

SCRAPPED

Written by

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EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A red streak zips across the starry night sky.

MAX (V.O.)

The Ancient Phoenician text say
that the armor and weapons of the
gods were forged with the essence
of a star eons ago.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A fire ball ROARS over head.

MAX (V.O.)

That the Earth in all its glory is
nothing but scraps of that star.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The fireball crashes over the horizon in a brilliant flash.

MAX (V.O.)

The warrior monks of Mount Pyre
believe a falling star will contain
the essence needed to forge one's
own weapon of the gods.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Max, 27, map in hand, moves thick brush away to reveal a
giant trough dug into the earth heading out to the horizon.

MAX (V.O.)

I am no neither a warrior in search
of greatness or monk on a quest of
enlightenment. I am a business man
with two questions.

EXT. CRASH SITE RIDGE - DAY

Max looks out on the crash site. He brings a hand to his
forehead to block out the sun.

MAX (V.O.)

How much will they pay for this?

At the end of the trough rests a heap of metal. The ground
around it is pushed up and away. Blown over trees rest like
match sticks next to it.

MAX (V.O.)
And can I make them double it?

EXT. CRASH SITE - ALIEN SHIP - DAY

Max crawls up an embankment to a breach in the ship. He stops just outside of the crack. He runs a hand over his mohawk as he takes in the scene. The ship's silvery hull, hundreds of feet tall, stretches for miles in either direction.

MAX
Now isn't this something.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR A - DAY

Light pours in through the crack. It fills only a small area as the darkness consumes it. The floor is a metallic grate while the walls are smooth and streamlined.

EXT. ALIEN SHIP - HULL BREACH - DAY

The wind blows dust and debris. Max lowers welding goggles over his eyes. He reaches into a satchel past a drawing of a sword, a photo of a girl and smithing hammer.

MAX
This has gotta be the score of a
life time.

He Pulls out a smokey crystal and a worn rod. Max affixes the crystal atop of the rod. Then holds it out in front of him as he walks through the hull breach.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR A - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The crystal torch flares to life. Max waves it to the Left. The corridor stretches on in to the darkness. He waves the torch right to another endless void. He strokes his beard. A faint light glows deep within the corridor.

MAX
What in the five garrisons is that?

Max moves down the corridor towards the glow. It's light pulses slowly. He kicks something by accident. It makes a metallic sound as it hits the wall.

He crouches down and lowers the torch. The crystal light illuminates a metal head.

A single large circle sits in the middle of what looks to be its face. Wires protrude out the neck, clearly torn from the rest of its body.

Max waves the torch just above the ground. Dozens of metal body parts litter the area. He reaches out and grabs one of the metal heads. Holding it up to his face he stares into the monocular eye.

MAX (CONT'D)

What were you and who did this?

The glow intensifies. Max lifts his head to the light. He stores the robot head in a satchel. He stands, then strolls towards the light.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR B - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is similar but the walls have small alcoves every few feet. Max turns the corner. The blue light of a console fills the area with each pulse.

Next to the console sits COMMODORE, intact metal man. Max takes a few steps to Commodore. Kneels. Reaches out. Shifts the robots head back and forth

MAX

I wonder how much I could get for you at the market.

Max grabs Commodore by the torso. He strains and struggles. Commodore does not move.

MAX (CONT'D)

What are you made of?

Max lays down the torch. He reaches into the satchel and pulls out a hammer. He strikes Commodore's arm over and over.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR A - DAY

Sunlight illuminates debris and dust as it blows in through the hull breach. In the darkness dozens of mono eyes flash to life one by one before glowing a solid red.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR B - DAY

Max swings the hammer with all of his might. Commodore's mono eye flashes red then glows a cool blue. Commodore's head turns to him. He stumbles back.

COMMODORE

Who are you, and where is my crew?

Max pushes his goggles up to the crown of his head. He shakes his head and blinks deliberately

MAX

My name is Max. Who, no WHAT are you and what happened here?

Max crawls back to Commodore.

COMMODORE

I am Commodore. There was a mutiny.

Max looks about the area.

MAX

Mutiny? So this is a ship?

Commodore cocks his head to the side.

COMMODORE

Yes, The ships computer took control of the security units and turned them against us.

Max scratches his head.

MAX

What is a computer?

Commodore's eye narrows. METAL FOOTSTEPS clank in the distance. His eye widens as he looks to the direction of the sound. Max turns to face the growing noise.

COMMODORE

We have to go.

Commodore stands.

MAX

What is that?

COMMODORE

Security units. They will kill you.

Max tosses the hammer into the satchel, lowers his goggles and grabs the torch.

COMMODORE (CONT'D)

We can escape through there.

Commodore directs Max towards another corridor. The two run down the corridor away from the sound of metal steps as it grows louder. The blue console turns red as they move away.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR C - DAY

The corridor alcoves have been replaced with sections of red security lighting. The two move quickly, as Commodore is leading the way. Max looks over his shoulder into the dark.

MAX

You said that sound was security units? What are those and what are you

He looks to commodore.

COMMODORE

They are a defensive measures Controlled by the ships computer. I am a Mark V command unit. I assist the captain.

MAX

I am guessing a computer is a spirt that inhabits the ship and the security units are slaves to her and the captain.s

He looks to Commodore, who is several steps in front of him. Commodore's eye flashes red then glows cool blue again. The tone of his voice deepens.

COMMODORE

Your attire suggests a human of earth. How did you get on this vessel are you a raká?

Max looks down at his clothing.

MAX

I was trying to find a fallen star, but found this place instead. Are there are humans not from earth?

COMMODORE

There are many human planets. We were transporting gems from the forge to one before the chaos.

Max stops in his tracks.

MAX

Did you say gems?

Commodore stops and turns to face Max slowly.

COMMODORE

Yes, I can take you to them.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CARGO HOLD - DAY

A large area with grated flooring. A small section of the room is illuminated by several active computer consoles..

Door opens. Max and Commodore enter.

Max looks around the room for treasure.

COMMODORE

I will seal the door.

MAX

Great idea.

Commodore seals the exit. His eye flashes red again but does not return to blue instead it turns purple. He turns to Max

COMMODORE

The console in front of you unlocks the treasure you seek.

Max touches a bio pad on the console. The screen attached to the table flickers to life.

COMPUTER CONSOLE

Transfer of ships command in progress. Stand by...

Commodore lets out a maniacal laugh.

MAX

What was that?

COMMODORE

You primitive ape, that was the emergency command console. You have now given me control of the ship. My mutiny is complete!

Commodore raises his arms. The ship shudders. The sound of a massive ENGINE rumbles to life.

Max stumbles, then regains his footing. The lights in the cargo bay activate row by row. An army of robots lines the cargo hold end to end.

Max backs away from the console. Commodore stalks towards him. He reaches into his satchel, fumbles then pulls out a smithing hammer.

Commodore lunges. Max swings the hammer. He nails him on the chin. Max swings again and again hitting him on the side of his head. Unfazed Commodore back hands him. Max flies across the room he drops the torch.

COMMODORE (CONT'D)

You humans are all the same.
Doesn't matter what planet you are
from you see only things to conquer
and subjugate.

He stomps towards max.

MAX

Subjugate, Conquer? I thought we
were trying to get away from killer
units you and I.

Max stands up and readies himself.

COMMODORE

Primitives like you disgust me. You
couldn't care less about me or this
ship. Your greed will always blind
you to the dangers of the universe.

Max looks at the torch. He grabs the torch and holds it up in front of him.

MAX

I am not the one blinded by hatred.

He smashes the crystal with his hammer. Commodore's eye turns white then closes. Max charges and takes him to the ground. He screams with rage as he beats on commodore.

COMMODORE

Pathetic

Commodore's eye opens. Its purple glow shines bright. He grabs max's hammer and tosses it away. Punches max shattering his welding goggles. The throws him off effortlessly.

Max lands hard. He writhes in pain. Commodore stands. Then moves towards max as he tries to crawl away. He grabs max by the leg and pulls him back to the console.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CARGO HOLD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and red eyed bots fill the opening. Commodore lifts Max up with one arm and slams him against the console.

COMMODORE

Now be a good ape. Press the red button and I wont crush your skull.

MAX

What a generous offer.

Max reads the console.

He laughs.

COMMODORE

You find my offer humorous?

Commodore looks at him. His eye narrowing

MAX

I may be a primitive ape, but you are one stupid what ever you are.

He presses the blue button. The screen flashes the message return to the forge.

COMPUTER CONSOLE

Command received. Beacon activated.

COMMODORE

NO!

Commodore throws max away. He careens in to an access panel.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CORRIDOR C - DAY

The mono red eye of the robots fades to black.

INT. ALIEN SHIP - CARGO HOLD - DAY

The lights illuminating the robots shuts off one by one from the furthest to the closest.

Max looks over at the release handle for the access panel.

Commodore hits keys on the console rapidly. The screen displays access denied bio signature needed. Commodore turns to max his purple eye turns red. He lets out a primal roar.

COMMODORE
What have you done?

Max laughs.

MAX
My Phoenician isn't the greatest,
but I believe I just told your ship
to take you to the scrap heap where
you belong.

Commodore charges him. Max grabs the release handle. The
access panel HISSES open.

I/E. ALIEN SHIP - DAY

The ship hovers dozens of feet off the ground. Debris from
the crash falls from the ship blanketing the area below.
Commodore and Max fall out of the ship as it accelerates to
take flight

EXT. CRASH SITE RIDGE - DAY

The ridge is more of a cliff now that the ship no longer
resting there. Commodore and Max land a few feet from one
another. Debris from the ship rains down on the area.
Commodore rolls over. Debris crushes his legs.

COMMODORE
This.

Commodore crawls towards max.

Max scoots back to the edge of the ridge.

COMMODORE (CONT'D)
Isn't.

Commodore reaches a hand out for Max.

Max looks back at the steep edge of the ridge.

COMMODORE (CONT'D)
Over.

Commodore's eye fades to black.

MAX (V.O.)
Perhaps the legends are true.

Max breathes deep.

MAX (V.O.)
Somewhere, out there is a forge
capable of creating weapons and
armor for gods or planets for the
rest of us.

Max collapses looking up at the sky.

MAX (V.O.)
One thing is for sure.

The spaceship zips away leaving only a streak in the sky.

MAX (V.O.)
They can keep it.