

ALIEN VERSUS PREDATOR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sunlight stabs down through a broken window, shines down on MARTIN, (38), a naked white man with a pencil mustache. Bloodied and bruised, chained to the concrete floor.

FOOTSTEPS echo as they grow louder.

Horrified, Martin looks around the dark space he's in. Can't make anything out but shapes and shadows. His bottom lip trembles with fear.

MARTIN
(weak, scared)
Please!? You have the wrong guy! I never touched... I never... Fuck, you have the wrong guy here!

Martin watches with wide eyes as ABNER, (23), a scrawny Honduran man, emerges from the shadows. Drenched in sweat, nervous as shit, with a serrated blade gripped tight.

MARTIN
(desperate)
Listen! Sir, please! You've got the wrong guy here! I'd never hurt a kid! I couldn't do that! Please!? You have to believe me!

Just then, an OMINOUS VOICE booms from an intercom system.

MAN (V.O.)
(in Spanish)
You've already seen the video, Abner. You know what he did. What he is. Now... This is your chance. Earn your citizenship.

Martin shakes his head back and forth. Tears stream down his bruised cheeks.

Abner steps before Martin, glares down at him.

ABNER
(in Spanish)
You like to hurt children, huh?

He raises his blade high, stabs down hard.

SMASH TO BLACK.