

# **yugioh does inderpendance day**

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Chapter1

AN AMERICAN FLAG

Oddly still, posted in gray dusty sand.

LUNAR SURFACE - THE MOON

One small step for man, one large pile of garbage for moon kind. Untouched for years, the flag stands next to the cast off remains of the Apollo mission. Slowly the discarded equipment begins to RATTLE and SHAKE. AN ENORMOUS SHADOW creeps towards us blotting out the horizon, a loud RUMBLE is heard. Suddenly we are covered in DARKNESS as the SHADOW engulfs us. Only the lonely image of our EARTH hangs in the air, until a huge silhouetted OBJECT suddenly blocks our view.

NEW MEXICO - RADIO TELESCOPE VALLEY - NIGHT

A field of large satellite dishes scan the skies. Super up: S.E.T.I. INSTITUTE, NEW MEXICO

INSTITUTE - MONITORING CONTROL CENTER - SAME

Fred works on his putting skills. Behind him, wall to wall technical equipment quietly sifts through data. A RED LIGHT begins to flash. The Technician turns and slowly walks towards the source. One by one a series of LIGHTS turn on. Amelda (TECH ONE) grabs a pair of headphones. His Blue eyes widen.

SLEEPING QUARTERS - SAME

Sleepily Greg picks up the phone.

Greg: If this isn't an insanely beautiful woman, I'm hanging up.

CONTROL CENTER - SAME

Fred: Shut up and listen.

He holds the phone up to a speaker, increases the volume. A strange FLUCTUATING TONE plays out in sequential patterns.

SLEEPING QUARTERS - SAME

HEARING it, Greg BOLTS UP, banging his head on the bunk above him.

## CONTROL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A pajama party on acid. Five other technicians, in various states of undress, hover anxiously around the main console. Greg enters, tying his robe.

Greg: God, I hope it's not just another damned Russian spy job.

Fred: (overlapping) Negative. Computer affirms the signal is unidentified.

Rex: (hanging up the phone) The boy from Air Res Traffic say the skies are clear. No terrestrial launches.

Fred: It's the real thing. A radio signal from another world.

The room becomes quiet as they realize that after years of searching the heavens, they might have finally found something.

Greg: Let's not jump the gun. Run a trajectory source computation.

Miho slides over to another computer.

Greg: (cont'd) I want to know exactly where it's coming from.

Miho: this can't be right.

Miho just stares at his screen in disbelief.

Greg: What's wrong?

Miho: Calculated distance from source is at three hundred and eight five thousand kilometers. (turning to Supervisor) It's coming from the moon.

Greg reaches over and turns up the volume on the speaker. As they listen to the strange TONES we...

## HALLWAY - PENTAGON - SAME

Elevator doors OPENS revealing four star Phiore, Commander in Chief U.S. Space Command. Understandably nervous, the COMMANDING OFFICER escorts him down the hall.

Phiore: Who else knows about this?

Bonz: S.E.T.I. in New Mexico identified a signal but they're even more confused than we are.

Phiore shoots him a disapproving glance.

Kemo: Excuse me, miss.

He slides his security card through the lock and the doors fly open.

## SPACE COMMAND - THE PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Banks of computers, Technicians and assistants working feverishly through the night. The Officers cross the room.

Banded Keith: SPACE COMMAND - THE PENTAGON

Phiore; Satellite reception has been impaired but we were able to get these.

They arrive at a glass table. The surrounding officers snap to attention as Monkey quickly brings over a large transparency. We SEE a grainy image of a large vague OBJECT.

Phiore: Looks like a big turd.

The two Officers exchange a glance.

Harry: We estimate it has a diameter of over five hundred and fifty kilometers and a mass roughly one fourth the size of our moon.

Phiore turns to Kemo, concerned.

Phiore: A meteor?

Kemo: No Sir. Definitely not.

Phiore: How do you know?

Kemo: Well, er... it's slowing down.

Phiore: It's doing what?

Kemo: It's... slowing down, Sir.

Phiore walks over to a phone, picks it up.

Phiore: Get me the Secretary of Defense. (pause) Then wake him up.

## WHITMORE'S BEDROOM - FRE-DAWN

Laying in bed Dartz reads a stack of papers. The phone RINGS.

Phiore: (filtering through phone) Hi. It's me.

The warm look on Dartz's face tells us everything about how he feels about the woman on the other

end.

Dartz: Hi honey. What time is it there?

#### HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in a nightgown, Phiore unpacks her briefing papers lays them out on a small desk as she talks. Through the window we SEE Los Angeles at night.

Phiore: Two in the morning. I know I didn't wake you?

Dartz: (filtered) As a matter of fact you did.

Phiore: (smiles) Liar.

#### WHITMORE BEDROOM - SAME

Dartz sits up.

Dartz: I have a confession to make. There's a beautiful young red haired sleeping next to me. Sleeping next to him, his six-year-old daughter, Christ.

Phiore: (filtered) You didn't let her stay up watching T.V. all night?

Dartz: Of course not.

The little girl stirs awake, looks up.

Christ: Mommy?

Dartz: You're flying back right after the luncheon? Okay, here she is.

Dartz hands her the phone and gets out of bed. Habitably he turns on the television.

#### T.V. - NEWS PROGRAM

Mako: Several "Pundits" sit around a MaLaughlin-type news discussion program. The picture quality is snowy, static ridden. ... the inexperience in public office was inevitably going to catch up with him. He's scarified his ideals for "politics as usual."

Dartz ties on his robe as he adjusts the picture quality.

Mako: ...I said this during the campaign. Leadership as a pilot in the Gulf War has no relationship to political leadership. It's a different animal...

Suddenly the channel changes. A cartoon comes on. Dartz turns to his daughter who holds he remote.

Christ: (into phone) Daddy let me watch Letterman.

Dartz: Traitor.

Dartz exits the room.

#### HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Dartz steps out of his bedroom, a Iron heart snaps to attention. Someone hidden behind a newspaper, sits on a bench.

Iron Heart: Good morning, Son.

Dartz: Good morning, father.

The paper is dropped revealing CONSTANCE HALBROOK, midthirties, aggressive, sharp, the President's communications director. Quickly she gathers her things and follows Dartz.

#### BREAKFAST TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Two servants are preparing breakfast as Dartz and Tea enter. Whitmore sits down, grabs a coffee.

Dartz: You're up early this morning, Tea.

Tea tosses him one of the many newspapers in her hands.

Tea: they're not attacking your policies, they're attacking your age. (another paper; reading)  
"...addressing Congress, Dartz seems less like the President and more like the orphan child Oliver asking, 'please sir, I'd like some more.'"

Dartz: Clever.

Tea: Age was never an issue when you stuck to your gun. You were thought of as young and idealistic. But the message has gotten lost. There's too much compromise, too much politics.

Dartz: (pointedly) Isn't it amazing how fast everyone can turn against you.

Realizing she may be pushing him too far, she hands him another paper.

Tea: Well, the Orange County Register has named you one of the ten sexiest men of the year.

Dartz; You see, substance at last.

Leon appears at the doorway.

Leon; Excuse me, Dartz. It's the Secretary of Defense.

Dartz goes to the phone, picks it up.

Dartz: Yes? Say that again?

## AN OLD RUSSIAN SATELLITE

Drifting away from us the old Russian satellite becomes smaller and smaller. We PAN with it as we SEE it's on a collision course with something huge. Suddenly the satellite EXPLODES on IMPACT with the much larger object that dwarfs the puny piece of hardware. As huge as it is, we get the feeling we've only seen a portion of the total.

## NEW YORK SKYLINE - EARLY MORNING

A slow crane down from the Manhattan skyline, revealing...

## CLIFFSIDE PARK - NEW JERSEY - MORNING

With the New York skyline across the Hudson behind them, old men sit in this small park playing chess. Unlike the others, Amelda is in his early Twenty's, sixties hippie meets nineties yuppie nerd. He concentrates intensely on his next move. Daryl. sixties. smokes a cigar impatiently.

Daryl: What are you waiting? My social security will expire, you'll still be sitting there.

Amelda: I'm thinking.

Daryl; So think already.

Amelda makes a move. Instantly Daryl counters his move. Amelda furls his brow in thought.

Daryl: Again he's thinking.

Daryl reaches into a paper bag and retrieves a coffee in a Styrofoam cup.

Amelda: You have any idea how long it takes for those things to decompose?

Daryl; You don't move soon. I'll begin to decompose.

Just as Amelda finally makes his move, Daryl counters again. Amelda shoots him a look and stares back down to the board.

Daryl; (cont'd) Amelda, I've been meaning to talk with you. It's nice you've been spending so much time with me, but...

Amelda: Dad, don't start.

Daryl; I'm only saying, it's been what? Four years, you still haven't signed your divorce papers.

Amelda: Three years.

Daryl: Three, four. Move on. It's not healthy.

Daryl takes a big puff on the cigar and coughs.

Amelda: Look who's talking healthy?

Suddenly Amelda's beeper goes off.

Daryl: How many times is that now? You trying to get fired?

Amelda moves his queen.

Amelda: Checkmate. See you tomorrow, Dad.

He gives his father a quick kiss and hurries away.

Daryl: That's not checkmate I can still... Oh. (yelling after him) You could let an old man win once in a while, it wouldn't kill you.

To be continued.