

INVASION NATION

PAGE ONE

1.1

We see the corridor of a spaceship. A white geometric hallway; think the interior of the Nostromo. A large glowing ball of light floats in the middle of hallway. Within the center appears the outline of two humans.

SFX: BOOMZZZ!

1.2

Agents Corbin and Logan suddenly appear. A smoky circle surrounds them. Logan holds out his hand and a small blinking device begins to hover above his palm while Corbin checks out his futuristic ray gun.

CORBIN: Enter the Mothership. Find Engineering and place the detonator.

LOGAN: We made it but I have some bad news.

1.3

Corbin checks a device on his hip. An indicator for battery life looks seriously low.

LOGAN: My emitter is fried. It could last a few seconds or an hour. It might not even load the right body.

1.4

Logan sees a shadow approaching around the corner at the end of the corridor. Something's coming.

OFF PANEL: Hmmm?

CORBIN: We don't have a choice. Turn em' on.

1.5

Corbin and Logan tap their holographic emitters on their hips, which activate their disguises. They appear as naked genital-less lanky grey-skinned aliens with large heads and reflective grey eyes. Corbin puts on a pair of black sunglasses.

LOGAN: We are some ugly S.O.Bs.

CORBIN: Don't forget the shades.

1.6

A grey alien - looking of the same species - turns the corner and approaches Logan and Corbin. Logan holds the Ray Gun behind his back.

ALIEN: Hey you two! What are you doing?

LOGAN: Follow my move.

CORBIN: Do you remember what the professor said about the discharge?

LOGAN: Expect a mess.

PAGE TWO

2.1

The alien stands and lectures them. Logan and Corbin look at each other in confusion.

DALE: Come on, everyone's suppose to be on the floor. The company is cracking down on extra break time, but don't worry Dale won't tell. Cool Shades, BTWs.

2.2

Dale leads Logan and Corbin into an elevator, which is like a plastic bank tube covered with neon-colored alien text. The two, appearing as grey-skinned aliens in black sunglasses, follow along.

DALE: Don't get me wrong, this planet is a joke but if you wanna go home we have to hit those quotas. We take a diverse global population, infect it with suggestible duplicates, and you've got a perfect system: frictionless capitalism. Great idea, if the company would actually play for high quality dupes.

2.3

Corbin reads a panel in the elevator; it shows a map of the ship and descriptions for each level. In descending order: *Navigation, Administration, Personal Quarters, Lab One (Human), Lab Two (Animal), Lab Three (Mineral), Engineering/Production, Operations/Receiving.*

DALE: Haven't you noticed these dupes are just getting worse? We're talking shorter shelf life and more accident-prone. Sure they're extra docile, but over time you have to replace them multiple times a cycle. And have you tried listening to their hive mind? A chorus of drools and farts. Oh sorry, what floor?

LOGAN: That smell. I can't think.

CORBIN: Engineering.

2.4

Close up on a plastic vent at the top of the elevator with silver ribbons blowing a greenish gas.

DALE: Did you two just get out of a cryo-nap? The company's been pumping uppers in the air for last 72 hours. MGMT doesn't want anyone sneaking any Zs this close to the end of the quarter. With only 2 hours to go I don't blame them. Have you ever seen humans on the caffeinated air?

2.5

We see Corbin looking at his reflection in elevator tube. His eyes are turning red and skin is getting puffy. He is starting to have a reaction to the caffeinated air.

DALE: They get so weird. Their skin goes on revolt. Veins start to pop, eyes turn red, slurred speech. Some even explode.

2.6

Corbin and Logan are getting worse, they look like they going to pass out. The elevator reaches another floor.

LOGAN: You face lookkks like cheeseee dip-

DALE: What's that?

SFX: DING!

PAGE THREE

3.1

The elevator opens and a group of stupefied, drooling humans wearing suits and ties enter, followed by another alien. Logan and Corbin are crammed further back. The elevator is tight.

DALE: Come on Kyle! You have to take the humans through the service station.

KYLE: Don't want to hear it, Dale. I've lost two already in the lo-fi porter. Damn thing keeps sending them through inside out. Have you ever cleaned up a human?

3.2

Close up on Corbin's emitter: a thin slice on the indicator remains.

DALE: Rules are rules. If humans are involved expect anything to go wrong.

3.3

Corbin tries to stay calm as a drooling man in a pinstriped suit stares and starts to point. He can barely hold his hand up to point a finger.

HUMAN: Man. Fake man. Funny skin...

KYLE: Knock it off, mouth-breather. What are they getting excited about?

DALE: Sorry guys, humans get easily attached.

3.4

The elevator doors open more aliens squeeze in.

SFX: DING!

DALE: Can you take the next one, please? We're at capacity.

ALIEN: Great, it's Dale.

ALIEN 2: Shut up Dale! Nobody put you in charge.

HUMAN: HUUU... man... neeed... elp...

3.5

The elevator is packed. Corbin and Logan are up to their necks with aliens and humans. The drooling suit and other humans are all frantically pointing and moaning at Corbin.

SPX: DING!

DALE: Excuse me, sorry. I'm just trying to fit in.

HUMAN: Saveeee... meee....

HUMAN 2: Noooo.... Meee....

HUMAN 3: Meeee! Meee!

DALE: The elevator's opening. Hurry up. The humans are getting restless.

PAGE FOUR

4.1

Logan and Corbin exit the elevator. They see an enormous cubicle farm that appears to stretch through the entire spaceship. The galactic cubicle farm is a sea of grey, partitioned by shining holographic monitors where each alien sits. It's a soul-crushing spectacle.

Close on Corbin's holographic emitter: a tiny sliver of power remains.

CORBIN: Where's engineering? Not going to make it.

4.3

Dale waves at Corbin and Logan. They've made a new friend.

DALE: Engineering? Just follow your cool coworker Dale.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

Wide shot: Logan and Corbin follow Dale through the rows and rows of cubicles.

DALE: The other coworkers just don't seem to get me. I'm trying to do my best but what I am supposed to do if no one else is finishing their work on time? Why do the good guys always have to pick up the slack?

5.2

Dale continues to lead Logan and Corbin. An alien is watching holographic porn that projects onto its visor. Another alien plays a FPS; the player shoots balls of yarn at kittens. The kittens explode with so much yarn.

DALE: Sure, we're underfunded, but nobody is hitting their quotas on monitoring, the dupes are failing, and between you and me, I've heard rumors that a group of humans have started to mobilize. Can you imagine what would happen if our hardware fell into human hands?

5.3

They continue. More alien shenanigans: two aliens are making out and grinding on each other in a hovering office chair. Another alien peers over the cubicle wall with a tiny video recorder.

DALE: You two really get what I'm talking about. We should start a committee; show the company a little initiative. We can collect reports on ways to improve our day-to-day work; build a rapport with upper management. Start a council of comrades.

5.4

They continue further. A group of aliens huddle around a desk watch the live video of the previous described aliens making out. The couple has moved on from just kissing to include alien toy-play.

DALE: So what do you guys say? Join the club?

LOGAN: Eat my-

CORBIN: Engineering?

5.5

Close in on Corbin's emitter. The final slice vanishes.

DALE: Dale won't let you down. Almost there, my new work buddies.

PAGE SIX

6.1

Corbin's holograph vanishes. Busted.

SFX: Deep.

6.2

Wide shot: We see Corbin in the center of the cubicle farm. Aliens all stop to look at him in his human form.

6.3

Close on Dale in surprise.

DALE: Not pals? Human?

6.4

Logan whips out his ray gun and fires at Dale. Dale's body vibrates and his head explodes like a balloon filled with blue-colored spaghetti. The mess just sprays into the air.

SFX: SPLAAAAACOWWW!!

DALE: -!

6.5

Close on Logan, holograph flicking and covered in blue stringy alien guts, yells at Corbin.

LOGAN: RUN!