

Space Monster (untitled)

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FADE IN

EXT. OUTER SPACE

CREDITS ROLL OVER

A METAL CONSTRUCT drifts in empty space

We hear a MAN'S VOICE - calm and serious

SKIP (O.C.)  
Closer, Bren - gotta get closer.

A NERVOUS WOMAN responds

BREN (O.C.)  
Think we're close enough, Skip.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP, COCKPIT

This boat (SS AARDVARK) has clearly seen better days:  
Buttons stick, levers squeak, and monitors glitch.

BREN (40) is on the controls. She's made her living in  
manual labor, and it shows.

SKIPPER - ancient and skinny - is perched on the seat next  
to her.

SKIP  
Bullshit - we spent a year gettin'  
here, and we gonna get closer.

BREN  
If one of them rusty jammers gives  
up, we ring every alarm in this  
orbit.

SKIP  
Who's on the stick?

Bren looks at the controls, confused

SKIP  
Alliance shows up, outrun 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - WEAPON E49

The SS AARDVARK - looking somewhat like a submarine - is lurching toward the CONSTRUCT.

Whatever it is, it's much larger than the Aardvark and clearly human-made. Giant red letters label it "**E49**"

CUT TO:

INT. SS AARDVARK, LAB

Wires, widgets, and tools are scattered. If there's a method to this madness, RACHEL is the only one who knows.

The crew's youngest (24), Rachel is bespectacled, introverted, disorganized, and awkward.

Currently, she's tinkering with a pile of circuits

RACHEL  
(to the pile)  
How's the weather today?

A POLITE ROBOT VOICE answers

JUNK-BOT  
I beg your pardon. Could you repeat?

RACHEL  
The weather

JUNK-BOT  
I'm sorry, I just didn't understand.

RACHEL  
Wea-ther!

JUNK-BOT  
Dear me, you must-

Rachel sighs, flips a switch, and Junk-Bot goes dead.

She goes back to tinkering

A staticky SKIP calls on the intercom

RADIO SKIP  
Rachel?...Hey, Rachel!

RACHEL

Hmmmm

RADIO SKIP

How's the jammers, Rach? Anybody  
lookin' at us?

Rachel drops what she's doing and darts to a series of  
monitors - checking them frantically.

RACHEL

Yeah - uh. Lemme see..

RADIO SKIP

The fuck you doin' down there?

RACHEL

Watching the monitor, Skip. Just  
gotta see something.

The screens show a lot of data, but only one thing catches  
our eye-

"WARNING - SIGNAL DETECTED"

RACHEL

Um...

RADIO SKIP

Um, what? Don't 'um' me!

RACHEL

Um-

CUT TO: COCKPIT

RADIO RACHEL

-someone's looking

Bren gives Skip a look

SKIP

(to Rachel)

Who!?

RADIO RACHEL

Not...necessarily apparent, sir.  
Good news is they haven't seen us  
yet.

SKIP

Fuckin' keep it that way.

Skipper flips off Rachel's channel

Bren looks ready to go maximum speed, anywhere-but-here.

BREN  
Sounds like time to scoot.

SKIP  
Hell no - get closer.

The helmswoman hesitates

SKIP  
Baby, this is covert intelligence;  
means stealin' - means it's illegal  
- means, if you die, ain't nobody  
gives a mother fuck  
(BEAT)  
Forward.

Bren pilots the SS Aardvark deeper into enemy space

Skipper hits another button on the com

CUT TO:

INT. SS AARDVARK, ARCHIVE

This room (like every other) is cramped. It's stacked  
floor-to-ceiling with computers.

Weapon E49 is visible on every monitor with TWO MEN  
watching.

ALEC (35) is a deeply serious person. His hobby is work.

IVAN (39) looks away from his station to choke down two  
MORPHINE PILLS...he takes at least six every day.

RADIO SKIP  
How's it lookin', central?

ALEC  
The closer you get, better it is  
for us, boss.

RADIO SKIP  
Got you covered, but you better  
snap them pictures fast.

IVAN  
Why, what's up?

RADIO SKIP  
Somebody sees us, and it ain't the  
Good Lord.

CUT TO: LAB

RACHEL is fiddling with one of the computer consoles

A moment later she STARTLES as LOUD STATIC PLAYS

Rachel cranks the volume dial to zero and gives a little  
victory dance.

She radios the skipper:

RADIO SKIP  
Yeah?

RACHEL  
Found their coms, Skip! I'm  
blasting snow on every channel.

A RADAR begins to BEEP

RADIO SKIP  
Let 'em yack through that!

SEVERAL SHAPES are on-screen, approaching fast

RACHEL  
Yeah, but they're still coming -  
one, two, th-  
(counting silently)  
Six so far!-

CUT TO: COCKPIT

RADIO RACHEL  
(Continuing)  
-More than enough to blow the holy  
shit out of us.

SKIP  
Pfft, ain't half enough! Keep them  
coms down, Rach. We're fine.

BREN glances down at her monitor - all clear

BREN  
(tapping the screen)  
Why don't we see 'em?

SKIP  
Shouldn't believe that'n. Time  
stamp issue.

BREN  
What!?

Skip's screen flashes: "CALL RECEIVED"

SKIP  
Them motherfuckers is tryin' to-

BREN  
Thought we had that jammed!

SKIP  
Yeah, yeah - don't be thinkin', I'm  
thinkin', you drive.

Bren speeds up while the Skipper answers in a bad 'German'  
accent.

SKIP  
This is vessel Grünwagen. Kapitan,  
uh, Helmut Weis....inger speaks.

There's an ALLIANCE OFFICER on the other end - impossible to  
hear through Rachel's handiwork

ALLIANCE OFFICER  
(through radio)

Sergeant **KWSHHHHH** Alliance **KWSHHHHHHHHH**  
immediate **KWSHHHHHHH** not  
**KWSHHHHHHH** violating **KWSHHHHHHH**

SKIP  
(in his accent)  
Talking very blurred. Guten tag  
mein - eidelweiss.

Skipper hangs up with a shrug

INSERT: A SMALL MISSILE FLIES PAST THE AARDVARK

"CALL RECEIVED"

"CALL RECEIVED"

CUT TO: ARCHIVE

Every camera is shaking wildly - Bren's going too fast

IVAN  
 (clicks a blurry snapshot)  
 Dammit, man!

ALEC  
 (to radio)  
 Hey, helm - we need an easier ride  
 down here.

RADIO BREN  
 No you don't!

IVAN  
 (another bad photo)  
 Can't get shit like this, man.

RADIO SKIP  
 Not what we need to hear, boys! How  
 many pictures you got now?

Alec pulls up their library of photos: Only two are  
 readable, neither good.

ALEC  
 Nothing...definitive

RADIO SKIP  
 Jesus fuckin'-  
 (click!)

CUT TO: SPACE

The AARDVARK is making quick, haphazard circles around E49  
 while SIX ARMED FIGHTERS swarm...

CUT TO: LAB

"CALL RECEIVED"

RACHEL  
 (to radio)  
 Still calling us, Skip.

RADIO SKIP  
 I give a shit?

The ships on Rachel's monitor coalesce in formation

RACHEL  
 They're forming up.



RADIO SKIP  
I give a shit!?!?

INSERT: Another MISSILE flies past

CUT TO: COCKPIT

BREN  
Now we leaving!?

SKIP  
Negative - ain't got what we come  
for. Gotta come to a stop.

BREN  
What?????

SKIP  
(pointing)  
Head to that spot, and bring 'er to  
a complete stop.

BREN  
Skip, they are not messin' no more!

SKIP  
Warning shot.

BREN  
How many of those before-

SKIP  
You know, some dipshit told me you  
got a medal for bravery!

INSERT: ANOTHER MISSILE FIRES

BREN  
(turns hard to evade)  
No, I got a medal for shootin' a  
guy - which is the motherfuckin'  
opposite of what you're asking me  
to do!

A "KSHHH" from the radio interrupts

RADIO RACHEL  
They're talking to each other,  
Skip! When're we getting out of  
here!?

SKIP  
Better ask the helm.

Bren says "fuck you" with her eyes

RADIO RACHEL  
Whatever's going on up there, I  
just intercepted something from  
Alliance command

SKIP  
Not a time for suspense, Rach!

INSERT: Rachel's display, we read along with her

RACHEL  
"Fire at will"

ONE MOMENT AND-

FOUR ALLIANCE SHIPS FIRE

Bren yanks the controls as hard as she can, bringing the  
ship UPSIDE DOWN

EVERYTHING FALLS UP FOR A SHORT MOMENT - it takes their  
artificial gravity .5 seconds to adjust

"KSHHHHH"

RADIO ALEC  
What the hell are we doing, boss!?

SKIP  
We are shuttin' the fuck up and  
doin' our job!! Finger on the  
button, soldier!  
(turns to Bren)  
And you are gonna stop this boat or  
we'll all be driftin' a million  
years in a billion pieces!  
(to radio)  
Rach, we can't see up here, so you  
gotta tell us when.

Rachel pets Junk-Bot

Alec's finger hovers on the button

Bren sweats bullets

Ivan swallows a pill

Skipper sits like Buddha

CUT TO: SPACE

The Aardvark dances around projectiles as it circles the station

There's a brief moment while the fighters reload

RADIO RACHEL

Now! Now!

THEY COME TO A COMPLETE STOP

INSERT: Bren's hand trembling on the stick

RADIO SKIP

Hold 'er...

CUT TO: ARCHIVE

We see clearly inside E49 - it's a massive WEAPON STORE

RADIO SKIP

Hold 'er.

Alec and Ivan frantically snap photos

INSERT: An ALLIANCE PILOT is locked on. Her weapon display reads "STAND BY"

RADIO RACHEL

They're ready in five seconds

INSERT: Bren's hand, more nervous than ever

RADIO SKIP

Hold 'er!!!

RADIO RACHEL

Three seconds!

INSERT: The Alliance pilot's finger is on the fire button

CUT TO: COCKPIT

SKIP

Hold her goddammit!

INSERT: The Alliance display now says "READY"

RADIO RACHEL

Go go go go!!!

Bren jerks the stick, but nothing happens

BREN

Son of a-

She flips it from space 'park' to space 'drive', and punches the thrusters as hard as she can

The Aardvark blasts away from E49 with a flurry of missiles and enemies behind