

INVASION NATION

Comic book script sample by Ascot Smith

2014

PAGE ONE

1.1

A dark spaceship hallway is filled with a glowing circle. Outlines of two humanoid forms stand in the center of the circle. Sparks of lightning shoot from the glowing circle.

1.2

Detectives Corbin and Hollis suddenly appear. A smoky circle surrounds them. Hollis holds out his hand and a small blinking detonator begins to hover above his palm.

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

CORBIN: Damn, damn, damn. My emitter is fried.

1.3

Corbin taps a device on his hip. It's flickering, and an indicator for battery life looks seriously low.

HOLLIS: Is there any juice left?

CORBIN: It could last a few seconds or an hour. I can't tell. Shit, it might not even load the right body.

HOLLIS: Quiet! Do you hear that?

1.4

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

CORBIN: I-

HOLLIS: Shhhhh!

1.5

Corbin and Hollis tap the holographic emitters on their hips, which activate their disguises.

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

1.6

Corbin and Hollis appear as naked (genital-less) lanky grey-skinned aliens with large heads and reflective grey eyes. Corbin puts on a pair of black sunglasses.

HOLLIS: We are some ugly SOBs.

CORBIN: Don't forget the shades.

1.7

An alien (looking of the same species) turns the corner and approaches Hollis and Corbin. Hollis and Corbin reach for their weapons (gee-wiz looking ray-guns) tucked into their pants.

ALIEN: Hey you two! What are you doing?

HOLLIS: Follow my move.

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

HOLLIS: Expect a mess.

PAGE TWO

2.1

The alien stands and lectures them. Hollis and Corbin look at each other in confusion. They remove their hands from their concealed weapons.

DALEK: Come on. Everyone is on the floor. No excuses. DALEK is here to help. The company is cracking down on break time. Don't get me wrong, this planet is a joke but if you wanna go home you have to bill those hours.

2.2

The alien leads Hollis 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.

DALEK: I wouldn't be complaining but the bonuses on this planet are *nada*. Haven't you noticed the dupes are just getting worse? Normally dupes *-pod-folk, cloners, whatever you want to call them-* make the best consumers. Take a diverse global community, replace it with suggestible duplicates, and you've got a perfect system: frictionless capitalism. But the copies being made are more like knock-offs. And knock-offs are the worst. Really, humans are the worst.

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.

DALEK: Knock-offs have a shorter shelf life, are more accident-prone, and less receptive. Sure they're stupid and docile, that's human behavior. But over time, knock-offs are too expensive. You have to replace them multiple times a quarter. And have you tried listening to their hive mind? A chorus of drools and farts. Sorry, what department?

HOLLIS: I, um? There's this 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.

DALEK: Did you 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 falling asleep 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? They get so weird.

2.5

We see Corbin and Hollis (behind the projection/its still functioning) starting to succumb to the effects of the gas (caffeinated air). Their eyes are turning red and squinty, and their skin is getting puffy.

DALEK: It's like their skin goes on revolt. Veins start to pop, redness in the eyes, slurred speech.

2.6

Corbin and Hollis are getting worse. The effect of the gas is starting to kick in.

DALEK: It's pretty rare, but one subject exploded.

HOLLIS: Youu Face lookkks like cheeseee dip-

DALEK: What's that?

SFX: DING!

PAGE THREE

3.1

The elevator opens and a group of stupefied, drooling humans enter (they're wearing suits and ties) followed by another alien. Hollis and Corbin try to cram further back. They have a little bit of room but it's getting tight.

DALEK: Come on ZALES, you have to take the humans through the service station.

ZALES: Shut it DALEK. If they piss on the floor I'll clean it up. I've lost two already on that lo-fi teleporter. Damn thing keeps sending them through inside-out. Have you ever cleaned up a human? They're just fleshy bags of piss and blood.

3.2

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

**DALEK: That's why 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.

DROOLING SUIT: Man... Faaake man... funny skin...

CORBIN: Shh-

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

DALEK: Sorry guys, humans get easily attached.

3.4

The elevator doors open again, more aliens try to squeeze in.

SFX: DING!

DALEK: Can you take the next one? We are at capacity-

RUDE ALIEN: Dalek, no one put you in charge. Move it.

RUDE ALIEN 2: Great it's, Dalek.

DROOLING SUIT: HUUU... man... neeed... elp...

3.5

The elevator is packed. Corbin and Hollis 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!

DALEK: Excuse me, sorry. I Apologize. Just trying to fit in.

DROOLING SUIT: Saveeee... meee....

DROOLING SKIRT: Noooo.... Meee....

DROOLING SUIT 2: Meeee! Meee!

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

PAGE FOUR

4.1

Hollis 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.

DALEK: Time to get back to work.

4.2

Hollis and Corbin look horrible. The drugs have kicked in yet they still appear focused on their task. In the background Zales walks the other humans away down a corridor that reads: "Returns".

CORBIN: Engineering's on the other side. Not going to make it.

HOLLIS: Let's go. Straight through.

4.3

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

HOLLIS: Nothing is going to stop us.

PAGE FIVE

5.1

Wide shot: Hollis and Corbin follow Dalek through the rows and rows of cubicles.

DALEK: Let me help you guys out. Engineering is just through here. The other coworkers don't seem to get me. I'm just trying to do my job 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

Dalek continues to lead Hollis 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.

DALEK: Sure, we're underfunded by the galactic senates deadlock, but why does that give everyone the excuse to stop doing their jobs? No one is hitting their quotas on monitoring, the clones are failing, and I've heard rumors that a small civilian population has started to mobilize. Can you imagine what would happen if our proprietary 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.

DALEK: You two are different. Smarter. I could tell. Let's help each other out. We could start a committee; show the company a little initiative. We start with collecting reports on ways to improve our day-to-day work; build a rapport with upper management with an employee council, and build meaningful working relationships. 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.

DALEK: So what do you guys say? Help me out here? Join the club?

HOLLIS: Eat my-

CORBIN: Engineering?

5.5

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

DALEK: Almost there, my new council-mates. That's what we need. Teamwork, loyalty, hard work. You guys seem like the real deal.

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6.1

Corbin's holograph vanishes. Busted.

SFX: Deep.

6.2

Wide shot: We see Corbin in the center of the cubicle farm. The entire room responds to his human form.

6.3

Close on Dalek in surprise. He appears to reach for something on his wrist.

DALEK: Not pals? Human-?

6.4

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

SFX: SPLAAAAACOWWW!!

DALEK: -!

6.5

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

HOLLIS: RUN!