

THE COLONY RUN

by

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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 goddamn thing. A goddamn--

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 Huy1  
**Official Distribution Colony: 6-A**

**CONTACT CARRIER?**

A deep BREATH 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

Godddamn 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

GARAGE

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

No tunnels. No security measures. Population? A mellow blue  
tinge.

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.

A door. A RED light. A hole big enough for a card.

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?

Sniper. Laying on the floor. Motionless. Joined by a small carton box. Spilled milk keeping him company.

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.

Kluta 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.

A BIG 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.



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 Ekhan. Enough strength for all three of them to go TUMBLING into the cell. Against the junk.

Cantrell SHOVED 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 SHOTS 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

LIGHTS on. Everything looks human. Traditional. Southern-y.

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  
I do. Not exactly. Small things.  
Sometimes.  
(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)

CREATURE #2 (CONT'D)

(beat)

Our boy. All grown up.

They look TENDERLY at one another. Hold hands.

Kluta and Cantrell also look at each other. Confused.

CREATURE #1

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.

CANTRELL

And you? How old are you?

CREATURE #1

I'm 127.000.

CREATURE #2

134.000 myself.

Moves back again.

CANTRELL

Just when you think you got it all figured out.

KLUTA

(to Cantrell)

When did you ever think that?

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

CREATURE #2

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

(beat)

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

That's it?

KLUTA

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.

Cantrell and Kluta sit back. Cantrell HITS his head against the wood. Repeatedly. Breaking down.

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

Lockers. All around. Different shapes. Sizes. Colors.

Sizzling hot. Would make you sweat in a second. Not a fan  
around.

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 SHOTS 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 and Cantrell. Minus the guns. Locked away. Together. Nobody else around. A cell just for two.

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

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

No. You just fell right off.  
(beat)  
Now please. Drive.

BACK IN CENDRAK

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

ALL THREE EKHANDS

Near a BIG and depressing building. One among many.

Short One still carrying the case. They KNOCK.

TWO BIG EKHAND EYES

On the other side of the door.

BIG EKHAND

(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 EKHAND

(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...

CUT TO:

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  
Oldie's. Meet Eggnog. Eggnog. Meet  
Oldie's.

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 Ekans still decorates the  
place.

CANTRELL  
How the hell are you still alive?

OLDIE  
Seems those damn Ekans 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?

Smirks. Moves away. Back turned against him.

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

**Address:** Sector C+. Building 29. Door 33. Planet Barakkis.

**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

Sure. Can't remember when. Or how.  
Or why. Or where. But they died.

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.

Holgo?

CANTRELL

Holgo?

KLUTA

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

In your standard establishing shot. Peaceful. Green lawn. Flag waving proudly. No fountain, though.

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.*

*Sincer--*

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...

BACK TO BLACK

THE END