

# **SUPERCOLONY**

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by

John Royan  
&  
R.C. Davidson

Tahoe Film Group  
(775) 530-1798  
[rcdavidson@tahofilmgroup.com](mailto:rcdavidson@tahofilmgroup.com)

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE

NORTHERN CANADA, 2005

EXT. URANIUM CITY - CANADA - DAY

Dense white fog wafts by. Clearing to unveil a SIGN spanning a FOREST ROAD:

*URANIUM CITY WELCOMES YOU*

The remote Canadian mining town faintly visible through the mist at the end of the unpaved road.

Faint MUSIC grows louder: *"We are family! I got all my sisters with me. We are family! Get up everybody and sing!"*

The song blaring from a white '98 Ford F250 that comes down the road towing a silver, 1990s Airstream travel trailer.

INT. FORD F250 - DAY

DR. P. A. MEDFORD, a free-spirited, middle-aged woman, drives along singing to Sister Sledge's disco hit.

DR. MEDFORD  
(really into it)  
*"We are fam-i-ly!... I got all my  
sisters with me. We are fam-i-ly!..."*

THE OLD FORD AND TRAILER

pass under the sign and putter away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Medford sits across from BOB and GINGER HOWETT (40s) and their seven-year-old son JIMMY. Dr. Medford holds up a clear vial containing a live, two inch long, black ant.

DR. MEDFORD  
This is amazing. Do you know that?  
I've never seen anything like it.  
It's five times larger than any other  
Formica pergandei queen I've ever  
seen. Thank you for sending it to me.

Jimmy beams.

JIMMY  
You're welcome.

BOB HOWETT

Is it something important? That's quite a drive from Chicago...

(hopeful)

I mean, is it valuable?

DR. MEDFORD

Scientifically, yes, certainly. Where did you find it?

JIMMY

checks with his dad then looks back at their guest.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

The F250 tows the trailer up a slope along the rim of an abandoned URANIUM MINE, a mile-wide scar in the land with a blue pond at its base.

AT THE POND EDGE - IN THE SHALLOWS

Radioactive waste barrels entombed in the mud leak streams of green and yellow ooze into the pond.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Dr. Medford pulls into small clearing in the woods and parks.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

She steps into her mobile home. Takes the small vial from her pocket and views the black, queen ant inside.

DR. MEDFORD

Hello, Your Highness. Did you enjoy seeing Jimmy again? He's a nice boy, isn't he?

She walks to a row of large terrariums housing exotic queen ants stacked against the trailer wall. Stick-on labels read:

"DORYLUS GRIBODOI QUEEN (Driver Ant, Ghana)"

"ODONTOMACHUS BAURI QUEEN (Jumper Ant, Costa Rica)"

"CAMPONATUS SAUNDERSI QUEEN (Exploding Ant, Malaysia)"

"SOLENOPSIS INVICTA QUEEN (Fire Ant, Brazil)"

DR. MEDFORD (CONT'D)

Okay now, back inside.

She drops the new queen into a terrarium, labeled:

FORMICA PERGANDEI QUEEN (Slavemaker Ant, Canada)

EXT. TRAILER - TWILIGHT

Dr. Medford sits outside smoking a joint, savoring the beauty of the northern Canadian wilderness.

Sparrows in the grass. Crickets TRILLING. A SCREECHING owl bursting from the trees at the edge of the clearing.

She pops a Twinkie in her mouth from a pile of snacks on a table beside her. Suddenly notices the CRICKETS HAVE STOPPED.

She looks around, curious, when all at once the sparrows fly off and a eerie silence falls over the woods.

DR. MEDFORD

Ow!

Dr. Medford bolts up and knocks an ANT THE SIZE OF A MATCHBOX off her hand.

Brushes two more from her pants.

A strange SQUEALING SOUND rolls toward her from out of the trees. She peers through the dim light.

The grass in front of her mobile home QUIVERING WITH MOVEMENT.

She stares at the undulating ground in utter astonishment.

DR. MEDFORD (CONT'D)

(breaths out)

Jesus, no.

She runs back to her home. Stumbles through the front door and grabs a shotgun above the door. SCREAMS and falls to the floor, the shotgun landing beside her.

VIED FROM A DISTANCE

A black mass, like a tide of oil, engulfs the RV.

DR. MEDFORD

crawls along the floor in agony, ants all over her. She grabs the shotgun as a lamp sparks and the lights go out and everything goes BLACK...

Through the dark.

DR. MEDFORD (CONT'D)

(agonized screams)

Oh, God... God!...

A THUNDEROUS BANG is followed by silence. We hold on the BLACK SCREEN... hear HEAVY BREATHING...

SMASH CUT TO:

DR. JENNIFER JACKSON "JEN" (25) - PRESENT DAY

racing through a SERIES OF GOVERNMENT OFFICES past frenetic officials and staff clearing out desks, computer files, etc.

She runs by a TV on CNN.

ON THE TELEVISION

A map of the United States with a shaded area extending from central Canada down to Texas and as far east as Virginia.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)  
...CNN can now confirm that most of the Midwest has been completely overrun and now the entire eastern seaboard is threatened. Washington D.C. and the seat of government are currently being evacuated with...

THE BROADCAST CUTS TO:

THE USS NIMITZ

ANDERSON COOPER on deck, an F-14 Tomcat landing behind him.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
President Clemens expected to arrive here on the Nimitz within the hour.  
Secretary of Defense Baird--

PICKUP JEN

Running down a HALL. Bursting through a door into an

OVAL OFFICE

The Oval Office, quiet as a tomb. Jen stands over the Great Seal on the rug. Breathes and thinks. Dashes from the room.

Down a CORRIDOR toward a cluster of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS guarding an exit to the SOUTH LAWN where the PRESIDENT is being escorted to MARINE ONE.

She reaches the agents. Flashes a badge. Tries to pass.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT 1  
(grabs her)  
Sorry, ma'am, that's as far as you go.

JEN

I have to see the President!

A SENIOR AGENT steps up.

SENIOR AGENT

I'm sorry, Dr. Jackson, that's impossible. The President is--

JEN

Listen to me. I don't have time to explain, but I have to speak to her. Oh, for God's sake, you know who I am. Why I'm here. Now stop wasting time and take me to the President. Now!

Senior Agent thinks and decides. Rushes her out onto the SOUTH LAWN to a barrier of Marine guards.

SENIOR AGENT

(over the WHIRL of  
the helicopter)

Wait here!

He runs to the President who has just entered MARINE ONE. Speaks to her under the HURRICANE WINDS of the blades.

PRESIDENT HELEN CLEMENS (69) looks back at Jen. Apparently knows her. Locks eyes and gives her a cold hard stare.

HOLD ON JEN

Her bold, unwavering eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

JEN

in her quaint APARTMENT, eyes staring. Tucked up on her couch in morning dishabille, drinking coffee, looking at

a PHOTO on the wall of a six-year-old girl standing with a woman beside a train. A small suitcase in the girl's hand.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE:

8 DAYS EARLIER

Jen studies the scene, remembering. Looks around the perfectly silent room.

Diplomas and awards on the wall. FLASHES OF WORDS: HARVARD - ENTOMOLOGY - SUMMA CUM LAUDE and CORNELL give clues to her considerable accomplishments.

A tournament photo of Jen, a black belt in jujitsu, throwing a man over her shoulder.

Next to it, an idyllic poster of "*Tahiti*". Looks like a portal to paradise. Below it

A glass tank with two Mongolian gerbils. Cute little guys who resemble mice. Heads popping out of a nest of confetti.

Jen opens the lid. Feeds them sunflower seeds.

JEN

Good morning. All right, Madame Curie,  
cut it out. Share with your husband.

She puts an empty egg carton into their tank.

JEN (CONT'D)

Here, help save the world, remodel  
your house.

The two gerbils immediately gnaw on the carton, adding the filings to a mound that comprises their nest.

Jen picks up mail from a tabletop. Flips through it. Letters from OXFORD... MIT. A third from NATURE magazine.

She drops the Oxford and MIT letters in a waste basket. Opens the one from Nature-- a receipt for a published article.

Jen checks her iPhone, an online account designated "TAHITI FUND". The recent deposit. Notes her new balance: \$241,000.

She checks the time on her phone: 7:40.

Steps into the BEDROOM where she finds a handsome HISPANIC GUY sleeping face down on the bed.

Jen pauses to admire his perfect back, the shining brown contours of his muscular body.

JEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, lover, better get up. Time  
to go.

The guy groans under the sheets.

Jen throws open a curtain. The Japanese Kanji symbol for speed tattooed on her arm.

She slips into jeans and a blouse. Puts on a colorful motorcycle jacket and pulls up the zipper.

EXT. HALLWAY - JEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jen and Hispanic Guy pass a neighbor's door where LOUD DISCO MUSIC plays. Jen bangs on it with her fist as she walks by.

JEN

Turn it down, Toby. People are sleeping.

The door pops open and a white guy (50) with a rainbow afro steps out wearing a velour shirt and Speedo underwear.

TOBY

This is America. Don't tell me what to do. I can do what I want!

Jen, at the elevator, shakes her head and steps inside. VOOOOMMMM!! The roar of a Suzuki Bandit 1250S motorcycle starting takes us to an

UNDERGROUND GARAGE

where Jen revs the bike. Pulls out onto the STREET with Hispanic Guy behind holding her waist.

She peels out and drives away.

EXT. STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Jen weaves the bike expertly through early morning traffic.

JEN

(over her shoulder)  
Where do you live?

HISPANIC GUY

Just drop me back at the bar. I've got the day shift today. I start in an hour.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Jen turns onto a street in a commercial district. Brakes before a neighborhood bar.

Hispanic Guy hops off the bike.

HISPANIC GUY

You're a dangerous lady. You know that?  
(cracks a sexy smile)  
Am I gonna' see you again?

Jen gives him a kiss.



JEN

Not likely.

She rides away. Leaves the guy staring after her wondering what just hit him.

HISPANIC GUY

(mutters ruefully)

Shit.

EXT. STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Jen rides down an avenue toward the Washington Monument.

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - SMITHSONIAN - DAY

Cruises past the entrance to the museum where colorful banners hang from the front columns. One reads: "AMAZING ANTS!"

INT. EXHIBIT HALL - SMITHSONIAN - DAY

The enlarged frightful face of a leaf-cutter ant on a screen.

JEN (O.S.)

Now there's a handsome fellow.

TEENAGED STUDENTS laugh, watching a slide show hosted by Jen.

JEN (CONT'D)

And this is his home...

NEXT SLIDE: An ant nest excavation twenty feet deep, fifty feet wide with scientists and laborers working around it.

JEN (CONT'D)

a nest in Brazil. Some scientist had the clever idea of pouring cement into it to form a cast. What you're looking at is the excavation. All those tubes you see are tunnels connecting the different chambers. It's more complex than New York City's subway system, and on a scale with humans building the Great Wall of China. Only these ants built this in a matter of weeks.

ANOTHER SLIDE shows a graph representing the timeline of ants, dinosaurs and man.

JEN (CONT'D)

And ants have been making these amazing structures for nearly a hundred and thirty million years.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)  
(to a 12-old girl)  
Which means they were here long before  
the dinosaurs.

NEXT SLIDE: a map showing figures of ants on all continents  
but Antarctica.

JEN (CONT'D)  
And you'll find our little friends  
on continents and islands all over  
the world, except Antarctica.

12-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
Then why do they call it Ant-arctica?

Laughter. Lights up. Slides off. Jen puts away her notes  
and slides her laptop into her bag.

JEN  
All right, everyone, that's it, show's  
over. I hope you all enjoyed it.  
Please follow your teachers into the  
next hall where you can learn more  
about our "Amazing Ants".

Most of the teenagers file out, but a few hang around.

SMART GIRL  
Dr. Jackson, my science teacher says  
that it's ants and not humans who really  
dominate the Earth. Is that true?

JEN  
Yeah, in a way. They outnumber us a  
million to one. And in evolutionary  
terms there's simply no comparison--  
ants are a far more successful species  
than humans. So you could say that  
it's ants who really have supremacy  
over the Earth, but it's on an entirely  
different level.

SMART GIRL  
But could they ever really take over?

JEN  
From their point of view they already  
have. But they're no threat to us  
because of our vast difference in  
size. Frankly, we humans are more a  
threat to ourselves.

SMART BOY  
You mean climate change?

JEN

Among other things.

COOL KID

I don't think we're so bad for the environment. We build dams, plant trees, *cultivate herbs*.

(over snickering)

Besides, I think climate change is overrated.

JEN

Does your science teacher agree with that?

COOL KID

No, but my dad does.

The kids laugh.

JEN

Well, leaving the facts of climate change for another day, consider this. So far, science has only been able to identify about ten percent of the world's species. The other ninety percent of plants, animals and micro-organisms are unknown to us. And yet for the last hundred years we've been destroying that biodiversity at an incredible rate, putting one fourth of the world's species into extinction. Many before we even know they exist. We may be the supreme rulers of planet Earth but as far as other species are concerned they'd be a lot safer if it were the ants.

A loud cry of *Hajime!* (*Begin!*) carries us to a

MARTIAL ARTS DOJO

Where Jen stands alone in the middle of the mat. Legs planted. Hands on hips. Eyes straight ahead. Streams of perspiration trickling down her cheeks.

From out of nowhere male and female students, all black and brown belts, come at her one at a time.

Jen's skills are fluid and lethal... using Nage... Oku... and Shinnin techniques she puts all comers on the mat.

An audience of students kneeling on one side of the dojo watches the exhibition.

When it's over and her last opponent takes a fall, the students APPLAUD and the sensei, a woman in her sixties at the head of the class, nods in approval at Jen.

Jen bows respectfully to her sensei between breaths.

EXT. DOJO - DUSK

Jen leaves the dojo in street clothes holding a gym bag. Walks down the street to her motorcycle. Suddenly a black Suburban whips around a corner and stops. Two men in suits step out, Homeland Security AGENTS HOLROYD and GRAHAM.

AGENT HOLROYD  
Dr. Jennifer Jackson?

Jen takes the measure of the serious men blocking her path.

JEN  
Yeah. Who wants to know?

AGENT HOLROYD  
(flashing a badge)  
I'm agent Holroyd. My partner, agent Graham. We're with Homeland Security. We need you to come with us. Right away.

JEN  
What?... Look, I'm not going anywhere with you. I'm on my way home.

The stern looks from the agents say otherwise.

JEN (CONT'D)  
What's this all about?

EXT. ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

The black Suburban speeds across the tarmac. Stops before a building beside a hangar. In the pale glow of the outdoor lights, the two agents get out and escort Jen inside.

INT. OFFICE - ANDREWS AFB - SAME

Secretary of Homeland Security ARLINGTON ADAMS (60s) stands at a window watching Jen approach. Adams is a big man, world-weary and imposing. A wise old bear in a dull suit.

Next to him in a wheelchair is DR. PAUL TOLAN (70). Dr. Tolan is African-American, thin and frail, but with enough intellectual energy to power a city.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
She looks awfully young.

DR. TOLAN  
I wouldn't have asked for her if she  
couldn't do the job.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
(reads a file)  
She got a PHD at twenty?

DR. TOLAN  
Yep.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
So she's smart.

DR. TOLAN  
If she were a physicist, she'd be an  
Einstein. Smart enough?

SECRETARY ADAMS  
I don't know, Paul. Who goes from  
being an associate professor at  
Cornell to a docent at the  
Smithsonian? Who's she hiding from?

DR. TOLAN  
Everyone.

Adams shares a meaningful look with Dr. Tolan. Turns to go.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Well, you comin'?

DR. TOLAN  
You go ahead. I'll be in.  
(hands him a box)  
Put the hook in first.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - ANDREWS AFB - CONTINUOUS

Jen sits alone at a table in the sterile room, waiting.

Adams walks in holding the box. With him is COLONEL AARON  
WEBER who carries a laptop. Aaron's in his thirties, handsome  
and powerfully built. A man of sly humor and grand  
experience. Someone born to command.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Dr. Jackson, sorry to keep you  
waiting.  
(taking a seat)  
I'm Arlington Adams, Secretary of  
Homeland Security. This is Colonel  
Aaron Weber, my associate.

AARON  
(with a nod)  
Doctor.

JEN  
I'm meeting with the Secretary? How  
serious is this?

SECRETARY ADAMS  
We don't know yet. That's why you're here.

JEN  
Those *polite* gentlemen who picked me  
up said it was imperative I come  
here immediately, but couldn't say  
why. Now what could you possibly  
want with me? And why all the rush?

Adams slides over the box he has placed on the table.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Take a look at that.

Jen opens the box and she is thunderstruck by what she sees.

JEN  
(softly)  
Oh, my god.

In the box is a dead SIX-INCH ANT. Jen reaches for it.

AARON  
I wouldn't do that.  
(off her look)  
It's slightly radioactive. It's not  
dangerous, but you shouldn't handle  
it without gloves.

Jen's astonishment is quickly eclipsed by bursting excitement.

JEN  
Where'd you find it? This is  
incredible! Are there others?

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Dr. Jackson, that's precisely what  
we're afraid of.

A new reality dawns on Jen.

JEN  
(voice trailing off)  
I see. A colony of such ants...

SECRETARY ADAMS

It was found in a Chipewyan village  
in Northern Saskatchewan.

He looks to Aaron who pulls up a map on the laptop.

AARON

(showing Jen)

Here, up around Uranium City and  
Lake Athabasca. Two such villages  
and a truck stop have been attacked  
with virtually no trace of the people  
left behind. The only body found  
was this woman who hung herself.

Aaron pulls up a photograph of a body hanging from a ceiling  
with most of the flesh stripped off the bone.

Jen stares at the horrific image.

SECRETARY ADAMS

I'm handling this directly because we  
don't want a word of this getting  
out. There's not a department in  
Washington that doesn't leak like a  
sieve and the last thing we need is  
to start a panic. You're here to lead  
an investigation, if you're willing.  
You'll be working with Canadian  
authorities of course, but I want my  
own personnel on the ground.

JEN

Why's that?

DR. TOLAN (O.S.)

Because we believe the colony is  
moving south.

Jen turns to Doctor Tolan entering the room in his wheelchair.  
By the look on her face she would rather it were the ants.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

Judging from the timing and vector  
of the attacks, they could be across  
the border into North Dakota in a  
matter of days.

He wheels up to the table.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

Hello, Jen.

JEN  
(rather cool)  
Paul.

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Your ah... mentor here, wanted to go  
himself, but I wouldn't hear of it.  
And when the world's foremost  
authority on ants gives you a  
recommendation, well...

JEN  
(to Dr. Tolan)  
Now you're recommending me? That's  
a switch.

Dr. Tolan takes the sharp remark without batting an eye.

JEN (CONT'D)  
(looks at the ant)  
How'd you get the specimen?

SECRETARY ADAMS  
Canadian officials sent it to us.  
To get our attention I suppose.  
(adds ironically)  
I wouldn't have believed them  
otherwise.

DR. TOLAN  
Apparently their top myrmecologists  
are unavailable. Professor Carrington  
is somewhere in Borneo, and Jacob  
Barnhardt is laid up with pneumonia.  
So they've turned to me. And I, for  
obvious reasons...  
(taps the wheelchair)  
have recommended you.

JEN  
(re. wheelchair)  
When did this happen?

DR. TOLAN  
Gradually, then all at once.  
Osteoporosis. I can walk. Just not  
for very long.

Jen weighs it all-- the incredible ant, her former mentor's  
involvement, the anxious faces of the men before her.

JEN  
No, thanks. I'll pass.

Adams looks at Dr. Tolan in disbelief.



AARON

Ma'am, I'll be leading a highly-trained security team assigned to protect you. You won't be in any danger.

JEN

How gallant of you, Colonel.

She looks at Dr. Tolan and Director Adams.

JEN (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

Secretary Adams turns to Dr. Tolan for help.

DR. TOLAN

Give us a minute.

Secretary Adams and Aaron leave the room. Before he goes Aaron studies Jen with a gaze, impressed by her courage to stand her ground.

DR. TOLAN (CONT'D)

I hope this decision has nothing to do with me.

JEN

It doesn't.

DR. TOLAN

Then why?

JEN

I'm not interested.

DR. TOLAN

The hell you're not.

Jen thinks. Pulls the box closer. Looks again at the ant.

JEN

(humorously)

I get a team?

DR. TOLAN

There is a significant element of danger in this.

JEN

You don't say.

Jen handles the box.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Radioactive, huh?

DR. TOLAN  
(nods)  
Um, hmm.

JEN  
What's in it for me? I can't afford  
to be off work.

DR. TOLAN  
What'll it take?

JEN  
Ten grand.

DR. TOLAN  
All right.

JEN  
A week.

DR. TOLAN  
Still workin' on the Tahiti fund?

JEN  
Halfway there.

DR. TOLAN  
You know, Jen, there are a number of  
people who live in Tahiti.

JEN  
Not that many. And they speak French.  
I don't.

A PROPELLER BUZZES TO LIFE

A green C-145A Skytruck powers up on the tarmac.

EXT. C145-A - ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

Jen and Aaron approach the plane. Shouting to one another  
over the BLARE OF THE ENGINES.

JEN  
So what do I call you, Colonel Weber?  
Sir? Great Lord Protector?

AARON  
Aaron will do, *Doctor* Jackson.

JEN

It's Jen, or we're not on speaking terms.

They climb the short airstair and enter the plane.

EXT. ANDREWS AFB - NIGHT

The big green albatross of an aircraft takes off.

EXT. SKIES OVER AMERICA - NIGHT

Soars over a black landscape sprinkled with lights.

INT. SKYTRUCK - MOVING

Up the aisle between rows with four seats. Our first look at Aaron's team: a young, multiracial group in fatigues.

In the very back of the plane sits CAPTAIN VIRGINIA "GINGER" CAMPOS reading a report by herself.

STAFF SGT. ANG CHUN sits across the aisle studying her with admiring eyes. Ginger feels it and side-glances at the handsome Chinese-American. Smiles coyly and turns away.

In the next row PRIVATE BOBBY "STYX" ROBERTSON grooves to a tune on his iPhone. Tapping out the beat on his armrest.

CORPORAL LINUS "MARBLES" EKMARK dozes beside him. The big Swede drops a massive paw over Styx's black hand.

MARBLES

(eyes closed, drowsy)

I can feel that.

Styx removes the big hand. Waits. Starts tapping his foot.

AHEAD OF THEM - IN SEATS JUST OUTSIDE THE FLIGHT DECK - are SPECIALISTS IDUS TURNER and LARRY LAXALT. Turner and Laxalt sit as far from each other as they possibly can.

Turner drinks coffee from a styrofoam cup. A Confederate flag tattooed on the inside of his wrist.

Laxalt flips through a Sports Illustrated. Looks briefly at an ad with a handsome man. Laxalt looks, and is, the most macho man on the plane. He just happens also to be gay.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK

Aaron flies the plane. Jen, in the co-pilot seat, goes over the report marked TOP SECRET on Aaron's laptop.

AARON

Mind if I ask what changed your mind  
about coming?

JEN

(reading the report)  
He threw in a dental plan.

AARON

Yeah, that'll do it. Sold me on the  
Air Force.

Jen looks over.

AARON (CONT'D)

So why ant scientist? How'd you get  
interested in that?

JEN

Oh, I don't know, goes back to when I  
was a kid, I guess. I put a stick  
into a fire ant nest and got stung up  
and down my arm. I couldn't believe  
something so small could hurt me so  
bad... Been a fan ever since.

AARON

I had an ant farm when I was kid.  
It didn't last a week. My uncle  
told me they could lift fifty times  
their own weight so I kept putting  
rocks in it for them to move around.  
I think they died of exhaustion.

Jen grins at the quip. Pages through the report and comes to  
the photo of the woman who hung herself.

AARON (CONT'D)

(re: the photo)  
Ever seen anything like that before?

JEN

Yeah, once, in Africa. Driver ants.  
They killed everything in their path:  
a baby, some dogs, even a tethered  
donkey. And they were nowhere near  
the size of what we're dealing with.

Aaron's gaze falls again on the photo, the magnitude of the  
coming danger driven home to him.

EXT. CANADIAN FORCES BASE (CFB) COLD LAKE - DAY

The C-145A drops toward a runway out of a colorful sunrise.

ABE MARCEL (65) A Chipewyan tribal policeman watches it land.

Marcel stands off by himself near a group of CANADIAN SOLDIERS beside three Milverados: the military version of the 4-door Chevy Silverado.

MOMENTS LATER

Aaron's team unloads their gear from the plane. Ang picks up a PX shopping bag. Puzzled, he looks inside-- a new tackle box, sunglasses, women's clothes with price tags on them.

JEN (O.S.)

It's mine.

Ang turns and hands it to Jen.

JEN (CONT'D)

I travel light.

Jen takes the bag. Turns to Aaron who stands a short way off in council with Marcel and a Canadian Army officer, COLONEL BILL GERILLEAU (50).

Aaron breaks away and comes over to Jen.

AARON

Apparently our clearance to operate in Canada hasn't come through yet. So it looks like we're gonna' be on hold for a while.

JEN

The hell we are. I didn't come all this way just to hang out in the middle of nowhere.

She strides past Aaron to Colonel Gerilleau.

JEN (CONT'D)

Are you going out to the site today?

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Yes, ma'am... in about ten minutes. I take it you must be the ant scientist.

JEN

I am. And why is it I can't come with you?

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Well, ma'am, you can, but these American soldiers haven't been cleared  
(MORE)

COLONEL GERILLEAU (CONT'D)  
yet to conduct operations on Canadian  
soil. They'll have to remain here.

JEN  
But I'm good?

COLONEL GERILLEAU  
Yeah.

JEN  
Well, then there's no problem. Shall  
we go?

AARON  
(coming over)  
Hold on a second! You bet there's a  
problem. We're here to protect you.  
You're not going anywhere without us.

JEN  
Oh, yeah? Just watch me.

AARON  
Hey look, lady--

JEN  
No, you look. I'm not here under  
your command, Colonel. I'm a private  
citizen. And since our host here  
has no objection, I'm going. Got  
it?

Aaron's crew has stopped unloading to watch.

Aaron, ticked off, turns to Colonel Gerilleau.

AARON  
Is there a problem if I come along  
as an observer?

Colonel Gerilleau appears amused by the whole thing.

COLONEL GERILLEAU  
Fine with me.

Aaron swings his eyes sharply back to Jen who takes the  
sunglasses from her bag and puts them on. Grins smugly and  
walks off toward the vehicles.

COLONEL GERILLEAU (CONT'D)  
What's with her?

AARON  
(starting after her)  
She's lost her broom.

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN PLAINS - DAY

The three Milverados fly down a remote dirt road. The open countryside and blue dome of the sky dwarfing the vehicles.

INT. MILVERADO #1 - SAME

Marcel drives with one hand on the wheel. Colonel Gerilleau beside him. Jen and Aaron a yard apart in the back seat.

Gerilleau throws his arm across the seat and smiles at Jen.

COLONEL GERILLEAU  
So whaddya' think, Doc? Any idea  
where our little friends come from?  
What's behind all this?

He puts his hand on her knee. She removes it.

JEN  
(with menace)  
Touch me again, Colonel, and I'll  
touch you back.

COLONEL GERILLEAU  
Sorry. Didn't mean nothin' by it.

Jen looks out the window.

JEN  
I've got no idea what's behind this.  
That's what I'm here to find out.

MARCEL  
I'll tell you what's behind it.

Everyone looks at Marcel.

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
It's Mother Nature fighting back.

JEN  
(smiles knowingly)  
The Gaia Hypothesis?

MARCEL  
Yep, that's it. We've messed with  
her world and now she's pissed.

AARON  
The "what" Hypothesis?

JEN

Gaia, the Greek goddess of the earth, Mother Nature if you will. It's a theory that looks at the earth as essentially being a living organism, a great mother to all life. She creates life, nurtures it, makes adjustments to maintain it, and does whatever it takes to protect it.

AARON

From what?

JEN

From anything that threatens the ecological balance of life.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Sounds like a lot of climate change BS if you ask me.

JEN

That's funny.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

What?

JEN

I think it's funny that it's the ignorant Colonel who hits upon what might actually be going on.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Oh, I see. So now we get big ants because of climate change. I thought you said in the briefing that radioactive pollution might be behind all this?

JEN

It's probabaly both. A sort of perfect storm working in the planet's favor.

MARCEL

How do you mean?

JEN

Ants collect minerals from their environment and change them into rock when they build their nests, and in the process they trap carbon dioxide. Ants this size, in sufficient numbers, could lower CO2 levels significantly in just a few years.



AARON

So it's gonna be ants to the rescue?

JEN

From nature's point of view... yes.  
Once again, Gaia protects the earth.  
This time from us.

EXT. CHIPEWYAN VILLAGE - DAY

A sad little hamlet out on the plain where a dusty white road ends at a dozen shacks that are the Chipewyan's homes.

The three Milverados cruise down main street and stop.

Jen takes in the eerily silent town with a prolonged gaze.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Jen takes pictures with her phone.

A soil sample. That she puts in her tackle box.

Aaron INSIDE A HOME. A little girl's doll on the floor. He bends down and picks it up. His eyes fixed on a streak of dried blood smeared on the floor.

The Canadian soldiers hang with the vehicles.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

(to his men)

Keep your eyes peel... for the big  
bad ants.

Soldiers laugh. And the colonel walks off.

He comes around the SIDE OF A HOUSE and finds Jen kneeling in the dirt taking a soil sample. She stands and turns.

Emits a small gasp at finding Colonel Gerilleau suddenly there.

COLONEL GERILLEAU (CONT'D)

Did I you scare you?

JEN

I didn't hear you coming.

Colonel Gerilleau moves in a little closer.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Worried about the big ants?

(smiles creepily)

Got your heart pounding?

He places his hand over Jen's heart, touching her breast.

Quick as a cat Jen pins his hand to her chest, presses forward and pushes his hand back painfully over his wrist.

Colonel Gerilleau CRIES OUT and buckles in pain... when Jen, lightening-quick, grabs his shoulder, sweeps out his leg and slams the big man hard to the ground.

Colonel Gerilleau looks up at her through a cloud of dust.

JEN

Wanna touch me again?

Jen walks off leaving the colonel on the ground.

PICK UP Marcel wandering around. Pausing BEHIND A HOUSE, studying the terrain. Jen walks up behind him.

MARCEL

It's a helluva' mystery, isn't it?

JEN

Did you find any nests?

MARCEL

Nothin' around here.

Jen looks with interest into the distance.

JEN

You check those rocks?

Across the white haze of the plain sits a cluster of rocks more than a mile away.

CUT TO:

THE THREE MILVERADOS SPEEDING ACROSS THE BARREN PLAIN

White spirals of dust thrown up in their wake.

A TRUCK WHEEL grinds to a halt.

Doors open and everyone gets out.

AARON

All right, help me out. Just what is it we're supposed to be looking for?

JEN

Any sign of a nest, small trails, holes, mounds of dirt.

Jen's gaze falls on Colonel Gerilleau who quickly looks away.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

All right guys, you heard her. Fan out.

The armed Canadian soldiers disperse.

Jen walks the perimeter of the ROCK FORMATION which rises like a lumpy brown monument out on the plain.

She moves in and out of the rocks. Stops and thinks.

Suddenly spots one of the ants scurrying across the ground. A black SIX-INCH FORMICA foraging for food.

Jen takes a clear container from the tackle box. Covers the ant and shimmies it inside. Stares at the CAPTURED ANT.

The ant STRIDULATES: CHIT-TA-CHIT-TA-CHIT, a rubbing sound ants make that resembles radio static or the shake of Maracas.

Jen scans the area and spots

Five other SIX-INCH FORMICAS answering the call. They scramble out of the rocks. Race away.

Jen stomps on one. Chases the others who run past Aaron.

JEN

Aaron! Aaron, stop them. Don't let those ants get back to the nest.

Aaron stomps on an ant.

The other three racing away across the flat dry earth.

Gerilleau and two other Canadians hustling over.

JEN (CONT'D)

Shoot 'em!

The black specs race across the white ground heading straight for another cluster of boulders.

BULLETS SMACK the dirt around the ants. Kicking up dust. Killing one ant.

Two Canadian soldiers run after the ants, FIRING as they go.

They hit another ant, but the last one runs under a boulder.

Jen looks at the boulder, and the two soldiers halfway there.

JEN (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Suddenly a BLACK MASS pours out from under the boulder.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 (to the two soldiers)  
 Run! RUN!!

THE TWO CANADIANS

Stand frozen by the sight of the approaching ants. They raise weapons. OPEN FIRE.

Colonel Gerilleau and the other Canadians join in, unleashing a barrage at the front line of the ants.

HOT LEAD RIPS into the insects. Splatters them every which way. But the flood of ants comes on.

The two Canadians now running for their lives. The ants overtaking the slower man. Rising up his legs, bringing him down, SCREAMING!

Jen, holding her tackle box, dashes over to Aaron.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 Everyone, in the trucks! Now!

Aaron and Jen get into a truck and look back at the Canadians.

One writhing under a pile of ants. The other running like an Olympian, eyes wide with terror.

Colonel Gerilleau and his men FIRE their weapons. Try to save him. To no avail. The ants catch the man and take him down.

COLONEL GERILLEAU  
 Let's go! GO!

He waves his men back to the trucks. Colonel Gerilleau and Marcel getting in one truck, the last four soldiers another.

AARON AT THE WHEEL - WITH JEN

Speeds backwards.

Whips the truck around and floors it.

COLONEL GERILLEAU

Starts his truck. Jams it in drive and pulls a U-ey.

MARCEL  
 (banging the dash)  
 C'mon man, MOVE! MOVE!

Gerilleau floors it and off they go.

## THE FOUR CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Pile into their truck. Their driver with one eye on the ants. Fumbling with the key... DROPPING IT.

His comrades futilely pushing on the power window buttons.

## CANADIAN SOLDIERS

C'mon! Get us outta' here!

Too late. The wave of SIX-INCH ANTS slams into the Milverado.

Up the tires. Through the open windows. The trapped soldiers quickly overwhelmed. Bitten a hundred times.

## COLONEL GERILLEAU

Looks in his rear view mirror. SEES...

A mound of ants where a truck had been.

He checks his speedometer. Pegged at sixty.

Looks up at a boulder in his path.

## MARCEL

Look out!

Colonel Gerilleau veers sharply. FLIPS AND CRASHES.

The big green truck rolls over the plain and crunches to a stop in a cloud of dust, upside down.

A horde of ants closes in. Arrives and encases the vehicle.

Moments later, Colonel Gerilleau breaks through the shattered windshield covered with ants. He crawls along the ground. Tries to rise, SCREAMS horribly then drops out of frame.

## AARON AND JEN'S TRUCK

Speeds away. Putting distance between themselves and the tens of thousands of six-inch ants pooling over the plain.

**Here ends the website excerpt of *Supercolony*. If you'd like to read the full script contact R.C. Davidson at Tahoe Film Group: [rcdavidson@tahoefilmgroup.com](mailto:rcdavidson@tahoefilmgroup.com).**