

Extra**TERROR**estrial

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - DUSK

Over a run down motel, dark clouds hover like an omen. Lightning flickers within.

A rusty metal sign whips in the wind: VACANCY.

Thunder RUMBLES followed by a dead silence.

The quiet is interrupted by a loud THUD on the --

ROOF

Crouched, a cloaked FIGURE, obscured by his hood, perches as if he descended from the heavens above.

BREEZEWAY

Face still concealed, the Figure strides down the corridor, his scarlet cloak blows in the wind.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The door swings open into a dingy dim-lit lobby that hasn't seen a renovation since the eighties.

As the door shuts, DEVIN, 38, stunningly rugged, shaved head, looks up over his I-pad. Stares inquisitively at the patron.

A blaring high pitch SCREAMS from the TV.

INSERT SCREEN: Emergency Broadcast System. Hurricane ALERT.

Devin points to the television, starts to speak, but his attention shifts from the warning to the figure before him who's removed his hood.

The Figure's pale face, lengthy 'Presbyterian' nose, wavy long hair, shares a striking resemblance to Jesus Christ.

DEVIN

Uh, anyone ever told you, you look exactly like that dude from the Bible?

The Figure doesn't speak. He stares through Devin who leans down to get a room key.

As Devin stands, the Figure bounds over the counter, envelopes Devin from behind, in a choke hold.

FIGURE
(whispering voice)
The virals are coming. You're a
martyr for your people.

CRACK. He SNAPS Devin's neck. Devin's body falls into a dead heap on the floor.

INSERT TV SCREEN: A radar of the deadly storm.

Back behind the counter. The now 'empty' crimson cloak lays in a pile upon the floor.

Devin's body moves slowly. He crawls up to his feet. Looks down at both arms. Squeezes a fist, watches his forearm muscle flex. He reaches up; feels his face.

He twists his neck to the right. Then to the left. It makes a CRACKLING sound.

Physically, he looks the same except for his eyes, which are a cloudy white.

Devin reaches down, retrieves a photograph from the pocket of the cloak. He kisses it, then pockets the picture.

He steps over the cloak, walks to the window. Stares into the dark night.

A loud high pitch TONE followed by annoying BEEPS.

Devin looks at the TV. He tilts his head; listens intently to the voice on the television.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM (V.O.)
Devastating damage expected.
Hurricane Aeron grows at
unprecedented strength. Most of the
area will be uninhabitable for
weeks. Winds of hurricane force
approaching in the next two to four
hours.

Thunder BOOMS. Lightning CRACKS outside. The ominous sound like a warning for what's coming next.

A loud THUD on the roof.

Devin looks up.

DEVIN

Virals.

He paces quickly to his position behind the check-in counter. Looks down at the I-pad screen.

He touches the screen. A video resumes: two girls in sexy lingerie, share a passionate kiss.

His head tilts as he stares at the screen.

FOOTSTEPS from right outside.

Devin twists his neck to the left. It CRACKS. He lowers his jaw, his serious eyes trained on the door --

-- that bursts open. Wind whips inside, blows the long flowing trench coat as SHE walks in. Scans her surroundings.

A mime-ish face, milky white, single black tear drop painted below her almost black eyes, long dark hair resembling that of a geisha's, VESTA, 28, saunters to the counter.

DEVIN

Here for the hurricane, I assume?

She glares at him over the I-pad. Sniffs the air like a hound trying to pick up a scent.

VESTA

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Devin leans down to get a room key.

Vesta slowly pulls out a gem covered DAGGER but not fast enough. She sheaths it below her coat, smiles, as he hands her a key.

On her inner wrist, a celestial planetary tattoo along with the symbol for fire.

Key in hand, she chuckles to herself.

VESTA

Six Six Six.

She looks up at him.

DEVIN

The number following six six five.

VESTA

The number of the beast *they* call it.

DEVIN

We do. And it's the only room I
have ready, with the storm and all.
You understand, right?

She smiles, then heads for the exit.

At the door, she takes one last look at Devin who's
preoccupied with the I-pad.

She sniffs the air, disappears out the door.

Wind HOWLS outside. Thunder RUMBLES.

INT. ROOM 666 - NIGHT

Vesta removes her trench coat revealing a tight body clothed
in a mesh top, ripped jeans and long boots.

She lays her weapons on the bed: the gemmed dagger, a new age
gun, a small throwing star.

She strolls to the far corner of the room. Tacks a polaroid
photo to the wall.

Vesta turns; takes five large steps away then spins around,
flings the throwing star.

It punctures the picture of PANDORA, ageless beauty, blue
eyes, short black hair, fair skin, the water symbol tattooed
on her forehead. She wears an ornate metal nose plug.

VESTA

(to herself)

This time, you won't even know what
hit you when I strike. This sick
little planet will be mine for the
taking.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Devin sifts through a desk drawer. Pulls out a box cutter.
Pushes his sleeve back. The blade nicks his forearm flesh.

His face grimaces in pain. He SIGHS.

The box cutter lays on the table in a puddle of blood.

Devin holds up a bloody device similar to a flash drive.

He wipes the blood from the chip, inserts it into the I-pad's
30-pin dock connector.

Static fills the screen followed by the face of the late Elvis Presley.

DEVIN

You've got to be kidding me?

Devin holds a conversation over a Skype-type interface.

ELVIS

Sorry. The only music I ever liked from over there. Let's get down to business. The virals.

DEVIN

Vesta's here. I put her in the hell room. Thought that was appropriate.

ELVIS

Watch out. One look in her eyes and you'll be internal combustion. Burn you from the inside out.

DEVIN

She's already pulled a dagger. Clear proof she doesn't know my order. Can't even smell me.

ELVIS

The other viral is in route. The battle's about to begin. You have to stop them. Both of them.

Devin pulls out the worn photograph.

INSERT: A faded picture of a young woman, her skin radiant, her eyes the coolest blue, on her head, a crown of wildflowers.

DEVIN

One viral in particular, I want her heart on a platter. Revenge will never be so sweet.

ELVIS

You cannot let revenge get in the way! We need both of them. Or Earth is dust! Now promise me.

A single drop of water splashes down on the desk.

Devin's eyes move from the I-pad screen to the ceiling above.

Another drop follows the last.

DEVIN
 (whispers)
 I gotta go.

Devin powers down the device. Strides to the window. Peers outside. There's no rain in site.

Wind HOWLS outside.

FOOTSTEPS on the roof.

Devin looks up at the ceiling. With every FOOTSTEP, water droplets fall from above, hit the floor.

He runs over behind the check-in counter. Jerks the device out of the I-pad drive, puts it his mouth, swallows it.

Like something out of the roaring 20's, Pandora, black bobbed hair, jeweled headband, pearl necklace, walks in.

Her long legs accentuated with shimmering silk stockings, garters, shiny black patent leather heels.

Her tight mini-skirt reveals the tip of a holstered weapon strapped to her thigh.

Pandora sizes the place up, then walks slowly to the check-in counter leaving wet footprints behind her.

She startles as a blaring TONE comes from the television.

DEVIN
 Category four they're saying.

PANDORA
 They haven't a clue. Hell hath no
 fury like a woman scorned.

She cuts her eyes at him. Her sapphire baby blues are like an endless ocean -- calm but deadly.

PANDORA
 Mother nature, you know?

DEVIN
 I suppose you need a room?

PANDORA
 How'd ya know? However...

She bends over; whispers to him through her hands.

He stares at her ornate metal nose plug that seals her nostrils off.

PANDORA

I'm expecting a rendezvous with an old flame. Tall, dark hair, gorgeous gal, hot as hell if you get my drift.

He leans across the counter; meets her eye to eye.

DEVIN

She's already here.

Pandora's eyes well up, spill tears down her cheek.

PANDORA

Sorry. She makes me all wet, inside and out.

She wipes the tears away. Pulls her sequined top to the side; flashes her more than ample cleavage.

PANDORA

If I told you the world was ending and you could have any wish, what would it be? Mine would be to surprise my friend. Now, what would yours be?

DEVIN

Her image is still crystal clear in my mind. An odd mixture of shyness and fierce determination. Imagination was her only weapon, the way a carpenter employs a hammer, a boxer his fists. If there was one thing in this world I could wish for, it would be her. To have her back.

PANDORA

(laughs)

You talk of her as if she's some magical creature. I could bring her back you know?

There is an awkward silence. His eyes grow as solid as stone.

He holds out a key. Drops it into her palm. On the plastic key tag, the number 666. Pandora's eyes light up.

PANDORA

You're going to give it to me just like that?

DEVIN

Just remember, you owe me.

She smiles, gives Devin a wink. Heads for the door. She smiles over her shoulder on the way out, does her best Arnold Schwarzenegger voice.

PANDORA

I'll be bock.

She giggles as she exits.

As the door closes, Devin balls his fist in fury. Punches the wall blasting through the paneling.

He pulls the photo out of his pocket. Runs his finger across his angel's face.

INT. ROOM 666 - NIGHT

Vesta spins around shocked to see Pandora standing in the doorway.

Pandora struts towards Vesta who eyes the weapons sitting on the bed at a distance.

The lights flicker. Suddenly, Pandora's up against Vesta. She wraps around her like an anaconda about to strangle its prey.

Pandora flaunts her dominance as she fondles Vesta intimately, kisses her deep, licking around her lips then down her neck almost like she's marking her territory.

Vesta inches back, reaches desperately for the dagger.

Her fingers fumble then grab the dagger, but it's too late.

Pandora throws Vesta against the wall. The dagger goes flying across the floor.

Rain beats down heavily on the roof. Thunder RUMBLES.

PANDORA

I brought the hurricane! This Earth
is mine, you weak little fire
starter!

Pandora holds her arms up into the air. Summons the storm.

Thunder BOOMS. The lights in the room flicker on and off.

PITCH BLACK darkness.

An animalistic SCREAM!

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The scream echoes within. Devin knows it's time.

INT. ROOM 666 - CONTINUOUS

The lights come back on.

Vesta lies in a puddle of her own blood. Her throat slit. Her dead eyes a cloudy white.

Pandora stands over her trophy. The gemmed dagger hangs in her grip.

She has a smudge of blood on her cheek. She licks it slowly with her tongue. Tastes the kill.

An almost pleasurable smile crosses her sinister face.

PANDORA

It's been a long time since I
relished a human assassination.

She pushes her hair out of her face. Straightens her sequined top and mini-skirt. Her silk stockings are tattered and torn from the skirmish.

Rain BEATS down on the roof. Thunder ROARS.

She holds her hands up in the air. Closes her eyes.

PANDORA

I bring the storms, quakes,
tsunamis, the shakes. Earth shall
be mine one city at a time, she
will fall and I will destroy them
all.

She opens her eyes. Flips her hair to the side.

PANDORA

And right now, I have one waiting.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Devin grips the worn photo. His eyes cold, distant.

Pandora bursts through the door.

Rain and wind screams behind her as the door slams.

PANDORA

Back to deliver your wish, human!

Devin slides around the desk. Puts ample room in between himself and Pandora. Doesn't trust her for shit.

He flings the worn photograph towards her. It gracefully drifts through the air on its way to the floor.

Pandora watches him closely as she goes for the photo.

She picks it up; studies it. An evil grin crosses her face.

Raising the photo in front of him, she rips it in half. The two pieces fall to the floor.

PANDORA

A Liriopian! I should've known.
How'd you cover the stench?

Devin pulls a bottle of Old Spice aftershave from his pocket, holds it out. Laughs. Then tosses the bottle away.

She walks around, circles Devin like an alpha wolf stalking a weakened fawn.

DEVIN

You bring her back I don't give a
shit what happens to this decrepid
planet.

PANDORA

Did you think you could play me
like a fine fiddle stupid man?

DEVIN

I gave you Vesta on a silver
platter.

PANDORA

Love makes a man weak. Unstrong.
It's pathetic watching you haggle
over her silly soul. I'll never
give her back to you. You should
thank me. It's for your own good.

Thunder BOOMS. Lights flicker.

Devin tackles Pandora. Like yin and yang, they roll across the floor. Devin jerks the ornate nose plugs from Pandora.

She gasps. Struggles to breathe.

PANDORA
The ill air! No!

She falls to her knees. Struggles around on the floor.

Devin picks up the two pieces of the ripped photo. He walks to the check-in counter.

PANDORA
Please! I'll give her back! No!

He doesn't even look at her as she grapples on the floor. He calmly uses scotch tape to repair the photo back together.

Devin looks at the clock; grabs his neck as if he's choking. His face turns red. His body falls to the floor in a heap.

A long high pitch TONE blares from the television. On the screen: Emergency Broadcast Service.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM
Houses have been destroyed. Lives
have been lost. Rescue crews have
been dispatched. Stay inside to
avoid danger from flooding, downed
power lines.

The Figure in the scarlet cloak walks by Pandora who lies on the floor gasping for her last breath. She labors to moan but only wheezes.

She reaches for his garment but her hand drops. She lies still. Eyes frozen.

The cloaked Figure walks out of the door.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Morning sun shines through the opened door. Bird song can be heard coming from outside.

Behind the check-in counter, Devin's eyes open. He slowly crawls up from the floor; rubs his head.

He looks around the room confused; then his eyes fall on a worn photograph on the counter in front of him.

He picks it up. Runs his fingers across the face of an angel.

FADE TO BLACK.

