

Destination: Earth

Written by

Patrick McGinley

TITLE ON BLACK

Aeons from now...

FADE TO BLACK

A VOICE OVER: world-weary, dry, cynical - yet a sly sense of humor shines through. The owner of this voice would tell a killer campfire story.

SPIN (V.O.)

We're losing this war. Mankind, I mean. We're not going to last long.

SMASH CUT TO:

A human face. Frozen in agony. Dead.

EXT. SPACE

Slowly, the dead body spirals away from us in zero gravity. A large gaping hole burnt into its stomach. The body floats away revealing the aftermath of a battle behind it.

A huge field of debris. The hulls of three ships have cracked open like peanut shells, pockmarked with blast points.

SPIN (V.O.)

You'd figure, a galaxy of 400 billion stars is big enough for two sentient races. But these guys don't think so.

CLOSE ON the body of a gray-skinned alien floating away from a smashed fighter. It has big, black eyes, long arms and three fingers on each hand.

SPIN (V.O.)

We call them the Gray. A real nasty bunch. This war isn't about water or energy or any of the other crap people usually kill each other for. It's about worlds. Habitable planets. Any hunk of rock with a halfway breathable atmosphere.

Gray and human bodies float around in a slow, macabre ballet.

SPIN (V.O.)

Grays breed like moon roaches and they are equally hard to kill. But unlike moon roaches, they're smart. Ruthless. One by one, they are taking our worlds.

In the distance, a large ship approaches.

SPIN (V.O.)

Nobody alive right now can remember a time when we weren't at war. That's the problem when your battlefield is 40 Million inhabited worlds. Even if you're losing, it's going to take a helluva long time until you're finally defeated. But make no mistake: We are outnumbered. We are outgunned. We are... *doomed*.

The ship is a gigantic space freighter. A flat, ugly hunk of metal. Inside, on vast cargo decks, mountains of debris are piled up. It's a floating scrapyard.

SPIN (V.O.)

Well, I'd better shut up now. They're about to find me.

INT. FREIGHTER, BRIDGE

Gears, a man in his 30s, overweight, looks out the large window. An officer with red hair is standing at a computer console.

RED HAIR

We can't salvage all this stuff. It's just too much.

GEARS

Scan for rare elements, especially platinum and titanium. The price on Seela is going through the roof right now.

Red Hair performs a scan. Something lights up on his screen. Gears crosses over to Red Hair's console.

GEARS

Is that..?

A blinking dot on the display.

RED HAIR

A life form.

GEARS

Ours or theirs?

RED HAIR

Can't tell. The debris is weakening the signal.

GEARS

I'll take the shuttle and check it out. Maybe it's a survivor.

RED HAIR
What if it's theirs?

Gears takes a blaster from a rack on the wall and checks the charge.

GEARS
I'll kill it.

EXT. FREIGHTER

A shuttle craft detaches itself from the ship and heads through the debris. Drones are busy salvaging scrap metal.

It drifts towards a small escape pod. A name is stenciled on the side: QUASAR. The shuttle docks at the pod's airlock.

INT. ESCAPE POD

With a hiss, the door of the airlock rises. A flashlight beam cuts through the darkness. Gears enters the pod, carrying his blaster.

Eerie silence.

A viewport looks out onto the field of debris. Lockers in the right wall. One of the doors slowly creaks open and shut. Bunk beds along the opposite wall. Gears walks to the first bunk. The bed has been slept in.

Gears kneels and points his flashlight under it. Someone stares back at him. A little boy, about five years old.

Shaking with fear.

A dog tag is hanging on a chain around his neck.

GEARS
It's okay! It's okay, little guy.
I'm not going to hurt you, see?

Gears drops his blaster and extends his hand. Slowly, the boy grabs it. Gears pulls him out from under the bunk. He sits him down on the mattress and looks at the dog tag. The first name is scratched and hard to read.

INSERT DOG TAG

Sp**i*n Braddock - Vessel ID: Quasar

GEARS
What happened to you?

CU of the boy's eyes. Filled with fear and sadness. He doesn't answer. His hand reaches up and closes tightly around his dog tag.