

BLOOD ON MARS

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

A quiet cul-de-sac. Lawns trimmed. Families are still asleep. The sun hasn't quite made up its mind.

INT. SPENSER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A digital alarm clock blinks at 5:59 AM. It flips to 6:00.

**BZZZZZ!**

SPENSER (40s), thin, bespectacled, in a wrinkled dress shirt and slacks, slaps the alarm. He stares at the ceiling. Hollow-eyed. The kind of man who's forgotten how to dream.

INT. SPENSER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Coffee drips. Spenser adjusts his glasses and stares at a photo on the fridge: two kids, smiling. A sticky note reads:

"Don't forget child support. - LISA"

He sighs, pockets a granola bar, and grabs his NASA badge - clipped to a lanyard that's seen better days.

INT. NASA - ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT - LATER

Rows of cubicles. Fluorescent lights hum like they're bored.

Spenser sits at his desk, surrounded by spreadsheets and silence. He types. Stops. Types again.

A younger coworker, DAVE (30s), stylish and expressive, leans over the partition with a playful grin.

**DAVE**

You hear about the comet?

**SPENSER**

I hear about all kinds of things.

Then I go back to Excel.

**DAVE**

They are assembling a team for a big mission. It is real Hush-hush.

Spenser doesn't look up.

**SPENSER**

Sounds like a job for someone who doesn't balance budgets.

**DAVE**

My boyfriend says you should stop flirting with spreadsheets. Maybe they need someone who understands accounting. Like you, Spenser.

Dave disappears. Spenser stares at his screen. A blinking cell. Empty.

Spenser opens a new tab. Types:

"Comet approaching Earth 2026?"

The search loads. His eyes narrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - SPACE - MATCH CUT

A glowing comet drifts silently toward the blue planet.

TITLE CARD:

\*\*BLOOD ON MARS\*\*

INT. NASA - ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Spenser types numbers into Excel, frustrated. He types the wrong number, sighs, and fixes the error.

TREY (36), slick suit, well-educated, highly arrogant, walks to Spenser's cubicle. He notices the small error Spenser just corrected.

**TREY**

Come on, we do not pay you for fixing intern level mistakes.

**SPENSER**

Please, I am not a robot.

**TREY**

Don't worry, soon this will be done by a robot, and you will be making my coffee order. No, you won't, you would stuff that up too. Come to my office now!

Spenser sighs, looks at Dave with a face of frustration, and follows Trey into his office.

INT. TREY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Trey sits in his chair behind his desk. The chair is facing away. He spins around.

**TREY**

Look, I think you worthless. Which is why when I saw this... ERROR... in the last quarter's report I knew it was you.

Spenser looks at the paper Trey is holding.

**SPENSER**

That is just a typo of your name. I don't do that, I do the numbers, and NASA is doing just fine thanks to me.

**TREY**

Yeh, well I didn't get hired for just fine. You hear about this comet?

**SPENSER**

Yeh.

**TREY**

Well, I think you can go up in a shuttle and see first-hand how many BILLIONS it will take to push it away from Earth.

**SPENSER**

WHAT!! I am not an astronaut, what would I do? Throw a budget at it?

**TREY (NOT AMUSED)**

You will do what THE FUCK I say! Pack your shit. I am putting you in.

**SPENSER**

FUCK.

Spenser storms out of the room. Trey spins around in his chair.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT: Trey's office window overlooks the shuttle being built outside.

**TREY (V.O)**

Got rid of that problem. No one spells my name incorrectly when the big boss is reading it.

INT. NASA - ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Spenser storms to his desk, visibly angry and afraid.

**DAVE**

What is the matter?

**SPENSER**

Trey lost it, he is putting me on the shuttle to do God knows what to this comet. You know if they bounce Timmy from the mission just to put me on, he will hate me.

Dave nods back but says nothing.

**TREY (O.S.)**

Pack up now! You on the mission list, go home and be get ready!

Trey storms out of the office area before getting a reply.

**DAVE**

Oh boy, Goodluck babe.

Dave turns back to his computer screen. Spenser storms out the main door, fumbles for his car keys, drops his papers, picks it all up, and gets in his car.

INT. SPENSER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser calls Lisa, his ex-wife.

**SPENSER**

Come over, I need to talk to you.

**LISA (V.O.)**

What's wrong?

**SPENSER**

Just come over, I got news.

EXT. SPENSER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser speeds into the driveway, slams the door, and races inside.

DAN, 12 years old, punk-rock kid. Spenser and Lisa's son

**DAN**

What's up dad?

Spenser gives him a hug and kiss.

**SPENSER**

Oh, nothing dude, just some work trouble I need to speak to your mum about.

Spenser drops his keys in the bowl in the kitchen.

HAYLEY, 8 years old. Sweet and innocent. Spenser and Lisa's daughter. Sits with headphones and an iPad. She smiles at Spenser as he kisses her head.

BRAD. Lisa's new boyfriend. Lazy, redneck.

**LISA**

What is the matter, you know I can't just drop everything for you anymore.

**SPENSER**

Stuff what Brad thinks! Trey has put me on the mission to the comet; it's a suicide mission!

Lisa is shocked but quickly turns back to the not-caring ex-wife.

**LISA**

Well don't be surprised if I take  
full custody while you're gone.  
Let's go kids.

Lisa spitefully leaves with the kids in a rush and leaves  
Spenser to a night of panic and misery.

INT. SPENSER'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Spenser lies awake in bed, eyes wide open. The alarm clock reads  
4:59 AM. It flips to 5:00.

**BZZZZZ!**

He doesn't move. Just stares at the ceiling.

INT. NASA - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Spenser sits shirtless on an exam table. A NURSE draws blood. He  
winces.

**NURSE**

You're O-type. Universal donor.  
Lucky guy. We don't have many on  
record here.

**SPENSER**

Yes, so lucky.

Spenser seems unimpressed.

INT. NASA - TRAINING SIMULATOR - DAY

Spenser is strapped into a spinning gyroscope. He screams as it  
whirls.

**INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)**

Relax rookie! Damn it, he will be  
the end of me!

INT. NASA - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Spenser sits alone in front of a locker. He opens it. Inside: a flight suit with his name patch. He touches it like it belongs to someone else.

INT. SPENSER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser eats cereal alone at the kitchen counter.

He glances at the empty living room. A dusty toy sits untouched on the shelf. He picks it up, hesitates, then sets it back down.

The silence is heavy. He stares at the wall. No photos. No drawings. Just blank space.

He finishes his cereal and rinses the bowl.

INT. NASA - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A MISSION COMMANDER points at a digital model of the comet.

**COMMANDER**

Trajectory's unstable. We need eyes on it. You'll be in orbit for 72 hours. Observe. Report. Don't touch anything.

Spenser raises his hand.

**SPENSER**

What if it touches me?

Silence.

MONTAGE - FINAL PREP (VARIOUS)

- Spenser in a pressure suit, walking down a corridor.
- A helmet being lowered onto his head.
- A technician checking vitals.
- Spenser signing a waiver.

- A rocket being fuelled under floodlights.

CUT TO:

Trey is smiling sarcastically. Spenser looks at him and Trey waves as Spenser leaves Trey's sight.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Spenser climbs the gantry stairs. The rocket looms above, monstrous and indifferent.

At the top, he pauses. A figure approaches from the other side of the platform - it's Timmy, already suited up.

TIMMY, in his 50s. Friendly.

**TIMMY**

I'm still here.

Spenser exhales, visibly relieved.

**SPENSER**

Thank God. I thought they bumped you.

Timmy smiles, pats Spenser on the shoulder.

**TIMMY**

Don't worry Spense. I was never missing this easy mission.

Spenser chuckles, tension easing.

They walk side by side toward the boarding hatch.

INT. LAUNCH MODULE - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser is strapped in. Heart pounding. A HUD flickers to life.

**MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)**

T-minus 10... 9... 8...

Spenser closes his eyes.

**MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)**

7... 6... 5...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE - FLIGHT MODULE - NIGHT

The rocket hums. Earth fades behind them. Spenser floats, stiff and uncertain. Timmy adjusts controls with practiced ease.

**TIMMY**

Hold on. Don't touch anything.

Spenser nods, gripping the seat rail.

INT. SHUTTLE - OBSERVATION BAY - LATER

Weightlessness. Silence. Spenser drifts toward the window. In the distance: Mars, glowing red, growing larger by the hour. Closer: the comet, massive and indifferent, glides across the void.

INT. SHUTTLE - PERSONAL LOG STATION

Spenser records a video log, floating gently.

**SPENSER**

Hour four. The comet looks like a giant rock. Nothing seems overly bad about it. Kinda wrong place, wrong time for it.

He glances out the window. Mars looms ahead - beautiful, ominous.

INT. SHUTTLE - FLIGHT MODULE - MOMENTS LATER

**THUD.**

A jolt. The shuttle shudders.

**SPENSER**

What the hell was that?

**TIMMY**

Debris! From the comet!

Timmy floats toward the wall - a jagged tear in the hull. Red lights flash. Alarms scream.

The shuttle begins to spiral, losing control.

INT. SHUTTLE - VARIOUS MODULES - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Loose gear floats. A panel explodes in sparks. Spenser grips a rail, eyes wide. Timmy shouts commands.

**TIMMY**

Stabilizers offline! We're spinning!

The comet drifts past. Mars fills the viewport, now too close.

INT. SHUTTLE - FLIGHT MODULE - FINAL MOMENTS

The spinning intensifies. A buzzing sound overtakes the alarms. Spenser's vision blurs. Timmy reaches for him.

Through the window: Mars' surface rushes toward them.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SHUTTLE - CRASH MODULE - DAY

BLACK.

A high-pitched buzzing hums in the void.

FAINT LIGHT bleeds in.

SPENSER'S EYES blink open. His vision swims. The world is sideways.

SPENSER'S POV: The ship is in flames. Smoke curls through fractured panels. Timmy's body lifeless, blurred in the background.

The buzzing intensifies – not from the ship, but inside his head.

Spenser winces, clutching his skull.

INT. SHUTTLE - CRASH MODULE - MOMENTS LATER

He steadies himself. Breath ragged. Focus returning.

He sees his helmet nearby. He grabs it, shakily locks it on.

He crawls to the comms panel. Static.

**SPENSER**

Mission Control, this is... this  
is Spenser. Do you copy? (beat) Of  
course not.

He slumps against the wall, defeated.

INT. SHUTTLE - PERSONAL LOG STATION - MINUTES LATER

Spenser activates the video log. His voice is hoarse.

**SPENSER**

I have no idea what just happened.  
It looks like we've crashed onto  
Mars. Looking at our destroyed  
ship... I guess this is what a  
billion dollars looks like, Trey.

He rips off the mic and hurls it across the cabin.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - AIRLOCK - LATER

The hatch creaks open. Red dust swirls.

Spenser hobbles out, limping. He stares at the ground – hesitant.

**SPENSER**

One small step for man...

He hops down.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

One giant screw-up for NASA.

He turns back. Sees Timmy's body through the cracked viewport.

**SPENSER (SOFTLY)**

Sorry.

EXT. MARS SURFACE – CONTINUOUS

Spenser walks, dazed. The landscape is vast, silent, surreal.

He stops. Looks around. Laughs.

**SPENSER**

An accountant on Mars. Seriously?

The first man to walk on Mars...

is me.

He pats a nearby rock and sits.

EXT. MARS SURFACE – LATER

A wide shot: Spenser alone on the red planet. The wreckage burns behind him.

He stares at the horizon, then down at his helmet.

**SPENSER**

Wait... why am I wearing this? I didn't have it on when I woke up and I was fine.

He hesitates. Then, slowly, lifts the helmet off.

A breath in. A breath out.

No gasping. No panic.

Just... air.

He exhales, stunned. Then smiles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - CRASH SITE

Spenser throws a handful of Mars dirt onto the flames. The fire sputters, then dies.

He drags Timmy's body to the rear of the shuttle, covers him with a blanket. A pause. Head bowed.

INT. SHUTTLE - STORAGE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser opens the food hatch, packs a survival bag. Grabs wire headphones, a voice recorder, and a standard picture camera.

He glances out the cracked window - **Earth**, faint in the sky.

**SPENSER (TO RECORDER)**

Something NASA didn't know - we  
can walk and breathe on Mars.  
Boom. Spenser discovers.

He leaves the video log station behind.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - BASE OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

Spenser climbs, breath fogging. The terrain is jagged, cold.

He reaches a ridge. In the distance: a frozen lake.

**SPENSER (TO RECORDER)**

They have a frozen lake here.  
Probably water.

He documents it, then stows the recorder.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DUSK

The sun drops fast. The sky dims to heavy dusk.

Spenser rubs his hands together, breathing into them like a skier.

His face shifts - curious, then alarmed.

**SPENSER**

Huh...

Far off: lights flicker in the distance

EXT. SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Spenser rushes back, panicked. He grabs metal scraps, seals the hull breach.

He barricades the opening, then collapses inside.

INT. SHUTTLE - NIGHT TO DAWN

Spenser sleeps on and off. The sun rises.

EXT. MARS RIDGE - DAY

After making his way towards where he saw the light, Spenser crouches behind a jagged boulder halfway down a hill, breath fogging in the cold. He peers over the edge, voice recorder in hand.

Below: a sprawling compound, like a five-story car park fused with alien geometry. Fences shimmer with energy. Alien creatures patrol in rhythmic patterns.

Spenser clicks the recorder on, whispering.

**SPENSER (INTO RECORDER)**

I see movement. Not human.  
Colourful... tentacles... three  
legs. They're organized. Guarding  
something.

He pans his gaze across the compound. Beyond the patrols: humans, clustered behind fences. Some sit. Some pace. One stands, staring at the sky.

Spenser's hand trembles.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

There are people. Actual people.  
What the hell is this?

Suddenly, a man inside the fence runs toward the barrier, screaming.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

No, no, don't—

The man touches the fence. FLASH. He disintegrates — no blood, no scream. Just dust.

Spenser recoils, nearly drops the recorder.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Jesus Christ.

Sirens blare. A robotic voice echoes across the valley:

**SPEAKER (O.S.)**

Contamination alert. Eliminate  
contamination.

Alien enforcers scale the compound, swift and insect-like. They enter the level where the man died.

Inside: instant annihilation. Every human on that floor vanishes.

Spenser watches, frozen.

The aliens exit calmly, scurrying away like nothing happened.

**SPENSER (INTO RECORDER)**

They just wiped out a whole floor.  
No hesitation. No emotion. This  
isn't a prison. It's a purge.

He clicks the recorder off. His face is pale, eyes wide.

**SPENSER (SOFTLY)**

I need to get out of here.

He turns, stumbles down the ridge, clutching the recorder like a lifeline.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - RETREAT - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser runs, gasping. He stumbles into the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

He slams the door, hyperventilating.

**SPENSER (TO VIDEO LOG)**

What the fuck! Aliens. Killer  
fucking aliens! I need to get out  
of here.

He grabs the radio - static. Throws it. Tries rewiring - no luck. Pulls out his phone - dead.

A noise outside.

Spenser drops beside Timmy's body, playing dead.

Footsteps. A shadow passes.

Spenser peeks - the smaller alien walks away.

He exhales, barely.

**SPENSER (WHISPERS)**

I am dead.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHUTTLE - CRASH MODULE - NIGHT

Spenser lies beside Timmy's body, eyes half-open. He drifts in and out of paranoid, exhausted sleep.

**SPENSER (V.O.)**

They keep humans. I don't know how we haven't noticed this before.

He clicks on his **voice recorder**, whispering.

**SPENSER (INTO RECORDER)**

They keep us. Like cattle.

He checks the radio - static. Slams it down.

**SPENSER**

AHHH!

He freezes, realizing the sound might carry.

EXT. SHUTTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Scratching at the metal frame.

Spenser jolts upright, then quickly reassumes his dead pose beside Timmy.

The hatch flies open.

ALIEN 1 (LATER NAMED Khay) enters - glowing softly purple, facial tentacles twitching, three legs gliding across the floor.

It hovers over Timmy.

**ALIEN 1**

Expired. Unused. Unusable.

It turns to Spenser.

**ALIEN 1 (CONT'D)**

Alive. Viable. And... different.

Spenser explodes into action, grabs a can of food, and hurls it at Alien 1.

**SPENSER**

What the hell are you?!

The alien doesn't flinch.

**ALIEN 1**

I am the one who found you. I am now your owner. You are my property and will be processed.

Its voice is monotone, layered with eerie harmonics. Its eyes seem to stare through Spenser.

**SPENSER**

You don't own me.

The alien lowers its posture – less threatening.

**ALIEN 1**

I sense a rarity in the sample.

**SPENSER**

What sample?

**ALIEN 1**

Blood sample.

Spenser hesitates.

**SPENSER**

Blood sample? I just did that before I left. I'm O-type.

The alien's tentacles twitch rapidly.

**ALIEN 1**

O-type. We have not seen O-type in millennia.

**SPENSER**

So what? You can't have my blood.

**ALIEN 1**

You are my property. Disposable.

Spenser grabs another object, ready to strike.

**SPENSER**

Disposable? You use my blood...  
Then turn me to dust – like you  
did to that entire floor in the  
camp.

**ALIEN 1**

Yes.

A long silence.

Another alien enters.

ALIEN 2, smaller but swift, glows orange.

**ALIEN 1**

This specimen is mine by claim.

**ALIEN 2**

Very well.

Alien 2 ties Spenser up with fluid precision.

EXT. MARS SURFACE – MOMENTS LATER

Spenser is loaded onto a hovercraft, restrained.

**SPENSER**

What will happen to me?

**ALIEN 1**

Processing.

**SPENSER**

What's your name?

**ALIEN 1**

You will call me Master.

Master Alien pricks Spenser's arm – draws blood – tastes it.

**SPENSER**

Ouch. What do you do with my blood?

**ALIEN 2**

Silence now, specimen.

Alien 2 **strikes Spenser**, knocking him unconscious.

FADE OUT.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Spenser lies strapped to a hover stretcher, flanked by ALIEN 1 (Master) and ALIEN 2. The elevator ascends through a vertical column of glowing floors.

Each level is marked:

LEVEL 1 - A-TYPE

LEVEL 2 - B-TYPE

LEVEL 3 - AB-TYPE

LEVEL 4 - O-TYPE

Through translucent walls, Spenser sees rows of humans being led into a central building – heads down, wrists bound.

On the far side: lifeless bodies carried out by drones. No blood. No sound. Just motion.

**SPENSER (WEAKLY)**

You sort us by blood?

**ALIEN 1**

Each type yields different value.  
You are O-negative. You are alone.

INT. LEVEL 5 - SPENSER'S FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens to a silent, sterile chamber. No other cells.  
No other humans. Just one room.

Spenser is released. He stumbles forward, dizzy.

**SPENSER**

Why am I alone?

**ALIEN 1**

Your blood is rare. You are  
preserved. For now.

Alien 2 activates the drain module - a sleek wall unit with a  
retractable needle arm.

**SPENSER**

You're not even hiding it.

**ALIEN 1**

There is no need. You are product.

Spenser backs away, breathing hard.

**SPENSER**

You drain us. Then what?

**ALIEN 1**

You are studied. Then disposed.

Alien 2 grabs Spenser's arm locks it into the module.

**SPENSER (STRUGGLING)**

You can't just-

The needle pierces his skin. A soft hum begins. A vial fills  
with dark red blood.

Spenser winces, eyes fluttering.

Alien 1 reads the printed report.

**ALIEN 1**

O-type. Unstable. Potent.

Alien 1 and Alien 2 tastes a drop. Tentacles twitch.

**ALIEN 1 (CONT'D)**

You will be useful.

Spenser glares, pale and shaking.

**SPENSER**

I'm not yours.

**ALIEN 1**

You are mine by claim.

The module retracts. Alien 2 releases him.

INT. SPENSER'S CELL - LATER

Spenser lies on the bed, weak. He clicks on his voice recorder, whispering.

**SPENSER (INTO RECORDER)**

First drain complete. I'm on the  
top floor. No one else here.  
They're sorting us by blood. I saw  
them - rows of people going in...  
Bodies coming out the other side.

He stares at the ceiling. The hum continues.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

I don't know how long I have.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DETENTION CENTER - LEVEL 5 PLATFORM - NIGHT

Spenser watches from the exposed top floor, wrapped in a thermal sheet.

Below him: the Level 4 platform, glowing under floodlights. Humans are herded like cattle - wrists bound, heads down.

A young girl, 6 years old, pushes forward. She stumbles, bruised, eyes scanning the chaos.

**GIRL**

Dad?

Her voice is hoarse, barely audible.

On Level 3, a man in his 40s - gaunt, filthy, eyes hollow - freezes.

**FATHER**

Ellie?

He reaches toward the floor divider, hands shaking.

**GIRL**

Daddy. I am scared!

**FATHER**

I found you darling, it will be ok.

CLOSE-UP: The girl kneels, reaching down. The father stretches upward. Their fingertips almost touch - trembling, desperate.

**FATHER (SOFTLY)**

I missed you every day.

**GIRL**

I missed you too, daddy.

A piercing alarm erupts.

**SPEAKER (O.S.)**

Unauthorized contact.  
Contamination risk. Eliminate.

Alien guards descend like insects – fast, surgical.

**FLASH.**

The girl explodes – a burst of light and dust. No scream. No blood. Just obliteration.

The father collapses to his knees, stunned.

CLOSE-UP: His trembling finger rests on the charred remnant of her hand – a tear streams down his face.

He doesn't move.

**FATHER (WHISPERS)**

Ellie...

An alien approaches silently, methodically.

It raises a device. PULSE.

The father and the hand fragment disintegrate together – turned to dust.

**EXT. LEVEL 5 PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS**

Spenser stares, frozen. His breath fogs the air. His hands shake.

**SPENSER (TO RECORDER)**

They killed a child. She found her father – and they erased them. No hesitation. No mercy.

A voice calls from below – faint, human.

**HUMAN VOICE (O.S.)**

We're all like that. Everyone here... we're the missing people

from Earth, the ones the police  
can't find. Cold cases. Snatched  
from Earth. You get used to seeing  
death like that, just waiting for  
your turn.

Spenser grimaces, eyes burning.

**SPENSER**

They've been doing this for years.  
And no one knows.

He lowers the recorder. Looks at the drain module embedded in  
the wall behind him.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

I need a plan.

FADE OUT.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - LEVEL 5 PLATFORM - DAY

Spenser is strapped into the drain module again. The needle arm  
pulses - blood flows rapidly.

His skin pales. Breath shallow.

**SPENSER (GASPING)**

Master... stop. You don't have to  
drain me all at once.

The flow continues.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

You know after a few days... My  
body will reproduce more blood.  
Its value... in the long run.

The module halts. ALIEN 1 (Master) tilts its head, tentacles  
twitching.

Spenser is dragged out of the room and briskly carried away to a chamber.

INT. ELDERS' CHAMBER - LATER

A vast, shadowed room. Five towering Elders hover in a semicircle - ancient, translucent, pulsing with intelligence.

Spenser stands in the center, flanked by Alien 1.

**ELDER 3**

Explain this to us.

Spenser steadies himself. His voice is hoarse but clear.

**SPENSER**

You think we are just a storage unit, some finite source of blood. But this is not true, we regenerate. Our bodies can continuously produce blood if you manage the extraction properly. You won't need to keep kidnapping humans. You get enough people with variety and farm us better. I'm O-type, super fucking rare. You won't find another like me in this facility. Maybe not even on Earth. You kill me now. You get a few litres. Keep me alive, and I'll give you gallons. You want efficiency? You want sustainability? Then stop burning through your supply. Start managing it. Let me live and I'll show you how to harvest without waste. You'll get more. You'll lose less. I'm not asking for mercy. I'm offering value.

A long silence.

The Elders pulse softly, exchanging silent signals.

**ELDER 1**

This claim will be tested.

**ELDER 4**

If true, you will be reassigned.

**ELDER 2**

If false... you will be erased.

Khay, take you claim.

Spenser nods, breath steady. Spenser's Alien Master (Khay) grabs Spenser by the arm and hurries him out of the chamber and to Khay's private chamber.

FADE OUT.

INT. KHAY'S PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Metal walls pulse with a dull violet glow. The air is cold, sterile, silent.

SPENSER is dragged in by KHAY, his alien master - silent, seething.

**KHAY**

You spoke before the Elders. You made it seem we are equal.

Spenser stumbles, still pale from the draining.

**SPENSER**

I gave you leverage. I made it so you could profit from me. I didn't tell them the part that helps you.

**KHAY**

SILENCE!! You are MY CLAIM. NOT MY EQUAL. You will be erased if I will it.

Khay slams a panel. Two restraint arms drop - jagged, insect-like.

Spenser is hoisted off the ground, arms stretched, ankles locked.

**SPENSER (STRUGGLING)**

You need me alive. You want power,  
you want to be an elder? Rent me.

Khay pauses.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Sell my blood, lease me to another  
when you want another flavor.  
Don't just erase me, you don't  
erase the golden blood when you  
have claims on it.

Khay approaches with a curved blade, humming faintly.

**KHAY**

You offer yourself... as a  
commodity? You think this will  
save you?

**SPENSER**

I offer you control, a way to be  
more in your world. All I ask is  
you give me better accommodation  
than that metal floor. Give me  
food. Freedom to move. A  
percentage of the money, even a  
fraction. I am an accountant on  
Earth, let me make you rich!

Khay slices across Spenser's chest. Slow.

**SPENSER (SCREAMING)**

AHHH! You don't have to do this!  
You stupid bastard!

Another cut - deeper, across the ribs.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Please! The elders let me live and  
listened to me and I am your

claim. They will listen to you too.

Khay picks up a glowing hot knife.

**KHAY**

You will be leased. You will be fed. You will walk freely. But you will be marked. If you lie, you will be erased.

Khay begins to walk towards Spenser, looking to cut him.

**SPENSER (PANICKED)**

No. Wait... KHAY!!

Khay carves a symbol into Spenser's chest. Deep. You hear the burning flesh as Khay cuts with surgical precision.

**SPENSER (SCREAMING)**

STOP! PLEASE STOP!

The mark burns into flesh. An unmistakable alien hieroglyphic.

Khay steps back, satisfied.

**KHAY**

You are mine. You are branded. If your system fails, I erase you myself.

Spenser hangs there lifeless, but not dead. Khay releases him to the ground. Spenser falls flat. Alien guards come in and take Spenser back to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor of his detention block.

FADE OUT.

INT. ELDERS' CHAMBER - NIGHT

A vast, shadowed hall. The five Elders hover in silence, their translucent forms pulsing with alien intelligence.

KHAY stands before them, rigid. SPENSER kneels beside him, branded, pale but alert.

**ELDER 1**

You propose a rent system. Explain its yield.

**KHAY**

Controlled leasing. High-value specimens. Sustainable extraction. Longer survival rates for our species.

**ELDER 3**

You risk contamination. You risk defiance.

**SPENSER (INTERRUPTING)**

You risk stupidity if you keep killing us. Do you not see what is happening? Earth has already landed on Mars, here I am! It won't be long before more land to and once they see this murder you got going on. They will attack you. If you stop taking people from Earth and prolong the blood supply, you wont draw attention if someone sees you there, they may just leave you alone. You cut costs of going to Earth as well. Jesus, this is basic economics guys!

The Elders shift – a ripple of tension.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Look, you have run the tests. In a few weeks you will see that you have extracted more blood from me than any human ever. This proves what I saw about regeneration. It means you can stop going to Earth, you can limit your risk. You get more of the best blood.

**ELDER 2**

You are O-type. Rare. Let us sample the specimen.

A vial of Spenser's blood is passed around. Each Elder tastes - tentacles twitching.

**ELDER 4**

We offer exclusive claim. Ten thousand units. Ten thousand silvers.

**KHAY**

Denied. He is mine.

**SPENSER (QUIETLY)**

Nice move!

INT. RENT BAY - DAY

A sleek chamber. Spenser sits in a chair. Arms locked into a drain module. A RENTER ALIEN leans too close, eyes gleaming.

**RENTER**

I want more. Double the draw. I'll pay triple.

**KHAY (STEPPING IN)**

Back off.

Khay shoves the renter away, eyes flaring.

**KHAY (CONT'D)**

You lease. You don't own. Touch him again and I'll slice you from tentacles to anus. Your access is now denied.

**SPENSER (GROANING)**

Jesus. That guy wanted to drink me like a smoothie. Does my blood

really taste that good? Am I the  
Big Mac of Mars?

**KHAY**

Big Mac? What is this?

Khay removes the blood extraction module.

**SPENSER**

It is a super popular burger on  
Earth.

**KHAY**

Fine. Big Mac.

Spenser laughs.

INT. SPENSER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A compact unit overlooking the detention camp. Rows of humans  
are still herded, drained, burned. Death fills the air.

Spenser eats real Earth food.

He stares out the window, watching a body dragged across the  
dirt. Young and old.

**SPENSER (TO RECORDER)**

I may have gotten myself a sweet  
deal. It is just donating blood  
really. But the others, wow, they  
are slaughtered like ducks in duck  
season. I must get more involved  
in this scheme. I must save some  
of them at least.

He turns away, disgusted.

INT. KHAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Khay hands Spenser a stack of alien currency, silver sheeted  
bank note look.

**KHAY**

You get this. So far, I have made good amounts of silver. You have not lied yet.

**SPENSER**

When will I be allowed out of my room? I can't use this silver in my room.

**KHAY**

You will be allowed out when I will it.

**SPENSER**

Hopefully soon, would hate for me to stop agreeing and this silver stops coming in.

Khay stares. Then nods.

**KHAY**

Fine. You may go, if questioned you show them that symbol on your chest.

**SPENSER**

Oh yeh, see ya later purple guy!

Khay shakes his head at this disrespect but accepts it. Spenser feels like he is gaining statues as he leaves the room.

EXT. CAMP MARKET - DAY

Spenser walks among alien stalls. He buys wiring, sealant, and a fusion coil - parts for the rocket ship.

A human girl - BETTY, 30s, sharp eyes - watches from a cage.

**BETTY**

You're the blood boy. You lucky asshole. Sitting there while we all suffer and die.

**SPENSER**

I'm the escape plan. Just let me cook. Blood Boy? Nah, I am the Big Mac.

**BETTY**

You are the fucking idiot! What do you know about sealant and fusion coil? Your hands look like the after photo of an effective hand lotion product.

**SPENSER**

I am a fucking idiot. Look who is talking, I am walking free, you're in chains. Who are you anyway?

**BETTY**

I am Betty. An engineer. Who are you? An alien prostitute selling your arse for wire?

**SPENSER**

Oh, Black Betty Bam-a-Lam...oh  
Black Betty

Betty cuts Spenser off

**BETTY**

Ooooooh! Your betrayal of humans comes with shitty jokes?

Spenser goes to the cage so aliens won't hear.

**SPENSER**

Look, I have a wrecked ship, I want to fix it and then rescue as many people as I can and return home, then let the government come here for the rest! You're an engineer and an asshole. I'll take the engineer!!

**BETTY**

Get me out of this cage and then I  
can help you Sir Whore-a-lot

**SPENSER**

She's got Betty Davis eyes...

Spenser sings as he walks away.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Spenser meets a human man - JONAS, ex-soldier, scarred. Spenser recognizes that JONAS could be muscle for his escape plan. Jonas has been chosen for the rent program. Spenser reads his name plate.

**SPENSER**

Hey, Jonas. I have a plan to get  
us out of here. I have a ship to  
mend, and we can get home soon  
enough. Just be brave man, it's  
like donating blood but without  
the sexy nurse.

**JONAS**

You've got guards. You've got  
fences. How the hell can you  
escape? I can't fix a ship.

Jonas is a straight shooter.

**SPENSER**

We've got Betty. She's an  
engineer. And I am scouting the  
camp. Relax! We can tunnel out if  
we have to.

**JONAS**

Like The Great Escape?

**SPENSER**

Exactly. But bloodier. And no  
Steve McQueen. NO, you stupid

fuck. How can we dig out of here without being spotted. Use your brain! We will find an exit, and we might have to blast out and run!

**JONAS**

Ok. I am in, blasting these maggots will be the highlight of my day

**SPENSER**

And what else is a highlight for you on Mars? The scenic walk over here? Just be ready. We will need a solider. Do not say a word to anyone.

INT. RENT BAY - DAY

More humans arrive - branded, pale, silent. Khay speaks to the line-up.

**KHAY**

You are leased. You are valuable.  
You are mine.

Spenser watches, disgusted. He is happy that his plan works, these are all saved humans now.

**SPENSER (TO RECORDER)**

It's a pimp ring. But for blood.  
And I'm the poster boy. At least I saved these souls.

They are all led into the extraction room.

FADE OUT.

INT. DETENTION BLOCK - NIGHT

Flickering lights. Distant alarms. Spenser moves fast, clutching a stolen access shard - swiped from Khay's console.

He reaches Cell 47 – inside, BETTY sits cross-legged, bruised but alert.

**SPENSER (WHISPERING)**

Betty Davies. You ready?

**BETTY**

Nah, I think I will just enjoy the sights of this cell a little longer. Let's go! How bad is the ship?

**SPENSER**

Look it aint great! We did crash land. Somehow the shell is alright and so are the panels and stuff. I don't know, it looks like some TLC can fix it.

Spenser slides the shard into the panel. The door hisses open.

**BETTY (STEPPING OUT)**

If this is a trap, I will burn your cock off McNuggets, you hear me?

**SPENSER**

Wow, Betty Crocket and the burnt nuggies. Let's move chef!

INT. DETENTION BLOCK - CELL 62 - MOMENTS LATER

JONAS lies on a slab, arms chained. Spenser kneels beside him, unlocking the cuffs.

**JONAS**

We moving now?

**SPENSER**

Yes, why else would I be here?

**JONAS (RISING)**

You got a plan?

**SPENSER**

We crawl through hell. Then we fly.

**JONAS**

Let's move!

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser opens a hidden panel behind a vent. Inside: a stash of Earth food - vacuum-sealed rations, protein bars, canned fruit. He stuffs them into a satchel.

**SPENSER (TO HIMSELF)**

If we're gonna hide in that ship, we need to eat like humans.

Jonas rummages through a crate nearby - finds a rusted alien rifle, the same as the guards. It doesn't need bullets. It shoots rays of energy.

**JONAS**

Well, look what the bastards left behind.

**BETTY**

You even know how to use that?

**JONAS**

Point. Click. Pray.

EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

Floodlights sweep across the compound. Alien guards patrol in pairs. Drones hum overhead.

Spenser, Betty and Jonas crouch behind a rusted supply crate near the perimeter fence.

**BETTY (WHISPERING)**

Two guards at the east gate. One drone overhead. We go west - blind spot near the incinerator chute.

**JONAS**

You sure?

Betty looks annoyed at Jonas.

**BETTY**

Look here you yippie-ki-ay, pity the fool, idiot. I mapped it. I've been watching for weeks.

Jonas turns in disbelief.

**SPENSER**

Then we move. Quiet. Fast. No fuckups.

They slip into the shadows.

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - WEST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

They crawl beneath a low pipe, inches from a guard's boots.

**JONAS (MUTTERING)**

I swear if he turns-

**SPENSER**

Shut up. Breathe through your teeth.

The guard pauses. Sniffs the air.

**BETTY**

He's picking up blood scent.

Spenser pulls a vial from his pocket – his own blood. He tosses it into the bushes.

The guard turns, distracted.

**SPENSER (WHISPERS)**

Go. Now.

They sprint low across the gravel – shadows flickering overhead.

EXT. INCINERATOR CHUTE – NIGHT

They reach the chute – a narrow tunnel used to dump ash and waste.

**BETTY**

It's tight. One at a time.

Jonas squeezes in first, scraping his shoulder.

**JONAS**

Jesus. Smells like death.

**SPENSER**

That's because it is. But hey,  
Betty says it is tight... got to  
love a tight chute.

Betty follows shaking her head. Then Spenser with a giggle, oblivious to the danger.

Inside: darkness, heat, the stench of burned flesh.

They crawl through, gagging.

Suddenly – a metal groan. The chute shifts.

**BETTY**

It's collapsing. Move!

They scramble forward as the chute begins to buckle.

Jonas kicks open the exit hatch – they tumble out into the sand.

**SPENSER**

The tight chute was too tight! Ahh  
feel the Mars dirt.

EXT. OUTER RIDGE – NIGHT

They emerge, covered in soot. The camp is behind them – distant lights, distant screams.

Ahead: the ship, half-buried in sand and ash, its hull scorched but intact.

**BETTY (PANTING)**

That's it?

**SPENSER**

That's it. She's dead on the  
outside, but the core's sealed. It  
is our very own Millenium Falcon.

**JONAS**

You sure it'll fly? Looks more  
like the Millenium Roadkill.

Spenser shakes it off.

**SPENSER**

Nope. But it's ours now.

They approach cautiously – wind howling, sand whipping.

Jonas scans the horizon with the rifle.

**JONAS**

No drones. No patrols. But we're  
on borrowed time.

INT. SHIP - ENTRY BAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hatch opens with a hiss. They rush inside. Spenser slams the lock.

**SPENSER**

Seal it. No signals. No leaks.

**BETTY**

Power is dormant. I'll need time.  
Tools. But the structure's solid.

Spenser

I am sure you have done wonderful  
things with powerless equipment.

Betty mutters under her breath.

**JONAS**

And the food?

Spenser opens the satchel - lays out the rations.

**SPENSER**

Enough for a few days. Maybe a  
week if we ration. We need to be  
smart about it. Budget it, I can  
budget it

**BETTY**

Then we better make this ship  
breathe fast. I don't trust your  
budget skills.

**SPENSER**

Come on, I am an accountant for  
NASA. How do you think I came up  
with all this rent my blood stuff?

**BETTY**

Really? I guess Mars has changed you from a respectable accountant to a Big Mac.

**JONAS**

Oh, Big Mac!

As he looks like he is dreaming of one.

**BETTY AND SPENSER (SAME TIME)**

SHUT UP!

They stare at each other – exhausted, filthy, alive.

Outside, the wind howls. Inside, the ship hums faintly – waiting.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROCKET SHIP - ENGINE CORE - NIGHT

BETTY is deep inside the engine housing, face smeared with grease, fingers blistered.

She welds a cracked conduit, sparks flying.

**BETTY (TO HERSELF)**

Come on, you bastard. Just give me one clean pulse.

She checks the diagnostics panel – flickering green. Her eyes open wide with delight.

INT. CAMP SUPPLY BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Spenser grabs a bundle of thermal blankets and a toolkit.

As he turns – KHAY stands in the doorway.

**KHAY**

You've been busy.

**SPENSER (CASUAL)**

Of course, you would hate a lazy businessman. Got to keep the blood coming.

**KHAY**

And yet your specimen count is down. Where are Jonas and Betty?

Spenser shrugs.

**SPENSER**

Transferred. Sector 9, I think. I don't deal with them. I deal in the harvest schedule and money.

**KHAY (COLD)**

I didn't authorize that. And you deal with everything.

Spenser walks past him – but Khay grabs his arm.

**KHAY (CONT'D)**

You're hiding something.

**SPENSER**

You're paranoid.

**KHAY**

I'm thorough.

INT. CAMP COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Khay slams a claw into the console.

**KHAY**

Initiate lockdown. All sectors.  
All exits. Begin full sweep.

Alarms blare. Drones deploy. Guards mobilize.

INT. CAMP CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Spenser sprints through the chaos - sirens flashing, gates slamming shut.

He ducks into a drain bay - Khay follows.

**KHAY**

You lied to me.

**SPENSER**

You used me.

**KHAY**

You are mine.

**SPENSER**

Not anymore.

Spenser grabs a metal rod and smashes Khay across the face - alien fluid sprays.

Khay collapses. Spenser drags Khay to the extraction table and ties him up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP RIDGE - NIGHT

Spenser sprints across the Mar's dirt. He reaches the ridge - the last high point before the ship.

He stops. Turns.

Below, the detention camp glows under lockdown lights. Drones swarm. Sirens scream.

Then - a flash of fluorescent red.

KHAY bursts from the command center - body pulsing, tentacles flared, eyes burning.

**SPENSER (WHISPERS)**

Oh fuck.

EXT. CAMP YARD - CONTINUOUS

KHAY moves like a demon. Complete rage.

He grabs a human by the throat – tentacle whip – the head flies off, blood spraying into the sky.

Khay goes to the first floor of the containment building – Khay shoots randomly, bodies turn to dust.

A third tries to hide – Khay drags him out by the ankle, then impales him through the chest.

**KHAY (SCREAMING)**

You are MINE! You are PROPERTY!

He grabs two more – slams them against the deadly fence. Their bodies turn to dust. Khay continues his rage attack until all humans are dead on that floor, blood dripping over the edge.

**SPENSER (WATCHING)**

Jesus Christ...

Khay turns – eyes scanning, hunting.

He grabs a guard – decapitates him with a single swipe. Then throws the head at a drone, knocking it from the sky.

**KHAY (ROARING)**

I will burn this camp to ash! I  
will drain every one of you! I  
WILL NOT BE CHEATED YOU FITHLY  
FUCKS!

Blood pools across the yard. Screams echo. No one fights back – they just run, hide, die.

EXT. RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Spenser stares, frozen. Then turns and bolts toward the ship. Passing Jonas on lookout.

**SPENSER**

We must go. Now. Before he finds us. WE MUST GO NOW!

INT. ROCKET SHIP - ENGINE CORE - MOMENTS LATER

BETTY stands at the console - sweat dripping, hands trembling. The engine pulses - a low hum building.

**BETTY**

Spenser! We've got ignition!

**SPENSER (BURSTING IN)**

We got a psycho killer, Khay is killing everyone. We must go now!

Betty jumps into action.

**BETTY**

Then we fly. Tonight.

**SPENSER**

Hey Betty White. We can't move like we are 80. NOW!!

They lock eyes - no more hesitation.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROCKET SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

BETTY sits at the helm, fingers flying across the console. SPENSER stands behind her, staring out the viewport at the red horizon. JONAS straps into a rear seat, rifle across his lap.

**BETTY**

Righo McFlurry. Lets see if this junk works or we all die because of your dumb plan.

**SPENSER**

Just make it sing Betty Grable!  
The rocket ship begins to shake

**JONAS**

I've had worse rides.

**BETTY**

French Fries here let aliens ride  
him for a tuna roll and a bed!

**SPENSER**

You really know how to set a mood.  
Betty smirks. Spenser turns to the viewport.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Mars looks quiet.

**JONAS**

We are leaving graves behind.  
Don't forget them.

Betty powers up the ignition. The ship rumbles.

**BETTY**

Ignition in ten. Hold onto  
something and doesn't scream.

EXT. MARS SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The ship lifts - slow, grinding, then faster. Dust swirls. The  
camp shrinks. No alarms. No pursuit.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The ship shakes violently.

**BETTY**

Stabilizers are drunk. Hold on!

**SPENSER**

Can you fix it?

**BETTY**

I'm fixing it right now. Unless you want to go outside and push.

Jonas grips the seat.

**SPENSER**

Why don't I just stick my legs out and run it like the Flintstone, Betty Rubble.

**JONAS**

If we crash back down, I'm shooting myself before Khay finds me.

**SPENSER**

HA. We are too high up, you will be dead by the crash, we broke this thing once, it wont hold again

Betty slams a fist into the console. The shaking stops.

**SPENSER**

Wow, is that what an engineer's degree teaches you?

**BETTY**

It worked Filet-o-fish!! Don't see an accounting degree helping. Hey, look at that, my ship works but your ice cream machine doesn't.

**SPENSER**

Ok, drop the McDonalds crap now!

**BETTY**

Sorry, five-guys!

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The ship breaks atmosphere. Mars shrinks behind them - red, silent, cruel.

INT. COCKPIT - LATER

Earth glows in the distance - blue, beautiful, oblivious.

**SPENSER**

There it is. Home.

**BETTY**

If they still want us.

**JONAS**

They'll want the story. They'll want the blood.

**SPENSER**

No one wants your blood here! They will probably deny this comet mission ever took place. I don't see a comet and the Earth looks fine. NASA will spin it as a success.

A light flash on the console - incoming transmission.

**BETTY**

Military intercept. They're hailing us.

**SPENSER**

Patch me in.

Betty nods. Spenser leans forward.

**SPENSER (INTO MIC)**

This is Spenser, NASA accountant.  
I am returning from the comet  
mission with 2 survivors. Well, we  
are all survivors. You need to get  
us home.

Silence. Then static. Then a voice.

**VOICE (FILTERED)**

Repeat your identity. You're not  
on any manifest.

**SPENSER**

Manifest?? This isn't a highway  
patrol stop. How many random space  
craft you see out here?

He leans back, eyes on Earth.

**SPENSER (CONT'D)**

Look, just get us home.

FADE OUT.

INT. GOVERNMENT DEBRIEF ROOM - DAY

Sterile. Fluorescent. SPENSER sits across from three EARTH  
OFFICIALS - military, science, intelligence. BETTY sits beside  
him, pale, exhausted. JONAS leans against the wall, arms  
crossed.

Spenser places a small **voice recorder** on the table.

**SPENSER**

This is all I have. My voice. I  
recorded everything - the leasing,  
the torture, the blood deals. The  
death!

**INTELLIGENCE OFFICER**

You expect us to believe a voice memo?

**SPENSER**

It's not a memo. It's a fucking diary of survival. My god, why would we make this up?

**MILITARY OFFICER**

You were missing for months. You could've been anywhere.

**SCIENTIST**

There's no footage. Just your word.

**SPENSER**

You sent me and Timmy, how do you explain these 2 then?

**BETTY (SNAPPING)**

We were branded. Drained of blood, lots of us died. We escaped a slaughterhouse.

**SPENSER**

We brought the comet mission ship home. We brought Timmy back.

**INTELLIGENCE OFFICER**

Look, even if it was real....highly unlikely, the world has moved on. The story has been settled.

**SCIENTIST**

We found Martian dust on the hull. But it's not conclusive. Could be contamination. So, nothing to prove anything!

**BETTY**

Contamination? We lived in that dust. We bled into it.

**SPENSER**

You think we built a ship in a cave? You think we faked a dead astronaut? How will you explain this to the world?

**INTELLIGENCE OFFICER**

We wont. We will send you on your way and you will be another bunch of conspiracy theorists with no proof.

Jonas steps forward, unbuttons his shirt – revealing a scarred brand across his chest.

**JONAS**

You want proof? Here's mine.

Betty rolls up her sleeve – injection marks, bruised and raw.

Spenser lifts his shirt – the carved symbol still inflamed.

**MILITARY OFFICER (COLDLY)**

Junkies.

He stands. Walks out.

Silence.

**INTELLIGENCE OFFICER**

This debrief is over. You'll be monitored. But not believed.

Spenser stares at them – disgusted.

**SPENSER (QUIETLY)**

You deserve what's coming.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - MONTAGE

Clips flash across screens:

"Martian Hoax?"

"Delusional Astronaut Claims Alien Blood Cult"

"Survivor or Storyteller?"

"Voice Recorder: Real or Roleplay?"

**SPENSER (V.O.)**

They called me a liar. A cultist.  
A madman.

EXT. Lisa's House - NIGHT

Spenser knocks on a door. It opens - LISA, his ex-wife, stands there. Behind her, two young kids peek out.

**SPENSER**

Hey. I just wanted to see them.  
I'm back. I'm safe.

The kids step forward - then recoil. Hayley starts crying.

**LISA**

They saw the interviews. They saw  
the blood talk. They're scared of  
you.

**SPENSER**

I didn't do anything. I survived.

**LISA**

You should've stayed gone.

She closes the door. Spenser stands there - frozen.

EXT. SKY ABOVE EARTH - DAY

A sudden rupture tears through the clouds - silent, surgical. Alien ships descend like blades - sleek, black, humming with energy.

No warning. No broadcast. Just arrival.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

People stare upward. Then scream.

The ships deploy harvest drones - needle-like appendages pierce skin, drain blood in seconds.

Bodies collapse. Others convulse, twitch, then go still.

A woman tries to run - a drone spears her spine and lifts her screaming into the air. Her body jerks violently as blood siphons out in red mist.

Children cry. Sirens wail. The sky turns red.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Soldiers fire - bullets bounce off alien armour. Explosions light the sky, but the ships don't flinch.

Then - **KHAY** lands.

Glowing fluorescent red, larger than before. Tentacles flared, eyes burning with rage.

His body pulses - veins black, skin cracked, mouth split wide.

**KHAY (ROARING)**

You denied me. You defied me. Now  
you bleed.

He slams a tentacle into the ground - a shockwave ripples outward, flipping vehicles, shattering glass.

A soldier screams - Khay grabs him by the jaw and rips his head clean off, spine trailing like a snapped cable.

Another tries to run - Khay impales him through the back, lifts him twitching, then hurls him into a burning truck.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

JONAS stands atop a wrecked transport, rifle in hand.  
He fires - one drone explodes mid-air. Another drops -  
twitching, leaking black fluid.

**JONAS (SHOUTING)**

Come on, you bastards! I've got  
more!

He reloads - fires again - takes down a third.

Then - silence.

KHAY appears behind him.

Jonas turns - too late.

A tentacle lashes across his chest, slicing deep.

Jonas stumbles, bleeding.

**JONAS (GASPING)**

You think I'm afraid of you?

**KHAY**

You were mine.

Tentacles whip - Jonas's head is severed, body crumpling in a  
heap.

Blood pools. Khay roars.

EXT. CITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

SPENSER arrives - face streaked with ash, eyes burning.

He sees Jonas's body - rage overtakes him.

He grabs a blood lance from a fallen soldier - a prototype  
weapon designed to pierce alien armor.

**SPENSER (SHOUTING)**

KHAY!

Khay turns - grinning.

**KHAY**

You came back to Earth. Now what will you do?

**SPENSER**

To end you.

They charge.

EXT. CITY RUINS - BRUTAL FIGHT

Tentacles whip - Spenser dodges, slashes, rolls.

Khay grabs him - slams him into a wall - bones crack.

Spenser stabs - the lance glances off Khay's ribs.

Khay wraps a tentacle around Spenser's throat - lifts him.

**KHAY**

You were mine. You will always be mine.

**SPENSER (CHOKING)**

Not anymore.

He drives the lance through Khay's chest - deep, twisting.

Khay screams - blood sprays - black and red.

He collapses - twitching, gasping.

**KHAY (DYING)**

You... were perfect...

**SPENSER**

You were a parasite.

Khay's body spasms - then goes still.

EXT. CITY STREETS - AFTERMATH

Smoke. Blood. Silence.

Spenser kneels beside Jonas's body - broken, lifeless.

**SPENSER (QUIETLY)**

I'm sorry.

He looks up – the sky still red, the world changed. A ship lands and the elders come out.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNITED EARTH COUNCIL CHAMBER – NIGHT

Dim lighting. Emergency power. Screens flicker with images of burning cities, ruptured skies, drained bodies.

SPENSER stands at the center – bruised, bloodied, resolute. To his left: BETTY, arms crossed, eyes cold. To his right: the ELDERS, cloaked, silent, watching.

Across from them: EARTH LEADERS – military, political, scientific. Tension is thick as smoke.

**SPENSER**

You want blood? You pay. You protect. No more slaughter. No more branding. You want a future – you earn it. No more O-type, you get what we give.

**MILITARY COMMANDER**

We don't negotiate with monsters.

**BETTY (STEPPING FORWARD)**

Then you die. All of you.

Silence.

**SCIENTIST**

We've seen the data. They need blood. We need peace.

**POLITICIAN**

And what do we become? Donors? Livestock?

**SPENSER**

Partners

The Elders speak – low, guttural, translated through a device.

**ELDER 1**

We accept terms. No force. No  
branding. Blood for protection.  
Trade for peace.

**BETTY**

Human rights clauses. No  
exceptions. And we can freely come  
and go to Mars. And you return  
whoever is left on Mars now!

**ELDER 3**

Agreed. But we come here freely  
too.

A document appears on the screen – digital treaty. Everybody  
signs.

**SPENSER (QUIETLY)**

Wow, I need a pay rise

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - LATER

The room empties. Spenser stands alone, staring at the treaty.

**BETTY (SOFTLY)**

You did it Big Mac

**SPENSER**

I don't know what I did.

She walks away.

Spenser remains – a man who saved two worlds.

FADE OUT.

## MONTAGE — EARTH AND MARS

- MARS: Human workers in pressure suits harvest minerals alongside Alien technicians. Red dust swirls. A child draws a peace symbol on a steel wall.
- EARTH: Aliens walk through the city streets — cloaked, silent, watched. Some humans smile. Others cross the street.
- BLOOD CLINIC: A clean, sterile facility. Volunteers lie calmly as Alien medics extract blood — slow, precise, respectful. A sign reads: "One Pint. One Peace."
- TECH LAB: Betty stands at a console, surrounded by Alien and human engineers. She speaks. They listen. One nods. Another smiles.
- MEMORIAL WALL: Names etched in steel. Jonas. Timmy. Thousands more. Spenser stands alone, hand on the wall.

## EXT. MARS RIDGE — SUNSET

Spenser sits on a rock, watching the twin planets rise — Earth and Mars, side by side.

Footsteps behind him.

**BETTY**

Do you always find the quiet spots?

**SPENSER**

I used to hide in numbers. Now I just hide.

She sits beside him.

**BETTY**

Maybe an accountant isn't so bad.

She leans in — kisses him. Soft. Real. Final.

She laughs — the first time in weeks.

They sit together, watching the stars.

**SPENSER (QUIETLY)**

We built something. I just don't  
know what it cost.

**BETTY**

Everything worth building costs.  
And look how many lives we saved

They say nothing more.

The stars shimmer. The wind hums. The future waits.

FADE OUT.

THE END.