

INSEMINATION

Written by

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INT. SPACESHIP - HALLWAY - DAY

The touch-light floor reveals flashes of black metal archways, dozens of hidden alcoves, nooks made from crisscrossed wires, and a long row of portholes with a purple planet beyond.

Jackson, 23, frightened, dazed, stumbles down the corridor, stopping every fifteen feet to lift a metal flap and peer into a room beyond. He continues stumbling forward, looking back the way he came.

SCREAMS echo down the hall as Jackson stops to listen, then picks up his pace, searching every room as he passes. He steps away from a peephole on the right, skids to a stop and rushes back to peer inside.

INT. SPACESHIP - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

The large white medical bay contains two rows of metal slab beds, fitted with individual control panels and multi-colored tanks mounted below. Multiple tubes with green chambers lay on trays of tools beside every bed.

Blinding white light emanates from the floor wherever it's touched, then fades into murky darkness farther away. Dad, 50, retired body builder, shivers as he lies handcuffed on a metal slab. Bandages cover his left side.

DAD
Where's Jackson?

MOM (O.C)
He's here too. He's safe, but we
can't find anyone else that was
with you.

Dad reaches for his head, realizes he's handcuffed, then tugs his hand. He lifts his head and looks around the room, then stops when he looks at his side, confused.

DAD
Where are we? What happened?

Mom, 45, house wife, apron on, walks to the side of the bed, sets down an empty metal tube beside the other green filled chambers, and stops in front of the controls.

Dad tilts his head to see her, groaning as he stretches his left side. Mom steps forward and wraps her fingers around his before he yanks away, waving his hand as if he's been burned.

DAD (CONT'D)

Ow. You're hot.

MOM

Sorry, you must really be cold. How can I help?

DAD

Help me by taking this thing off.

He pulls his wrist forward, motioning to the handcuff.

DAD (CONT'D)

And let's go find Jackson.

MOM

I can't do that, yet. We have to find everyone you were with. Tell me their names.

Dad snaps his head up, staring at her.

DAD

Barb? What names? You know everyone we were with.

Mom closes her eyes, pauses for a beat.

MOM

I'm sorry honey. I'm just panicked right now and I can't remember. How many of you went?

DAD

It's our yearly hunting party, so... same as every year.

He squints at her as she walks around the side of the bed to stand on his left side.

MOM

Just tell me, okay?

Her voice takes on an insistent quality as she takes his hand and squeezes.

DAD

You're hurting me. Why are you so hot?

MOM

How many of you were in that field?

DAD

Honey, let go. I have to get up,
now.

Dad tries to yank his hand away but her vice-like grip doesn't budge. Her body shakes slowly, then faster and faster. The bed vibrates across the floor.

MOM

We need to know who and where they are, so we can help them.

DAD

What the fuck is happening? You're not my wife.

Mom drops his hand and steps away from the bed, pacing back to the control panel.

MOM

Of course I am, silly. You're feeling like this because you were poisoned. That's why you're here.

She points to the medical tray and the discarded metal tube, lying beside other green filled chambers.

DAD

If you're Barb, then tell me how old we were when we met.

She rolls her eyes and throws her hands in the air, exasperated.

MOM

That's not important right now. What we need to do, is find everyone else and give them the cure, too.

DAD

No. I'm not saying another word.

MOM

We'll see. I tried doing this the easy way. Remember that.

She pushes a button on the control panel and a metal guard shoots up around the bed, tilts over him, then breaks into millions of tiny metal flakes. They crawl across his body and latch together as he shakes from side to side, trying to throw them off. They form a solid mesh, pinning him down.

The lights flash on and off as her skin tints an ocean blue color, and multiple rows of eyes appear. He jerks back, slamming his head on the metal slab. Mom leans forward and brushes a glowing red hand across his head, singing his hair with her touch.

DAD

Fuck. What are you?

INT. SPACESHIP - HALLWAY - DAY

The dimly lit, metal etched corridor, has crisscrossing metal wires that extend from floor to ceiling as they run the length of the hallway, forming hidden alcoves at secure points every fifteen feet.

Jackson shifts his weight on the touch light floor, dimly illuminating the metal wires hiding his body from view. He holds back a metal flap, peering inside the medical bay.

He watches Mom transform into a long, tubular creature. Her arms and legs melt into a thin torso as reflective scales appear. Her eyes grow and turn black as sharp talons push through the tubular scales and clack to the ground.

Jackson runs his hands across the metal door, frantically searching for a way in. An AIR LOCK ENGAGES close by and he dashes across the hall, into a hidden nook.

FEET POUND down the hallway as Jackson presses his back to the wall and lifts his feet, instantly bathing him in darkness as the touch light floor turns off.

ALIEN SOLDIERS STOMP, SLITHER, and CLACK as they pass, dressed in form fitting suits that match. They reach the end of the hallway and a SOLDIER lifts a patch of dark Plexiglas, revealing a panel, equipment, and alien weapons inside.

Jackson peeks between metal wires as it pushes a few buttons, releasing an AIR LOCK DOOR that slides to the side.

INT. SPACESHIP - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

The touch light floor in the white medical bay flashes on and off, illuminating the empty beds around her as Mom stands over Dad. Her sharp talons turn into glowing red limbs as her torso takes on a vaguely human form.

MOM

That's better. Your turn. The egg should have taken root by now.

DAD
What? What egg?

She laughs, points to the empty chamber on the medical tray, and moves her hand over his face.

MOM
It's just a matter of time, now.
Hurry up and tell me what I want,
before you forget it all.

Her fingertip pulses a bright red as she leans forward and singes his eyebrow. His HAIR and FLESH SIZZLE under her touch. Dad screams long and hard, trying to pull away.

An AIR LOCK ENGAGES, revealing a door in the wall as it pops forward, then slides to the right. Mom freezes, her hand hovering above Dad's face. Jackson runs into the room, waving an alien weapon in Mom's direction.

JACKSON
Let him go.

Mom jumps into action and dashes for the control panel, fumbling in her haste.

DAD
Jackson, run!

Jackson leaps across the room and tackles Mom. They fall. He grabs her head between both hands and slams it on the floor. She struggles to get free, slapping her hand across the control panel whenever she can reach. He pins her arms down.

Dad screams as his body twitches, convulsing under the metal mesh. Jackson stops fighting, looks at him. Scales appear on Dad's arms, then disappear. Mom frees a hand, which pulses a glowing red, then slaps it on his thigh.

He drops his weapon, screams, and rolls away, pressing his hand to the charred flesh. Mom scoots back into another bed, looks up, sees a control panel above her head, then spins to face it. She slaps at the screen and SIRENS BLARE to life.

Jackson stumbles to stand, falls, then pulls himself closer to the weapon. Mom grabs onto the side of the bed and yanks herself up. Jackson's fingers wrap around the alien weapon as she stands. He aims, fires, her body crumbles to the floor.

Dad groans on the bed, sweating under the metal mesh.

JACKSON
Dad?

He grabs onto Dad's bed, slides his good leg under him, then stands, panting.

DAD
Are you okay?

JACKSON
I don't know. This feels like a bad dream. Hang on a sec.

He scoots to the control panel and stares at the foreign symbols, mashing them one by one.

DAD
No. Don't let me out of this thing.

JACKSON
What are you talking about. We have to go. Soldiers passed by a few minutes ago.

He pushes buttons, waits, then pushes more.

DAD
Jackson, stop. She said it was only a matter of time. You have to go.
Now!

The metal mesh falls apart, slipping down the slides of the bed as Dad's handcuff springs open.

JACKSON
Let's go, then.

He leans forward and shoves his arm under Dad's side, being careful with his bandages. Dad swings his legs over the side of the bed, then looks down at Mom's crumpled form.

DAD
I think... I'm going to be like her.

JACKSON
How? That doesn't even make sense.

Dad tucks his thumb under the bandage and pulls it back. Green scales dot his flesh and he yanks his hand away.

DAD
I'm sorry, son.

He stands, tips forward, then slams back into the bed, howling in pain. Jackson struggles to hold up their combined weight as his leg bleeds.

Dad yelps, falls to his knees, then tips on his side, laying prone on his back. He twitches, jerks disjointedly, then goes stiff.

JACKSON

Dad. Dad?

Dad stands up straight with robotic movements, turns to a tray, and picks up a tube with a full green chamber. Jackson grabs his shoulder and shakes it, with no response. He backs up slowly, looking at the alien weapon by his feet.

DAD

You don't need that.

He spins around, jabbing the tube into Jackson's side, who yelps and jumps backward, knocking into an empty bed. They watch the green chamber empty before Jackson falls to the floor, clutching his side, screaming.

The touch light floor flickers on and off as he writhes in agony. His dad morphs between the flashes. His eyes grow and turn black as the bones in his face give way. BONES SNAPPING fills the darkness between flashes.

Jackson curls up on the floor, panting, as scales break out on his flesh and disappear.

DAD (CONT'D)

You've been inseminated. Welcome to the future.