

Geoscape

A Web Series By

Adam Shaftoe-Durrant

Writer's First Draft

EPISODE 1: INTRUDER

SUPER: IN THE YEAR 1999 EARTH FACED DESTRUCTION AT THE HANDS OF AN ALIEN ARMADA.

EXT. SPACE - EARTH

The Earth hangs in place, slowly rotating as a menacing UFO emerges from behind the planet.

FADE OUT

SUPER: HOPELESSLY OUTMATCHED ON THEIR OWN, THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD FORMED AN ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO RESEARCHING AND REPELLING THE ALIEN MENACE.

The blue "X" and wire frame globe of THE ORGANIZATION fades in behind the text.

FADE OUT

SUPER: AFTER THREE YEARS OF FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE, A SMALL BAND OF SOLDIERS ATTACKED THE INVADERS BASE ON MARS, DESTROYING THE CENTRAL HUB OF ALIEN OPERATIONS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

EXT. SPACE - MARS

Three nuclear explosions, capable of being seen from space, erupt from Mars. A red beam cuts through the mushroom cloud, seemingly from the Martian surface. The shot, as if swept up in the red beam, flies through space until the image of the Earth looms large.

FADE OUT

SUPER: THE YEAR IS NOW 2015

EXT. SPACE - EARTH

A view of the Earth from space zooms in through the atmosphere, looking down at North America. Another zoom offers a view of the white capped Colorado Rockies. A third zoom moves through the earth, underground, and into mostly empty room.

INT. UNDERGROUND - THE ORGANIZATION'S COMMAND CENTER

There are chairs and workstations laid out around a hovering holographic geoscape of the Earth. The size of the room and empty chairs suggests the large-scale operations that used to happen in this space. The camera settles behind the room's two lone occupants. From their vantage, we can see a

(CONTINUED)

red icon blinking on the geoscape; it is nearing the base's location. The man on the left is HARRIS BENOIT. He is in his early thirties, has a full head of hair, but is a little out of shape from working a job where he does nothing but sit all day. He is frantically typing at the keyboard in front of him.

HARRIS

It looks like it is coming in hot.

Harris looks over to the woman on his right. Her name is TAHNEE GRAVES. She is in her early twenties, athletic, and sitting behind a desk with a name plate that says "Customer Service".

TAHNEE

Where the hell did it come from?
Shouldn't you have seen it coming?

HARRIS

Only if it wanted to be seen,
dummy.

The blinking red icon on the geoscape turns blue as it comes to a stop.

TAHNEE

He's right on top of the base.

HARRIS

Yeah, I see that.

TAHNEE

Shouldn't we do something?

HARRIS

(points at the "Radar
Operator" name plate above his
work station)
I am doing something. Why don't you
do something?

Tahnee scrunches her face as she mimics her co-workers gesture, pointing at the "Customer Service" name plate on top of her desk.

HARRIS (CON'T)

(clearly annoyed by the fact
that he perceives Tahnee as
doing nothing - his tone
hinting this is not a new
feeling for him)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (CON'T) (cont'd)
Fine then, I guess we'll both keep
doing *something* and see how this
plays out.

TAHNEE
Hey, the Commander has my resume.
He knows what I am capable of
doing, and he sees fit to make me
sit in front of a phone that never
rings. If he, or anybody else in
this organization, wants me to do
more, then they can give me a
little something better to put on
my resume.

HARRIS
Yeah, because we've had such a
demand for marines and covert ops
people around here lately.

The two continue to bicker as the blue icon disappears from
the geoscape and the sounds of heavy doors opening and
closing echo into the command center.

HARRIS (CON'T)
All I'm saying is that if you
wanted to shoot guns, you could
have joined a real military outfit,
not this nut house.

TAHNEE
(sharp)
I don't like blood.

HARRIS
(beat) Wh-what did you think would
happen when you started shooting at
aliens? You think a Tectoid is held
together by pixie dust and alien
love mojo?

TAHNEE
Alien blood doesn't count, Harris.
And at least I didn't join up as a
way of running away from home.

An over the shoulder view of Harris' work station shows a
proximity alert flashing on his station.

HARRIS
I didn't run away. I'm saving money
for dental school. Also, go to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (cont'd)
hell. (long beat) So, seriously,
you're just going to sit there? I
mean on the off chance you actually
get a call, for the first time in
three months, you could let it go
to voice mail.

Tahnee, now quite livid, points at her work station, then
the phone in front of it. She folds her hands over her chest
to bring the conversation to a close. Behind Harris and
Tahnee, a door opens and a man walks in carrying two boxes
of pizza. He is wearing an ornate uniform with extensive
decoration about the collar and chest. He is COMMANDER JACOB
GALLOP.

JACOB
Where the hell are the plates and
drinks?

Harris and Tahnee trade contemptuous glances at each other
as the Commander sighs, his shoulders drooping.

JACOB (CON'T)
Fine. I guess I have to do
everything around here.

CUT TO

SUPER: THE YEAR IS 2015. IT HAS BEEN TWELVE YEARS SINCE THE
ORGANIZATION HAS DETECTED A UFO IN EARTH ORBIT...

FADE OUT

SUPER: ...THERE HAVE BEEN SOME BUDGET CUTS.

CUT TO

TITLE CARD

CUT TO

CREDITS.

EPISODE 2: TACTICAL RESOURCES

TITLE CARD

DISSOLVE TO

SUPER: EPISODE 2: TACTICAL RESOURCES

FADE TO

SUPER: FRIDAY, 15:30, WEEKEND IN T-MINUS ONE HOUR

INT. UNDERGROUND - COMMAND CENTER

HARRIS BENOIT is sitting at his work station. His feet are up on his desk as he reclines in his office chair. A smartphone vibrates next to his foot. Harris leans forward and picks up the phone. The camera holds over Harris' shoulder as *Sherlock* style text appears above the phone

PHONE

See you tonight, handsome.

A lecherous laugh escapes Harris mouth.

HARRIS

(texting back) Can't wait to see you again.

Harris puts the phone down and continues to stare at the ceiling. His daydream is interrupted as the door opens and closes off camera. TAHNEE GRAVES walks into a medium shot. A glowing red laser pistol is holstered to her upper thigh. She holds a pose in front of her chair until Harris acknowledges her new accoutrement.

HARRIS

What are you wearing?

TAHNEE

A laser pistol.

HARRIS

We have laser pistols? When did we get laser pistols? (beat) And how exactly does a customer service representative--

TAHNEE

(aggressively interrupting)--Agent. I'm a customer service agent. Representatives work for the cable company. I'm an agent (beat) like Scully.

(CONTINUED)

Tahnee draws the laser pistol, pointing it at the geoscape before mock firing it and making pew-pew noises.

HARRIS

Fine. Why does the girl who answers the phones get a frakin' laser gun?

Tahnee holsters the gun, smirking and reveling in Harris' tech envy.

CUT TO

INT - SUPPLY CLOSET

Tahnee and COMMANDER JACOB GALLOP stand before a giant mess of weapons, armour and equipment.

JACOB

Well, Graves, I know you've been wanting a bit more responsibility, so I've decided to make you our new Tactical Resources Officer.

TAHNEE

(beaming)

Fantastic. What do you need me to do?

JACOB

First thing, sort through this junk and figure out what is going to get us the best price on the black market.

TAHNEE

Did the council cut our funding again?

JACOB

No, but I want to put in a pool this summer.

CUT TO

INT - COMMAND CENTER

TAHNEE

I figure if the Commander gets spend his weekends floating about like a walrus then Tahnee gets to have a taste.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

A taste (beat) of a laser pistol?

TAHNEE

Shut the hell up, Benoit.

The two work in silence as Tahnee types at her work station. The monitor displays a large message confirming that nobody called while she was away from her desk.

HARRIS

So, plans for the weekend?

TAHNEE

I've got a date.

HARRIS

Oh yeah? Me too.

TAHNEE

Really?

HARRIS

Yup. A third date.

Harris turns toward Tahnee, leaning forward in his chair, raising his eyebrows.

TAHNEE

I suppose you think something is going to happen?

HARRIS

(shrugs, playing coy)
Not a gentleman's place to say.

JACOB (O.C)

(yelling)
Weekend!

Camera pans to Jacob walking into the command center. He's changed out of his uniform and into a Hawaiian shirt and board shorts. Tucked under his arm is a clip board. He has a tumbler of scotch in the other.

JACOB (CON'T)

I can not tell you how much I am looking forward to this weekend. Breaking ground on the new pool, my lady friend is spending the weekend with me, and we're going to watch at least two seasons of Breaking Bad. What are you two... (long beat, trailing off)

(CONTINUED)

TAHNEE
Commander?

JACOB
(gently)
Whatcha (beat) wearing there,
Graves?

Tahnee stands, beaming.

TAHNEE
Section seven, sub-section 'H'
states that a Tactical Resources
Officer is entitled to a sidearm.
This is my sidearm.

The commander nods slowly.

JACOB
Ah. Well. Just been a while since
I've seen a mark one laser pistol.
I honestly thought we got rid of
all those back during the war.

HARRIS
Why would you ditch a laser gun,
doesn't it work?

JACOB
Oh no, they worked great. I smeared
half a dozen grey-backs with a mark
one. (beat) There were just some
side effects.

Harris and Tahnee trade glances with each other.

TAHNEE
What sort of side effects?

JACOB
Nothing dangerous per-se, just
embarrassing (mumbling) and a
little deadly.

HARRIS
Embarrassing? Deadly?

JACOB
Something to do with the energy
field from the pistol's Elerilium
core interacting with the wearer's
intestinal flora.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS
(exuberant)
You don't mean?

JACOB
The loudest most stank flatulence
you can imagine.

Harris begins laughing uncontrollably as a pale look of horror descends over Tahnee's face.

JACOB (CON'T)
It was a serious problem, Harris.
We lost half a dozen rookies to gas
before our boffins figured out the
problem. Anyway, I'm off. See you
guys Tuesday.

Jacob walks out of the frame, leaving Harris and Tahnee alone together. Harris continues to laugh under his breath as Tahnee shoots him dagger eyes and slowly pulls the pistol out from her holster. She places it on the floor and uses her foot to push it away from her work station, toward Harris'.

TAHNEE
So, could you--

HARRIS
(interrupting)
--Nooooope.

TAHNEE
It just needs to go to the
recycler--

HARRIS
(laughing)
--No way. Not going to happen

TAHNEE
Maybe if you put on gloves--

HARRIS
--No dice, sister.

Harris reaches for his cell phone and begins to text.

HARRIS
(texting)
I have such a story to tell you.

CUT TO BLACK

(CONTINUED)

After an extended pause a loud, powerful, fart sound plays and Harris laughs again.

CUT TO

CREDITS.