. Those we hear.

CANTRELL
Deal with you later.

Throws it in.

ZEKHAM

Getting off his ship. The Hummingbird.

Looks like a pretty good one. Not huge, but certainly not small. Covered with a blue-ish silver. Very slick.
Zekham himself is similar to Kluta, but different. Older.
More meat in his bones. Face a tad more round.

All in all, another friendly face.

CANTRELL

Comes out of the building. Pushing the cart. In Zekham’s
direction. Holsters the Colt back.

    CANTRELL
    You really have to add noise to
    that thing. Speaks less than my
    Starlet and it’s twice the size.

    ZEKHAM
    Hence the name.

    CANTRELL
    And where did you find tonight’s
    entertainment?

    ZEKHAM
    Thank me first and I’ll tell you.

    CANTRELL
    I’d kiss your fuckin’ dog if you
    had one.

They meet. Cantrell drops the cart. Shares a hug.

    ZEKHAM
    How are you, you slimeball?

    CANTRELL
    Since last week? Terrific, but
    hardly good for a hug.

    ZEKHAM
    Considering your smell, I’d agree.

Hug ends.

    ZEKHAM
    How’s my brother?

    CANTRELL
    Like you, but attractive.

Cantrell searches himself. Finds nothing.

    CANTRELL
    Shit. Think I might’ve lost his
    message.
ZEKHAM
Don’t worry. Knowing him, it starts with I and ends with hate you.
(beat)
Come on, let’s go take care of business.

They climb aboard.

INSIDE THE SHIP

Everything shining. Clean. Silver and whites dominate the place.

Everything organized. Like your very own supermarket. Has everything you could imagine. And then some.

They pass through, what I’m going to call, two SLEEP TUBES. Look comfy. Very.

CANTRELL
You used these yet?

ZEKHAM
Vacations and injuries only.
(beat)
So far, I’ve had neither.

CANTRELL
I take it that’s a no.

ZEKHAM
That’s a nobody-else-wants-this-damn-job-so-Zek-gets-no-time off.

CANTRELL
One of the perks of working on your own.

ZEKHAM
It ain’t the only one. I have to register half this shit just to get some kind of commission out of it.

They start going through this maze of carefully wrapped up packages.

ZEKHAM
Here we are.

Stop at a particular one. Considerable amount of white boxes. Protected by an almost invisible halo. Punches in a code. 8 digits.
CANTRELL
Where did you find your code this week?

ZEKHAM
Same place I found the fresh stuff.

CANTRELL
You really should settle for less numbers, Zek.

ZEKHAM
You’re just jealous because you have a rusty human head.
(beat)
Besides, I have the little plastic card back home.

CANTRELL
You wouldn’t also happen to have a box of my favorite pills, now would you?

ZEKHAM
You didn’t ask.

CANTRELL
Like you said. Rusty head.
(beat)
What about eggnog? I’d kill for some eggnog.

ZEKHAM
Next week. Now stop asking for things and help me get this stuff to the car.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SNIPER

His face being covered. A gun in Short One’s hands. Presses a button. Invisible. Sticks it in Sniper’s hands.

SECOND HAND
(subtitled)
Ready for drop-off. One minute and counting.

OUTSIDE THE SHIP

That familiar orange landscape. That assaulting ship.
A tiny compartment near of where the ship has landed. Near that compartment a plaque:

**WELCOME TO 6-A. ALL PRISONERS REPORT HERE. SHIPS HAVE ONE MINUTE FOR DELIVERY. EXTREME MEASURES WILL BE TAKEN OTHERWISE.**

Translated into a bunch of other languages down below.

SHIP DOOR

Sniper comes out with Leader. Walks with him, up until the compartment.


This is where that fake one comes into play.

LEADER
(subtitled)
We will return. Believe.

With that, the card goes in.

Light turns GREEN.

CUT TO:

CAR TRUNK

CLOSING. Cantrell, tired. GASPING for air.

Zekham PATS him on the back.

ZEKHAM
I thought you liked old school.

CANTRELL
Not when it kills my back, I don’t.

The car is filled to the brink, minus the two front seats.

Suddenly, the HORN goes off. Incessantly.

Both of them, freeze. Look at one another, surprised.

ZEKHAM
You got mail?

CANTRELL
Strange. It’s the first one in years.
(beat)
We done?
ZEKHAM
You are.

CANTRELL
And you?

ZEKHAM
Got another business here. Last minute. Extra pay. Sounds about right, you know? (beat)
Take care of that mail.

CANTRELL
As long as he stays away from the milk, he’ll do just fine.

CUT TO:

A RED LIGHT
A BEEP. This time, on the other side of the compartment. Cantrell’s arm is again down for the count. His veins being scanned.

THE ORANGE SCENERY
All around Cantrell and his Starlet. All around the small compartment. Try hard and it’s a sardine can.

A GREEN LIGHT.
Door OPENS. Cantrell walks in.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT
Set up like your traditional interrogation room. Glass divides the sides.

There’s apparently nobody there. Cantrell takes out his left Colt. You know, good measure.

Peeks a bit more. What does he see?

A deep SIGH from Cantrell. Puts the gun away.

INT. CANTRELL’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Door KICKED in. Sniper on Cantrell’s shoulders.
BATHROOM
Cantrell puts him in the tub. Water RUNNING. Runs back to the
LIVING ROOM
Among all of the shit he has, he digs up a little wooden
crate. EMERGENCIES stamped on it.
Opens it. Syringes upon syringes. All different colors. A
little leather book.
Takes one needle out. Holds it in his mouth. Flips through
the book. Page after page. Some weird names. Even worse
anatomies.
Stops. On EKHAN.
The small picture shows a creature just like Sniper and the
others. More importantly, it shows where the needle goes.

CANTRELL
Goddamn Ekhans.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM
Cantrell closes the water. Opens Sniper’s mouth. Disgusting.
Long teeth crumple longer teeth. INJECTS the needle inside.
Sniper WAKES up. Violently.
PUNCHES Cantrell square in the jaw. Makes him fly. All the
way to the living room, eating a little wall on the way.
Sniper gets up. Eyes fixated on Cantrell.
Reaches for his gun. Camouflage goes to shit. Water does
that.
Steps out of the bathroom.
LIVING ROOM
Sniper points the gun at Cantrell, who’s still hazy.
Embarrassingly slow, Cantrell tries the left Colt. Doesn’t
make it.
Sniper COCKS his gun. Ready to drop a blast.

SNIPER
Move. the. hands.
CANTRELL
I can move them to the right, if you want.

Goes in the direction of the other Colt.

SNIPER
I ain’t fuckin’ around, human.

Cantrell SPITS blood.

CANTRELL
Cursing already, huh?

SNIPER
Where is IT?

CANTRELL
IT? I just saved your fuckin’ life!

SNIPER
You call that saving?

CANTRELL
No. I call that spoiled milk.

Sniper doesn’t want to hear this. Picks up Cantrell by his feet. Throws him against another wall. Leaves a mark. On the wall and most certainly on Cantrell.

Sniper points the gun again.

SNIPER
Next time, it will be the gun that does the talking.

CANTRELL
C’mon, don’t shoot me with those. Put a real bullet in me.

SNIPER
Maybe after you’re dead.

CANTRELL
This was your brilliant plan all along? To shoot the sheriff? How do you think the others will react?

Suddenly, another VOICE joins the conversation.

KLUTA
As of right now, not good.
(to Sniper)
Drop it.
Kluta has a gun on Sniper. Exactly like the one he’s sticking to Cantrell.

Sniper looks at Kluta. Not for long.

Quick enough for Cantrell to take his left Colt and SLAM it against Sniper’s head, rattling his brains in the process.

    CANTRELL
    Too bad. I had just saved his life.

    KLUTA
    Cry me a river and get him to a cell.

    CANTRELL
    About that.
    (beat)
    Think I might need to use your freezer.

INT. KLUTA’S - NIGHT

Freezer door CLOSES. Kluta and Cantrell outside.

    KLUTA
    Sure he won’t die?

    CANTRELL
    Ekhans. Can take temperatures that would freeze you and me in seconds, but they won’t eat a popsicle. Go figure.

Cantrell points his gun at Kluta. Kluta starts to walk away. Cantrell CLEARS his throat.

That stops Kluta. Cantrell looks down. So does Kluta.

    CANTRELL
    The gun. You know the rules.

Kluta points his as well.

    KLUTA
    My booze. You know the rules.

    CANTRELL
    Let’s call it a draw, then.

    KLUTA
    Good, because I’m running out of club soda.
THE LAST BOX

Being piled on top of the others. Cantrell SLAMS Starlet’s trunk.

CANTRELL
I guess that does it.

KLUTA
Not quite. What do you intend to do with the Ekhan when he wakes up?

CANTRELL
Answers. A bedtime story. Who gives a fuck?

KLUTA
Let him freeze?

CANTRELL
Let him freeze.
(beat)
How did you know? About our little friend.

Klutu smirks.

KLUTA
I didn’t. Went in to give you this.

Hands the message he wrote for Zekham to him.

Cantrell looks at that piece of paper like lightning just struck him across the head. Puts it in his jacket.

CANTRELL
Your brother!

KLUTA
What about him?

CANTRELL
He said something about meeting someone. Last minute. Big pay.

KLUTA
So? Not unusual.

CANTRELL
Unusual if it happens at the same time I’m receiving my first package in years.

Cantrell OPENS Starlet’s door.
CANTRELL
Close the bar. Send everybody home.

KLUTA
On a hunch?

CANTRELL
You damn right.

Gets in. SLAMS the door. BURNS rubber.

On Kluta’s concerned look, we...

CUT TO:

THE STARLET
Landing on the 5-B. Near the Hummingbird. Just as they left it.

Car STOPS. Cantrell exits. Pulls out his right Colt.

CANTRELL
ZEK! ZEKHAM!

Not a peep. Not a soul in sight.

Looks to the ground. Various black footprints stain the grey. V-Shaped. All heading towards the IMPOSING building.

The worst? They’re accompanied by little splices of green blood.

He invites the other Colt to the party.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The amount of spilled blood increases. Step by step.

Cantrell looks forward. Wishes he didn’t.

Because on top of the FRESH pile lays a bloodied, lifeless Zekham.

CANTRELL
ZEK!

He RUNS to him. Thinking he has a chance. Checks his pulse.

The answer is clear.

A tear-eyed Cantrell closes Zek’s eyes.
CANTRELL

Thank you.

A DEEP, FAMILIAR VOICE INTERRUPTS these final moments. From the PITCH DARK. We recognize it. The Leader.

LEADER (O.S.)

He’s dead.

Cantrell looks around. Can’t see a thing.

SCREAMS in RAGE as he EMPTIES his Colts. Hits DARKNESS.

LEADER (O.S.)

Save your ammunition, human.

CANTRELL

Give me a fuckin’ good reason why.

LEADER (O.S.)

I’ll give you two.

From the shadows, out come Second Hand and Short One. GUNS-A-BLAZING.

Hit nothing but JUNK.

Cantrell RUNS out of there. Like hell. Gives them a wide margin.

The Ekhans follow him.

OUTSIDE

Cantrell gets to the Starlet. Sticks himself inside. TAKES some more life out of those tires.

STRAIGHT AHEAD. Into town.

Ekhans RUN after him. Keep BLASTING AWAY at the car. Not working. Every HIT, a RICOCHET.

INSIDE THE CAR

CANTRELL

Blastproof, you dumb fucks!

So they see. That’s why they

LAUNCH

themselves at it. A THUD.

INSIDE THE CAR
Cantrell driving swiftly. Giving it all he’s got.

CANTRELL
Get off my Starlet!

TAKES A HARD TURN

Left. But they won’t BUDGE. Their THICK CLAWS working with them. POUNDING AWAY.

CANTRELL

Sees the hood of the car wanting to give away. That’s why he takes

AN EVEN HARDER RIGHT TURN

And Short One goes flying OFF. CRASHING into a WALL. MERCILESS IMPACT.

Cantrell continues. Notices a GLASS PLATE WINDOW. Dead ahead. Hopes the Ekhan doesn’t. From the POUNDING, he thinks NOT.

PEDAL TO THE METAL

If he’s not careful, he’s going back to 1955.

BRAKES.

Deafening SCREECHING. Car comes to a HALT.

The Ekhan doesn’t. FLIES for the first time in his life. Against the glass. SHATTERS it into a million pieces.

CANTRELL

Takes a deep BREATH. The car does too.

Tries to FLOOR it. Doesn’t go. Something’s JAMMING it.

Reaches DOWN. Grabs something.

The empty bottle of pills.

OPENs the window. Throws the bottle out. Checks

THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Second Hand. Slowly coming around. A BIG piece of glass on his NECK. HOLDS the pain. The face tells a different story.

He doesn’t remove the glass. He PUSHES it IN.
Ahead of him

SHORT ONE

Coming back to his feet. A pulpy blue mess. Out for blood. SCREAMS.

A RUMBLING SOUND

Above them. The Ekhan ship.

CANTRELL

FLOORS it. Straight ahead.

Meets the Short One again. RUNS OVER him. All of his weight doesn’t make a dent on Starlet.

THE STARLET

Passes by the Hummingbird. FLIES OFF 5-B.

THE BOTTLE OF PILLS

Gets picked up by Short One. On it, we see printed:

TO EDWARD CANTRELL. 6-A.

SPITS blood. Blue. Slowly, his wounds REGENERATE.

SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
We’ll see you soon, Edward Cantrell. Real soon.

THE STARLET

Approaches Kluta’s. Embarrassing landing.

Cantrell SPEEDS out of the car. Straight into

THE BAR

BREATHING. Hard.

We get our first good look at the bar. Looks exactly like an old saloon. Very overdone. The broken window has been taken care of. A big metal plate stands in its place.

Kluta, over the counter. Cantrell slows down. Approaches him.

KLUTA
What the hell happened?
No reply. Catching his breath.

    KLUTA
    Speak, goddamnit!

Cantrell takes the paper out of his jacket. Puts the message on top of the counter.

    CANTRELL
    They killed him, Klu. The Ekhans killed him.

Kluta takes a DEEP BREATH. Looks down. Doesn’t show the pain.

Looks back at Cantrell.

    CANTRELL
    We can’t take them, Klu. We don’t have the weapons and we certainly don’t have the back up.

Kluta chews on that answer for a bit.

    KLUTA
    That’s it? You come in here, tell me that my brother has just been killed. Left on garbage. And you won’t even raise a gun?
    (beat)
    Well, I will.

    CANTRELL
    No, you won’t.

A defiant look from Kluta.

    KLUTA
    And why not?

    CANTRELL
    Because I know what they want.

OLDIE steps in. Sleeves up. A tattoo on his right arm. COCKING a gun. Also not run on bullets.

    OLDIE
    So do I.

THE CASE

Going on top of the counter. Again, with strain.
KLUTA
And you have no idea how to open it
or what’s inside?

CANTRELL
All I know is that it’s big enough
for them to want it. Bad.

OLDIE
Why don’t we get some answers?

Kluta and Cantrell look dumbstruck.

OLDIE
You didn’t forget, did you?

A SMALL RED DOT
On a monitor. An Ekhan claw TAPS it.

Second Hand. His wounds only a hint of blue.

SECOND HAND
(subtitled)
Location confirmed. We may proceed.

SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
Give me the human!

The Leader shuts them off.

LEADER
(subtitled)
You will get blood. In time.

BLACK
Freezer door OPENS.

Cantrell, Kluta and Oldie standing there. Surprised.

SNIPER

Dead. Frozen.

KLUTA
Can hold temperatures you and I
can’t, huh?

Cantrell. A bit embarrassed.
CANTRELL
Ekhans. Tethans. A slip of the tongue.

KLUTA
A slip of the tongue? A slip--

Kluta SOCKS Cantrell. Sends him to the ground.

KLUTA
And it’s pronounced Teethans.

OLDIE
Now, now... no time to be fighting amongst ourselves.
(beat)
In his defence, he was breathing when I came to drop the beer.

A tiny BUZZ. Coming from Sniper’s neck.

CANTRELL
Shit! They know where we are.

ABIG BUZZ. The place SHAKES.

Cantrell gets up.

CANTRELL
(to Kluta)
You got more of those metal plates to cover windows?

Kluta barely looks at him. Nods positively.

CANTRELL
Good. Let’s cover every goddamn hole in this joint.
(to Oldie)
Oldie, find me some bullets. And hide the case. I’ll bring the car around back.
(beat)
They are not getting in.

KLUTA
Puts the final METAL PLATE. Main door. Steps back. Pours himself a drink.

OLDIE
Comes barging in. GUN in hand.
OLDIE
It’s safe!

CANTRELL
Sitting down. Reloading his COLTS.

THE EKHAN SHIP
Lands. Right outside.
We hear STEPS. Closer and closer.

CANTRELL
Guns ready.

KLUTA
Another sip. Takes out his now VISIBLE gun.

POUNDING on the door. Each one STRONGER than the last.

Cantrell moves his hand DOWN, as in, “relax, they can’t get in”.

A BLAST
Proves Cantrell wrong. The main door, WIDE OPEN. The metal does exactly nothing.

KLUTA
(to Cantrell)
There goes plan A!

CANTRELL
(to Oldie and Kluta)
Don’t shoot.

KLUTA
And if they shoot first?

CANTRELL
They won’t.

THE EKHANS
Come into the place. Even uglier underneath all these lights.

LEADER
(to them)
Finally, we meet.

KLUTA
Wanting to squeeze that TRIGGER.

Leader notices this.

LEADER
You shoot me and we’ll be forced to retaliate. So don’t.

Cantrell turns the attention to himself.

CANTRELL
You’ll have to excuse him. He gets a little trigger-happy whenever someone kills his brother in cold blood.
(beat)
And frankly, so do I.

LEADER
Start pulling triggers and we’ll all be dead.
(beat)
If it makes you feel any better, your friend put up a fight. Died honorably for it. Didn’t utter a single word.

LEADER
Sits down. Across Cantrell. SLAPS his GUN on the table. Cantrell does the same with his Colts.

LEADER
There. Just a handful away.
(beat)
First things first, what do I call you?

CANTRELL
Depends.

LEADER
Depends?

CANTRELL
Friend or foe?

LEADER
Most certainly not a friend.

CANTRELL
Great. Call me Eddie. You?
LEADER
Not important.

CANTRELL
If you say so, Not Important.

Leader SMIRKS.

LEADER
Do you know why I’m here?

CANTRELL
Maybe.

LEADER
Do you know where that maybe is?

CANTRELL
Most certainly.

LEADER
Will you give it to me?

CANTRELL
Go fuck yourself.

Leader doesn’t bite. Short One pricks up.

SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
Give him to me! He’ll talk!

Second Hand controls Short One.

CANTRELL
What did he call me?

LEADER
Charming.

Oldie INTERRUPTS.

OLDIE
(to Leader)
I’ll give it to you!

Points his gun at Cantrell.

CANTRELL
Oldie, what the f--
OLDIE
Can it, Eddie!
(to Kluta)
Drop your little precious, Klu.

Kluta resists. DISGUSTED.

OLDIE
Don’t look at me like that, Klu. We all wanna get outta here. Don’t make me find your way out for ya.

Kluta stands down.

KLUTA
You better die before I pick it up again.

OLDIE
I highly doubt it.
(beat)
Now, let’s all go for a walk.

CANTRELL’S ARM
Stuck inside that horrible hole. Veins being scanned.

LIGHT GOES GREEN
Everybody gets inside.

CELL BLOCK
They stop in front of the FIRST CELL. The TV graveyard.

OLDIE
Eddie, if you wouldn’t mind giving us a hand. Again.

Oldie CRACKS himself with that one.

Cantrell does so. Gets his thumb LICKED. RED LIGHT turns into GREEN LIGHT.

Leader looks at Oldie.

LEADER
After you.

Oldie obeys. Gets inside the cell. The Ekhans follow.

OLDIE
NOW!
Big mistake.

Kluta and Cantrell SHOVE themselves at the Ekhans. Enough strength for all three of them to go TUMBLING into the cell. Against the junk.

Cantrell SHOVES the door in. Light goes RED. LOCKED.

Amidst the chaos, Oldie exits right through the bars. Skeleton wonders.

OLDIE
Plan B. Improvise!

A thousand CLICKS followed by violent GRUNTING. The Ekhan weaponry, not working.

CANTRELL
Sorry. Weapons won’t help you in there, fellas.
(beat)
Now, if you excuse us.

OUR HEROIC TRIO

Outside. Hauling ass. Heading back to the BAR.

OLDIE
Even I didn’t know I was that good.
(beat)
Tell me, when did you guys know?

CANTRELL
When you said you needed my arm. Yours works just fine in there.

KLUTA
(to Cantrell)
Hey! How come his arm works in there?

CANTRELL
Seniority.

OLDIE
Relax, Klu. I’m old. I don’t wanna go anywhere.

KLUTA
Is that your excuse for everything?

OLDIE
You have a better one?
CANTRELL
And even if he wanted to, he wouldn’t get far. It only controls those two doors.

They get to the SHIP.

OLDIE
We still have the matter of this big momma and her baby cups.

KLUTA
Ask me and I’ll give you the perfect solution.

CANTRELL
We’ll try the regular channels first.

Kluta gives him a surprised look.

KLUTA
Those regular channels will give you nothing but your regular static. And considering your only contact outside of this dump just got killed, I’d say you just ran out of options.

Relaxed, Cantrell adds:

CANTRELL
Maybe. But we give it a go first. (to Oldie)
Oldie, where did you hide the case?

OLDIE
Starlet has it.

CANTRELL
That’s where it was before!

OLDIE
Sorry if I was too busy saving your lives!

Another VOICE joins the conversation. We hear something DRIPPING.

SNIPER
Alive. Outside of Kluta’s.
SNIPER
I wouldn’t be too sure about that.

Starts BLASTING away.

Oldie goes one side. Takes cover against the ship.

Kluta and Cantrell, crouching. Go to the back of the bar.

OLDIE

Under HEAVY FIRE. Sniper HITS him in the arm. Piece of skin comes out. No blood. No pain. He’s too old for that!

SNIPER
Give it up, old man!

Oldie SHOOTS back. No luck.

OLDIE
I am not a man!

All of a sudden

STARLET

Comes BUSTING through.

Windows rolled down. Cantrell. Kluta. SHOOTING AWAY at Sniper. HIT him more times than not.

Sniper falls down. Can’t even retaliate. Taken care of.

The car STOPS.

OLDIE (O.S.)
He dead?

CANTRELL
Think so. We aimed to please.

Oldie comes out of cover.

THROWS a set of KEYS inside the CAR. Cantrell and Kluta are STARTLED by it. Nobody catches. Nobody was expecting it.

CANTRELL
A little warning next time, Oldie!

OLDIE
Yeah, yeah. Those are the keys to my house in Senton. If there’s a place to open that case, it’s there.
KLUTA
So much for trying the regular channels.

Cantrell turns to Kluta.

KLUTA
What? I was just--

Cuts him off.

CANTRELL
Get out.

KLUTA
Sorry. Not happening.

CANTRELL
Sorry. Not up to discussion.

KLUTA
I think I deserve to know what happened. First hand.

Cantrell gets in his face.

CANTRELL
And I want you out of this car. First hand.

Oldie interrupts.

OLDIE
Let him go, Ed. It’s not like anyone keeps check.
   (beat)
Now, I know what I have to do. And you two should go and do what YOU have to do.

Cantrell thinks for a bit. Looks at Kluta.

CANTRELL
Right.

Looks at Oldie’s arm.

CANTRELL
That didn’t hurt, did it?

OLDIE
Are you kidding? I haven’t felt anything in years!
   (MORE)
OLDIE (CONT'D)
(beat)
Now go!

CANTRELL
(playfully)
Eat dirt, Oldie.

The Starlet ROARS again. Leaves DUST behind Oldie. He COUGHS. Cleans his clothes.

OLDIE
Didn’t have to actually make me eat dirt.

Gets up. DUSTS himself. Approaches Sniper.

Rolls him around. Still dead.

Sniper OPENS his eyes. BLASTS Oldie.

Guess he wasn’t THAT dead.

Looks at the ground. Where the Ekhan footprints lead. Looks at Oldie again.

CUT TO:

OLDIE’S

Severed arm. Getting its veins checked. Sniper’s hand holding it. Light goes GREEN.

INSIDE THE CELL

The Ekhans. Surprised to see Sniper.

LEADER
(surprised)
My son!

SNIPER

Presses OLDIE’s THUMB against the lock. WORKS. Door OPENS.

Points his gun at Leader. At his head.

BOOM! Paints the cell.

The other two. Shocked.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
You’re free, soldiers.
SECOND HAND  
(subtitled)  
The case?

SHORT ONE  
(subtitled)  
The human?

SNIPER  
(subtitled)  
Ours. Both ours.

We FOCUS in on Oldie’s arm. On his tattoo, we do a PARAMOUNT INDY...

DISSOLVE TO:

A billboard. In OUTER SPACE. Just outside this little planet.

WELCOME TO SENTON.

And then a bunch of other translations.

THE STARLET

Passes right by it. Towards the planet.

DARK NIGHT

A plain field of grass. A distant wooden house. If it weren’t for the horde of alien livestock nearby, I’d expect to see the Kents.

Sadly, it doesn’t look like anybody lives there.

THE STARLET

Lands. In front of the house.

INSIDE THE CAR

Cantrell has the keys. They look like round sticks.

KLUTA

Nice place, Oldie.

CANTRELL

Almost as old as he is.

They share a LAUGH. Fades away.

CANTRELL

Klu, I--
Gets CUT off. Mood changes.

KLUTA
Let’s just get inside and open that case.

THE KEYS

Going into the door. JAMMING.

KLUTA
Hurry up, this thing is heavy.

CANTRELL
I’m trying. Stupid sticks won’t go.

Before they know it, the door OPENS and a sleek GUN BARREL welcomes them.

VOICE (O.S.)
You have half a second to tell me who you are.

COCKS it.

VOICE (O.S.)
And you’ve already wasted it.

KLUTA drops the case. Forgets how much it WEIGHS. The wood does not. SLAMS through. A HOLE in the porch.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HOUSE


TWO CREATURES

Very similar to Oldie, but young. DEAD SERIOUS. Sit across from our heroes.

Kluta, holds the case. Filled with wood splinters.

CANTRELL
We know Oldie. He gave us the keys to the house.

KLUTA
It’s our vacation. We’re just having trouble with our case.

The creatures, still STONE FACED, look at the case. Doubt in their eyes.
Look back at Cantrell.

CANTRELL
Light packers.

Finally, their mood changes.

CREATURE #1
Well, why didn’t you say so already? Friends of our son are our friends! Stay for as long as you want!

CREATURE #2
Plus, it’s always nice seeing a human, considering your kind helped us with our planet.

CANTRELL
We had no idea--

Kluta, again, CUTS him off.

KLUTA
Oldie is your son?

CANTRELL
Wait, what?

CREATURE #1
That’s what we said a couple of seconds ago. You guys got memory problems?

CANTRELL
 (gets back on track)
But how can you-- You’re so--

CREATURE #2
Old. We know.

KLUTA
Old? No! Oldie’s old. You’re-- young!

CREATURE #1
That’s his nickname? Poor Holgo.

CREATURE #2
He did always like to pretend he was old to the other kids.
(MORE)
Our boy. All grown up.

They look TENDERLY at one another. Hold hands.

Kluta and Cantrell also look at each other. Confused.

You see, Holgo is only 25,000 years old. It is tradition, among our people, to break your ties while young and explore the Universe.

Cantrell moves forward in his chair.

And you? How old are you?

I’m 127,000.

134,000 myself.

Moves back again.

Just when you think you got it all figured out.

When did you ever think that?

Cantrell defies him with a look. One of the creatures breaks the momentary ice.

Clumsy us. Never even said our names. I’m Moona. And the one you met is my wife, Hutga.

Now, bring your car around back and let’s see what we can do about that case.

THE BARN

The case SLAMMED against a working table. By Kluta.

We’ve never seen most of the tools on top of it.

Moona comes into FRAME. Armored suit. BIG GUN.
MOONA
Clear!

HUTGA
You better do as he says.

They reach back. Hutga goes farther back.

MOONA
Adjusts his goggles. Positions the GUN in just the right way. SQUEEZES the trigger.

This very tiny LASER CHARGE cuts through the main locks of the case.

Takes less than a second.

MOONA
Come on out!

KLUTA
(surprised)
That’s it?

Hutga passes by them.

HUTGA
Yeah. Wasn’t it dangerous?

Kluta looks at Cantrell.

CANTRELL
They ARE old.

Point taken. They move in.

THE FOUR
Standing around the table.

MOONA
See if nothing’s missing.

Without waiting for a reply, Moona turns the case upside down.

Slow as a snail, this little slim paper card DROPS. HUGE IMPACT SOUND. Like it weighs a ton.

CANTRELL
KLUTA
That’s it? That’s it?
Hutga takes a better look.

CLOSE ON CARD

Written it has:

“WEIGHT CARD (45 pounds/ 20 kg/ 3 zloks) – From Big Al’s Lockers & Registrations. City of Cendrak. This message has been written in English.”

SILENCE.

HUTGA
This means you’re not staying?

CANTRELL
This means we’re not staying.

MOONA
(sad)
This means they’re not staying!

Conversation broken by an ANIMAL SOUND

And then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Pretty soon, all livestock is SPITTING out a SOUND.

KLUTA
What’s happening?

MOONA
More guests.

CANTRELL
Shit.

Cantrell goes for his Colts. Moona stops him.

MOONA
No. We’ll deal with it.
(beat)
If they are who we think they are, you don’t want to be seen.

CANTRELL
And who is that?

HUTGA
Shapeshifters.

KLUTA
That doesn’t sound good.
HUTGA
It’ll sound even worse if they catch you.

Cantrell goes to get the case. Hutga stops him.
Looks at him. DEAD SERIOUS.

HUTGA
No time for the case.

OUR HEROES
Getting inside the hole that Kluta inadvertently left.

OLDIE’S PARENTS
Looking down. Guns ready.

MOONA
Don’t come out until we say so.

They COVER it with a WOODEN BOARD. Goes DARK.

THROUGH THE PORCH WOOD
Kluta and Cantrell see Moona and Hutga returning. Getting ready.
The grass SHAKES.
Who comes out of there?
Those damn THREE EKHANS. Decorated with weaponry.

A SURPRISED REACTION
From Kluta and Cantrell. They speak quietly.

CANTRELL
What the f--

KLUTA
If they’re here, that means...

CANTRELL
Oldie’s dead.

SNIPER
Leading the squad. Carrying his weapon of choice. The one that shatters knees from a distance. Imagine UP CLOSE.

All GUNS aimed at Hutga and Moona.
HUTGA
You have half a second to tell me who you are.

SNIPER
Don’t worry. You have even less.
(beat)
Now drop them.

KLUTA AND CANTRELL
Watching all of this. Their talking, done in WHISPERS.

KLUTA
We have to help them.

Deep SIGH from Cantrell.

CANTRELL
You sure pick the worst moments to be right.

Cantrell goes for the Colts.

THROUGH THE PORCH WOOD

They see Moona and Hutga kneeling down. Pointing in their direction. Then at the barn.

CANTRELL
No, no! They’re telling them everything!

KLUTA
Can you blame them?

Short One goes to the BARN. Seconds later and out he comes with the briefcase.

CANTRELL
Fuck it.
(beat)
Ready when you are.

Before they do anything, the Ekhans unload LASER BLASTS all over Moona and Hutga. Just like that.

They drop DEAD. What’s left of them, that is.

Kluta and Cantrell can’t believe it. Cantrell almost JUMPS out. Kluta GRABS him. Why?

THE EKHANS
Are retreating. Going back to the field. Disappear.


They maintain the WHISPERING.

CANTRELL

Couldn’t save your brother.
Couldn’t save Oldie. Couldn’t save his goddamn parents.

Kluta sits by his side. Cantrell doesn’t even look at him.

KLUTA
Nothing you could have done, Cantrell.
(beat)
But there’s something you can do now. That we can do now.

Cantrell looks up. Kluta extends his hand.

KLUTA
For Zek?

Cantrell SHAKES it. With authority!

CANTRELL
For Zek!

CUT TO:

ANOTHER BILLBOARD.

HUGE Lettering.

CENDRAK.

A city ALIVE. Even at NIGHT. Cars floating UP and DOWN. Buildings that touch the SKY and BEYOND. Overpopulated. A mess.

BIG AL’S SIGN

Shining bright amongst the confusion.

THE CASE

Being carried. Two Ekhan claws. The Usual Suspects - Second Hand and Short One.

OPEN sign on the door. Various languages.
They enter as
KLUTA AND CANTRELL
Watch from the Starlet. In the shadows.

    CANTRELL
    They’re in. Let’s go.

Kluta not looking too good. Sweaty.

    KLUTA
    I forgot how far this was from Senton.

Tries to shake it away.

    KLUTA
    Don’t know how you can spend three hours in this car, let alone a full day.

    CANTRELL
    I wish I knew either. You gonna be alright?

    KLUTA
    I am. But what about us in there?

Cantrell looks at the glove compartment.

    CANTRELL
    Oh, we’ll do just fine.

THE STORE


Behind the counter, your usual FAT BLOB. Except he’s really one this time. Reading. Probably only looking at the funny pictures.

Only one individual checking the store. No, still not a human. Looks courageous enough to stop a dead fly.

    SHORT ONE
    (to said individual)
    Leave.

He does.
The Fat Blob TRIES to get up. Says something unintelligible. To himself.

SHORT ONE
(to Fat Blob)
Stay.

Obeys.
The Ekhans approach him. Case GOES to the counter.

FAT BLOB
Ekhans. A rare species these days.

SECOND HAND
So will yours, if you keep running your mouth.
(beat)
Anyone else around?

KLUTA
Just us.

Kluta and Cantrell ENTER.

Three guns versus none. Two Colts on the Ekhans, courtesy of Eddie Cantrell. One whatever on Fat Blob, courtesy of Kluta Huyl.

Cantrell turns the sign to CLOSED.

CANTRELL
Don’t move, boys. We got plenty of bullets for just two targets.

FAT BLOB
Three.

Cantrell SMELLS something funny in the air. Makes a bad face.

KLUTA’S HAND
Behind his back. Holding a paper. We can make most of it:

$$
= DO THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT--

The only problem? It’s still really HOT. Kluta’s oily skin starts SMUDGING the paper.

CANTRELL
How about you drag Big Al in here, Blobby? Ask him for a fan while you’re at it.
FAT BLOB
I can’t.

CANTRELL
Why’s that?

Short One chips in.

SHORT ONE
Big Al’s a franchise. He’s just the manager of this store.

CANTRELL
Shut up, Shorty. Look at Blandy.

Blob clears his throat. Points up.

A SIGN

SMILE! WE DO NOT KNOW YOU’RE HERE!

CANTRELL
What the fuck do I care?

Fat Blob clears his throat. Harder.

Cantrell looks again.

ANOTHER SIGN

HUMANS NOT ALLOWED TO SMALL TALK. MAKE IT SNAPPY!

CANTRELL
Oh yeah? Well, I’m not just any human. I’m a human with two guns and a badge. Make an exception.

(beat)
Klu, show the card to Blobby.

(to Fat Blob)
No tricks, Blobby.

(to Ekhans)
That goes for you two. Move and you’ll decorate a new locker.

Kluta moves in. Shows

THE CARD

We see it fully now. Kinda. The smudge has erased part of the message:

$$$ = DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO.

Kluta wraps it up. EATS it. SWALLOWS it.
REACTIONS

From everybody, including Cantrell. All disgusted. No one drops a word.

KLUTA
(to everybody)
What?

Cantrell shakes his head.

CANTRELL
Blobby, open the case. Tell us everything you know about it.

FAT BLOB
Where’s your badge, human?

CANTRELL
Right now, farther away than that gun is to your head. Open it.

FAT BLOB
Gets the card out. Like a feather to him.

FAT BLOB
This is an old card. We don’t use these anymore.

KLUTA
Records? Codes? Papers?

CANTRELL
(to himself)
Please no more papers.

FAT BLOB
Let me check.

Fat Blob does something strange. Starts pressing the air. What’s even stranger is that little blue circles appear.

FAT BLOB
I got something.
(beat)
Papers.

PAPER BEING PRINTED

Fat Blob RIPS it. Puts it in the briefcase. CLOSES it.

Short One WHISPERS something to Second Hand.
SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
I think we got what we came for.
Ready?

SECOND HAND
(subtitled)
Ready.

Kluta overhears this. Gun still pointed at Fat Blob.

KLUTA
The Ekhans are whispering,
Cantrell. The Ekhans are whispering!

CANTRELL
Yeah? And what are those two lovely birds singing?

SHORT ONE
THIS!

They reveal their true INTENTIONS!

Short One PICKS up the briefcase. SWINGS it. HITS Kluta. Kluta HITS the counter. His gun HITS the floor.

SECOND HAND

Snaps it right up. Starts UNLOADING on Cantrell. Makes a RUN for it with SHORT ONE.

FAT BLOB

Sees this all go down. Goes for something UNDER the COUNTER.

CANTRELL

Has an EYE on him. And a .44 BLOWS Fat Blob to kingdom come.

Cantrell and Second Hand keep trading SHOTS. GUN FIRE galore.

Cantrell fights back with every BULLET he’s got. Something has to connect.

Unfortunately for Cantrell, it’s a BLAST to his shoulder. Just a SCRATCH. Blood SPITS out, nonetheless.

The Ekhans EXIT through the back door.

Cantrell RUNS to Kluta. He’s coming around to his senses. Getting up. And indeed, senses something’s missing.
KLUTA
My gun. Where’s my gun?

Without stopping, Cantrell YANKS him.

Out the back door. Into an ALLEY

Left. Dead end.

Right. A GLIMPSE of the Ekhans.

CANTRELL
Yanks Kluta again. Doesn’t even give him a choice.

THE EKHANS
Look behind. Second Hand SHOOTS some more.

CANTRELL
There’s your gun!

Hits nothing. They turn RIGHT. Disappear from sight.

Kluta and Cantrell stop where they last saw them.

The bad news? It’s a 50 ft. straight DROP into a CROWDED street. All sorts of weird cars down there.

The good news? They see the Ekhans. Getting away. Running HAVOK.

They look at each other.

CANTRELL
You thinking what I’m thinking?

KLUTA
I goddamn hope so.

Cantrell JUMPS. Kluta doesn’t.

LANDS

On top of something that might be a bus. Looks like one.

KLUTA
(to Cantrell)
THAT’S NOT WHAT I WAS THINKING!

Kluta turns his head. Spots some stairs nearby. They go directly into the street.
Takes them. Sees

AN OCEAN OF PEOPLE

Recognizes the Ekhans. Far away.

RUNS. Side by side with the bus where Cantrell is hanging on for dear life.

CANTRELL

Looks at Kluta. Doesn’t realize that ahead of him is another bridge.

CANTRELL

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

Kluta does. SIGNALS him.

KLUTA

LOOK UP!

Cantrell rolls to the RIGHT. Just in time...

...to break SOMETHING.

Lets go off the bus, but lands HARD on a PARKED CAR.

Kluta SEES this. Goes to Cantrell’s aid.

His mistake? Crossing without looking.

Therefore, COLLIDES straight on with a car. Good materials, nothing broken. At least on the car’s end.

ROLLS to the side of the road. In pain.

TRAFFIC stops. Chaos.

A MEDICAL CENTER

A row of MEDICAL MACHINES. Very similar to those quick photo booths. Complete with curtains and all.

Kluta waiting. All patched up. Looking at the card he showed Blob.

Cantrell inside of one. SCREAMING.

Comes out. PUNCHES the machine.

VOICE (V.O.)

(robotic tone)

Do not harm me. I am free.
CANTRELL
Yeah. For a reason.
(to Kluta)
You good?

Kluta looks disappointed.

KLUTA
No. They got away. Again.

CANTRELL
They got away with a bunch of meaningless papers.

KLUTA
They got away with valid information.

CANTRELL
But the card--

Kluta shows Cantrell the card. Smudged.

CANTRELL
This could’ve happened anytime.

KLUTA
It was hot inside that store. Blobs like the heat and I was sweating because of the trip.
 (beat)
It happened there. He gave THEM something.

Nearby, an alien kid takes out a USED SODA CAN from a basket. Cantrell notices this. Takes a better look.

USED CANS & CIGARETTE BUTTS.

CANTRELL
(to himself)
My kind of hospital.

Takes out a butt. A lighter on a wall. Uses it. Smokes what’s left. Turns back to Kluta.

CANTRELL
Tell you what. Let’s go back to the blob. Ask him again.
 (beat)
Let’s see what those Ekhans are looking at.
Finishes the butt. COUGHS. Judging by his face, the taste was beyond death.

KLUTA
You really oughta quit.

BACK AT THE STORE

Kluta and Cantrell enter. What a mess.

Cantrell notices that smell again. Covers his nose.

Fat Blob at the counter. Good as new.

CANTRELL
What’s that smell? It’s even worse than before.

KLUTA
What smell?

CANTRELL
What-- You seriously don’t get that?

KLUTA
Not a thing.

CANTRELL
Sorry. I forgot you ate paper.

They walk to the counter.

CANTRELL
Hey Blobby!

Doesn’t answer. Kluta gets there first.

Sees a little machine behind the counter. Where Fat Blob is coming from.

KLUTA
Don’t waste yourself. He got away.

Cantrell gets there. Kluta points to that little machine.

KLUTA
Hologram. And there’s your smell.

ON THE FLOOR

Pieces of Blob. From the shooting.

An INTERRUPTION. Definitely not human.
VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Kluta and Cantrell TURN back around. The hologram RAISES his hands.

It’s the po po. Two officers. None human.

CANTRELL

Is any of you human around here?

KLUTA and CANTRELL

Facing the captain. Another Fat Blob. Older. The arresting officer by his side.

CANTRELL

Sticks his badge on the table.

CANTRELL

There. I’m a Colony Officer. 6-A. Now do you believe us?

The Captain LAUGHS his blobby self all over Cantrell.

CAPTAIN

My nephews have toys more important than that, human.

CANTRELL

(to Kluta)

What’s up with the human calling?

CAPTAIN

Silence! Both of you!

KLUTA

I wasn’t talking.

CAPTAIN

You are now.

A pause from the Captain. The officer WHISPERS something at him. His expression changes.

CAPTAIN

(calmly)

Look, maybe I do believe you. Tell me. What can I do to make you cooperate?

A PRISON CELL DOOR CLOSES

Kluta paces himself. Around and around.

KLUTA
You can start by kissing my ass?
ARE YOU NUTS?

CANTRELL
He was asking for it.

KLUTA
Asking for it? He’s the fuckin' captain!

CANTRELL
At least I got us a private cell.

KLUTA
You could’ve gotten us a whole planet for all I care! What do you think this is? One of your stupid Henry Smoke episodes?

(beat)
Well, it isn’t! Not to me. I lost my fuckin' brother!

Cantrell takes offence at that one.

CANTRELL
Oh, spare me the human emotion there. Every time I’d talk to Zek, he’d tell ME of how much YOU hated him.

Kluta lets that sink in. Calms down.

KLUTA
You know what? I’m out. You can chase your stupid briefcase all you want.

CANTRELL
What about Zek? Isn’t he important? Don’t you wanna know why?

KLUTA
Why? Why won’t make a difference, why won’t bring him back. You want a why? I’ll give you a why!

(beat)

(MORE)
KLUTA (CONT'D)
Why did I even think you would lead us anywhere? Why am I still with you... human.

Cantrell gets in his face. Tears saying hello.

CANTRELL
Because you are my prisoner! You are under my authority! And you are not going anywhere!

KLUTA
Your authority? Look at where we ARE.

(beat)
We are in a REAL cell, guarded by REAL officers with REAL badges.

CANTRELL
And I’m still in charge of you!

KLUTA
The only thing you’re in charge of is the whiskey in your stomach.

A STRAIGHT UP PUNCH from Cantrell.

Kluta goes down. SPITS a tooth.

KLUTA
Go ahead, kill me. Like you killed Zek.

Cantrell DOES NOT let that one FLY.

But before he can do anything about it, Kluta delivers him a straight JAB to the leg. Almost twisting it.

Cantrell goes right back to the attack. No time to scream.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER
Both of them. Spent. Callouses and wounds. Bleeding.

SILENCE.

CANTRELL
Johnny.

KLUTA
What?
CANTRELL
Johnny Smoke. Not Henry Smoke.

KLUTA
Whatever.

CELL DOOR OPENS
The arresting officer comes to say hi!
Gets a good look at them.

OFFICER
(to himself)
Humans.

KLUTA
Hey! I’m here too!

OFFICER
(beat)
Or you two for that matter.

CANTRELL
And the Blob?

OFFICER
Disappeared. Probably has another job by now.
(beat)
Now, here’s a one time offer: Need a ride anywhere?

CANTRELL
We’ll walk.

KLUTA
I do.

This time, they sure don’t look at each other.

OFFICER
Whatever that was, Big Al’s has only one small request.

A BIG AL LOGO
Being glued to Starlet. Right next to the Human sticker.
And it’s DAY! Finally a bright light in the sky.

Cantrell and the Officer are on the street. Kluta is inside the Starlet already.
CANTRELL
We good?

OFFICER
Yes. We good.
(beat)
I believe these are yours.

THROWS him the Colts.

CANTRELL
Thanks.

OFFICER
You’re welcome, human.

Cantrell smiles. Turns.

CANTRELL
(to himself)
Motherf--

GETS inside the car. DRIVES away. An old car amongst a sea of innovations.

INSIDE THE CAR
Cantrell driving. Turns on the player. Some MUSIC.

A knife would cut the tension just fine.

Out of nowhere, Kluta takes the CD out. THROWS it out the window. SMASHED to bits by other cars.

CANTRELL
PUMPS the brakes. HONKING heaven outside.

CANTRELL
What the hell do you want? You think I don’t miss him? That I wouldn’t take it all back?
(beat)
Well, I do. And I would.

Cantrell takes a breather.

CANTRELL
I wish I wasn’t some joe nobody in some godforsaken colony.
(beat)
I wish I was still with her, you know? Back at the base.
More weird HONKS from the other cars.

KLUTA
Yeah? Drink some more. Maybe you’ll remember why she left.

That lights up Cantrell again.

CANTRELL
May I remind you that I’m not the one on the wrong side of things? I did not steal my way up the ladder, only to end up as a bartender.

KLUTA

BACK IN CENDRAK

A crummy part of town. Sleazy. Like a 70’s 42nd Street.

ALL THREE EKHANS

Near a BIG and depressing building. One among many.

Short One still carrying the case. They KNOCK.

TWO BIG EKHAN EYES

On the other side of the door.

BIG EKHan
(subtitled)
You are not welcome here.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
We just want to talk to her. You can have our guns during our stay.

Looks at the case.

BIG EKHan
(subtitled)
And the case?

SNIPER
(subtitled)
You can open it. Nothing but paper in it.
The door OPENS, to reveal:

A SPACIOUS apartment complex made narrow by the amount of EKHANS there. Not just big macho guys like our villains, but families. Children running around, oblivious to the surrounding misery.

The big Ekhan with the big eyes points a big gun at them.

BIG EKHan
(subtitled)
Your guns.

CUT TO:

THE BIG EKHan

Gun still in hand. Leading the way through a long corridor. Their STEPS denounce the cheap floor. The only sound we HEAR.

Another local Ekhan at the end of the line. Limping. Making sure there’s no trouble.

Ekhans at their doorsteps, looking at the middle three. At the case.

They get to the last door. Big Ekhan opens it. They all ENTER inside

THE APARTMENT

Green. Overthrown by VEGETATION.

A seamless FIGURE reveals HERSELF. Female. Ekhan.

Not much older than

SNIPER

Who reaches forward. The rest? In the background.

Sniper KNEELs.

SNIPER
Utalia.

UTALIA
(subtitled)
Stop.

Sniper looks at her.
UTALIA
(subtitled)
You do not belong with us. You do
not go by our rules. You DO NOT
kneel.
(beat)
You BOW.

Reluctantly, Sniper BOWS.

Utalia signals him to GET UP.

UTALIA
(subtitled)
Your father?

SNIPER
(subtitled)
A casualty in our war.

UTALIA
(subtitled)
Your war.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
I come here to offer you
redemption.

UTALIA
(subtitled)
You come here to offer revenge.

Sniper looks around. DISGUSTED.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
Look at where we are. Where we
live. Surrounded by THEIR filth.
(beat)
I want to go back. To your side.
Rebuild our home. Far away.

Sniper points at Short One. At the case.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
We have their ways. We can do to
THEM what they did to US.
And we can do it together.

Utalia says nothing.

Shakes her pretty Ekhan head.
UTALIA
(subtitled)
No. That is not us.

SNIPER
Looking hurt. Rejected.

MOTIONS
His left hand. Barely noticeable.

SECOND HAND
Notices. Starts SCRATCHING his neck. Going DEEPER. Doesn’t stop.

UTALIA
Glances at the Big Ekhan.

UTALIA
(subtitled)
And it won’t be you.

THE BIG EKHAN
CLUTCHES his gun.

Out of nowhere

SECOND HAND

In a swift move, STABS the Big Ekhan with a chunk of glass. A souvenir from earlier on.

IT stays there. Blood SQUIRTING. Turning the greens into blues.

Big guy goes DOWN for the count.

Second Hand takes the gun from his hands.

PINS the limp Ekhan to the wall. Gives him no time to escape.

SNIPER
Grabs Utalia. SQUEEZES the life out of her.

HER EKHAN FEET
Struggling. Like any breathing creature would.

Jabs one last good, HARD KICK straight into Sniper’s leg.
Sniper flinches.

THEY

Go DOWN. Before hitting the floor, Sniper TWISTS her neck. One alive. One dead.

Sniper meets her corpse. KISSES it.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
Goodbye.
(beat)
My love.

THE DOOR

OPENS. The Ekhan trio comes out. Sniper, almost hiding a LIMP.

Everybody else watching through their BARELY OPEN doors. Afraid.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
Utalia is dead! She no longer rules YOU! I am not YOUR ruler.
I am your LIBERATOR! And I will make them pay.
(beat)
I will make their planet pay!

CUT TO:

EXT. COLONY 5-B - DAY

The Starlet parked near the Hummingbird. Kluta and Cantrell together.

A SLEEP TUBE

Buried. Just the top hanging out.

Both of our heroes looking at it. Solemn.

Cantrell takes something out of his jacket. The message for Zek. Places it alongside the tube.

CANTRELL
The message. What did it say?
KLUTA
That I missed him. That he deserved better.
(beat)
A better life. A better brother.

Kluta picks up a handful of dust. Throws it at the tube. Covers it.

CANTRELL
The Hummingbird?

KLUTA
Can you fly that thing?

CANTRELL
He gave me a few lessons. Remember most of them. What I don’t remember is this week’s code.

Kluta smiles.

KLUTA
Him and his ever changing codes.

Kluta looks at the Bird again.

KLUTA
Let it stay here. Along with him. For now.
(beat)
I’m sorry. Back in the city, I-

Cantrell CUTS him off.

CANTRELL
We both are, Klu. We both are.

KLUTA
Still want to arrest me?

CANTRELL
No. As a matter of fact, I thought about giving you a ride.

From Cantrell, we...

THE STARLET
Landing on top of a modern BUILDING, occupying one of the last parking spots available.
KLUTA’S THUMB

Being recognized. A green light.

LIGHTS ON

As a door OPENS. Kluta and Cantrell, on the background.

A sleek, modern apartment.

Our attention? Rests

ON A FRAMED PICTURE

Of baby Kluta and teenager Zek. Very tender.

Kluta has entered. Cantrell is by the door.

KLUTA
Surprised my prints worked.

CANTRELL
If yours didn’t, mine would.

A moment of SILENCE.

KLUTA
Take care of the bar.
(beat)
Give it a new name.

Cantrell thinks on that.

CANTRELL
How about Oldie’s?

KLUTA
Oldie’s.
(beat)
I like that.

CANTRELL
And I thought you wanted me to quit.

KLUTA
Changed my mind. Don’t wanna lose my best customer.
(beat)
Here’s to a fine friendship and a good two planet ride back home.

Kluta HUGS Cantrell.
Cantrell’s face tells us the hug struck a cord.

KLUTA
There’s something in the freezer for you.

CANTRELL
Another Ekhan?

KLUTA
Close. Eggnog.

With that, we

CUT TO:

THE FREEZER DOOR

OPENING. Cantrell walking in. Searching all around the place for the eggnog.

Finds it at the end of the freezer. A carton box of UNCLE EGG’S EGGNOG.

Picks it up. Checks the EXPIRATION DATE

Reads: FOREVER

Raises it in the air.

CANTRELL

A VOICE INTERRUPTS the ceremony.

OLDIE (O.S.)
We’ve already met!

Oldie POPS into frame. Arm riddled with duct tape.

CANTRELL
Hello, Oldie. How--
(realizes the situation)
OLDIE! YOU’RE ALIVE!

Hugs the shit out of Oldie.

OLDIE
Watch the arm! Watch the arm!
CANTRELL
Sorry, sorry.

Releases Oldie from his deathly grip!

OLDIE
Great to be loved, but let’s get
the hell out of this freezer!

AT A TABLE

Sharing the Nog. Evidence from the Ekhans still decorates the
place.

CANTRELL
How the hell are you still alive?

OLDIE
Seems those damn Ekhans were more
interested in you. They spared the
whole lot of us!
(beat)
So how in the blue hell are YOU
still alive?

CANTRELL
If you find an answer, let me know.

Cantrell CHUGS some more Nog.

OLDIE
We better tell Kluta to come in and
clean this mess up!

CANTRELL
Oldie, hum... Kluta didn’t come
back.

Oldie LOOKS on. Sad.

Cantrell picks up on his reaction.

CANTRELL
No, no. He’s not dead. I just
dropped him off somewhere.

Oldie RELIEVED.

OLDIE
Well, are you running this joint
then?

CANTRELL
No, you are. It’s Oldie’s now.
OLDIE
I’ll be damned!

His turn to try the Nog.

OLDIE
I may end up drinking this place up all alone.

CANTRELL
Don’t worry. I’ll keep you company.

OLDIE
Keep me company? Have you even slept?

Cantrell thinks for a while.

CANTRELL
Son of a bitch.

(beat)
I didn’t. And you know what? I feel fine as ever. Like I could go on for days.

From Cantrell’s confidence, we...

CUT TO:

THE JOHNNY SMOKE CLOSING CREDITS

On Cantrell’s new TV. The one he picked up from the fresh pile.

SNORING coming from

CANTRELL
In his bed.

Eggnog box in his hands. DRIPPING.

CREDITS END

VHS tape over. TV goes BLUE. Until...

AN ALIEN NEWS BULLETIN

BLASTS through the TV. Startles Cantrell. Puts him on his toes.

We don’t understand a single thing of what they’re SAYING. They speak too fast.
I’m sure one of the anchors is talking through his ears. To him, his mouth. Maybe plural. I digress...

Cantrell realizes this is what woke him up.

CANTRELL
Fuckin’ alien transmissions.

Suddenly

A CORPSE

In the news. From afar. Being removed from the dark sands. Along with his pod.

Cantrell doesn’t recognize him. We do.

It’s the man that got his knee shattered by Sniper.

They show an archive photo. That very same man, in military clothing. Holding THE briefcase.

Cantrell’s MESMERIZED. Something clicks.

CANTRELL
The footprints. Of course, the fuckin’ footprints!
(beat)
Oh no.

On his face, we...

CUT TO:

BIG AL’S LOGO

On Starlet. In the GARAGE.

BURNING rubber. DRIVING off. Into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

KLUTA

Also sleeping. Standing UP.

THE MAIN DOOR

KICKED in.

KLUTA’S EYES

Open.
THAT DAMN EKHAN TRIO

Sniper leading the way. Short One still with the case. They are surprised to see Kluta as he is to see them.

They promptly RAISE their guns at Kluta.

    SNIPER
    You. Just who we didn’t want to see.

    KLUTA
    Yeah? Feeling’s mutual.

    SNIPER
    Almost as funny as your human friend.

Signals the others.

    SNIPER
    (subtitled)
    Search the place. Drop the case. I believe we have something better.

CANTRELL

Running down Kluta’s hallway. Colts in hand.

Takes cover right outside Kluta’s door. Which is OPEN.

Closes his eyes. Takes a deep BREATH.

Turns and ENTERS the house. Ready to shoot any Ekhan that crosses him.

Too bad there are NONE there. No sign of Kluta either.

THE PLACE

Is TRASHED. Top to bottom.

Cantrell re-holsters. Disappointed.

    CUT TO:

THE EKHAN SHIP

Just as hollow as before.
KLUTA

Getting his lights KNOCKED OUT. Tied to that funky chair. At least he’s comfortable. Not counting the war zone on his face.

Second Hand and Short One TEEING away. Their HITS ECHOING.

SNIPER

Watching all of this. From a distance.

    SNIPER
    I think you’re the only one that’s sick of this, but--

Second Hand and Short One stop hitting Kluta. Sniper looks at them. With contempt.

    SNIPER
    (subtitled)
    Did I tell you to stop?

    KLUTA
    Speak engli--

Another HIT.

Sniper continues his train of thought.

    SNIPER
    BUT we have other plans.
    (beat)
    So, give us the CODE.

    KLUTA
    You better cancel your dinner reservations, because I don’t know jackshit.

Sniper approaches.

    SNIPER
    (to Second Hand; subtitled)
    Give me an estimate.

Second Hand goes about his business. Short One moves out of the way.

Sniper comes real CLOSE to Kluta. Too close.

Looks him in the EYES. SQUEEZES his face with one of his hands. Claws already drawing Kluta’s blood.
SNIPER
You bleed like them. You talk like them.
(sniffing)
You even smell like them.

Kluta in PAIN.

SNIPER
And when this is all over, you’ll DIE like THEM.

From his position, Second Hand updates the situation.

SECOND HAND
(subtitled)
We’re here.

SHORT ONE
(subtitled)
Do we kill him?

Sniper turns.

SNIPER
(subtitled)
On the contrary.
(beat)
We bring him along.

A bloodied Kluta INTERRUPTS.

KLUTA
Please, let me understand you when you’re torturing me.

Sniper approaches Kluta again.

SNIPER
Torture? A couple of punches and you think this is torture?


Removes the brown linen covering his torso. Ooze COVERS the scarred and beaten flesh. Part of his anatomy.

On the other hand, the circular marks that are carved all over him are NOT.

Kluta is speechless. Second Hand and Short One, the same.
SNIPER
One clan per mark. Clans that I
knew. Friends and family.
(beat)
Gone. Just like that. All because
one puny little planet thought we
were hiding something. That we were
a threat.

Sniper puts the linen back on.

SNIPER
So no, this isn’t torture.
(beat)
This is extinction.

CANTRELL
Going through that mess. Searching for something.
And something catches his eye.

THE BLACK CASE
Its handle popping. Far side of the room.

CANTRELL
Gets to it. Opens it. Takes out those papers. Starts looking
at them.

WE SEE
What they are. And they give us everything:

Carrier/ Ship: HUMMINGBIRD

Captain: Zekham Huyl


Contents: Shredded Paper (disposed of); A broken plastic card
(kept by the Captain).

Original location: Abandoned Mines of Garash. D Entrance.

CANTRELL
Why are these things always
abandoned?

He looks at the ground again.

Something else catches his attention.
Shiny. Golden.

THE “CREDIT CARD”

The only thing noticeable are the numbers.

Smiles.

A DESK

Cantrell moves crap around. Looking for something. Finds it. A pen.

SCRIBBLES HIS ARM

Copying the numbers on the card.

CANTRELL

Sing for me, Hummingbird.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

WHISPERING. Approaching a LARGE and DUSTY complex. Again dominated by a DARK landscape.

Passes by a BIG statue. An alien mining worker surrounded by alien children. Very playful. Unfortunately, we never see his face. His head’s been cut off.

The ‘Bird rests. Behind the statue. Engine goes off.

Cantrell EXITS. Looks UP. At the statue.

CANTRELL

Should have stayed away from the little ones, Garash.

Looks DOWN again. At the landscape. Looking for a sign.

CANTRELL

Now where do we go from here?

A GUN

Enters the frame. Pointed at Cantrell’s skull.

SECOND HAND (O.S.)

I know exactly where we go from here.  
(beat)

Hands up. Don’t turn around.

Cantrell obeys.
CANTRELL
I told the other guy already, I prefer real guns.

SECOND HAND
Don't worry. You won't be able to tell the difference.
(beat)
See that entrance over there?

Among the plain fields, a cavernous entrance way AHEAD of them. Easy to spot. Can’t miss it.

CANTRELL
No.

Second Hand HITS him in the head with the gun.

CANTRELL
Oh THAT one. Thanks for pointing it out.

SECOND HAND
Knew you had good eyesight.
(beat)
Now move.

Second Hand and Cantrell start walking. The mining complex around them is almost endless. An anamorphic hoot.

They arrive at the entrance of the mine. Decayed. A plunge into DARKNESS.

Cantrell STOPS.

SECOND HAND
Afraid?

CANTRELL
No, just curious.
(beat)
Tell me, how did you make me?

SECOND HAND
Easy. Next time, don’t bring a big spaceship to the dance.

Cantrell smirks.

CANTRELL
Thanks. Next time...
(suddenly turns his volume WAY down and SPEWS gibberish)
Second Hand LOWERS his guard. Tries to understand Cantrell. Big mistake.

CANTRELL

ELBOWS him. Mighty strength. Sends him back. GUN goes flying off into the mines.

Before Cantrell can get his Colts out

SECOND HAND

LAUNCHES himself at him. They go STRAIGHT DOWN. Tumbling. Hitting rock.

They LAND. On their backs. Still reeling.

SECOND HAND

Sees the gun. Goes for it. Inches away.

CANTRELL

GRABS his foot. Pulls him AWAY from the gun. TEES off on him.

Second Hand LAUGHING. Bloodied.

SECOND HAND
Don’t you want to use your guns, human?

CANTRELL
For you, something special.

HITS him some more. CHOKES him with his arm.

Second Hand sees some scribbled numbers off his jacket sleeve. LAUGHS some more.

CANTRELL
What’s so fuckin’ funny?

SECOND HAND
You’re going to die screaming.

CANTRELL
Yeah? Tell me what that’s like.

He almost DOES, but Cantrell promptly CRUSHES his throat.

Cantrell TOSSES his jacket to the ground. One down.

Before he can fully recharge--
A LASER BLAST
Right to his arm.
A GUN
Smoking. In the hands of Short One.
CANTRELL
On the ground. IN PAIN.

CANTRELL
(through his teeth)
Give me a break!

SHORT ONE
(nods at Second Hand)
Didn’t he give you one?

Short One notices the numbers on Cantrell’s arm. Same arm he just shot.
Smiles.

CUT TO:

SHORT ONE
Along the mines. Pushing our hero with his gun. Now he’s the one with Cantrell’s holster. The Colts hang there.

A BIG HOLE
In the wall. They both ENTER.
Above them, a kind amount of stalactite.
They start to WALK on top of a metal structure. Steps ECHOING. Beneath them, a VERTIGINOUS DROP.

AHEAD OF THEM
A BIG, OPAQUE cavernous space.

A NUCLEAR WARHEAD
Sits dead center. Pointing UP.

Kluta nearby. Tied to a railing. Passed out. Even worse than before.
CANTRELL
(with as much energy as he can muster)
Kluta!

SNIPER

On the left side. Sits behind a control panel. With his gun. Right after the metal structure connects with the cave.

Aims his gun at Kluta’s head.

SNIPER
Either you go quietly or he does.

Cantrell raises no fuss. Reunites with Kluta.

SHORT ONE
Ties Cantrell to the same railing. Leftover rope. Moves away.

CANTRELL
(to Kluta)
Kluta? Klu?

Kluta MUMBLES something.

CANTRELL
What?

KLUTA
(wheezing)
They want to blow up your planet.
And then kill us.

CANTRELL
(whispering)
Yeah. I figured it was something along those lines.

Cantrell tries to BREAK free. No luck.

SNIPER

Gets up. Pulls his gun away. Short One gets there. WHISPERS him something.

CANTRELL
(to Sniper)
Mad that I killed one of yours?
SNIPER
No, no. That was fair game, human. Not a thing your kind does very often.

Points the GUN back at Cantrell.

CANTRELL
Was it also fair game to kill that white suit?

Sniper surprised. Doesn’t answer.

CANTRELL
Yeah, they found his body. His pod. Very bold killing a government official. (beat) Did you do it? With that gun?

SNIPER
Same gun, but don’t worry. I’ll be kind to you. For now.

CANTRELL
Too bad I won’t be.

SNIPER
If you get the chance. (beat) Good job connecting the dots but it’s my turn to play.

Sniper takes a DEEP BREATH.

SNIPER
Game’s simple. Give me a bad answer, I’ll give you a blast in the leg. Ready? (beat) Those numbers on your arm. What are they?

CANTRELL
Next week’s lottery.

As promised, a SMALL BLAST penetrates Cantrell’s leg. Cantrell SCREAMS. Small amount of blood SQUIRTS.

KLUTA (to Cantrell) Now’s not the time, Henry Smoke.
CANTRELL
Shut the fuck up. I know what I’m doing.

Sniper asks again.

SNIPER
Next time, I’ll aim higher. (beat) The numbers.

He gives up.

CANTRELL
I found them on a plastic card. I copied them to my arm. What of it?

SNIPER
Give them to me.

CANTRELL
WHAT OF IT?

SNIPER
GIVE THEM TO ME!

SNIPER
Doesn’t wait for an answer. Changes his AIM. Slightly. SHOOTS. HITS.

Another leg shot. Another SCREAM. This time from Kluta.

CANTRELL
Motherfucker! Why don’t you kill us both while you’re at it?

SNIPER
Codes first.

KLUTA
(to Cantrell) You knew what you were doing?

Cantrell looks at Kluta. Says nothing.

Looks back at Sniper.

CANTRELL
You want the codes? You got the fuckin’ codes!
Sniper reaches back to the console. Puts it to work. Salivating. Aim back on Cantrell. With one arm.

**SNIPER**
I wish it hadn’t come to this. I wish your President hadn’t given that final word on our planet. 
(beat) But your kind just has to be everywhere. In every corner of this Universe. Your technology. Your language. Your politics. NO MORE!

**CANTRELL**
Save your speech. Just shoot me after you’re done with it.

Sniper calms down. Twists his head slightly. Focuses entirely on Cantrell.

**SNIPER**
With pleasure.

**CANTRELL**
Looks at Kluta. Signals him with his eyes to look at his arm. He does. Sees that the written sequence starts with a 4.

Cantrell looks back at Sniper.

**CANTRELL**

5. 2.

Smart one, Cantrell.

**CANTRELL**

3. 8. 3.

**CLOSE**
On Sniper pressing the numbers.

**HIS FACE**
Riddled with delight.

**SHORT ONE**
Plays with the Colts. Like a kid.

**CANTRELL**
Keeps making shit up. Rolls off the tongue.
CANTRELL
6. 6. 3.

THE PANEL SCREEN

Going red. No access granted.

SNIPER

About to explode. Anger corrodes his face.

SNIPER
(subtitled; to Short One)
Rip his arm out!

Aims back at Cantrell.

SNIPER
You really shouldn’t have done that.

CANTRELL
What are you gonna do? Kill me?

SHORT ONE

Gets there. Just one thing, he forgot he still had Cantrell’s holster.

Cantrell notices this. Looks at Kluta.

CANTRELL
(whispering)
Sorry.

Kluta confused.

Short One goes to untie him.

CANTRELL

Waits for his hands to be untied.

GRABS the Colts. BLASTS Short One in the head. Dead.

THROWS his lifeless body at Kluta, protecting him.

JUMPS behind the warhead.

SNIPER

Won’t shoot that. Can’t get Kluta with Short One all over him, so he RUNS to a better vantage point.
But the LIMP betrays him. Makes him run at HALF-SPEED.

CANTRELL

Sees and hears this. Peeks out of cover.

Just enough to UNLOAD on

SNIPER

Who TASTES a couple of SHOTS. One SHATTERS his knee. Poetic justice.

He falls down. Loses his gun. A couple of yards away now. CRAWLS to it. And to cover.

In the meantime, the rocks cover HIM. Make him disappear out of Cantrell’s sight.

    CANTRELL
        (to himself)
            Fuck.

SNIPER’S GUN

Inches away from his claws. Sniper still CRAWLING. Gets it! Stops. Not a perfect spot but it’ll do. Reveals himself once more.

Cantrell sees exactly where that is. Back at the entrance. ABOVE Sniper – that kind amount of stalactite. He, of course, doesn’t notice it.

Sniper reloads. STICKS his arms out. Last BREATHS. Tries to line up the perfect shot. Takes too much time.

CANTRELL

With his guns pointed at Sniper.

    CANTRELL
        (to himself)
            And now for the touchdown!

FIRES and NAILS both shots.

Sniper EATS them. Doesn’t even get a chance to fire. Just takes the bullets. Lays on the rocks. Bleeding OUT.

His gun FALLS down the massive drop. We hear it HIT the ground.

Sniper. Almost without a voice.
SNIPER
This is how it ends?

CANTRELL
No. This is.

Cantrell changes his AIM to the stalactite. HITS it.

A CRACK!

It’s coming DOWN.

Sniper realizes this, a second too late. Looks UP.

Closes his eyes. Accepts his fate.

The stalactite CRUSHES him. Takes him all the WAY DOWN to meet his gun.

A nasty sight. A nasty way to go.

CANTRELL

SHOVES that short, fat Ekhan corpse away from Kluta.

CANTRELL
Oh shit!

Not on purpose, but the body ends up FALLING off the railing. PLUNGING to its, hum, yeah.

Kluta looks on.

KLUTA
If he wasn’t dead then, he is now.
(beat)
By the way, thanks. His brains on my face did exactly squat.

CANTRELL
You’re welcome. I just saved our asses plus a planet.

KLUTA
Yeah, until the next homicidal maniac.

Kluta looks at the missile.

KLUTA
You got plans for that thing?
CANTRELL
I might go and talk to the man himself.

KLUTA
Really? You think he doesn’t know? That a nuclear missile just escaped from his pocket?

CANTRELL
Let me freshen up his memory then.

KLUTA
Very noble. In the meantime, freshen up YOUR memory and untie ME!

Cantrell grants Kluta his wish.

KLUTA
Great. Now, do you have a plan to carry two cripples out of here?

CANTRELL
Unfortunately, I do.

CUT TO:

THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINES

PANTING. Growing STRONGER.

Suddenly, our heroes pop back in. Cantrell is carrying Kluta. They both LIE down as soon as they reach the top. Dead tired. Closer to dead than tired.

CANTRELL
Fuck! I left my jacket down there.

KLUTA
And they left their ship somewhere. Which means it won’t be the only ugly thing to stay here.

Cantrell LAUGHS. Gives a very LIGHT PUNCH to Kluta’s arm.

KLUTA
Ow!

CANTRELL
Barely touched you.
KLUTA
No, I have something--

Kluta reaches inside his vest. Takes out a BADGE. Cantrell’s badge. THROWS it to him.

CANTRELL
What the hell? How did you get this?

KLUTA
Thief first. Bartender second.

Cantrell THROWS it back at him.

CANTRELL
Make that Officer first.

Kluta can’t believe it.

KLUTA
Get outta here!

CANTRELL
That’s exactly what I intend to do.

KLUTA
What about the bar?

Cantrell lets out a GIGGLE. Then a LAUGH. Then he just EXPLODES. Then he COUGHS. A lot.

KLUTA
Where’s the fuckin’ joke?

CANTRELL
You’re not gonna believe this!

KLUTA
Try me.

CANTRELL
I’ll save it.
(beat)
C’mon. I brought the Hummingbird.

Gets up. With a lot of strain.

CANTRELL
Ready?

KLUTA
No.
CANTRELL
Yeah? Who the fuck asked you?

Puts Kluta on his shoulder. They both GROAN.

KLUTA
Is there a doctor around?

CANTRELL
Putting Kluta on the Sleep Tube that’s left.

ON THE SCREEN

Analyzing injuries. Preparing med center.

CANTRELL
It’ll take care of the rest.

KLUTA
It better. I don’t wanna die just now.

CANTRELL
I wish. That way I could go first.

Kluta smiles.

CANTRELL
Let’s take you home.

The tube CLOSES.

THE HUMMINGBIRD
Travelling. Going home. Right to
THE COLONY
Landing near Oldie’s. Still with “Kluta’s” sign.

Our heroes step down from the ship. Both limping but walking on their own.

A lot of RUCKUS coming from the bar. Kluta looks on.

KLUTA
This place is alive again!

CANTRELL
Wait until you see who’s inside.

THROUGH THE DOORS
They come. Thing is packed to the rafters.

Everybody CHEERS.

    ALIEN #1
    We have no idea why we’re cheering.
    We’re drunk!

They CHEER some more. Among the confusion, a familiar face greets them. Oldie. Now with less duct tape around his arm.

Kluta can’t believe it.

    KLUTA
    Oldie?

Kluta goes for a hug.

    OLDIE
    No hugs! No hugs!

Kluta backs away. Rambles like a ten year old boy.

    KLUTA
    (pointing to Cantrell)
    When he said that-- I thought it was you, but it couldn’t be--

Oldie cuts him off.

    OLDIE
    I’m old for a reason, Kluta.

Kluta LAUGHS straight at his face. Out of control.

Oldie and Cantrell look at one another. Confused.

    KLUTA
    (still in good spirits)
    Old? You’re young! Your parents--

Realizes what he’s about to tell. Changes tone. Clears THROAT. Cantrell remembers, as well.

    CANTRELL
    Your parents died.

Kluta ELBOWS Cantrell. Signals him to take it easy.

Very naturally, Oldie answers.

    OLDIE
    I know.
Cantrell and Kluta look at each other.

KLUTA
You know?

OLDIE

KLUTA
In the farm, they--

Stops himself.

KLUTA
You’re not 25,000 years old?

Now it’s Oldie who LAUGHS.

OLDIE
How could I? I don’t even remember what I had for lunch.

CANTRELL
But your parents welcomed us. I mean, they threatened us first. They opened the case fo--

Oldie CURSES at them.

OLDIE
Oh no. Oh hell no! (beat)
Goddamn shapeshifters! I knew it wasn’t gonna last!

Cantrell and Kluta look at Oldie like he’s out of his mind.

CANTRELL
Impossible. They told US that they were expecting shapeshifters.

OLDIE
Yeah. They were probably very sweet and showed an interest in humans. Told you to park around back. Nothing but tricks. All they wanted was to get you comfortable enough to rip out your spleens.

KLUTA
Glad I don’t have one.
OLDIE
Don’t worry. They would find something else to their taste.
(beat)
How did the Ekhans kill ‘em?

CANTRELL
Point blank. Blasted them into little pieces.

OLDIE
I’ll drink to that!

CANTRELL
(to Kluta)
I knew that Holgo was too stupid of a name.

KLUTA
Almost a dead giveaway.

Oldie looks at them. Like he wants to STRANGLE them both.

CUT TO:

OLDIE
Brooming with one hand. The place is now empty.

OLDIE
(to Cantrell)
I still say you shouldn’t leave!

Cantrell and Kluta are seated on one of the tables.

CANTRELL
You’ll have a better man in Kluta.
(beat)
Who’s not a man, but--

Kluta INTERRUPTS him.

KLUTA
Does this mean I get to stay with your Colts?

Cantrell SLAMS the left Colt on top of the table.
CANTRELL
Other one shoots better. Sorry.

Kluta smiles.

KLUTA
Never thought I’d see the day.
(to Oldie)
Bring us two glasses and that bottle--

Cantrell INTERRUPTS.

CANTRELL
Not for me. I’m going dry.

KLUTA
Never thought I’d see that day either.

CANTRELL
You and me both, Klu. You and me both.

Oldie comes around with the bottle. Puts it in front of Kluta.

OLDIE
That sure won’t last, Ed!

CANTRELL
Start counting the days then.

OLDIE
You got it!

Oldie leaves. Kluta kills his thirst. Puts the bottle back down.

KLUTA
You think you gonna find her? On a hunch?

Cantrell pauses.

CANTRELL
You damn right.

Cantrell gets up. No mushy ceremonies. Goes straight for the door.
KLUTA
Hey!
(beat)
Fast Eddie!

He stops. Looks back at Kluta.

KLUTA
I need a nickname too.

OLDIE
Kluta, the bartender?

KLUTA
Nice try, Oldie.
(back to Cantrell)
Where did you get yours?

CANTRELL
Made it up myself. Long time ago.
(beat)
You can do the same.

Kluta thinks a bit.

KLUTA
Butcher. Kluta, the Butcher.

Cantrell smiles.

CANTRELL
I like it.
(beat)
Don’t forget to come up with a catchphrase. And curse less, will ya?

Steps away from the door. Out of the bar.

KLUTA
I will.
(beat)
AND DON’T YOU FORGET TO LEAVE ME THE STARLET!

CANTRELL
Driving the Starlet out of the Hummingbird. Parks it neatly.

INSIDE THE CAR
Cantrell checks the visor.

Stares at the pictures. They return the favor.
CANTRELL
I’m coming, baby.

Takes the Earth pic with him.

EXITS THE CAR

RIPS the Human sticker off the trunk lid. Doesn’t touch the Big Al’s one.

CUT TO:

THE DASHBOARD

of the Hummingbird.

Cantrell puts the picture near that infinite sea of controls.

Presses 0. Eight times.

ON THE SCREEN

Are you sure you want to change the code?

Cantrell is sure. Presses “enter”.

CANTRELL
Easy to remember.

Cantrell moves away, but we stay a little longer on the image of Earth.

CANTRELL

Enters the tube.

ON THE SCREEN

Entering SLEEP MODE.

The tube CLOSES.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

Gets off the ground. SHOOTS into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK

THE WHITE HOUSE

A SUDDEN CRASH

The Hummingbird WRECKS the lawn. Bad landing.

DOOR OPENS

Cantrell tumbles out of there. WHEEZING.

Back on his feet. Walks towards it.

Approaches the Oval Office. Peeks inside. WHISTLES.

We only see the back of a man sitting in the President’s chair.

Cantrell KNOCKS. No answer. KNOCKS HARDER. Still nothing.

BREAKS the window with the only Colt he has left.

No alarms. No security.

STEPS INSIDE

CLEARS his throat.

CANTRELL

Mr. President?

No answer.

CANTRELL

Mr. President?

Reaches out his arm. Touches the chair. The President disappears into thin air.

Cantrell shakes his head.

CANTRELL

Fuckin’ holograms.

Picks up the tiny projector and THROWS it across the room.

SITS down. Comes forward.

THE HOLOGRAM

Goes at it again. A message.

The President facing Cantrell in the eyes.
THE PRESIDENT
Dear fellow Americans and citizens of this World, my message today is a simple one. Something we’ve all guessed as our future. Our final destination.
As a species, we’ve done a great many things. Influenced and helped countless others. But we have also abused our rights. Amongst ourselves. Amongst our fellow inhabitants of this known Universe we share.
It is with great pity that we’ve been deemed a threat by various other Nations and must, therefore, evacuate our planet to prevent its destruction. To prevent our heritage. Our identity. No form of counter-measure will be taken in our part. We will not contest this decision.
Sincere--

Message gets CUT off. Hologram GOES out.

A shocked look on Cantrell.

CANTRELL
Wouldn’t you know it?

Puts both feet on top of the table.

CANTRELL
Edward T. Cantrell. President of the United States of America.

And with that, ladies and gentleman, we...

CUT TO BLACK

Hopefully to the tune of “The Butcher and Fast Eddy” by Rose Tattoo.

POST MAIN END CREDITS:

OUTSIDE CANTRELL’S HOUSE

Kluta and Oldie outside the lower floor entrance.

Oldie removing his good arm from the scanning device.
OLDIE
Put yours in so that it can register it.

KLUTA
Painless, right?

OLDIE
Won’t feel a thing.

Kluta gives him a doubtful look.

Puts his arm in. All going fine until Kluta SCREAMS.

OLDIE
Then again, it’s been a while.

The light goes GREEN. All finished with Kluta. Door OPENS.

Kluta takes his arm out. SHAKES it. Looks again at Oldie.

KLUTA
I won’t even ask next time.

They enter.

CELL BLOCK

Both looking at the ground. Stop by the first cell.

KLUTA
If I’d known that cleaning came with the job, I would’ve settled with the bar.

(beat)
What the hell am I gonna do with all his junk?

OLDIE
Shut up. I’ll help you with it. Now put your finger there. The system has you by now.

Kluta obeys. A CLICK. Door UNLOCKS.

They finally look UP. See what’s inside the cell.

Kluta is STUNNED. Oldie, not so much.

OLDIE
I’ll go get the mop.

Leaves Kluta in the company of every bit of Ekhan meat that’s stuck to the wall.
KLUTA
Oh shi--

Before he can say it, we go...

Our credits continue. This is truly...

THE END