

OVER BLACK:

Super: UTAH DESERT. 1968

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A hallway covered in damage: Lights flicker. Sparks fly. Debris falls from the ceiling.

Sounds of movement come from behind a metal door. It hangs partially open. There's a window in the door with strange writing on the glass.

JAL'MOND (O.S.)

Aloo?

JAL'MOND (50s, proud, stern, human-looking) appears in the window, bloodied and disheveled. He strains to see out.

He uses his fingers to pry the door open, squeezing through the gap. He's wears a black military-style jumpsuit with electronic shackles on his wrists.

A GUARD lays in the hallway, outside the cell. He's bleeding and gasping. He wears similar clothes. Wreckage covers him.

Jal'mond bends down and comforts the man, soothes him.

JAL'MOND (CONT'D)

(subtitled from alien language)

It'll be fine, my son. Breathe.

He uses the guard's palm to unlock the electronic key-pad on the shackles, and tosses them to the ground.

JAL'MOND (CONT'D)

(subtitled from alien language)

Just breathe. I'll help you.

He puts a knee on the guard's neck, and pulls the head. The guard tries to resist, but there's a loud CRUNCH, and the man goes limp.

Jal'mond touches his forehead in prayer and gives the dead man a moment of silence before leaving.

HIBERNATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The cavernous room has a hole in one of the walls. It's filling up with dirt and rock through the breach.

Controls flicker along one wall. Most are broken, but some show stats and alien words scrawling across broken screens. A map of the Earth flickers in and out on the screens.

The rest of the room is filled: rows and rows of hibernation pods, hundreds, stacked three tiers high on platforms, as far back as can be seen, fading into the vast, dark room.

Some pods glow, and some are dark, smashed in.

Jal'mond puts his palm on a control panel. A screen comes alive with the image of a young woman. ZISA (30s) sleeps peacefully, with a regal air and a stark white jumpsuit.

He visibly sighs and smiles.

Another screen shows other pods, other people.

WARNING MESSAGES. He touches them, which make cryo-pods in the distance go dark. He continues till only one is left in the far back of the half-lit room.

He takes a ladder to the third level, to a walkway that continues down to the last glowing pod. The light of it is the only thing illuminating the darkness.

He smiles, but it's mixed with anger. He leans over it.

JAL'MOND
(subtitled from alien language)
For what you did, you deserve to
die along with them. You're as much
a traitor as they are.

He caresses the pod window. His eyes rim with tears.

JAL'MOND (CONT'D)
(subtitled from alien language)
Why couldn't you just stay away? I
left our world. I was satisfied to
hide away and die. And for what? My
treason ... my treason was not
giving you the judgement you
deserve. But now ... now, that's
done. You had to come look for me.

He taps on the glass and walks off, leaving the cryo-pod the only light in the room. The sound of his footsteps fade as he leaves. In the silence, the ship groans under the weight of the crash.

HOLE IN THE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

At the breach, he digs into dirt and rock. With bloodied hands, he scrapes away the debris to open up a hole. A COLUMN OF SOFT LIGHT shines through as he digs. He shies away at first, but then he smiles and continues digging.

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jal'mond surfaces from under piles of rubble, like a child being born to the desert. The ship lays at the bottom of a desert canyon, with half a rock wall collapsed upon it.

When his breath calms, he looks around. Night covers the arid landscape, lit by an almost full moon, and dust-clouds swirl in the air from the crash. He looks at his bloody hands. They heal in seconds.

MOMENTS LATER

He climbs out of the canyon to find buildings in the far distance. A sign hangs on a fence: DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS.

JAL'MOND
Dugway?

He laughs and arches an eyebrow.

JAL'MOND (CONT'D)
I guess this will do.

He walks off in the direction of the buildings, covering his face from the dust in the air.

Out in the night, helicopters fly around the desert landscape, searching for something.

The base is on alert.

CUT TO:

SUPER: DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS. UTAH DESERT. MODERN DAY

EXT. DESERT COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SGT MAJOR WARNER (40s, built of pure muscle, about as thick as he is tall) and CORPORAL BRENT (mid-20s, slender) drive a lonely stretch of dirt road.

CORPORAL BRENT
I'm telling you: It's Tyree.

SERGEANT WARNER

God, I hope not. I don't need his
crap today.

CORPORAL BRENT

The rest of the MPs have a bet that
he's going to get himself killed.

SERGEANT WARNER

Who called it in?

CORPORAL BRENT

Civilian guard. Don't know why they
didn't pick him up, instead of
sending us.

SERGEANT WARNER

Surprised they didn't shoot him.

They slow down in front of a dirty, roughed up SUV, parked in a shallow ditch. Someone's asleep in the backseat, legs hanging out the rolled down window.

SERGEANT WARNER (CONT'D)

Hell, I might shoot him.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He walks to the parked SUV and bangs on the hood to wake--

FRANK (40s, tall and built, looks like he could be The Rock's cousin). Bewildered: he squints at the bright day.

His stained and wrinkled clothes look slept in. His hair is long and unkempt, and his face has a couple of days' growth.

FRANK

What? Huh? I'm awake. I'm awake.

SERGEANT WARNER

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

Warner? Yeah, good morning.

SERGEANT WARNER

Actually, Frank, it's afternoon.
(beat)

And you look like crap. How long
you been out here?

FRANK

Don't know. What day is it?

SERGEANT WARNER

Sunday.

FRANK

Damn it!

SERGEANT WARNER

What?

FRANK

Nothing, just late for something. I
got to go.

SERGEANT WARNER

Fine. But, Frank, don't come back.
If the civilian guard caught you...

FRANK

...and they'd make me go missing?

SERGEANT WARNER

Didn't say that.

FRANK

I'm lucky you're watching out for
me.

SERGEANT WARNER

Come back, and I'll kick your ass.

Frank opens the car door and steps out.

Frank straightens up, stretching his back. He's easily half a
foot taller and twice as muscled as Warner.

FRANK

Yeah, sure, see you around.

He gets into the front seat and turns on the engine. Warner
leans into the open driver's side window.

SERGEANT WARNER

(whispers)

Hey, Frank, find something to do
with your life. Sophie wouldn't
want to see you like this.

FRANK

Thanks. So, can I go now? You're
kind of making this weird. Tell you
what, I'll buy you a beer next time
you're in town.

Warner steps away and watches as Frank leaves. Corporal Brent walks over and stands beside him.

CORPORAL BRENT

Why do you keep letting him go?

SERGEANT WARNER

Cause this is where his wife died.

INT. UFO CONFERENCE - SALT LAKE CITY CONVENTION CENTER

In an access hallway, Frank waits, wearing a suit obviously too small for him. His muscles bulge. They threaten to rip the seams any moment as he tightly grips a jumble of papers, trying to calm himself.

He looms over everyone, including his best friend, AARON (40s, perma-grin, as if he knows a secret, or is about to get into trouble and like it).

AARON

They're almost ready, but before you go in there -- come on, you can tell me -- where've you been, man? Four days. Four freaking days.

FRANK

Don't know. Last thing I remember was grabbing a burger and beer over at Willie's, then waking up in my car this morning.

AARON

That's a hell of a bender.

Aaron puts his hand on Frank's shoulders

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, brah.

FRANK

Shut up.

AARON

Dude, you look nervous.

FRANK

Yeah well, fighting is different than talking. Give me something to kick, and I'll kick it, but this --

AARON

Uh, no. Just think of them --

FRANK

(overlapping)

If you say naked, I swear to God, I will throat-punch you.

AARON

No. I wasn't going to say that.

(beat)

Yeah. Okay, I was totally going to say that.

FRANK

I know.

AARON

Okay. No, really, just think of them as part of the background. Focus on one person and talk to them. Come on. You got this.

He pushes Frank through the door and into the panel hall.

PANEL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

In the room, Aaron walks to a table set in front of rows of chairs filled with people, waves the crowd to quiet down.

The crowd is unruly and loud. Frank stands off to one side, watching the crowd.

AARON

Hey.

(beat)

Hey! Ya'll shut up now.

The crowd quiets down.

AARON (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming to the conspiracy panel. My name is Aaron Metzer. I know some of you've seen celebrities do YouTube videos on things like the Denver Airport, or the Bilderberg Group: yadda, yadda.

ERRRRR. The microphone echoes. He adjusts it till it stops.

AARON (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Now, this is one of the biggest celebrities that I've ever met. By that, I mean he's huge.

(beat)

Like ... Huge ...

(beat)

He's a big ... You know what? Whatever.

The crowd is quiet. Someone in the room coughs.

AARON (CONT'D)

Really? Nothing? Wow. Okay.

(beat)

Fine, ladies and gentleman, I give you: Former Heavyweight MMA Champ and expert on the Dugway government conspiracy: Frank Tyree.

The crowd halfheartedly slow claps as Frank takes the stage. Aaron pats him on the back and leaves. Frank adjusts the microphone, but it only goes high enough for him to crouch down and struggle with it.

He leans down to speak into it.

FRANK

Hello.

Microphone echoes. He backs off, wincing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hi. As he said, I'm Frank...

PERSON IN CROWD 1
...Tyree! Whoo!

PERSON IN CROWD 2
We love you!

FRANK

Yeah, thanks. Thanks for coming to the conspiracy panel of the Alien Science Symposium.

The room goes quiet. Aaron laughs off-stage.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I brought some videos to show, if I can get the projector turned on.

The room darkens.

INSERT

A video plays behind Frank -- not the highest quality.

SOPHIA (O.C.)
January, twenty-fourth. Dugway
Proving Grounds. Some call it the
new Area fifty-one.

The camera shakes as it pans across several dead sheep in a field. Native American farmers walk around grief-struck.

SOPHIA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Farmers outside the base report
livestock dying. Oddly enough, this
isn't the first mass livestock
death in the area. Reminds some of
the nineteen-sixty-eight incident.

The video swings from the dead sheep to freeze on...

SOPHIA TYREE's face (late 20s, flustered, tired, but determined).

BACK TO SCENE

The lights stay dim, but Frank's face is lit by a lamp.

FRANK
That's my wife, Sophia, back in two-thousand-eleven. A reporter for the Salt Lake City Tribune.

He holds up a remote.

FRANK (CONT'D)
She was working on a story about government misappropriations. These videos were her notes.

Next video comes on -- same shaky camera work.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Her focus was on the Dugway Proving Grounds. This was her confronting the director about what was going on.

INSERT

On the screen, the camera goes in and out of focus as it scans a crowd of reporters and well-suited politicians.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Senator Rance has asked for more money for Dugway. He's meeting with the civilian base director. I'll see if either will comment on it.

Camera presses into the crowd. Among them DUGWAY DIRECTOR HAL CLARKE (40s, plastic, perfect smile, flawless three-piece suit).

SOPHIA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Senator! Director! Can tell us why you're pushing for more funding?

HAL

No comment.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

They're replacing military guards with private security. Is it because you have stake in the security company?

Another man comes into frame. He is seen from the shoulders down, SENATOR RANCE in his well tailored suit.

HAL

Sorry, but we have other meetings today. Call my office, and we can arrange a meeting tomorrow.

SOPHIA (O.C.)

Director, are you making Dugway into your own private research facility with government funding?

The crowd stops and looks at her.

HAL

Mrs. Tyree? I assure you, nothing sinister is going on out at Dugway.

The CAMERA FREEZES on the DIRECTOR.

Behind him, SENATOR RANCE'S FACE. He's the alien from the crash, JAL'MOND. He looks only slightly older (60s now). He's well dressed. Blends in with the other business men.

BACK TO SCENE

Someone in the convention crowd gets up and loudly leaves.

BANG. SCRAPE. They push chairs around, while everyone watches. BOOM. They let the door slam as they leave.

Projector turns off. Lights go on. Frank clears his throat.

FRANK

People want to believe Dugway's the new Area fifty-one, but it's not. There's something going on, but probably not aliens.

One of the people in the crowd raises their hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yeah, you got a question?

PERSON IN CROWD 1

I was wondering, in the two-thousand seven World Championship fight some people said that Jack Russell took a dive.

Frank politely chuckles to himself.

FRANK

Wow. You guys really do like your conspiracies. I'd rather talk about Dugway. You have any questions about that?

Someone else raises their hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yeah, you.

PERSON IN CROWD 2

I heard you lost part of your hearing in the fight against Gavin O'Connell. Is that true?

Frank takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

FRANK

Look: I've been over my late wife's research; there's definitely something going on at Dugway, just not sure what...

PERSON IN CROWD 1

(overlapping)

Was it aliens?

FRANK

No. No aliens, but something. That last interview was the day before my wife was found dead outside Dugway: January twenty-six.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

The day of the Anthrax spill?

FRANK

Exactly. That's what they want you to think, but it's a lie.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

What's this have to do with UFOs?

FRANK

Nothing. There are no UFOs.

PERSON IN CROWD 2

Then, can I get your autograph on my Tyree poster?

Frank unconsciously smashes the mic in his hand.

EVERYBODY freezes.

AARON

(loudly to crowd)

Okay, folks!

Aaron walks to the table and picks up what's left of the microphone.

AARON (CONT'D)

Thank you, Frank. Thanks to you guys too! Be sure to come back for the next panel.

The crowd starts filing out as he talks.

AARON (CONT'D)

Next up: IMPLANTS and how to find them; how to disable them.

Remember, only you can prevent the alien overlords from taking control.

(to himself)

There goes my deposit.

Aaron pushes Frank out of the room.

INT. NAKED FISH BISTRO - SUSHI BAR - EVENING

Frank drinks Sake, quietly. Aaron tries to cheer him.

The chef delivers a couple of plates of sushi.

AARON

Screw them, man. It's a great conspiracy.

FRANK

Those people sit around listening to old recording of Art Bell, and think they know everything.

AARON

Don't you diss Art Bell.

Aaron grimaces as he takes a shot of sake.

AARON (CONT'D)

You're blaspheming my religion. He was a saint and leader for us despondent few...

FRANK

(overlapping)

...despondent few. Yeah. Yeah.

Aaron holds his chopsticks awkwardly, trying to get sushi. Frank grabs the sushi with his hands.

AARON

Oh, guess what I got?

FRANK

Another restraining order?

AARON

What? No. I found one of the vendors selling a grenade that's autographed by Kurt Russell.

Frank stares him as Aaron pulls out a grenade.

AARON (CONT'D)

Big Trouble in Little China?

Frank says nothing and sips more Sake

AARON (CONT'D)

Escape from New York?

FRANK

It's not real.

AARON

You're just jealous.

Aaron looks closely at the grenade.

FRANK

Dude, why would Kurt Russell autograph a grenade?

Aaron takes a shot. Grimaces. Puts away the grenade.

AARON

Don't know, but it's going in my collection.

A GROUP OF CONVENTION-GOERS come into the restaurant. One of them is the 'WAS-IT-ALIENS?' guy from the conspiracy panel earlier.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

You guys believe that crap?
(bad impression of Frank)
It's not UFOs. Grrr.

The man's friends all laugh. Aaron looks back and puts a hand on Frank's shoulder.

AARON

Don't let them get to you.

The group sits at a table nearby, waves over the waiter.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

(does another impression)
My wife's dead.

Frank puts down his cup with a trembling hand. He fills the cup up from the sake carafe and continues to drink.

AARON

(turns to the group)
Why don't you shut the hell up?

PERSON IN CROWD 1

Sorry, didn't see you guys. Are we interrupting your date?

The group laughs, urging him on. Aaron gets up and walks over. Frank stays seated, eating sushi and drinking.

AARON

You're kind of a douche, making fun
of a guy's dead wife.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

Free country, ain't it?

AARON

Yeah, and you got the freedom to
get your ass kicked too.

PERSON IN CROWD 1

Going to take us on by yourself?

AARON

No, I got Frank...

Aaron turns to find Frank still at the bar.

AARON (CONT'D)

...to back me up.

(beat)

Damn it. Really, Frank?

The group laughs as their leader stands face-to-face with him. Aaron knees the guy in the crotch and then punches him, knocking him to the floor.

He gloats over the downed man right before the man's friends stand up and rush Aaron.

Frank sits at the bar, drinking Aaron's glass too.

AARON (CONT'D)

Hey, Frank! Frank?

One guy walks up behind Frank and hits him in the back. Frank -- unfazed -- looks back, casually grabs the man's throat, and stands, looming over the man.

INT. LOCAL JAIL - THE NEXT DAY

Cells are crowded. Some men are bruised and bloodied.

They look defeated and huddle away from: Frank and Aaron sit to one side of the cell. Frank's fine. Aaron nurses a bloody nose with toilet paper.

AARON

Could've used that help earlier.

FRANK

You were getting your ass kicked just fine by yourself. You need to grow up, brah. When we were kids, that was one thing, but...

AARON

That wasn't my fight. It was Sophie's. They had no right to...

FRANK

(overlapping)

Sophie's fight is with who ever killed her. I'll find him, and I'll rip his head off, then figure out where to go from there.

AARON

Shh, not so loud.

FRANK

Just don't know who it is.

AARON

What if it's not Dugway?

FRANK

Well, certainly not Disney World.

AARON

Hey, you remember that Goshute chick I was dating last week? The one with legs that could squeeze milk out of a coconut...

Frank looks disgusted.

AARON (CONT'D)

I mean, she was hot. Well, anyways, went to the Res with her, and we did this bad-ass peyote trip.

Other prisoners lean in to listen.

AARON (CONT'D)

So, I was sitting naked in the girl's living room, tripping my balls off...

Aaron gets animated, using his hands to talk.

AARON (CONT'D)

...and her grandmother tells this story about when she was younger, in sixty-eight. Something fell from the sky and crashed at White Rock.

He looks around at the other prisoners.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to the other prisoners)
Everybody getting this so far?

The other prisoners pretend they aren't listening.

FRANK

Sixty-eight sheep incident? That wasn't a crash; that was nerve gas.

(beat)

Wait. Her grandmother was there while you were naked?

AARON

That was just a cover story.

FRANK

She wasn't naked, was she?

Aaron wrinkles his nose in disgust.

AARON

No. That would be weird. Anyway, Dugway guys came and spouted the whole nerve gas story, but she knew better, and no one would listen.

FRANK

You're kidding. They wouldn't listen to an old lady who smokes peyote?

AARON

Some property was taken from the farmers and given to Dugway. They said it was national security...

FRANK

...but you think this might be something that Sophie found out?

AARON

Better than the Anthrax story.

FRANK

She wouldn't have done that.

AARON

What if it wasn't a chemical spill?
Dugway never posted signs or
fences, just guards. They don't
want people knowing it exists...

FRANK

(overlapping)

You're thinking aliens again?

AARON

That'd explain it, wouldn't it?

A PRISON GUARD comes and unlocks the cell door.

GUARD

Frank, you made bail.

AARON

And me?

GUARD

Nope.

AARON

Frank, not going without me, right?

FRANK

Wouldn't dream of it.

Cell door shuts. Aaron sits back down and looks dejected.

AARON

Yeah, sure.

He looks around at the other prisoners. They stare at him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Don't think it. That big guy's my
best friend. He'll kick your ass.
Warning you: don't mess with me.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK CLERK - MOMENTS LATER

Frank stands at the DESK CLERK'S window, signing papers.

FRANK

Hey, by the way, who paid my bail?

DESK CLERK

Don't know. Some stiff in a suit.

Frank grabs his stuff and leaves.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY CONVENTION CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A taxi pulls up behind Frank's parked SUV. He gets out and pays the driver with cash.

As the taxi leaves, Frank notices his driver window is smashed. Three men in suits approach.

FRANK

Can I help you guys with something?

MAN IN SUIT 1

We had a report of someone breaking into this car. Is it yours?

Frank looks the men up and down.

ANGLE ON:

Some window glass is trapped in one of the men's shoelaces.

Frank notices that the window was broken out, not in.

FRANK

Yeah, you mind stepping away from her? She doesn't like strangers.

MAN IN SUIT 1

Sir, we're only here to help.

FRANK

Security? Police? Let's see ID.

MAN IN SUIT 1

We don't have to show you...

FRANK

Then I suggest you get away from my car, before I hurt you.

One of the men walk over and grabs his wrist, but Frank twists his hand and grabs the man's wrist instead, kicks the back of the man's knee and punches the guy in the face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We finished?

The two other men raise their hands up as if giving up, but then go for their side-arms. Frank grabs one of the men and takes his gun from him and shoots the other in the leg.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Asked you not to make me hurt you, but -- no -- you did it anyway.

The one standing man tries to swing at Frank, but Frank knees the guy in the stomach and rams the guy's face into Frank's knee when he doubles over.

Behind Frank, the guy shot in the leg stands holding a gun.

Someone hits the guy with a board across the face and knocks him down. It's a homeless guy wearing a T-shirt with Frank's face on it, with the word TYREE written across the bottom.

HOMELESS MAN
Hey. Hey, mister.

The homeless man puts up his hands to calm him down.

FRANK
Sorry. Thanks for the help.

HOMELESS MAN
It's cool. It's cool.
(beat)
Oh! Oh, my God. It's you.

The homeless guy points at his Tyree shirt.

FRANK
Thanks. Hey, you mind keeping it down? Don't know if there are more of these guys hanging around.

HOMELESS MAN
Oh, yeah, no. I totally agree.

FRANK
How long you been here?

HOMELESS MAN
A long time, it's where I sleep.

FRANK
Have you seen these guys before?

HOMELESS MAN
Nope. They're new to me.

FRANK
Okay. Thanks.

The homeless guy moves on. Frank watches as the homeless walks away. Frank drags the unconscious guys in suits away from his car.

He checks their wallets for IDs, but there are none.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frank gets in his SUV, starts the engine, and pulls out of the parking spot, only to spot the homeless guy on the edge of the parking lot, picking up discarded soda cans.

Frank pulls up, waves the guy over.

FRANK
Grabbing some lunch. You wanna join?

INT. POLITICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rance sits in a leather chair behind a large ornate desk. He's looking out his office window while talking on the phone.

SENATOR RANCE
Are you telling me he caught you?
It is difficult to run an experiment, if the subject knows he is being followed.
(beat)
Keep watching him. I have a speech to get ready for. I will deal with this later.

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM

The room is dark, covered in dust and cobwebs. Years have worn the place down. Few lights on. One panel is dimly lit.

RED WARNING LIGHT.

All the cryo-pods are dark, except for the one in the distance. The dark pods have mummified remains in them.

The one working pod blinks.

BLERN. BLERN. A warning buzzer.

The pod door lifts. Cold air floods the area with fog.

A hand grabs the side of the door and forces it open. Zisa, being in suspended animation, hasn't aged.

She looks around. Her eyes are blurry; she squints to see.

ZISA
Aloo?

She crawls from the pod and falls, her muscles too weak to get up. Laying on the walkway, she sees a body next to her and recoils, but slowly inches towards it.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Darni?

She touches the name badge on the corpse, and then rubs her eyes to look around. She sees the others. She forces herself to not cry out, forces her her emotions down, but her hands shake with anger.

ZISA (CONT'D)
(subtitled from alien language)
Hello? Someone there? Help!

After regaining composure, she looks around and forces herself to shakingly stand. Tears rim her eyes. She walks on.

She touches other pods as she passes. They're all dark.

She looks back at her own. The light and buzzer slowly fade, leaving her completely alone in the darkness.

The dim lights of the control panel fade, growing darker.

Emergency lights, though dimming, give off a little light.

At the control station, she puts her hand on the palm pad. Nothing works. She sinks to her knees in frustration.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Nea. Nea. Nea.

PRISON CELLS - MOMENTS LATER

She walks through the debris in the hallway, holding a piece of broken metal as a weapon. The emergency lights flicker.

ZISA
Aloo?

At the prison guard's skeleton, she finds dust covered shackles laying next to the corpse. She picks them up, looks into the opened prison cell. It's empty.

ZISA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Jal'mond.

She throws the shackles against the wall and looks down at the dead guard. She touches her forehead in prayer.

CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She stands in front of the controls as they grow darker, finally dying all together. Everything goes black.

In the darkness, sunlight sneaks into the room. It comes through a black plastic sheet used as a doorway in the breach at the side of the room. A tunnel now leads outside.

She pulls aside the plastic and squints at the sunlight.

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - EXIT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside a canyon: the makeshift tunnel sticks out of the canyon wall where the ship is buried by the rock-slide.

ZISA walks out.

She holds her hand in front of her face, shading it from the harsh desert light. She walks less than she stumbles.

At the exit, a small dirt path leads away from the ship to roads in the distance. The other side of the canyon has the Dugway base and fences.

ZISA
Earth?

INT. FRANK'S SUV - ON LONG DIRT HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank drives while looking at his map. The wind from the broken window makes it flap around.

He stops in front of an abandoned shack: The paint is faded, leaving rotted timbers and a partial rock wall.

He sits, switching from looking at his map and looking at the landscape through binoculars.

FRANK
So, if I was super secret alien
crash-site, where would I be?

EXT. FRANK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

He gets out and opens the hatch-back of the SUV to pull out a large metal box. He looks at it for a moment.

FRANK
Okay, buddy, you're up.

He opens the box and pulls out a DRONE, placing it on the road. He uses the controller as he sits on the back bumper and grabs a bottle of water.

The drone takes off.

INSERT

POV: DRONE. It flies up and heads down one of the dirt trails, passing abandoned buildings and various hills.

The desert landscape is covered in trails that crisscross and rocks that jut out. The drone follows one of the trails.

ZISA walks into view. Pale, dirty, covered in scratches and blood. Her stark white jumpsuit is dirty and torn.

She spots the drone and crouches down to pick up rocks and throws them at the drone, hitting it and making it fall.

The video swirls and freezes, and then goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank slams the SUV hatch-back shut and runs up the canyon trail.

CANYON - CONTINUOUS

As he runs, he passes GROUND SENSORS that silently blink.

FRANK
(calling out)
Hello? Hey, can you hear me?

His words echo on canyon walls, but finally he hears her.

ZISA (O.S.)
(in a parched whisper)
Hello?

Frank sees her on the ground next to the drone.

He opens his bottle of water, offers it to her. She grabs the bottle, gulps it down, and then vomits it back up.

FRANK
Easy. You'll make yourself sick.
Anybody else out here?

ZISA
No. They're all dead.

FRANK

Where?

She reaches up and caresses his neck, but he pulls away.

ZISA

You have one already, don't you?

FRANK

Seriously, you need a doctor.

He picks up the drone and helps her stand. She no longer pants and gains some strength back, but still unsteady.

She stops, looks around.

ZISA

Someone's coming. We have to hide.

FRANK

We have to get you to the hospital.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)

Down on the ground. Now!

Frank slowly puts the drone down and lets Zisa go.

He turns around to find...

...a GUARD wearing desert fatigues. No patches. No lettering sewn on them. Private security, not military.

FRANK

This girl needs medical...

GUARD 1

Shut up and keep those hands where I can see them!

Zisa runs, ducking back into the tunnel.

The guard aims his rifle at her. Frank grabs him, smashes the rifle into the rocks of the trail wall.

BAM. The rifle fires, narrowly missing Zisa. Frank swings the guard around, wrestling the rifle away and flinging the guard off the other side of a cliff. Frank looks over, sees the guard laying at the bottom of the fifty foot drop...

...and then he stands back up and looks at Frank.

FRANK

That's one tough son of...

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters through the tunnel, pushing the plastic aside. He finds himself in an alien ship and surrounded by all the dead.

ZISA (O.S.)
How long has it been?

She says as she appears from the shadows.

FRANK
What the hell is this?

ZISA
How long have I been asleep?

FRANK
Are you the only survivor?

ZISA
Our prisoner escaped.

FRANK
We need to get you somewhere safe.
That guard will be back.

She reaches up, touches his neck again.

ZISA
More come. They're following you.

As he is about to speak...

BAM. A FLASHBANG GRENADE goes off in the doorway. Frank pulls her into the dark among the cryo-pods as TWO GUARDS burst in through the doorway. One is the guard from before, his face torn from the fall, under the broken skin is a ROBOTIC FACE.

Frank grabs a piece of broken metal and runs the guard through the mid-section. The guard's gun swings wide, shooting the other guard, who is UNFAZED by being shot.

He aims his rifle at Frank, but Zisa hits it with a pipe, knocking the rifle out of the guard's hands. He pulls a taser out and drops Frank, making Frank seize and yell.

FRANK
(to Zisa)
Run!

The guard fighting Frank uses the distraction to grab his rifle and bring the butt of it down on Frank's face.

As he blacks-out, Frank hears Zisa...

ZISA (O.C.)
(calmly)
Stop.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. SALT LAKE CITY - BALLROOM - DAY

Groups of WELL DRESSED PEOPLE sit around tables, having dinner while watching Senator Rance. He is mesmerizing in his delivery, charming, like a snake hypnotizing its prey.

Standing at a podium at the front of the room, he speaks with passion and rhythm.

Women in gowns. Men in black-tie.

Well dressed wait staff run between the tables, refilling glasses, removing finished plates, and bringing desserts.

SENATOR RANCE
In two days, we begin the official roll-out of the new implant system.

Senator Rance sips from his wine glass.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
These implants can bring sight to the blind, connecting nerve tissue to nano-tech cameras.

He has a slip of a smile.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
We are bringing sight and light to an otherwise dark existence.
Implants that heal, so they can see as they should see, live as they should live.

The crowd stands up and claps. He leans into the microphone.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

LATER

Senator Rance stands by the door as the ballroom lets out. People stop and say their good-byes as they leave.

The Dugway Director, Hal, stands next to him, both shaking hands of the guests.

SENATOR RANCE
Thank you for coming

MRS. ANDERSON (40s, all business, Kate Mulgrew as Janeway looking lady) and her son, JUSTIN (20s, pale and thin, bored and reluctantly in business attire) shake Rance's hand.

Justin has dark rings around his eyes, looks like he wants to be anywhere but there.

MRS. ANDERSON
Senator, I'm glad you have time to meet with me. This is my son, Justin. I told you about him.

SENATOR RANCE
Justin, a pleasure. I have heard so much about you. She says you're a smart young man with great potential.

JUSTIN
I hear that a lot.

SENATOR RANCE
Are you folks hungry? I find that they do not serve enough food at these things. I have a suite at the Marriott next door. You mind?

MRS. ANDERSON
I could go for a digestif.

SENATOR RANCE
(to the director)
Hal, order us sushi, and have them send over some sake as well.
(to Mrs. Anderson)
Shall we?

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Rance, Hal, Mrs. Anderson, and Justin walk through the hotel hallway. Rance's ENTOURAGE of SECURITY follows.

SENATOR RANCE
That is why I have worked so hard on bringing the price down.

MRS. ANDERSON

That would get them into the South American market, but you might want to R&D other applications to hit a variety for market saturation.

SENATOR RANCE

My scientists are working on curing more than just blindness and paralysis. We had two experiments where it has cured M.S.

MRS. ANDERSON

That's amazing. Why didn't you bring this up in your speech?

SENATOR RANCE

Still a work in progress. Bringing down the price point would make it have wider consumer base. Then they would be implanted in undamaged people, and activate in case of injury. I've talked with DARPA about possible military applications too.

MRS. ANDERSON

That sounds a lot like a super-soldier fantasy.

SENATOR RANCE

No. No. Nowhere near that advanced.

HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Rance uses his key-card to open the suite door.

The room is large and luxurious.

MRS. ANDERSON

And the matter we discussed on the phone?

SENATOR RANCE

Yes. It could help those families suffering from drug problems.

Justin stops. Hal locks the door after everyone is inside.

JUSTIN

Wait. Mom? What the hell did you tell him?

MRS. ANDERSON

How sure are you this implant helps
addiction?

SENATOR RANCE

The effects are immediate. Cravings
gone by the end of day, if not
sooner. No need to worry.

Mrs. Anderson turns to her son.

Two guards come up behind him and grab his arms.

MRS. ANDERSON

Sorry, Justin, but this is for your
own good.

JUSTIN

You don't have to do this.

(to the guards)

Get your freaking hands off me!

Justin struggles and slugs one of the guards, but the man
doesn't flinch. He grabs the kid and shoves him down on the
couch. He twists Justin's arm and puts a knee in his back.

MS. ANDERSON

You left us no choice. We tried
counselling. Rehab. None worked.

JUSTIN

Get off me! Get off!

The guard puts a hand over the Justin's mouth to quiet him.

MRS. ANDERSON

And you promised this wouldn't hurt
him.

SENATOR RANCE

Oh, that? Sure. You can watch it
happen, if you want.

Hal opens a briefcase, pulls out what looks like a gun with a
glass cylinder on top and a needle on the front.

He jams the needle into Justin's neck. It expands and creates
a dime-sized hole in the young man's neck.

Something shoots out the end of the gun and into the hole.

His screams are muffled by the guard's hand as the IMPLANT
sinks into Justin's neck. The flesh knits back together--
looks like nothing ever happened.

MRS. ANDERSON
(to Rance)
That sure the hell looked like it
hurt. You lied to me.

Justin calms down and starts breathing regular again.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Justin? Are you okay? Speak to me.

The guards let him go. He stands and stares blankly at her.

JUSTIN
Huh? Yeah, I'm fine. Doesn't hurt.

Rance rolls up Justin's sleeves. There are injection marks up
and down his arm that melt away, healing over.

SENATOR RANCE
As promised, and thus delivered.

There's a knock at the door.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
That would be the sushi.

The guards let in an ASIAN MAN (20s) with bags of food. He
ignores the awkwardness in the room, takes the food out of
the bags and places it on the living room table.

Mrs. Anderson examines her son.

MRS. ANDERSON
Amazing. With this product...

SENATOR RANCE
Mrs. Anderson, I believe you wanted
a digestif.

The security guards grab her.

MRS. ANDERSON
What are you doing?

SENATOR RANCE
We cured your son. It is your turn.

MRS. ANDERSON
Why? Nothing's wrong with me!

The guards push her down.

SENATOR RANCE
That is a matter of perspective.

Rance sits down and pours sake into two cups. He pushes one across the table and nods at Mrs. Anderson.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
I am afraid that your drink will
have to wait.

MRS. ANDERSON
Justin, help me!

SENATOR RANCE
He is. He is helping make you a
better person. Is that not that
what we all want, in the end?

MRS. ANDERSON
(to the delivery boy)
Hey, you! Help me. I'll pay you!

The delivery boy looks to Rance.

DELIVERY BOY
Anything else, Mister Rance?

SENATOR RANCE
No, but thank you. Tell Hosato, he
outdid himself to get this here so
quickly. Oh, and I heard about the
restaurant being damaged by
ruffians. I will send some people
over to help him rebuild.

DELIVERY BOY
Thank you, Mister Rance.

MRS. ANDERSON
Wait! Rance, I'll do what you want!

SENATOR RANCE
Yes. I know.

LATER

Hal cleans the gun, but stops and looks out the window.

HAL
Sir, there's a problem.

RANCE
Everything is a problem with you.

HAL
Proximity alarms at Skull Valley.

Rance sets his drink down and looks over at Hal.

SENATOR RANCE

Well, what are you waiting for? Get
the helicopter ready.

INT. FRANK'S SUV - ON LONG DIRT HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank's in the passenger seat. He startles awake and looks around wide-eyed. He sees Zisa driving, relaxes.

FRANK

How long was I out?

ZISA

An hour. I think. Still *swopnic*.

FRANK

An hour? How'd we get away from
those guards? You know what, never
mind. You probably have some alien
thing you can do.

She starts to say something, but stops and just keeps driving. Frank sets up and looks at her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You do. Don't you?

ZISA

They were taken care of.

FRANK

How do you know English? How long
have you been here, really?

Frank stares at her, as she side-glances at him.

ZISA

A long time.

FRANK

I bet.

She sees something in the distance, points to it.

ZISA

Smeirai ... What's that?

FRANK

That's the old desert black-market
swap-meet and drive-in.

ZISA
Do they have food?

FRANK
Yeah.

She swerves into the parking lot. Frank braces himself.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

The helicopter lands. Rance and Hal step out. SECURITY GUARDS circle them, awaiting orders.

Black SUVs and helicopters scour the area in the distance.

SENATOR RANCE
I thought we had guards out here.

HAL
We did, a two man team...

SENATOR RANCE
And someone got past them? Find them and bring me their video.

Hal looks around the landscape and points down a trail.

HAL
A signal's coming from that direction. Possibly the black-site.

INT. CRASHED SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RANCE walks the old spaceship, touching cryo-pods, picking at the dust with his fingers, and using a kerchief to wipe his hands.

The only light comes from the doorway.

Hal and some guards examine the DAMAGED GUARDS that lay next to the doorway, the same one that had attacked Frank and Zisa.

Rance ignores them. He climbs a ladder to the third row of pods.

LATER

He finds ZISA'S EMPTY CRYO-CHAMBER.

SENATOR RANCE
(exhales)
Smeirai...

LATER

The HELICOPTER PILOT enters as Rance climbs back down.

PILOT
Senator? Mister Hal? Anybody here?

He stops as he sees Hal and the damaged guards, and looks up to see Rance climbing down the ladder.

PILOT (CONT'D)
What the hell?

He gapes openly at the alien technology.

SENATOR RANCE
What the hell, indeed, Brad!

PILOT
Sorry, but what's going on?

SENATOR RANCE
It is an alien spacecraft.

PILOT
What? We got to tell people about this! This is going to be huge.

SENATOR RANCE
Actually, Brad, it has been here for awhile. I have been using parts from it to build an army to retake my home planet...

PILOT
But why haven't you told...?
(beat)
Wait. What?

Rance walks up to the pilot, puts his arm around him.

SENATOR RANCE
Brad, you are new to my team, right?

PILOT
Yes, sir.

SENATOR RANCE
(to Hal)
He has no implant yet?

HAL
No. It's planned for next week...

SENATOR RANCE
I guess we will step that up then.

Rance grabs the pilot's neck and holds him as Hal comes up behind the pilot with the briefcase.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Sorry, really, but we need all
hands on deck. Nothing personal.

The pilot struggles, but Rance is too strong. Hal injects the implant. The pilot goes limp.

The guards and Hal watch, quietly, patiently.

Rance lets the pilot go and watches as the man stands and obediently waits. Taking a deep breath, Rance uses his handkerchief to wipe his hands.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
(to Hal)
Anything yet?

Hal walks back over to the guards and uses a long wire to connect a tablet to one of their necks.

HAL
A mess. There's damage to his
memory boards. We will be lucky to
get any video from either of them.

SENATOR RANCE
Are they operational?

HAL
Something in the programming.

SENATOR RANCE
Programming? I programmed them.
There is nothing wrong with it.

HAL
They received new instructions. I
can find the code they used to...

SENATOR RANCE
Figure that out back at the base.
Show me the video first.

INSERT

A video runs on the tablet screen in the POV of one of the guards. It shows the fight between the guards and Frank.

It shows Zisa telling the guards to stop, and they do.

BACK TO SCENE

HAL
The guards responded to her.

Rance grabs the tablet. He moves away, staring at the video.

HAL (CONT'D)
Do you know her?

SENATOR RANCE
Send this footage to the base.

HAL
Right away.

Rance hands back the tablet and makes a phone call.

SENATOR RANCE
There is a slight problem. Tyree
was at the black site.
(beat)
Yes, I can see you lost him. Where
is he? He has someone with him.
Someone important.

Rance watches Hal pick up a damaged guard, with ease, and starts to walk off. Rance stops him.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
(to the pilot)
Brad, get the helicopter warmed up.

The pilot's face looks eager. He runs out of the ship.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
(to Hal)
Well, what are you waiting for? Do
I need to tell you how to do
everything? Get the guards to the
helicopter.
(to the phone)
I thought he was handled.

Rance pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

(to the phone)

So, you have no idea where he is?
You at least know where his car is,
right?

(beat)

So, the car is there, which means?

(beat)

A girl is with him. I want them
both. There better not be any
damage to her when you find them.

He hangs up and looks down at the other damaged guard.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

(to other guards)

What are you waiting for? I am not
carrying it to the helicopter.

He walks away, leaving the guards in the dark ship.

INT. DRIVE-IN - SWAP-MEET - LATER

Frank watches the vendors as they walk around the swap-meet. Zisa is beside him. She carries a large drink, popcorn, a couple of burgers, and candy. She stuffs a burger in her mouth.

She stops, looks up at a vendor selling E.T. shirts, conspiracy T-shirts, and black helicopter shirts.

Across the open area of the swap-meet, three paramilitary guards appear, walking the crowd.

Zisa pulls Frank into the conspiracy booth. Frank grabs one of the E.T. shirts and hands it to her, making her have to put down her food on one of the vendor's tables.

FRANK

(to the booth owner)

Where can she try this on?

The BOOTH OWNER (50s, bald, fat, wears a porn-stash. Looks a little too much like Danny DeVito) stands up from his chair and looks up and down at Frank and Zisa. He's in the middle of eating a sandwich.

BOOTH OWNER

What do I look like? Macy's?

Beat, as he takes a bite of the sandwich.

BOOTH OWNER (CONT'D)
But, if the lady wants to disrobe
right here, I promise not to kick
her out.

Guards come closer. Booth owner notices.

BOOTH OWNER (CONT'D)
Tell you what, ten dollars for the
shirt, another ten and I'll let you
hide under my display table. And I
promise not to do anything, you
know, too lewd while your there.

ZISA
Deal.

Zisa hides under the table, and Frank follows. It's covered
in various clothes and a giant black table cloth.

The owner loudly clears his throat and holds his hand out.

FRANK (O.S.)
(whispers)
You take cards?

BOOTH OWNER
Yep.

Frank's credit card appears from under the table. The booth
owner rings it up while he finishes his sandwich.

Three paramilitary guards walk by the booth.

GUARD
(to his ear-piece)
We tracked the car's signal to an
old swap-meet.
(beat)
Checking it now, sir. His car is
here. He and the girl should be
here somewhere.

Guards walk away. Booth owner knocks on the table.

Frank and Zisa come out.

BOOTH OWNER
There's an emergency exit behind
the booth next to mine. I'd advise
you to not take your car.

FRANK

Thanks. You know, you're not as horrible a person as I thought.

BOOTH OWNER

Yeah, thanks. I was losing sleep wondering about that.

Zisa kisses him on the cheek before she leaves, and Frank just nods, grabs his credit card, and follows her.

BOOTH OWNER (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business with you.

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Zisa go to the edge of the parking lot and hold back, watching the cars.

ZISA

What are we doing?

FRANK

Over there. Another guard, he's watching my car. Damn it. We're going to have find another way.

ZISA

If they're watching your car, we should take another one.

FRANK

Don't know about you, but I'm not very good at stealing a car.

ZISA

Most of these are newer than ones I know. We need to find one that's...

She points to an older car, a sixties model Charger.

ZISA (CONT'D)

...a little more like I remember.

They crouch down as they hurry to the Charger.

At the car, she tries the door, but it's locked.

FRANK

You sure you can do this?

ZISA

If you can get me in there.

Frank uses his elbow and smashes the driver window. Zisa unlocks the door, climbs in, and proceeds to hot-wire.

The noise from the breaking glass alerts people around the parking lot, including the paramilitary guard. He calls in on his walkie-talkie and heads over.

The car starts up as the guard runs towards them.

Frank jumps in. Zisa backs the car out of the parking spot. When the guard gets in front of them, she hits him with the car, making him roll across the hood and off to the side.

After they leave, the guard stands back up. He examines his hand and sees that some of the skin is torn, revealing machinery underneath

EXT. AARON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The Charger pulls up the road and parks outside of Aaron's trailer. It sits in a desert canyon, far away from the Salt Lake city limits, which can be seen over the hills in the distance.

Frank and Zisa get out and make their way to the front door, but Aaron, dressed in red briefs, an open bathrobe, and fuzzy pink slippers, answers the door before they reach it.

AARON

Frank, where the hell did you go?
You went out there, didn't you? I
asked you not to go without me.
Dude, you're such a dick sometimes.

Beat. He looks at Zisa. Her jumpsuit is opened and pulled to her waist and she wears the E.T. shirt. Aaron points at himself.

AARON (CONT'D)
(politely to Zisa)
Hey. Name's Aaron. What's up?

He holds up a finger and points out at the car. Zisa walks into the trailer. Aaron watches her backside as she walks.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Why are you driving that car? What
happened to yours?

Frank shrugs and follows Zisa inside.

FRANK (O.S.)
Stole it. My car's being tracked.

AARON
I'm so proud of you, your first
Grand Theft Auto. But, Dude, you
got to get rid of that thing like
yesterday. I don't need authority
figures coming and busting my
shit...

(beat)
Wait. Your car's being tracked?

INT. AARON'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room covered in dirty dishes and old pizza boxes. Boxes of
papers stacked on counters, covering old furniture.

AARON
(to Frank)
Still pissed at you. You know, I
can take care of myself, and, by
the way, thanks for leaving me in
that jail cell all alone. You know
I don't do well in institutions.

Aaron begins cleaning the room, picking up trash.

FRANK
It wasn't safe to go...

AARON
Oh really? Safe? You wanna talk
safe? Because of you, apparently,
I'm now married to a guy named Big
Mike. He says he's coming by
tomorrow to set up our gift
registry at Wal-Mart.

Aaron stops and quickly glances at the trash in his arms. He
throws it all back on the floor in a pile.

AARON (CONT'D)
I mean look at this place! Does it
look like I'm ready to settle down?

FRANK
You're just in the honeymoon phase.
The shock will wear off.

Frank uses his foot to scoot stuff off the couch and sits,
followed by Zisa, who does so cautiously.

ZISA

Congratulations on getting married.

AARON

Oh, ha. Ha.

(beat)

And now you're bringing strangers
to my place with stolen cars? I
mean, not that she isn't hot...

(to Zisa)

I'm Aaron, by the way. I love E.T.

ZISA

Yeah, you already told me your
name.

Beat.

AARON

(to Frank)

What the hell, man! Trouble's for
out there, in the really real
world, not here. This is sanctuary.
Casa de Aaron. I got priceless
valuables here.

Frank and Zisa look around the messy room.

FRANK

You should probably sit down for
this one.

Aaron grabs a stool as Frank takes a deep breath and lets out
a sigh.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Remember all the crap you've been
telling me about aliens and stuff?
I was wrong; you were right.

AARON

Of course I'm right! Duh.

(chuckles)

Wait. Right about what? Aliens? You
found aliens, didn't you? Yessssss.

Frank looks from Aaron to Zisa and back. Aaron turns to her.
She semi-waves at him and smiles.

Aaron stares at them. His face shows the puzzle he's trying
to work out in his head.

FRANK

Well, this is a first. He's speechless.

(to Zisa)

If we're going to get out of this mess, I need to know something about this guy you're after.

Zisa takes a deep breath.

ZISA

My people developed technology that allowed us to communicate with each other by thinking. It let us talk to our machines too.

FRANK

What? Like implants?

ZISA

I'm not sure what 'implants' are? But it might be. Sure.

AARON

Hey, you guys want coffee, right? I'll make some coffee.

Aaron jumps up from the stool and goes into the kitchen, which is on one side of the living room.

ZISA

At first, they were welcomed. Wars ended; crime vanished. Generations at peace. At least that's how it was shown to the public.

Aaron searches cabinets, pulling out mismatched coffee cups.

One cup has the Rock's picture on it. Another an anime girl. Then there's a Star Wars cup, with a chip missing.

He rummages through another cabinet, pulls out coffee. Watches Zisa as she talks.

FRANK

This doesn't explain why you're after this criminal.

ZISA

These implants, as you call them, have been on my world for generations....

STORY - EXT. SPACE

...spaceships above a blue planet. They fire upon each other. Some ships vanish in blinding light, leaving only burnt metal, sparking chunks, and dead bodies floating in space.

ZISA (V.O.)

My home was once at war with itself. That was before the implants.

A burning ship falls down to the planet. As it burns up, the landscape is seen as a dark world filled with smoke and destroyed cities.

ZISA (V.O.)

For over a hundred years, my world had known peace. This technology brought an end to poverty, to war, to hunger. We had our solution.

The world dissolves into a gleaming future-scape of metal cities and spaceships crossing the skies. A paradise.

ZISA (V.O.)

But I found out different. I learned how they controlled us.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. MESSY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Aaron brings the coffee and cups to a coffee maker.

As the coffee starts loudly bubbling, Aaron breaks out a milk jug and a crumpled bag of sugar from the fridge.

ZISA

There were some on my planet that had no implant. They were outcasts, couldn't buy food, couldn't work. They lived on the streets or in communities on the edge of cities. There was a community of them near where I lived as a child.

Aaron keeps looking over his shoulder at Frank and Zisa.

STORY - EXT. SMALL GHETTO - DAY

A series of homeless shacks, a small Hooverville town, on the edge of a futuristic city.

A small, YOUNG ZISA (8 or 9), dressed in a white jumpsuit, wanders through the ghetto, looking at all the homeless. They look dirty, but happy. They watch her cautiously.

ZISA (V.O.)
I wanted to know more about these outcasts, so I went down to the Neaeco community and saw them. I felt rebellious, yet scared.

A group of children in tattered clothes play in the dirt. They see her watching them and wave her to join their game.

ZISA (V.O.)
They welcomed me like I belonged.

BACK TO SCENE - MESSY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Aaron heads into the living room and passes the cups around. Frank gets the Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson cup. Zisa gets the Star Wars cup. Aaron keeps the anime girl cup. He grabs whiskey from a desk and pours some in his cup.

ZISA
I went back constantly and played with the children. I discovered a place where I could be free of my parents, school, technology...

STORY - EXT. SMALL GHETTO - DAY

Little Zisa walks through the dirt road and sees a man in a black jumpsuit, seen only from the waist down. A crowd of homeless stand in front of him, listening to his words.

ZISA (V.O.)
...but one day, a man came to the Neaecos. He promised them their lives back, promised them jobs, promised them homes, if only they only accepted the implants.

One by one, the people drop to their knees in front of him.

ZISA (V.O.)
But not all wanted the implant...

Some people turn their back and walk away.

ZISA (V.O.)
...those people were later found and not given a choice.

LATER

ANGLE ON:

Young Zisa's face: she watches through a hole in one of the shacks as soldiers in black jumpsuits hold down a homeless man, bending his head forward, as a man with an unseen face implants a chip in the back of the homeless man's neck.

The man struggles.

ZISA (V.O.)
Not all implants were successful
either.

The man fights the soldiers, but the unseen man puts a collar on homeless man's neck, and all fight vanishes.

The collared man stares ahead blankly.

Tears fill the little girl's eyes as she watches.

The collared man stands up and turns around. The unseen man steps forward. It's Rance. He embraces the collared man as if to welcome him.

BACK TO SCENE - MESSY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Zisa stares down at her coffee. Tears rim her eyes.

ZISA
I ran away from the village, after
they were loaded up and sent away
to far off cities to be workers. I
remember seeing the shacks burn as
they left. Burned to erase their
past. Burned to erase our freedoms.

FRANK
This criminal, he's the guy behind
these implants?

ZISA
He was our what-you-call-a-king.
Some of us overcame our implants
and rose against him.

AARON
This is ridiculous. I mean, why
would some dethroned king come to
podunk-Earth to hide out? How would
he even know we exist?

ZISA

He's not the first of us to visit
your world.

AARON

Wait. What?

FRANK

(to Zisa)

Something tells me that he's not
going to come here and hide.

AARON

Okay. I've had enough.

Aaron takes a drink of whiskey, straight from the bottle.

FRANK

Aaron!

AARON

Don't Aaron me. She had me going
for awhile there, but...

FRANK

(overlapping)

Aaron, brah, you're finally proven
right. What the hell?

AARON

Okay. Honestly, all cards on the
table, I just do the alien
conspiracy schtick to get laid.

He takes another swig from the bottle. He looks scared.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm not buying it.

FRANK

I saw the ship myself. Are you
saying you don't believe me either?

AARON

No. This isn't real. She's pulling
your leg. It must've been a movie
prop or something.

Zisa reaches over and grabs something from a table.

ZISA

I can prove it.

She holds her palm up and cuts across it. The two men rush to stop her, but it's too late. She slices her palm deep and offers it to them to see.

Her hand bleeds, but it stops in seconds, and the wound closes up in front of their eyes.

Beat.

Beat.

Aaron takes a deep drink of whiskey.

AARON
I need some air.

Aaron quietly walks out the front door, taking the whiskey.

ZISA
Is he going to be okay?

Frank looks closely at her palm and up to her face.

FRANK
Are you going to be okay? What was that? What just happened? How did you...?

ZISA
The implant.

He stands up and starts heading for the front door. She grabs his hand and stops him. He pulls his hand away.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

FRANK
Don't thank me yet. You haven't seen how incompetent we can be.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron sits on a lawn chair in the dirt. He sips at the bottle of whiskey while he stares off into the distance.

Frank comes out of the trailer and grabs a lawn chair. He drags it over to where Aaron is.

AARON

So, you just happen to find an alien chick as unhumorous as yourself? She's like a feminine, unsteroidal, version of you. Hell, I'm wondering if she can kick my ass too. Where'd you pick her up?

FRANK

To be honest, half-starved children can kick your ass.

AARON

Not true. Remember the guy at that one convention, the one that tried to cut in line while I was waiting for an autograph from Marina Sirtis? Shoved him and his little crutch right out of the line.

FRANK

He was eight years old, and Marina ended up stopping the autographs to help him up. He got to sit on her lap while she signed his cast.

AARON

Lucky little bastard. You know, he sold me that cast after his leg healed up. Got it around here somewhere.

(beat. drink)

I think it's in my bedroom, next to the Kurt Russell grenade.

Aaron gulps down whiskey from the bottle. Frank grabs the bottle and drinks from it too.

FRANK

Grenade's fake.

AARON

That's not the point.

(beat. drink)

You really going to help her?

FRANK

I was thinking about it. Could use your help. You know more about finding things on the internet than I do. Besides, it might help me find some answers about Sophie.

AARON

Just another clue pointing to

Dugway. Everything points there.

(beat)

So, you asking for my help?

FRANK

Looks that way. You want in? I

mean, it is kind of your thing.

AARON

Yeah.

(beat)

Tomorrow though. Tonight, I think I
need to be alone for a little bit.

Frank gets up and pats Aaron on the shoulder. He hands Aaron
the whiskey before heading back inside, leaving him by
himself to stare out at the landscape.

INT. MESSY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank comes back inside. Zisa's asleep on the couch.

He looks at her for a second before going into another room.

FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks into the bedroom. The bed is covered in boxes.

He grabs a pillow and a blanket. Some boxes fall on the
floor. Newspapers, pictures, and other papers fall out.

Frank sits on a bed and picks up one of the newspapers.

CLOSER ANGLE ON:

The newspaper in Frank's hand has a picture of SOPHIA on the
cover. The headlines reads: POSSIBLE DOMESTIC TERRORIST.

Zisa walks in.

ZISA

What's that?

Frank looks up, wipes his eyes with a shirt sleeve.

He looks down at the newspaper in his hand. He puts the
newspaper away in one of the boxes and moves the stuff off
the bed. He stows it under the bed.

FRANK

A newspaper from the day after my wife died. She ... She was a reporter. You know what those are?

ZISA

Yes, I know what reporters are. It's amazing how much information you send into space. Lucky it's been us so far. I've heard stories of other races out there that aren't so friendly.

She walks around, touching things, stops when she sees...

ANGLE ON:

... a corkboard on a wall. Something catches her eye.

ZISA (CONT'D)

What is this?

FRANK

Well, this stuff might help me catch the person who killed her. After my place was broken into a few times, I brought this stuff out here to hide it.

Zisa is distracted by the corkboard. It's covered in pictures and notes. Some pictures are placed in a triangle formation, with the Dugway director on top and Senator Rance on the line under.

She takes Rance's picture and puts it on top.

Frank looks up and notices what she's done.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey. What're you doing? It's taken a long time to figure this out.

ZISA

It's him. He's the killer.

FRANK

And how do you know that?

ZISA

Because, that's Jal'mond.

FRANK

I hope you weren't planning on taking him home alive, cause I'm probably going to kill him.

(beat)

How are we going to get you home anyway? Can we send a message or something? Maybe use a radio dish to...

ZISA

That would take hundreds of years to reach my world. I'll just take his ship.

She yawns.

ZISA (CONT'D)

It was onboard mine, but when I woke, it was gone. It will be somewhere near. He wouldn't let it be too far away, in case he needs to run.

Frank paces, staring at Rance's photo.

FRANK

Then it's at Dugway.

(beat)

And if he's there, his ship is too. I've snuck onto the base enough times that I know a few places where...

...as he speaks, he realizes Zisa's asleep on the bed.

He covers her up and takes the pillow he was going to give her and puts it on the floor. He lays down and stares at the ceiling, and waits for time to pass.

THE NEXT DAY

Frank jolts awake, as does Zisa, who urgently looks around the room. She stops and tilts her head, listening.

ZISA

Someone is coming.

Aaron runs into the room.

AARON

Oh, shit! Frank, it's the military. I knew it!

I knew the day would come when the government would show up, but I never thought...

(beat)

Okay, I thought they might come for you what with the Dugway stuff.

He pushes Frank and Zisa toward the closet.

AARON (CONT'D)

We have to get out of here. They're in front and around back.

FRANK

Unless this is the closet to Narnia, I don't it'll hide us.

Aaron opens the closet, shows them a trap door in the floor.

AARON

You guys, escape through here.

Frank looks at Aaron.

FRANK

(flat)

Why do you have a trap door?

AARON

It's complicated. You know when I bring home girls sometimes?

FRANK

Yeah.

AARON (CONT'D)

Well, some have husbands. Now go.

Aaron pushes Frank hard into the closet as Zisa climbs down. Frank starts, but Aaron doesn't follow.

FRANK

What about you?

AARON

I'll be right behind you. I need to destroy my computer before the FEDs dig around. There's stuff on there I don't even want you to see. Dirty. Dirty stuff.

Frank leaves through the trapdoor, leaving Aaron alone.

LIVING ROOM

Aaron runs to his computer, pushes a switch on the side of the case. Smoke billows up from inside the computer.

He picks up a gasoline container and empties it around the room.

EXT. FIELD - OUTSIDE AARON'S TRAILER - DAY

A field of rocks and scrub grass sits a distance away from the trailer. A small wooden hatch opens up in the dirt.

Frank climbs out, followed by Zisa. They crawl along the ground, keeping a small profile as they watch the trailer bellow out black smoke.

FRANK

Come on, Aaron. Where are you?

Aaron pops his head out of the same wooden hatch.

AARON

Ah. You do care.

FRANK

What took you so long? We need to get out of here.

AARON

How? My truck's over there by the guys with guns.

The three turn to see FOUR PARAMILITARY GUARDS about to breach the front door.

AARON (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)

No. You do not want to go in there.

The men breach the burning trailer. The place explodes.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to Frank and Zisa)

I told them not to go in there. You heard me. It was burning. Who in their right mind goes into a burning building?

FRANK

Firefighters.

AARON

Yeah. Okay, them.

FRANK

Come on. We need to get one of the cars while they're distracted.

AARON

Distracted? They're probably dead.
Ah, damn it, my Marina Sirtis cast.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Frank, Zisa, and Aaron sneak up to Aaron's truck.

Three guards come out of the burning trailer. They have part of their skin melted off by the explosion, showing mechanical parts underneath.

AARON

Hey, what the fu...? Frank?

FRANK

Did I forget to mention the robots?

AARON

Yeah, you forgot to mention robots.
So there's aliens and robots? Nice.

ZISA

(to the guards)

Stop!

The guards fire at them, hitting Aaron's truck, making the windshield spiderweb. Aaron and Zisa hide behind his truck, and Frank ducks behind the Charger.

AARON

Oh, God, they're shooting my baby.

(to Zisa)

Yelling "stop" doesn't work.

(to the guards)

Can we talk about this?

Frank opens the door to the Charger and turns on the engine. He crawls in and hunches down, jamming his foot down on the gas, sending it crashing into a guard.

It smashes him into the side of the trailer.

The Charger's trashed. Frank crawls out to be confronted by another guard. There's no damage to Frank, but he's disoriented for a moment.

The guard grabs Frank as he leaves the wreck, but Frank grabs the android's arm and breaks it, exposing wires.

AARON (CONT'D)
Yeah!

Aaron ducks down as the last guard shoots at him.

AARON (CONT'D)
That's right. There's three.

As the one guard fights Frank, fending off a flurry of kicks, grabs, and punches, the third one runs up to Aaron, grabs him, and tosses him over the truck.

Aaron gets back up in time to see the guy put an unconscious Zisa in the back of a humvee and take off.

AARON (CONT'D)
Frank's going to kill me. Finally
find an alien, and we lose her.

Aaron turns to see Frank ripping a piece of metal off of the wrecked Charger and ramming it up into the android's throat and punches it in the face until the guard shuts down.

It slowly goes limp.

MOMENTS LATER

Aaron leans on his truck. It's covered in bullet holes, and the windshield is spider-webbed with cracks and bullet holes.

Frank walks over, tired, but there's no damage, even though he's covered in glass and his clothes are torn.

Aaron looks back and forth, between the android and Frank.

AARON
I think you got them.

Frank looks around.

FRANK
Where's Zisa?

AARON
Yeah, about that, the other guy --
robot -- actually android would be
a better term -- he took her.

Frank opens the truck's driver-side door, gets in, and kicks out the broken windshield from inside. Aaron winces.

AARON (CONT'D)

Okay. That hurt me, like on a deep spiritual level.

FRANK

Rance is an alien too. I know where they're going.

AARON

Oh, my God. Really? Dugway's covered with robots and aliens? Not just one alien, but two?

FRANK

Come on. Shut up and get in.

INT. GRANITE PEAK BASE - BREAKROOM

Zisa stands in a bright break room with a large window that overlooks a factory where rows of machines work tirelessly.

Televisions take up one wall, broken up into security feeds of the base.

She's looks through the cabinets, but nothing catches her attention. Hal walks into the room. She has her back turned, so she doesn't notice him at first.

HAL

Looking for something? There are Twinkies in that cabinet and coffee in the next one.

Zisa panics and turns around.

HAL (CONT'D)

But weapons, we don't normally keep those in the break room.

ZISA

Who are you?

HAL

Where are my manners? My name is Hal. I'm a friend of your father's, one his creations.

ZISA

Where is he? Is my father here?

HAL

Jal'mond, or as we know him, Rance.
Or if you like: father? He'll be
here shortly. His helicopter is
landing as we speak. If you want, I
make a mean mocha cappuccino.

ZISA

Are you a machine?

HAL

That's a harsh way of putting it.
Android is the politically correct
term. Machine is so cold.

(beat)

How can you tell? Is it the hair? I
always thought it looked fake. Or
the eyes? They look like doll eyes.

She reaches up and strokes his face. He looks confused.

ZISA

So life like. You're remarkable.

HAL

Aw, thanks.

She touches his neck. He goes stiff and stares wide-eyed.

HAL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ZISA

Connecting with your encephalitic
substructure. It's so advanced. Is
that based on iridium and platinum?

(beat)

Artificial emotions?

HAL

Yes. I was designed to fit in with
humans better than the regular
guards. Better than the other Hals.
I'm the empathetic one of my
brothers. I'm able to think in
higher constructs and make
determinations of how regular
people might think.

(beat)

But there is a flaw in the design.

ZISA

I don't see anything wrong.

HAL

New emotions manifested, ones that shouldn't be there.

ZISA

You're developing, growing. There's nothing wrong with that.

HAL

One is regret, it makes me examine my actions, and doubt myself.

ZISA

That's normal.

HAL

And the other one...

ZISA

What is it?

HAL

I hate you.

Hal takes her hand away from his neck and smiles.

HAL (CONT'D)

He's thought of nothing, but you, since you came out of hibernation.

ZISA

That's called jealousy. It means you have the potential to care for something other than orders.

HAL

But, it's more than that. You're able to determine what you want to do, without orders. I'm not allowed that freedom.

ZISA

Then, let me go. Help me capture him and free yourself from him from ever giving you orders again.

HAL

But, they're for our own good, right?

ANGLE ON:

A CLONE HAL comes into the room. He wears overalls and an electrician's belt.

HAL CLONE 2
Number Four, Rance is in the
factory.

HAL
(to other Hal)
Thank you, Number Two.

Hal walks to the window to look out over the factory floor.
He motions for her to follow.

HAL (CONT'D)
If you follow me, I can...

ZISA
You will let me go!

HAL
I'm sorry, but I can't do that.
That function's been disabled.
(beat)
It was embarrassing, seeing the
guys you left at the crash site.

He goes to the door and opens it. TWO GUARDS stand outside.

HAL (CONT'D)
And even though you can see inside
our artificial brains, your chip no
longer gains you access to change
anything. You've been locked out.

He flashes another smile at her, almost a sad one.

HAL (CONT'D)
But I'm flattered that you would
want to control me. Like I said,
Rance doesn't interact with me much
nowadays. I wish things were
different. I really do.

He points to the guards.

HAL (CONT'D)
We've reprogrammed most of the
guards too, so they won't accept
your orders either, just Rance's.
Sorry, Sis.
(beat)
And if you get past me, and Number
Two here, you still have these
guys.

HAL CLONE 2
Rance won't like it, hearing you
call her 'Sis'. Are you trying to
get us in trouble?

HAL
(to clone)
Shush. What he and Number Three
don't know won't hurt us.

Hal turns to Zisa

HAL (CONT'D)
(to Zisa)
Isn't that right?

ZISA
Just between us.

HAL
(to clone)
See?
(to Zisa)
Thank you.

He puts a hand on her shoulder.

HAL (CONT'D)
I don't really hate you. I'm glad
to have a real sibling now.

HAL CLONE 2
That's a mean thing to say. You've
got four of us. Well, three now.

HAL
Yeah, but you're me. We have the
same thoughts. Nothing new brought
to the table.

Both Hal clones freeze for a moment and then start back up
like nothing happened.

HAL (CONT'D)
It appears that father is on his
way. I guess he wants to show off
what he's accomplished while you
were asleep.

FACTORY

Rance walks across the factory floor, where machines piece
together more androids, a long line of naked machines,
waiting to be given flesh to wear.

He climbs the stairs leading up to the breakroom.

Hal, Hal's clone, guards, and Zisa stand in the view window, watching his ascendency.

BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Rance enters the room, the two Hals turn to greet him. Zisa watches the machines down on the factory floor.

SENATOR RANCE
Look who is here.

She does not look at him. He approaches to hug her, but thinks twice when seeing the anger in her face.

ZISA
(subtitled from alien language)
You betrayed our people.

SENATOR RANCE
English, please. No back-home-tongue in front of the help. I did not program them with our language. And no, it was you, you and those traitors...

ZISA
(subtitled from alien language)
You saw us as the traitors? Why didn't you kill me too?

SENATOR RANCE
Technically, I only killed some; the crash killed the rest.
(beat)
I am not looking for forgiveness. I just wanted to clear that up.

She turns and approaches, but the guards close in on her. She stops, looking back over her shoulder at them.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Hate me all you want, princess, but they were traitors. Our world was perfect, and you ruined it.

ZISA
(subtitled from alien language)
Our people are free now.

SENATOR RANCE

They could not see the corruption.
Every one of them was a victim of
their own weaknesses. I had the
means to save them. Me! And I do
not regret doing it.

Zisa looks around, seeing robots being built. Rows of them.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

It seems you still don't see.

Realization spreads across her face...

ZISA

You're building an army. This isn't
for Earth. This is for home.

SENATOR RANCE

That is my girl, smart as ever. It
is for Earth too. There are bugs
still left to take care of, but the
people are eating these implants
up, practically begging for them.
Of course, there are skeptics --
there are always skeptics -- and
for them, I have these machines. I
will not suffer another uprising.

A MAN comes up, gives him a tablet PC. He also has two
plastic cups.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

I have made improvements to the
implants. Doubled the reaction
times. They do so much more than
they did before. Watch...

He looks up at the man, who hands Rance one of the cups.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

...hold out your hand.

The man looks at Zisa as he holds his palm up. Rance pours
out powder from the cup and onto the man's outstretched hand.
Then he takes the second cup and pours a little bit of water,
making the powder foam up on the hand.

The flesh turns red. The liquid is so hot that the skin looks
to just melt. Blood leaks from the exposed skin.

The man appears calm but shakes uncontrollably.

ZISA
No! Stop! *Strigajo!*

Hal gently holds her back from rushing to the man.

SENATOR RANCE
Him? He is implanted. We have a few implanted people down here already. To him, this is Heaven, and I am salvation. When he gives to me his everything, then he can become something real. Something without the fear of pain or the torment of weakness and vice.

MAN
(pained. tears.)
It's fine, miss. It doesn't even hurt. Rance has healed me before, and he'll do it again. Watch.

As he says this, Rance pours more water on the hand, washing away the foam, leaving a large red wound. The wound closes as they watch and heals up. The redness goes away. It looks as if nothing ever was wrong.

SENATOR RANCE
(to Zisa)
See? No harm done.
(to the man)
Go rinse that off.

When the guy leaves--

ZISA
An army that can't be hurt.

SENATOR RANCE
Exactly. What once was limited to just the implants of royalty is now available to everybody. Now the common people can heal like we do and faster. I gave them this gift. Why should it be just for us?

ZISA
(subtitled from alien language)
You're crazy! You're still taking their freedom.

SENATOR RANCE
Crazy? Your mother said the same thing, and look where that got her.
Ego pah d'wolnoos!

Rance forces himself to calm down.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
I am sorry to bring her up, but
that had to be said. You are not
listening. What happened to the
little girl I raised?

ZISA
She died in the war.

SENATOR RANCE
You like to paint me a monster, but
would a monster dedicate his life
in pursuit of peace? Would he
sacrifice everything for it? You
say I am a monster, but I cannot be
the monster. I am the hero. I am
making this world a better place.

Rance stands next to Zisa and shows her the tablet. He clicks it, and video feeds show up on a large television mounted on the breakroom wall.

Six screens on one television. Rance clicks on the tablet again, and the six screens become one full-screen shot of mugshots of Frank and Aaron.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
In fact, I will show you how
benevolent I am. I have a gift for
you. You know these guys? Lovely
people you meet here on Earth.

ZISA
(subtitled from alien language)
What're you going to do?

SENATOR RANCE
It is nice that you have friends.
Tell you what, I will not kill
them, but give them implants, and
they can be your servants when we
go home. How does that sound?

Beat.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Oh, that is right. Frank is already
been chipped. Pity about what
happened to his wife, but
experiments do not always go the
way they should. Do they?

Rance hands the tablet to Hal Number two.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
If you want the big guy as a concubine, that is fine. You understand, he will be sterilized first. Cannot pass on inferior genes, can we?

She grabs a screwdriver from the Hal Number two's tool-belt and stabs it into his wrist, making him drop the tablet.

She grabs the tablet and runs out of the room. The guards shoot, but Rance pushes their gun muzzles up.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Do not you harm her. I will tear your circuits out myself.

HAL
(to the guards)
Go after her and bring her back.
(to Rance)
Why would she do that to number two? And after I called her sister.

SENATOR RANCE
She is not your sister! You are my creation, not my son. Now send someone to kill those idiotic loose ends, Frank and his little buddy.

HAL
But I thought you said...

SENATOR RANCE
I've had a change of heart!

HAL
I'll tell Number Three to get on that right away. He's not friendly anyway.

SENATOR RANCE
(to the guards)
You, follow me. I have an idea.

Rance storms off with the guards, leaving the clones. Hal Number 2 takes the screwdriver out of his wrist and flexes.

HAL
Why would she do that? I thought she liked us?

INT. GRANITE PEAK BASE - HALLWAY

Zisa ducks into a room. Moments later TWO GUARDS walk by.

She slowly opens the door, looks down the hall, then shuts it again.

INT. AARON'S TRUCK - DAY

Frank drives. Aaron sits next to him, not looking so happy.

In front of the truck, there's a Dugway fence ahead, complete with warning signs. STAY OUT. CONTAMINATED AREA.

AARON

Just do it. Just do it already.

Frank stomps on the gas. Aaron looks away and braces himself as they smash through the gate and drive on. A few more dents in Aaron's beat up truck.

AARON (CONT'D)

My poor baby.

FRANK

Now we get the girl.

AARON

You realize that's a sexist statement, right? Cliche. Besides, she's a space babe; get it right.

LATER

Aaron digs into his pocket, pulls out a grenade.

FRANK

Is that what I think it is?

AARON

I stuffed it in my pocket before we left the trailer.

FRANK

The thing's fake. You know that, right?

AARON

If we survive this, people'll look at us like heroes, and heroes don't get lynched for trespassing, right?

FRANK
A lot of heroes get lynched.

Aaron holds the grenade while he looks through the glove compartment, pulls out a sharpie. Starts writing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What're you doing now?

AARON
Writing, "ALIENS, GO HOME".

FRANK
Better not be on Kurt's autograph.

AARON
It's so they know where I stand.

FRANK
I'm pretty sure they don't care.

AARON
Is there a comma between Aliens and
Go Home? Besides, I thought you
said the autograph was fake.

Frank stomps on the brakes, making Aaron drop the grenade.

AARON (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Frank nods his head toward the front.

EXT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - CONTINUOUS

The truck is stopped. A small dust cloud surrounds it and vanishes into the desert wind.

An apache helicopter hovers in front of the truck. Several other vehicles approach from the desert scenery.

AARON (V.O.)
Great plan, Frank.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - LATER

Sergeant Warner stands outside, watching and listening through the one-way mirror.

Aaron sits in the room, shackled to a table. Corporal Brent sits in the room listening to him rattle on...

AARON

...and they can control your minds. That's why we need to find our friend. She's an alien too and doesn't know about our government cover-ups. Wait. Maybe she does. Well, she doesn't know about the robots. Maybe she does now. They're hard to tell from humans, you know? Wait. Are you one of them?

CORPORAL BRENT

Okay. Calm down; catch your breath. First off, you realize that there's no humanoid robots on this facility, right? And second, we don't house aliens here. They don't exist.

AARON

That's what they want you to think. The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist.

CORPORAL BRENT

You got that from The Usual Suspects movie.

AARON

Maybe.

Brent pulls out the grenade.

CORPORAL BRENT

So, what're you doing with this?

AARON

Go fishing?

CORPORAL BRENT

That's gotta be some fish.

AARON

Bite your head off, man.

CORPORAL BRENT

You got that from Ghostbusters.

AARON

Hey, you're good at this. We should play again sometime when you're not helping the aliens To Serve Man.

CORPORAL BRENT
Twilight Zone. Did Kurt Russell
really sign this?

AARON
I like you. Do you WOW, Brah?
What's your gamertag?

Sergeant Warner knocks on the glass, signaling Brent. When Brent leaves the room, Sergeant Warner holds up his hand for the grenade.

SERGEANT WARNER
Maybe I'll have luck with Frank.

He walks to another interrogation window and looks in on Frank, who is shackled to the table.

INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Frank sits calmly as Warner enters.

SERGEANT WARNER (CONT'D)
Hey, Frank. How are you?

FRANK
Been better.

SERGEANT WARNER
What the hell were you thinking?
Lucky we caught you before private
security did.

FRANK
A private security team just
firebombed Aaron's house and
kidnapped a friend of mine.

SERGEANT WARNER
Aaron seems to think she's an
alien. Another conspiracy, Frank?
Just like how they killed your
wife?

FRANK
Keep her out of this.

SERGEANT WARNER
You kept her in this by sneaking
onto the base, looking for answers.
She caused the Anthrax scare.

FRANK

She didn't do that. They used that
to cover up her death.

SERGEANT WARNER

She vanished for several hours
before they found her car. Official
story: she made off with chemical
weapons and contaminated herself.

Frank gets mad enough that he tries to break the handcuffs.
They let off the sound of metal SQUEALING under pressure.

Warner looks down at the handcuffs, sees they're twisted.

SERGEANT WARNER (CONT'D)

Calm down, Frank. I'll look into
the fire at your friend's house.

FRANK

And what about the girl the
security guys kidnapped?

SERGEANT WARNER

What's the girl's name?

FRANK

Zisa.

Warner takes out the grenade.

SERGEANT WARNER

And this? What were you going to do
with it?

Silence.

SERGEANT WARNER (CONT'D)

Damn it, Frank. This isn't helping.

FRANK

They have her, and she's going to
vanish if we don't do something.
How many more people have to just
up and disappear from Dugway before
you pay attention?

SERGEANT WARNER

Frank, I'm trying to help you, but
I need you to cooperate. Tell me
something about this mystery girl.

Door opens. Corporal Brent sticks his head into the room.

CORPORAL BRENT
Sergeant Major? Director's here.

Hal clone 3 walks into the room.

HAL CLONE 3
Afternoon, Frank. I don't believe
we've met before. I'm Dugway
Proving Ground's civilian director,
Hal Clarke. You can call me number
three, if it makes you feel better.
We have a mutual acquaintance.

Frank tries to break the HANDCUFFS again.

He rages against restraints, lunging at Hal. The metal bar holding the handcuffs to the table starts breaking.

FRANK
You! You killed her, didn't you?

HAL CLONE 3
Zisa? No, I think Senator Rance
wouldn't like it if anything bad
were to happen to her.

FRANK
Not her! You killed my wife!

HAL CLONE 3
Mrs. Tyree?
(beat)
I remember her. Met an unfortunate
end, but that's what you get when
you're a domestic terrorist.

FRANK
That's a lie!

HAL CLONE 3
Can't do anything for the dead, so
hand over the research your wife
collected, and I won't torture you.

CORPORAL BRENT
Sir, that's getting a bit close to
the line, don't you think?

HAL CLONE 3
It's rude to interrupt. Don't you
have any manners?

SERGEANT WARNER
Sir, I'm going to have to insist...

Warner puts his hand on the table, but Hal grabs the hand and twists it, causing Warner pain. Brent pulls his sidearm, points it at the director.

CORPORAL BRENT
Director, let go of the Sergeant
Major and step away from the
prisoner.

Hal reaches back, grabs Brent's head. Smashes it into the metal table. There's a sickening CRUNCH.

HAL CLONE 3
I'm afraid I can't do that.
Besides, you didn't say, "Please".

Warner jumps up and away. Hal moves towards him as the Sergeant pulls his sidearm.

SERGEANT WARNER
Don't come any closer!

Hal comes at Warner, who fires point blank at Hal's chest. He fires again and again, but Hal doesn't stop.

He shoots at Hal's face, blowing away parts of the skin.
Exposing a mechanical face underneath.

Hal touches his face and looks in the mirror.

HAL CLONE 3
Oh, my God, now I'm going to have
to get my face redone. Not nice.

Frank breaks the bar holding his handcuffs to the table and wraps the handcuffs around the director's neck.

Hal tries to reach back to grab him, but can't.

There's a metal tearing sound as Hal's head pops off,
revealing bits of metal, plastic, and wires.

Frank lets the robot's body drop to the floor while he holds the still moving head.

SERGEANT WARNER
What the hell is that?

FRANK
Did I forget to mention the robots?

SERGEANT WARNER
Yeah. You forgot to mention the
robots. Anything else you forgot?

JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Warner locks the cell door, with Frank and Aaron inside the cell.

FRANK

Damn it, Warner. We don't have time for this.

Warner looks down at the robot head he carries in the other hand. Warner raises a finger and points at Frank.

SERGEANT WARNER

I need to know what's going on. All of it. You'll tell me after I call up the civil guard. They'll be able to back us up.

AARON

How'd you know they haven't been replaced? This is some Invasion of the Body Snatcher level stuff going down here. Art Bell was right!

Warner puts the head on a table near the door.

SERGEANT WARNER

Sorry, but I have to find out what's going on. Wait here.

AARON

Wait! My grenade.

Warner leaves.

Frank sits on the stone bench, and Aaron sits next to him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Well, it's cleaner than the city jail, huh?

INTERROGATION ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Warner covers up Brent's body with his field jacket.

He takes out his cellphone and makes a call as he paces.

SERGEANT WARNER

Hey, Rich, this is Sergeant Major Warner. I need you to get the guard gathered up. The base is breached. Corporal Brent's dead.

GUARD (V.O.)

I know. Just stay where you are,
and we'll send someone to get you.
Don't worry; it'll be over soon.
The director is coming for you.

SERGEANT WARNER

He's dead.

GUARD (V.O.)

That's just one copy.

JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron puts toilet paper down in strips on the toilet as a make-shift seat cover. Frank tries to ignore him.

Warner comes in and unlocks the door.

FRANK

Something else happen?

SERGEANT WARNER

Your friend was right, the guard's have been replaced. Not sure with what, so until we know, no killing.

AARON

But I was about poop.

Frank turns and scowls at him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Nope. You're right. We should go.

Aaron follows Frank and Warner into the hallway, where he stops in front of the window to the next room. His grin fades as sees Corporal Brent's body.

Warner stops and looks in. He tosses the grenade to Aaron.

SERGEANT WARNER

He just got married. What am I suppose to tell his fiance?

AARON

You could just tell her...

FRANK

(overlapping)

Aaron, don't.

AARON

Just tell her he died a hero. Tell
her brave men die for noble causes,
and some day the world will hear
about what he did for it.

Warner stares at Aaron for a moment.

SERGEANT WARNER

You know, you're not as much of an
idiot as I first thought.

AARON

Thanks?

FRANK

I think that was a compliment, just
take it. Where'd that even come
from?

AARON

I don't know, just came out. Cool
though, huh?

FRANK

(to Warner)

Where would they take Zisa? Where's
some place on base that isn't
watched as heavily as the rest?

Warner motions for them to follow him as he heads down the hallway. He opens a door to the outside and points at a mountain in the distance.

SERGEANT WARNER

Granite Peak. The only part of this
base not even I can go. There's an
old base there.

INSERT

AERIALS of Granite Peak. Focusing in on several old buildings
and one side of the mountain where a tunnel is dug out, big
enough for semi-trucks to drive in and out.

SERGEANT WARNER (V.O.)

Granite Peak Installation was
supposedly shut down years ago, but
I think they've reopened. I've seen
supplies being delivered.

BACK TO SCENE

Warner, Frank, and Aaron stand outside the door. Warner digs out a set of keys and tosses them to Frank.

FRANK

Aren't we taking your Hummer?

WARNER

No. They're chipped and can be GPS tracked. The truck's not.

AARON

Wait. My truck? There's plenty of other cars in the parking lot.

WARNER

Do you know how to hot-wire a car, or do you know where the keys are for those cars?

AARON

Ask Frank. He stole a car yesterday.

FRANK

Hey, that was all Zisa.

AARON

Damn. She keeps getting hotter.

INT. AARON'S TRUCK - LATER

Frank drives, while Warner talks to him from the passenger seat, and Aaron sits in the back listening.

SERGEANT WARNER

There are cooling sheds north of the entrance. They provide water coolant to the underground base. Shut one down, and they'll send someone up through the access point under the shed to fix it. Seen it happen before. An aircraft crashed into a pipeline.

AARON

Was it alien?

SERGEANT WARNER

No.

Frank brakes hard, making the others brace themselves.

AARON
What? What now?

Frank nods his head towards the broken windshield. Outside, not too far away, is the cooling sheds: several nondescript sheds with tin roofs. They look like they've been out in the weather a long time, partially rusted, paint gone.

SERGEANT WARNER
Those are the sheds. You have something in mind to get inside?

FRANK
Get out.

EXT. COOLING SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives Aaron's truck as fast as he can.

As the truck closes in, he jumps out, tumbles in the dirt.

Aaron's beat up truck has one final moment of glory as it crashes into the pipes and water spews everywhere.

LATER

Warner and Aaron run up to Frank as he stands up. Aaron salutes his dead truck.

AARON
Goodbye, truck. You were a true friend.
(to Frank)
Damn it, Frank. What's with you trashing my truck?

SERGEANT WARNER
Why didn't you wait for us to come up with something better?

FRANK
Didn't feel like waiting.

AARON
Good question. Another would be, "How the hell ain't you broken?"

Frank stares down at his right arm. There's a dip in the middle, like it's been snapped in two. Aaron wrinkles his face in disgust.

AARON (CONT'D)

Okay. Maybe you are.

WARNER

Looks like you didn't make it out
totally unharmed. Will this..?

The arm snaps itself back to normal. The redness and swelling
vanish, leaving the arm like new again.

FRANK

Bruh, that's cool.

AARON

See? See? That's what I'm talking
about. What was that?

WARNER

That's a good question. What the
heck was that?

FRANK

I have an idea, but I need to ask
Zisa.

AARON

That's some weird shit, just
saying. And by the way, Frank,
you're buying me a new truck.

REPAIR FACILITY

Zisa looks at the tablet. The light from the video
illuminates her face.

In front of her, in the dim light of the tablet, she sees
half-formed bodies standing in rows.

Nothing moves. She calms down, but remains wide-eyed.

She uses the tablet's light to scan the room. It's a large
warehouse with rows and rows of robotic guards standing
motionless in off-line storage, half dismantled.

She walks through the crowd of dark forms.

There are lights ahead.

TWO SCIENTISTS in overalls work on robots at a computer
station.

As she approaches, one scientist gets up and attaches an arm
to a half-slumped figure, completing its human form.

It hangs, suspended from the ceiling, as it's being worked on, parts strewn across a nearby table.

Banks of computers line tables behind them.

Zisa walks up. The men stop and look up at her, then go back to work.

ZISA

Stop.

The two scientists stop working. She goes to one and examines his neck.

ZISA (CONT'D)

What are you doing with these machines? Why are they turned off?

SCIENTIST 1

The androids? We're fixing them.

ZISA

What's wrong with them?

SCIENTIST 1

They're susceptible to verbal orders given by others. Rance wants...

ZISA

(overlapping)

How many are there?

SCIENTIST 1

Fifty-three.

ZISA

Good. Turn on the ones you haven't fixed.

BREAKROOM

Rance paces in front the televisions. He watches the security feeds carefully. Hal and some guards stand quietly behind him.

SENATOR RANCE

I cannot believe, with all this advanced technology, all these guards, and you can't find my daughter?

Beat. Rance calms down.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Come here.

Hal looks uncertain.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
It's fine ... Fine. Just come here.

Rance grabs the back of Hal's head and smashes him into one of the televisions, cracking the screen.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
Why have you not found her yet?

Rance let's go of him.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)
You are a tool. You know that, right? You keep thinking that you are human, but you are a toaster, and if a toaster does not work, what do we do with it?

HAL
(quietly)
Throw it away.

SENATOR RANCE
What was that?

HAL
You throw it away.

SENATOR RANCE
That is correct. You throw it away. Now, are you a broken toaster, or are you a useful tool?

HAL
I'm a tool.

SENATOR RANCE
Exactly.

ANOTHER HAL CLONE comes into the room. He is slightly bigger built than the other Hals and wears a black paramilitary uniform, carrying a rifle at the ready.

PARAMILITARY HAL
Sir, the repair bay has gone offline, and the scientists have disappeared from the network.

Hal goes to a computer console, calls up a screen.

HAL

Sir, nothing in the bay is responding, and Hal number three and number two have gone offline.

SENATOR RANCE

Well, get down there. Find out what is going on.

Frank, Warner, and Aaron come onto one of the security screens, showing them walking on the factory floor.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Wait. Not yet.

He points to the men on the screen.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Them. Get them first. If all else falls down around me. I want to know that they are dead.

HAL

You promised...

SENATOR RANCE

I know what I promised! Now, if you are done questioning me, get down there and throw yourselves at them till either we run out of machines, or they run out of bullets.

HAL

You want us to sacrifice ourselves?

SENATOR RANCE

That is why I built you.

Rance and Military Hal leave the room, followed by the guards. Regular Hal watches them and hesitates for a moment before following.

INT. GRANITE MOUNTAIN BASE - FACTORY

Frank, Aaron, and Warner walk in from one of the doors to the side of the factory floor. As they move through the machines, they look up at the androids being built.

Movement catches their attention, alerts them to SEVERAL GUARDS coming down the stairs from the observation deck, with Rance leading from behind, Hal and Paramilitary Hal.

The men duck behind the machines as guards fire at them, pinning them down.

The guards slowly press towards them as Frank and Warner fire back.

The shooting silences.

SENATOR RANCE

We do not have to do it this way.
Lay down your weapons and join me.
I promise: I will make things
better for both our worlds.

Frank shoots. Rance ducks.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Do you want an end to your misery,
Frank? You are broken, I can fix
you.

FRANK

Not buying it.

SENATOR RANCE

My grandfather was gunned down by a man jealous of his accomplishments, his intellect. He created the first implant, for the better of our people, and for years I worked on the code till it was perfect, and soon no one will feel the way I did -- ever again. That is what I am offering you, the end of suffering.

Rance steps out to face him.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

Humans have an innate darkness.

(beat)

All sentient beings do.

Hal turns his head to stare at Rance.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

No more broken marriages. No more addiction. No bigotry -- no hate -- no crime? It will all be a thing of the past. I offer humanity peace, that it may no longer war with itself. You will have happiness, contentment, love.

FRANK
Says the guy who killed my wife.

SENATOR RANCE
I am deeply sorry that happened.
(beat)
There is a better way, and I will
show you. When the world is at
peace, would you not want to be a
part of it?

FRANK
I'm kind of partial to my
suffering, but thanks. It reminds
me of who my enemies are.

Aaron gives Frank a thumbs up.

AARON
(to Rance)
Yeah, nice speech. I'm pretty sure
Hitler said that kind of stuff to
the Germans too. Let me guess,
you're angry cause you got kicked
out of art school, and your parents
didn't love you enough?

SENATOR RANCE
You leave me no choice.

Rance urges the guards further. They take bullets as the shooting starts again, but keep going. From time to time, a shot hits something vital and a guard falls, sparks flying.

AARON
Didn't Hitler also have a micro-
penis? That's why you're doing
this, isn't it? You got a micro-
penis? A tiny baby penis?

WARNER
(to Aaron)
You're pissing him off!

AARON
It's a gift.

ZISA's voice comes over the factory P.A. system.

ZISA (V.O.)
Frank!

FRANK

(to the air)

Zisa? Where are you? Hold on; we're
busy getting shot at by robots.

ZISA (V.O.)

Stay down for a moment, all of you.

They stop shooting. The guards keep walking.

WARNER

(to the air)

If you're doing something, you
should hurry.

The guards start taking fire from an unknown source.

Frank, Aaron, and Warner see a SEPARATE GROUP OF ROBOTS
firing. The second group is older and not as human.

Some look broken, but they fire machine guns at the guards,
taking down several, over half of each group fall.

The two groups run at each other and clash, tearing at each
other in hand-to-hand combat.

Zisa appears and runs to the humans.

ZISA

We need to get you out of here.
Here, take this.

She hands Frank a tablet.

ZISA (CONT'D)

There's a map on this that can show
you a way out.

FRANK

Not without you.

ZISA

Jal'mond's here: I need to kill him
and destroy his ship or take it.

FRANK

You saved us. Now it's our turn.

AARON

Hey, I've got an idea. How about we
fly the ship out of here and use it
to blow the base up?

ZISA

If you're coming with me, I need to see something.

She reaches up and touches the back of Frank's neck.

ZISA (CONT'D)

It's still intact, but it's malfunctioning. Must have been the shock back at the crash site.

FRANK

What's intact?

ZISA

Your implant.

SENATOR RANCE (O.S.)

She's talking about the chip in your neck.

Frank, Zisa, and Warner all turn around to find that the broken robots have been destroyed, and Rance, Hal, and paramilitary Hal now stand behind them. Paramilitary Hal has a gun on them, and Hal is holding Aaron by the neck.

Rance pulls out a pistol and shoots Frank in the upper chest. Frank falls down. He grabs his wound and stands back up. He looks down at the wound and touches it with his fingers as it heals up and pushes out the bullet fragments.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

And I would say it is working beautifully. You are what I hoped could be. With Zisa at my side, and you her guardian, we can remake, not just Earth, but all worlds.

ZISA

I won't betray our people. We've lost too many lives freeing ourselves from you.

SENATOR RANCE

Do not be silly. There are more inhabited worlds than just ours. This is just the start.

HAL

Our father is right. You should join us.

SENATOR RANCE

(to Hal)

I said before: I am not your
father! You are nothing! A tool.

Hal looks confused and sad but keeps his grip on Aaron.

HAL

As you say: I am your servant.

SENATOR RANCE

I said tool.

HAL

Yes, my apologies. I'm just a tool.

AARON

(to Hal)

Hey, didn't we kill you?

HAL

That was my brother.

Frank starts to come at them. Paramilitary Hal steps in between Frank and Rance and points his gun at Aaron's face.

SENATOR RANCE

(to Frank)

I would not do that.

(beat)

How about I let him and the
Sergeant Major live, in exchange
for fixing that implant of yours?

(beat)

Or, I could just kill them now.

ZISA

Don't, Frank.

FRANK

(to Rance)

If you let him go, I'll submit.

SENATOR RANCE

Do I look stupid?

Rance nods, and a guard comes up from the shadows behind Frank and puts a metallic collar on him. Frank turns around and grabs the guard by the neck, ripping into its throat.

The android shorts and falls to the ground as Frank seizes up and releases the guard.

Frank's frozen but slowly manages to turn around. His face red with the effort to move.

SENATOR RANCE (CONT'D)

I would not have made it this far,
if I did not think ahead, Frank.
Just let go. Allow the chip to take
away your fear, your anger. Now,
you will not feel the sadness of
your dead wife. You will not want
for anything, but orders, and I
order you to kill the Sergeant
Major.

Zisa steps in-between Frank and Warner.

ZISA

P'tah, please...

SENATOR RANCE

You had your chance to be my
dutiful daughter. Now, you remind
me too much of your mother.

HAL

Stop!

Beat. They all look at Hal.

SENATOR RANCE

What did you just say?

Hal lets go of Aaron, who drops to the ground, choking and coughing. Frank stands still, waiting for more orders.

HAL

(to Rance)

Stop. You're her father, like you
are mine. You can't treat us like
this. I won't let you.

SENATOR RANCE

You are my creation, not my son. Do
not you dare...

Hal stabs Rance, who looks down questioningly at the knife in his chest. Hal grabs the gun away from Rance's limp arm.

HAL

If I'm not your son, then you can't
tell me what to do anymore.

SENATOR RANCE
(to Frank)
Frank, kill them. Kill them all.

Frank hesitates. His hands shake as he reaches up to Zisa. Hal grabs the arm, and Frank grabs Hal instead, squeezing the neck.

Frank takes his free hand and punches Hal in the face, then grabs him and tosses Hal into machinery.

Rance pulls the knife out of his chest and vanishes as they fight, being carried off by paramilitary Hal, followed by what's left of the guards as they exit the room.

ZISA
You don't have to do this. Fight
against it.

Frank turns to Zisa, but Hal uses the distraction to rush and pin him to the floor.

Zisa grabs him by the metal collar, as Hal keeps Frank's arms from reaching her. She touches his neck.

Frank winces under the strain. His eyes try to look at her. Warner and Aaron pry the collar off of Frank's neck.

Frank goes stiff. His eyes wide, staring off into nothing.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Found it.

She keeps her hand on his neck as the collar pops off.

ZISA (CONT'D)
You're free now.

She looks up from Frank to Hal.

Hal starts walking away.

ZISA (CONT'D)
Wait. Hal, where are you going?

HAL
Hm. Don't know.

ZISA
I know I don't have the right to
ask you, but...

Hal laughs and smiles at her.

ZISA (CONT'D)

What?

HAL

Sorry, but it's just that you are
the first person to ever ask me,
instead of telling me.

ZISA

I need you to do me a favor.

HAL

Ask and I shall try my best.

ZISA

I have to destroy this place. Can
you get the other humans out?

Hal smiles, then walks off down one of the hallways. Zisa
holds Frank and watches Hal leave.

AARON

Was that a yes, or no?

Warner stands off to one side, looking down at the floor.

WARNER

Blood. Looks like Rance's really
hurt. That much blood loss. There's
no way anyone can survive.

Frank struggles to get back on his feet.

ZISA

You'd be surprised.

FRANK

Then we should follow the trail...

(to Zisa)

...and finish him.

She nods her agreement as she puts her hand on his neck.

ZISA

I have to check something.

(beat)

It's working like it was.

FRANK

Can he control me again?

ZISA

Not without that collar.

HANGAR - LATER

Zisa walks in the hangar, followed by the others. Aaron lags behind the rest, trying to feel his own neck to see if he has an implant. He carries the collar in one hand and grenade in the other.

AARON

Would I know if I had one?

The room is filled with machines and crates that take up a lot of the space. The room's also a hangar with vehicles and helicopters waiting for an invasion that may someday come.

A spacecraft sits in the center of the room. Several long cables run from the walls to the ship, but they are not connected. They lay on the floor next to the craft.

AARON (CONT'D)

Wow. A real life spaceship. I'm going to get so much tail at the next Sci-fi convention with this.

FRANK

(to Zisa)

That's your way home.

ZISA

I can't leave without him. He will take over your world, if I let him.

AARON

Dude! No, really, let's fly out of here inside the great big spaceship and use the -- pew, pew -- lasers to make this base go bye-bye.

WARNER

He has a point.

FRANK

First time for everything.

ZISA

I'll start the engines.

BAM! Warner's shot in the chest. He falls.

Paramilitary Hal and several guards file in from the door as Frank, Aaron, and Zisa hide, dragging Warner with them.

PARAMILITARY HAL

Haven't you ruined enough of your father's plans?

Frank rushes the guards as they close in on the ship.

Paramilitary Hal shoots Frank but realizes that it is useless and has some of the other guards charge Frank.

Frank rips apart the guards. Zisa goes inside the already open ship door.

ANGLE ON:

BLOOD ON THE SIDE OF THE DOOR. It goes unnoticed.

AARON

She's leaving? Great, now I have to save Frank by myself.

He starts to join the fight, then stops himself.

AARON (CONT'D)

I should guard Warner instead.

Frank rips out throats and tears off heads and arms, as he fights through the guards. When Frank destroys the guards attacking him, Paramilitary Hal has the others back away.

Frank and Paramilitary Hal square off, ready to fight...

Zisa comes back out, holding a glowing metal cylinder. Paramilitary Hal backs away from Frank. The guards stop. She walks up to Frank's side. The guards all back up.

AARON (CONT'D)

Well, that got their attention.

(whispers to Zisa)

What is it?

ZISA

(to Paramilitary Hal)

You know what this is, don't you?

You saw him take them off my ship.

Tell them! Tell them what this is.

PARAMILITARY HAL

A fuel cell, and it's explosive...

ZISA

(overlapping)

...enough to make this entire building a crater.

AARON

And us with it? You know, I have a date with Kerry tomorrow, remember her? The Goshute girl? You want me to disappoint her? With those legs?

FRANK

(to Zisa)

Don't you need that to leave?

ZISA

There's more onboard.

Warner is blanched with blood loss.

WARNER

(to Zisa)

Give me the fuel cell and grenade.

AARON

What? No. The grenade's mine. Look. It has Kurt Russell signature. You know how hard it is to get that?

WARNER

You're never going to use it.

AARON

If I use it, I'll be really angry at myself.

WARNER

If you don't toss it over here, I'll be angry at you.

Aaron tosses the grenade. Zisa holds out the fuel cell as they back up to the ship.

FRANK

Grenade's fake. Get on the ship.

WARNER

I'm not getting out of here. I wouldn't make it to a hospital.

ZISA

The sleep chambers onboard can stabilize you till we get help.

WARNER

Nice offer, but someone has to stay behind and destroy this place.

AARON

(whispers to Warner)

You realize the canister can be dropped and explode the building?

WARNER

Look. You're not making this self-sacrifice thing easy.

FRANK

If you don't get on the ship, I'm dragging you in there.

WARNER

No. I'll keep these guys off you...

Frank grabs Warner and drags him onto the ship. Warner screams in pain as he's carried off.

As they back into the ship, Paramilitary Hal has two of the guards rush the ship and jam themselves in the doorway to keep it from closing, sacrificing their bodies so other guards can come up and get inside the ship.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Zisa pilots the ship while GUARDS fight with Frank at the door, and Aaron uses pieces of metal to throw at them.

AARON

How are we getting out of here?

ZISA

Working on it.

FRANK

Does this thing have guns?

ZISA

Yes, but from this distance, they'd kill us too.

Frank tears the guards into pieces as they come in the door.

INTERCUT - HANGAR

The hangar doors open, loudly, letting in daylight.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa pilots the ship. Aaron gets excited.

AARON
You did it!

Zisa looks back at Aaron. From the front window, it can be seen that the ship clears the roof of the hangar.

ZISA
I didn't do that.

FRANK
Who has that grenade? Hand it over.

Warner tosses the grenade to Frank. Frank rips a section of his shirt, uses it to tie the grenade to the canister.

ZISA
The canister will explode as soon as it hits the floor.

AARON
I thought you said it was a dummy grenade.

FRANK
Just in case it's not.

He pulls the pin and shoves the bundle out the door.

ZISA
Wait, Frank! We're not far enough!

INTERCUT - HANGAR

Paramilitary Hal and the guards watch the ship take off into the sky. Something tumbles out of the ship. When it hits the ground, it blows up in a bright flash of light.

INT. - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa puts her hand on the console palm pad. The ship speeds away, causing the people inside to be tossed by the acceleration. There's a concussive force from the blast as turbulence shakes the ship but quickly settles back down.

EXT. GRANITE MOUNTAIN BASE

Hal stands a distance away from the mountain. He holds a tablet with the words HANGAR DOOR blinking on the screen, then the screen goes blank. He tosses the tablet.

Several people stand around him and watch the ship.

He gets in an SUV and drives away as the side of Granite Mountain implodes on itself, causing a landslide.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - HIBERNATION ROOM

Zisa helps Frank get Warner into one of the pods.

AARON
Mind cracking open one for me?

Aaron stands in one corner of the hibernation room.

There's blood streaming down his shirt and pants. His breathing becomes erratic, and he falls to the ground.

Frank runs to him and lifts him up.

AARON (CONT'D)
Ha. I was right again. Kurt Russell
saved the world.

FRANK
Save it. Let's get you in the sleep
chamber.

AARON
Hey, did you know that losing a lot
of blood is like being drunk? Whoa.

As Frank puts him into the cryo-pod, Aaron starts to sing softly to himself. He places his bloody hand on Frank's face, leaving a handprint on his cheek.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
You're cute.

He looks over at the other cryo-pod.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to sleeping Warner)
Luke! I am your roommate! He's going
to be okay, right?

Frank puts Aaron's hands down and steps back.

Aaron's laughter comes through the closing door, slowing down as the pod freezes, finally stopping altogether.

At the last moment, Aaron puts his hands up to mimic the pose of Han Solo being frozen in Carbonite.

ZISA
Your friend's strange.

FRANK
He grows on you, kind of like
fungus.

ZISA
Reminds me of someone I knew.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

Zisa sits at the control panel. From the view window, she and Frank can see mountains in the distance.

ZISA
There. There's my ship. I can't let
it fall into your government's
hands after I leave.

FRANK
Well, what're you waiting for? This
ship does have guns, right?

EXT. CRASHED SPACESHIP

Jal'mond's spaceship is high above a desert that is bright and quiet. Energy projectiles launch from the ship and hit the crash site, making it explode into piles of rubble.

INT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - TOWER

Hal watches the explosion in the distance.

HAL
What are they doing?

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT stands next to him, watching the scene.

LIEUTENANT
Sir, are you okay?

HAL
Yes, just seems like someone is
stealing an experimental aircraft.

LIEUTENANT
Yes, sir. I've already scrambled
the jets to intercept.

HAL
What did you do?

LIEUTENANT
I'm sorry. It's protocol.

HAL
Damn it.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

Zisa and Frank watch the explosion through the view window.

FRANK
I hope that destroys it enough.

Two black dots fly towards them in the sky.

ZISA
Aircraft coming in.

FRANK
This is an airbase. Maybe they
don't like us flying over it.

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

A FIGHTER PILOT sits in the cockpit of one of the jets.
Jal'mond's spacecraft comes up fast. The pilot watches it as
he skirts by the craft, as does his wing-man.

PILOT
Attention experimental aircraft.
This is U.S. airspace. Please
return to base.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa puts her hand on the control pad but looks frustrated as
they don't respond.

ZISA
I'm locked out.

FRANK
What do you mean, 'Locked out?'

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

The spacecraft floats in the sky, not moving. The pilots fly
by the craft once more.

PILOT

If you don't respond in the next thirty seconds, we will be forced to shoot you down.

INTERCUT - JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT

Zisa gets frantic -- hits the controls.

FRANK

See? This is where 'locked out' is a bad thing.

ZISA

I can't help it. The controls aren't responding.

The control panel starts beeping. Zisa looks at it and hits more buttons.

ZISA (CONT'D)

Yes, finally something's happening.

The landscape slowly starts to vanish as the ship rises.

INTERCUT - FIGHTER JET

In the distance, as the jet swings back around, the pilot sees the spacecraft start to ascend.

PILOT

Delta One, this is Delta Two.
Unknown craft is escaping.
Permission to fire.

OTHER PILOT (V.O.)

Delta One, Delta Three requesting permission to fire. Repeat:
requesting permission to fire.

INT. DUGWAY PROVING GROUND - TOWER

Hal watches the window. He looks agitated

LIEUTENANT

(to the radio)

Delta Two, Delta Three, you have permission to go weapons hot. Bring it back in one piece if you can.

Hal looks over at the Lieutenant.

HAL
(to the Lieutenant)
Give me the radio.

The Lieutenant hands over the radio and goes back to the window to watch.

The craft lifts higher and higher into the sky as he watches.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - CONTROL ROOM

Frank and Zisa watch on a monitor as missiles are fired at the ship. They brace as the missiles hit, rocking the ship, knocking Frank over as he stands beside Zisa's chair. He sits up.

FRANK
I kind of expected worse.

ZISA
The ship does have defenses.

FRANK
Oh, yeah. I guess it would.

HAL (V.O.)
Delta Two. Delta Three. This is
Base Director, Hal Clarke. This is
a direct order: Weapons hold. I
repeat: weapons hold.

(beat)
Zisa, come back.

ZISA
(to the radio)
If you shoot me down, you'll have
no one left. I'm the only sibling
you have now.

HAL (V.O.)
But you're leaving.

ZISA
(to the radio)
I'll be back. I promise.

Silence.

HAL (V.O.)
All fighters: stand down; return to
base.

The two planes veer off, heading away.

HAL (V.O.)
Zisa? I'll be waiting for you.

LATER

In the view window, they watch the Earth get farther and farther away. Clouds gather outside as the ship climbs higher into the atmosphere.

Zisa tries the controls, but nothing responds.

FRANK
What's going on?

The clouds are replaced by darkness as the ship passes into space. The sun shines just off the curved horizon.

ZISA
We're heading into space.

FRANK
I see that. How do we stop it?

ZISA
I'm locked out. It must be a malfunction in engineering. It's causing outages across all systems.
(beat. She looks at him)
The cryo-pods are failing. If we leave them in there, they'll suffocate.

FRANK
You find out where the malfunction is. I'll get the guys out of there.

HIBERNATION ROOM

Frank comes in, looks between Warner and Aaron's cryo-pods. He tries pushing buttons on a control panel, then stops, looks confused and punches the controls.

FRANK
Come on!

He goes over to Aaron's cryo-pod and tries opening it by hand. He punches the pod glass, trying to break it open.

He punches at the glass, trying to pry open the lid. He grabs a piece of metal from the side of the room and uses it as a lever to bend the metal of the pod.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No, you don't, you little shit!

He struggles to open the lid.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can't die. I'll have no one to
tell me that I have no imagination.

He beating the cryo-pod glass.

ENGINE ROOM

Zisa has a circuit board open, working on it.

Rance comes up behind her with a GUN. As he walks up behind her, she stops working and grabs a metal tool, something similar to a giant wrench. Her face gets serious and her eyes look off to the side that he approaches.

SENATOR RANCE
What a surprise.

ZISA
Not really.

She swings the wrench and hits him with it, then keeps hitting him till he backs away from her. His gun hits the floor and slides off to one corner.

His face bloodied but already healing.

SENATOR RANCE
(to Zisa)
Do it! Finish me! I would rather you do it than those filthy creatures back home. They have no right, but you ... You are my daughter, heir to the throne. Do it!

ZISA
I stopped being your daughter a long time ago.

He dives for the gun.

HIBERNATION ROOM

Frank is bloodied as he pulls Aaron out of the smashed cryo-pod. There's so much blood, it's hard to tell whose blood belong to whom.

He lays Aaron on the floor and puts his ear to his friend's chest. Aaron draws a breath. Frank sighs and goes to Warner's pod and starts smashing his way into that one too.

ENGINE ROOM

Zisa beats Rance till he just lays there, unable to move or heal fast enough. She picks up the gun, points it at her father.

SENATOR RANCE

Do it. Add one more to the list of your dead. You stand there thinking that you are the great avenger of our people, but whose hands are soiled more, yours or mine?

ZISA

They wouldn't have died, if you hadn't enslaved them.

SENATOR RANCE

They would still be alive, if you had not freed them. How many of our people died, because they wanted to stay chipped?

ZISA

You didn't give them a choice. You gave them a drug...

SENATOR RANCE

(overlapping)

...and you did not give them a choice either. Some wanted the peace I offered, and you robbed them of it, by force. How many millions went to their death to defend their rights to have those implants.

ZISA

You offered them something false. You took away their choices.

SENATOR RANCE

As did you.

Rance smiles at her as blood runs down his face. It's already drying up.

She keeps the gun pointed at him. Her breaths get shallow. Her face draws into a scowl.

ANGLE ON:

ROOM BEYOND THEM

...as Frank opens the door. He's covered in blood, but his wounds have healed. He tosses the metal collar to Zisa feet.

Beat.

FRANK
Warner's dead.

ZISA
Stay back, Frank! He's my father, my responsibility.
(to Rance. Subtitled from alien language)
I'll not allow you to kill anyone else.

SENATOR RANCE
Of all the gifts I gave you, you took my anger to heart.

FRANK
You're better than him, Zisa. Let your people see him defeated.

ZISA
(translated from alien)
I'm nothing like you.
(beat)
I won't be your executioner. You have to answer for what you did.

Rance reaches for her, but Frank grabs the wrench and hits him across the face, knocking him out. Zisa looks to Frank.

FRANK
What? He'll survive.

The nano-tech in Rance starts healing his cuts and bruises.

Zisa hands the gun to Frank and picks up the collar.

ZISA
You should probably hold the gun. I might do something stupid.

FRANK

Yeah, I'd never do anything stupid.

ZISA

We need to fix the cryo-chambers
before he comes to.

FRANK

And before Aaron bleeds out.

HIBERNATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The pod that Aaron was in before is wrecked. The lid is ripped, and the glass is smashed.

Warner's cryo-chamber is covered with a large cloth.

Zisa seals up Aaron in a pod next to Rance. Frank watches.

FRANK

How long will it take?

ZISA

A long time.

She nods as Frank lays in the next pod. She seals him up, touching the window as he falls asleep.

Zisa climbs into another of the chambers, and it seals itself. Her face drifts off into sleep, frozen.

MONTAGE - FROM INSIDE THE SHIP

--The room is silent as a wormhole forms outside the view window, in front of the spacecraft. The ship goes through.

--Another part of space, the wormhole appears, and the ship jumps out. It drifts for a moment before another wormhole opens in front of it. The ship jumps again.

--The ship comes out of a wormhole and floats.

END OF MONTAGE

CONTROL ROOM

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

The control room is empty. Objects float by, bouncing off the walls. Two screens come to life on the control panel.

ANGLE ON:

Panel: One display has a warning flashing. A **BUZZER BLARES** in time with it. The second screen is divided into twelve panels that display cryo-pod statistics, four of which statistics monitoring the health of the occupant.

There's a fifth panel that has Warner, looking asleep, but there are no health stats being recorded.

The heart-rates on Frank and Zisa's pods increase, as does the breathing. The floating objects fall to the floor.

ANGLE ON:

...a view window. Through the view window, there's a planet: heavily damaged, with scars, craters, and burned areas visible from space.

The space around the planet is filled with burnt out space ships and debris. Nothing lives.

EXT. SPACE AROUND ZISA'S HOME PLANET - CONTINUOUS

Rance's spaceship is the only thing with lights. It's surrounded by dark, dead, and broken ships.

INT. JAL'MOND'S SPACECRAFT - HYBERNATION ROOM

Zisa's pod opens. Frank's opens shortly after. They look at each other quietly, until ... BUZZ. BUZZ. An alarm goes off.

CONTROL ROOM

Zisa and Frank rush in. Zisa goes to the console panel.

FRANK

What's that sound?

ZISA

Proximity warning. We're close.

She puts her hand on the panel, and a read-out appears.

ZISA (CONT'D)

Good. I have control again.

(beat)

Nea. Nea. That can't be right.

There are no ships out there. The orbit's filled with debris.

FRANK

Then what's that?

They stare out the window. A large spacecraft comes around the dark side of the planet.

Zisa grabs Frank's hand. He looks down at it for a moment, then back to window.

END OF FILM