

THE ALIEN FIGHTER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY.

A 1989 Pontiac Firebird speeds up a desert highway.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY.

In the driver's seat is RINGO, a man in his early twenties, wearing black torn jeans and a muscle shirt with ripped arms. He has nose and lip piercings, tattoos up both arms, bangles on his wrist and a choker around his neck. He vapes as he drives. In the passenger seat is SAM, also in his early twenties, his face is unshaven. He wears an open flannel shirt over a vintage Blue Oyster Cult 1982 Extraterrestrial Live T-shirt. He has a scarf around his neck, a beanie on his head and hipster glasses. He is fishing around in his pockets.

RINGO

Fuck, I think we missed the turn again. Been driving in circles trying to find this goddamn casino for an hour. This concert had better be worth it.

SAM

Course it is, we're talking about the cult. Buck Dharma is like the greatest living guitarist alive, dude. We've gotta see him while we can, you know before he's not.

Sam finds what he's looking for, a metal cigarette case. He takes out a hand rolled cigarette.

RINGO

Hand rolled cigs, fifty year old bands. You are such a damn hipster.

As Sam brings the lighter's flame to his cigarette the car fills with a horrible black smoke before he can light it.

SAM

What the fuck?

RINGO

Shit, we gotta pull over!

EXT. CAR - ROADSIDE - DUSK.

Ringo is bent over the open hood of the car. Smoke rises out of the engine. Sam sits in the driver's seat smoking.

RINGO
Try it again, Sam.

SAM
We've tried a dozen times, it's no damned use. At this rate we're gonna miss the concert.

Ringo slams down the hood angrily.

RINGO
The concert, that's all you care about? Look at my car! Your hipster ass got us stranded out here in the middle of bum fuck nowhere. Where the hell even are we?

Sam points to a road sign across the street that reads "Welcome to Truth or Consequences."

SAM
Sign says Truth or Consequences.

RINGO
Well we got the fucking consequences!

Ringo kicks his car.

SAM
I told you to join triple A.

RINGO
They wouldn't give me insurance, why the fuck would I join their club?

SAM
(Sarcastically)Who knows, maybe one day you'll need a tow truck.

Sam gets out of the car and walks to the side of the road with his thumb out. Ringo follows him.

RINGO
Dude, what are you doing?

SAM
We can't just stay here.

RINGO
But hitchhiking? Man, that's cringe
even for you.

SAM
You got a better idea?

Ringo checks his phone.

RINGO
There's not even any service out
here.

SAM
Hence the thumb.

A security truck pulls up. The door reads "Galaxy Security Solutions". JACK, a heavyset middle aged man in a security guard uniform gets out and approaches.

JACK
You boys look like you could use
some help. I can get you where
you're going.

RINGO
But my car--

JACK
--Ain't going nowhere but the
junkyard. Hop in the back seat.
Name's Jack Jones, by the way. If
you haven't guessed I'm in the
security business.

Sam shrugs and shakes Jack's hand.

SAM
Sam, that's my friend Ringo.

JACK
Your mom a Beatles fan, Ringo?

RINGO
Whose mom isn't?

Ringo sighs as he follows Jack and Sam to the truck,
hesitating a moment before getting in.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT.

Jack's truck drives on the freeway.

JACK
You boys know where you're headed?

SAM
We're trying to get to the Blue
Oyster --

RINGO
-- Shut the fuck up! We're going
home to Albuquerque. The closest
you can get us will be fine.

JACK
I can get you all the way. I got a
contract out here but i live in the
city.

SAM
That's a hell of a commute.

JACK
Million bucks is a hell of a
contract.

RINGO
For a security guard?

JACK
Consultant. I like to dress like
the grunts so I'll seem like one of
the boys and not some suit.

SAM
Oh.

JACK
I'll get you home no problem. Just
gotta run a little errand first.
Kind of a side job I do, really
more of a hobby since it doesn't
pay. Could actually use some extra
pairs of hands.

Sam and Ringo look at each other nervously as Jack pulls off
the freeway.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT.

Jack's truck pulls up to a hill in the desert. He gets out
and grabs a few things from the back. Sam and Ringo slowly
follow. Jack hands them both pistols as he straps a rifle in
a case over his arm.

RINGO

What do we need guns for?

JACK

You'd be surprised how many things
want to bite off your face out
here. You know how to shoot, right?

SAM

Of course.

JACK

You'd better, we ain't playing
Halo.

Jack walks off. Ringo turns to Sam, concerned.

RINGO

This is some sketchy shit.

SAM

The guy is giving us a ride all the
way to Albuquerque. The least we
can do is help him out with his
hobby.

RINGO

What if he's a serial killer? Do we
help him then?

Sam and Ringo follow Jack up the trail.

JACK

Watch your step, there are some
gnarly critters out here.

RINGO

I'll try to be careful.

Jack suddenly pulls out his knife.

JACK

Stand perfectly still if you don't
want to die.

Ringo is stunned into silence.

SAM

What?

JACK

If either of you move an inch
you're dead.

Jack throws the knife. There is a loud squeal, Sam and Ringo turn toward the noise. A strange blob is pinned to a rock with Jack's knife. Sam bends for a closer look but Jack pulls him away.

SAM

What in the world?

JACK

Don't touch it!

The dead blob bursts into flames.

RINGO

Shit!

Jack picks up his melted knife.

JACK

Waste of a good knife.

Jack heads up the trail, Sam is about to follow but Ringo grabs him by the sleeve.

RINGO

What are you doing? You saw that thing, we've gotta get the hell out of here!

SAM

Dude, that thing can't be from this planet. Don't you want to know where the fuck it came from?

RINGO

No! I could go my whole life without knowing.

SAM

Dude, where's your spirit of adventure?

Jack stands at the top of the hill and lights a cigar.

JACK

If you pansies are done painting each other's nails come up here. You'll wanna see this shit.

Jack stands in front of an electric fence marked with "no trespassing" signs.

RINGO

Guess we gotta turn back.

JACK

Nope.

Jack pulls his rifle out revealing it to be an alien looking blaster and aims it at the fence. There is a blinding flash of light and the fence is melted.

SAM

Holy shit!

RINGO

What the hell kind of gun is that?
Who the fuck are you, man?

Jack jumps over the melted fence. Ringo and Sam follow him.

SAM

Dude, we have a right to know what you're getting us into.

RINGO

Don't act like you don't hear us. I want some goddamn answers!

Jack turns to face Ringo.

JACK

Back off if you know what's good for you.

RINGO

Or what?

JACK

Or this.

Jack tosses his cigar and it explodes.

SAM

The fuck?!

JACK

Synchronized laser defense grid.
Rigged so only three people can get through by moving in harmony.

SAM

Wait, you're in the security biz.
You know all about this shit. You arranged this whole thing!

Jack smiles.

JACK
Smarter than you look. I scanned
your phones at the rest stop. You
fit my profile.

RINGO
You wrecked my car you son of a
bitch!

Jack smiles.

JACK
So what if I did?

Ringo lunges at Jack but Sam grabs him just in time. His vape
pen falls from his pocket and explodes in the laser grid.

SAM
Holy shit, you're a legit psycho.

JACK
Now you sound like my ex-wife. If
you boys want to survive this you
gotta do what I say.

RINGO
Bastard.

Jack plays dated hip hop from his phone.

JACK
There's a few reasons I chose you
boys but the main one is that
you've got rhythm. Follow the
groove, move how i move.

Jack break dances through the grid and Ringo and Sam follow
his lead, mimicking his dance moves.

RINGO
Give us some fucking answers.
What's this about?

SAM
Just who the hell are you, anyway?

JACK
Worked security at a lab. Blah blah
blah, mystery meteor. Yadda yadda
yadda, an intelligent virus
infected everyone. Badda bing,
badda boom, I survived.

They hop out of the grid.

SAM

I feel like you're skipping some details.

JACK

The details don't matter! What matters is that my eyes were opened to the truth that we are not alone in a hostile universe. Some men would hide from it, not me. I choose to fight.

RINGO

So this is what, an invasion and you're some kind of alien fighter?

The trio approach a cliff side glowing with an alien goop.

JACK

All I know is this place ain't right.

Sam leans in for a closer look.

SAM

Bioluminescence, the boys at the lab would go nuts for this. What I wouldn't give for a Petri dish.

RINGO

Yeah, if you brought some back they just might promote you from lab assistant to actual scientist.

JACK

I got a bad feeling about this.

Sam jerks his finger back from the goo in pain.

SAM

Shit! It's like dry ice.

JACK

You some kinda idiot?

There is a moaning from around the corner and the trio follow. CLETUS, a half dead hillbilly is cocooned to the cliff.

RINGO

Everyone back off! This is a job for a professional and I'm the EMT here.

Ringo Check's Cletus' vitals. Sam is starting to lose his shit.

CLETUS
Kill (pause) me.

SAM
Jesus Christ.

RINGO
None of that. Stay with me, what happened?

CLETUS
The ship (pause) thought we'd be rich (wheeze) but the parasites!

Tentacles rip their way out of Cletus' stomach. Ringo jumps back in surprise and Jack incinerates Cletus with the rifle.

SAM
Holy fuck!

JACK
What he asked for.

RINGO
Murderer, I could have saved him!

JACK
You're dreaming, wake up.

Shaking his head Sam backs slowly towards the shadows.

SAM
That guy (pause)you just (pause) God. I can't take this, it's too much. I have to get out of here!

Slimy hands grab Sam and pull him into the shadows. Two slime covered hillbillies with masses of tentacles hanging from their stomachs pull Sam into the darkness. Their leader, JEFF stands apart as a snake head rises from his tentacles and speaks.

JEFF
Pin him down, make him into one of us. Replenish what we've lost.

Sam struggles as they pin him down and spew slime from their tentacles into his mouth. As he twists he gets his hand on the gun in his belt and shoots wildly. Scrambling to his feet running away. He shoots behind him as he runs until he's out of ammo and tosses the gun.

He comes to the edge of the cliff and beyond the rocks he sees a crashed spaceship rising up. Jack and Ringo come running from that direction.

SAM

Is that what it looks like?

RINGO

Run! Crazy bastard set the self destruct.

SAM

What?

JACK

We got ten minutes. It's gonna be big, two miles!

Sam follows Jack and Ringo in a scrambled flight down the hills. Jeff attacks but Jack blasts him as they reach the truck. Jack turns his gun on Sam.

SAM

What are you doing?

JACK

They got in you, I can smell it.

SAM

We dont have time for this. We gotta run!

JACK

So you can infect the world? I don't think so.

Ringo pulls his gun on Jack.

RINGO

Drop it and back off! Do what I say, i got a real nervous finger.

Jack takes down Ringo with a roundhouse kick.

JACK

I believe you.

Sam tries to run but Jack has his gun back up.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry about this.

Jack hits Sam in the stomach with the butt of his gun and Sam pukes out a SLUG that wiggles on the ground until it raises its head.

SLUG
You can never defeat the imperium!
We are eternal and forever, your
world will fall.

Jack steps on the slug and it explodes in slime.

JACK
Always hated slugs.

Jack pulls Ringo to his feet.

JACK (CONT'D)
In the truck, we got five minutes!

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT.

The truck speeds up a dirt road.

JACK
Buckle your damn seat belts.

SAM
Who are you, my dad?

JACK
Just do it, dumbass!

SAM
You could be his twin.

Sam and Ringo buckle up. There is an explosion in the background and Jack loses control of the truck and crashes.

JACK
Shit! Shit! Shit! This is gonna
hurt.

FADE TO:

WHITE

A ringing sound slowly fades out to reveal a voice.

RINGO (V.O.)
At least he doesn't have a
concussion.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN.

Ringo leans over Sam as he sits up. Jack's truck is smashed into a rock. Jack stands up from inspecting the back end.

RINGO
Easy, you got banged up.

SAM
What happened?

JACK
We crashed, that's what. Rear axle is pretty fucked up too.

RINGO
You think that's what they call Karma?

JACK
Don't know why you're grinning, I'm your ride.

Sam pulls out his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't bother, ain't no towers for miles.

RINGO
I suppose you've got some brilliant idea to get us home?

JACK
Sure, but you ain't gonna like it.

MUSIC CUE: "Take Me Away" by Blue Oyster Cult. (Assuming A miracle occurs and we can afford it.)

Sam and Ringo silently follow Jack's lead as he walks to the side of the highway and extends his thumb.

FADE OUT:

THE END.