

What Remains

Written By  
Daniel Barnes

FADE IN:

INT. DROPSHIP - SPACE

OPEN on a TIGHT SHOT of MELCHIOR (humanoid alien, scrawny and lanky, age unknown) from the shoulders up. His chin is tucked into his chest, and his hands are folded on the back of his head.

He's clearly very anxious.

We PULL BACK to see SEVERAL OTHER ALIENS sitting in the compartment with him. They're divided into two rows, facing one another.

This is MELCHIOR'S SQUAD. All of them are much beefier and more intimidating-looking than him.

Some of them carefully inspect their PLASMA RIFLES.

Others silently meditate.

There's some slight turbulence, causing Melchior to shift around uneasily.

He quickly glances around for a second, before locking eyes with the alien sitting directly across from him.

It's the Squad Leader: BALTHAZAR (humanoid, very imposing, biggest alien in the group). His arms are crossed.

He glares at Melchior coldly.

Melchior awkwardly looks back at him, not quite meeting his gaze, but not fully looking away either.

In a bid to break the strange tension between them, Melchior brings his hands together and begins fiddling them about.

He's creating something.

Balthazar is a little confused, and ever-so-slightly intrigued.

Melchior opens his palms. It's a beautiful, metallic FLOWER, made from some sort of extraterrestrial origami. It shines radiantly.

He gently hands it to Balthazar.

Balthazar clutches it between his large fingertips and examines it quizzically.

He looks at Melchior, who apprehensively awaits his response, then back at the flower, then back at Melchior.

Then, he gives the flower one final look, before crushing it in his hand.

He groans in disgust.

Melchior is hurt.

The ship violently shakes again, causing Melchior to jump.

He turns around in his seat, and peers out of the window behind him.

The PLANET EARTH is fast approaching.

TITLE: **WHAT REMAINS**

EXT. EARTH - SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

A devastated neighborhood, somewhere in America.

An overturned, wrecked car.

Homes in shambles.

The corpses of countless HUMAN AND ALIEN SOLDIERS alike litter the streets.

A convenience store engulfed in flames.

The distant horizon is glowing purple, violet lights flying through the night sky. Some sort of alien weaponry.

We hear GUNSHOTS in the distance.

An ALIEN FIGHTER JET soars overhead.

Melchior's race is at war with our planet.

EXT. EARTH - SMALL TOWN - STREET - NIGHT

The dropship sits on someone's lawn. Its hatch is open. It's been vacated.

A ways down the street, Melchior, Balthazar, and the Squad advance up the road in formation. Balthazar's taken point.

Everyone but Melchior has their plasma rifles raised, as they vigilantly scan the environment for any potential

threats.

Melchior isn't focusing at all. He's clearly overwhelmed and absolutely horrified by the carnage and devastation surrounding them.

Balthazar raises his fist, signaling for the group to halt.

Melchior, not paying attention, accidentally bumps into one of the soldiers.

The soldier angrily glares at him for a moment, before turning back to Balthazar.

We PULL BACK to see that the Squad has reached the end of a CUL-DE-SAC.

AT THE CENTER OF THE CUL-DE-SAC

The Squad is now gathered around Balthazar, as he issues orders to them.

In an incomprehensible, guttural, alien tongue, he gives some instructions to an individual soldier and then points at a house.

The soldier nods in compliance and begins heading toward the house.

Balthazar proceeds to repeat this process, with a different soldier for each house.

Meanwhile, Melchior is completely focused on the nearby corpse of an alien soldier.

The corpse just lies there, twisted and lifeless.

Melchior stares at it in horror.

Suddenly, Balthazar sharply raises his voice at him, causing him to jump.

Melchior looks at Balthazar, trembling.

We PULL OUT to see that the rest of the Squad is already

gone.

Balthazar slowly pushes his large index finger against Melchior's chest, and then angrily points at the last house in the cul-de-sac.

Melchior looks over at the house, then back at Balthazar.

He shakily nods and begins walking toward the house.

Balthazar crosses his arms and glares at Melchior scornfully.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Melchior kicks open the front door of the house, extending his PLASMA PISTOL out in front of himself.

He slowly pivots, scanning and assessing his environment, his pistol trained on wherever he's looking.

For the first time, if only briefly, Melchior actually resembles a soldier.

Once he's concluded that the house is clear, he lets out a small sigh of relief and lowers his gun.

We PULL OUT as Melchior takes in his surroundings.

IN THE HALLWAY

Melchior flicks a light switch on-and-off.

He's unfamiliar with Human technology and culture, and this is all very exotic to him.

IN THE BATHROOM

Melchior turns on a water faucet.

He then notices the toilet right next to it, and curiously flushes it.

The sound makes him jump slightly.

IN THE KITCHEN

Melchior opens the refridgerator and peers inside. He eyes it for a moment, then shuts it.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Melchior holds a TV REMOTE in his hand, examining it inquisitively. He begins pushing random buttons on it.

The TV abruptly turns on at *max volume*, startling him.

Melchior fumbles with the remote.

It drops to the floor.

The batteries pop out.

Melchior frantically whips out his pistol and fires three PLASMA ROUNDS into the TV, demolishing it.

Suddenly, we hear some nearby, muffled shuffling.

Melchior looks over at a closet.

The shuffling quickly stops.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness.

Then, Melchior swings the door open and shakily levels his pistol at whatever's inside.

A helpless LITTLE GIRL (5 or 6 years old) sitting on the floor, propped up against the wall.

She's trembling and far too frightened to scream.

She's obviously been crying.

Melchior slowly lowers his pistol.

We look through the heads-up display in his helmet, as he runs a scan on her.

He identifies a large gash on her leg, hidden under her dress.

He ponders to himself for a moment.

Then, he kneels down and slowly extends his hand out toward the girl.

She fearfully lurches back, causing Melchior to stop.

He thinks to himself. He looks at the girl.

He visibly gets a sudden epiphany and brings his hands together, fiddling them about.

He opens his palms. It's another metallic flower.

He presents it to the girl. She tentatively plucks it from his hand.

She gradually begins to relax and loosen up, as she marvels at its otherworldly beauty.

While she's distracted, Melchior carefully reaches for her again. He gently places his hand over her injured leg.

His hand begins emitting a vibrant and beautiful light. He's healing her.

After he's finished, he slowly helps her to her feet. She struggles at first, like a newborn calf.

The girl looks at her healed leg in astonishment.

Her eyes meet with Melchior's. She's not afraid of him anymore. He's not like the others.

Suddenly, we hear Balthazar's voice calling out from a distance. He's entered the house.

Melchior and the girl both jump. He quickly pushes her back into the closet and closes the door halfway.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Balthazar angrily enters the living room. Melchior's sweep has been taking far too long.

He starts reprimanding and questioning Melchior. Melchior just nervously nods and shakes his head accordingly.

IN THE CLOSET

The girl anxiously watches the proceedings through the slightly ajar closet door, a sliver of the living room's light shining on her eye.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Balthazar turns to leave when, suddenly...

The closet door creaks ever so slightly.

Balthazar stops and looks back over his shoulder, suspicious.

IN THE CLOSET

Balthazar looks directly at the closet door.

The girl gasps.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Balthazar pushes Melchior aside and makes a beeline directly for the closet.

He swings the door open.

BALTHAZAR

Ah-Ha!

Balthazar roughly grabs the girl's arm and tosses her from inside the closet to the middle of the living room floor.

He walks toward her.

Melchior grabs him by the arm, desperately pleading with him to have mercy.

Balthazar stops and glares at him in disbelief.

He looks over at the little girl.

Sitting on the floor, in front of her, is the metallic flower. He immediately recognizes it.

Balthazar looks back at Melchior.

He lets out a low, rumbling growl of disgust, as his disbelief slowly turns into rage.

Then, in one quick movement, he shoves Melchior off of him, whips out his plasma rifle, and fires three quick rounds into his torso.

The girl screams.

Melchior reels back in utter shock and pain. He looks down at his own hole-ridden torso, then back up at Balthazar.

He drops to the floor, on his stomach, and proceeds to leak copious amounts of blue blood all over the floor.

Balthazar then quickly turns his attention back toward the girl, like a predator that's just caught the scent of some new prey.

He clenches his right fist and an ENERGY SWORD instantly materializes, extending from his forearm and well past his hand.

He slowly and menacingly begins walking toward her.

The girl, still on the floor, frantically scoots away from him until she's pushed herself into a corner.



Balthazar stands over her and slowly raises his energy sword aloft, uttering some sort of ritualistic chant, like an extremist about to behead an infidel.

The little girl tenses up and shuts her eyes, bracing for death.

Balthazar concludes his chant, then lets out a blood-curdling battle-cry and swiftly brings his sword down.

CUT TO:

BLACK

The sharp sound of the energy sword piercing flesh.

FADE IN:

TIGHT SHOT of the little girl still curled up defensively.

She slowly opens her eyes, realizing she hasn't been harmed.

She looks up.

Balthazar stands frozen in shock, as he lets out stifled, pained grunts. He looks down at his abdomen in disbelief.

An ENERGY SWORD that's *not his own* is rammed through it.

REVEAL of Melchior stabbing him from behind.

Melchior pulls out his sword. Balthazar immediately drops to the floor, dead.

The little girl rises to her feet.

Melchior holds his wounded, bloody torso. He and the girl lock eyes for a moment.

He then collapses to the floor, succumbing to his injuries. The girl quickly runs to him, worried, and kneels beside him.

She touches the wounds on his chest, causing him to let out a pained groan. She immediately pulls back her hand and looks at it.

It's coated in his blue blood.

Melchior grasps the girl's stained hand and places something in it.

He looks her in the eyes and speaks.

MELCHIOR  
Run...

The light leaves Melchior's eyes.

He lets go of the girl's hand. His hand drops to the floor and relaxes, palm up.

She opens her stained palm.

It's the metallic flower.

Her eyes well up with tears.

She stands up.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Melchior's Squad barges in through the BACK DOOR, like a SWAT team raiding a drug den.

They search the house and immediately find Melchior and Balthazar's bloody bodies on the floor.

One of them kneels down and runs a scan on Melchior. He then looks up and notices that the FRONT DOOR is wide open.

EXT. SUBURBAN AREA - STREET

The little girl sprints down the street for all she's worth. As she runs, she wipes the tears from her eyes with one of her forearms.

She clasps the metallic flower firmly in her hand.

The girl runs further and further away from us, eventually disappearing into the night.

The horizon glows orange from the light of some distant fire.

**FADE TO BLACK.**