

"MARINES"

A screenplay by

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Author's Notes:

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Spat Oktan at <http://www.spatcave.com>

This is a parody of the TV show "Cops" with a little "Fargo"
thrown in for bad measure. ^_^

This is the Third and final draft.

Reformatted in "proper" screenplay form and edited for minor
content changes September 21, 2006.

CAST

ROOK - Colonial Marine CELL - Colonial Marine
REPORTER

NON-SPEAKING

ALIEN CREATURES

SETS

INTERIORS

DARK INDUSTRIAL TUNNELS
INDUSTRIAL HALLWAYS

EXTERIORS

FOREST
INDUSTRIAL FACILITY

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Alpha Caeli	AL-Fah CAY-lee
Almayer	AL-MAY-er
Cetii Epsilon	SEH-tee ep-SILL-on
Weyland-Yutani	WAY-land Yoo-tahn-ee
Aesirheim	AY-Shure-HY-m

"MARINES"

FADE IN:

INTRO: A video montage of scenes culled from the program.
Overlaid is the theme song.

THEME SONG LYRICS

Damn bugs, damn bugs, whatcha
gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when they try
an eat you?
Damn bugs, damn bugs, whatcha
gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when they hunt-
a you?

The 'core don't give us no
breaks,
Dey run us out in the damn rain.
The Commander-man don't give us
no breaks,
In hypersleep we sleepin' away,
hey hey!

Damn bugs, damn bugs, whatcha
gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when they try
an eat you?
Damn bugs, damn bugs, whatcha
gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when they hunt-
a you?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

"Marines" is filmed and
presented as an unedited visit
with the men and women of the
United States Colonial Marine
Corps.

U-S-C-M-C... We Endanger Species.

FADE OUT:

END OF INTRO

BEGIN ACT ONE

FADE IN:

Descriptive text scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

SUPER:

Cetii Epsilon IV, USCMC 2nd
Battalion, 9th Regiment.

"Almayer's Folly" 17:02 ZULU

SUPER FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a YELLOW stencil, with the word "UNEDITED," BLINKING right below it in RED.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS - DAY

HANDHELD CAMERA:

Camera focuses on some plain institutional buildings. A couple of COLONIAL MARINES mill about outside the facility. They are dressed in futuristic hard shell body armor and carry large hand weapons. The camera catches up with them as they walk along.

MEDIUM SHOT - CORPORAL CELL

CELL

Welcome to Almayer's Folly.
This here's what's left of the buildings and stuff left over when the Company pulled out of the mining operations here. The buildings we have here are a lot nicer than most of that pre-fab shit that the company usually puts up out on the frontier.

ROOK
(sarcastic)

Yeah, it's really the frickin'
ritz here.

CELL
Anyhoo, We've been stationed
here on Cetii Epsilon four for
about four years now...

ROOK
Nope.

CELL
What?

ROOK
It's Cetii Epsilon four.

CELL
I said that.

ROOK
No, you said Cetii Epsilon forty
- four, which they renamed to
Cetii Epsilon fifty one 'cause
everybody was mixing it up.

CELL
I never said forty-four.

ROOK
Did so.

CELL
Did Not.

ROOK

Did so.

CELL

Did NOT.

ROOK

Did SO.

CELL

Hey Now, ain't you supposed to
be on patrol, PRIVATE Dipshit?

ROOK

Ya, sure, youbetcha, CORPORAL.

ROOK salutes with his middle finger and then walks ahead.

CELL

Get movin' then, jerkwad.

CELL turns to the CAMERAMAN...

CELL

You're not gonna use that are
you?

CAMERAMAN (V.O.)

No, we'll edit that out in post
production.

ROOK moves out and CELL follows a short distance behind.

CELL

Well, anyway, we've been
stationed here...

(beat)

Let's say four years. There's about fifty odd mining operations spread out here on the seven moons orbiting that there big gas giant they call Alpha Caeli five.

(pause)

The mineral reserves here dried up about five years ago. After the Company moved on to pump up mining ops on the other moons here in the Solomon chain, the United Systems Military made a grab for the Solomon's in a big way.

Well, you see, the Colonial Marines are commanded by the United Americas. We're the primary fighting units used on the land, sea, air and in space.

The Weyland-Yutani Corporation also has had a government contract to supply equipment to the military for about forty years now.

ROOK

Weyland-Yutani... screwing better worlds.

CELL

Hey now. Anyways, due to this arrangement that the United Americas have with the Weyland-Yutani Corporation, the Colonial Marine Corps defends civilian interests and safeguards the ...colonists when they need it.

(continuing)

We've been called in to stop political uprisings, clear jungles of native predators that like to eat the colonists...

ROOK

(Interrupts)

Dumb ass colonists...

CELL

...and we also do some investigating after the fact when necessary... to figure out what went down in any given situation... assuming nobody tried covering it up...

(beat)

And occasionally we do fringe system expeditionary work as well.

But first and foremost we're a combat unit.

ROOK

Yeah, sure, but the only combat you ever seen was with your 'ol lady.

CELL

Hey, shut the hell up Private, I'm talkin' about the history of our outpost here.

(beat)

So anyway, the United Systems Military, the fighting arm of the systems that seceded from under Earth's domain after the last war, they see the Solomon's as undefended and ripe for the picking.

But we stopped 'em cold, right here at Almayer's Folly. Now we're semi-permanently stationed here to keep the peace and to keep the You-Sems from tryin' anything again. We have a Conestoga class starship in orbit.

We have a Tactical Dropship wing and of course the strong fighting arm of the Colonial Marine corps keeping busy...

ROOK

(interrupts)

...washing toilets and takin' out the trash...

CELL

(defensive)

Well, its been kinda quiet lately. The only real down side to being here is that we're far enough out from Gateway Station and the core systems that even though we're a strategically important outpost, equipment requisitions seem to take forever to get here...

ROOK

You know I'm out of real grenades? I'm down to these shitty rubber crowd control, riot baton rounds. Ever seen some trooper in body armor get taken out with a rubber baton round? Nope? Me neither. Kinda makes you glad we're not outnumbered with no hope of escape doesn't it?

CELL

Makes you wish those replacement
grenade requisition forms went
through faster, huh?

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

A graphic representation of a METAL SCREW. (OPTICAL)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It all started with a simple
screw back in the early 20th
century. That simple hardware
manufacturing venture has led to
the continued success of one of
the Fortune 5000's top
companies: The Weyland-Yutani
Corporation.

SUPER: WEYLAND-YUTANI LOGO

The viewer is treated to a variety of fades and wipes,
showing images of everything from Jet Fighters to space
craft, to plants and animals, to children's toys and consumer
goods. This collage shows throughout the narrator's
dialogue.

The NARRATOR himself walks into the foreground of the
kaleidoscope of video display images. He's a SMILING,
FRIENDLY LOOKING MAN of middling years, with grey-white hair
and a smart business suit. He is what one may call
"distinguished" looking.

SUPER OUT: WEYLAND-YUTANI LOGO

NARRATOR

The Weyland-Yutani Corporation
is dedicated to making your
world a better place to live,
and grow, for you and your

children, and their children for generations to come.

NARRATOR

Here at Weyland-Yutani, our motto is "Building Better Worlds" and we do that through the diversification of our many product lines.

(beat)

From space flight systems to children's toys. From Military Hardware to atmosphere processors. From our flagship robotics manufacturing and cutting edge cybernetic personnel developments, Weyland-Yutani makes millions of products to enrich...

The narrator points at the camera...

your life.

(beat)

So when you think of quality products and a long, healthy way of life, think Weyland-Yutani.

The NARRATOR holds up a silver metal bolt or screw in his fingers. The camera zooms in so the screw fits between the top and bottom edges of the screen. The metal screw is replaced by...

FADE IN METAL CGI SCREW GRAPHIC

SUPER: WEYLAND-YUTANI CORPORATE LOGO

FADE OUT SCREW GRAPHIC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Weyland-Yutani Corporation.
Building better worlds, one screw at a time.

FADE OUT:

END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS - MOTOR POOL - DAY

SUPER:

ALMAYER'S FOLLY, 19:45 ZULU

SUPER OUT:

FADE IN:

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a YELLOW stencil, with the word "UNEDITED," BLINKING right below it in RED.

CORPORAL CELL is listening intently to his helmet radio.

CELL

You sure about that? We just completed a sweep of that section earlier today and... Sir?
(beat)

Yes Sir, Okie dokie, we'll check 'er out.

ROOK

Damn... back patrolling the salad sector again?

CELL

Yep. Head for the A-P-C we gotta head back to area 51.

ROOK
Man, this sucks!

The two marines head off in the direction of a parked APC.

SLOW CROSSFADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A battered APC (Armored Personnel Carrier) rolls along a trail running through the forest. The APC comes to a halt, crushing a small tree and the two marines exit the APC. The heavy door slams shut behind them. The two marines walk off into the forest, ROOK on point with CELL following a short distance behind.

ROOK pulls what looks like a small remote control from his webbing harness, and points it at the APC. He pushes a button and the lights on the front of the APC quickly flash twice, and a double "chirp" of a car alarm being activated is heard.

ROOK
Now, this time remember where we
parked.

CELL ignores him and turns to the CAMERA.

CELL
Well, it looks like we're
missing a couple of the Weyland-
Yutani caretakers. They went to
check some of the weather
reporting gear in the forested
section and haven't reported in.
(beat)

They probably just got
themselves lost. This shit
happens all the time around
here. Usually they lose their
compass or their navcom locator
(continuing)

and wander off the wrong direction. We usually find 'em all scared and worn out, sitting up in a tree, babbling about...

He makes hand quotation motions...

"invisible monsters..." just like my sister's five year old.

ROOK

I didn't think you had any family. Weren't you hatched outta some big egg or somethin'?

CELL

Cute. You know, If I were a Lieutenant you'd be scrubbing the latrine for a month.

ROOK

You know, If YOU were a Lieutenant I'd volunteer to scrub the latrine so I didn't get shot in the ass while on patrol.

CELL points his finger at ROOK.

CELL

Hey, You stow that shit...
(beat)

Besides, that was an accident.

ROOK

You know, my ass still hurts there when it gets cold?

CELL

(TO CAMERA)

You're not gonna use that are you?

CAMERAMAN (V.O.)

Nah, we'll edit it out in post production.

CELL

Um, okay
(pause)

Anyway, we'll probably find them stupid Wey-Yoot caretakers just sitting pretty, waiting to be rescued like all the others.

ROOK

Yeah, but we don't always find 'em like that though...

CELL

(TO CAMERA)

Well, there was this one time a couple a months ago. We gets the call from Operations that another Wey-Yoot caretaker has gone and gotten herself lost in the woods, so Lieutenant Oktan orders us to go out lookin' for her.

Those corporate types pretty much keep to themselves, working on whatever the company tells 'em to, so they don't really interact with us Grunts much.

ROOK

Fraternize.

CELL

What?

ROOK

They don't "fraternize" with us grunts.

CELL

(ROLLS HIS EYES)

So anyway, we figure she'd be pretty happy to see us when we find her, if you know what I mean, (He Winks...) so we hurry faster than usual, searching all the usual locations and all, figuring that's where she'd be...

ROOK

What a dang waste...

CELL

Well, we find her after all... or what's left of her. Too bad too, perfect waste of a fine lookin' woman...

ROOK

It was like one of those old horror tri-vids man... it took four marines, two mops and a really biiiig bucket to pick up all the pieces.

CELL

Don't remind me. I had that white goo they use for blood all over me. My armor still smells like that shit it when it gets real humid...

(beat)

Anyhoo, It turns out the girl was a synthetic and not human after all. She musta been a special model or something 'cause she seemed so human.

(continuing)

Usually the personality on those synthetics seems a little... cold.

ROOK

Man, I thought you liked 'em cold and battery operated!

CELL

Screw you.

ROOK

(SMIRKING)

In your dreams pal.

CELL makes an obscene gesture with his finger that is blurred out on the screen. ROOK grins even wider.

ROOK

Still, it's a dang walking computer after all. I heard that sometimes, the head honchos in the company even have their own synths built to act and look an' think like 'em and shit.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The marines walk along when all of a sudden you hear a CHITTERING, GUGLING SOUND that the viewer will recognize as being made by a PREDATOR. The MARINES STOP, look around for a second, look at each other, SHRUG and then keep moving.

CELL

That's bullshit, I ain't never seen no synth that looks and acts just like another person.

ROOK

Its true man, my cousin is stationed with a crew that knew a guy who saw a human and a synth that looked so much alike they coulda been twins. He said the synth didn't act like the human though. I guess he wasn't a jackass like his human was.

Said his name was Cardinal or Padre or something.

CELL

You can't even tell your own stories right. The guys name was Bishop, dumbass.

ROOK

Bishop Dumbass? Strange name for a cleric.

CELL

No, you're the dumbass. The synth's name was Bishop.

ROOK

Yeah, I said that.

CELL

Did not.

ROOK

Did so... Say man on an unrelated note...

(takes off helmet)

...what do think of my new haircut?

CELL stops on the trail and looks at him in a "what the hell" kind of way. He starts walking again.

CELL

You got a new haircut? Which one? The one on the side or that one on top there?

ROOK

Funny, funny. Y'know, when I get outta the corps, I'm thinkin' about cuttin' hair for a living.

CELL

With what, a machete or your boot knife?

ROOK

Hey, a true artist is never appreciated in his own lifetime!

CELL

That's true... Salvadore Dali shoulda come back and finished your damn haircut.

ROOK

Who?

CELL

Dali? He painted the surrealistic melting clocks landscape paintings.

ROOK

Melted what?

CELL

Or maybe it was Picasso? Your haircut is kinda abstract.

ROOK

What?

CELL

Leonardo DaVinci maybe?

ROOK

Hey, I like that guy. Wasn't he
the one who used the nun-chucks?

CELL AGAIN stops dead in his tracks and half turns to look at
ROOK.

CELL

Say what?

ROOK

Leonardo. You know, the turtle?
DUH!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The PREDATOR chitter sound echos through the area. The
MARINES look around for a second, look at each other, shrug,
and keep moving.

CELL

(looks at camera)

So anyway, we never did see what
it was that ripped that Wayland-
Yutani synthetic girl apart
though. And it was pretty
brutal. Did see the remains of
some weird ass bug though, near
the body. It wasn't listed in
the animal database for this
rock either and we don't know
where it came from. The Wey-
Yoot company spooks were real
interested in it though...

ROOK rubs his hand over his hair.

ROOK

Okay, so what you're sayin' is
you don't like my haircut?

CELL cuffs ROOK on the shoulder of his armor and nudges toward the camera. ROOK finally notices the camera focused on him and nervously places his helmet back on his head.

ROOK

Um, yeah, what YOU said, weird lookin' bug, like a big-ass hand with a meter long tail. Stank like hell too. Don't know why the company wanted us to save it either. One dead bug looks like any other dead bug...

SLOW CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. FOREST - WEATHER SUB STATION - DAY

SUPER:

WEATHER SUB STATION X32
Almayer's Folly, 21:13 ZULU"

SUPER OUT:

FADE IN:

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a YELLOW stencil, with the word "UNEDITED," BLINKING right below it in RED.

CELL

Well, we're out here in the middle of goddamn nowhere, and no sign of those stupid Weyland-Yutani morons. There looks to be some small amount of damage to the weather transmitter, Rook's workin' on it now tryin' to get it up and running again.

ROOK

(cursing under his breath)

Man, this thing is toast. It looks burnt or melted. It wasn't no lightning strike though 'cause there's no charring on the outside of the transmitter casing. I can't do any more out here, it'll have to be replaced.

(laughs)

Hey, I wonder if the ghost of that synth or her mystery bug did it.

CELL

You know synthetics don't have souls man.

ROOK

How do you know, man? If I hadn't seen the white milk color of her blood, I'd have thought she was as human as you or me.

CELL

Whatever. And I know there ain't no ghost and there ain't no more of those bugs either.

ROOK

Whatever you say, DAD.

CELL

(To camera)

I suppose I should explain the reason why we call unknown creatures "Bugs." Basically,

(continuing)

one of the first xenogra...
xenofff... ah, fuck it... ALIEN
creatures that human's
encountered in space, was that
of a big-ass bug. Over a meter
in length.

(pause)

A meter and a half of armor and
eyeballs and claws and teeth and
antennas... and they REALLY didn't
like humans landing on their
little home rock.

ROOK folds up his tools and walks over. He holds a BURNT
CIRCUIT BOARD in his hand.

ROOK

This thing is fucked. They're
gonna have to patch the outer
casing and replace the entire
computer core assembly and
transmitter.

ROOK tosses the burnt board over his shoulder.

CELL

That's littering you know.

ROOK

What are you, the fuckin' forest
ranger? Well, Excuuuse me mister
Smokey the Bear.

CELL

Great. This is another thing
we're gonna get blamed for,
Don'tcha know.

ROOK

No Shit.

CELL

We better head back. These
woods give me the creeps after
dark.

ROOK

Oooh, whatsa matter? The big bad
Cor-po-wal af-waid of the big
scawy woods?

CELL

Have I told you lately... how much
I hate you?

ROOK

Not lately.

CELL

Consider it done.

ROOK

Now you hurt my feelings.

CELL

Just be glad that xeno-bug thing
ain't around to rearrange your
body parts like it did that
synthetic girl.

(to camera)

The bad thing about those xeno-
bugs is the fact that you don't
know what to expect, and that
can kill you. It's kinda tough
to get good intel on the troop
movements of a dang bug.

And anything we don't have good
intel about out here a million
plus miles away from Earth, can
and usually will, try to kill
you.

ROOK

It's called Survival of the
fittest man. I'm at the top of
the damn food chain and with my
Boom stick...

He waves his PULSE RIFLE. The CAMERA focuses on the side of the RIFLE with the words "BOOM STICK" painted there.

ROOK

I'm stayin' at the top of the food chain!

CELL

Yeah, your boom stick might be standard issue but you really gotta get yourself a new set of M3 armor.

CELL wears a standard set of hard shell M3 body armor. The CAMERA pans up and down ROOK. He what looks like a fabric covered soft armor with hard shoulder pauldrons.

ROOK

Tell me about it. This ancient M2 body armor sucks. It's heavier and bulkier than the M3 armor and it sucks up water like a damn sponge, making it even heavier. Makes me wish the supply requisitions for replacement body armor had gone through.

CELL

But the Kevlar fabric outer covering makes it quieter though. I guess that's why they say the Special Forces guys use it.

ROOK

If my M3 hadn't been so badly damaged due to the stupid United Systems invasion I'd be the ultimate, mo-bile tool of destruction.

CELL

Instead of just being the
ultimate tool?

ROOK

Hey...

CELL

Come on. We're outta here. I
hate patrolling the salad
sector...

ROOK

One tree or shrub is all the
same to me. Just a few croutons
short of a big happy salad.

CELL Speaks into his helmet radio.

CELL

Command, this is Sierra Gulf-one
Niner. No sign of the missing
Weyland-Yutani personnel. The
weather station has been
damaged, possibly sabotaged by
persons unknown. The weather
computer core and telemetry
sending unit will have to be
replaced. Requesting immediate
evac to base.

ROOK

Evac my ass. They're gonna make
us...

CELL

Roger that command.

CELL Looks at ROOK, with a frown on his face.

CELL

Have I mentioned how much I hate you.

ROOK

Actually, you...

CELL

You're my own personal curse. You know that?

ROOK

They're makin' us hoof it back huh?

CELL

Yeah, gotta hoof it back. The dropships are on patrol on the fringe. This time, you're driving the A-P-C back.

ROOK

Aw, man... I hate driving that thing. Every time I drive something else gets broken on it.

CELL

You know what I hate? I hate these woods at night. Probably gonna have to switch to I-R too if we don't get back before the sun sets completely...

ROOK

Makes you wish those supply requests for the replacement T-N-R Shoulder Lamps had been filled huh?

CELL

(gruffly)

Shut up and move out.

ROOK and CELL walk past the camera and down the path. The TWO MARINES get a short distance away when a loud GURGLING, CHITTER sound echoes through the woods. The camera pans wildly about, seeing nothing but the trees of the forest... and swings forward. The camera man runs down the trail after the two marines.

A deep throated (PREDATOR) laugh is heard in the distance. When that sound fades, a moment passes and as the camera fades out ROOK'S voice can be heard...

ROOK

Say, do you remember where we parked?

SLOW FADE OUT:

ACT THREE:

FADE IN TO:

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR, ALMAYER'S FOLLY - NIGHT

SUPER:

COMMAND LEVEL
Almayer's Folly, 23:48 ZULU"

SUPER OUT:

FADE IN:

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a YELLOW stencil, with the word "UNEDITED," BLINKING right below it in RED.

A door slams open and CELL storms out. A muffled voice is heard in the background and CELL turns on his heel and salutes.

CELL

Sir, yes Sir!

CELL takes a step forward, slowly shuts door with DELIBERATE tension.

CELL

The chain of command is the chain they beat you with to show you who's in command. This kind of BULL is going too far.

ROOK

You could always give up your commission and retire.

CELL

What? And give up all this?

CELL gestures to the dull, drab industrial walls around him.

ROOK

So what's the major malfunction?

CELL

You're not gonna believe it...
Grab your shit.

ROOK

Oh come ON, you're joking! We've been on patrol almost twenty hours!

CELL

Nope, no joke. The rest of the squad is sweeping the salad sector again, so we're the only ones left. Grab your gear and let's go.
(beat, then turns to the camera)
(continuing)

The C-O said that a Wey-Yoot maintenance crew went out to the atmosphere processor 12 hours ago and hasn't reported in. And we're supposed to go and drag them back.

(pause)

I hope they resist.

CELL cycles the BOLT on his PULSE RIFLE.

CELL

Um, you're not going to use that are you?

CAMERAMAN

Don't worry, we'll edit that out in post production.

ROOK

Wouldn't it be funny if we went out there and nobody was there... and the reason nobody was there was because they all got pulled from the facility a month ago and Mother, the mainframe computer, still registered their work detail but nobody was actually around?

CELL

(stops, looks at ROOK)
Say What?

ROOK

Wouldn't that be funny?

CELL

You know, if I wouldn't get court-martialed, I'd shoot you myself.

ROOK

What? And miss out on my sunny disposition?

CELL

Oh, shut up and move out.

SLOW CROSSFADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MAINTAINENCE ACCESS TUNNEL

SUPER:

ACCESS TUNNELS TO ATMOSPHERE
PROCESSOR. 00:09 ZULU"

SUPER OUT:

FADE IN:

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a YELLOW stencil, with the word "UNEDITED," BLINKING right below it in RED.

The TWO MARINES walk through an industrial tunnel. Piping and conduits run along the walls, and the lighting is weak at best, at times only lit by a RED ROTATING EMERGENCY BECON. The walls are narrow, and the feeling is very claustrophobic.

ROOK

I'm telling' ya man, I got a bad feelin' about this.

CELL

Where's that sunny disposition you were telling me about? It looks like most of the emergency lighting down here is malfunctioning. Go to infared.

ROOK flips down the infared monocular on his helmet and CELL follows suit.

ROOK

I don't fuckin' like it.

CELL

What are you whining about, you never like being on patrol.

ROOK

I'm tellin' ya, I got a bad feelin' about this. People transferred without notice. Wey-Yoots go missin' all times of the day and night... somethin' ain't been right here for a long time.

CELL

Well, that's why you got the "boom stick" tough guy.

CELL pushes ROOK to walk ahead of him in the tight tunnel. They travel a bit farther and come to a corner, illuminated by only a RED ROTATING EMERGENCY BECON.

ROOK

You know I ain't been able to contact my cousin for over ten months?

CELL

So what?

ROOK

His Ma said "Look after your cousin. He's tough, but not too bright."

CELL

So what, you his babysitter now?

ROOK

Hey man, we Hudson's gotta stick together. He was getting out soon too. Four weeks I think...

CELL

I'm sure dear cousin Hudson is fine and dandy. He's probably on Arcturis right now and not checking his e-mail.

(pause)

ROOK swings the barrel of his PULSE RIFLE close to CELL, who blocks the swing with the muzzle of his own rifle.

CELL

Concentrate on the mission ya dumbass before you shoot your own foot off. Or mine.

ROOK

(grumbles)

CELL

You say something?

ROOK

(heated)

Yeah, what I said was...

(instantly calm)

Hey, what's that?

INT. MAINTAINENCE ACCESS TUNNEL

ROOK points further down the tunnel and the CAMERA swings around to focus on a single object sitting on the floor. The CAMERA ZOOMS in QUICKLY out of focus then focuses to reveal a lone WOMAN'S TENNIS SHOE sitting in the center of the tunnel.

Some sort of gelatinous goo is sticking all over the shoe.

ROOK pulls a knife and lifts the gooey shoe from the floor and holds it up to CELL. Slime DRIPS down off the shoe.

ROOK

This can't be a good sign.

CELL

It's not machine oil. It almost looks like some sort jelly or a liquid resin.

ROOK

(sniffs shoe)

Whatever this goo is, it sure as hell stinks.

ROOK smells shoe again and looks disgusted.

ROOK

It smells like you do right now.

ROOK GRINS and flings the shoe off of his knife.

CELL

We should probably take...
(looks startled)

What was... Look at that...

He points down the darkened tunnel...

Do you smell something?

ROOK

I didn't see nothin'...

CELL

Now I wish that requisition for
a replacement motion tracker had
gone through...

A soft ALIEN HISS is heard...

ROOK

(NERVOUS)

You know, this reminds me of a
Tri-Vid that my grandma used to
watch...

A slightly LOUDER ALIEN hissing is heard. The CAMERA pans
WILDLY, but nothing is revealed.

ROOK

About these four prep school
kids that always went in the
dark places that people with
brains don't go...

CELL

(NERVOUS)

I'm not getting anythin' on I-R...

An even slightly LOUDER ALIEN hiss is heard. The CAMERAMAN is
getting panicky, and wildly swings the camera about, both
front and back.

ROOK

And they'd fight like demons and
vampires and stuff...

A louder, MENACING ALIEN hiss is heard.

CELL

Lock and load man.

ROOK slaps home a new magazine in his PULSE RIFLE and the SHOT COUNTER on the side of the rifle resets to "95." He then cycles the bolt on the side of the rifle.

ROOK

I think it was called "Muffy the demon slayer..."

The CAMERA swings to cover CELL. CELL stops dead in his tracks and slowly pivots his head to look at ROOK. The tunnel is silent.

CELL

What kind of dumbass would call a Tri-Vid show "Muffy the demon slayer?"

At that moment a fearsome ALIEN SCREAM is heard!

ROOK yells and points into the darkness of the tunnel...

ROOK

HOLY SHIT! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT??

Various ALIEN SCREAMS are heard!

CELL

(Yelling)

TACTICAL FIRING POSITIONS,
REPUBLICAN WITHDRAWL!

The MARINES step side by side forming an armored wall with the CAMERAMAN behind them, and fire their weapons into the darkened tunnel and slowly move backward. The CAMERAMAN

(continuing)

tries to lift the CAMERA above the MARINES and shoot into the darkness. The result is poor, showing only the heavily shadowed forms of the mostly unseen creatures that are advancing, unstoppable!

Their ALIEN forms are only briefly backlit in the distance by a RED ROTATING EMERGENCY BECON and briefly, tantalizingly illuminated by the bright RED-YELLOW MUZZLE FLASHES of the weapons! CELL turns and GRABS CAMERAMAN, his face full in the camera...

CELL

There's too many of them! Get
outta here!

ROOK

HOLY SHIT, THEY'RE WALL TO WALL
DOWN HERE!

More weapons firing is heard, more ALIEN SCREAMS echo in the tunnel.

ROOK

THEY'RE ALMOST ON US! LETS GET
THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

ROOK turns toward the CAMERA and escape, and the CAMERA catches an ALIEN HAND that wraps itself around ROOK'S FACE, yanking him backward into the tunnel with a yell! Reflexively, his PULSE RIFLE FIRES, shots ricocheting off the wall and narrowly misses the CAMERAMAN! ROOK FALLS SCREAMING to the onslaught.

CELL jumps in front of the CAMERAMAN pushing him away from the carnage.

CELL

GO, GO, GO!

CELL turns and half runs the same direction, firing his weapon behind him as he runs.

CELL

GET OUTTA HERE!

The CAMERAMAN runs and is a good twenty feet ahead when he turns back with the CAMERA. With a scream, CELL is taken down from behind by a shadowy ALIEN form, all SPIKES and TUBES, TEETH and CLAWS. The ROTATING ALARM LIGHT on the wall gives it a macabre shadow play feel.

CELL

(screaming)

SON OF A...

More ALIEN SCREAMS echo in the tunnels. CELL'S screams echo in the tunnel... and fall silent.

The CAMERA spins and sections of industrial flooring are seen. Several turns are made and even more corners are taken. The CAMERA MAN doesn't seem as though he'll ever stop running. After a minute, the tunnel is quiet and nothing except the sound of heavy human breathing is heard. The camera pans back and forth shakily across the darkness.

It is Quiet. Too quiet.

A slow, quiet HISS is heard. The camera turns quickly and the TOOTHY JAW of an ALIEN is seen! The ALIEN JAW MOVES FORWARD and a loud SCREECH is heard. The camera falls to the floor and lands roughly on its side. A MAN'S SCREAM is heard, and is cut off.

A moment passes. The CAMERA is on its side showing the floor and wall.

A BLOODY HUMAN HAND lands WETLY on the floor in clear view of the camera lens. A slow quiet ALIEN HISS is heard, and the hand slides slowly across the floor, out of camera view.

The CAMERA VIEW goes to snowy static and the words...

"REMOTE UPLINK SIGNAL LOST"

...blink in the center of the screen.

At the bottom-right of the screen is the "MARINES" logo which looks like a yellow stencil, with the word "LIVE" right below it in red. The "UNEDITED" blinks out, leaving only the "MARINES" logo.

The snowy static display..

FADES OUT:

FADE IN:

A graphic representation of a METAL SCREW. (OPTICAL)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It all started with a simple screw back in the early 20th century. That simple hardware manufacturing venture has led to the continued success of one of the Fortune 5000's top companies: The Weyland-Yutani Corporation.

SUPER: WEYLAND-YUTANI LOGO

The viewer is treated to a variety of fades and wipes, showing images of everything from Jet Fighters to space craft, to plants and animals, to children's toys and consumer goods. This collage shows throughout the narrator's dialogue.

The NARRATOR himself walks into the foreground of the kaleidoscope of video display images. He's a SMILING, FRIENDLY LOOKING MAN of middling years, with grey-white hair and a smart business suit. He is what one may call "distinguished" looking.

NARRATOR

The Weyland-Yutani Corporation is dedicated to making your world a better place to live, and grow, for you and your children, and their children for generations to come.

FADE OUT WEYLAND-YUTANI LOGO

NARRATOR

Here at Weyland-Yutani, our motto is "Building Better
(continuing)

Worlds" and we do that through
the diversification of our many
product lines.

(beat)

From space flight systems to
children's toys. From Military
Hardware to atmosphere
processors. From our flagship
robotics manufacturing and
cutting edge cybernetic
personnel developments, Weyland-
Yutani makes millions of
products to enrich...

The narrator points at the camera...

your life.

(beat)

So when you think of quality
products and a long, healthy way
of life, think Weyland-Yutani.

The NARRATOR holds up a silver metal bolt or screw in his
fingers. The camera zooms in so the screw fits between the
top and bottom edges of the screen. The metal screw is
replaced by..

FADE IN METAL CGI SCREW GRAPHIC

SUPER: WEYLAND-YUTANI LOGO

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Weyland-Yutani Corporation.
Building better worlds, one
screw at a time.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END