

"ALIENS - THE SERIES"

Episode 1/5

"Infestation"

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"Infestation"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE.

A large bulky spacecraft - PIPER MARU - glides peacefully through the black serenity of space.

SUPER: Rigel Kentaurus System.

A bright star nearly eclipsed by a small greyish planet.

INT. PIPER MARU - GALLEY.

Two men and three women sit around a long table. The men eat breakfast while the women chatter away.

INT. PIPER MARU - BRIDGE.

Captain EMILY JONAH (40's) leans back in her chair, runs a hand through her red hair and yawns. Seated next to her, Helmsman TONI MICHELSEN (30's) scan the several screens in front of him.

The insignia on their uniforms read: EvoGen Inc.

CAPT. JONAH

Anything?

MICHELSEN

Yeah, a whole lotta nothing.

CAPT. JONAH

Surprise, surprise. At least it's easy money, right?

MICHELSEN

I guess. Would be great though to actually have time to spend some of that money.

CAPT. JONAH

When's your next tour?

MICHELSEN

Well, assuming we make it back on schedule I've got a two day leave before I report to the Iverson.

CAPT. JONAH

The Iverson? Jeez.

MICHELSEN

What? It sucks?

CAPT. JONAH

Yeah.

MICHELSEN

Well, it wasn't exactly volunteer duty.

CAPT. JONAH

I hope not.

Michelsen's computer beeps. Information scroll down his screen.

MICHELSEN

Hang on.

CAPT. JONAH

What do you got?

MICHELSEN

Some kind of vessel.

EXT. SPACE.

A long narrow spacecraft slowly slices its way through space. A large array of antennas protrude from its bow.

CAPT. JONAH (V.O.)

You've got an ID?

MICHELSEN (V.O.)

Computer's working on it.

Large letters on the crafts starboard side reveal its name.

MICHELSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Got it. USS Sulaco, a Conestoga-class starship. An old sucker.

INT. PIPER MARU - BRIDGE.

Captain Jonah stands, studies an image of the Sulaco on a screen.

CAPT. JONAH

Looks like army.

MICHELSEN

Yeah, it's a military transport. It was part of the 2nd battalion, United States Colonial Marines - whatever the hell that is?

CAPT. JONAH

Never heard of it. What's it doing out here?

MICHELSEN

It says here it went missing and was presumed downed. That was...Jesus.

CAPT. JONAH

What?

MICHELSEN

Over two hundred and forty years ago.

Captain Jonah stares at the image, her eyes narrow.

CAPT. JONAH

Hmm.

EXT. SPACE.

A small shuttle departs the Piper Maru and heads toward the USS Sulaco. It quickly closes the distance and docks with the larger craft.

INT. PIPER MARU - BRIDGE.

Captain Jonah paces back and forth, her eyes fixed on a large view screen.

CAPT. JONAH

(into mic)
Anything, Cooper?

COOPER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Making entry now, Captain.

The image on the screen flickers and shows a heavy duty airlock. The airlock glides apart.

COOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Alright, we're in.

INT. USS SULACO.

The boarding party - dressed in atmosphere protective gear - moves through the dark enclosure. The place is dead quiet. Cooper checks his PDA, it shows a blueprint of the vessel. He points ahead and the party proceeds forward.

INT. PIPER MARU - BRIDGE.

The image on the screen is fuzzy and filled with static. It bobs along as the party maneuvers down a corridor. The corridor leads into a wide low-ceilinged room.

COOPER (V.O.)
We've reached the cryo bay, Captain.
Something definitely happened here.

CAPT. JONAH
What do you got, Coop?

COOPER (V.O.)
Looks like there was a fire here. I
count four missing pods. The rest are
empty.

CAPT. JONAH
They probably abandoned ship. Anything
else?

COOPER (V.O.)
There's a weird hole in the floor next
one of the missing pods. Looks like
something melted right through.

CAPT. JONAH
Maybe it was a chemical fire.

COOPER (V.O.)
Yeah, probably.

INT. USS SULACO - CRYO BAY.

Cooper runs a gloved hand along the soft edges of a fist-sized hole in the floor. A member of his party approach.

COOPER
Find anything, Wayne?

WAYNE
Yeah. Not sure what it is though.

INT. USS SULACO - STORAGE COMPARTMENT.

They move through a bulkhead into a smaller room filled with spare parts. Wayne points to something in the upper corner. Cooper sees it.

AN ALIEN EGG.

It hangs almost upside down. It is open and empty. Cooper shines his flashlight at the egg and inspects it.

WAYNE
I think it's some kind of fungus.

COOPER
Uh-huh.

WAYNE
But that's the least of it.

COOPER
What do you mean?

Wayne points his flashlight at three unopened alien eggs tucked away behind some crates.

INT. PIPER MARU - BRIDGE.

Captain Jonah pauses as the eggs fill the view screen.

CAPT. JONAH
What is that, Coop?

COOPER (V.O.)
It...it kinda looks like eggs.

The nearest egg opens.

COOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whoa.

CAPT. JONAH

What's happening?

COOPER (V.O.)

There's something inside it. Back up,
Wayne. Wayne!

The picture jumps around. Commotion fills the screen.

CAPT. JONAH

Cooper!

COOPER

Oh my god! Wayne! Help!

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - BEDROOM.

A bed. In it a woman sleeps peacefully underneath a worn blanket. An alarm starts to buzz. She slowly opens her eyes. Confused, she looks around.

WOMAN

Stop.

The alarm complies.

JULIE SERRANO (30's) wipes a hand across her face. She yawns and gets out of bed. Wearing nothing but a long T-shirt, she rubs her hands together to keep them warm. Her long hair in disarray.

Julie quietly peeks into the tiny living room. A young woman snores loudly on a couch.

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - BATHROOM.

Julie dries her wet hair. Brushes her teeth. Applies a bit of makeup.

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - KITCHEN.

Julie puts on a jacket and pumps. She sips a coffee cup and knots her hair into a pony-tail.

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - BEDROOM.

Julie checks herself in the mirror. While not overly stylish, she is still quite the looker, though somewhat fragile. She spots a small hole on her jacket's lapel. She sighs deeply.

Julie checks the young woman again in the living room. Still sound asleep.

EXT. METROPOLIS - MORNING.

Julie closes the door behind her and steps out onto a platform. The apartment complex, made of prefabricated concrete blocks, looks old and worn. As do the surrounding apartments.

The air is thick and murky. The street level two storeys below is barely visible. Julie coughs and hurries along the platform that interconnect the apartment buildings.

She passes a group of scruffy dressed men. One of them gives her a lusty stare.

LOSER

Looking for date, baby?

Julie doesn't answer and continues walking. Loser catches up with her, grabs her arm.

LOSER (CONT'D)

Hey, I asked you a question.

Julie pulls free and runs.

LOSER (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Julie turns a corner, tears in her eyes. She almost bumps into a uniform dressed man with a pistol at his waist.

OFFICER

Slow down, miss.

JULIE

Oh thank god. I was almost attacked back there.

OFFICER

Whatever. Let's see some ID, lady.

Julie sighs but produces an ID. The officer checks it, checks Julie, hands it back.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Carry on, ma'am.

Julie gives him a disappointed stare and walks away.

INT. ICC CONTROL CENTER.

Lit by blue light, the room is jam-packed with screens and computers. It's reminiscent of a NASA control center - though on a much smaller scale.

Four controllers sit behind their respective screens, monitoring events. They wear small headsets and are all dressed casual, with ICC nametags attached to their shirts.

A fifth man - SUPERVISOR DOWNEY - sits in a glass-enclosed cubicle going over documents.

TECH MARTIN reacts as a yellow warning light blinks on his console. Immediately images pops up on his screen.

EXT. SPACE.

The Piper Maru glides through space. It passes the Moon approaching EARTH.

MARTIN (V.O.)

(filtered)

This is ICC Control Honolulu. November Kilo Four Four Mike Heavy, we've got you on an inbound approach. Call the ball, over.

Nothing.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

November Kilo Four Four Mike you are on a Zero One Niner approach. This is ICC Control. Call the ball, over.

Still nothing.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

November kilo do you copy, over?

(beat)

Come in, over.

The spacecraft continues toward Earth.

INT. ICC CONTROL CENTER.

The other controllers stop what they are doing and look at Martin. Downey leaves his cubicle and walks up behind Martin.

DOWNEY

What've you got there, Martin?

MARTIN

Sir, I've got a deep space explorer on an automated approach. I've tried hailing them but no response.

DOWNEY

Are they squawking seven-six?

MARTIN

Negative.

DOWNEY

Who owns the boat?

MARTIN

EvoGen. It was scheduled for arrival four months ago. You want me to slow it down?

DOWNEY

You've got the override?

MARTIN

Yeah, it's right here in the system.

DOWNEY

Alright, hit the breaks and call it in.

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - MORNING.

High above the smoggy street level an almost cloudless blue sky serves as backdrop for the vast skyline. Hundreds of different sized crafts navigate through heavy traffic.

The gigantic EvoGen skyscraper belittles all other buildings. The foot of the building not visible through the heavy smog.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - CEO'S OFFICE.

Luxury everywhere. A thick blue wall-to-wall rug covers the floor. Walls covered with paintings and fine artwork, interrupted only by huge windows overlooking the skyline.

In front of the window stands a shining desk made of dark mahogany. Comfortable chairs are strategically placed on both sides of the desk. ANTHONY BUTLER (50's) - CEO of EvoGen Inc - sits behind the table.

His intercom interrupts him.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Sir, the ICC just call in. They claim to be tracking one of our vessels on an approach towards Earth.

BUTLER

You should talk to McKenna in ops, Karen, you know that.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

I did, sir, but when he looked up the craft the files were classified per your request.

Butler looks up, suddenly very interested.

BUTLER

What's the craft's name?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

It's the Piper Maru, sir.

BUTLER

Jesus.

(beat)

Alright, call Roland, call Raynes. Get them up here. Now.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

Butler leans back, exhales deeply.

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - MORNING.

A yellow bus-sized craft glides through the sky. Black letters on its side form the words: Guild Transport Inc, and with smaller letters: Level C transport. The driverless transport is packed with standing people in business suits.

INT. GUILD TRANSPORT.

Lots of conversation is going on between the passengers. There is too much noise to make out any details of the conversations. Julie stands in a corner, her face almost pressed against the window.

THE SUIT

Hey. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Julie turns to face a young man with the perfect tan, the perfect teeth and the perfect suit.

JULIE

Yeah, I'm on TV a lot so...

THE SUIT

Of course. The beauty pageant right? Last month?

JULIE

No. I do local news for...

THE SUIT

Really? Well, you woulda won easily.

JULIE

Right.

THE SUIT

Absolutely.

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE.

The transport closes on a high-rise. A huge sign on its roof states that this building is the home of the INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK.

THE SUIT (V.O.)

So ah, could I interest you in dinner sometime?

JULIE (V.O.)

Gee, let me think.

THE SUIT (V.O.)

You don't have to answer me right now. You can think about and maybe, you know, give me your number and I can give you a call sometime.

JULIE (V.O.)

Look...

THE SUIT (V.O.)

Or I can give you my number if you...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Next stop: Interstellar News Network. Passengers getting off at next stop, please proceed towards exit. Stand clear of door.

The transport docks at an oval shaped platform marked with a large yellow C. Several passengers - including Julie and The Suit - struggle their way out of the packed transport.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Have a nice day.

With the transport leaving the docking platform in the background, Julie quickly walks towards the nearest entrance. The Suit hurries to catch up.

THE SUIT

Let me give you my number.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jules. Honey.

Julie turns as MAC TOWNES approach. He is casually dressed and has fresh stubble on his face. Unambitious.

JULIE

Darling.

They embrace and kiss, leaving The Suit standing there holding his card.

MAC

(to The Suit)

Hi there.

THE SUIT

Yeah. Hi.

The Suit leaves. Julie lets go of Mac.

JULIE

Thanks, Mac. I owe you one.

MAC

Naw, forget about it. But lunch is on you today.

They make their way towards the entrance. A Security Guard checks their ID's while they do a retina scan. Satisfied, the guard waives them through.

JULIE

So what's on the slate for today?

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - LOBBY.

Julie and Mac enter a vast and bright lobby, beautiful decorated. The marble floor polished to perfection - looking almost like a giant mirror.

They walk down a hallway passing fellow co-workers.

MAC

We have to finish the urban piece. Matt wants it by eleven. That gives us three hours to get it done. You gotta do your beauty shots, I have to edit it. Polish it, make you look good.

JULIE

Which shouldn't be too difficult right?

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - THE BULLPEN.

The large office is divided into several small - but crowded - cubicles. The office is noisy, people shouting back and forth. Julie and Mac make their way towards their designated workplace.

MAC

So how did your date go last night?
What was his name? Craig? Greg?

JULIE

Michael. Craig was last week.

MAC

Okay. So how did it go?

JULIE

With Michael-my-dog-is-sick?

MAC

He stood you up?

JULIE

Can you believe that?

MAC

Actually I...

JULIE

Don't finish that sentence. But it's okay, maybe will give it another try in a couple of days. Maybe.

MAC

Best of luck to you.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

God is that you Julie?

Julie turns to face a young beautiful woman. Long legs, blond hair. Well proportioned body. Julie's expression changes dramatically.

JULIE

Carrie.

CARRIE ALEXANDER folds her arms across her chest (making sure that the LEVEL A pass on her lapel is visible). A hint of a smug smile on her face.

CARRIE

Are you still working down here?
Thought you would've moved up in the
world by now.

JULIE

No, I'm still here, Carrie. Working.

CARRIE

Uh-huh. Guess you've heard where I'm
working now.

JULIE

Yeah, congratulation. From interstellar
weather to an anchor spot on News
Tonight, that's pretty...

CARRIE

Impressive huh? Who would have thought?
Are you still seeing Bill?

Julie takes a deep breath.

MAC

Julie we need to get started here.
(to Carrie)
Hi. Mac Townes.

Carrie gives him a quick glance.

CARRIE

Right. Listen I gotta go anyway, but
let's do lunch someday.

She turns and walks towards a skylift. Julie stares at her back with narrow eyes.

JULIE

Sure.

Julie and Mac proceed to their cubicle.

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - THE BULLPEN - CUBICLE.

The small office has a table with a chair on either side, facing each other. Julie hangs her jacket on one of the chairs while Mac boots up the computers. A flatscreen TV on the wall is showing The Morning News Show.

MAC

So how do you know Carrie?

JULIE

We studied journalism together. Well, I studied. All she did was party for three years. I don't know how she managed to even graduate.

MAC

And look at her now, huh. Level A pass and an anchor position.

JULIE

Yeah, I wonder how she got all that.

MAC

Look just forget about her Jules. You don't want an anchor spot anyway. You're an investigative journalist, You don't wanna give all that up for a cushy chair and a prompter. I know you.

JULIE

Yeah, your right. C'mon lets get to work.

MAC

Oh, before I forget, I got a weird call last night.

JULIE

Not the moaner again I hope?

MAC

No, that stopped a while back. No, this guy said something about him having seen people get abducted.

JULIE

Abducted? By aliens?

MAC

No, by men in black suits.

JULIE

Really?

MAC

Yeah, like they were government types
or something.

JULIE

Has anyone been reported missing?

MAC

He said the people getting abducted
were the homeless kind. Bums.

JULIE

Who was the guy? Did you get a name?

MAC

No. I kept poking but he eventually
hung up. I don't know. There was
something about him though. He didn't
sound like the typical crackpot. What
the hell, it's probably nothing.

JULIE

Alright, let's finish the pollution
piece and then we'll have a look at
your mystery caller.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE.

A small SARDUKAR CLASS dropship approaches the Piper Maru from Earth. The dropship docks with the bulky spacecraft.

INT. DROPSHIP - AIRLOCK.

SCOTT RAYNES (30's) - head of EvoGen security, well-trained and annoyingly handsome - alongside a squad of security personnel, readies to board the craft. They check their gear as a HazMat Team joins them.

RAYNES

Give me an atmosphere reading.

A HazMat member checks her instruments.

HAZMAT RITA

I'm showing nominal readings on atmosphere and hull. Power levels are way down though.

RAYNES

Core integrity?

HAZMAT RITA

One hundred percent.

RAYNES

Good enough for me. Let's go.

INT. PIPER MARU - AIRLOCK.

Lights spill into the dark oval-shaped room as the airlock cracks open. Raynes and his team slowly enter the craft with their weapons poised.

SECURITY GAGE

Do you smell that?

SECURITY BREMMER

Something's rotten in the state of Denmark.

RAYNES

Knock off the chatter. Break off into three teams. Go high, go low. Move out.

The security forces spread out followed by members of the HazMat team. Raynes leads COLE BRIDGES and HAZMAT BROCK further into the craft.

INT. PIPER MARU - GALLEY.

Rows of tables cover most of the room. On some of the tables lie half-eaten bagels, muffins with bite marks in them, all furry with mould. Sugar cubes lay scattered on the floor amongst knocked-over coffee cups.

RAYNES

Looks like something interrupted their breakfast.

HAZMAT BROCK

This didn't happen recently. All the organics are decomposing.

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Crew quarters clear.

RAYNES

(into mic)

Copy that. Continue sweep.

Bridges checks an adjacent room and when he returns he shrugs his shoulders.

BRIDGES

Nothing. What's the crew compliment?

RAYNES

Fourteen.

SECURITY BREMMER (V.O.)

Engine room clear.

RAYNES

Copy. Galley clear.

INT. PIPER MARU - SICK BAY.

Raynes shines his light into the dark rectangular room as he slowly moves inside. His light hits a black body bag resting on a gurney.

Bridges moves up beside it and grabs the zipper. He pulls it back and reveals Wayne's decomposing body that has a gaping hole in the chest.

BRIDGES

Jesus.

Brock moves closer to the body as Raynes continues his sweep of the room.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

What d'you make of that?

HAZMAT BROCK

Lungs look intact...from the shape of the rib cage, see how the ribs are bend outward, I would categorize this as an exit wound.

BRIDGES

That's a pretty large exit wound, doc.

HAZMAT BROCK

Yeah. I don't see any entry wound though. Looks like something came out of him.

BRIDGES

What do you mean 'came out of him'?

RAYNES (O.S.)

I've got an entry wound over here fellas.

They turn to face Raynes, his light trained on a body of a lifeless woman, Captain Jonah. She sits in an awkward position, leaning against the back wall. The upper part of her shirt is covered by dried blood, the wall behind her is sprayed with blood.

The reason is obvious. Her skull has been crushed just above her left ear. Some of her red hair is buried in the wound. Brock kneels beside her and shines his own light at her.

HAZMAT BROCK

This wasn't done with a blunt instrument I can tell you that. The edges of the trauma are all jagged. I see pieces of skull embedded in the brain.

BRIDGES

What the hell happened here?

RAYNES

Cabin fever, doc?

HAZMAT BROCK

Hmm. Maybe. But that doesn't explain the body on that slab back there.

SECURITY BREMMER (V.O.)

Bremmer here, sir. We're on the bridge and it's deserted.

RAYNES

So it's clear?

SECURITY BREMMER (V.O.)

We've got blood here, sir, signs of struggle.

RAYNES

Yeah, we've got two corpses in the sickbay. Definitely foul play.

SECURITY BREMMER (V.O.)

Orders, sir?

RAYNES

Locate the flight data recorder and download the information to HQ, then resume your search. We're still twelve crew members short.

SECURITY BREMMER (V.O.)

Copy that.

RAYNES

Okay, let's go.

INT. PIPER MARU - CORRIDOR.

The three men proceed down a narrow corridor. Raynes stops. He raises his hand, points to the floor. More blood. They move on.

RAYNES

The rec room is up ahead.

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Sir, Gage here. We're in the aft cargo hold and there's some weird stuff down here.

RAYNES

What d'you mean?

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

It's pretty difficult to describe, sir, you're gonna hafta see this for yourself. The walls are covered with some sort of...resin or whatever. And...

RAYNES

What is it?

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Sir, we've found the remaining twelve crew members.

RAYNES

What's their condition.

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

They're dead, sir, and it looks like they've been dead for quite a while. It's weird. They're all glued to the wall way up high. It doesn't make sense, sir.

RAYNES

Did you say glued to the wall?

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Yes, sir. I know, it's weird as hell. HazMat is going over the place as we speak, what do you want us to do?

RAYNES

Alright, set up a perimeter. We'll be down in a couple of minutes. We still got a couple of...

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Jesus, did you see that?

RAYNES

What's going on.

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Danny! He's behind you!

Filtered weapons fire goes off followed by screams. Raynes presses his headset closer to his ear.

RAYNES

Gage? Report!

SECURITY GAGE (V.O.)

Sir, there's something down here.
Danny's gone. It just picked him up
from...

More gunfire. More screams. And then nothing but static.

RAYNES

Gage? Gage! Gimme a sitrep dammit!

Nothing. Raynes runs down the corridor. Bridges and Brock hurry to keep up, their boots clanging against the metal flooring.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

(into mic)

All teams! Converge on aft cargo hold
now!

INT. PIPER MARU - AFT CARGO HOLD.

The tip of a rifle slowly squeezes itself through the half opened cargo door. Raynes follows, the rifle pressed firmly against his shoulder. One by one, Raynes' security force follow, the beam of their lights dancing against the walls.

RAYNES

Motion tracker?

SECURITY BREMMER

Nothing. And nothing on heartbeat
either.

They move further into the hold, treading very gently. Bremmer's light catches the horrible sight of dead humans glued to the wall. Their bodies are all in an advanced state of decomposition.

Bridges' light finds Gage lying on the floor in a pool of his own blood. His face is gone - smashed in. Bremmer points to his dead comrade.

RAYNES

Oh hell.

The motion tracker beeps.

SECURITY BREMMER

Contact.

RAYNES

Where?

SECURITY BREMMER

Behind us.

They turn. Their lights barely reveal a fast moving shape coming at them. Bremmer is picked up off the floor, his arms and legs flails desperately as he is pulled up into the air. The light on his weapon spins around like a strobe light.

Raynes and Bridges fire short bursts from their weapon but hits nothing but the ceiling. Bremmer screams followed crunchy wet sound. Bremmer doesn't scream anymore when his body hits the floor.

Before anyone can react, the Alien attacks again. Violently, it ends the life of another security officer. Silence.

BRIDGES

(whispering)

Where the hell did he go?

They hear something moving further into the hold.

RAYNES

(whispering)

He's in front of us. Two o'clock, thirty-two feet.

Raynes presses a green button on the wall and the cargo hold door glides shut.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Move up.

Bridges takes point and both men slowly move forward. They make their way past dead comrades, careful not to slip on the pools of blood. They sneak through a maze of crates and equipment, checking each corner they turn.

Raynes hears a scraping sound coming from above. His light catches the Alien. It is hidden among the piping overhead. It holds a dead security officer by the waist, blood drips from its exposed teeth. It lets go of its victim.

BRIDGES

Jesus Christ. What is that!

RAYNES

Kill that mother-

His words drown in a barrage of gunfire as both he and Bridges fire their weapons.

The Aliens squeals as projectiles pierce its head and body. It struggles to hold on but more gunfire sends it heading for the floor.

It hits the floor hard, its corrosive blood oozing from a myriad of wounds. Instantly the floor fumes and bubble from the contact.

BRIDGES

The blood...

RAYNES

Stand clear of it!

The floor starts to dissolve around the Alien but eventually the corrosive process runs out of steam. Raynes steps closer to the dead Alien and pokes it with his boot.

RAYNES (CONT'D)

It's dead.

BRIDGES

What in Gods name is that thing.

The two men stand there for a while, observing the dead Alien. A few moments later, members of the HazMat team cautiously enter the cargo hold.

INT. PIPER MARU - AFT CARGO HOLD - LATER.

Large flood lights illuminates everything. The enormity of the massacre that has taken place onboard this ship visible to everyone.

The HazMat team scan the hold with various instruments. They pull three bodies down from the wall. They lay them on the floor alongside the dead members of the security force and HazMat team. Five in all.

RAYNES

So what happened here?

HAZMAT RITA

These three poor souls weren't killed by that thing. As far as I can see they only have superficial injuries. It looks like they died of dehydration and starvation.

RAYNES

How long have they been dead?

HAZMAT RITA

Months. All the bodies are heavily decomposed, they almost came apart when we cut them down from the wall.

RAYNES

Why glue them to the wall if not to eat them?

HAZMAT BROCK

I think I know why. Come with me.

The trio walks to the other end of the cargo hold. They stop at a large container. Brock pulls the doors open and reveals two small metal cases.

HAZMAT BROCK (CONT'D)

This container was sealed when we found it. I've scanned the two cases and there's something inside of them, something living.

RAYNES

What?

Brock holds up a device for Raynes and Rita to see. A screen on the device shows a fuzzy image of a translucent egg, with a facehugger curled up inside of it.

HAZMAT RITA

It's alive?

HAZMAT BROCK

Yes.

HAZMAT RITA

It looks like it's some kind of parasite inside what appears to be an egg. You think the crew members were brought here for breeding purposes?

HAZMAT BROCK

I do.

RAYNES

Alright, transmit the data to HQ.

BRIDGES

Sir?

Bridges joins them. He holds up a dead facehugger by its tail.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

We've finished our sweep of the vessel and we found this thing in a meat locker. It's frozen solid.

RAYNES

Disgusting looking thing.

HAZMAT RITA

It must be the same type of organism that's in these cases.

BRIDGES

What do you want me to do with this?

RAYNES

Hang on, I'm getting a transmission from HQ.

(into mic)

Go ahead. Yes. Two, in sealed containers. Yeah, but it's dead. They're all dead. A couple of KIA's. No, it's clear. Copy that. What about the big one? Copy. Repeat the order. Understood. Out.

While Raynes talks to HQ, Bridges turns to the two HazMats.

BRIDGES

Honest to God, have you guys ever seen anything like this before?

HAZMAT RITA

No.

RAYNES

Alright. New orders from HQ. Take the two cases to the dropship, burn everything else.

HAZMAT BROCK

What?

HAZMAT RITA

What about that big thing over there?

RAYNES

They don't need it. Burn it.

BRIDGES

I'm on it.

HAZMAT RITA

I don't understand. Why don't they need it? Let's at least examine it.

RAYNES

Then you'd better do it wearing fire protective gear.

HAZMAT RITA

Mr. Raynes...

But Raynes is already on his way out. Soon, fires rage in the cargo hold. The team gathers the cases and before long the hold is deserted.

INT. PIPER MARU - SICK BAY.

Raynes throws a small incendiary grenade into the room. The grenades emits a bright flash and instantly, the room is set ablaze.

INT. PIPER MARU - GALLEY.

A fire already eats through the room.

INT. PIPER MARU - AIRLOCK.

As the fires blaze, the boarding party loads the dropship.

RAYNES

(Into mic)

ICC control, this is boarding party.
Apparently there was a fire onboard.
Crew killed. We're affecting dust off
now, it's all yours. Out.

The airlock closes.

EXT. SPACE.

The dropship disengages from the Piper Maru. It makes its way through Earths atmosphere and descends towards the North American continent.

EXT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - PLATFORM - DAY.

Five men dressed in white laboratory gowns wait at the outskirts of a large circular platform. They are accompanied by a small security force.

An older - grey haired man - looks up as the dropship approaches. His nametag says: EVOLUTIONARY GENETICS INC. PROFESSOR MARTIN VAN ROLAND (late 50's).

The dropship fires its retro-boosters and calmly touches down on the platform. Its cargodoor lowers and seconds later Raynes and his team emerge. They escort the two metal cases on top a mechanized gurney.

Professor Roland turns to his fellow scientist DOCTOR ALEX HELMES (early 50's), a bald and squarish man.

ROLAND

Is everything in place for storage,
doctor Helmes?

HELMES

Yes, professor. The chamber is up and
running as per your specifications.

ROLAND

Thank you, doctor.

The security force move past the scientists via a wide walkway connecting the platform to the skyscraper. The scientists fall in line and they all disappear into the building.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - CORRIDOR.

The party makes its way along a dimly lit corridor. They come to a stop at an airlock.

ROLAND

(to security force)
Thank you gentlemen. We'll take it from
here.

The uniformed men disappear into the shadows. Professor Roland punches a combination on the keypad by the airlock. The door emits a hiss and glides open.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

A large circular med-lab packed with monitors, charts and instruments. At the center of the lab another airlock leads into a smaller circular chamber. The chamber has a thick panoramic window that spans the entire 360 degrees of the chamber.

Roland and Helmes watch from the outside as scientists maneuver the gurney into the chamber.

Two men, WINO and CRACKHEAD, are strapped to operating tables. They are unconscious, their vital signs shown on displays hanging above. From the look of them, it is clear that these two men are the type of persons that will not be missed.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB - CHAMBER.

The gurney is placed at the end of the two tables. One scientist presses a button on the side of the metal cases and a countdown clock showing twenty seconds appears.

The scientists hurry out of the chamber, sealing the airlock behind them.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

Professor Roland steps closer to the window, his face laden with anticipation.

HELMES

This is history in the making
Professor.

ROLAND

Please be quiet.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB - CHAMBER.

The countdown reach zero. The sides of the metal containers glide apart and reveals two pulsating ALIEN EGGS. With an unearthly sound, the top of the eggs open as four segment peals apart.

Inside the eggs, ultra-thin membranes cover something, something that pulsates. The membranes glide away and in each egg an eight-digit creature - A FACEHUGGER - stirs about.

And then the facehuggers leap from the eggs toward the two unconscious men.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - DAY.

The skies are not nearly as crowded with crafts as earlier.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - CEO'S OFFICE.

At the end of the office Roland and Butler sit in large leather chairs. Coffee cups rests on the glass table between them. Roland sips his coffee.

BUTLER

So, professor Roland, how far along are we?

ROLAND

Everything is coming along as expected Mr. Butler.

BUTLER

How many times do I have to tell you Professor? Call me Anthony. You were saying?

ROLAND

Well, we're still in the implantation process.

BUTLER

Yeah. I can see that.

Butler turns to face a monitor that shows a closed circuit TV feed of the two unfortunate souls in the Lab. Both of them have their face covered by a facehugger.

The facehuggers are not identical. One appears larger and has darker skin.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

What do we call it, the organism? Does it have a name?

ROLAND

Well, it's a Xenomorphic species but when we went through the documents you provided, we found a couple of suggestions.

BUTLER

Such as?

ROLAND

Internecivus Raptus, Linguafoeda
Acheronsis, uhm Encephalopod. Nobody
has really christen this entity yet,
so...be my guest.

BUTLER

Encephalopod huh?
(indicating the monitor)
So when can we expect any new
development?

ROLAND

Exactly how long the implantation is
going to take is still unknown, our
data varies on this subject. But I
expect us to go to stage two within six
to ten hours.

BUTLER

And then what?

ROLAND

Then the real work starts.

BUTLER

And we are prepared, right?

ROLAND

Yes. Every variable has been taken into
account. My team has gone through every
possible scenario they could think of,
covered all grounds. Believe me,
security is not a concern for us.

BUTLER

Well, it's a concern for me, Professor.

ROLAND

Really, sir, you shouldn't be...

BUTLER

I'm not talking about the organism,
the...Encephalopod. I'm far more
worried about our competitors.

ROLAND

Oh.

BUTLER

With this organism, once we have harnessed it, we're gonna revolutionize the arms industry. I mean, with a monopoly like that...we're gonna make a fortune. Our competitors are not going to sit on their hands. I sure as hell wouldn't. We've had moles planted in their organizations for years, and I can only assume they have done the same here. If given the opportunity, their moles will steal the organism from us, even sabotage it if necessary. That's why I have asked Mr. Raynes to tighten security everywhere.

ROLAND

Yeah, I saw that coming up here.

BUTLER

I hope this increase doesn't interfere too much in your work, Professor, but it is necessary.

ROLAND

I understand.

BUTLER

Okay. If there's nothing more, I'm gonna let you get back to your work.

Butler switches off the monitor and empties his cup. He gets to his feet and walks to the door. Roland follows.

Scott Raynes waits outside the office. Dressed in all black, he's holding a compact H&K Model 6 submachine-gun in his hands, while a pistol is holstered at his waist.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Mr. Raynes will escort you back to the Lab, Professor.

Roland leaves the office and Butler closes the door.

EXT. SPACE.

The ICC docking station THE CALLISTO hangs serenely in space, orbiting the planet Mars. Several ships are docked with the station, while some leaves and arrives.

The small troop-transport USM AZUERA slowly departs the station and glides through space.

INT. USM AZUERA - CRYO BAY.

Soldiers undress and prepare for cryo sleep. With a few exceptions, the soldiers are young buzz cut men in their early-twenties.

SPECIALIST JOSHUA NEWMAN and PRIVATE FIRST CLASS RAMON HERNANDEZ stand by a locker and talk.

HERNANDEZ

Christ. Six months in the vacuum and no action what so eva'. Didn't get to fire my rifle once. I mean, is this what we trained sixteen months for?

NEWMAN

Hey, we came close a couple of times. But c'mon man, we've got four weeks of r&r coming our way.

HERNANDEZ

Yeah.

NEWMAN

What are your plans?

HERNANDEZ

I got my girl waiting for me man. We're going to Luna for two weeks. Lying on the beach, zipping Daiquiris, the works. What about you Newman?

NEWMAN

Probably gonna help my dad out at his shop.

HERNANDEZ

How is your old man doing?

NEWMAN

Ahh, last time I spoke to him he said he was doing alright. But he sounded pretty sad. Still ain't over my moms death I guess.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Alright ladies. Let's hustle. Sixty seconds to freeze sleep.

The soldiers climb into cryo tubes.

HERNANDEZ

If you get any free time when we get back, then come with me and my girl to Luna. What d'you think?

NEWMAN

Thanks, Ramon.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Lights out ladies.

NEWMAN

See you in ten days Private.

HERNANDEZ

Affirmative.

The cryo tubes closes and the lights dim.

EXT. METROPOLIS - EVENING.

A yellow GUILD TAXI makes its way from the pristine upper tiers of the metropolis to the lower, more working-class'ish, part of the city.

The craft is on an angled descent through the somewhat smoggy neighborhood, still several stories above street-level.

It stops at a platform connected to a run-down apartment building and Julie Serrano exits the craft.

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - ENTRANCE.

The lights are on in the cramped apartment when Julie enters. Muffled nondistinctive music comes from the apartment next door. Julie drops her purse on a shelf and kicks off her worn pumps.

JULIE

Sarah?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

In here sis'.

INT. SERRANO RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM.

SARAH SERRANO (20's) lies on the couch, watching TV, occasionally picking food from the TV-dinner tray on the coffee table to her left.

Sarah looks like younger version of Julie. Very attractive, and she knows it.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

...is making matters worse. Mayor Nicholson has thus far not responded directly to the protesters. A spokesperson at city hall did state that...

The small room is sparsely decorated, that is to say bare-walled. The couch, the coffee table, a wooden chair and the TV are the only furniture in the living room.

SARAH

You're on TV. Nice suit. Did you borrow it?

The reporter on TV is in fact Julie Serrano. She stands in front of city hall. Protesters can be seen - and heard - in the background.

JULIE

Yeah, from the wardrobe department.

JULIE ON TV (V.O.)

...with violence worsening throughout the lower levels of the city, this community has taken unorthodox steps to...

JULIE

Any food left?

Sarah looks at the TV-dinner tray. She shrugs.

SARAH

Sorry.

Julie disappears into the adjacent room. On the TV Julie talks to an older Hispanic man. Behind them the street is filled with garbage.

JULIE (O.S.)

Sarah, where's the fish I bought yesterday?

SARAH

I had it for lunch. I thought you were going out tonight.

Julie storms back into the living room. She is clearly not happy. She stares at Sarah with murder in her eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. I thought you were going out.

JULIE

Thanks a lot, Sarah. I haven't had a bite to eat since breakfast. I've been knee deep in crap all morning, breathing what was probably toxic fumes, dreaming about that fish and how good it was going to taste.

SARAH

Jesus. I said I was sorry. Get over it.

JULIE

Get over it? Get over it?! You're the one who needs to get over it. You've been lying on my couch for two weeks now, sulking about you and Vince.

JULIE ON TV (V.O.)

...haven't heard the last in this matter. This is Julie Serrano reporting for Interstellar News Network. Back to the studio.

On the TV, Julie disappears and is replaced by the ever beautiful Carrie Alexander.

JULIE

Turn the TV off.

SARAH

I'm watching...

JULIE

Now, Sarah!

Sarah sighs dramatically, but complies.

SARAH

There.

Julie takes off her coat and pulls the wooden chair up to the coffee table. She looks tired.

JULIE

Look, I talked to mom and dad yesterday...

SARAH

Here we go again.

JULIE

Your school starts in a week and you haven't studied at all while you've been here. Don't throw it all away 'cause of a broken heart sis'. He's not worth it.

SARAH

Easy for you to say.

JULIE

Yeah, it is. He's a two-timing bastard who broke my sisters heart. Damn right he's not worth it.

Sarah manages to smile.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm not saying it doesn't hurt. Okay? I know it does. I've been there.

SARAH

Really? Who?

JULIE

Remember Bill?

SARAH

Oh, he was hot.

JULIE

(smiling)

Yes, he was.

(beat)

I really loved him you know. I thought I had my whole life planned out with him. Marriage. Kids. What a pipedream.

SARAH

What happened?

JULIE

Carrie Alexander happened. So yeah, I know how you feel.

SARAH

I never knew you that into the guy.

JULIE

Well, I was young. Your age actually.

SARAH

Alright, I get it.

JULIE

You just need to get your mind wrapped around something else. Go back to school. Get your degree. Look, I promised mom and dad I would look out for you as long as you're staying here, and I will. But you've gotta start looking out for yourself as well sis'.

SARAH

I know. But it's just been so tough.

Tears roll down Sarah's cheeks. Julie quickly moves to the couch and put her arms around her. The two sisters embrace.

JULIE

It's going to be alright, Sarah. Okay? Look, I'm still starving here. What do you say you and me go out and grab a bite to eat, huh? Maybe go to a nice...fish restaurant.

SARAH

(laughing)

Okay.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

Professor Roland inspects the two FACEHUGGERS that lay on a metal autopsy table.

There are visual differences between the two. One is the well-known yellowish crab-sized facehugger. The other is a larger version, with almost black skin. Its 'fingers' are longer and a translucent grey webbing connects the fingers.

ROLAND

How are the hosts?

Roland turns to Helmes who studies a screen with hi-res 3-D images of an alien embryo inside a humans chest cavity.

HELMES

Their vitals are fine. We are keeping them in a deep comatose state. Don't want them to...complicate matters.

ROLAND

And the embryos?

Helmes runs his hands over a keyboard and the image on the screen rotates. It reveals a dormant chestburster coiled up inside a humans digestive channel.

HELMES

Difficult to say. I don't really have any references to go by. But they appear to have stopped growing. I believe we're only hours away from birth.

ROLAND

I concur. Everything is ready, yes?

HELMES

Yes, professor. I have checked and re-checked the equipment. Everything is in place. And everyone is ready.

ROLAND

Good.

Helmes points to the two facehuggers.

HELMES

What do you make of that, Professor?

ROLAND

The fact that they're different?

HELMES

Yeah.

ROLAND

Based on what little first-hand knowledge we have, I believe that this smaller specimen is in fact the same type of species the crew of the Nostromo brought onboard their ship years ago. The specs are almost identical compared to the information recorded by the Nostromo's science officer. This one though...

Roland runs a gloved hand over the skin of the black facehugger.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This one puzzles me. It's obviously quite larger than the other and it appears to have some sort of shell-like armor, but still...it apparently serves the same purpose as the smaller one.

HELMES

The scans haven't shown any significant differences between the two. The internal organs of the black one are proportionally larger, but that is more or less it. The embryo laid by this specimen doesn't differ in any way, shape or form, from the other embryo. A formal autopsy could reveal more of course.

ROLAND

Of course it would, doctor. But I'm not prepared to cut it open yet.

Roland approaches the chamber. Inside lies the two homeless men. They are still strapped to the operating tables. A wall of plexiglass separates the two.

Helmes returns to his screens. The Chestburster is still dormant.

Something catches his attention out of the corner of his eye. Did the dark facehugger on the autopsy table just move?

Helmes turns to face the table. Sure enough, its fingers are moving. Helmes freezes.

HELMES

Professor!

ROLAND

Hmm?

The facehugger moves again. Its tail curls up.

HELMES

It's moving.

ROLAND

What?

In a blur of motion, the facehugger leaps from the table. It turns in mid-air and catches the petrified Helmes across the face before he can scream. His arms flail about as he hits the floor with his back first.

The facehugger wraps its tail around his throat and tightens its grip on his face.

The alarm buzzes. Red light blinks. Technicians run to Helmes, his legs tremble and jerk.

A female physician grabs hold of the facehugger, trying to rip it off his face. Professor Roland runs across the room and shoulder tackles the woman. The blow slides her across the floor.

The airlock burst open and a small band of security personnel, led by Raynes, storms the room with weapons raised.

RAYNES

Get it.

Roland quickly positions himself between Helmes and the guns. He puts his hands in the air.

ROLAND

Stop! Don't shoot!

RAYNES

Stand aside, professor.

ROLAND

No! There's nothing you can do. It's already happening. He'll die if you kill it.

(soothing)

It's alright, Mr. Raynes. We just got blessed with another specimen.

(to technicians)

Prep another chamber for doctor Helmes.

(to Raynes)

It's alright.

Raynes safeties his weapon and shoulders it. He points to the remaining facehugger on the autopsy table.

RAYNES

Secure that.

His men move towards the autopsy table but are stopped by Roland.

ROLAND

We've got it.

Two technicians quickly grab the facehugger and places it in a secure plexiglass container.

RAYNES

Stand down.

Roland kneels beside Helmes. He takes his hands in his, caresses it gently.

The two sacs hanging from either side of the facehugger expands and contracts, like it breaths for Helmes.

ROLAND

We'll take good care of you, Alex.

INT. THE CORAL LEAF RESTAURANT - LATER.

The restaurant is almost filled to capacity with patrons who enjoys various seafood dishes and wine. Conversations are lively but good natured.

Julie and Sarah sits under what looks to be a stuffed tuna-fish. The sisters have finished eating, their plates still on the table. Julie pours wine from an almost empty bottle. With her glass in hand, she leans back in the chair, letting out a satisfied sigh.

JULIE

That was excellent.

SARAH

Hmm.

JULIE

Feel better?

SARAH

Yeah. Thanks, Jules.

Julie sips her wine.

JULIE

You want any dessert?

SARAH

No, thanks. I'm full. So...what about you and Mac? I mean, you spend so much time together, is something going on there?

JULIE

Me and Mac? No, no, we're just good friends. I don't wanna jeopardize our friendship with love.

SARAH

What about sex then?

Julie coughs and chokes on her wine.

JULIE

Could we not discuss my sexlife
please?.

SARAH

You have a sexlife?

Beat.

JULIE

(laughing)

No. New subject please.

SARAH

Okay. So how's work?

JULIE

Jesus, this just keeps getting better
and better.

SARAH

No, no, I just thought it was a good
piece you did today. It's really
terrifying with all the violence and
murders. It just seems to get worse
everyday. The government really ought
to do something about it.

JULIE

The government? What government? The
federal government doesn't have any
real jurisdiction in the boroughs
anymore. It's superficial.

SARAH

Yeah, but...

JULIE

It's the Big Four who calls the shots
here. You've got BioMech, The Grant
Corporation, EvoGen and The Wilson
Brothers. Together, when you include
all their subsidiaries, they employ
over forty-one million people. You know
how many people voted for our current
president in the last election? Twenty-
eight million. Voters turnout was
thirty-four percent. His influence is
marginal, at best. You remember the
last president who went against the Big
Four? Where is she now? I can't even
remember her name.

SARAH

Amy...something.

JULIE

Exactly, Amy Something. She was out of that office faster than a bolt of lightning.

SARAH

What I wouldn't give for a nice house on Mars. I hear they've got zero pollution up there and hardly any crime.

JULIE

How about a Level B pass?

SARAH

Oh, that's never gonna happen. Doesn't matter how much effort you put in, you have to know somebody who knows somebody to get anywhere nowadays. I'll get my degree and I'll work hard but deep down I know...I know it won't get me to where I wanna be.

JULIE

And where is that?

SARAH

I don't know? See the world, other planets. I have to marry some rich guy to get a leg up.

JULIE

Come on, don't be like that.

SARAH

Well, look at you sis'. You been slaving in that place since forever and you're still stuck with a Level C pass with no promotion in sight. And you're really good at what you do, I watch you all the time. They don't have anyone there as good as you.

JULIE

Thanks, but you're biased. Look, the number of people unemployed are at a record high. I'm just saying that beggars can't be choosers. At least not at the moment. I'm okay with where I am.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

And it's not like INN has any competitors that I can apply for a job at.

SARAH

Well, you shouldn't be okay with where you are. You should want more. That's the difference between me and you. You're alright with the status quo, but I wanna do something with my life. Make a change in the world.

JULIE

And you don't think I do? You think I spend all my time in places people haven't even heard of just for the hell of it?

SARAH

But you need to be aggressive. And the same goes for your personal life.

JULIE

Whoa, you are trespassing now little sister.

SARAH

The dates you've been on? You could have had any of those guys. But no, you just sit there, you chew your food, laugh at their jokes and hurry home as fast as you can without looking back.

JULIE

Maybe it wasn't what I wanted.

SARAH

Well, what the hell do you want?

JULIE

I don't know dammit!

The other patrons have begun taking notice of the heated exchange of words. A waiter comes over to their table.

WAITER

This is a family restaurant. Please keep your voices down or I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

Julie stares at Sarah.

JULIE

We're done here. Check please.

SARAH

Look, I-I didn't mean to...

JULIE

You can find your own way home, right?
I'm gonna head over to the office for a
while.

SARAH

Jules, come on.

Julie leaves.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB - CHAMBER.

THUMP THUMP THUMP.

The chest of Wino is punched outwards from the inside. His eyelids fly open and reveals two bloodshot eyes drenched in pain and fear. His mouth opens wide, he gasps for air. He tries to scream but coughs instead and spews blood into the air.

THUMP.

Professor Roland stands on the other side of the window, his face almost pressed against the glass. A mob of physicians and technicians surrounds him.

THUMP THUMP.

A sickening crunch fills the chamber as Wino's rib-cage cracks open from the inside.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

Roland and the rest of his team recoils a step as blood sprays the inside of the window. A couple of the technicians turn away in disgust. Hands cover their mouths as they try to prevent themselves from vomiting.

The professor puts his hands on the glass, trying to see through the blood. He pushes people away as he search for a better viewpoint. He finds one.

The Hobo's feet twitch as the muscles contract.

THE CHESTBURSTER.

Still halfway buried in the Hobos chest. Blood drips from its tiny limbs. It turns its tiny eyeless head, reveals a mouthful of silver-like fangs and lets out a barely audible squeal.

ROLAND

Mother of God.

A male physician turns and storms out of the Lab, clearly scared out of his mind. Awestricken, the others just stand there nailed to the spot.

FEMALE PHYSICIAN

The other one is starting!

Again, everybody scrambles to find the best viewpoint.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB - CHAMBER.

The first chestburster turns as Crackhead on the other side of the plexi-wall starts convulsing. He tries to grab his chest but the restraints keeps him down. He actually manages to let out a scream before the second chestburster punches out of him and ends his life.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

Mesmerized, Roland stares at the two newborn. He takes a couple of seconds to regain his composure. He turns to his team.

ROLAND

Alright people, show's over. Back to work everybody. Toby, Adrian, confine them.

He points towards the chamber - towards the chestbursters. As his team springs back to work, Roland looks to his left.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I wish you could've seen this, Alex.

A makeshift chamber stands by the wall. Doctor Helmes is lying on a gurney. The facehugger still covers most of his head. He too is strapped to the gurney.

EXT. METROPOLIS - STREET - NIGHT.

Even though the street-lights are on, they don't reveal much. A thin mist of smog hangs in the air and blurs everything.

Trash and junk crowd every nook and cranny. Homeless people are gathered around small bonfires of trash. The smoke from the fires does not improve the visibility.

A CRAFT.

Drops from above. The lights from the craft blind the people on the street and a gush of air sends a bonfire flying in all directions.

The black craft touches down on its landingpads and its lights extinguish. The curious crowd stare at the craft. A ramp lowers and masked men in black uniforms pour onto the street.

Before they realize the peril, the homeless people are attacked by the uniformed men. The attackers swarm the unsuspecting souls, using low-amp stun-sticks that paralyse the victim upon contact. The attackers cut down their prey in seconds. The skirmish is fast and brutal.

INT. JULIO CRUZ RESIDENSE.

From his vantage point overlooking the street, JULIO CRUZ sees the action as it unfolds. The homeless people lie on the street, all unconscious. The uniformed men bring out several cylinder shaped containers.

With calculated efficiency, they quickly place the unconscious people in the containers.

Julio rummages through his roach-infested apartment. The lights are off in the apartment which doesn't help his search. He knocks over pizza boxes and old tv-dinner trays, tripping himself on a stool.

He finds what he's looking for on the floor. He hurries back to the window and brings up the small camera he found among his belongings.

Through the lens of the camera, the uniformed men load the containers onto the craft. They quickly finish the job and move up the ramp. Just before he disappears into the craft, the man at the rear tears his mask off. The man is Raynes.

The lights come on again and the craft lifts off the ground.

As he sees the craft disappear into the night, Julio punches a combination on his small telephone.

EXT. METROPOLIS

The craft ascends quickly through the smog. It makes its way up over the skyline.

MAC (V.O.)
(voice sleepy)
Hello.

CRUZ (V.O.)
Mac Townes?

MAC (V.O.)
Uh-huh.

CRUZ (V.O.)
It's me.

MAC (V.O.)
Who is this?

CRUZ (V.O.)
It's me. They've done it again.

MAC (V.O.)
Who's done what? Who are you?

CRUZ (V.O.)
We spoke last night. About the
abductions. Remember?

The craft speeds through the empty black sky

MAC (V.O.)
Okay. What happened.

CRUZ (V.O.)
They just did it again. They took a lot
this time, at least thirty.

The EvoGen skyscraper comes into view and the craft descends. Shortly after, it sets down on the platform and immediately the men unload the cargo.

MAC (V.O.)
Look, I don't know who you are or what
you're on buddy, but if you expect me
to buy this crap, you'd better show
some tangible evidence. Otherwise I'm
going back to sleep and when I wake up,
I'm changing my telephone number. And
it's not gonna be listed this time. So
do you have anything or is this just
your sick...

CRUZ (V.O.)
I've got pictures.

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE.

Julie and Mac stand in the glass enclosed office of MATTHEW
PIERCE, the news director of Interstellar News Network.

He is a heavy set man with a wild set of hair. Pierce sits in his cushy chair, his hand folded comfortably behind his head.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

You wanna run that by me again?

MAC

I've gotten a couple of phone calls from a guy who...

DIRECTOR PIERCE

A 'guy'?

MAC

Yeah, a guy. He won't give me his name. He said that he had witnessed people being abducted off the streets.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

In broad daylight?

MAC

No, he said it happened at night.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Convenient. And does this... 'guy' know who these people are?

MAC

The people being abducted?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

No, the people that do my plumbing. Yes, the people being abducted, Mac.

MAC

No, he said it was the homeless kind.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Great. And who's doing the abducting? Surely the guy has a theory. And please don't tell me it's aliens that's doing the abducting

MAC

Naw, he says it's...men...in black.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Men in black? Why is it never men in purple or men in jade? It's always gotta be black.

MAC

Last night he witnessed...

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Where's the story! Why am I listening to this?

JULIE

He has pictures.

Beat.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Mac, you might wanna enter that kind of information in to a discussion like this...a little bit sooner!

MAC

I was trying to build a little suspense here. Obviously I failed.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

I can't even describe how much you failed. Okay, have you seen the pictures?

MAC

I have them right here.

Mac hands a small view screen to Pierce.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Building more suspense, Mac?

MAC

I failed?

Pierce chuckles and cycles through the images. His expression changes. He looks back up at Mac and Julie.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Is this for real?

MAC

The guys down at Tech says they're legit. But who knows these days.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

So you met with the guy?

MAC

Yeah, a couple of hours ago. We met at a coffee shop on the other side of the city. It was real cloak and dagger stuff.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Where were these pictures taken?

MAC

He wouldn't tell me, said it would give away where he lives.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

(to Julie)

Were you at the meeting?

JULIE

No, he only wanted to meet with Mac.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

You buy this?

JULIE

I trust Mac.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

I do too. But I don't trust... 'the guy'.

Pierce stops cycling through the images as he comes to the image showing Raynes.

DIRECTOR PIERCE (CONT'D)

And who's he?

MAC

I've run the image through our face recognition database but with no luck.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

That figures.

MAC

The guy said that this guy works for EvoGen.

Pierce freezes in his seat.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Enough with the 'building a suspense', Mac.

MAC

Yeah, sorry. I need to work on that.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Did you say 'EvoGen'?

MAC

Yes.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

As in the third largest corporation in the world, EvoGen?

MAC

Are there other EvoGens I haven't heard about?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Now, how would your guy know that this guy works for EvoGen?

MAC

That's the thing. The only way he could know that, is if he...knows that.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Your guy, you think he works for EvoGen? Maybe a former employee? Maybe a bit disgruntled?

JULIE

Or maybe a man with a conscience.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

That would be a reason too, sure.

MAC

So, it's this a story, boss?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Well, we would need a lot more evidence before we know whether or not this is a story. This could all turn out to be a crackpots wet dream. But it's got potential.

MAC

How do you want us to proceed?

JULIE

It would have to be very low key. Under the radar stuff. They can't even know we're searching for something.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Whoa. Hold your horses there. Before you two do anything I have to run this by management.

MAC

What? Come on.

JULIE

The less people that knows about this the better.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

I agree, but given the fact that EvoGen can make this network disappear from the history books, I think management would wanna be in the loop on this. If we go through with this and it turns out we're wrong, then that's it and you two can turn out the lights on your way to court, where you'll be testifying in the biggest lawsuit ever.

MAC

Well...when you put it like that.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

I'll get back to you asap.

The meeting is over and Julie and Mac leaves.

INT. INTERSTELLAR NEWS NETWORK - THE BULLPEN - CUBICLE.

MAC

You're unusually quiet today, Jules.

JULIE

(distracted)

What? Yeah.

MAC

What's wrong?

JULIE

Nothing, it's just...Me and Sarah had a fight yesterday. She said some things.

MAC

What things?

JULIE

She said...you know what? Forget it.
It's between me and her.

MAC

You're sure?

JULIE

Yeah.

MAC

Okay. I'm here if you wanna talk.

JULIE

Thanks, Mac.

Mac turns to his computer and starts typing. Julie just sits there for a while, staring out into space.

JULIE (CONT'D)

She said I was complacent. That I was
okay with not going anywhere. That I
need to be more aggressive.

MAC

What do you think?

JULIE

This is where you say, 'she's got it
all wrong, Jules'.

MAC

I can do that, if that's what you wanna
hear.

JULIE

You agree with her?

MAC

Look, a person with your talent
shouldn't still be down here. Hell, it
should be you sitting in the news
directors office. And judging by your
reaction, I guess Sarah hit close to
home.

JULIE

If aggressive means brown-nosing my way
up the ladder like Carrie Alexander,
then forget it. That ain't me.

MAC

I know and that's what I love about you. But there are other ways you know.

DIRECTOR PIERCE (O.C.)

Other ways?

Pierce stands in the doorway.

DIRECTOR PIERCE (CONT'D)

So I've talked to management.

MAC

That was quick.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

That's me.

JULIE

And?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

They believe we have a story here.

JULIE

They okayed it?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Yes. But...

JULIE

There's a but?

Pierce sighs.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

They want Carrie to take charge of the story.

JULIE

What?!

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Keep your voice down please.

MAC

Come on, Matt. That's horse shit.

JULIE

There's a difference between reporting the news and creating the news. She's way out of her league.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Management feels that she's the right face for this story.

MAC

Why?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Maybe because whenever she's on, the ratings shoots through the roof.

JULIE

Ratings being money?

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Exactly. Look I know this stinks but I won't forget you two, and I'll make damn sure that management doesn't neither. Okay? Alright, you are to hand over all material to Carrie's team, which is going to be led by Chappell.

MAC

Sure, whatever.

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Julie?

JULIE

What if I talked to management? Maybe I can get them...

DIRECTOR PIERCE

Forget it. It's a done deal. You don't have to like it, but it's a directive from my office and you will follow it. Got it?

Julie doesn't answer. Pierce gives her a hard stare and then leaves.

Mac looks at Julie, her eyes watery. She slams the table hard with her hand, cursing under her breath. She looks like she is about to give her keyboard a good whack but she decides against it.

JULIE

You wanna see aggressive?

MAC

I'm not seeing it now?

JULIE

Sarah was right. You're both right.
This is going nowhere. Play by the
rules? I don't think so.

MAC

Now you're talking. So what's the game
plan?

JULIE

Mac, I can't ask you to go along with
me on this one. I have to do this. You
don't, in fact you shouldn't do this at
all.

MAC

That's a hell of a thing for you to say
to me after what we've been through
over the years. It's my story too,
Julie.

JULIE

You're sure?

MAC

Like I said, what's the game plan?

JULIE

Come over for dinner tonight, we'll
figure something out.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB.

The lab looks to be empty and the lights are dim. The windows
to the chamber has been cleaned but a few bloodstains are
still visible. Helmes lies inside the chamber on a gurney.

Though the facehugger is nowhere to be seen, Helmes is still
strapped down.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - LAB - CHAMBER.

Roland stands by Helmes' side studying a chart, occasionally
glancing at the monitors that hangs from the ceiling.
Coagulated blood covers the bottom part of the monitors.

Roland puts the chart away and sits down by the gurney.
Besides him, Helmes sighs deeply, tears in his eyes. Roland
grabs one of his tied-down hands and gives it a squeeze.

HELMES

You're sure, professor?

ROLAND

No doubt about it. You have a queen embryo inside of you, Alex.

HELMES

That puts us years ahead of the projected timeframe. We can scrap the cloning plans completely.

ROLAND

Yes. We'll have access to an unlimited number of specimens. I've already begun devising a breeding programme, Alex. We're gonna need a wide range of hosts of course. Humans. Animals.

HELMES

Test subjects.

ROLAND

Yes.

(Beat)

But we don't have a lot of time, Alex.

HELMES

What do you mean? Once you've cut this thing out of me we'll have plenty of time to...

Roland looks away.

HELMES (CONT'D)

You're not going to cut it out. Are you?

ROLAND

No.

HELMES

Martin?

ROLAND

How can I risk it? What if something were to happen to it? What if it dies during the procedure? I cannot risk that, Alex.

HELMES

Professor, you're probably thee best...

ROLAND
 (interrupting)
 I will not risk it, Alex.

HELMES
 I see. You're gonna let...nature run
 its course...so to speak?

ROLAND
 Who am I to interfere with mother
 nature?

HELMES
 You do it every day you hypocritical
 son of a bitch.

Roland stands up and walks over to the window.

ROLAND
 I know this is hard, Alex. It's hard on
 me too. We have been colleagues for
 seven years, friends for the past
 twelve. I have always valued your
 friendship and of course we will do
 whatever it takes to make this ordeal
 as painless for you as possible.

Helmes struggle against his restraints.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
 Nobody will ever forget your sacrifice,
 Alex. I will not let them. This is
 going to be your legacy to the world.

HELMES
 Legacy? Your signature is on my death
 warrant, so with all due respect,
 Martin, you can go straight to hell.

Roland turns to face his friend. He pulls a small remote
 control from his pocket and presses a button. Immediately, a
 clear fluid runs through the IV drop imbedded in Helmes' arm.
 Helmes stirs for a moment before falling to sleep.

ROLAND
 Maybe I will.

INT. EVOGEN INC. HQ - THE HOLD.

Roland and Butler enter the large hold. Raynes is already
 there. A row of several holding cells cover the left side of
 the hold. The cells are made of thick metallic walls.

An aisle runs alongside the cells. Technicians in blue overalls check the integrity of two particular cells.

ROLAND

Gentlemen, give us the room please.

The technicians leave the room. The trio walks up to a particular cell. A three feet by three feet thick plexiglass window allows the trio to see the insides of the cell.

The men stop at the cell and through the window they see an adult ALIEN crouched in the corner of the cell.

Its oily black, nearly metallic skin, reflects what little light that enters the cell. As it lift its elongated head, thick strands of gooey saliva drips from its mouth. Its lips peel back and reveals its pointy teeth and - as it mouth opens - its secondary set of jaws.

It lets out a high-pitched growl and slams its stinger-tail against the window. The window vibrates for a second but holds.

RAYNES

You're sure about that window right?

ROLAND

It'll hold Mr. Raynes. Don't worry.

RAYNES

I'm paid to worry and I do it really good.

The Alien rams the window again and Butler takes a nervous step backwards. The Alien in the adjacent cell starts thrashing around, violently ramming the walls.

ROLAND

They'll calm down in a second Mr. Butler. They're just having a hissy fit that's all.

BUTLER

Good.

As on que, the Aliens stop. Slowly they retreat to the back of the cells and roll themselves up into unrecognizable balls of limbs.

RAYNES

They are extremely aggressive. Can we tame them, professor?

BUTLER

We don't wanna tame them. We want to control them. Tame them and we take away the very essence of the creature. Control them and we'll have the fiercest biological weapon ever. Available to the highest of course.

ROLAND

Sir, we'll be in the possession of a queen soon, an egg-layer.

BUTLER

Yeah.

ROLAND

We need hosts. And we need a lot of them. Without hosts the eggs are basically...just eggs.

BUTLER

Scott?

RAYNES

No problem, I'm already on it. I'm also looking into whether or not we can get our hands on some Death Row inmates.

BUTLER

Good. Anything else, professor?

ROLAND

Yes. A little presentation.

Raynes snap his fingers. Two security guards drag a semi-conscious Hobo over to an empty cell next to the aliens' cell. They throw him into the cell and locks it.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Watch this.

The closest cell glides closer to the Hobo's cell until they connect with a loud metallic CLICK. Inside the cells, the walls glide apart. The Hobo gets to his feet, stares at the creature just a few feet from him.

SLAM.

The alien attacks. The Hobo doesn't have time to react. The monster rams him hard. It wraps itself around him, his bones pop. His scream dies out as the alien spits acid in his face. His skin bubbles and melts, his skull exposed.

The alien retracts its head. Its lips curl back, it opens its mouth and out shoots its secondary jaws. The Hobo's head is crushed. Blood sprays the window.

BUTLER

Whoa. Jesus.

Butler takes a step back.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

We're gonna make a fortune.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR
THE END