

No One Dreams Here – Excerpt...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

Drew and Hawkins run down the hall as the DAVE repeats its message.

DAVE

Level 1 alert. Level 1 alert. Rescue team A report to the egress chamber at once. Andrews, Cranshaw, Griffin, and Hawkins report immediately to the egress chamber.

INT. HANGAR.

Cranshaw seals her Enviro-Suit, as Drew and Hawkins come through the door. A technician hands them Enviro-suits which they put on as the scene progresses.

Andrews studies a report. He looks up as the team falls into place.

ANDREWS

Listen up! A survey team has been attacked in sector A12. Their Skivver is down and we have fatalities. It looks like we've got a new bug type on our hands - these fly.

The soldiers react to this.

We're downloading the flight recorder playback simulation now - we're going to need a first aid kit, O2 raft and body bags.

Two technicians nod and fall out of formation.

Sergeant, who's your best driver?

CRANSHAW

Griffin, you've got the bubble on this one.

DREW

Yes, Sergeant.

CRANSHAW

I need a wireframe!

A 3D elevation map appears showing the island, the base and the crash site.

Damn! They would have to be on the other side of the island. We'll skirt this fault line and crank up the sensors when we hit the South perimeter of B12.

TECHNICIAN

Playback ready!

The wall comes to life with the VR playback; the soldiers turn to watch. There is a great deal of noise and commotion. We see the Skivver moving at high speed, as winged bugs swarm all over it. It begins to slow and pitch back and forth.

ALVAREZ

Jesus Christ, they're all over us!
I'm losing pillow!

A CRASH SIREN sounds. The Skivver goes down. The playback goes to snow and out.

CRANSHAW

Everybody - full side arms. Lock and load.
Mr. Griffin, we need you at the helm, please.

ANDREWS

(checking his gun)
Mr. Griffin, these things brought down a Skivver. If any of these new bugs comes within twenty meters of your craft, you're ordered to perform an emergency landing.

CRANSHAW

Hawkins, you're on the auxiliary.

DREW

Cover my ass, JD!

HAWKINS

No problem, Drew!

A TECHNICIAN is backing a large machine away from the craft.

TECHNICIAN

Outriggers attached! Skivver ready to depart!

ANDREWS

All right, people, let's move!

INT. SKIVVER .

The rescue team boards the craft.

TECHNICIAN

(to Drew)

The PAI has calc'ed an optimal flight plan.
It's logged and approved. You've got a two kilometer
variance zone.

CRANSHAW

(strapping herself in)

Mr. Andrews. I don't think an
emergency landing is a good idea. If
we get enough additional weight on
this craft it will not lift off again...

ANDREWS

Sergeant Cranshaw, procedures here
are clearly delineated. The bugs flew
into the optical vent. We will perform an
emergency landing. Mr. Griffin - are you
clear on that point? If a bug gets within twenty
meters you will set this craft down.

EXT. MILITARY BASE.

The huge blast doors open and the Skivver flies out.

WIDER ANGLE as the Skivver blasts over the sandy dunes.

Drew's POV, from the Skivver window, of two flying bugs
preoccupied with something on the ground. They are truly
hideous, with large, leathery black wings. Their heads
swivel, tracking the craft. They leap into the air.

INT. SKIVVER.

Drew glances at Hawkins, who sits next to him. Two shapes appear on the
radar screen in front of them.

HAWKINS

Oh shit!

DAVE

Alien presence detected. Target lock acquired.

HAWKINS

Don't worry, man, I got 'em.

He begins firing.

EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE.

The ship blasts at the two bugs, but they seem to easily dodge the tracers.

INT. SKIVVER.

HAWKINS

(still firing)

Fuck! These things are fast.

DREW'S POV: The display in front of him begins to waver - the planet's surface changes intermittently to green, lush foliage.

Drew he blinks and tries to clear his vision.

DAVE

Alien proximity unacceptable. Twenty meters or less.

HAWKINS

Hell!

ANDREWS

Mr. Griffin, you have your orders - set this ship down.

CRANSHAW

Lieutenant, I must strongly object! Landing would be a fatal mistake.

ANDREWS

Cranshaw, your objections have been noted! If you were regular UN instead of corporate trash you might have a

little more pull around here. Now shut up!

CRANSHAW

Are you familiar with the rule of local sovereignty? As of this moment, my platoon is no longer under your command. Operation Log!

Another DAVE appears to meet Cranshaw's request.

DAVE2

Recording.

CRANSHAW

Log time. Rule of local sovereignty. Phoenix company. Sergeant Maria Cranshaw - Beatrice. Lieutenant Baldwin Andrews - United Nations.

Hawkins is firing frantically.

ANDREWS

Soldier, you land this ship or I will have you court-martialed.

CRANSHAW

Mr. Andrews, you stand down! Griffin, you keep power to the pillow.

ANDREWS

Mr. Griffin!

Drew looks up as if he's only now aware of the situation.

ANDREWS (continuing)

Set this ship down!

Drew pulls back on the controls.

CRANSHAW

Goddammit, Griffin!

EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE.

The Skivver begins to slow and descend.

INT. SKIVVER.

CRANSHAW

Get this ship back into the air!

Hawkins' POV as he sights on one of the bugs.

DAVE

Target lock acquired.

Hawkins fires and hits the bug.

DAVE

Direct hit.

HAWKINS

Yes!

EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE.

The injured bug spirals away. Its partner wheels and follows it down.

INT. SKIVVER.

DAVE

Alien presence leaving proscribed zone.

CRANSHAW

(glowering at Drew)

Mr. Griffin - get us to that crash site. That's good shooting, Mr. Hawkins.

EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE.

Drew's POV of the injured bug. Its wing is shattered and it lies in an expanding pool of goo. The second bug lands and kneels over it.

It raises its head and watches as the Skivver speeds away.

EXT. CRASH SITE .

Over the wreckage of the crashed Skivver we see the rescue ship approach. Subtly, in the foreground, are a set of footprints leading away from the crash site.

INT. SKIVVER.

DAVE

I have a lock on Dr. Marks' Skivver.
Setting down ACAP. I show three
fatalities, an injury and a clean
survive. The survive and the injury
are in the Skivver's EO2 station.

Through the front display we can see the Skivver landing - kicking up
dust. The crashed ship is clearly visible.

CRANSHAW

Hawkins, stay on the cannons. Let's
go, Griffin. I'll take the living –
you get the dead.

DREW

Yes, Sergeant.

INT. EO2 STATION.

Over Michaels' shoulder we see the door to the EO2 station slide open,
revealing Cranshaw.

CRANSHAW

I've got the two live ones.

MICHAELS

Alvarez is in pretty bad shape.

INT. SKIVVER.

Hawkins leans over the ship's control panel.

HAWKINS

I'm seeing two DOA's - no sign of Dr. Marks.

DAVE

I am experiencing some interference
with the location of Dr. Marks' body.
I will continue filtering for location.

EXT. SKIVVER.

Drew drags one of the bodies to the back of the Skivver.

We can see the DAVE from his HUD display, reflected in his visor.

DAVE

VR feed will occur if I'm successful.

Drew's POV: again the view "shorts out", showing us brief flashes of a green landscape. Drew shakes his head and smacks the side of his helmet with the palm of his hand.

DAVE (continuing)

In the meantime, please recover the locatable bodies.

INT. EO2 STATION.

Cranshaw's POV, looking down at Alvarez, who is moaning and clutching his stomach.

MICHAELS

He ain't walking anywhere.

INT. SKIVVER - DAY.

HAWKINS

Shit! We got bugs!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SKIVVER .

Drew is lifting the second body.

HAWKINS (O.S.)

Griffin! Bugs!

From Drew's POV we can see that a large bug has landed and is just entering the downed ship.

DREW

I see him. Sarge! Bug headed your way!

HAWKINS (O.S.)

They don't respond. Commlink's screwed..

Drew heads for the ship.

DREW

I'm there!

INT. EO2 STATION.

Alvarez grimaces as he's lifted.

PULL BACK to reveal Cranshaw and Michaels holding him up. Cranshaw hits the button and the door to the airlock pivots open revealing the bug.

MICHAELS

Shit!

Before anyone can react, the bug knocks Michaels and Alvarez down and grabs Cranshaw by the neck. She struggles with it, cursing.

CRANSHAW

Get this goddamn thing off of me!

The bug paws at her neck and head.

DAVE

Warning! Left helmet lock opened.

CRANSHAW

Michaels! Help me!

The bug's head suddenly explodes, and it falls to a heap on the floor. Drew is revealed standing behind it.

Cranshaw reseals her helmet.

INT. SKIVVER.

The airlock opens and the two survivors, Michaels and Alvarez, enter with Cranshaw. They remove their helmets. Cranshaw and Michaels set Alvarez down as gently as possible. Alvarez is in a great deal of pain. Griffin enters and kneels next to Alvarez.

ANDREWS

DAVE! Give me a StatScan.

DAVE

Scanning, sir.

MICHAELS

Damn it! You bastards!

Michaels grabs Andrews.

MICHAELS

Did you know about the SD devices?

ANDREWS

Get off me!

CRANSHAW

Michaels! Stand down!

MICHAELS

Those men were euthanized! You
killed them!

ANDREWS

This soldier needs medical help! If you
don't want to kill him, you'll back off.

Cranshaw gets Michaels in a half-Nelson.

CRANSHAW

Michaels - stand down!

MICHAELS

Jesus, let go of me!

DAVE

Internal bleeding. Blood loss. Shock.
Ruptured spleen. Recommend 100cc's
Meta-Alkaloid.

MICHAELS

All right, damn it! Let go of me -
Alonzo and Tisch were euthanized. The
bugs didn't kill them, the UN did. Now
why weren't we told?

Andrews gives the soldier an injection.

ANDREWS

Their suits were breached! This atmosphere
is deadly - do you have any idea what Lithium
Chloride does to a man? It's standard procedure!
If it wasn't for the SDs, those men would still be
in agony with their skin being eaten off!

Would you rather have seen that?

MICHAELS

Hey, screw you, man! You should have told us. You don't go putting self-destruct devices on Enviro-suits without telling people. Why don't you go flatline! I am not fighting. And when I get back - every swingin' Dick and Jane on that base is gonna know about it. This is gonna make Rangoon look like a fuckin' ladies tea —

Cranshaw draws her gun and raises it to Michaels' temple.

CRANSHAW

You, Mr. Michaels, are in breach of contract. I am putting you on notice.

MICHAELS

Jesus Christ, Maria. Are you for real?

CRANSHAW

Mr. Michaels, Beatrice International, hereby notifies you that you are in breach of your employment contract. Please do not call me by my first name.

MICHAELS

Notice is duly received.

CRANSHAW

I am obligated to inform you that your contract is currently being interpreted under the Indentured Forces Act. Failure to cure this breach (SHE COCKS HER PISTOL) could result in substantial penalties.

MICHAELS

I take your meaning... Maria.

He goes and sits.

ANDREWS

Nicely done, Sergeant.

CRANSHAW
(under her breath as she holsters her gun)
Fuck you.

ANDREWS
Can we get the hell out of here, please.

CRANSHAW
We need Marks!

MICHAELS
She's not here.

CRANSHAW
(grabbing Michaels)
You son of a bitch! I should have shot you
when I had the chance! Now quit screwing
around before I rip your damn head off!

MICHAELS
You kiss your mother with that mouth?

She hits Michaels in the jaw.

CRANSHAW
Where the fuck is she?!

MICHAELS
She walked away!

CRANSHAW
Are you insane?

Drew tries to de-fuse the situation.

DREW
(softly)
Hey, Sergeant...

CRANSHAW
Private, you had better tell me what
happened to Dr. Marks!

DAVE
My sensors indicate that Dr. Marks is

dead. I am experiencing some interference with the location of Dr. Marks' body. I will continue filtering for location.

CRANSHAW

Fuck!

MICHAELS

I'm telling you, Sergeant, she walk —

CRANSHAW

(cutting him off)

Michaels, shut up.

She sighs and looks around the cabin.

CRANSHAW

(quietly)

Mr. Griffin, get us home, please.