ICARUS RISING
"The Mummy and The Mantis"

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Story by Wayne Clark
FADE IN:

INT. ICARUS - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

JASON, alone, holds his key-chain up, looks around the room. The emergency light pulses, illuminates his surroundings.

In front of him, a mummified man with two long fingers on both hands, a jeweled crown on his head. The crown connects to several thin tubes attached to the ceiling.

Jason, fascinated, gets a closer look.

The mummy’s skull-like head, small ridges. Big frog like eyes, closed. Skin like sandpaper.

Uniform dirty, torn. Thin body, half of it missing.

Nearby, two fossilized big wolves.

Jason reaches in his pocket, extracts a pencil.

Uses the tip of the eraser.

Pokes the mummy’s right shoulder. Nothing happens.

Jabs the skull with the eraser.

The skull cranks left, decapitates! The crown goes with it. Detaches itself from the tubes!

The alien mummy head smacks into dust upon contact with the floor.

Jason uses the pencil.

Drags the crown closer to him.

Picks up the crown. Inspects it. Likes what he sees.

Hears a slight TAP in the next room.

JASON

Hey, I’m in here!

No response back, Jason laughs.

JASON

Wait until they get a load of this.

He puts on the crown.
Behind him, the tubes become alive, squirm down like snakes, plug themselves back into the crown. Jason gasps.

His body vibrates.

The rest of the mummy falls out of the chair.

The tubes pull on the crown. Lifts Jason.

Jason kicks out, struggles.

His Earth Force Seven key-chain emergency light clinkers on the floor. The pencil rolls away.


Two projectors slide open, flash into his eyes.

Hundreds of alien symbols hypnotize at rapid speed.

His scream fades. His body relaxes.

The alien symbols cease to invade his eyesight.

Projectors close.

Jason’s eyes glow.

The restraints unlock.

Overhead White lights flicker. The ship HUMS.

An oblong panel near the bottom of the floor opens.

An ant-like army stutters out towards the mummy remains.

The small things surround the mummy, carry it towards the oblong panel. The ant-things disappear with the body into the wall... The panel closes.

Jason closes his eyes.

The entire room SHAKES. A clap of thunder echoes. A high pitched wail follows.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

Amber lights flutter overhead. Highlights an entire room of frost. As the floor vibrates with movement and sound, objects in the room de-frost.
Moisture drips off the face of a man-sized insect head.

SUPER: FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

INT. ICARUS - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Jason’s eyes glow, as if he were possessed by a supernatural force.

Brandon and Ashley, amazed at Jason’s condition.

Everyone else - Eric, Tom, Naomi and The Bartender block the door as a huge praying mantis’ spiked foreleg pops through, in an attempt to come in.

TOM
What is this thing!

NAOMI
Like I’m supposed to know!

BARTENDER
Anyone else wanting to help, feel free!

Brandon rushes to the door - spots a piece of alien-like pipe.

The monster leg scrapes Tom in the right arm. He staggers back, grabs his wrist.

JASON
It’s alright. Let him in.

ASHLEY
Let who in?

Brandon holds the pipe ready to batter up.

BRANDON
Yeah, let him in! I got something for him -

The ship rumbles. Everyone except Jason wobbles about as the floor tips left and tilts right.

The Mantis Alien barges through! Success!

Fumbles around just like the rest.
EXT. FOREST - DAY

The alien shuttle craft rises from the ground, barrels left and right. Straightens up. Dirt falls off the sides.

The craft rises above trees.

INT. ICARUS - COMMAND ROOM

Brandon slides across the floor. His body slaps the wall.

His pipe clatters away from him.

Ashley, a few feet away, rolls up across from him.

They share a moment of relief.

The Mantis spiked leg needles hard into the floor in between them. The creature turns its head, stares into Ashley’s eyes.

The ship straightens up.

JASON
Everyone, remain calm.

BARTENDER
“Remain calm”!!

Jason’s eyes look up, a panel in the ceiling opens up, a robotic arm the length and width of a pool cue drops down.

The Mantis looks at the object, regains its posture.

JASON
Everyone remain where you are.

ASHLEY
What is going on, Jason!

JASON
You will all find out.

TOM
Yeah, right. I –

A panel opens up behind him. Mechanical ants flood out all over him, yank him through the wall.

NAOMI
Oh my god!
JASON
He’ll be fine. The nanos are just doing their job. What’s his name?

ERIC
Tom!
The wall panel closes up.
The Mantis reaches for the end of the machine stick. It opens its mouth, gibberish. It attempts again. Same result.
Everyone spooked. Ashley backs away, gives the Mantis space.

ERIC
You know what that thing is?

JASON
Yes. I just don’t know what it’s doing here. Translator’s out for a minute. While he’s doing that...

Jason taps a nearby console in the armchair.

MEDICAL LAB
It’s a small room, low lighting.
On a chrome table, Tom. Metal restraints over his wrists and feet. The alien mummy beside him doesn’t help his composure.
The robot ants swarm over Tom’s cut.
The lights get brighter. A robotic eye extends downward, much like the translator in the command room. On the side of the eye, a speaker.

JASON
(under static)
Tom. I want you to be still and listen. The nanobites sensed your injury, give them a minute.

TOM
What are you doing to me!

JASON
I told you, the nanos are healing -

TOM
What is this thing beside me!

The robot eye sways over to the mummy, back on Tom.
JASON
The previous captain of this shuttle. They tried to revive him when the systems came back online--

TOM
It’s dead?!

JASON
Yes. Haute I Tick El Albae is dead--

TOM
Haute I what! Who are you!

JASON
It’s Jason--

TOM
Let me go! I have rights! This is insane! You’re all crazy!

JASON
Calm --

TOM
All crazy! I demand you get me out of this! Now!

Another robotic arm with a liquid tube drops down from the ceiling.

TOM
Now what is that thing!

A mist sprays out of the tube. Knocks Tom out.

JASON
Alien morphine. Talk to you in an hour.

Mechanical ants close up Tom’s wound.

INT. ICARUS - COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frustrated, The Mantis taps the translator. More balderdash, but more urgent.

NAOMI
I don’t like his tone.
BARTENDER
Probably thinks we’re going to kill it.

BRANDON
Because there’s more of us than more of him? Or because Jason’s in charge of this heap?

ASHLEY
Little of both.

NAOMI
What if it’s something else?

JASON
Quiet.

One more adjustment, the Mantis announces:

ORIRIS
Oriris. Oriris is my name.

Stops, thinks.

ORIRIS
Let who in. Let him in. Oh My God. What that thing is. Don’t like his tone.

JASON
We understand you, Oriris.

ORIRIS
They call you Jason.

JASON
Yes.

ORIRIS

Oriris glances to the Bartender.

ORIRIS
Don’t know your name yet.

JASON
How did you get on the shuttle, Oriris?

ORIRIS
Jason controls shuttle.
BRANDON
This is going nowhere-

ORIRIS
Salvage and scavenger assignment.
Four of us. Original crew dead.
Attacked. Three of group dead. I
locked in lab area. Frozen.

Looks down on Brandon. Nods to the pipe.

NAOMI (whispers to Ashley)
Suspended animation...

ORIRIS
Got something for him.

BRANDON
Think he wants me to pick up the
pipe.

NAOMI
Why?

ORIRIS

JASON
Prehistoric wolves attacked and
killed the crew. Haute I Tick El
Albae gave the report before his
death.

ORIRIS
They are coming.

ERIC
Those wolves are dead, fossils and
bones. We seen them, coming in.

NAOMI
Oriris...

Oriris turns to her.

NAOMI
The wolves are dead. If Jason
rebooted this...ship, he thawed you
out, right?

ORIRIS
(thinks it over)
Yes.
Thousands of years have passed. Maybe millions, whenever you were frozen. You were here for that long. Safe in that room. Understand?

Oriris cocks his head.

So, you aren’t under attack, and there’s nothing to come after us.

Understand.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

Wolves.


Understand.

BARTENDER
Good, Now that we all understand, and you know everyone here...

Taps on the wall where Tom was snatched.

And in there. Let me -

What killed wolves?

Silence.

Oriris jimmies the translator, makes a long headset and secures it around his thin neck. Approaches Bartender.

Jason thaws Oriris out. Not the only thing thawed out on ship.

You...mean the turtles...?

Ashley shakes her head, goes to the door. Looks out...
INT. CORRIDOR

An army of the pre-historic turtles in the next room. Thawed and alive. They glance up to Ashley, curious.

ASHLEY
Better than big bad wolves.

NAOMI
Turtles are out there?

ASHLEY
More than I thought, but yeah. I think we can handle them.

The big turtles take big, slow steps forward.

COMMAND ROOM

Jason taps the console. In a corner, paint ball gear materializes.

JASON
Ashley, back away. Oriris is right. They’re dangerous.

ASHLEY
Freaking turtles.

JASON
Guys, get the paint guns and blind them until I locate the ship’s weapon supply.

ASHLEY
Turtles-

Eric pulls her back in the command room.

ERIC
Seen enough crazy stuff, don’t ask questions. Take his word for it.

ASHLEY
Okay, a giant preying mantis I can understand. Slow moving turtles? Come on.

JASON
Gear up. We don’t have any time.
ASHLEY
Seriously, what can these things do?

ORIRIS
Sabotage the ship. Freeze us all...

JASON
For a few thousand years.

FADE OUT.