

**THE LAST
MINUTE MAN**

"THE LAST MINUTE MAN"

FADE IN:

EXT. ORBIT OVER PLANET EARTH - SPACE

Four giant alien ships hover in space, their vast saucerous dimensions cast shadows over whole countries. The ships are made of a bright shining gold and silver metal, each ship painted a different colour bearing the insignia of a single round eye with a teardrop. A handful of diminutive shuttles, merely specks of light in comparison, ferry between the surface of the planet and the docking ports at the base of the ships.

INT. STASIS SPHERE - DAY

There is darkness except for a digital display with red numbers on it. It counts down from seven seconds. There are illuminated places on the dial marked up to centuries. The dial reaches zero and flashes three times before the sound of GENERATORS begin to HUM and fluro lights noisily begin to PING on. The room is covered in a thick rime of ice turning everything snowy white. Computer monitors flash on and display lines of code and diagnostics. To the side; a row of large stasis pods hiss with escaping gas and the ice cracks away as they begin to open, a human hand immediately grips it's cold edge from the inside.

INT. SPACECRAFT BEDROOM - SPACE

The room is completely dark. METALLIC SCRATCHING IS HEARD.

MALE ALIEN

(pained)

Oh no! That better not be what
I think it is.

The MALE ALIEN softly illuminates the metallic gold and silver metal room placing his three fingered hand on a receptive plate next to his bed that is filled with liquid like a bath. Lying next to him is a similar FEMALE ALIEN.

FEMALE ALIEN

Hmmm, what is it now?

She apathetically rolls away from the light, splashing slightly.

MALE ALIEN

It's not fair! Can't those
stupid exterminators do
anything right!

(MORE)

Every time they come here; they
kill just enough to stink out
the whole ship.

He slaps the water in pure annoyance.

FEMALE ALIEN

Stop grumbling, I'm sure
they'll get them all tomorrow,
now just go to bed, I have to
get up early.

He angrily sloshes back into the pool.

(beat)

FEMALE ALIEN

Turn off the light, I'm
starting to think you're
actually scared of them.

The male alien slaps at the panel extinguishing the light.

LATER

A SLIGHT HUMMING NOISE OF MACHINERY SINGS OVER THE OTHERWISE PERFECT SILENCE. Artificial golden light slowly intensifies illuminating the room. The sleeping alien lies alone and is awakened by an ALARM NEXT TO HIS BED which he turns off.

The alien is a strange looking creature, he has a cylindrical body with a ring of fine serrated teeth at the top of his body like a giant leach. His moist leathery skin shimmers with colour with each passing thought. A pair of stumpy arms with three fingers on each hand and a pair of pillar-like legs give him a humanoid appearance. In the centre of his body sits a large oval eye.

The METALLIC SCRATCHING NOISE penetrates the wall and draws his feeble attention. He rouses from his sleep, wearily sliding up out of the water; listening to the space just above the lip of his bed.

Straining to hear the sounds that quieten to nothing. He rests his ear slit against the wall soon falling asleep again. BOOM! The metallic wall crashes from within. Startled by the noise, the fat alien jumps backwards in his bed splashing most of the water onto the floor. He furiously stares at the gold and silver wall over his bed.

MALE ALIEN

Thanks for reminding me, you
little bastards have had it!

INT. SPACESHIP LOUNGE - SPACE.

The alien sits in front of a television screen on a chair that looks like an organic growth. He's intently watching the

"I Love Lucy show". He's holding a large clear tea pot shaped jug that he uses to pour a short dose of green liquid into the toothy leech-like mouth at the top of his head.

Something BEEPS behind him but he chooses to ignore it. BEEP BEEP the beeping continues. He grimaces standing up carrying his jug with him to the large circular hatch in the B.G.

INT. AIRLOCK - SPACE.

MALE ALIEN
Volume up. More.

The television on the other side of the room responds appropriately.

He watches the show while shuffling backwards over to the heavy safe-like metal and glass door. He turns the large metal handle, that clunks into place and pulls the door open.

The exterminator stands in the small metallic airlock. He's clad almost entirely in dark rubber with a large mask down over his face. He swings a clear gas canister around in front of him, the swirling bright yellow contents easily visible.

EXTERMINATOR
(Cheerfully)
Hey how are you I hear the
little buggers are giving you
grief again.

MALE ALIEN
(irritated)
Oh great, It's finished. I
missed the one programme that
was even mildly interesting!
Who knows what time or
frequency it'll be on next!
(to the TV)
Off!

The TV turns off midway through the credits.

EXTERMINATOR
I don't know how you can watch
that stuff, it really grates on
my nerves, you don't know what
they're saying.

MALE ALIEN
(Explodes)
What else is there to do? Tell
me, what could I possibly do?!

His point accentuated by slamming his jug down on the nearby metal table, the small lid clanking about on the rim. The exterminator wilts under his hostile expectant gaze.

EXTERMINATOR
Look, I apologise for being
late. I want to do a thorough
job for my clients, sometimes
it just takes a little longer
than expected.

The male alien realizing the level of his irrational exasperation

MALE ALIEN
I know. It's just that the TV's
lost it's novelty.

EXTERMINATOR
Watching television isn't the
only thing, There's always the
waterfront.

MALE ALIEN
(Bitterly)
Yes, there is, there's always
the waterfront.

(beat)

EXTERMINATOR
So where did they pop up this
time?

The exterminator lowers himself; looking into a tiny vent near
the floor, illuminated by a bright light on the end of a flexible
black wand.

MALE ALIEN
(huffs)
They've moved to the bedroom
wall. They were crashing about
all night, the bastards didn't
give me a minute's sleep!
C'mon, I'll show you.

INT. SPACECRAFT HALLWAY - SPACE

He leads the exterminator down a long metallic corridor, the
rubber suit noisily SQUEAKING with his movements. The floor looks
like multicoloured grass.

EXTERMINATOR
Nice place you've got here. Do
you and your wife have all this
to yourselves?

MALE ALIEN
Would you like to live here?

EXTERMINATOR
You better believe it!

The male alien stops rapidly halting the procession turning to the exterminator and putting his hand on his rubber covered shoulder.

MALE ALIEN
Would you live here if you knew
you couldn't ever leave it?

EXTERMINATOR
No, I don't think I would.

His tone of enthusiasm drops sharply.

MALE ALIEN
Well I can't.

He turns and continues to head down the corridor.

MALE ALIEN (CONT'D)
I have allergies. The first and
last time I went down to the
waterfront; It nearly killed
me. All I have left is
solitude, serenity and
television. Now I have nothing.

EXTERMINATOR
Geeze that's tough luck.
Hopefully in a few hours I can
get your solitude and serenity
back, two out of three ain't
bad eh?- Fifty nine years, it's
a doddle.

MALE ALIEN
(bitterly)
It's still sixty for the next
week.

INT. SPACECRAFT BEDROOM - SPACE

MALE ALIEN
I heard them in that wall over
there

He says, cowardly standing by the doorway, slowly edging forward after the unconcerned exterminator has traversed the room unscathed.

EXTERMINATOR
Just here?

He says moving forward and touching the wall just above the floor.

MALE ALIEN
No, no, much higher than that;
just over the bed.

EXTERMINATOR

(surprised)

All the way up here you say?

The exterminator unhooks a small rubber mallet from his belt.

EXTERMINATOR

Strange, they don't usually go this high in the wall, it's usually in the roof or the floor but not up the walls.

He puts his ear slit to the wall.

MALE ALIEN

Be careful there, I did the same thing earlier and it sounded like- I don't know what it was but it was very loud.

EXTERMINATOR

Don't worry about that, probably just knocked something over. They get into everything, looking for food or a warm place to sleep.

He hits the wall soundly with the mallet and immediately puts his ear to the wall, and repeats this procedure in a few places around the area.

MALE ALIEN

What are you doing there?

EXTERMINATOR

Well, they aren't what you'd call a climbing animal so if they're up this high then they'd have to build a mound or some other kind of simple structure, it's a dead giveaway when you hear it collapse.

MALE ALIEN

Heard anything?

EXTERMINATOR

Nothing yet, but that doesn't prove or disprove anything.

MALE ALIEN

They were really jumping about last night, making one hell of a racket like there was no tomorrow.

EXTERMINATOR

Well, there won't be one for them; it's all part of the job. But I must say it's pretty strange behavior, usually they're as quiet as a mouse.

MALE ALIEN

A mouse?

(beat)

EXTERMINATOR

Yes, a mouse.

(beat)

MALE ALIEN

My wife said she saw one run under the hydrator this morning; she said it looked different to the ones you usually see on the waterfront.

EXTERMINATOR

Oh yeah? How's that?

his attention pulled away from the wall.

MALE ALIEN

She said it was a very dark colour and moved slowly like it was sick. I hope it dies somewhere I can get to. The last time two of you came out and sprayed the pantry ceiling, the smell stayed around for weeks!

EXTERMINATOR

I see. Hmm; it doesn't seem likely it's the same colony, I'm sure we got them all last time. I think we're dealing with a series of reinfestations.

He states; scratching himself over his single eye with the handle of the mallet.

MALE ALIEN

Reinfestations? Where are they coming from? Its not like I'm in a bad neighborhood or anything.

EXTERMINATOR

Exactly for that reason I think we're looking at a much bigger problem.

(pause)

Did you receive any packages or bring something back from the waterfront that they could easily hide in?

MALE ALIEN

No, I don't think so.

(pause)

My wife brought home a box of preserves just the other day, she's always getting something or other from the waterfront.

The exterminator rolls the bed away from the wall. A small pile of animal pellets sits in front of a square vent in the wall. The male alien jumps back in fright.

EXTERMINATOR

Looks like they made a beeline for your bedroom, that's not uncommon; must be the warmth that attracts them.

The male alien stares into the hole in uncomfortable contemplation not daring to get any closer. A voice calls out from the doorway behind them making him jump.

FEMALE ALIEN

Hi, what's going on?

MALE ALIEN

Oh! Hello dear, you're back early. Come here and look at this.

She obediently shuffles over like a pampered show dog and inspects the damage with the appropriate level of understanding.
SHE'S HOLDING A BROWN BOX

FEMALE ALIEN

Wow, Is that a pile of-
(interrupted)

MALE ALIEN

(irritated)
Clearly.

(beat)

He sees the box she's carrying

MALE ALIEN

What's that you've got there

FEMALE ALIEN
It's just some jams I got on
the waterfront. They look
positively arterial!

The male alien and the exterminator look at each other both
thinking the same thing.

MALE ALIEN
Show me.

The male alien takes a big step back as the female alien opens
the box and removes a glass jar filled with opaque light blue
material; holding it up.
The male alien takes the jar but doesn't look at it, his eyes
fixed on the brown box.

MALE ALIEN
(cold)
That does look good, show me
another.

FEMALE ALIEN
Now you're being ridiculous.

She looks defiantly at the unmoving emotionless face of the
alien, She wilts under the pressure

(beat)

FEMALE ALIEN
Fine, you want to be like that?
Have it your way, here.

Female alien's POV

She reaches into the box again lifting up the last jar, and is
about to give it to the male alien when she pauses, something
dark and shapeless catches her eye.

There is something curled up inside, stirring slightly. Then it
explodes into surreal life. The tiny creature is like a thin
gorilla with big teeth and claws. (A DIGGER) It jumps around the
box looking for escape and RELEASING A HIGH PITCHED SCREECH.

She shrieks and flips the box away. THE JARS CRASH TO THE GROUND.
The body of the tiny animal lies under a smashed jar, a
motionless arm and leg protrudes from the blue paste which is
mixing with swirls of it's dark red blood. One falling jar has
chipped the side of their bath-like bed.

FEMALE ALIEN
(angry)
That was an awful thing to do!

MALE ALIEN
(joking)
You deserved it, you've been
bringing them home all these
years!

The alien runs his hand over the chip in the bed

MALE ALIEN (CONT'D)
I suppose I deserved that.

FEMALE ALIEN
Well don't get upset, I was
planning to redecorate the old
place anyway. One last hurrah
before it goes on the dump.

MALE ALIEN
(suspicious)
What do you mean?

FEMALE ALIEN
(happy)
It's too claustrophobic in
here, I think it'd look nice if
we knocked down a wall or two
and covered up all the holes.
They're useless now anyway. If
you need me; I'll be in the
kitchen.

Female Alien leaves the room. The male alien is aghast and
embarrassed changing colours subtly.

MALE ALIEN
I apologize for my wife. I'm
sure she meant no disrespect.
For her it's always been out
with the old and in with the
new

EXTERMINATOR
It takes time to forget.
(pause)
Unfortunately The Viceroy
didn't afford me that luxury.
Now I spend most of my time on
the waterfront just mixing up
the juice-

The male alien listens- contorting his face in total disgust and
contempt.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)
-It isn't pleasant and the food
is disgusting; but I'm making a
fortune down there, I've got a
nice place already but maybe if
I work real hard; I'll be able
to get my citizenship back.
Maybe even buy a ship as
prestigious as this.

MALE ALIEN
(sarcasm)
Yea sure you will.

He spits his acid remark, soon realizing that it was a little more caustic than originally intended. He quickly tries to right his wrong.

MALE ALIEN (CONT'D)

It isn't all it's cracked up to be, you know yourself all the trouble we've had. It's almost like my wife and I are being victimized.

(beat)

EXTERMINATOR

Nah, I've seen worse.

Knowing exactly what was implied by the male alien's remark, the exterminator chooses to put it behind him.

MALE ALIEN

So what's it like on the waterfront now?

He says feigning interest, trying to change the subject and distance himself from his faux pas. The exterminator lowers himself onto the floor peering into the hole with his light. As well as a few other things.

EXTERMINATOR

Containment was lost years ago if you could call it that. The cities are a haven for them and they're multiplying to plague proportions. Apart from an underground ruin; we can go wherever we please.

The exterminator stands up and sighs.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)

I'll just go and get my pry bar and we can finally get to the bottom of this mess.

MALE ALIEN

So they aren't dangerous at all?

EXTERMINATOR

They can spread a few mild diseases, but that's about it.

MALE ALIEN

In that case, why can't you go into the ruins?

EXTERMINATOR

Early reports say they found one of ours down there, chewed up like a thousand of the things took a bite out of him, but that's ridiculous, I doubt it happened at all. Nevertheless; they're sending a squad in to have a look, I can tell you right now that they're not going to find anything.

INT. TUNNEL FROM COMMANDER THOMPSON'S POV. SPACE.

Nightvision goggles turn everything a shade of pixelated green. HEAVY BREATHING IS HEARD. The view swings left and right down the jagged perpendicular passageways as they pass by. A small squad of seven American green beret special forces lead by COMMANDER THOMPSON glide silently and swiftly in single file through the tight tunnel full of debris.

Loose boulders and pieces of metal are strewn about the floor in abundance. Portions of the floor and walls have a rough tangle of fibers weaved into the crevices like a bird's nest. Large loops of fibre threaten to catch their polished black boots.

Suddenly there is a DISTORTED GROWLING noise that seems to come from all directions at once. Thompson raises his hand into view making a "STOP" gesture with his hand. Thompson stops. Flicking his submachine gun in front of him staring down the barrel, searching.

(beat)

The DISTORTED GROWLING continues. The commander raises his hand into view making a series of hand gestures. Thompson turns crouching on the floor covering their backs as they pass by, he follows the last man.

The soldiers lower their guns and quick march to a large rough hole in the ceiling with ropes hanging down the centre. Thompson watches the soldiers attach the ropes to their harnesses and give the rope a sharp tug. Immediately the ropes are winched upwards and the soldiers are taken up with it.

INT. Vertical shaft. SPACE

NOTE:

ALL DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN ENTIRELY IN WHISPERS UNLESS NOTED OTHERWISE.

The winch raises them up through different dark levels. they traverse the near blackness twisting on their lines like black pearls scanning each floor as they are raised. A faint light above them gets brighter and the WINCH MOTOR intensifies as they approach. The winch operator nearby sees them

clear, pausing their ascent which allows them time to unhook themselves as they step onto the final level. The commander slings his machine-gun over his shoulder and accepts help from his team mates onto the foam rubber covered deck.

The single cavernous room is a hive of activity. The DISTORTED GROWL echo's throughout the room. 50 Soldiers, predominantly British and Russian hurriedly carry out their duties.

A dozen ARTILLERY pieces are undergoing final assembly under the careful eye of MAJOR STIRLING. A disheveled RUSSIAN ENGINEER holding a clipboard follows his frenetic movements.

Major Adam Stirling is in his late forties; a medium sized man wearing grey urban camouflage. His red beret with a crown insignia sits atop his bald head. Two intense eyes sit behind fine gold rimmed glasses. Just below that lives a large greyed handlebar moustache which he smoothes over regularly. He speaks with a distinct English accent.

Stirling closely inspects the manufacture of the mounted cannons with a green chemical light.

STIRLING

Good, now I want to catch the enemy napping so it's got to be fast and as loud as possible, I want this place to peel like a banana and I want that option before 1800 hours. Can you do it?

RUSSIAN ENGINEER

Da, is easy, I have wires twist at 1600.

His confidence says what his broken English can't. He scribbles the details on a clipboard.

STIRLING

Excellent, when you're finished. I want half a dozen sharp trigger satchels, do you understand?

RUSSIAN ENGINEER

What weight sir?

The major props himself up on the wheel for a moment to consider the question.

STIRLING

Twenty kilogram backpacks.

RUSSIAN ENGINEER

Big job sir, 1800 is best I can.

He writes the details on his clipboard again.

STIRLING

You're best just might be
enough.

The engineer salutes and hurries into the darkness. Commander Thompson leaves his team and rushes to the major who is on his hands and knees inspecting a weld on the carriage.

Commander Rick Thompson is in his late thirties a tall muscular man dressed head to foot in black stealth gear. His nightvision scope sits on top of his head. His ruthless hardened face shows fear and urgency as he approaches.

THOMPSON

Major Stirling, Commander
Thompson reporting.

Stirling crawls further under the cannon with the green glowstick to examine the weld from the other side.

STIRLING

Well? Come on then; out with it.

THOMPSON

Mission was a partial failure
sir, one man MIA. More
importantly, we have observed
the enemy converging on our
position.

STIRLING

Tell me something I don't know.

THOMPSON

Those furry little bastards are
everywhere and Tango's up by
one, a wet unit.

BONK! The major jumps at the news hitting his head on the underside of the cannon.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Sir, incursion is imminent,
they know we're here.

STIRLING

Bloody hell! Change alert
status to red and tell the
Russians I want that artillery
in position ready to go within
the minute and tell them I
don't want another bloody
misfire!

THOMPSON

Yes sir.

Thompson salutes and quickly disappears into the shadows.
Stirling looks around at the increased activity within the room.

The ravenous series of growls increases in intensity and ferocity.

(beat)

STIRLING

(to himself)

Good lord, so this is what it has come to? Fifty thousand miles from home and trapped like rats!

A blinding light floods the room from a single point. Stirling shields his eyes.

INT. SPACECRAFT BEDROOM - SPACE

NOTE:

ALIEN DIALOGUE IS SPOKEN IN ALIEN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES UNLESS NOTED OTHERWISE

The Exterminator slams the pry bar into a seam in the paper thin metal. it loosens and goes CRASHING to the floor. Exposing the filthy electrical components. On a ledge the entire Human Military lying in wait.

MALE ALIEN

Look, there's hundreds of them in there!

The male alien's bloated body shambling backwards in shock. The exterminator barely believes what he's seeing and realizes what's going on.

EXTERMINATOR

This can't be!

He snorts as he flips down his mask over his large single black eye in the centre of his body and the red barb-toothed mouth on top of it's headless veinous mass.

STIRLING

(screaming)

Ready! Aim! Fire at will!

The Major strokes down with his hand. The CANNONS ring in close suit, aerating the dust on the platform followed by a fusillade of HEAVY CALIBER AUTOMATICS.

The shells smash into the exterminator blasting through their pressurized bodies and painting the wall behind them with long ropes of thick blue ooze that quickly stretch to the floor. The wounded exterminator snatches up the spray wand on the swirling canister squeezing the trigger with it's three fat pulsating fingers.

The Exterminator sends a jet of acid into the cavity which cuts into the ranks, knocking a squad of soldiers off their feet. Within seconds their flesh foams up and bubbles away from their screaming bones. The second volley of artillery fire rips large holes through the body mass of the exterminator. One shell smashing through the single large window on the black mask splashing the insides with the remnants of it's single black eye. Killing it instantly.

It's wounds flooding the floor with cobalt lifeblood that pours out of large holes in the black suit. The other creature chooses it's moment and dashes forward reaching into the cavity; smashing the cannons. It's arm thrashes about in the hole dashing soldiers against the metal.

Stirling and a few dozen frightened soldiers run to the winch at the back of the alcove with the grasping bloodied hand close behind them. The bleeding alien's stumpy arms prevent it from reaching them at the back. Instead it pry's the canister out of the exterminator's stiff claw and washes the cavity with acid draining into the shaft as the last of the men slide down the rope.

INT. Vertical shaft. SPACE

One by one they slide down the ropes as fast as possible their gloved hands beginning to smoke with friction.

Almost immediately the luminous acid showers down on the few men who remain on the rope. Immediately it cuts through their uniforms HISSING violently emitting large quantities of smoke. A few men throw themselves to their doom, others bent on survival; cling to the rope until their sinews snap. But within seconds the rest come crashing down when their lifeline liquefies.

INT. BASE OF TUNNEL - SPACE

Invisible soldiers PANIC in the darkness fearfully chattering to each other. Stirling regains control in an instant cracking a small chemical light raising it above him. The green light illuminating part of the tunnel near the base of the shaft.

Stirling sheds his smoldering red cap, his rank CLANKING on the ground in the darkness. The green light shining off his sweaty bald head and calm composed face. The troops silently gather around Stirling. Occasionally a SKELETONIZED BODY OF THEIR FELLOW SOLDIERS SLOP DOWN BEHIND THEM, CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

STIRLING

I know what you're all thinking
right about now, something
along the lines of "What the
fuck just happened!" Well I'll
tell you what happened! We came
face to face with the single
force that laid waste to our
entire planet! And what's it

(MORE)

doing now?
(pause)
Soaking into the fucking carpet
that's what! We've killed two
of those shitbags in as many
days! I'd say we're getting
pretty fucking good at it!
We're so good in fact, that
we're spilling their stinking
guts on their own turf.
Personally I love it! I can't
get enough of it! I know for a
fact that Commander Thompson
here is having the time of his
fucking life! I will not stop
butchering those monsters until
I send the very last back to
wherever the fuck it came from.
(pause)
With our names carved in it!

The men cheer with newly found confidence.

INT. SPACECRAFT BEDROOM. SPACE

The female alien stands aghast in the doorway watching the male alien spray acid into the SIZZLING alcove. Three cascades of blue blood flow from jagged wounds in his back. The exterminator dead at his feet.

FEMALE ALIEN
Oh no! You're hurt!

She cries skipping to his aid putting her hand over a wound on his back.

MALE ALIEN
Stop that! It's not as bad as
it looks, I'll be OK.

Callously smacking her hand away.

FEMALE ALIEN
What did this? Is he dead? Were
you sprayed?

MALE ALIEN
No! There were humans and
(interrupted)

FEMALE ALIEN
(incredulous)
What?!?

MALE ALIEN
I wouldn't have believed it
either if I hadn't seen it with
my own eye. They were soldiers
(MORE)

right here on the ship! That
just isn't right, that isn't
right at all!

She gasps looking around.

FEMALE ALIEN
Where are they now?

MALE ALIEN
They ran down the back of the
insulation, but I sprayed them.

The wounded beast changes to a darker colour in disgust.

MALE ALIEN (CONT'D)
(remorse)
Damn it, I sprayed them.

FEMALE ALIEN
Come on, let's get out of here!
There could be more.

She says pulling his stumpy arm. He yanks his arm out of her
sticky grip

MALE ALIEN
Stop that! Get away from me! I
said I killed them all! Nothing
could have lived! I'm so
stupid!

A machine gun flashes from the shadows under the bed sounding the
start of a machine gun charge as the weight of the human forces
spill out of the dark hole in the wall and spread out across the
silver floor with guns blazing. They scream a bloodthirsty battle
cry running towards the creatures in a long firing line flanking
the aliens. The alien sprays again in shock cutting down a squad
of men who fall in their own liquefied organs.

A Russian armor piercing rocket soars through the air leaving a
trail of smoke behind it, CRASHING through the relatively thin
crystal skin, detonating within the highly pressurized canister
launching acid everywhere.
The men run for cover as the spray paints the room dappling
almost every surface in black smoldering pits.

The beasts are covered in acid. It contracts and hardens their
soft elastic skin until it bursts; splitting them open. Their
liquid blue internals spill onto the floor like water out of an
upturned bucket.

A surge of blue viscous slime floods the room washing away and
drowning a few poor souls that vainly try to struggle to the
surface of the unyielding blue gel. Their would-be rescuers
helplessly await the inevitable as they go limp. Hanging
motionless like an insect trapped in amber.

Thompson runs to their aid, roughly barging through the men who can only stand and watch the suffocating men struggle against the thick gel. Their faces purple and frightened.

THOMPSON
Get out of my fucking way!

Thompson flings his machine-gun to the ready and shoots the dying men, putting them out of their misery. The gel darkens with blood around their motionless bodies. Thompson turns to the frightened soldiers with fire in his eyes.

THOMPSON
(intense)
Those poor fucking bastards! If that was me in there- before I put one into my head, I'd shoot every one of you stupid pricks for making me do it! Now get out of my sight!

The men stand aghast.

THOMPSON
I said fucking move!

The men flee back to the others. Thompson looks at the bodies once again before turning away in disgust. In the B.G. Stirling rallies the men.

STIRLING
Can I have your attention please!

The men arrange themselves in front of Major Stirling. Stirling points to the two alien bodies leaking like discount contraceptives.

STIRLING (CONT'D)
Will you look at that! What did I just tell you? Killing these things is like winning the state lottery, it takes a bloody long time and you need your balls numbered but when it happens, it makes all the shit worthwhile!

The men laugh heartily but their joy is quickly frozen when SHOOTING emanates from the hallway. The soldiers look at each other in puzzlement as the muffled sporadic shots continue uncontested. The men stop and look toward the doorway expectantly as the SHOTS rapidly increase in volume. A black suited green beret runs through the door at top speed

THOMPSON
(to stirling)
It's Captain Connor! I thought we'd lost him!

Then a large group of furry brown diggers turn the corner and pursue him into the room. The green beret fires his last bullets behind him. A few diggers tumble to the ground dead. The fallen creatures are viciously fought over between them. The other diggers gain on the soldier and pounce, ripping into him with their METALLIC CLAWS.

STIRLING
Hold your fire!

Stirling wrenches an Ak47 out of a young Russian's soldier's grip and begins precisely shooting the group. Within a few seconds most are dead. The rest escape dragging a corpse behind them.

Commander Thompson rushes forward to his man who is holding a wound on his neck blood shooting from between his fingers.

THOMPSON
(yelling)
Medic!

Thompson takes a gauze pad from one of Connor's pockets; then pulling his hand away releasing a jet of blood quickly replacing it with the gauze.

THOMPSON
Are you all right? Can you speak?

CONNOR
Hurts like a bitch sir!

He whines, his face contorted with pain displaying his bloodied teeth. The medic arrives and begins to bandage the gouge in the side of his neck.

THOMPSON
Captain Connor, what happened?

The medic sits him up and begins to apply some iodine soaked gauze onto some deep cuts in his hands.

CONNOR
I don't know sir I-

He smarts from the dark brown iodine flooding into a gash in his knuckle

CONNOR (CONT'D)
-I was attacked from all sides.
It was a frenzy after that sir,
there were hundreds of them
maybe even thousands.

He recounts wide-eyed, his flushed face turning quite pale.

THOMPSON
Why were you attacked?

CONNOR

I saw one of their group fall to the ground for no apparent reason, and they turned on it ripping it apart in front of me. Chewing down it's flesh while it was still alive, I was scared sir, I started to run away and they came after me, hundreds of them!

He says slowly sitting up and raising to his feet with the medic's help.

THOMPSON

Relax sergeant, can you move?

He nods his head not terribly sure.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

All right fall in.

(to the medic)

Help him.

The medic nods his head in acknowledgment.

Thompson rejoins the Major who has assembled his forces in front of the doorway. Soldiers target the gap with guns raised, chattering to themselves, trying to compare something on earth to the smell that is forcefully blown at them, not all of their suggestions polite.

SOLDIER

You know what that reminds me of?

SOLDIER #2

Grow up.

STIRLING

(yelling)

Silence in the ranks!

(whispering to Thompson)

How many?

THOMPSON

Hundreds, could be a thousand.

STIRLING

Very well, we're moving out to secure the command center, take your position commander.

He nods and takes his place at the front of his six-man element.

STIRLING

So far so good, move out and stay close- remember, you're no longer expendable. Forward-March!

The tight ranks of wearied and battered soldiers march out of the door in step, their boots being weighed down by sticky blue slime glued to the floor.

INT. SPACECRAFT JUNGLE - SPACE

Slight ambient rustling noises emit from the strange corridor. A vast variety of coloured mosses growing on the walls and aquatic looking slime molds dangle from the ceiling creating it's own soft luminance. The soldiers move two abreast pushing through the tall greasy greenery. Bizarre beasts skulk about in the shadows. There is a sudden brief disturbance in the leafy growths.

One of the last two troops is stabbed in the ribs by long rusty claws and yanked into the thick greasy foliage like a rag doll by a pair of powerful hooked hands. In horror; the British soldier next to him flicks his rifle to the ready and blasts away at the giant leathery molds and fungus.

Another creature lashes out from behind the frantic soldier wrapping it's brown scabby arms around his neck, ripping his throat out just before he's wrenched out of sight into the impenetrable flora. His only legacy is A SICKENING; SUCKING AND GURGLING NOISE, followed by the unmistakable SOUND OF TEARING FLESH that seems to come from all directions at once amplified by the calm and quiet that beckons another attack.

The soldiers stand silently the only sound is the slight SWISH OF THE LUSH FLESHY WEED. The commander silently signals the soldiers to get down with a few frantic gestures, quickly hunkering down back to back in a long row. Thompson kneels pointing his useless submachine-gun point blank into the dense alien foliage, his face stricken with panic.

He seeks relief of one form or another turning his head slowly to the Major who is crouching nearby with his shiny nickel plated pistol raised next to his head, his eyes darting about the shadows.

A stone faced Russian soldier slides a black carbonized knife from it's sheath, snapping it onto his rifle, quickly copied by the other soldiers but not as fast as they are reprimanded for excessive noise with another set of frenetic gestures from their frightened commander.

Meanwhile the major pulls a compass from his pocket by the green nylon cord hanging around his neck, checking the plastic dial briefly discovering the red and white needle pointlessly floating about in the water not favoring any one direction.

The major curses under his breath relieving himself of it's useless weight, flinging it away in disgust, hanging up on a spur protruding from the stem of a yellow sponge like organism.

STIRLING

(whispers)

Thompson, I've lost my
bearings. Give me a boost up.

The commander gives a subtle look as if to say -You've got to be shitting me!- He takes a deep breath and exhales out of his nostrils slowly and silently lowering his weapon to his side.

Thompson interlocks his fingers on his thigh accepting the majors high topped brown leather boot fastened over his urban camouflage uniform. The major shifts his weight on top of the commander's shoulder as they stand together, propelling his head well above the height of the expansive growth.

THOMPSON
(whispers)
What do you see?

INT. Spacecraft jungle, Stirling's POV - SPACE

Hundreds of pairs of black soulless eyes stare back at him from below, some no more than a metre from his own unsuspecting troops, shadowing and stalking them; copying their every move. The weed surrounding them flexes and moves with hundreds more in the distance.

Before he can catch his breath; the hideous beast almost directly below him curls it's lip and flashes it's long bloodstained serration's of tooth and claw. Tensing it's muscles; it releases a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM as it launches itself metres off the ground toward the major who madly scrambles for his holster.

Simultaneously trying to dodge it's attack with Thompson clamped down on his leg causes the pair to topple over as the beast appears in full flight above them just as he finds his pistol. Blinded by the tangle of weed and moss that breaks his fall, he chaotically FIRES THE GUN before the full weight of the beast crashes down on top of him. The forest of alien weed erupts with HORRIFIC SOUND.

Major Stirling strains against it's backbreaking weight in the THRASHING WEED. His BREATHING strained. His searching fingers finally finding his knife at his side and ruthlessly stabs repeatedly into it's body mass through the blinding leathery foliage, gushing stinking hot blood over him.

The greasy polished bone handle of his knife jammed in the beast's ribcage; intertwined with prolapsed organs is abruptly pulled from his hand as the fiend is remorselessly wrenched over him into the darkness, sponging his face with the soggy remains of a smashed skull caused by a single bullet to the head.

Stirling GASPS deeply staving off the black stars that swim around his view. He tries to raise himself when another pair of hands rapidly claw over him through the greenery clenching his uniform beginning to drag him away. He fights against his captor twisting away in the growths; exhausting his last ounce of strength.

THOMPSON
Major! It's me; Thompson!

Thompson rips the moist light green moss away, exposing the major who is fighting for breath, his light camouflage uniform soaked with dark red blood that he believes is the major's.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Don't worry sir;
I'll get you out of here!

The commander flashes his smoking machine-gun and blasts away blindly at the agitated bush, giving himself a few seconds of precious cover; swiftly hoisting the major onto his shoulder.

GUNFIRE screams out everywhere. The brown demons seem to appear from nowhere; slashing and slicing at the men with their long metallic claws before digging into their butchered bodies and wrenching them away.

Thompson takes the weight of his superior holding him onto his shoulder with one hand and his smoldering sub machine-gun in the other.

THOMPSON
Retreat!

Thompson screams over the racket; waving on his men who take their chances and follow him as his figure and that of the major over his shoulder rapidly disappear into the endless aquatic jungle.

After a few minutes of running through the blinding weed the shooting dies down and there is once again silence apart from the CRUNCHING and SQUIRTING of the moist mosses and fungi underfoot. Thompson gasps for breath kneeling down on the matted weed underfoot wetting his knees, soon met by his fellow soldiers. As before they line up after him, two abreast; looking expectantly into the foliage for more soldiers to join them but none arrive. No more than two dozen troops remain. Thompson carefully lowers the major down to the ground. He is just getting his breath back.

Thompson turns to his subordinates

THOMPSON
(whispers)
Where's the medic?

One of the soldiers shakes his head morbidly in reply. The major continues to gasp sucking in large amounts of moist air, his searching fingers hooking on one of the nearby stems; pulling himself to his knee.

THOMPSON
(whispers)
Sir!

STIRLING
(hoarse
whispers)
Relax commander, just need a
standing ten-count.
(pause)
You should have seen the other
guy.

He gasps, smiling nervously through sticky gobs of congealed blood painting his face and a portion of his moustache which he wipes unsuccessfully on his sleeve smearing his face.

STIRLING
(whispers)
Take the lead commander.

Thompson replies with a blank look on his face accepting defeat; once again cupping his hands over his thigh. Major Stirling's irritation at being lost is quickly vanquished however, when he spots something over the young soldier's shoulder.

STIRLING
(whispering)
That won't be necessary, I know
exactly where we're going.

THOMPSON
(whispering)
How sir?

STIRLING
(whispering)
Compass points the way.

Thompson turns around and to his surprise, he sees the major's small transparent plastic compass hanging off the yellow spur despite the fact they run for miles. Major Stirling follows his pistol brushing past Thompson who follows closely.

LATER

The arduous crawl stretches on, their clothes soaking with sweat and their bodies trembling with fatigue. Every dark absence of weed, an evil leathery face, every sway of leaf, a sharpened claw ready to strike.

Just as quickly as this bizarre forest starts, it ends for no apparent reason as sharp and as clean as a knife's edge. Soon the thankful group assemble on the shiny silver and golden floor getting some distance away from the swaying weed.

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL ROOM - SPACE.

Looking around briefly they discover the control centre is another vastly different style of room with long angular metallic surfaces and shapes in shades of silver and gold that jut out of the walls for no apparent reason like a poorly laid brickwork.

The surfaces of the walls are littered with what look like comparatively small air vents that appear seemingly at random throughout the expansive room designed to be spacious for giants. The main viewer and control panel below it dominate the room taking pride of place in the centre of the far wall with long decorative tapered edges on each side that could be easily walked up.

Before they can get underway, there is turbulence in the foliage behind them. The men turn and stare. The leaves toss and boil with increasing fervor quickly rising to a fever pitch causing the horrorstruck men to step back and level their rifles at the energized growths only a few yards away.

The now familiar HIGH PITCHED SCREAM seems to come from directly in front of them, then another voice off to the left, the right, everywhere! As if spring loaded, there is an explosion of life as every space between tuberous stem oozes brown fur like demented toothpaste pushed through a comb. With flashing tooth and fang the hideous diggers eject themselves onto the shiny metal in their hundreds with no sign of slowing.

An American soldier standing near the shimmering weed turns to run. His chest and face explodes, perforated by long rusty claws that stab through his body and skull which is quickly smashed into red chunks by panicked RIFLE FIRE. The horrific beasts are raked in the crossfire, taking the full force of the gunfire.

Shaggy arms and legs; are sent asunder, some dragging metres of their organs behind them. After a few seconds, a red mist shrouds the attackers made from their own aerated organs and chips of bone; pulverized by sheer weight of metal being launched at them.

The dead and dying fall to the ground, now becoming the target of their brethren's aggression, easily ripping away their throats and attempting to carry their gurgling bodies away into the alien bracken; but none escape the fierce firestorm that drown out their battle cry with hot lead. Piles of empty discarded ammunition clips lie discarded on the floor in front of them.

Despite taking horrific losses, the hideous beasts push forward. None had gotten even remotely close enough to cause injury but they do try. The soldiers start to panic and back away from the front line as their empty clips fall to the ground, their madly grasping hands finding only a singular clip flopping around in their large pockets that were filled to burst just a few seconds ago.

The Major sees what's happening and quickly scans the room for a defensible position.

STIRLING

Fall back! Fall Back to the
ramp! One shot one kill!

Taking the lead; he runs across the great metallic field with his men just behind him taking turns to back peddle and spray bursts into their fast relentless pursuers. One soldier tripping over his boot laces goes tumbling to the ground another soldier

falling over his flailing body are left helpless; to be butchered by the shaggy horde that swells in size and ferocity with every fleeting moment.

Within a few frantic minutes, the soldiers finally reach the shiny golden ramp that rises rapidly above the chaotically patterned silver floor. The steep grade of the ramp saps the strength of the soldiers who are crammed together, pushing and pushed in turn; soon climbing almost a hundred metres above the metal plate floor.

Their rushed ascent buffeted by the reflective silver and gold angulations protruding from the walls. One large hexagonal obstacle juts into the ranks who push and shove around it not realizing that this ripple of motion sends two men over the sheer edge screaming in horror until seconds later their bodies explode on the metal like water balloons filled with salsa.

Another man is shoved off the ramp; but manages to cling to the edge for a moment. With no hope left; he leans backward into oblivion, his choice of death however is denied when his forearm is impaled by rusty jagged hooks and is pulled kicking and screaming into the pack, his flesh being stripped away.

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

The ramp ends at the top of the sprawling control panel, huge gold buttons of various sizes, shapes and heights are scattered across it's reflective black surface. With freedom to move again; Commander Thompson directs his men with a few hand gestures to form a fusillade over the top of the ramp, squeezing the beasts into a bloody bottleneck.

Without direction, the other soldiers follow their lead and run to the edge of the control panel; firing their last few bullets into the brown horde that stampedes up the ramp. The beasts spew out of the alien jungle. Beginning to rampage up the ramp on the opposite side of the room. Unfettered, and free to flank their position.

BRITISH SOLDIER
(yelling)
Behind you!

The warning comes too late for an Australian soldier who's lungs are ripped out through his back.

SOLDIER
(yelling)
They're coming out of the
fuckin' walls!

The frightened soldiers swing around to engage this new threat. At intervals along the back wall, man-sized tunnels extend deep into the substructure, from these holes springs forth a seemingly unlimited supply of creatures, ending their short lived advantage.

THOMPSON
(screaming)
Fix bayonets!

The soldiers quickly click their knives to the front of their guns in between shots. Soon PISTOLS are heard as the rifles eject the last of the shell casings. The men are forced into a terrible melee that they could have no hope of winning.

In the heat of battle, an Indian soldier charges forward impaling a beast on the end of his rifle and shoving it onto an impatiently flashing button on the control panel; depressing it. Immediately the figure of a growling purple Cyclops appears in the giant curved monitor that towers over them.

The twisted creatures take one good look at it and abandon the battle fleeing in sheer terror.

The Cyclops (HIRGOR) scrutinizes the soldiers who blast holes in the last of the retreating beasts sending their furry bodies over the edge of the panel. They watch in amazement as the animals scatter in all directions.

Soldiers run to help the wounded, Thompson is exhilarated by the action, his clenched fist wrapped around his jagged knife dripping blood like a maniac. He approaches a wounded digger who squirms and agonizes in a sticky pool of it's own blood, quickly and happily dispatching it by jumping on the back of it's neck like a modern dance move.

It gurgles briefly through it's crushed throat and lies still. Thinking nothing of it Thompson wipes the red gel off his knife onto his thigh before sliding it back into it's sheath on his shoulder.

He walks towards the major transferring the bullets from his SMG into the pistol. Major Stirling watches the great blue Cyclops as it watches him, it's skin changing colour and texture slightly as it intently scans the room.

THOMPSON
The face that launched a
thousand ships.

Thompson jokes as he comes up alongside the major, who is in deep thought, unknowingly twisting the blood and ash off his fingers into his moustache.

STERLING
Huh? Oh, yea- certainly an
interesting looking creature.
Thankfully it's arrival bought
us a bit of time, strange
behavior.
(pause)
I don't like it Thompson. I
don't like it one bit. We have
no idea what we're up against.

THOMPSON

(Under his
breath)

We know how well they die.

STIRLING

Looks like it evolved from a
type of octopus- or jellyfish.

Taking everyone by surprise, the giant speaks.

HIRGOR

Looks like it evolved from a
monkey.

(beat)

The men pause and stare at the behemoth who in just a few words
has instilled a chilling sense of humanity.

STIRLING

You speak English? I should
have expected that, I'll bet
you kept some of us as pets.

HIRGOR

No, I've never spoken English
with a human before, none of us
have. My name is Hirgor,
Viceroy Hirgor of the Sormog
Imperium. We know of your kind
from intercepted transmissions
from a receiver many light-
years away. We have been
watching your television for
many years and have learned a
lot about you.

(pause)

Perhaps- too much.

STIRLING

(accusingly)

Is that what you do? Learn
about a civilization's
strengths and weaknesses and
then plan your invasion
accordingly?!

HIRGOR

Invasion?

(beat)

The blue titan tries hard to mask his confusion.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)

We simply wanted to introduce
ourselves and witness your
beautiful planet for ourselves.

(MORE)

On our arrival we were beside ourselves with grief as it reduced to a shadow of it's former glory. Tell me, where did you come from; that you know nothing of current events?

STIRLING

We were put into stasis before we knew of your existence, in what was called the Domsday-after project.

(sarcasm)

So in effect there would always be someone left in the rare occurrence the earth should be mysteriously blasted into powder and dominated by friendly benevolent aliens.

(beat)

STIRLING (CONT'D)

(demanding)

What happened to the earth?

HIRGOR

(imperious)

I don't know.

STIRLING

Bullshit! Take a wild guess.

HIRGOR

We saw explosions all over the earth through our sensors before we even got here. Intercepted transmissions indicate that the arrival of our ships stressed an already jagged alliance between your governments. Perhaps that was the lead up to a full scale nuclear war.

STIRLING

If you're such an enlightened species then you've realized that a hostile alien fleet flying at us would have serious social repercussions! Why didn't you send a message!?

HIRGOR

Our transmissions are not designed for intergalactic use, any message we sent would arrive decades after we did, so there would be little point. We mean you no harm.

STIRLING

OK, so why are you still here?

HIRGOR

We are not here by choice, our ship's fusion engines require an amount of pure gold to begin the reaction, but when we arrived, there was none available and no means by which to mine it, so we have no choice but wait for the relief package.

THOMPSON

(angry)

If you're so damn friendly then why the fuck do you keep trying to kill us?

The major subtly motions him to better guard his feelings.

STIRLING

We thawed out three weeks ago and have been attacked twice with no provocation whatsoever! Is this the same way you treat the other survivors?

HIRGOR

I'm afraid it was a case of mistaken identity, as you said; there were survivors of the war, but down through the years of rampant mutation, how can I put this delicately.

(pause)

They have discovered a new niche.

He briefly casts his black eye on one of the dark clawed creatures that lies disemboweled on the counter.

STIRLING

I don't believe it, not for a second!

He backs away from the corpse in shock.

HIRGOR

You said that there were more of you?

STIRLING

I never said that, but it's true, there's thousands of us hidden away all over the world.

HIRGOR

It's fortunate that that you contacted us in time. Our relief package will be here in less than a week, and when it arrives, the planet will be destroyed.

STIRLING

Destroyed? How?

HIRGOR

It was an oversight on our part, we had assumed there was no one and nothing left on the planet worth saving, so one hundred and ninety tons of gold was encased in shell of pure durium and accelerated to half the speed of light. The package was sent on a collision course with this planet to adequately slow it down for our recovery so we could return home. But now that we know there's life on this planet, we would happily take you with us.

The major contorts his face into a wry smile.

STIRLING

(coldly)

So all we have to do is tell you where our people are and we'd all be safe? Why, that just sounds too good to be true. Why are you so interested in us?

HIRGOR

As I said, we have been watching your television for many years and no one has ever seen a real human before, it still feels strange talking to you.

STIRLING

Yes, we're very real and very dangerous. We've already chosen our path and I think you should know that any intervention on your part will result in further carnage.

Hirgor changes to a dangerous red shade.

HIRGOR
(hostile)
Carnage? What have you done?
Where are you transmitting
from?

STIRLING
We have taken control of a
spaceship in orbit of the
planet, we have slaughtered
both the occupants and a
soldier that was unlucky enough
to cross our path.

HIRGOR
You killed them! How? We've
made a detailed analysis of
your weapons and they are
ineffective at best!

STIRLING
They were ineffective, what
else do vengeful scientists
have to think about stuck in a
lab for the last forty years!
(pause)
Weapons more frightening than
you can imagine, and they don't
run on gold, however this ship
does and we have more than
enough of that!

HIRGOR
A lot of good it will do you,
ironically your planet- this
charred rock is the only other
habitable place in the entire
galaxy. The fusion engines
cannot be redirected in flight
so load your gold and choose a
direction carefully, because
you will almost certainly
regret it for all eternity.

STIRLING
And the alternative is?

HIRGOR
Mine gold for us and we'll
leave together.

STIRLING
Ha! The tone of desperation
suits you! Your supply isn't
coming in a week is it?

HIRGOR
No, it won't arrive for another
sixty of your years. Mine the
(MORE)

gold and we'll give you the
Coordinates to a habitable
planet. Wish you well and leave
peaceably.

STIRLING

You just said there were no
other habitable planets!

HIRGOR

I lied.

STIRLING

If we refuse to help you?

HIRGOR

Doesn't matter anymore, thanks
to your boasting, I know that
there are more of you out
there, when I find them I'll
make them do it!

STIRLING

Haven't you learned anything
from television, we would
rather die than help you.

HIRGOR

I know. That's what the
survivors of the war said, so I
felt compelled to make them
subservient through extensive
instinctual conditioning and
genetic manipulation.

(beat)

STIRLING

(fuming)

You did this!

Stirling Points to the draining corpse pinned to the button by
the bayonet protruding from it's heart.

HIRGOR

I created the perfect digging
machine. Pay close attention to
the claws, they're made almost
entirely out of iron.

STIRLING

Now you seem bent on killing
them all, sounds like a great
success.

HIRGOR

I've had a very, very long time
to work out what went wrong.
Until you showed up, I'd only

(MORE)

assumed that my mutants had killed all the humans; and with it, my chances of an early departure.

STIRLING

You want to go somewhere? As soon as I figure out how to use the weapons I'll send you somewhere you son of a bitch!

HIRGOR

Even if you had enough gold to charge the fusion cannon it wouldn't do you any good, the hull plating is solid durium, you can't hurt me.

Hirgor flicks a nearby bulkhead with it's fat boneless finger.

STIRLING

Obviously you can't hurt us either, if I see any of your soldiers sniffing around down there, I'm going to give 'em both barrels.

HIRGOR

I think you underestimate our level of technology. One shot from the fusion cannon is enough to sterilize most planets, so in this situation I think you'll find it's quite useless. Now if you'll excuse me, we'll thoroughly search the caves where your first attack took place, no doubt your Domsday-after project is there. It's not without irony, You lead us right to the colonists you were charged to protect, and now they will become my bio-engineered slaves. That is unless you'd like to cooperate with us and save us the hassle?

STIRLING

Hold on just a minute! How long do you think it will take your mindless freaks to find one hundred and ninety tonnes of solid gold?

HIRGOR

(coldly)

If it takes a minute less than Sixty years I'll consider it worthwhile.

STIRLING

Not likely, every vein and seam; even in the very heart of the earth was cleaned out a hundred years ago. Our people would hoard gold as a sign of wealth, and I just happen to know where the biggest hoard in the world is. Maybe as much as a hundred thousand tonnes!

The mauve beast's interest is spiked, it's skin ripples slightly and changes a purple colour.

HIRGOR

What do you want?

STIRLING

Just three small things, My people, the coordinates to that uninhabited planet and enough gold to get us there.

(beat)

Hirgor sits deep in thought

STIRLING (CONT'D)

I just want to fulfill my mission and bring my people to safety. Hirgor, you know what it's like to be responsible for so many lives. Let's just do this and we can both go home.

HIRGOR

I'll consider it.

Hirgor touches a button on the control panel next to him ending the transmission.

A GREAT COMMOTION BREAKS OUT WHEN THE SOLDIERS NERVOUSLY CHATTER AMONGST THEMSELVES. Commander Thompson approaches the major who is still staring at the blank screen as if he's seen a ghost.

THOMPSON

That was great sir.

STIRLING

(frantic)

Was it? I don't even remember what I said. There's just too much to think about!

He sighs somewhat relieved, but remains stiff and tense.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

I get the impression that we're pretty safe up here for the moment. Not that I know that for sure either, that's just what he told me...

His gentle voice is lost in the DIN when one of the soldiers loses his nerve. The major's temper gets the better of him and explodes in a rage nearly blasting the tense rabble of their feet.

STIRLING

(booming)

Shut up!

Clawed feet are heard SCAMPING AWAY IN THE HOLE BEHIND HIM. Having the soldiers full attention he spits out further orders.

STIRLING

Combine your ammunition! I want to see full weapons in a pile right here, right now!

He takes out some of his frustrations by viciously kicking a dead subhuman out of the way; clearing a space on the blood spattered panel. The soldiers disassemble their weapons and quietly begin to count their bullets. He takes a deep breath trying to compose himself but failing miserably.

STIRLING

Oh shit, where was I Thompson?

THOMPSON

You said that the fusion cannon might not be as useless as he says.

STIRLING

That's right, they could get the gold and then blow us out of the sky with it! But our first priority lies with the colonists. We need to get them up here and the only way is to transport them in a shuttle. Can you see where I'm going with this?

THOMPSON

You can rely on me sir. We'll do our best.

STIRLING

Take a squad of my men- take as many people as you need, but you must; must leave your ammunition here.

THOMPSON

But what if we're attacked?

STIRLING

Well what if we're attacked?
The second we lose control
we'll have an imperium raiding
party on our hands. Besides
you're not going totally empty
handed you'll each be carrying
one of these, it'll buy you
some time.

Stirling points down at a mutant that has a boot tread in mince where it's head should be. Thompson smiles thinking it's a morbid joke until he sees the seriousness in the major's face.

THOMPSON

Ah, yes sir.

He salutes shortly before bending over and slinging the wet furry corpse over his shoulder and ordering a dozen incredulous men to do likewise on their way down the ramp.

STIRLING

Fall in!

The remaining few exhausted men wearily rise to the occasion in their ragged dirty uniforms. Three Russians, two British, a German and an Australian stand awaiting orders.

STIRLING

We're currently under siege by
these furry little bastards
that seem to be everywhere. We
must have killed a thousand of
them in the last attack, but
there are only a few hundred
bodies here, they must be
dragging them back to one
place. If you find that place
then you may be able to create
a pinch point and block it off.
Do you understand?

SOLDIERS

Yes sir!

STIRLING

Then hop to it, but don't
return the same way; you won't
get back.

The men salute and boldly climb into the vent nearby, the last two men to climb in, a Russian and an Englishman are held back

STIRLING

You two, you're with me.

LATER

The nearest vents are now welded shut with scavenged metal and broken rifles, two rested and enlivened soldiers camp out on the enormous panel, recounting the week's events over a game of cards. The nervous major persists in his studies of the control panel.

Pacing back and forward, every once in a while tentatively stepping on a button and coming to conclusions. One small triumph after another; soon discovering how to control the ship's most basic functions.

Testing another theory he jumps on a series of buttons, kicking the bayoneted mutant off what he believes to be the "Transmit" button. Immediately the monitor flashes to life and THE SCREAMING VOICE OF COMMANDER THOMPSON smashes the irenic silence, the startled Russian soldier jumps, dropping his cards into his soup ration.

INTERCUT - INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL PANEL/ INT. SHUTTLECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

THOMPSON
-ell me you didn't touch that
fucking button!

The commander stomps forward over the control panel and puts his hand on his head in frustration as a British soldier just notices his boot has stepped on the edge of a button activating it.

BRITISH SOLDIER #3
Sorry sir!

THOMPSON
(whining)
Ah shit I was so close! Now
what the fuck did that do!?

The frustrated commander has a look on his face similar to anyone who bought a Rubik's cube. The major calmly answers the rhetorical question.

STIRLING
It increases the air humidity.

Commander Thompson ceases his tirade to investigate whether two days without sleep is making him insane. Needless to say the figure of the major in the monitor is a welcoming sight.

STIRLING
Relax Thompson, progress
report.

THOMPSON
Good to see you sir, I thought
you were having a bit of a
laugh ordering us to take those
bodies with us.

STIRLING

Found a use then?

THOMPSON

Yea, inspired plan. Gettin' that fucking airlock door open was a real pain in the ass though, especially when the corpse pile is getting lighter every time you turn around. Thank Christ we got here just before it turned into a stain on the carpet. We're safely sealed in the wet unit's ship and we're just about to get underway.

STIRLING

Yes you are. I think you'll find that your controls are exactly a mirror image of mine, begin by pushing these buttons and you should detach from the airlock.

Thompson carefully follows directions being sure to press the right buttons, in a few seconds the spacecraft shudders slightly and frees itself from the mothership.

STIRLING

You're clear now and holding steady.

THOMPSON

That's amazing sir! How did you know how to do that?

STIRLING

I don't really know, it just seems obvious when you spend enough time looking at it.

THOMPSON

Have you figured out how to move it sir?

STIRLING

That's the easy part; What's difficult is the fact I have no inkling how it moves, remember we're in deep space here, we shouldn't even be standing! But put that thought out of your mind, it'll just make you sick.

He points to a large arrow in the center of the console.

STIRLING

Press that and step back.

The commander apprehensively does so stretching out his leg and applying pressure with the tip of his steel capped boot. After it acknowledges his touch, he springs out of the way as a circular portion of the panel seemingly crumbles like sand next to him and a huge shiny silver ball emerges from within.

The metallic orb silently rises high into the air above them stopping suddenly without warning and without any kind of support.

THOMPSON

Well isn't that something! What does it do?

STIRLING

Believe it or not; It controls the ship. Turn the ball back and forward for pitch, left and right for roll and twist it for yaw. To move; just push in the direction you want to go. I use the term move loosely.

THOMPSON

How do I get up there sir?

STIRLING

Press that tiny little button to the right side of the hole.

The commander kneels down and presses the minute inset button, the faint writing around it is scratched into the surface in a vastly different style to the large printed scrawl that dominates the rest of the controls.

The ball slowly contracts to about the size of a basketball and lowers to chest height as the panel rebuilds itself like a film in reverse.

THOMPSON

(amazed)

Now how did you figure that out???

STIRLING

Consider for a moment that this ship might not have been built for alien use exclusively. It's frighteningly obvious once you're aware of it.

THOMPSON

Aware of what sir?

STIRLING

For instance, how would you get to that set of switches on that wall over there?

THOMPSON

That's easy, I'd just climb up that grill like a ladder.

STIRLING

And what if I asked you to investigate that vent way up there behind you?

THOMPSON

There is a set of crisscrossing decorations over there that go all the way up like switch backs.

STIRLING

Given the vastness of the entire room, is there any mechanical access or vent that you can't get to?

Thompson looks long and hard around the massive single room of the shuttle and finally comes to a surprising conclusion.

THOMPSON

(puzzled)

No sir!

STIRLING

Coincidence perhaps? Or maybe that grill is a ladder and maybe that decoration is a switch back! Have you noticed that the physical mechanics of this ship are so minute and remote that the alien's lumbering bulk couldn't possibly maintain them with any kind of precision. I doubt they'd be able to help themselves if something were to break. And the fact that the vents don't carry any air! They are however just the right size and shape for a man to walk through and access any part of the ship.

THOMPSON

What are you saying? People were running this ship?

STIRLING

They didn't just run it, I think they built it! How else could I get a feel for and operate the controls on a completely alien vessel? It just doesn't make sense otherwise.

THOMPSON
The writing's different too.

STIRLING
Writing? Where?

THOMPSON
Around that little button you
showed me.

The major examines the hole at his feet carefully.

STIRLING
There's nothing written on my
panel, what does yours say?

The commander lowers himself down onto one knee and examines the
scratches more carefully.

THOMPSON
It's definitely letters, there
are two words here- "Murmilius
Aurelius".

STIRLING
Sounds like Latin, I don't know
what it means but it does prove
that there were people here.

THOMPSON
Where do you reckon they are now?

STIRLING
Not here that's for sure, maybe
there was a plague or perhaps
they died in an uprising. I
know they wouldn't last long on
this ship with all the
competition about, maybe that's
why they're so keen to
eliminate the mutants.

THOMPSON
For repopulating with humans?

STIRLING
My thoughts exactly, why they'd
then come to this planet and
set out to destroy it is
another question altogether.

(Urgently)
Wait- if they're here to
repopulate, then there's no way
he'll except my offer! I have
to warn the colonel!

No sooner had he finished his sentence when an impatient BEEPING
emanates from the Majors controls, he almost instinctively steps
on a blinking button in front of him and a thin monitor shoots up
from the console on his right.

The slim screen shows a small squad of seven shiny silver saucerous shuttles screaming swiftly; set on the snowy soviet state seeking the site of the survivor's securely situated stasis system.

STIRLING

Stand-by Commander. I think we just got our answer.

THOMPSON

Yes sir.

Thompson salutes before the major leaps on the bloodstained transmit button blanking out the monitor. The major leaps from button to button like a man possessed, soon the room is filled with the sound of RADIO CRACKLE. Without delay he jumps on the transmit button.

STIRLING

This is major Stirling calling Kamchatka.

(pause)

Come in Kamchatka.

An old Russian voice (COLONEL STOVICH) croaks over the loudspeaker scarred by a lifetime of cheap cigarettes and even cheaper vodka.

STOVICH(V.O.)

Colonel Stovich here. Go head major.

STIRLING

New Intelligence. Tango's closing on your twenty, ETA five minutes.

STOVICH(V.O.)

Understood, we'll be ready for them, Stovich out.

In a virtual frenzy, the major punches buttons like a whack-a-mole game and soon the foreboding mauve figure is on the screen once again scrutinizing them with his single dark soulless eye.

STIRLING

Hirgor, have you considered my generous offer?

HIRGOR

I need more time to discuss the matter with my peers.

STIRLING

Rubbish, your duplicitous ways are clear to see, I'm well aware of your invasion force and they're getting far too close for my comfort.

HIRGOR

Thank you for confirming my suspicions, I was wondering where your base is. It's good to know but my troops have something else in mind entirely. They're going to Fort Knox.

STIRLING

How could you possibly know about that?

HIRGOR

I'll give you a hint.

He clears his throat or whatever he has, sending a few fine strings out of his horizontal mouth like a phlegmy volcano erupting; seconds before he does his best Connery impersonation.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)

Goldfinger, do you expect me to talk? No Mr. Bond! I expect you to die!

STIRLING

Very clever Hirgor, did you see the end of that film by any chance; before you ran off to gloat?

HIRGOR

I did.

The major calmly walks about the control panel.

STIRLING

Then it's not without a sense of irony. You see; just like the film there is a nuclear warhead at Fort Knox, and my finger- or should I say; my foot is on the trigger.

Stirling pivots on his heel over the receptive black metal plate.

HIRGOR

You're bluffing!

STIRLING

You think so? I see your people have just arrived, do you think they can find and defuse it with 007 seconds to spare? Are you really willing to turn your people and your ticket home into a mushroom cloud on so much as a hunch?

(beat)

Hirgor mulls over the problem for a moment.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

It's the only source of gold on earth large enough to send your fleet home. Yet I'm willing to be the bigger man. in order to reach an amicable conclusion.

Stirling smiles taking great delight in his play on words in front of the titan.

HIRGOR

All right, what can it hurt; I'm withdrawing my forces. Now what would you consider to be a conclusion?

Hirgor crosses his boneless arms in front of him.

STIRLING

There are no two ways about it, you have proven yourself to be a threat to us and we ask that you leave immediately.

HIRGOR

We are a threat to you!? That's rich, up until ten years ago, humans were the most prevalent species in the entire galaxy thanks to us!

STIRLING

Oh yea? What happened ten years ago?

Stirling tries to mask his interest.

HIRGOR

Nothing much, one day we just decided that our human clones had come to a point where they could no longer be expected to perform the simplest of duties.

STIRLING

Why was that?

HIRGOR

Humans...

(Pause)

Humans are somewhat unique in the galaxy, simply for the fact that your genetic structures are so malleable. The benefits of this are immediately

(MORE)

apparent in the ways we can tailor humans to specific tasks. However we found out later that the things that make you so useful to us are the very same things that brought about our mutual downfall.

STIRLING

What type of things?

HIRGOR

In two words. Copy degradation. We had only assumed that we would be able to replicate willing workers as long as we saw fit, however every time a clone was copied, we lost some insignificant part in the process, eventually we had nothing left.

STIRLING

What do you want with us? Why can't you do your own dirty work?

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

A)

A massive golden ship arrives over a purple planet with vast oceans and lights of civilization on the dark half. A squadron of tiny ships fly to meet them.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

You fail to realize that for almost a millenia, our civilization has been exploring the origins of known alien transmissions just to see what and who was there.

B)

Hirgor stands at the feet of an almighty humanoid alien that looks angular, shiny and metallic. It's movements painfully slow and deliberate. Bright green insectoid creatures buzz around it like bees. One insect with huge red eyes, lands in front of Hirgor and bows gracefully.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

One group of beings we encountered were so grand in scale, that they were to us; as we are to you. These colossal

(MORE)

aliens had a symbiotic relationship with an intelligent species that would unquestioningly serve their masters in exchange for the opportunity to colonize any new planet they happen upon. We thought of these insects when your species was observed from orbit.

C)

Major Stirling stands with his hands on his hips, listening to Hirgor through the monitor; taking it with a pinch of salt but desperate for any information.

STIRLING

You wanted us to be your insects?

HIRGOR

Quite frankly, yes. I was eager to see whether your people felt the same way.

D)

Hirgor watches the monitor, it's a person sleeping. Hirgor is speaking to the monitor and the person wakes up in a panic sitting bolt upright. Hirgor throws up his hands in despair.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Technologically speaking; I have the ability to communicate with the primitive people in their dreams, but sadly ended up turning them into nightmares, a scenario that would repeat itself countless times.

Disheartened, I prepared my ship for departure-

(interrupted)

E)

STIRLING

(incredulous)

Are you trying to tell me that since you couldn't get any

(MORE)

volunteer slaves you were going to go home? Just like that?

HIRGOR(V.O.)

That's right, just like that. It was simply a matter of finding people who wouldn't knowingly cause us harm. Anything else would have been counterproductive.

F)

Frowning, Hirgor is punching buttons until a light begins to flash on the panel followed by sound waves displayed on the monitor. Hirgor quickly sources the transmission location with a red dot on a world globe on the screen placed in the middle east.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Having failed at my task, I was about to leave when I was surprised to discover that the same unusual transmissions that had brought us here in the first place were currently being broadcast from a city nearby.

G)

Hirgor looks carefully through the map of an ancient city in full swing. Most of the people; conglomerating around a massive arena. Hirgor zooms in.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

It was transmitted to us in the local Aramaic language. Roughly translated it instructed us to leave and to not look back. I disregarded their boastful demands and began a visual search of the city when a Roman coliseum caught my eye.

H)

In the middle of the coliseum a gladiator dressed from head to foot in beautiful shining gold leaf armor dances in the scarlet sand, leading his opponent to the governor's box. At which point without warning, he turns and throws his huge jagged axe with all his might at the governor hitting him with such force to drive the head of the axe through the back of his chair.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

The circus was the beating heart of the city. I watched for a moment as two men fought

(MORE)

for dominance. Inexplicably,
the crowd favourite decided he
no longer wanted to fight.

I)

The coliseum is rioting, no one knows quite what to do or where to go. People are fighting and tumbling over the roughly hewn walls. The champion's opponent hits him on the back with his warhammer knocking him out.

HIRGOR (V.O)

At the time I hadn't a clue
what was going on and I was
curious to find out. I saw the
gladiator lying where he fell
and I was given the opportunity
to speak with his unconscious
mind.

J)

Hirgor touches the control panel focusing on the fallen gladiator putting a white aura around him. Clinical readouts and waveforms fill the screen. Hirgor speaks and listens.

HIRGOR (V.O.)

He told me that he was a
Carthaginian slave, a trophy of
war, used to reenact the
butchery of his homeland for
the enjoyment of the
bloodthirsty mob. But no longer
would he prostitute himself and
decided that he should die that
day. He went on to say that he
was a good man all of his life,
and prayed for my deliverance
every night so that he could be
with his friends and family
again.

K)

Hirgor's massive ship eclipses the sun shrouding the twin cities in darkness. THUNDER and lightning cracks in broad daylight around it sending the whole city into chaos under a metal sky. The giant ship opens a circular iris hatch in the center of the saucer shaped ship and emits a beam of distorted light onto the coliseum.

The entire structure begins to shift and shake as the spectators flee. Soon the gladiator is left alone lying unconscious in the sticky red sand. The building and its stone foundations is quickly wrenched out of the ground and lifted into the sky entering the round hatch which closes after its entry.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

I felt pity for him and decided to send this poor creature back to his homeland. I felt it was the very least I could do, if not for his sake, but for my own peace of mind. I stretched the gravity well over the fallen gladiator and he was taken into the ship.

L)

The huge golden ship slowly climbs back into the sky when suddenly a black spiked ship about a tenth of the size dissolves into existence above them. It immediately begins to spin like a top launching a cascade of dark featureless balls of energy that slam into the ship exploding onto the hull like rain. The black ship launches another volley of torpedoes when the golden ship begins to glow a red fiery aura which collects at one side like a drop of water forming. Then this huge fiery mass drips toward the black ship which immediately drops a decoy flare and phases back out of existence.

The fireball impacts the decoy and sucks in massive amounts of air and earth from the desert expanding in size and building up to an incredible explosion like an atom bomb, burning the twin cities to a cinder before they are pulverized into the desert sand. The golden ship resumes it's ascent high above the mushroom cloud into orbit.

HIRGOR(V.O)

Before I could maneuver away, a warship of unknown design appeared and released a wave of dark energy torpedoes. I targeted the ship and fired the fusion cannon. Thankfully we sustained minimal damage. However the same can't be said about Gomorra and Sodom, the splash damage from the fusion cannon burnt it to ash in seconds.

M)

The major's nervous pacing of the giant control panel is suddenly halted. His stone face cracks under the weight of conclusions.

STIRLING

Are you trying to tell me you're the one that destroyed Sodom and Gomorra? While trying to kill an archangel no less!?!

HIRGOR
Is that what you call them?
Hardly a match for us; but
their vanishing act is unique
and unnerving. You didn't
negotiate a protection pact
with them did you?

(beat)

STIRLING
(confused)
Not as such.

N)

On board the ship Hirgor looks through ship schematics on the monitor. The ship looks just fine. Green flashing words appear on the screen and Hirgor looks relieved. His attention is taken when another alien walks in through the door with something in his hand. Hirgor cups his hands and the gladiator is tipped into them.

(beat)

He slowly regains consciousness and looks around. He stands up proudly saluting Hirgor as he would a Caesar and laying his golden helmet down as a tribute.

HIRGOR (V.O.)
When the gladiator awoke
onboard my vessel; he informed
me of his belief that I was
someone else entirely and he
prayed for a spiritual
deliverance rather than a
physical rescue; as his loved
ones had already succumbed to
wild beasts in the coliseum.
Wanting nothing more than to
see them again in the next
world, he would try to make
amends for his sins committed
in the arena by devoutly
following the warrior code of
his people. Much to my delight,
this included vowing to be my
servant until he can in-turn
save my life.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

The major sarcastically applauds.

STIRLING

Oh well done Hirgor, what a marvelous story. What are you going to do next? Pull a rabbit out of your-

(pause)

Well, I don't suppose you'd have a hat would you?

The tiny man stands fearlessly in front of the giant and laughs in it's huge almost featureless face.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

Tell me why then didn't you just grab a village full of poor unsuspecting people and melt their brain? Or whatever it is you do.

HIRGOR

Quite simply, It's been more than two thousand years since then and we still haven't perfected our brain melting process. You're standing in evidence of that.

The major looks down at pool of sticky coagulated blood that struggles past an intestinal prolapse in the hairy subhuman.

HIRGOR

I lied before about these-diggers being the only survivors of the war. I genetically engineered all the remaining clones for one last task. Lot of good it did, they were so far gone they couldn't even fetch properly!

EXT. DESTROYED CITY - DAY

Two aliens in black exterminator suits stomp over the rubble in a ruined city. Something alerts one alien and raises a small detection device into view. The radar on the small screen has a red blip on it. One of the aliens points in a direction and they break into a sprint towards it, the blip getting closer. When they arrive, they look over the rubble only to find the bodies of several families being devoured by a horde of diggers.

(DIGGERS POV)

The two aliens slowly look at each other in defeat before spraying the camera.

HIRGOR(V.O.)
Somehow through the gene
splicing processes they were
engendered and have become a
menace due to their accelerated
hunger and fecundity. We
believed that if there were any
survivors before; there wasn't
after the digger plague. Since
then we've been trying to wipe
them out in the hopes that a
group of humans will surface.
But we were too late.

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

Stirling stands on the panel with his arms crossed taking in the
full force of the horrors.

STIRLING
And if you found some and they
didn't want to leave?

HIRGOR
As I said; we can't make them
leave, but they would have
sixty years to think about it
before the planet is destroyed.

STIRLING
(Demanding)
Extortion! As far as I'm
concerned the planet is already
finished, what did you do to
it?!?

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

A)

A Vast desert in Africa, a large camel caravan speeds across the
deserts coming into the dusty gates of a tiny walled town in the
middle of nowhere the frantic camel driver leaps off his mount
and is greeted by a old man with heavily wrinkled olive skin in
white cloth and wearing a fez. The old man is equally frantic,
quickly handing the man a newspaper.

(The headline is written in Arabic and captioned in English.
"LOOK UP".)

The two men look up to see the gold metallic sky created by a few
massive saucers in low orbit.

HIRGOR(V.O.)
You're quite convinced that I
had a hand in this? My goals
are the same now as they ever
(MORE)

were. I'll admit that our presence did cause the destruction of this world but through no action of my own. As before I simply sought to find a viable genetic pool of people who would choose to coexist with us. Within a few weeks, even the most isolated nomad and bushman was well aware of our intentions.

B)

A man in his mid 30's badly affected by acne, wearing a homemade futuristic uniform and green pointed ears; quickly gathers up his prized possessions into a backpack. Mostly sci-fi Models and memorabilia. His room is small and dirty crammed with TV and movie posters on the same theme. He takes his backpack and blows a final kiss to a poster of Buffy the vampire slayer before rushing out of his parents house into his minivan which has been painted up to look like a shuttlecraft.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Originally we had believed that the humans would treat us with the same fear and loathing as I had encountered before and was estimated that only a very select lunatic fringe would accept our offer, however this was not the case. Much to my surprise, many thousands of people especially in the first-world countries traveled in their masses to the designated collection areas. A number that would soon spiral out of control.

C)

The Shuttlecraft painted van ends up parked in expansive rows that fills much of the painted desert as far as the eye can see. Similarly space themed as well as ordinary clothed people congregate in massive crowds like some surreal Sci-fi convention, they silently look to the sky and wait.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Soon amassed all over the world was just over a billion people who were discontent with their lot on earth and this number was steadily growing. Even though we were able to take as many as one hundred million and

(MORE)

happy to do it; it simply took
a long time to physically
collect them.

D)

An eastern European country rife with civil war (Albania, Georgia or Bosnia). A man painfully crawls a few inches through the thick snow in his furs. Snow falls on him and his emaciated pained face is blackened with frostbite. He uses his last burst of energy to dig into the snow. His face shows a ray of hope as he uncovers an ear of wheat, he hungrily snatches it up and raises it to his face with his shaking frozen arms when a line of bullet holes blast in his back and flick up the snow. A military jeep rolls into view, the barrel of .50 cal on the back still steaming. The view raises up showing tens of thousands of frozen corpses half buried in the snow.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Approaching almost a week into the great exodus we still hadn't even seen half the people yet. The enormous congregation of refugees camped at places that we had considered only for their geographical significance in regards to population centres. Food, water, shelter was simply not a priority, based on premature considerations and assumptions that we would have picked up perhaps a few thousand volunteers and be well on our way home within the same day, but this was simply not the case. Political and social issues were also not taken into account, often these roaming hordes of refugees would stray into unfriendly territory or become grouped with wildly different religious and class structures causing no end of strife and civil war.

E)

Another mass of tens of millions of people from all over the state camp out in the middle of a large city. The Porta-loos and trucks full of bottled water roll in and out like a conveyor belt but can't keep up with demand. Many people simply squatting in parkland like animals, the greasy runoff washes into the gutters that people are forced to drink out of pure thirst. Pale and shivering people with rolling eyes and blotched skin obviously caused by bad water or plague are being carried into tent hospitals nearby by soldiers wearing full plastic space suits.

In the B.G. A man stands above the crowd dressed in a black robe with the Greek letter "omega" on it in gold and a large black book with the same insignia. He is flanked by black hooded priests. He angrily and animatedly preaches to the huge crowd that watches on with their cold hungry zombie-like eyes.

One of the desperate people dressed in rags with black stains down the back of his pants from dysentery, stumbles into a mostly empty corner store. There is a candy bar on the counter the price marked at \$500.00 He looks at the dirty stained money in his hand and only has \$400.00. He snatches the candy bar of the counter and tries to hobble out of the store as fast as he can when he is stopped by the equally weak shopkeeper. The man loses his mind and goes crazy grasping up an electronic triangular cake lifter from a shelf nearby and stabs the man with it many, many times screaming like a lunatic his eyes wide and soulless.

There is silence. The electronic cake lifter protruding from the man's chest sings "happy birthday to you".

(beat)

The man breaks down crying. The people outside see what he has done and a riot begins as people pile into the small shop. The bloodstained candy bar; snatched out of the murderer's hand. The rioters are being egged on by the black robed preacher on his soapbox. The preacher turns his attention and points to the field hospital and the soldiers working there who are quickly overwhelmed by the murderous mob. Suited businessmen throw themselves out of skyscraper windows all around, crashing to the ground. The preacher's book blows open and there is nothing but blank pages.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

With these problems aside; in the vast majority of cases, the local environment or infrastructure could not support such a surge in population for any length of time, soon depriving them of even the most basic of provisions and amenities, leading to famine and the eventual pandemics that would once again wreak havoc on the unprepared.

Crime, violence, riots and looting became commonplace all over the world. Economic inflation was rife, money was soon made worthless, factions formed overnight and traded in the new currency which was power and intimidation. Equally shared by leaders of secret cults that supposedly predicted our return.

It was a franchise of these

(MORE)

fundamental cults that garrisoned power plants and telecommunications, selling information to the highest bidder and making any further communication with the people of the earth impossible, unless our broadcasts somehow served their purpose. Only then would our message be allowed through the otherwise impenetrable wall of propaganda and hypno-suggestive chants in whatever context they choose.

F)

Hirgor works busily at the panel until unexpectedly, his own image flashes up on the screen in front of him and proudly speaks at length, his own earlier intercepted message being replayed by the cults, the omega insignia in the corner. Hirgor watches himself on the monitor in horror.

Hirgor frantically and fearfully taps away at the control panel bringing up images of the collection points, the poor bedraggled people looking on with dead eyes listening to Hirgor's recorded speech. Then the people look at each other like zombies and behave similarly ripping each other apart like wild animals. Every image he brings up is yet another horrific scene of mass murder, like a million fighting dogs all placed in the same arena. Scenes of disaster so horrific, Hirgor turns a sickly shade of green as he watches helplessly. Some bloody atrocities being reflected in his large black eye.

One image is so shocking he covers his eye and looks away trying to get the image out of his powerful mind. Another alien enters the room and reports to Hirgor who is on his knees. His hands over his ears looking at the ground. The other alien sees the screen and he is similarly repulsed, jumping backwards as if he's seen the face of the devil. Hirgor shouts at the alien who nods slowly in agreeance trying not to look at the monitor. He leaves the room quickly escaping the slaughter.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

One transmission did reach the people in it's entirety, however it's broadcast was purposely delayed to horrific effect. It consisted of a brief message informing the people of the world that we could only take one in ten people with us and would be selecting only the fittest of candidates. In the current social climate of perverse villainy, the hopeless people took this to mean only one thing. Men, women and

(MORE)

children set about committing acts so morally reprehensible against each other on such a scale that it forced us to reconsider our objectives. How could we watch them do such odious depraved things, let alone live with it, live with them!

(pause)

In less than a month; the thin veneer of human society was picked off and flicked away like a scab that encrusted on little more than a pretense of civility.

G)

Major Stirling stands wide eyed listening to Hirgor's elegant rantings.

HIRGOR

The Romans, the gladiators in their barbarous ways were still leaps and bounds ahead of this false society; simply because they were honest about it, honest about who and what they are and proposed no misrepresentations! This fact had become shockingly apparent after you've just stabbed your neighbor with a singing cake-lifter. For what? What is it we offer that would drive a man to that level of malignancy?

(pause)

The answer is that we offer a respectful wholesome continuation of humanity, an opportunity to grow together and supporting each other as a single united people. An opportunity that has been reserved by default! The flawed mentality is such that you should expect to get into heaven by butchering St. Peter and stealing his keys!

H)

The president of a powerful nation and his military cohorts are in an underground missile silo, their eyes full of cold hatred. The alien ships appear on the monitors all around them. The men go through the ceremony of breaking cards, reciting numbers and

turning keys before the president presses the infamous red button.

The spheroid transport ships full of people begin their decent easily evading the thousand nuclear missiles that appear from all parts of the country. The missiles simply don't have the thrust to pursue the huge but agile ships in the thin air of high atmosphere and they quickly burn out their fuel trying, all at once they come crashing down all over the earth. Immediately every other country launches their vengeance weapons. The sky flashes with atomic lightning as mushrooms grow on the horizons.

HIRGOR(V.O.)

Meanwhile the world leaders were incredulous as their power fell through their hands like water; seemingly reduced to being a rival of the factions. Who was to blame? Simplistically we were, but they blindly sought revenge for their effortless abdication. Ignoring the fact that despite our provoking but benign advent; we were in no way a threat. They knew this to be true but we were responsible for the moral rout of mankind. There was no denying it now, they were no better than animals in cages; our cages, and we no longer wanted them. With heavy heart; I had once again ordered the ten transport ships down to the earth to send the people back from whence they came, except this time they would face unspeakable horrors at the hands of their own people who had at that final stage adopted infanticide and cannibalism to survive.

I)

On board one of the ships, a small group of people dressed up like their favorite Sci-fi Characters including the pimply green eared man from the earlier scene; emerge from a tunnel onto the floor of the control room. From there they can see the monitor and it's quite clear the alien at the controls is returning them to earth. Naked clones walk around, mindlessly carrying out their simplistic chores as best they can.

The small group rushes back into the tunnel waved on by the pimply man who speaks endlessly and knowingly until they come to a golden machine puffing gas at regular intervals. He opens a panel on the machine and looks inside at a blue glowing cylinder that stands prominently. He then takes off his backpack and finds

a Sci-fi poster of a fantasy device that looks similar; labeled as a "Grylithium Demodulator".

Thinking he knows exactly what to do he reaches in and touches the cylinder, breaking what was in fact a solid beam of light his hand instantly exploding at the wrist. The attached gas tank swells with pressure and explodes slicing him open with long shards of hot metal destroying the device completely plunging them into darkness and zero gravity. They pull what's left of themselves out of the tunnel as fast as they can into the Control room only to see the earth spiral towards them until they hit the ground. The alien turns and looks at them with disgust.

HIRGOR (V.O)

Further proving the validity of our decision, the humans on board of one ship had somehow learnt of their fate and would do anything to prevent their return to earth. Their own fantasies of space; borrowed from feeble-minded writers dominated their sense of realism as they haphazardly sabotage the delicate mechanics of the ship. It surely would have worked except for the fact that this idea was by no means original and was enacted by a large proportion of the ten million people aboard who inadvertently paralyzed the dimension generator. The crew of the ship didn't have time to escape as the gravity of the planet reasserted itself and pulled them to their doom. I immediately ordered the remaining crews to cease their descent and to abandon the ships for fear of future subversion.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

Stirling listens intently pacing on the panel deep in thought before offering a question.

STIRLING

You just abandoned ninety million people hundreds of miles above the earth?

HIRGOR

Yes I did, it wasn't what I had intended but I was forced to act. Sadly I lost a crew and I wasn't about to lose another; let alone nine more. If you properly consider the facts, I didn't abandon them; rather I gave them the ships as a gift. After all; they have already demonstrated confidence in their mechanical ability.

STIRLING

What happened to them?

HIRGOR

Most of them exploded, one imploded, another phased out of existence, one charged the fusion engines and disappeared from sight.

(laughs)

One was quite amusing, have you noticed you don't have a moon anymore? I wish I'd recorded that!

STIRLING

You think its funny? You think one hundred million dead people is a big joke?

The major paces the panel in a rage the veins bulging on his forehead.

HIRGOR

No disrespect is intended but in our culture; suicide is always very amusing. The bodies of the-

(pause)

There is a word we call them that has no counterpart in your language, the closest thing to it would be the football term, "Own Goal". The own goals aren't allowed the sanctity of the sea, instead they are sent to garbage satellites to be preserved and ridiculed for a thousand years before they finally turn to dust.

STIRLING

But unlike you we value the lives and dignity of our people, all people!

HIRGOR

Tell that to the human with the cake lifter that sings muffled songs of goodwill. I have witnessed atrocities far worse than that; but it seemed a fitting metaphor for your fall from grace.

STIRLING

You actually believe it was suicide? That wasn't suicide! You killed them, you killed everyone with your lies and now you're trying to kill us!

HIRGOR

Come now Major, what else could you possibly call it? Those ships were in perfect working order when I gave them up! In case you hadn't noticed, you humans are categorically self destructive. Even the mutants know better than to meddle with they-know-not-what. I suppose it had to happen sooner or later given your purposeless nonsensical nature that you have somehow developed over the last two thousand years of mental neglect.

STIRLING

They aren't soldiers!

HIRGOR

Exactly, if they were in fact governable then there'd be no need for soldiers or police. You put your life on the line for them but are they really worth saving? Let me ask you, what if one of the ships had somehow remained intact despite their manic tampering, would you welcome them all aboard without hesitation?

(beat)

The major sighs turning away from the monitor, embarrassed that he needs to consider it. Coming to an awful conclusion that enlightens him.

STIRLING

No, I don't suppose I would.

HIRGOR

As you have realized you distance yourself from them, you have in effect discarded them mentally and physically by not expecting to see them when you awake from stasis. That is why you and your colonists are special. You have dedicated yourself to forging a new life, building a new world from nothing. All your ties have been severed clean and for good reason you have abandoned them. I think you would do well to forget these sentimental ideals that have succeeded only in your eventual destruction.

STIRLING

You are an elegant speaker Hirgor, you have put forward some intriguing concepts, but the whole idea is nothing short of ludicrous! I don't trust you, I can't; there's just too much at stake and I'll take the time I need to properly study the situation, time is the one thing I have plenty of.

Hirgor's skin rapidly contracts and changes colour as if in shock and lost for words. The subtle CLICKING of iron claws on the panel behind the major squeezes a puff of air out of his lungs as he realizes what it could be.

Like a flash he spins on the spot drawing his nickel plated Mauser from his black nylon holster. The hideous shaggy creature is in mid flight. It's beady red bloodshot eyes set in it's greasy crumpled leathery face stare murderously through it's thick blade like claws stretched out as it pounces for murder; just seconds from slicing him to pieces.

The major directs his gun and fires three frantic shots into the body mass of the mutant putting a wet shine on the black fur. The beast staggers backwards quickly regaining it's balance. Despite it's injuries; it lunges again. The major doesn't hesitate to send another four slugs of lead through the defiant mutant who does a little dance of death shortly before stumbling over the control panel's sharp edge and down to the plate steel floor launching it's internal organs beyond it's sticky jagged outline.

The major wastes no time snatching up a compact submachine-gun from the pile nearby. Snapping a bullet into the chamber, he whips his head around scanning for others and his companions who had simply disappeared, ominously their cards still soaking up the scarlet ooze where they once sat.

Training his eyes around the panel and up the ramps, he catches a glimpse of a body being dragged into a hole on a catwalk above

the ramp. A distant STATIC OF CLINKING CLAWS and shadows recede back into the darkness of the vents that litter the sizable walls of the room. Finding no immediate threat he slings the .45 UMP over his shoulder. Hirgor's thunderous enunciation's return his attention to the screen.

HIRGOR

Were you saying something about time major?

STIRLING

(furious)

Nothings going to force me to make a decision of this magnitude, not you and especially not your freaks!

HIRGOR

Then I'm afraid we have reached an impasse, one that cannot be settled with words alone. I'm aware of the precariousness of your position and I can tell you don't have very long to consider the matter. If you should be killed by the mutants then I fear negotiations between our people will fail and all hope of an amicable solution to our mutual problems will be lost forever. Therefore I have decided to go to Fort Knox and take what I need. Whether you try to stop me is up to you.

STIRLING

Just hold that thought. This won't take a moment.

The major steps on a small button nearby. The RADIO CRACKLE once again fills the room.

STIRLING

Major Stirling to colonel Stovich.

STOVICH(V.O)

Stovich here; go ahead major.

STIRLING

Is the nuclear deterrent on standby?

STOVICH(V.O)

One hundred megaton Pacifier missile prepped in tube three.

STIRLING
Request launch clearance.

STOVICH(V.O)
Really? What's the target?

STIRLING
(grinning)
Fort Knox.

STOVICH(V.O)
Confirm Fort Knox military
base- Kentucky? Sure, I can't
see what it'd hurt.

STIRLING
Confirmed, projected ETA?

STOVICH(V.O)
Close to four hours.

STIRLING
Very good, Stirling out. You
hear that Hirgor? In just a few
hours the world's biggest gold
repository is going to become
the worlds biggest gold
suppository! Because you can
stick it! I told you I wasn't
going to be intimidated, but
you just had to keep on pushing
didn't you!?

HIRGOR
Humans are a sedentary species,
if there was no push; no
necessity then you would never
accomplish anything. I sought
to end the stalemate and I've
succeeded in doing that.

STIRLING
Well that was an expensive bit
of motivation now wasn't it?

HIRGOR
Nothing has been lost, my
people should be able to
extract what we need in time.

STIRLING
(upbeat)
Well then you'd better get
cracking eh?

(beat)

Stirling smiles As Hirgor changes to a dark red hue with
suspicion, and then defeat.

HIRGOR

Well played major, use this time wisely. I hope when you are amongst your own people, you will take their futures into account and make the right decision.

Hirgor stabs at the buttons on his console in exasperation deadening the monitor. Conversely mirrored by the major as he punches the air in triumph. His jubilation is short lived however by the ominous NOISES coming from the silver rectangular holes scattered about the room.

Stirling dials the commander who soon appears alone on the screen manipulating the shiny metallic orb that hovers in front of him.

STIRLING

Commander Thompson, progress report.

The dark uniformed man steps forward smiling; obviously tickled by his newly found abilities.

THOMPSON

It's just like you said sir, the controls of these ships is so intuitive it's scary. I can fly like a bird!

STIRLING

Well that's good but have you figured out how to create a gravity well?

THOMPSON

(puzzled)

The what in the what sir?

STIRLING

Never mind, I'll have to figure that out for myself. Now commander-

(pause)

Commander, where are the troops?

THOMPSON

I sent them to investigate the vents to make sure that the mutant infestation hasn't spread to the shuttle.

STIRLING

Did they find any?

THOMPSON

No sir but further communications were unreadable.

STIRLING

Pull them back at your first opportunity Thompson. To make a long story short, the aliens are raiding Fort Knox, they're busting their guts trying to drag as much gold out of there as possible before it's obliterated by a nuclear strike in less than four hours.

Thompson tries to keep it in but he can't help but smile at the ludicrousness of it all.

(beat)

STIRLING

(enraged)

Are you fucking smiling!?! Do you think this is some kind of fucking game we're playing here?!

THOMPSON

No sir!

STIRLING

Well you better screw your head on straight because I'll just as quickly find someone who can appreciate the gravity of this shitfight we're in!

(pause)

I want you to go down to the planet, down to Fort Knox and harass the aliens. Use your own judgment, but don't commit any men, I want you to bring them all back alive and intact.

Major Stirling is startled by a sudden COMMOTION that seems to ring out from all of the vents at once. He grips the handle of the black polished submachine-gun ever tighter as he scans about the room for movement.

THOMPSON

Yes sir, I won't let you down sir.

STIRLING

See to it that you don't.

(pause)

If you don't hear from me again, assume the worst. Stirling out.

The major reciprocates the salute before the screen falls silent, replaced by a great cacophony of CLINKING METAL on metal that echoes around the vacuous room. The pandemonium reaches a fever

pitch when a handful of mutants are kicked out of a vent high up near the ceiling on the opposite side of the room.

The diggers fall from the catwalk taking the best part of a minute for their diminutive bodies to shatter on the silver metallic floor. The major is taken aback by just how large the room actually is.

Immediately emerging from the vent is the battered German soldier (LENZ) pursued by a seemingly unending chain of vicious mutants who flow out onto the narrow unguarded catwalk after him. Their zealous charge only temporarily halted by brutal blasts from automatic pistols that take turns to splatter the genetic monsters as they draw near.

He backpedals away from them toward the end of the catwalk launching the last few bullets into the shaggy horde before discarding his guns and escaping onto a grate that extends almost down to the ground.

The mutants climb onto the grate after him somewhat hindered by their long iron claws that CLINK and CLANK on the giant silver metal lattice. Major Stirling dashes to the pile of guns nearby grasping a rifle as a great uproar thunders from the nearest vent behind him.

He drops the rifle and swings the submachine-gun to the ready; aimed on the orifice as a Russian soldier (IVECHENKO) emerges and jumps down a step to the panel below.

IVECHENKO
(wheezing)
Soldar IVECHENKO reporting.

Ivechenko visibly exhausted and out of breath puffing his words soaked with phlegm, he manages a pitiful salute. Private Ivechenko is a young Russian soldier with short straw coloured hair his long grey felt trenchcoat is ragged and the buttons pulled through from a few close calls.

STIRLING
Don't bother, just help that
man!

IVECHENKO
Man?

The major quickly points out the wave of black and brown beasts that are crawling down the wall after the German soldier. The Russian looks down the major's arm in shock becoming aware of the crisis on the opposite side of the room.

Without delay, he removes the long Dragunov sniper rifle from his shoulder and kneels on the blood smeared panel looking down the large telescopic sight. He takes what seems like forever twisting some knobs on the scope as an Australian soldier (SLIGHT) emerges from the vent, jumping to the panel behind them. Slight is as his name suggests, a wiry soldier with dark impulsive eyes, his uniform looks like he put it on with a pitchfork.

SLIGHT
Bloody hell!

He quickly stares down the small tactical sight of his Steyer and firing a few short bursts aimed at the brown mass before the gun is soundly kicked out of his hands by the boot of the major sending it skidding across the polished metal. The tactical sight hitting him in the eye giving him a shiner.

STIRLING
(shouting)
Idiot! You'll kill him!

Stirling quickly turns to see the effects of the, spray and pray, mentality; peering through his fingers he sees the sparks and pops of ricocheting bullets dancing around a wide area, one bullet coming frighteningly close to the soldier's head causing him to lose his grip and slip down a few rungs.

The bullets rake the group of mutants causing a few to drop down the wall, a falling corpse pounds into Lenz who hangs on for dear life after losing his nerve on the side of the precipice.

(IVECHENKO'
S POV)

The Russian soldier finishes adjusting his scope after what seemed like minutes. The high CALIBER rifle BOOMS into life sending a single pellet of high velocity death into the heart of the nearest creature almost ripping it in halves.

The slug paints the wall with scarlet blood and sending the shredded; eviscerated pieces crashing down to the floor below in a red mist. This was a message that the diggers could not ignore, sending them scrambling into the relative safety of the nearest vent.

The exhausted German soldier gives a thumbs up that only the Russian can see through his scope, then slowly making his tensed trembling muscles descend another few hundred metres to the camouflaged catwalk below to rejoin his platoon.

STIRLING
Nice shot Ivechenko, Who is
your commanding officer?

Young Russian man jumps to his feet,

STIRLING (CONT'D)
At ease private, you're safe
now.

He snaps to attention standing straight as an arrow, slipping slightly on the sticky drying blood.

IVECHENKO
Sir, speak England no me.

STIRLING
That's OK, sit down for a
while.

He says smiling putting his hand on his shoulder and gesturing to relax. Turning away from him. Stirling squints his eyes in disgust and turns to the Australian who is already lying back on the ground with his eyes closed.

STIRLING

(Snaps)

Attention!

Stirling stands over him who narrowly misses butting heads after Slight springs up like a Jack-in-the-box.

STIRLING

(disgust)

You! Who are you corporal?

Before he can answer; the major lashes out smearing a chunk of coagulated blood off his name patch "SLIGHT".

STIRLING

Slight eh? Well what happened down there corporal? What happened to the others? Did you shoot them!? I wouldn't be a bit surprised!

SLIGHT

No sir, no nothing like that!

STIRLING

Then what's it like? What happened!? I'm waiting!

SLIGHT

We were in the tunnels followin' some blood trails, the trails went in two directions so we split up, probably not the smartest idea. Has Wizbaski and Rogers returned?

STIRLING

No it wasn't! And no they didn't! But that's besides the point. Tell me, just how did a horde of mindless animals with clanking metal feet manage to get the better of you!

(pause)

In a tunnel no less!

SLIGHT

Sir, there was only a few hundred feet of tunnel, opened right up into a room much bigger than this one-

(interrupted)

The monitor suddenly jumps into life derailing the soldier's train of thought. Hirgor appears menacingly, his skin contracting into red ridges.

HIRGOR
(enraged)
What is the meaning of this!

Major Stirling quickly and quietly orders the two men, with a few quick motions of his hands. Changing his persona, he turns to the imposing figure in the monitor.

STIRLING
(Cheerful)
I'm afraid you'll have to be more specific.

The soldiers follow orders and crouch next to him on both sides staring down their sights protecting his flank.

HIRGOR
Your shuttle is becoming a menace and I ask you to recall it immediately!

STIRLING
(mockingly)
Really? What's he up to?

HIRGOR
See for yourself!

Hirgor shouts as he flicks at a button on his control panel. Immediately the monitor changes to a view of the Kentucky landscape, the sky is a filthy orange colour with dark swirls over a blackened earth.

The military base is nothing but a ruin with turned over jeeps and pieces of hardware scattered amongst gutted buildings. In the center of the monitor the monolithic square structure of the repository; scarred by many conflicts and attempts to get inside.

The gold repository dances high above the ground like a marionette on invisible strings as three gigantic sliver saucers focus beams of bent light on the building; raising it up and trying to levitate it into the cavernous access port in the centre ship.

Their work is disrupted however by a diminutive ship that repetitively soars through the beams of bent light which causes them to destabilize and disappear for a moment. The repository flops on that corner like one of the marionette's strings was cut as the other two ships strain themselves to keep it steady until the broken beam can reinitialize.

HIRGOR
I thought we had an agreement!

Stirling looks on in excitement at the screen, the repository at one point dropping fifty metres before the beam is reinitialized.

STIRLING

(jokingly)

Whoa! Nearly lost it there you really should be more careful, you don't know how long it's going to be before there's an accident.

HIRGOR

Stop this immediately! What else could you possibly want from us?

STIRLING

(adamant)

I thought we had an agreement too until I saw what it takes to recover a building of that size and weight. There are certain immovable components inside our bunker that are essential to our survival and I ask, no - I demand that you help us recover it, now.

Just as fierce and determined, Hirgor stares him down with his large dark eye.

HIRGOR

(intense)

Don't threaten me human, I can just as easily write-off the entire human race as a failed voyage. Sixty years is but a mere moment in our life span. Even if you somehow escaped to the earth, by that time you'll be dead and perhaps your grown up children and their children can all hold hands on the beach watching their future's end; right up until they're slowly cooked alive. What will their last thoughts be before their collective brains boil? Disgust at the hopeless position they were forced into? Or blame perhaps? Tell me major, where does the blame lie?

Major Stirling fumes with rage, his face and fists; tight with hate.

STIRLING

(spits)

Damn you!

HIRGOR
Do your worst major, because I
will do mine.

STIRLING
You want to see my worst!? You
got it!

He threatens in a tantrum, taking the soldiers by surprise, never seeing him act this way. He stamps on a small button nearby.

STIRLING (CONT'D)
Thompson! Stop playing around
and go to work!

THOMPSON (V.O.)
With pleasure sir!

The shuttle bolts away disappearing from sight in less than a second. Without any further interference, the repository stops swaying as all three beams are reestablished and the giant building is rapidly pulled hundreds of metres into the sky.

It approaches the cavernous port in the base of the third ship which quickly moves into position directly over the payload.

HIRGOR
Putting your vendetta above
your entire race? I was hopeful
you were different to the
others, but now I see that
you're just another animal in a
cage.

STIRLING
Don't discount animals so
quickly Hirgor, even a blind
pig can find a truffle.

Without warning the shuttle returns like a bolt of lightning; traveling at a frightening speed breaking through all three aligned beams which simultaneously crackle and fade.

HIRGOR
(booming)
No!!!

The massive building tumbles out of control and within seconds smashes flat to the ground; sending shock waves through the earth. It finally comes to rest partially buried in the greasy scorched sand.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
Look what you've done! You've
just doomed your people and you
don't even know it! Your
metaphor of the blind pig
couldn't have been more
(MORE)

accurate. Why did you do it?
Why couldn't you have been a
goldfish instead?

STIRLING
A goldfish?

(beat)

Frustrated by the apparent lack of concern in Major Stirling's face, he fumes in silence for a moment considering his options, followed by a moment of painful clarity.

HIRGOR
I am so very tired of answering
your endless inane questions!
So I must now say good-bye. You
have already chosen your path,
and now I have chosen ours.
Being very generous on our
part, I have decided to ignore
your presence on this planet
and carry on with our plans as
if you don't exist. If for any
reason at all, we are reminded
of your presence, even so much
as a transmission, I will
personally exterminate every
one of your kind from the face
of the planet. Do I make myself
clear?

STIRLING
(mockingly)
Yup.

HIRGOR
Good, in order to prevent any
fatal accidents; I must also
explain that we have
settlements on some pacific
islands, stay well clear of
them and your people will be
able to suffer the next sixty
years underground. Farewell
Major, I hope for your sake I
never see you again.

And with that final chilling remark the screen becomes ominously empty. Cpl. Slight who has been horrified beyond words by the whole encounter; shuns his duty and watches helplessly from his position in front of the monitor.

Major Stirling calmly walks over to the bright gold transmit button and jumps on it with both feet in defiance

SLIGHT
(whines)
Oh fuck.

Once again the great beast's strange presence fills the room. Major Stirling offers one word to the incredulous creature that sits silently with a -now you've done it!- expression on its leathery aquatic face.

STIRLING
Goldfish?

Hirgor turns a dark red colour with raised ridges of bright yellow.

HIRGOR
You're either very smart or very stupid, human.

STIRLING
Goldfish, what did you mean by that?

HIRGOR
The Goldfish was the name given to our clone when the Roman governor made him a citizen, or more precisely- Murmillus Aurelius

STIRLING
(disbelief)
Murmillus Aurelius?!

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT CONTROL PANEL- SPACE. FLASHBACK

The crude letters carved into the control panel appear in clarity. Undoubtedly the name "Murmilius Aurelius".

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - SPACE.

Stirling looks terribly confused, working things over in his head.

HIRGOR
Now I can finally bury the goldfish, and I'm afraid you'll have to share his grave. It's all over.

STIRLING
No! Hirgor no! It's only just begun! I'm calling off the nuclear strike.

HIRGOR
(in hope)
You can do that?

STIRLING
With the flick of a switch.

Stirling says confidently stamping on buttons, once again sounding the RADIO CRACKLE.

STIRLING
Major Stirling to Colonel Stovich.

STOVICH(V.O.)
Stovich here, just what the hell is going on up there Major? I don't take firing nuclear missiles lightly!

STIRLING
There's too much to tell, you'll have to trust me on this one sir.

(beat)

Colonel Stovich sighs into the microphone filling the room with STATIC.

STOVICH(V.O.)
All right. What can I do for you now?

STIRLING
Can you give me the ETA for the Pacifier missile?

STOVICH(V.O.)
A couple of hours, maybe more maybe less.

STIRLING
Can't you be more specific sir?

STOVICH(V.O.)
Negative Major, we've lost track of it, relays have been sabotaged all over the globe, they're transmitting religious chants for something called the Church of the apocalypse.

STIRLING
Are you telling me there's no way we can stop the missile?!

Hirgor immediately assumes deception.

STOVICH(V.O.)
That's affirmative.

STIRLING
I see, keep trying to reestablish communications with the missile, its imperative that we stop it.

STOVICH (V.O.)
Understood, we'll do what we
can but it's a damn mess down
here!

STIRLING
Thank you, Stirling out.

HIRGOR
(suspicious)
With the flick of a switch?

STIRLING
Usually.

Stirling sighs as he begins to pace.

HIRGOR
I don't think so. I think you
arranged that little production
for my benefit beforehand
didn't you? Once again you're
trying to buy time, perhaps
lure me and my people into a
vulnerable position? My trust
is not so easily won, nor am I
so easily fooled.

STIRLING
There's no time to argue! Why
can't your gravity-well
generators simply suck the gold
up into your ship?

HIRGOR
Quite simply, all our
technology runs on fusion
generators, the upside is
infinite power, the downside is
nothing less. If I were to warp
gravity around the fort in the
condition it's in, the gold
bars and other relatively small
debris would be pulled up at
exponential speed cutting this
ship into ribbons!

STIRLING
How much gold will it take to
get your fleet home?

HIRGOR
No less than fifty-five tonnes.

STIRLING
Then we'd better get busy.

He steps on some buttons activating a small monitor that rises from the panel to his right, Thompson appears seemingly having the time of his life twisting and stabbing at the ball that floats in front of him.

Two dozen queasy soldiers grimace as the shadows of the horizon and light from the red poisoned sun spiral over them, none noticing the small monitor silently slide out from the panel.

STIRLING

Thompson!

THOMPSON

Sir!

Thompson ceases his aerobatics. Stepping away from the metallic ball and standing to attention.

STIRLING

Commander I want you to return to Fort Knox.

THOMPSON

Why sir? No more attempts on the gold have been made.

STIRLING

There's going to be one more, yours. I need sixty tonnes of gold as soon as possible and by any means necessary.

THOMPSON

The missile?

STIRLING

On target unfortunately, we've lost telemetry so it could be anywhere. Early estimates predict arrival within the next three hours but we don't know when.

THOMPSON

Let me get this straight. You want us to go treasure hunting, unarmed in a post apocalyptic nightmare; filled with flesh eating demons at ground zero?

STIRLING

That's about the meat of it, we don't have much time.

THOMPSON

With all due respect sir, I think this plan deserves a bit more thought. I mean, what are

(MORE)

we going to do with sixty tonnes of gold??? In case you hadn't noticed; the bottom fell out of the market years ago! Just what the hell are we going to do with it?

STIRLING

We're going to give it to the aliens, that's what! Do you have a problem with that!?

Thompson can't believe it, he tries to squeeze a protest past the lump in his throat but fails miserably under Stirling's piercing unwavering stare.

THOMPSON

No sir! We'll do our best.

STIRLING

Then stop talking and snap to it.

THOMPSON

(rebellious)

I hope you know what you're doing.

The monitor goes dead sinking out of sight. the focus is put directly on Hirgor who has been quietly listening and watching the current events as they unfold. Suspicious to the point of dismissive, he groans at Major Stirling who paces the floor with his hand on his chin.

HIRGOR

I don't know what you're up to, but I can tell you right now that its not going to work. Still, I would have been disappointed if you didn't at least try.

STIRLING

You still think this is some kind of a trick?

HIRGOR

Both you and I know it's going to be virtually impossible to move that amount of gold in the time available. Which leads me to think that there is some ulterior motive to this altruistic gesture, something tells me that it will present itself momentarily.

Almost as if to finish his thought, the screen once again slides up into view.

HIRGOR
Speak of the devil, and the
devil; he appears!

STIRLING
What is it now commander?

THOMPSON
We're right over the fort now
sir, the place is swarming with
those little bastards- must
have come to see what all the
racket was about.

HIRGOR
I know what you're about to say
Major but you might as well go
ahead and say it.

THOMPSON
What are you doing talking to
that pusbag for!?

STIRLING
(furious)
Shut up Thompson!

He yells furiously before turning his head back to Hirgor on the
giant central monitor.

STIRLING
The only way around this is for
you to send your exterminators
to clear a path for us.

HIRGOR
(fast)
Denied! Anything else?

STIRLING
Damn it! Hirgor, can't you help
at all?

HIRGOR
Sure I can, you see these two
happy fellows here and here

He says pointing to large red inset disks at the furthest
extremes of the control panel.

STIRLING
Yes I can, what do they do?

HIRGOR
Well this one turns clockwise
and this one turns
counterclockwise, activate them
both at the same time and all
your problems will disappear -
amongst other things.

Hirgor emits a gurgling alien laugh that sends fine filaments of spittle out of his horizontal hooked mouth.

STIRLING

Christ! give me something
useful! Like-

(beat)

He looks around quickly trying to think of something. Thompson speaks up.

THOMPSON

Tell us how to beam stuff up,
like you do.

HIRGOR

The gravity well generator? Oh
what fun- I'll tell you on one
condition.

STIRLING

Which is?

HIRGOR

I get to record it, something
like this is a shoe-in to win
the -Universe's stupidest life
form competition.

STIRLING

You're joking.

HIRGOR

Not at all, the cash and prizes
are vast to say the least.

STIRLING

Hirgor! I couldn't care less
about your stupid competition!
All I want to know is how you
work the generator!

HIRGOR

But of course you do, and I
want to see you work it too!
All you have to do press this
little black button over here
in the centre of this gold
triangle, that will bring the
targeting systems online, then
select your target with the
cross hair. Once you have done
that just press the three
points of the triangle
simultaneously and hold them
down.

STIRLING
Did you hear that Thompson?

THOMPSON
Yes sir, I also heard about the
Stupidest life form
competition.

STIRLING
Good for you. Begin
preparations and inform me when
you are ready to commit.

THOMPSON
Suicide sir?

STIRLING
I'm not going to tell you again
Thompson! Do it!!!

THOMPSON
(belligerent)
Yes Sir.

Thompson stamps communications closed

(beat)

Without warning, Slight's rifle sings out with FOUR SHORT BURSTS, making everyone jump. Stirling And Ivechenko spin around just in time to see the last of a pack of diggers holding it's guts in before it crumples to the ground with the others, the vents all around the room seem to come alive with hushed TINKLINGS of metal on metal, but no more were to appear for the moment.

HIRGOR
They're getting quite daring
now if I'm not mistaken. Your
time is running out.

Stirling ignores him. The monitor slides up once again, Thompson appears, his expression as dirty as the planet's air.

THOMPSON
In position and ready to go.

STIRLING
Good work Commander, evacuate
all non essential personnel to
the more solid parts of the
ship. You may fire when ready.

Thompson does as he asks and sends all but two soldiers into the relative safety of the vents. Thompson directs a man onto each point of the triangle that illuminates under their feet. Thompson holds his foot over the last point and turns to the Major.

THOMPSON
I always loved skyrockets when
I was a kid, now I get to be
one!

He says as he jumps on the plate. Immediately the ship begins to hum as if A TURBINE IS BUILDING UP SPEED.

STIRLING
Slight, Ivechenko- stay close.

They nod in agreeance as the exhausted German soldier (LENZ) completes his marathon and finally arrives at the panel dropping to his knees and shedding his pack on the ground. He's a lanky square jawed man with short blonde hair and a comparatively clean grey uniform.

STIRLING
You, what's your name private?

LENZ
Lenz sir.

STIRLING
Stay close Lenz, and do exactly
as I say.

On the small monitor displaying the inside of Thompson's shuttle. The WHIRRING HUM slowly grows in volume and intensity until it couldn't get any louder or shriller, then there is a great explosion behind them as gold bars and concrete blast up through the floor and imbed in the ceiling, most dropping back down, others shooting clear through the ceiling. One golden brick flies at the camera and Stirling's small monitor goes dead, sinking back into the panel.

STIRLING
Now! Get on the triangle!

Slight and Ivechenko dart for the points of the triangle illuminating them. But Lenz has no idea what's going on. With no time for delay Major Stirling grabs him by the collar and throws him onto the final point.

The generator aboard Stirling's ship immediately begins to power up. Stirling scrambles across the panel and madly stabs at the button in the centre of the triangle, immediately targeting Thompson's shuttle in the main monitor.

EXT. FORT KNOX - DAY

Stirling's mothership dwarfs Thompson's shuttle; over the smashed repository. A beam of light from the shuttle bathes the crumbling ruin of the repository which is being broken apart under the strain. A solid stream of gold and debris is launched at it by it's gravity generator. The weight of ballistic gold Smashing through it's perforated hull.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT CONTROL PANEL - DAY

The internals of the ship are in chaos with elemental gold being launched at Thompson and his men from all angles cutting the ship to pieces making a wall of solid NOISE. Not even the Soldiers are safe inside the vent as golden missiles pierce the thick hull at random. The men scream in panic as the walls explode around them, some being sliced by shrapnel and eviscerated by chunks of gold flying at them at supersonic speeds.

Thompson can't believe what he's seeing as gold bars WHIZZ by inches from his face. The control panel EXPLODES next to him right where a soldier was standing but he's nowhere to be found, all that remains is a pair of bloody boots.

EXT. FORT KNOX - DAY

An ALMIGHTY EXPLOSION rocks the shuttle and it begins to fall out of the sky twisting, turning and plummeting to ground below. Less than a second from disaster, Major Stirling's gravity well grapples the perforated ship and slowly raises it back into the sky, its crumbling hull is dragged into the open portal at the base of the mothership.

Just as the hatch is coming to a close around them, the nuclear missile smashes through the atmosphere above them. Hirgor immediately punches the ship to full speed in any direction quickly followed by Major Stirling as the blast radiates out from ground zero smashing into their ships and frying their tail feathers as Kentucky falls back down to earth as fallout.

INT. SPACESHIP - SPACE

Every sensor and button on the Majors panel BEEPS in panic.

HIRGOR

Very impressive, well done.
Unfortunately your soldier's
courageousness has rendered it
invalid for the stupidity
competition.

STIRLING

(puffing)

We have your gold Hirgor, now
we can negotiate.

HIRGOR

What is it you want?

STIRLING

In exchange, I demand that you
help me recover my people!

HIRGOR

(fast)

Denied! Anything else?

STIRLING
(Furious)
Denied??? What the fuck did I
just risk myself and my crew
for!?

HIRGOR
I have no idea. Entertainment
value perhaps?

(beat)

STIRLING
Don't you want to go home?!?

HIRGOR
Of course I do, thankfully now
I don't have to negotiate for
it.

STIRLING
And what in hell makes you
think that?

HIRGOR
Because in no longer than 24
hours your mortal remains will
emerge from a digger's rectum,
when that happens we'll recover
our ship and the gold.

Major Stirling's eyes squint down to steely points.

STIRLING
Do the words -Ramming speed-
mean anything to you?

Hirgor pauses for a moment, his pink skin turning a queasy
yellow.

HIRGOR
Point taken, we'll help you
recover your people.

STIRLING
Yes, yes you will.

EXT. KAMCHATKA. TWILIGHT

Four motherships converge over the sea of frost and ice. The hazy
red poisoned sky paints the waves of snow that wash over the
surface an eerie scarlet hue, carried by the resident blizzard
that grinds the rocky outcrops into bizarre shapes adding a
surreal hellish quality to the landscape. This is a murdered
planet.

STOVICH(V.O.)
Major!
(pause)
Major!!!

The voice croaks urgently through the STATIC.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

Stirling steps on the transmit button.

STIRLING
Ah, Colonel Stovich, I needed
to speak with you.

STOVICH(V.O.)
No time, they're all around us
Major! They've found us! I'm
moving to code black and
utilizing all nuclear
resources-
(interrupted)

STIRLING
Whoa! No, don't do anything!
Stand down! Stand down! I'm
piloting one of the ships above
you; the aliens are here at my
invitation! I should have told
you earlier but there's a lot
going on up here!

STOVICH(V.O.)
I'll bet! I demand a status
report major!

STIRLING
And you'll have one; just as
soon as you evacuate all
personnel to the frozen heart
and seal yourselves in.

STOVICH(V.O.)
You've some nerve telling me
what to do! The frozen heart
indeed! We wouldn't last more
than an hour in there!

STIRLING
We'll only need a few minutes.

STOVICH(V.O.)
To do what? What's going on!

STIRLING
It's a long story, but I've
formed a jagged alliance with
the aliens, they'll help us for
(MORE)

the moment but that could change in a second; so I need you to just do this one thing and it'll all be over with shortly.

(beat)

STOVICH(V.O.)

All right Major; you win, all personnel to be sealed inside the frozen heart within five minutes, I'll inform you if there is a delay.

STIRLING

Roger that. There was just one more thing, how many missiles are currently active?

STOVICH(V.O.)

One hundred megaton Pacifier missile, six- five megaton tactical gravediggers and of course the big one, the Omega.

STIRLING

Excellent, set remote triggers to alpha code and we'll see you in ten minutes, we'll also need all the ammunition available, I know it isn't much but it might just be enough. Thank you colonel.

IVECHENKO

Tango!

Ivechenko's rifle BANGS into life. The splattered corpse of a digger falls from a high catwalk on the opposite wall. Slight and Lenz are distracted for a second squinting their eyes as the tiny black speck falls to the ground and spreads out over the smooth unyielding metal.

Corporal Slight smiles as the bone cracking sound finally reaches his ears seconds later. He returns to his guard only to find that the panel in front of him is alive with diggers. Slight's RIFLE screams out again.

STOVICH(V.O.)

What the hell is that noise?
Who's firing?

STIRLING

For god's sake Hurry up
Stovich!

Stirling draws his pistol and firing into the pack as they scramble across the panel, pouring out of the vents and along the

catwalks. Within seconds Stirling and the three soldiers have emptied their clips and dash for the pile of rifles nearby, crouching down emptying one after the other; tossing the used up guns over the edge.

The intense firefight barely slows the diggers as they launch themselves toward the four men who have no recourse but hold their fingers down on their triggers. More diggers arrive all the time as the pile of rifles dwindle down to nothing. Stirling races and jumps on the transmit button, Hirgor immediately appears.

STIRLING

Hirgor!

In response to Major Stirling's cry for help; Hirgor thunders an almighty GROWL that shudders the room causing spent shell casings to dance on the panel.

The diggers immediately go cold and lose their nerve again scampering away into the twilight of the tunnels. The four soldiers breath a sigh of relief as they secure the last of the rifles.

HIRGOR

(calmly)

Now where is this wonder weapon you said you had hmm? Sometimes I get the distinct impression that you aren't being entirely honest with me Major.

STIRLING

I must have the frozen heart!
There's no time to waste!

HIRGOR

Frozen heart indeed! You do go on.

STIRLING

It's a code name; but that doesn't concern you. However what does concern you is its position. It's a vast sphere of solid steel about three feet thick. It's designed to come away from the main base under pressure so you shouldn't have any problem lifting it. Its located just below the ice at the coordinates I'm sending you now.

He says touching some buttons displaying a topographical overlay of the surrounding lands. A red reticule flashes impatiently at the place chosen by Stirling.

HIRGOR

Three feet of solid steel? I'll have to be gentle then.

STIRLING

You had better be gentle! If the contents of that sphere are destroyed, I'll detonate! If you try to steal the sphere I'll detonate! If for any reason I'm forced to question your sincerity, I- will- detonate! Do I make myself clear!

HIRGOR

Tell me, why should a single component of a military bunker be purposely designed to break off? What's inside of this sphere that you value so much? Its not a weapon is it?

STIRLING

I told you. That's not your concern. I'm here to make an honest trade, my sphere for the gold; then you can be on your way back to wherever the hell you came from.

Stirling rolls up his gray camouflage sleeve, trying to stare through the badly cracked face of his gold watch.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

Right, they've had enough bloody time to move some people, lets get this show on the road. Hirgor what do I do?

HIRGOR

Target the coordinates and activate on my mark, we'll do the rest.

STIRLING

(Threatening)

Remember what I said!

HIRGOR

I vaguely remember something about threatening us with archaic atomic technologies. But you mustn't fret major, We honor our agreements to the furthest extent on the rare occasions we feel the need to make one.

Stirling pays no attention to his bignoting, instead pushing and revolving the large black button set inside the gold triangle placing the red flashing reticule directly over the site on the monitor.

STIRLING
Coordinates targeted.

Hirgor's control panel grows three monitors. Greeting his alien friends in his native growl, he speaks with them for a while finding the conversation quite pleasant.

STIRLING
(impatient)
Hirgor!

Hirgor acknowledges him by raising one finger and continuing his CONVERSATION. Major Stirling beckons his soldiers in front of him.

STIRLING
In just a minute we're going to start the gravity generator, Lenz- in case you don't know, you have to press and hold a point of this triangle, that's all you have to do but everything and everyone depends on you all getting this just right. If one of you leaves your position for even a second then the generator will cut out and frankly we're fucked. Do you understand Slight?

His stone face passing from man to man.

SLIGHT
No worries.

LENZ
Ja.

Ivechenko.
Da, is like before yes?

STIRLING
That's right, just like before. I'll be targeting the sphere so I can't be disturbed once it's started. In a moment we'll be given a signal by Hirgor and I want you to activate your points the second he gives it.

The alien conversation seems to be drawing to a close.

HIRGOR
Sooohorgulak; cho hurr
okanarr hosh koorrr. Akka do -
Mark-.

The obscured figures in the monitors growl in amusement

ALIENS
Mark?... Mark?

HIRGOR
Girrrroff morrrr akka do -Mark.
(lookin
g up)
Are you ready Major?

Hirgor directs his attention to the small group of humans in place around the triangle.

STIRLING
Get on with it.

Hirgor looks around his monitors one final time before giving the signal.

HIRGOR
Mark!

The soldiers immediately jump on their respective buttons simultaneously. Hirgor strikes the panel with his three fingered hand. Immediately; once again the GENERATOR begins to hum and whine.

EXT. KAMCHATKA. TWILIGHT

Within a few seconds the four beams of bent light launch from the ships and unite at a single point just under the ice. Slowly but surely the permafrost begins to shake and shimmer soon bloating above the surface.

It continues to swell like a bubble until the vibration begins to crack the thick ice. The permafrost falls away revealing the sphere's perfect shiny curve as it slowly rises. It slowly and silently drifts up into the sky the gale force conditions causing it to sway considerably.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROLS. TWILIGHT

Major Stirling watches with baited breath as the sphere is blown off course by the blizzard.

STIRLING
Hirgor!

HIRGOR
I see it, recalibrating.

Hirgor snarls unpleasantly into one of the monitors.

SLIGHT
Major...

STIRLING
Shut up Slight!

SLIGHT
But- Major!

STIRLING
What is it?!?

Stirling takes his eyes off the reticule for a second only to see a very scared man pointing silently down the control panel. Stirling quickly glances down his arm finding dozens of diggers slowly creeping towards them, fighting each other over the bodies that lie scattered about.

STIRLING
Don't- fucking- move!

Stirling quietly reaches for his pistol. The reticule starting to drift off the target.

HIRGOR
Major, watch what you're doing!

Stirling quickly abandons his pistol, falling from his holster to the panel and devotes himself entirely to the black button, replacing the targeting reticule to the centre of the steel sphere, rising high above the frozen plane. Hirgor is puzzled by the lack of abuse that he would expect from his comment and knows something isn't right.

The hairy beasts continue to spill out of the vents on both sides surrounding them, not in their usual rampage, but more intent on securing themselves a corpse before dragging it away; viciously fighting off all that block their path.

The frenetic melee spreads like wildfire across the panel, the hideous beasts getting closer and closer until they're almost on top of them, grasping up corpses all around the frightened soldiers that crouch on the triangle, still as statues.

Like throwing chips to seagulls, the diggers scream and slash at each other for a hunk of greasy dark meat before one can rip off a manageable piece; quickly running away with it. The others rush around the panel looking for scraps and gobs of gore which they hungrily chew and swallow down on the spot. Almost ignoring the petrified soldiers.

Stirling's eyes hesitantly shift about the furry sea that threatens to drown them at any moment. In the center of the pack, one creature locks its beady eyes on Major Stirling, it's hungry gaze unwavering as it's feuding brethren buffet it about and cross it's path.

The disfigured mutant suddenly breaks into a dash directly for Stirling, bashing the other diggers out of the way. The sphere CLUNKS into place within the ship.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL STIRLING'S POV - SPACE

Stirling puts his hands up in defense obscuring the view, but the digger doesn't attack

He lowers his arms to see the digger standing over him with his silver nickel plated pistol. Entranced by it's new prize, hiding it from his covetous kin. It immediately begins to bite and rake the barrel with its jagged teeth scraping off long ribbons which it quickly chews and swallows. Stirling comes to a shocking conclusion.

(beat)

STIRLING

Throw your guns down, now! Do it! They only want the metal!

The men hesitantly follow orders and slide their guns away, quickly snatched up and smuggled away by the diggers that strangely ignore them. The diggers fight and bicker all around them. Stirling quickly takes off his boots and pants that are covered in steel studs throwing them away, the other soldiers immediately follow his lead, their clothes are quickly snatched away.

IVECHENKO

Sir, why we not throw our guns away at start? My friend would still live.

SLIGHT

Sir! Hirgor must have wanted us to provoke them!

(pause)

This is bullshit! We've been set up!

Stirling comes to the same conclusion, his face turning red with rage.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL. TWILIGHT

Stirling fearlessly jumps to his feet with nothing to lose amongst the shaggy horde.

STIRLING

(desperation)

Hirgor! What have you done to us?

He shrieks at the alien in the monitor. But its not Hirgor; its a different alien. (CHUURAH)

CHUURAH

(cold)

I am Executor Chuurah. Viceroy Hirgor did not wish to see you die, so he has given me the honor. I am sorry but your death was the expected outcome.

STIRLING

My death? What could possibly happen to me? If these things are supposed to be dangerous then why aren't we dead yet! Explain that!

CHUURAH

They are creatures of opportunity, snatching up whatever comes easiest to hand. That is all that stands between you and death.

STIRLING

They only want our weapons! They need the iron to survive! Why should they bother us? We don't have anything they want!

CHUURAH

You are partly correct, however the human body contains the same amount of mineral iron as can be found in a single two inch nail. Unfortunately for you, even this small amount makes you a viable target.

KAPOW- A shot rings out nearby that brings the cacophony to a sudden halt.

The diggers stop their bickering to turn and look in SILENCE. The soldiers see the digger who had stolen Stirling's pistol has what's left of it firmly wedged in its teeth as it crumples lifelessly onto the panel.

A second later, the top of it's head begins to rain down on the infuriated crowd who begin to SNARL and SCREAM, focusing on the four defenseless men, in the centre stands the Major.

Stirling vainly clenches his fists and prepares to go down fighting. The diggers also prepare, lowering themselves like Olympic sprinters; tensing their powerful muscles.

In an instant they all attack at once. Some leaping high into air, others dashing for the kill, all with their rusty blades ready to stake their claim and claim their steak.

There is a great BONE CRACKING noise in his ears followed by DEAD SILENCE as his vision decays to a dark featureless red hue. Stirling looks around, solid red everywhere. At his feet his shell-shocked comrades crouch in a deep pool of blood.

(beat)

STIRLING

(sarcasm)

What the fuck is this shit? I
didn't just die did I? Well
that's just great.

Stirling above him the bulging and throbbing dark red tunnel
leads to a bright golden light.

(beat)

STIRLING

If that's the fuckin' light
then why aren't I going
anywhere?

(pause)

Must have been those dried meat
rations I ate last Friday.

Stirling opens his arms, staring up at the blinding light.

STIRLING

Hey God! What's your fucking
problem?

His red prison (Hirgor's fist) begins to expand around him and
open on one side. The deep pool of blood he's standing in drains
away rapidly past his knees. Stirling finds himself standing in
the center of the golden triangle on the control panel of the
alien ship.

HIRGOR

I'm flattered. But you may call
me Hirgor.

Hirgor towers above them in the control room. The red walls open
further and lifts up off the panel into the air. The bodies of
hundreds of diggers pulverized to ooze under it's weight, stretch
like bubble gum.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)

Disgusting things!

Hirgor scrapes the putrid mess off the underside of his fist.
The cowering soldiers stand and take up positions on either side
of Stirling.

STIRLING

Hirgor! What are you doing here?

HIRGOR

You did know I was coming
didn't you? I instructed my
second; Executor Chuurah to
inform you of my intentions.
Unfortunately I must have
overestimated his grasp of the

(MORE)

English language.
(evilly)
But that hardly matters now, I
have arrived.

His skin turning almost as dark as his word's connotations.

STIRLING
What of the frozen heart?

HIRGOR
(evilly)
Safe- safe onboard thanks to
you, your dedication is-
admirable. I found Commander
Thompson with the shuttle
wreckage. He wasn't feeling
very well-

Hirgor says walking around the room inspecting the damage.
stabbing into the darkness of a tunnel with his long bloated
finger; scooping out a digger that struggles desperately in his
fist.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
(evilly)
I asked him nicely what was
inside the sphere. He was
hesitant at first.

He emphasizes his words by smashing the digger into paste which
oozes through his giant fingers.

HIRGOR
But he finally saw my point of
view.

The soldiers sense where this is going and flick their guns to
the ready pointed directly at Hirgor.

HIRGOR
(evilly)
Now I know precisely what it
is. He called it a stasis
chamber, what a marvellous
device! Hundreds of people
frozen in time. Vast genetic
samples for re-creating every
species on earth. Strong
genetically viable colonies of
both flora and fauna.
Everything from Panda to Pussy
willow. I must admit, I
underestimated the human
specie's foresight. Nothing
however could have prepared
them for me!

STIRLING

You fiend! No doubt you've already killed Thompson and the others, what are you going to do with us?

HIRGOR

(shock)

Killed Thompson? Is that what you think? Never! My actions are nothing if not honorable! I agreed to recover your sphere and I have done as promised. However the situation has changed; and quite interestingly too I might add. Whether you like it or not, this vessel is once again under the dominion of the Imperium. Don't misunderstand me, you are not my enemy nor are you my prisoners. We simply ask that you accompany us to our homeworld, where you will live under our guidance and protection.

STIRLING

You're talking about slavery! What if I refuse!

HIRGOR

Don't make this unpleasant Major, at the moment I'm offering you an opportunity to continue on in peace. What we suggest is no different to the draft which was established in most of your world. Would you call that slavery too? We went well out of our way to formulate this agreement so that it would be attractive to you and your people.

STIRLING

I still don't trust you.

HIRGOR

I'm the Viceroy of the Sormog fleet. If you cannot trust me, who can you trust?

(beat)

STIRLING

You've left us with no choice, I can't speak for Colonel Stovich but I will agree to your terms.

HIRGOR
Excellent! I Welcome you, our
sixth world to join the Sormog
Imperium. I can guarantee you
won't regret it!

STIRLING
About the Commander, you said
he was injured.

HIRGOR
Yes that's right- but not
terribly, he and the other
survivors were being evacuated
into the sphere when my shuttle
docked, with no time to spare I
might add. The steel sphere has
amassed almost every digger on
the station.

STIRLING
Are they in danger?

HIRGOR
No, they're sealed safely
within the sphere when I left
them. It will take the diggers
some time to devour the mantle.

STIRLING
Can't you do anything about it?

HIRGOR
I can't. The moment I arrive,
they disappear into the under
works, However I believe you
and your men are up to the task
of exterminating them.

STIRLING
Just the four of us? I hope
suicide missions isn't your
idea of compulsory service!

HIRGOR
Relax Major, I wouldn't ask you
to do something that I wouldn't
do myself.

Hirgor walks over to the control panel and growls with the alien
in the monitor before pushing the large transmit button and
twisting it so that it turns bright red and sinks down flush with
the panel before crossing the room and talking to the men over
his shoulder.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
We had weapons made for the
goldfish in the off chance that
(MORE)

we should be boarded. They are quite primitive but make good use of local resources, I do hope they'll fit.

He says opening a panel next to one of the catwalks. Hirgor removes the contents of the panel and places them on a clear part of the panel nearby. The largest piece- a huge empty vat made of a clear material, at the base of the vat, a connection and a tap. In the other piles there appears to be a large amount of black full body drysuits with goggles and respirator built in.

Hirgor hands them one suit each. Slight looks at Major Stirling, who holds the light greasy suit in his hands.

STIRLING

I know it's strange corporal, but at this stage I'm looking for any excuse to get out of these bloody clothes!

Stirling immediately strips off his caked clothes down to his bullet proof vest and leggings. The other soldiers are apprehensive but follow his lead slipping into the greasy suits through the single opening in the neck. Pulling the dark masks over their faces with the single round window in the front.

SLIGHT

(jokingly)

Just have to steer clear of digger artillery and we should be fine.

HIRGOR

What was that?

STIRLING

(dirty)

Nothing intelligent.

(beat)

HIRGOR

Now that you're properly protected, here are your weapons. Its little more than a pressurized canister and a spray gun, effective range approximately ten metres; short but that's all you'll need.

Hirgor offers them the four canister backpacks that dangle from his fingertips which they take gingerly.

STIRLING

But there's nothing in them.

HIRGOR

I'm going to change that, what you're about to see is a considered a taboo amongst our people, you must never tell anyone I did this in front of you.

The black suited soldiers watch as Hirgor picks up the empty vat and holds it to his mouth doubling himself over. He sucks in air bloating himself and visibly building up pressure inside his body just before firing a long sticky stream of yellow fluid into the huge vat filling it to the top in seconds. Gently placing it on the panel.

HIRGOR

Remember, you won't tell anyone will you?

STIRLING

Why not? That was awesome!

HIRGOR

Because you just can't. It's a genetic throwback to our aquatic, parasitic origins. This liquid was a defense mechanism allowing us to escape predators. We're so disgusted by it's very existence that I formed a lower class simply to use this noxious fluid in an attempt to exterminate the diggers.

STIRLING

Second class citizens? If I could shoot acid I'd leave a path of destruction a mile wide just for fun.

HIRGOR

Well now you can. Fill your canisters at this spigot and you're ready to go. Just keep in mind you'll be fixing what you melt and be careful near the sphere; I don't know what effect the acid will have on steel.

Hirgor pauses in thought for a moment and with great difficulty scrapes up a rifle from the panel. Dropping it into the vat, BANG! a large puff of smoke appears above the vat.

HIRGOR

Correction, it'll explode. The reaction is very volatile indeed.

STIRLING

I shouldn't be surprised. Hey!
Where are you going?

Hirgor is on his way out of the room.

HIRGOR

I'm going to extract what gold
I can from the shuttle and
distribute it to the fleet.
You'll find your sphere in
cargo bay one which for you is
straight through that tunnel,
keep going in that direction
through a large room filled
with support machinery. The
cargo bay is on the other side
of it.

STIRLING

You're just going to let us run
wild amongst the delicate inner
workings of your ship with
buckets of acid?

HIRGOR

Why not? You're one of us now.

Hirgor stomps away.

(beat)

STIRLING

All right load up, I want each
of you to carry two extra
canisters and suits, we'll need
standing troops once we get
there.

SLIGHT

Sir.

STIRLING

For god's sake! Not now Slight,
we can't leave our friends in
the freezer.

He says approaching the vat with canister in hand soon injecting
the yellow liquid and stuffing the cannisters into the empty
suits.

LATER

Stirling inspects the troops, each with a canister strapped to
their backs connected to a long fine tube and trigger grip. Two
spare tanks dangle from their neck in front of them down each leg
of an empty suit draped over their neck.

STIRLING
Follow my lead, and be as quiet
as you can.

INT. UNDER WORKS - SPACE

They enter the rectangular tunnels made up of segments of the same unknown gold and silver coloured metal that was present in the control room. They make their way past junctions and sections that raise and lower to different levels. Occasionally a brightly lit access panel casts coloured light on the far wall, ceiling or floor and provides the only means of accurately predicting time space and distance in the mesmerizing passage through the WHIRRING, GRINDING and physical RUMBLE of the labyrinthine under works.

A voice cuts through the noise making Stirling jump.

SLIGHT
Sir.
STIRLING
Jesus Christ Slight! I gave you
a direct order to shut the hell
up! Can't you follow orders!?

SLIGHT
Yes but-

STIRLING
Good, then shut the hell up!

LATER

The group approach another junction in the tunnel, the hazy air becoming thick and obscuring their vision. Stirling slowly slides along the wall. He hears BREATHING just around the corner he tenses his muscles and prepares for battle. He jumps around the corner finding a huge golden demon!

Stirling splashing it's face in a fit of panic. The unmoving demon sits and SIZZLES for a moment. Then it becomes clear that it's just another machine venting a small amount of gas at regular intervals. (the same machine from earlier scene)

The weakened gas cylinder on the machine begins to warp out of shape and swell rapidly; GROANING as if it were about to explode like a bomb. Stirling dives for safety and just makes it around the corner as the cylinder bursts sending huge pieces of jagged metal clanking down the corridors; ricocheting about their heads just before the dim lights extinguish completely; landing them in total darkness. Except for a faint light in front of them.

SLIGHT
Sir? Sir?
(pause)
Sir!

STIRLING

Let me explain something to you corporal, every little noise we make in here echoes around for miles and miles of tunnel drawing every fucking digger in the under works to our position! Which would be -bad- so why don't you do us all a favor and shut the fuck up, that's an order.

He says lifting himself up from the floor, dust and debris falls off his back. Stirling looks to the light in the distance.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

Thanks to Slight here, we've probably got a tail already so double-time, lets go!

A BEEPING noise reverberates

HIRGOR

Major, I'm detecting a severe failure within a dimension regulator. If this was indeed your fault, try to be more sparing in future engagements. Should another become damaged then we would have to rely entirely on unproven secondary systems located entirely in the next room, any further loss of vital equipment is intolerable. That is all.

STIRLING

Marvellous.

LATER

They're within a few metres of the opening.

SLIGHT

Sir!

Major spins around as if someone pulled the tiger's tail.
STIRLING

If you say one word! Just one more word! I'll put you down myself! Anyway, I don't suppose it matters now, the support machinery room is just up ahead.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Major Stirling steps out of the darkness into the blinding light; his moist rubber covered foot CRUNCHING down in grass. His eyes drift around the colossal room. He's standing at the peak of a high granite mountain sliced by the smooth golden wall which has been painted blue.

Below him; a well tracked path leads through an expansive forest that rings the mountain, beyond that the path winds it's way through overgrown fields of swaying oats and grain, irrigated from the grand lake nearby which is fed from a river that courses through deserts and canyon lands on the far horizon nearly three kilometres away.

In the centre of the scenery, a collection of mud-brick houses sit in concentric circles with cobblestone streets with a library and amphitheater built from large sandstone blocks. The coliseum taken from Sodom and Gomorra stands nearby.

The whole room is illuminated by a single bright artificial light source that slowly moves across the square ceiling on a track surrounded by stylized yellow swirls against the faded blue sky and painted clouds. It's like a mini caricature of earth before Christ.

Major Stirling finds this incredibly funny, and begins to laugh; taking the others quite by surprise.

STIRLING

So this is the great machine room? This is where all the safety and backup systems are kept? Looks like the goldfish hasn't been completely honest with the Sormog imperium.

Stirling doubles over in a laughing fit slapping his knee. The other soldiers begin to see the funny side, infected by Stirling's laughter and begin to chuckle as well.

STIRLING

(snapping)

Slight!!!

Major Stirling shouts as he turns around. catching the scruffy soldier off-guard; nearly jumping out of his boots.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

(angry)

Why didn't you include this in your report? Or didn't you think it was fucking noteworthy?

SLIGHT

I tried to but-
(interrupted)

STIRLING

Shut up Slight, you're useless.
Lenz you're a corporal now. Is
there anything you'd like to
add to Slight's all inclusive
report?

LENZ

Yes sir, thank you sir. We were
here before but we never got as
far as the village, we were
forced back into the tunnels.
That's when I was left behind
and lost my way.

STIRLING

Left behind now? Slight you've
earned yourself point, now get
moving!

Slight leads the journey down the mountain.

INT. MACHINE ROOM VILLAGE. DAY

The men finally reach the ruins of the village and walk
tentatively down the lonely narrow cobblestone streets between
the similar large houses that were at one time brightly painted
and proudly adorned with statue and decoration.

STIRLING

Lenz.

Stirling stops for a moment to peer through the windows into the
dark empty houses, all but a few trinkets and decorations made of
the gold and silver metal has rotted away to nothing.

LENZ

Sir?

STIRLING

Can you imagine living in a
village where everyone was
treated identically, everyone
was in charge and no one was
better than anyone else?
Everyone was... you?

LENZ

No sir, it couldn't work. I
lived in east Germany when the
wall fell, communism doesn't
work no matter how equal things
might be.

STIRLING

I agree to that, but an
oligarchy just might.

LENZ

Oligarchy sir?

STIRLING

It's a society that is ruled by the wisest and the most powerful. In this case that would be the Imperium.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The soldiers turn the corner into the circular heart of town. At it's centre; an intricately carved pedestal is home to a single life-size gold and silver statue of a short muscular man with long platted hair that frames a sad but kind face. His clothes are layers of primitive weaving and beadwork, exquisitely carved into the shiny metal. etched in the pedestal are the words "TERRA NOVA".

STIRLING

There's the man himself, or should I say men. It's amazing what they have accomplished here, right under the Imperium's noses for thousands of years, no doubt a similar settlement on every ship in the fleet. The trees, the grass, everything seems to thrive here and has done so for a long, long time. Everything except themselves.

(beat)

Major Stirling stands deep in thought under the goldfish's cold hard gaze.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

You took a chance didn't you? You forged a new life for yourselves right here. There was no way you could have known, you tiny creature, you diminutive powerless curiosity. You couldn't give a damn whether this ship blew to a million pieces just so long as you had a place in it. A place anywhere. What does it matter where.

(beat)

Stirling breaks his gaze with the statue.

STIRLING (CONT'D)

What do you reckon we stay here.

IVECHENKO

Stay here sir?

STIRLING

That's right. I'm staying here. Stovich has no conception of what's going on and there's no way he could make a decision of this magnitude so I'm going to make it for him!

LENZ

Are you suggesting we take command from the colonel?!

SLIGHT

I can't let you do that sir.

Slight pulls a pistol from his suit and points it at Stirling.

STIRLING

Ivechenko!

(beat)

Ivechenko joins the Mutinous Major at his side.

Major Stirling lets the canisters around his neck fall off his shoulders letting them clunk onto the cobblestones. He Pulls the mask off his face and slings it to the goldfish's shining feet. Wiping the beads of sweat off his bald head and twisting his frayed moustache back into blunt points. Slight throws the hammer back on his black square pistol.

STIRLING

Stovich is going to do exactly what I did before I knew what the score was and learning that lesson was much, much too expensive. As far as I know Commander Thompson and the entire shuttle crew are dead now! For what? Nothing! I killed them just to defy the enemy which is a military man's eternal task and he just like the other one-hundred million stupid belligerent humans will fuck up the entire ship from the inside out and we'll all be dead! We'll be free but we'll be fucking dead! is that really what you want?

(pause)

But there's another way, a better way. Join me and let me lead you to peace and prosperity right here with your friends and family in paradise! Right now!

(MORE)

Here in Terra Nova - New Earth!
(pointing to pedestal) We can
succeed where the goldfish
failed. This is everything we
ever wanted and it's only a
single command from being
pissed away forever. I can't
let that happen and neither can
you, so for fucks sake Slight
put the gun down and help me
because I can't do it without
you, all of you!

Slight sighs through his mask clouding the window for a moment
before lowering the hammer.

SLIGHT
When you're right; you're right
I guess.

Slight slips the gun into the overlap in the front of his suit.

LENZ
What are you doing! I can't
believe you're falling for this
madness! Colonel Stovich is our
leader! He's in charge of this
project because he knows what's
best for us and will act with
our interests in mind!

Slight joins Ivechenko at Stirling's side next to the statue.

SLIGHT
C'mon Lenz get with it, Major
Stirling is right. Stovich is a
hard-ass that's just itchin' to
self destruct and take as many
people with him as possible.
You saw how quick he was to put
those missiles on the pad.
Knowing him- he's probably
brought a warhead on board the
sphere and irradiated half the
specimens.

Stirling nods his head in agreeance.

STIRLING
I'd actually considered that,
hopefully I didn't give him
enough time to move any
hardware.

LENZ
But, but, you have to follow
the rules of engagement!
Without rules, we're making it
up as we go along!

STIRLING

Bingo! You got it in one.
Hirgor was right; nothing could
have prepared us for him,
holding on to our old beliefs
and the rules of engagement
have all but destroyed us!
Stovich has been living in a
can for the last two years
feeding off drips and drabs of
vague hearsay we've been able
to send him. You can be sure
that the second we unscrew the
top he's going to spring out
like a novelty snake and scare
the hell out of Hirgor.
It was Stovich's idea in the
first place to smuggle us
onboard this ship and
arbitrarily kill the two aliens
living here while they slept!
Are they the monsters? Or are
we?!

(pause)

If Thompson had found this
place on his recon sweep then
things would have worked out
very, very
differently! Now; how can you
justify standing there;
defending that bloody minded
murderer? Think about it; if he
didn't have the bird shit on
his shoulders then he'd be in
prison for the criminally
insane!

LENZ

All right, all right Major,
you've made your point and I
can't help but agree with you
but the rules-

SLIGHT

Fuck the rules! You're either
with us or against us! What's
it going to be!

Slight Retrieves his pistol from his suit and points it at Lenz.
Major Stirling immediately steps forward pushing Slight's arm
down.

STIRLING

Lenz is after-all one hundred
percent correct, he's a fine
soldier and should be commended
for his dedication. However we

(MORE)

no longer have any need for soldiers, what we need right now are brave men who would rather be just than correct. You no longer need to follow blindly just because conventions say so, rather you should follow because you believe what I'm doing is right!

He says reaching into the neck of his suit pulling the crowns from his shoulders and placing them in his pocket.

STIRLING

Now I'm asking you as a simple man, will you help me?

IVECHENKO

Da comrade! We go!

SLIGHT

I'm with ya Sir

STIRLING

This is going to need a bit of explaining when we face the colonel.

SLIGHT

Just assume for a second we go in there and kick some arse and take control of the project, What then?

STIRLING

Joining the Imperium is the only way for our people. They will understand. The planet is doomed whether we kill every alien or not.

Lenz is unhappily pacing in the background. He is gazing at the cobblestones at his feet.

STIRLING

What about it Lenz are you with us.

LENZ

We have been fighting this war for a long time. I am tired and I want to see my family again, if they have survived in that sphere. They are here now, so close to us. Yes, I am with you.

With a sudden clatter of claws and frightening scream a digger which had been stalking them lept out of the passage and headed straight for Stirling who's back was turned. Lenz raises his acid gun and fires a jet at the creature's head but misses. Ivechenko dives for Stirling knocking him out of the way just in time as Slight flicks up his pistol and fires three shots into the squirming mutant, and then rushes forward wrapping his powerful arms around its slippery neck. With one swift sharp twist, the body crumples lifelessly onto the dusty cobblestones.

Stirling rises from the stones helped by Ivechenko.

STIRLING

Thanks chaps looks like you
saved my bacon that time.

There's a heavy clunk behind him as the goldfish's solid metal hand thuds to the ground after it's wrist copped a direct hit from the crossfire.

INT. CARGO ROOM. SPACE

Unstoppable the men charge into yet another titanic room and are immediately presented with the enormous sphere lifted from the planet earth with its precious cargo. Its completely covered by thick layers of thousands upon thousands of diggers who carve and scrape at the metal devouring it's shavings.

Hirgor's voice booms through the communications system once again causing the diggers to stir but quickly resume scratching.

HIRGOR

Major, you certainly took your
time, I pray you didn't run
into any trouble. You'll find
that the digger population is
almost completely located
within this room. To prevent
any further complications I'm
reinforcing the perimeter with
positive gravity until sensors
are satisfied that the threat
has been eliminated. During
this time escape will be quite
impossible, please stand clear;
you have five seconds to do so.
Good Hunting Major, that is
all.

SLIGHT/STIRLING/LENZ

Five seconds!

The three soldiers run into the room as fast as they can until they notice they're alone. Ivechenko has no idea what's going on and stays next to the wall; madly looking around for whatever the other two are running from.

They both scream at him to move until he's picked up of his feet and forcefully shoved into a sprint by unseen hands, his stiff legs getting tangled up under him as if he were running down a steep hill, the two men catch him mid flight; slowing him down.

SLIGHT

That's a relief, for a second there I was glad I was wearing a rubber suit.

STIRLING

I'm quite sure Hirgor would never do anything to hurt us. I just hope these water pistols are up to the task, he seems confident enough to lock us in.

SLIGHT

Still it's times like this when I wish you let us bring grenades.

STIRLING

That's not such a bad idea.

Stirling reaches into the neck of his suit and pulls out a grenade minus the pin handing it to Slight.

STIRLING

Forgot I had them, hold on tight now; we don't want any accidents.

LENZ

Do as I say not as I do; eh Major?

STIRLING

Damn straight, But I'm not a Major anymore so you just do whatever you want with that grenade.

Stirling pulls another grenade from inside his suit handing it to Private Ivechenko.

LENZ

You know that as soon as these explode all hell's going to break loose.

STIRLING

That's the whole point.

Stirling retrieves another grenade from his suit letting the aluminium hammer flip up and PING to the ground. He takes a short run up it throwing it at the large group at the base of the sphere. The smoldering grenade flies through the air landing quite a distance short from the diggers but it slides well against the smooth surface.

The grenade comes to rest against a digger's foot at the base of the sphere. It immediately snaps it up and begins to chew on it. The other men follow his lead and lob their grenades into the pack, soon a set of almighty explosions rock the room turning the group into red chunks sprayed at all angles.

Immediately the diggers run toward them. The sphere shifts under it's own weight and that of the diggers who abandon the far side climbing over each other to see the black suited trio on the other side of the room.

The sphere begins to move, slowly at first but within a few seconds it's rolling toward them with surprising speed crushing thousands of diggers into a fine paste that hopelessly cling to the underside of it's chewed edge.

The sphere is rolling quickly now and is only seconds away. The men panic and run quickly from the giant sphere trying to find refuge next to the wall but the invisible hands keep shoving them directly into harms way. They run for their lives splitting up. Stirling becomes seperated from the others running parallel to the wall in different directions. The golden wall next to them is bashed by the sphere's weight jerking the majority of the diggers from the sphere's smooth surface and down on top of the soldiers who dodge and weave as the SCREAMING bodies rain down around them.

Stirling slashes at a tight pack of diggers with jets of acid; cutting through them like piss through snow, sending fuming limbs and body parts flying in all directions. A body screams down from a great height just in front of him it's arm striking him on the shoulder just before it disintegrates at his feet.

He recoils from the pain grasping his shoulder as he leaps out of the way of another falling body at the same time cutting through wave after wave of diggers that attack from all angles. Thick clouds of smoke bellow from the pitted and smeared corpses.

The sphere falls prey to the gravity field shifting again and rolling away across the floor creating more carnage and destruction shaking diggers loose all over the place smashing them to the ground; crushing thousands of them like they didn't even exist.

Despite the awesome killing power given to him. The diggers quickly overwhelm him, their stewed corpses begin to pile up around him and completely bury him in an igloo of hot smoldering liquefied animal.

STIRLING

Help!

Stirling calls out for help but no one can hear him over the melee.

Hundreds of hooked hands punch into the heap and batter him. His protective suit is being pulled and stretched away from his body, chunks of acidic meat falling into the neck of his suit scorching his skin.

Stirling slips his arm out of his suit and grasps a large canister grenade from a pouch in his fatigues. And lets the hammer on the grenade fly as he crams it into the spare suit that dangles around his neck containing the two extra tanks of acid.

With all his might he shoves the makeshift bomb upwards out of the black pus that surrounds him but it's pushed back on top of him with force. With the fuse burning down, he tries to free himself pushing forward, struggling to straighten his bent knees but his feet slip on the smooth slickened metal and he's squashed flat on his stomach.

The floor begins to vibrate and rumble, not much at first but more and more intense. The ground quakes and the THUNDERING is deafening. Suddenly there is an intense surge in pressure that twists through the pile, and the muck in front of him disappears.

Wasting no time, he frantically begins to worm and his way out of the steaming sludge, freshly squeezed organs and rended limbs that disturbingly still seem to move on their own.

Then without warning; the noise and the tremor returns. Stirling swipes the blinding chunks of his visor as best he can glancing at the origin of the noise. The sphere is coming back and it's almost directly on top of him!

Unable to get to his feet in the slick muck, he flips onto his back and kicks at the underside of the sphere above him as hard as he can, the greasy filth that covers his body allows him to slip across the polished metal and just out of harms way to the other side as the grenade EXPLODES.

Stirling is left to watch the sphere slowly RUMBLE away. The last few thousand of the diggers are amassed around the pile of filth, startled by the noise but go unharmed. They watch curiously as the pile of brown slime grows larger and larger.

The suit had completely contained the explosion and swells at a phenomenal rate. The suit untwists and the single hole in the neck is exposed giving birth to a single huge yellow blob of acid that emerges at great speed; soaring through the air. The creatures in it's way disappear like they were nothing. The Blob hits the sphere nearby.

The instant the skin of the blob touches the bare metal; a violent EXPLOSION erupts that rocks the entire ship and sends the sphere spinning. The great majority of the acid being blasted back as a fine mist at supersonic speeds powering through the masses of diggers that are instantly blown apart, their bodies reduced to steaming stewed meat and hair spread thinly along the ground for hundreds of metres in all directions.

Stirling nervously looks around for his comrades, finding them on the opposite side of the room standing knee deep in the dead. They stare back in awe of the devastation caused by the almighty explosion, every digger in the room was blasted to little gooey pieces. The huge silver doors that occupy much of the far wall swiftly slide open from the middle and Hirgor immediately thunders into the room, nearly losing his balance on the slippery floor.

HIRGOR
What happened here?

Hirgor breathes the horrifying stench.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
Ugh! I've been told it smells bad but nothing compares to this! And I thought the pantry was rank!

STIRLING
Is there something I help you with?

HIRGOR
No, no I just wasn't expecting an explosion but you have things well in hand I see, good work!

Hirgor subconsciously places a hand on the sphere as it rolls by stopping it.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
I know you'll be tired, but when you're ready you can familiarize your people with the ship. We'll be getting underway in just over an hour. You'll get to see your new home within the Imperium. Aren't you excited?

STIRLING
(unclear)
Hirgor, what I think of that could fill volumes.

HIRGOR
That's the spirit! Until then; make yourself at home.

STIRLING
(under his breath)
You have no idea.

The two men approach wiping the larger chunks off their suits, Stirling offers his hand, welcoming good friends as they approach.

SLIGHT
Are you OK? They sort of singled you out.

STIRLING
I've had it, you?

SLIGHT
Bugged mate.
(to
Ivechenko
)
How about you? Are you hurt?

IVECHENKO
(puffing)
Is OK.

Stirling looks at Lenz who nods breathlessly.

STIRLING
Excellent, we're all good; lets
go-
(interrupted)

IVECHENKO
Look!

Ivechenko points to the sphere over Stirling's shoulder. Stirling's eyes are drawn to a large orifice that was blasted in an access port near the ground. Some movement is seen inside before a team of soldiers in green camouflage led by Commander Thompson. Gas masks quickly emerge and they launch themselves the few feet to the ground forming a line crouching on one knee.

They stare down their assault rifles quickly scanning the room before locking onto the trio of black exterminators that calmly approach.

THOMPSON
Hold your positions and prepare
to fire!

STIRLING
You'll do no such-
(interrupted)

One of the jumpy soldiers lets his tensed sweaty finger slip onto the trigger firing a bullet that knocks Stirling off his feet; crashing to the floor. Ivechenko immediately diving to the floor to help him.

THOMPSON
I said hold your fucking fire!

Slight raises his acid gun at the men with all intention of firing but is sternly called back.

STIRLING
No! Stand down Corporal!

Stirling moans rolling on the floor, Ivechenko patting him down looking for a hole; but finds none.

IVECHENKO
You OK? Where is pain?

STIRLING
(pained)
I might be bulletproof, but
those five-sixers still pack a
wallop! Help me up.

He groans as the others take an arm and drag him to his feet.
Lifting his mask Stirling's face changes to a broad grin.

STIRLING
Hello Commander, I thought you
were dead for sure.

THOMPSON
Take more than a little
skirmish to kill me sir. Sorry
about the rather severe
reception committee. We were
expecting you but not the
change in uniform.

STIRLING
Inform colonel Stovich of our
arrival.

THOMPSON
I regret to inform you that
Colonel Stovich has died sir.

STIRLING
The colonel is dead? How?

THOMPSON
Heart attack sir.

(beat)

STIRLING
Well Thompson I guess that
makes me the new Commanding
Officer. Come with me
commander I have a lot to tell
you.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL - SPACE

Stirling emerges alone from the vent walking onto the side of the
panel. Hircor is there pushing buttons and happily conferring
with an alien on the screen saying their good-byes.

CHUURAH
Khilahlok Hircor.

HIRGOR
Khilahlok Chuurah.

Chuurah salutes by bringing his hands together in front of him
interlocking his straight fingers in the shape of an "X". The
image changes to a view of the two alien ships in a star field.

There is a brief flash of light and they disappear. Hirgor notices the rubber covered man on the panel who removes his black suit. Pulling his nearby trousers back on.

HIRGOR
Oh Major, I trust your people
are settling in for a life of
imprisonment and hard labour.

STIRLING
(shock)
You what?!

HIRGOR
I'm sorry, the deadpan delivery
is irresistibly easy when you
don't have a face.

Hirgor doesn't take his eye off the monitor for a moment, doing some terribly complicated calculations plotting the ship's path through space around stars meteor belts and black holes.

STIRLING
That's not funny.
(pause)
What happened to the other
ships? They just disappeared!

HIRGOR
I sent them home. They're
probably halfway there by now.

STIRLING
So we're all alone?

HIRGOR
There's not a sentient soul for
a millennia in all directions.

(beat)

STIRLING
Can I ask you a question?

HIRGOR
Go ahead; but be brief, If I
make a mistake in the
calculations we could be
annihilated by an errant grain
of sand.

STIRLING
About the fusion cannon.

HIRGOR
Yes?

STIRLING
You said that it could destroy
a planet?

HIRGOR
In the blink of an eye.

Hirgor answers, working busily at the controls. Stirling stares at his lidless eye incapable of blinking. He turns and looks at the major.

HIRGOR
You know what I mean! Quick as
a sliverfish then.

Hirgor resumes his work.

STIRLING
Do you think you could do it now?

HIRGOR
What's that?

Hirgor ponders some figures on the monitor, not really paying much attention to Major Stirling's diminutive figure.

STIRLING
Destroy a planet.

HIRGOR
(absent-
minded)
What planet?

STIRLING
Earth.

Hirgor immediately halts what he's doing and slowly turns to Stirling with a look of odium.

HIRGOR
(disdain)
No for two reasons. The gold
expenditure is considerable and
it would end our passage home.
Secondly, destroying your own
homeworld for no reason other
than a light show is nothing
short of ghoulish. Now if you
don't mind- (interrupted)

STIRLING
But I do mind, I mind very
much. (pause)
You don't really think I would
willingly enslave my own
people? I have no intention of
going to your homeworld to be
exploited like cattle, to be
bought and sold like property!

HIRGOR
(intense)
You just don't get it do you
major. You are property. I'm
property. This ship; is
property.
(pointing at
the earth in
the monitor)
That planet in this galaxy is
property! No matter what you do
in your life you will always be
indebted to someone! The trick
is choosing who!

STIRLING
(threatening)
No one owns me!

HIRGOR
On the contrary, the Khomar own
this planet and they aren't
very nice to say the least.
They use millions of creatures
more advanced than you as
fertilizer without a second
thought! Join us and live under
our protection, we are few but
our power is legion!

STIRLING
(intense)
No Hirgor! No! You are the one
that's powerless and it is we
that protect you! Without us
you are nothing! Nothing!!! I
demand our right to self rule!

HIRGOR
Denied! Anything else?

STIRLING
Then you've left me with no
choice I'll prove it to you!

Stirling stamps on a button next to his foot.

INT. UNDER WORKS - SPACE

Private Ivechenko stands in the dim steaming light in the under
works Stirling's voice rattles through the intercom.

STIRLING (V.O.)
Ivechenko! Do it!

Ivechenko nods and raises his acid gun painting the golden
machine just like the breathing golden demon from an earlier
scene. Immediately it begins to sizzle and swell. Ivechenko runs
as the machine explodes behind him spraying supersonic metal

everywhere. Just as quickly; gravity is lost and his feet leave the ground, flipping weightless through the tunnel amongst the debris.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL PANEL -SPACE

A KLAXON SOUNDS. The lights begin to flicker and fail, their feet losing contact with the ground.

HIRGOR
What have you done!

Major Stirling is lifted up from the panel at increasing speed as the gravity pulls on the ship. In the B.G. The monitor shows the view straight ahead. The Spacecraft is spinning out of control plummeting to the surface at a frightening speed. The spinning earth illuminates the dark room like a surreal disco.

Hirgor stops himself from floating by placing one hand on the ceiling. He looks at the monitor, a spattering of alien writing is being displayed on top of the picture.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)
Primary dimension continuity
regulator- off-line. Secondary
systems initializing!

EXT. OVER EARTH - SPACE

The golden saucer falls to earth directly over the top of the east coast of Australia, the ship's hull starting to glow and flame as it enters high atmosphere.

INT. SPACECRAFT CONTROL ROOM -SPACE

Stirling flails his arms desperately as he flies past Hirgor at speed; gripping onto his veinous shoulder. Flames appear in the monitor around the spinning image of the earth as they blast through the atmosphere. The ship vibrates viciously.

STIRLING
I've seen the machine room.
It's beautiful, not a machine
in sight!

The spatter-like words on top of the spiraling earth turn red and flash urgently making it's failure clear.

HIRGOR
(Stalwart)
Be that as it may, you would
wipe the human race from
existence just to kill me? I'm
flattered and bored with this
melodrama. You have made your
(MORE)

point and I'll make mine. Undo
what you have done and give me
back my ship or we'll all die!

On the monitor: the ship plummets through the clouds, the
landscape below becoming clearly visible. Directly below them is
a sprawling city on the sea. A great atomic crater lies in the
outskirts.

STIRLING

I can't do that; It's been
smashed beyond repair! Use the
cannon! Blow up the planet,
it's our only chance!

The ground is getting nearer all the time. The skyscrapers look
as if they have bent away from the atomic blast like wheat in the
wind.

HIRGOR

(frantic)

You're starting to scare me!
You do realize that the cannon
burns a planet to a cinder, but
it doesn't explode!

(beat)

Stirling turns as white as a sheet with a look of panic on his
face. Hirgor turns yellow with similar emotions.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)

(panic)

Why do things always have to
explode with you humans! Please
tell me that's not your grand
solution!

The shadow of the ship enters the screen on empty field quickly
traveling to their point of impact.

STIRLING

The engines?

HIRGOR

Useless!

STIRLING

What about the dimension
generator!

HIRGOR

(frantic)

We're too close! Oh what the
hell!

Hirgor grabs Major Stirling from his shoulder throwing him onto
the panel. Hirgor presses two buttons that stay lit. A third
sunken triangle button lights and flicks up.

HIRGOR
When I say; Press that button
as many times as you can!

Hirgor briefly points at a triangle shaped button that lights up. Stirling gets a handhold inside one of the depressed buttons stopping himself from floating off the panel.

Meanwhile Hirgor stabs at the buttons like a madman, his hand moving like lightning as the ground rushes up to meet them. The targeting reticule displays on the screen, red spatter-like warnings flash around it but he ignores them. The reticule grows larger and then snaps back as Hirgor thumps the last button, immediately shooting a beam of solid light at the earth that begins to twist and crumple. The GRINDING NOISE is overwhelming.

HIRGOR
Now!

Stirling punches the triangle as fast as he can dozens of times, his bloody knuckles slamming down repeatedly. The ships cannons WHINE, another engine begins for each time he slams the button like an CHORUS OF TURBINES that quickly intensify to deafening.

The CANNONS SCREAM out a great ball of energy shooting away from the ship.

EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR. DAY.

The apocalyptic city of Sydney and the ruined hulks of the Opera House and the Harbour Bridge fall into the dirty brown sea. All the buildings crush to rubble being squashed by an invisible weight that breaks open the earth. Fires spontaneously combust everywhere.

THE SOUND OF THE BUILDINGS COLLAPSING AND THE EARTH BEING SQUEEZED IS OVERWHELMING

Above them the colossal ship engulfed in fire plummets toward the city casting a shadow turning day into hellish burning night. The energy ball emits from the ship and strikes the ground like the biggest NUCLEAR EXPLOSION, setting all the world aflame.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM -SPACE

The cannons spit devastating balls of energy like a machine gun exploding onto the earth in waves. It obscures the view with an impenetrable wall of white hot flame. EXPLOSIONS smash away at the invisible ground in front of them violently bashing the ship like a pinata slowing their descent slightly.

The control panel begins to spit sparks and fume. Large plumes of gas shoot up from holes that break open in the panel which buckles as the ship begins to warp and crush, the room getting smaller and smaller.

One plume of gas emits from under Stirling who briefly holds on for dear life. But it launches him away at terrific speeds to the back wall. Hirgor sees this and kicks himself off the panel and catches him in his soft hand saving him from being splattered on the wall.

HIRGOR

Got you!

Hirgor lands in a crash on the wall but he's OK, protecting Stirling in his enormous hands. They observe the destruction together.

Major's POV. The room is crushing and twisting all around them like a can. At the far end of the room, the viewer shows nothing but white hot flame. Smoke is wafting through the air and fires emit from the under works like blowtorches. The CACOPHONY is incredible as panels and components SNAP, CRACKLE and POP to the floor.

HIRGOR

(shouting)

If we get through this! I'm going to make sure every zoo in the Imperium has a pair of humans!

(beat)

The noise and destruction inside the ship reaches fever pitch

STIRLING

This is it!

EXT. FIREBALL - SPACE

Inside the fireball, the ship GROANS and GRINDS. It's once smooth golden hull looks like its been in a demolition derby, some parts of the hull broken off all together. The ship passes through the shroud-like flame. Showing the blackness of space all around them.

INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

There is sudden QUIET as the flame clears from the monitor. Hirgor and Major Stirling look at each other in exhilaration, Stirling laughs in relief and Hirgor changes colour to a jovial blue.

HIRGOR

I commend your determination major, but you have only delayed the inevitable by sixty years.

STIRLING
What happens in sixty years?

Hirgor is about to speak when he stops himself.

(beat)

HIRGOR
Well played Major, well played.
That deserves a round of
applause.

Stirling still in his hand

STIRLING
Don't you dare!

The two see the funny side of things and they both laugh together heartily.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE SHIP - SPACE

Their laughter carries on through space. A small silver ball that was the earth PINGS off the hull harmlessly.

The ball remains in view as the scene dissolves around it to the next scene.

MATCH-CUT TO:

INT. TERRA NOVA - SUNSET

The ball is now the focal point of a larger than life gold and silver statue that's made in the image of Major Stirling. He holds the giant ball up on his shoulders like atlas would hold the earth. His statue is placed in the city centre of a clean and beautiful human city. The primitive clay houses replaced by a handful of beautiful and delicate golden skyscrapers. The surrounding land stretches on as far as the eye can see. The whole ship has been converted into a giant "machine room" filled with all manner of plants and animals living in perfect harmony.

Crowds of happy people wearing gorgeous futuristic clothes gather around in joyous celebration holding glasses of champagne. A MARCHING BAND PLAYS uplifting songs of triumph. The large circular city centre; paved with cobblestones is brightly decorated with balloons, ribbons and bunting.

The people look on as a beautiful young lady in a flowing red dress (CADENCE STIRLING) climbs the few steps onto the podium flanked by two huge blue pillars and a large object to her right with a black cloth draped over it. She smiles looking at the happy faces below her. The band hushes as she prepares to speak.

CADENCE
(bursting
with
pride)

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, honored guests. My name is Cadence Stirling. We have come together to mark the first glorious day in our short but interesting history. A day that could have just as easily been known only for total war and bloodshed. But through the wisdom of our great leaders it was in fact a recognition of precious equality that will do more to cement the friendship of our two peoples than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

The crowd cheers and applauds

CADENCE
Now without any further ado, it is my great honor and a privilege to welcome our esteemed guest to unveil a small tribute to his century of flawless judgment and infallible guidance that will no doubt continue for another hundred years as defenders of the Imperium and universal peace.

Cadence jokingly shields her eyes from the light; scanning the crowd from left to right and back again.

CADENCE
Come on Hirgor stand up don't be shy!

The crowd laugh and applaud, Cadence applauds too. The blue pillars behind her move slightly and shimmer to a purple colour before returning to blue. Hirgor stands as high as the skyscrapers directly behind her. He hasn't changed a bit in the last hundred years.

HIRGOR
It is a celebrated milestone and a pleasure to be back aboard once again! Thank you for your elegant introduction Miss Stirling, you have the same sense of humor as your grandfather. I won't keep you waiting, I'm sure you want to see it almost as much as I do!

She smiles graciously. The crowd laughs. He leans over whipping up the cloth with his fingertips uncovering the statue of himself in shining gold. The statue is a bit larger than the others with the golden alien in a proud pose.

The people explode with cheer and applause.

HIRGOR (CONT'D)

My lords, I thank you once again for an honor to me and to the Imperium that will remain forever as one of the proudest in my memories.

The crowd cheers

(beat)

CADENCE

I would like you all to join me in a toast-
(interrupted)

HIRGOR

Please, miss Stirling may I?

CADENCE

Of course you may.

Hirgor reaches down for a huge teapot shaped jug with a long spout, masterfully crafted with stained glass which he raises in the air.

HIRGOR

Please raise your glasses

(pause)

And toast yourselves-

(pause)

Terra Nova-

(pause)

And my friend, the man that saved the world by destroying it.

Everyone drinks from their glasses. The crowd goes wild with applause as the band plays powerful music as fireworks explode in the night's sky above them.

FADE OUT:

THE END