

LORD ZOD

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

It's the middle of the night, and the sky is filled with bright twinkling stars.

LORD ZOD, a green skinned alien wearing a gold plated space battle suit looks like some kind of outer space warlord.

At his side, he holds a large laser gun, his eyes bright red. He looks mean and ready for a fight at a moment's notice.

In front of him stands several high ranking generals from the United States military. All in full uniform, with their rank and war medals worn proudly on their chests.

Five star general HARRIS, a tall, grey haired man in his late 50's nervously steps forwards. Positions himself in front of this dangerous looking alien.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
(speaking slowly)  
Can you understand me?

Lord Zod nods slowly back at him.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS (CONT'D)  
I like to cut to the meat of any issue I'm faced with. And you're the first alien I've met. So, I've got to ask. Is this your first time here?

Lord Zod now slowly shakes his head.

LORD  
(a deep booming voice)  
I have been to this planet many times before. But this time, I will not be living empty handed.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Alright. So what is it that you want?

LORD ZOD  
Gold!

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Gold? Well, shit we've got lots of gold. How much do you want.

LORD ZOD  
ALL of earth's gold. Not a speck to  
be left behind.

Five star general Harris turns to face the other military men  
behind him.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Well, shit. I thought he was going  
to ask for something important.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

In a bunker deep underground, Lord Zod now sits on a  
comfortable looking leather chair. He's waiting.

A large two way mirror at the side of him.

INT. SECRET SIDE ROOM - DAY

On the other side of the two way mirror, Five star general  
Hair is joined by the PRESIDENT of the united states. A  
small, overweight man in his early 60's. They're both  
watching Lord Zod, who is completely still.

PRESIDENT  
So, what do you think?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Mr president, we need to work out  
what he really wants and then get  
him on our side as quick as we can.

PRESIDENT  
You think we can?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Be better.

PRESIDENT  
That bad.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Imagine if he goes into his  
spaceship and lands somewhere else  
on earth? We're lucky aliens always  
come to America first?

PRESIDENT  
They do don't they. They must have  
been told nice things about us.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
But that could change though. He  
could go anywhere else in the blink  
of an eye.

PRESIDENT  
He could do that?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Imagine if he landed in France and  
became their ally?

PRESIDENT  
That would be bad right?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
For us. Yes.

PRESIDENT  
If you could go anyplace in the  
world, where would you go?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
I don't think that's important  
right now sir.

PRESIDENT  
But I need to practice my small  
talk. I'm not good a small talk.  
What if me and this Lord Zed get  
stuck in an elevator together. What  
the hell am I going to talk to him  
about?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
I don't think that's likely to  
happen sir.

There's a knock on the door. TREVOR, (20's) walks in, dressed  
in a suit and tie and carrying a stack of documents.

He hurries over to the two way mirror. Getting himself a good  
look at the alien.

TREVOR  
I can't believe he's really real.

Trevor then turns to face the other two men.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(respectful)  
Mr president. Mr general.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
You're the trade negotiator?

TREVOR  
Yes, but I'm still not sure what  
you want me to do?

PRESIDENT  
Negotiate.

TREVOR  
With that?

PRESIDENT  
Find out what he wants and what he  
can give us in return.

TREVOR  
I've only ever negotiated with the  
Chinese before, I don't know if  
that qualifies me for this.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Communists act like they're from  
another planet. And this thing is  
definitely from another planet.

PRESIDENT  
So you're qualified.

TREVOR  
Wow. An alien. So what now?

PRESIDENT  
Go talk to it.

TREVOR  
Well, I've got to warn you. I'm no  
good at small talk.

PRESIDENT  
(to General Harris)  
I told you that was something we  
should be worried about!

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Trevor enters. Lord Zod rises.

LORD ZOD  
I do not wish to be kept waiting  
any longer.

TREVOR

Well, OK. But I'm new. What is it that you're after again?

LORD ZOD

Gold!

Trevor gestures to his gold outfit.

TREVOR

Of course. I should have guessed.

(clearing his throat)

What you're wearing, is that like everyday fashion in outer space, or is that your special occasion outfit? You know, you wanted to make a good impression.

LORD ZOD

I demand all of earth's gold.

TREVOR

Wow, all of it. And, what are you willing to give in exchange?

LORD ZOD

Exchange?

TREVOR

You know, I give you one apple and you give me one banana. Exchange.

LORD ZOD

Oh, I see.

(a beat)

I will not destroy your planet.

Trevor needs a moment to take this in.

TREVOR

Ok. That's a strong negotiating stance. Any room for movement? Any wiggle room at all?

LORD ZOD

No. All of your gold, or your planet will be blown up.

TREVOR

And, if you do that, how will you get the gold?

LORD ZOD

I will call for more ships, and we shall shift through the rubble.

TREVOR

Ok. But that's work. And you don't want to work, you just want the gold?

LORD ZOD

Precisely.

TREVOR

Ok, well, I guess that means my job here is done.

INT. SECRET SIDE ROOM - DAY

Trevor comes back in. Smiling awkwardly at the president and general.

TREVOR

Did you hear all that?

Both men nod.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

So, it's pretty cut and dry?

PRESIDENT

I don't think he really meant what he said.

TREVOR

Excuse me?

PRESIDENT

He's testing us.

TREVOR

No. I think he was pretty clear.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

He wants to see if we're strong or not.

TREVOR

No, I just think he wants all of earth's gold or he's going to blow us up.

PRESIDENT

I don't think you tried.

TREVOR

Oh no, I tried.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

Did you give a counter offer?

TREVOR

To the guy with a fleet of  
spaceship and a laser gun in his  
hand?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

Yeah.

TREVOR

No.

PRESIDENT

Try that.

TREVOR

He's going to kill us if we don't  
give him what he wants.

PRESIDENT

He didn't mean it. It was like, a,  
what's that thing called again?  
(he thinks)  
An analogy.

TREVOR

No, I don't think so sir.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

He just wanted to see what you  
would do.

TREVOR

Ok, well I'm saying we let him take  
whatever he wants.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

And what do we get?

TREVOR

We get to keep the earth in one  
piece.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS

But would he harm America?

TREVOR

Last time I checked America is  
still apart of the earth.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Go back in there and try again.

PRESIDENT  
Really push him though.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Tell him all about the good things  
America has to offer. Try and  
seduce him a little.

TREVOR  
I think gold is all he wants.

PRESIDENT  
I can get him a high paid  
government job if he would like  
one. He wouldn't even have to do  
anything. If it's money he's after,  
I can get him money.

TREVOR  
Weren't you guys listening to him?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
First alien on earth, think of all  
the endorsement deals he could get.

PRESIDENT  
Pepsi. McDonalds. Nike. They'd love  
to work with this guy.

TREVOR  
No. He's an alien warlord. We're  
done.

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Hey, he seems nice.

TREVOR  
Is that coming from the ray gun or  
the fact he's covered from head to  
toe in gold and he's demanding all  
of ours?

PRESIDENT  
Ask him what kind of food he likes?

FIVE STAR GENERAL HARRIS  
Music. Ask him about music.

TREVOR  
Why?

PRESIDENT  
You're the negotiator.

TREVOR  
And he's the scary alien.

PRESIDENT  
Try.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Trevor re-enters the war room. Lord Zod approaches him.

LORD ZOD  
Your answer?

TREVOR  
What kind of weapons do you have?  
Just curious.

LORD ZOD  
Would you like to see?

Trevor nods.

Lord Zod aims his weapon at the chair he had been sitting on.  
He shoots it, vaporising it. Turning it into a pile of ash.

TREVOR  
Impressive. And your spaceship?

LORD ZOD  
Has the capability to fire out ten  
thousand similar lasers every  
second.

TREVOR  
Similar how?

LORD ZOD  
Like this, just a lot more  
powerful.

TREVOR  
Well, congratulations to you Lord  
Zod.

Lord Zod holds up a hand, correcting him.

LORD ZOD  
Lord Zod the destroyer is my full  
name.

TREVOR

Oh course that's your name. Well, you've just won all of earth's gold. But I do have a request. I'd like to be named as one of your earth helpers. You know, when you start taking all the gold by force, I'd like to be one of the earth guys helping you out.

LORD ZOD

The best I can offer you, is the position of official earth pet.

TREVOR

I'll take it. But just to warn you, you might have to fly around and collect the gold yourself.

LORD ZOD

The humans will not bring it to me?

TREVOR

No, sorry.

LORD ZOD

Even though I will destroy them if they don't?

TREVOR

Humans are very, very stupid. And you're going to need to learn that very, very quickly.

LORD ZOD

Very well Pet. Lead on. Your gold awaits.

Trevor leads lord Zod into the side room.

TREVOR

(to the president and  
general)

Good news. I did manage to negotiate a better deal. But it's only a better deal for me and no one else.

Lord Zod takes aim at the president and general, then shoots them both.

ZAP, ZAP!

Two piles of ash where they once stood.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**