

EXT. EDEN-PRIME CITY - DAY

A bustling metropolis, the heart of Eden-Prime. Citizens go about their daily lives, unaware of the impending doom.

GABRIEL CROSS (30s, ruggedly handsome, eyes haunted by past traumas) patrols a crowded square. His EPM uniform is pristine, his demeanor alert. He spots a young mother, ANNA (20s), struggling with a stroller.

GABRIEL
Need a hand, ma'am?

ANNA
(grateful smile)
Oh, thank you, officer. This thing's a
beast.

Gabriel helps her with the stroller. A playful toddler, BEN (3), peeks out, waving at Gabriel.

GABRIEL
(to Ben)
You having fun, little man?

A deafening ROAR echoes through the sky, followed by a massive SHADOW that blots out the sun. The crowd gasps, chaos erupts.

ANNA
(terrified)
What is that?

Gabriel's eyes widen in horror as he recognizes the silhouette of a WRETCH WARSHIP descending from the clouds.

GABRIEL
(urgent)
Get inside! Now!

He shoves Anna and Ben towards a nearby building. A piercing SCREECH fills the air as the warship unleashes a barrage of ENERGY blasts, vaporizing buildings and sending debris flying.

Gabriel dives for cover behind a toppled statue, narrowly avoiding a SHATTERING blast. He draws his pistol, taking aim at a SQUAD of WRETCH WARRIORS emerging from the smoke.

Gabriel sprints through the chaos, firing at the advancing Wretches.

He takes cover behind overturned vehicles, leaping over flaming debris.

A Wretch Warrior lunges at him, its claws extended. Gabriel dodges and counters with a brutal punch, sending the creature reeling.

He leaps onto a moving truck, using it as a vantage point to pick off Wretches with precise shots.

A massive Wretch BEAST bursts through a building, scattering civilians. Gabriel fires a rocket, momentarily staggering the creature, but it recovers and charges.

Gabriel slides under the Beast's legs, narrowly avoiding its snapping jaws. He plants an explosive device on its underbelly, then rolls away as it detonates.

The Beast collapses, but the battle rages on. Gabriel is overwhelmed by sheer numbers. He's tackled to the ground by a Wretch, losing his pistol.

FADE TO:

INT. EPM PRISON - DAY

A dimly lit cell. GABRIEL CROSS lies on a cot, his face bruised and bloodied from the Wretch attack. The sounds of distant explosions and alarms filter through the thick walls.

GUARD (O.S.)
Cross! On your feet!

Gabriel rises, wincing in pain. The cell door SLAMS open, revealing a stern-faced EPM OFFICER.

OFFICER
You're being transferred.

Gabriel doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the chaos outside the window.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
(impatient)
Move it, soldier!

Gabriel grabs his few belongings - a worn photo of his family, a dog tag necklace - and follows the officer down a long corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. EPM HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The once-proud headquarters is now a chaotic scene. Soldiers rush back and forth, wounded are being treated, and alarms blare incessantly.

Gabriel and the officer enter a dimly lit war room. COMMANDER EVELYN SHAW (40s, battle-hardened, yet determined) stands before a holographic map of Eden-Prime, her face etched with worry.

SHAW
(to the officer)
Leave us.

The officer salutes and exits. Shaw turns to Gabriel, her eyes narrowing.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Gabriel Cross. You've caused me a lot of trouble.

GABRIEL
(defiantly)
I followed orders, Commander.

SHAW
Orders that led to the deaths of good soldiers. Your recklessness cost us dearly.

Gabriel flinches, the guilt evident on his face.

SHAW (CONT'D)
But desperate times call for desperate measures.

She gestures to the holographic map, where red icons indicating Wretch activity swarm across the planet.

SHAW (CONT'D)
We're losing this war. And I'm running
out of options.

Gabriel's eyes harden. A spark of hope ignites within him.

GABRIEL
You want me to fight?

SHAW
I need you to fight.

She walks towards him, her voice low and urgent.

SHAW (CONT'D)
I'm assembling a new squad. The best
of the best. But they need a leader.
Someone who's not afraid to get their
hands dirty. Someone who knows how to
fight these monsters.

Gabriel nods, understanding dawning in his eyes.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Delta Squad. That's your ticket to
redemption, Cross. Don't waste it.

FADE TO:

INT. EPM BARRACKS - DAY

A dimly lit, makeshift barracks. The air is thick with the
smell of sweat, antiseptic, and despair. Wounded soldiers lie
on cots, their faces etched with pain.

Gabriel stands at the entrance, his eyes scanning the room.
He spots DAVID SANTOS (30s, Hispanic, loyal and optimistic),
tending to a wounded soldier's arm.

GABRIEL
Santos.

David looks up, surprise and a flicker of hope crossing his
face.

DAVID
Cross! You're out?

Gabriel nods, his expression grim.

GABRIEL

New orders.

David grins, his relief palpable.

DAVID

That's great news! We could use you
out there.

Gabriel's gaze sweeps across the room, taking in the
suffering around him.

GABRIEL

I need a team.

David's smile fades, replaced by understanding.

DAVID

Right. Follow me.

They weave through the cots, passing by wounded soldiers who
murmur greetings and well wishes to Gabriel.

David stops in front of a cot where a young woman, MIA "ECHO"
LEE (20s, Asian, tech-savvy and quiet), sits hunched over a
disassembled Wretch weapon.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Echo, you busy?

Echo looks up, her eyes widening in surprise.

ECHO

Cross?

Gabriel nods, his voice gruff.

GABRIEL

Need your expertise.

Echo hesitates, then nods slowly.

David leads Gabriel to another corner where a lanky figure,
DANIEL BAKER (30s, Caucasian, sarcastic and intelligent),
tinkers with a makeshift radio.

DAVID

Baker, you in?

Daniel glances up, his eyebrow raised in skepticism.

DANIEL
(dryly)
The prodigal son returns. To what do
we owe this pleasure?

Gabriel ignores the sarcasm.

GABRIEL
Need your brains.

Daniel smirks, intrigued despite himself. He stands up,
dusting off his hands.

DANIEL
Well, this should be interesting.

The four soldiers exchange a look, a silent understanding
passing between them.

GABRIEL
(to the group)

Delta Squad. Let's go to work.

FADE TO:

INT. EPM ARMORY - DAY

The armory is a dimly lit cavern of salvaged weapons and
equipment. Gabriel stands before a table, examining a variety
of makeshift blades and firearms. David, Echo, and Daniel
gather around him, their faces a mix of curiosity and
apprehension.

GABRIEL
(picking up a modified Wretch
energy rifle)
Looks like we're improvising.

DAVID
(grinning)
Just like old times, eh, Cross?

Echo runs her fingers over a Wretch data pad, her eyes
glowing with the reflected light.

ECHO

This could be useful. It might contain intel on Wretch vulnerabilities.

Daniel picks up a strange-looking device, turning it over in his hands.

DANIEL

(sarcastically)

Oh joy, more alien garbage to decipher. At least it keeps things interesting.

Gabriel slams his fist on the table, his voice echoing through the armory.

GABRIEL

Enough talk. We've got a war to win.

He turns to each of his squadmates, his gaze unwavering.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Santos, you're our medic and heavy weapons specialist. Echo, you're our tech and intel expert. Baker, you're our resident genius and inventor.

He looks at himself in a cracked mirror, his reflection a ghost of his former self.

GABRIEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And I'm the bait.

The others exchange uneasy glances.

DAVID

Bait?

GABRIEL

We need to draw the Wretches out. We need to study them, learn their weaknesses. And I'm the one they'll want most.

A tense silence hangs in the air.

ECHO

(quietly)

It's a suicide mission.

Gabriel meets her gaze, his eyes burning with determination.

GABRIEL

Maybe. But it's our only chance.

He turns and heads towards the armory exit, his squad following close behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDEN-PRIME WASTELAND - DAY

A desolate landscape of cracked earth, twisted metal, and the skeletal remains of once-great cities. The wind howls, carrying the acrid scent of smoke and decay.

Delta Squad emerges from a hidden tunnel, their faces grim and determined. Gabriel leads the way, his senses heightened, his hand never straying far from his scavenged Wretch energy rifle.

DAVID

(whispering)

So, what's the plan, boss? We just wander around and hope they find us?

GABRIEL

(eyes scanning the horizon)

Not exactly. We're heading to their nest.

ECHO

(eyes wide)

Their nest? Are you insane?

DANIEL

(dryly)

Clearly, that's a prerequisite for joining this squad.

Gabriel ignores their protests, his focus unwavering.

GABRIEL

We've studied their patterns. They always return to their nest after a hunt. If we can get close enough, we might be able to learn something useful.

David raises an eyebrow.

DAVID
And what if they find us first?

Gabriel smirks, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

GABRIEL
Then we give them a show they won't
forget.

The squad presses onward, their footsteps muffled by the ash-covered ground. They move in a tight formation, their weapons at the ready.

The landscape changes, revealing the twisted wreckage of a once-thriving city. The ruins are eerily silent, save for the occasional creak of metal or the distant screech of a Wretch.

A massive structure looms in the distance, its twisted spires piercing the sky. The Wretch nest.

Gabriel signals for the squad to halt.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
(whispering)
This is it. Stay sharp.

They inch closer, their senses on high alert. The air crackles with anticipation, the silence broken only by the thumping of their own hearts.

Suddenly, a guttural roar erupts from the nest, followed by the sound of skittering claws on metal. A horde of Wretch Warriors emerges from the shadows, their eyes glowing with predatory hunger.

Gabriel raises his rifle, a grim smile spreading across his face.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Showtime.

FADE TO:

EXT. WRETCH NEST - DAY

Delta Squad emerges from cover, weapons raised. A swarm of WRETCH WARRIORS charges towards them, their claws snapping, their mandibles clicking.

Gabriel dives to the side, firing his energy rifle in short, controlled bursts. A Wretch warrior collapses, its body smoking.

David unleashes a barrage of shotgun blasts, tearing through the oncoming horde.

Echo scrambles up a pile of rubble, her fingers flying across her data pad as she analyzes the Wretches' movements and weaknesses.

Daniel throws a makeshift EMP grenade, momentarily disrupting the Wretches' energy shields.

The battle intensifies as the Wretches swarm from all sides. Gabriel and David fight back-to-back, their movements synchronized.

DAVID

(Agrunting as he kicks a Wretch
away)

I'm starting to regret signing up for
this reunion tour!

Gabriel chuckles grimly as he skewers a Wretch with his bayonet.

GABRIEL

Just like old times, eh, Santos?

Echo shouts from her perch.

ECHO

Wretch armor weak on the ventral side!
Aim for the underbelly!

Gabriel and David adjust their fire, targeting the Wretches' exposed underbellies. The creatures screech in pain, their movements slowing.

Daniel throws another device, a blinding flash of light followed by a deafening sonic pulse. The Wretches stumble, disoriented.

DANIEL

(shouting over the din)
Run! Now!

The squad sprints towards the nest entrance, dodging snapping claws and energy blasts.

A massive Wretch QUEEN bursts from the nest, its multiple eyes glowing with fury. It unleashes a torrent of energy, vaporizing the ground in front of them.

Gabriel turns, his eyes locking onto the Queen.

GABRIEL

This is our chance! Echo, find its weakness!

Echo frantically scans the Queen with her data pad.

ECHO

(panting)

Neural cluster! Vulnerable to focused energy!

Gabriel raises his rifle, takes aim, and fires a concentrated blast of energy directly at the Queen's head.

The Queen roars in agony, its massive body convulsing. It stumbles backward, crashing into the nest entrance.

The squad seizes the opportunity and dives through the opening, leaving the wounded Queen behind.

FADE OUT: