

District 10

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We open with a "found" montage, mixing scenes from the first film with new footage. News reports bring us up to speed:

It's been 10 years since the alien ship departed and District 9 was closed. To this day, no one knows why the ship left, or if it will ever return.

Despite this, millions of "prawns" remain on Earth, practically all of whom have been moved to a far larger camp: **District 10**.

Over the past decade, a lot of progress has been made in human-alien relations. As living conditions in this new camp improved, culture, art, and science began to emerge from the alien community, and their own technological expertise lent itself to innovation and progress on the human side of things as well.

As the years go by, trust slowly begins to grow between the two species, and in recent years, the UN has been considering a motion that would allow the aliens to leave District 10 permanently, integrating freely into human populations.

This soon becomes **the** political talking point across the globe, driving deep ideological schisms into human populations.

The idea has been strongly opposed by Multi-National United, who legally maintain ownership over the District 10 encampment. The MNU is reportedly making record-shattering profits controlling the flow of technology and resources in and out of District 10; a process overseen by an MNU bureaucrat named Cunningham.

Over the past decade, they have grown to become the single largest arms and aerospace corporation in the world. Journalists report that the MNU has secret funding ties to anti-integration groups and politicians, likely in an attempt to keep their proprietary hold over these lucrative exports.

As the UN vote draws nearer, the tension goes from a simmer to an outright boil, as protests, demonstrations, and riots break

out around the world. And just when things couldn't get any more contentious, on the eve of this historic vote... an alien ship appears in the skies above Johannesburg.

In interview segments, we hear from various interviewees: a Johannesburg cop, an ER nurse, etc. They're all speaking of some kind of "incident," an unimaginable disaster that's left an indelible mark on these people.

A quote from a young woman wearing a news correspondent's badge ends the segment:

"No one could have known what was about to happen. Not even those responsible."

We begin the film proper in District 10 itself, just as the sun is setting.

It's not an ideal living situation, but it's a far cry from the abject poverty of District 9. There are human guards posted at regular intervals, and carrying assault weapons, but despite this, there's actually the semblance of everyday life here. Prawns are closing up their storefronts for the evening, food stalls are bustling with activity, children are playing in the dirt streets.

At the corner of one such street, a prawn is interacting with a group of kids, selling them something from his cart. They're excited, jumping up and down to jockey for a position in line.

Through a gap in the diminutive crowd, we can see that the proprietor is selling candy. It doesn't look like the freshest merchandise, the packages look dated, but the children don't seem to mind.

As he wraps up with his last customer and the group disperses. The prawn notices a dropped candy wrapper on the ground, and

reaches to pick it up. He unfolds it, delicately, before refolding it into a little paper bird.

After all these years, it seems, WIKUS has found a new life amongst the people of District 10. He seems content enough as he rolls his cart home, stopping to pal around a bit with a few younger-looking prawns dancing to music from an old, beat up boombox.

As he rounds a corner, though, the ground shakes. The "city" suddenly springs to life. Crowds gather in the streets, chattering a mix of fear, excitement, confusion. All eyes are on the sky, as a massive alien ship enters the skyline.

As the ship slowly descends through the clouds, what seems to be debris appears to fall off the sides. As they drop, their descents slow, revealing them to be smaller craft.

Panic ensues in the streets.

Wikus is bumped and jostled as prawns scramble for safety from whatever is coming.

Something hits him from behind, hard, and Wikus goes down. He stumbles a few steps, his vision blurring before he passes out. The last thing he sees is a tall prawn wearing strange, unfamiliar clothing.

When Wikus awakens, he's being dragged through a dark corridor. He's still groggy, his vision blurring. He looks to his left and right to see a pair of large figures wearing that same clothing.

"What's happening, where are you taking me?"

Don't worry, they reply in prawn, we know who you are, we are going to help you.

They bring him to a chamber filled with what appears to be medical equipment.

A TALL PRAWN approaches. His hands are outstretched, he seems almost conciliatory.

"We were lucky to find you Wikus, you were struck, almost trampled."

He's distracted as other prawns approach him, holding devices and gesturing. Something in the room is being put together or powered on.

"How do you know my name?" Wikus asks, but isn't heard.

Wikus is pulled, gently but firmly, into a sort of pod-like enclosure, where he's placed on what looks like a medical gurney. His limbs are strapped in.

The tall prawn puts a hand on Wikus's shoulder. "See you on the other side, my friend."

A needle is plunged into Wikus's neck, injecting him with a viscous black liquid, and his vision fades away.

Wikus awakens, disoriented. He's on the same gurney, but he's no longer restrained. He hears muffled voices in the next room.

Wikus rises unsteadily and follows the voices. Through a crack in the door, he can hear two distinct people: one prawn and one presumably human.

The human speaks with a condescending tone. He has a posh, polished cadence in his voice that only accentuates an air of malice around his words. He's an asshole.

The prawn refers to this man as CUNNINGHAM. They're negotiating something, and the prawn seems to be getting the worse end of it.

They seem to be talking around something to do with the prawns leaving District 10, an "exodus protocol" that needs to be enforced. We learn that the MNU, for all practical purposes, legally owns the prawns living in District 10. They won't be permitted to leave in any way until they've paid off a collective debt, trillions in housing, food, and construction, signed when the prawns were relocated to the new camp.

The prawn counters that this can't possibly be legal. Cunningham laughs this off. They're not humans. Laws aren't designed to protect them.

Cunningham has clearly "won" this exchange. Wikus peeks through the door to see him and several armed members of MNU security preparing to depart.

"Stay. Leave. I don't give a shit where that piece of garbage in the sky goes. But these prawns," Cunningham says, gesturing broadly around him. "They belong *To Me*."

Trying to get a better look, Wikus trips over a loose cable, barely catching himself.

Cunningham inquires, curious: "What do you have back there, anyways?"

"I have nothing more to say to you," the prawn replies, ending the conversation.

Cunningham shrugs, and leaves.

As the humans exit, the prawn turns to where Wikus is hiding, gently opening the door.

He gestures for Wikus to enter the room, gently, like he's trying to console a frightened animal.

"Welcome back Wikus, welcome back my friend."

Wikus asks what happened, where he is. As he moves from the darkness of the medical bay to this well lit room, he sees his hands... human hands.

"I am sorry I am so late," the prawn tells him. He seems genuinely ashamed.

Wikus stares at his hands in disbelief, then up at the tall prawn.

He stammers: "...Christopher?"

It is Christopher, after all these years. They embrace.

As they part, Wikus asks Christopher where the "little one" is.

Christopher clasps Wikus on the shoulder: "He is safe, thanks to you."

He gestures to Wikus's now human frame. Christopher tells him that the process is not complete. He will need to undergo a final gene therapy in a few days, and there may be side effects in the meantime.

They step out into the sun together. They've exited an alien craft of some kind, like the command module from the first movie, but much, much bigger. Above them, the massive mothership hovers.

Christopher walks Wikus home, to no shortage of strange looks. The streets are buzzing with energy. Some prawns can be seen packing up their belongings. In one corner, a group appears to be praying in front of a statue depicting two prawns pointing

upwards towards the stars. Many others though are just carrying on as if it's business as usual.

Wikus also spots other humans in the District. They're not in uniforms, but they are wearing lanyards of some kind, and appear to be guiding prawns in an official capacity.

Wikus is realizing that this probably isn't the next morning, so much has happened. He asks Christopher how long he was out. Christopher replies that Wikus has been recovering for nearly three weeks.

Christopher elaborates that those humans are volunteers, helping to organize the prawns that want to depart. The prawns that accompanied Christopher to Earth do not understand the concept of possessions and property, complicating the process.

Wikus sees a group of these human volunteers leaving the District, and tells Christopher that he needs to go do something. Christopher understands, but says that he needs Wikus's help, and asks to meet tomorrow. Wikus readily agrees, and joins the human group as they're leaving through a busy MNU checkpoint.

It's dusk and Wikus has returned home. Not his home in District 10, but where he and his wife lived nearly a decade ago.

Through a ground floor window, he sees his wife, and a man, both playing with a small child.

Wikus stares just out of sight. He should be crushed, but he almost looks, at peace? It's as if a weight has been lifted from him, a burden he had been living with for so long.

He turns to leave, and in the distance, we see he's being followed.

An EXPLOSION. Gunfire. There's flames and wreckage in the streets, people running for their lives. Bullets are whizzing, and a giant metal foot crushes down on a parked car. It's a prawn mech suit, firing indiscriminately into the fleeing crowd.

Wikus awakens suddenly, back in his home in District 10. He's covered in a cold, sticky sweat.

"You're disconnecting from the prawn hive mind. For obvious reasons, you're the first. I'd be willing to bet though that's it's going to get pretty weird before all is said and done."

A figure is sitting at the foot of Wikus's bed. It's the reporter from the opening montage. She introduces herself as MELINA, an investigative journalist for Johannesburg's News24.

Melina reveals that she knows who Wikus is, what he was a decade ago. She's been investigating the return of the prawn ship, and if he has anything to do with it. She wants to talk, but Wikus is wary, uncertain. It's been a long time since he's been able to safely trust a human.

She offers a business card, but Wikus doesn't take it, so she places it at the foot of his bed instead, and leaves.

The next morning, Wikus goes to meet Christopher at the command module. He's told that Christopher is on the outskirts of District 10, alone.

Wikus finds Christopher finishing his work, brushing dirt from his hands. He's standing above a mound of fresh dirt.

Wikus approaches to see that on top of the mound lies a piece of clothing. It's a red vest; Christopher Johnson's vest from the first film.

It dawns on Wikus who has actually returned. They stand in silence over the grave for a few moments.

"Your father... is he?" Wikus asks.

Christopher shakes his head.

"He died on that ship. "

Wikus opens his mouth to offer condolences, but "Christopher" puts up his hand. He tells Wikus that he's had his time to grieve, and that his father's sacrifice will always be with him, he's taken his name after all.

Christopher looks up to the monolith in the sky.

"What you and my father did here 10 years ago. You didn't just save my life, you gave me something far more valuable: Clarity. Purpose. He wanted to save our people."

Christopher puts a hand on Wikus's shoulder.

"And we will."

The two spend the afternoon touring Wikus's neighborhood. Wikus shows Christopher his favorite spots as they talk.

Wikus excitedly points out his favorite food stall, greeting the owner enthusiastically. The stall's owner seems confused, very hesitant. He's an older prawn, he's probably lived through the worst years of District 9.

Wikus clicks something at him in very crude prawn. The older prawn pauses, there's a moment of silence. Then, if prawns could smile, he'd certainly be smiling as he embraces Wikus. Wikus is clearly well liked, the prawns in his community have accepted him as one of their own.

Wikus and Christopher continue their walk. Seeing more of the human volunteers hustling about, Wikus asks why they're going

through this, why they don't just return better equipped, force the MNU to let them leave.

Christopher explains that there will never be a third trip. That vessel in the sky is their people's very last "homeship."

Far from a paradise, the prawn's home planet has been experiencing a slow decay. The "leader" class of prawns strained the planet's resources to the brink, forcing them to send out more and more homeships in a desperate pursuit of new supplies; while the "worker" class has grown increasingly more unhinged and violent.

If Christopher cannot bring the millions of prawns on Earth back, and with them, an infusion of fresh resources and labor, their planet will almost certainly expire in a generation or less.

At the moment though, no one but Christopher and his inner circle know about the MNU's demands. If Christopher cannot find a solution, he is certain there will be blood in the streets as the prawns turn to violence. It is an arrangement that neither the prawns that want to leave, nor the ones who want to stay, would accept without a fight.

To make matters worse, the MNU might not know it yet, but Christopher's forces are themselves depleted. They are far too few, and far too underequipped to mount a resistance if things go bad.

Wikus stops to see a group of Christopher's prawns making their rounds through District 10 neighborhoods. They are going door to door trying to get the inhabitants to leave their homes and make their way to the evacuation points to prepare for the departure. The District 10 prawns are being asked to give up many of their belongings in the process, a point of contention that is causing a lot of unrest.

In front of one such household, Christopher's prawns get into an argument with the residents when one tries to pull a suitcase out of their hands. A scuffle ensues. No one is hurt, but there is a palpable tension in the air. The scene is eerily reminiscent of the relocation process in District 9.

Christopher is shaking his head. He knows what Wikus is about to say.

Christopher pauses in front a statue, the same one we saw prawns huddled in front of earlier: two prawns holding hands and pointing upwards, towards the stars.

"So long as there is even the possibility that we can leave, our people will find no peace here. If we let this linger, it will tear us in two, if the humans do not destroy us first. It is a decision we make together, or not at all."

We see news footage of rioting on the border wall of District 10. Outside there is a growing crowd of human protesters carrying signs saying things like "GO HOME PRAWNS" and "OVERSTAYED YOUR WELCOME".

We learn that rumors have gotten out about the MNU's demands for repatriations. The news anchor adds that some believe the MNU purposefully leaked financial documents disclosing the huge amounts of taxpayer money used to subsidize the building and maintaining of the camps, turning public sentiment against the prawns.

The MNU is now openly seizing prawn businesses and property, sparking a huge spike in violent crimes within the District.

And suddenly, Wikus is **in** the footage. He's lost and stumbling in the midst of a nighttime riot. From an unseen vantage, machine gun fire begins to mow down prawns as they scramble for cover. Wikus stumbles towards an alleyway as bullets whiz past, and into... a room?

Wikus is somehow in the command module again. He is watching a conversation between Christopher and Cunningham. The two are arguing.

Cunningham: "I don't know what you're playing at you slimy fuck, but as soon as I find out, we're coming for you. Their blood is going to be on your ha-"

The environment shifts again, and Wikus is standing beside Christopher as he leans over a metal table. He looks tired, but determined. On the table lies a prawn body.

Just as suddenly, Wikus back on the rioting street, barely managing to dive out of the way of a falling prawn mech, bullet hole riddling the armor. A dead prawn pilot is inside, staring up at nothing.

Above, a squadron of fighter jets fly at a low approach, rattling windows. Wikus glances up to see that the homeship is burning.

He wakes again, stumbling to the bathroom to throw up. In the bathroom mirror, he sees that one of his eyes is yellow. He shakes his head a few times and the color is back to normal.

There's a knock at his door. It's Christopher.

"Wikus, my friend, I am sorry to come to you at this hour, but we need to talk."

Christopher opens computer-like display on Wikus's kitchen table. Lines of prawn language stream across the image before it opens what looks like low-quality security camera footage.

Christopher explains the footage: "The past three nights, unmarked helicopters have been making passes around the homeship. Last night, figures were seen on the hull. I know it

is the MNU, I know they are planning something. Wikus, I need your help to figure out what. Please.”

Christopher elaborates that he’s secured for Wikus an MNU uniform and security badge. It’s risky, there’s always a possibility he would be recognized, even after all these years, but it’s their best shot at stopping whatever the MNU has planned.”

Wikus agrees to do what he can. As Christopher leaves, Wikus opens a drawer to retrieve the reporter’s business card.

Wikus and Melina convene to plan out their infiltration. Melina has managed to get the MNU to agree to a small TV segment concerning the prawn repatriation process, allowing her to tour the facility’s ground floor.

Wikus will pose as Melina’s cameraman, and when he gets the opportunity, will break away to investigate on his own. Melina reminds him that he has promised her complete and total honesty in an interview when this is all over.

Wikus and Melina arrive at the MNU facility. They conduct a short, very PR-friendly interview with an MNU rep. Wikus makes sure to cover as much of his face as possible with the camera.

There’s a moment where Melina notices that Wikus’s eye is drooping unnaturally, as if it doesn’t quite fit his face. Wikus quickly hides it by moving the camera in front of him.

At the end of the interview, Wikus asks to use the bathroom, and makes a break for it, changing into the MNU uniform and using the badge to go deeper into the facility.

Wikus narrowly avoids going down a corridor as Cunningham approaches, MNU retinue in tow. He’s shouting, visibly angry.

Slipping into a nearby garage bay, Wikus finds stacks of crates that are being prepared to be loaded. The manifests mark them as general medical supplies to be helicoptered into District 10, but when he opens one, he finds a huge volume of military-grade explosives.

Wikus quickly captures it all on video, just as a group of MNU employees comes through the door. Wikus hides what he's been doing, but he's been spotted.

One of the employees approaches him and asks him what he's doing here. Wikus attempts to play it off. He reaches into his pocket for the ID badge, but realizes that his hand has turned claw-like, as if he's reverting into a prawn again. He awkwardly retrieves the ID with his other hand.

The MNU employee seems suspicious. Wikus starts losing his cool when he briefly hallucinates that the employee's eyes are yellow like a prawn's. Wikus clears his head, revealing that his "claw hand" was just a hallucination as well. Whatever's happening to him is clearly getting worse.

Despite this, he maintains his cool and seems to be talking his way out of the situation.

The MNU employee stares at him for a second, assessing, then shrugs, and taps Wikus on his badge as he walks past him. "See ya around."

Wikus returns to Christopher with the news. Those crates were being requisitioned to the helicopter pads. The MNU is planting explosives on the homeship. They mean to strand the prawns here, to make sure their cash cow never leaves.

Christopher tells him that earlier that night, a huge MNU force took control of the command module, quarantining off the area around it. Knowing what he knows now, Christopher understands why.

The command module can send the power-up signal to the homeship, and if explosives were to be detonated during that sequence, the results would be catastrophic. The ship would be utterly destroyed, and with it, any hope of returning home.

The pair form a plan of attack. They have to stop this, but as quietly as possible. If word gets out about it, the chaos that would ensue would leave thousands dead.

Christopher gives Wikus a weapon. He tells him that it should still work; until the procedure is completed, Wikus is still part prawn.

Wikus prepares an envelope with the video evidence and photos he collected from the MNU facility. He calls Melina, she doesn't pick up. He calls the News24 headquarters, they tell him no one by that name works here. Wikus is flustered, his head is a mess.

Christopher urges him to hurry. Wikus sends a text, and leaves his phone next to the materials as they leave the house.

Prawns gather en masse outside of the MNU's barricades. They've been evicted from their homes, and they're pissed. They're throwing rocks and molotov cocktails, shoving against the riot shields of the MNU security forces.

Suddenly, gunfire breaks out, and all hell breaks loose. Hundreds of prawns swarm over the MNU guards, as more gunfire and small explosions can be heard.

Under this cover of chaos, Wikus and Christopher push past the barricade lines and into the quarantined area.

Wikus and Christopher make it to the command module, but it's too heavily guarded. They're not going to get any further without being detected.

The two know what has to be done, and they go LOUD. Alien weapons blasting, Wikus and Christopher fight their way through the MNU forces, side by side again. It's awesome.

They battle their way towards the control room, but there's just so many guards pursuing them. Christopher holds them off while Wikus continues to the central room.

He enters the room and sees a central console. On top of it, several human laptops are open. Some are displaying security camera footage of the chaos outside. One is displaying what looks like a countdown sequence with just a few minutes to go.

Suddenly, Wikus is SHOT, a ferocious blast that takes off his arm in a shower of gore.

Wikus falls to the floor. He looks up to see Cunningham holding a combat shotgun.

"You idiot," he spits. "You fucking idiot. You have no idea what you've done."

"Look at this shit," he gestures towards the security feeds. "This is you. This is what you creatures do, isn't it? You just can't help yourselves."

Wikus shouts back that the MNU brought this on themselves, stealing from the prawns, evicting them from their homes.

Cunningham seems genuinely taken aback. "Evicting? This is an evacuation. What exactly are you playing a--"

He's cut off mid-sentence by the sound of an alien weapon powering up. Cunningham turns just in time to be evaporated into a mist of viscera by a bloody, but still alive Christopher.

Wikus's arm has been nearly completely severed. He falls to the ground clutching the bloody stump. He's breathing heavily, but he's relieved. It's over.

He gestures towards the laptop. "Christopher, the computer, there's still time."

Christopher moves towards the computer, his hand hovering above the keys. He's hesitating, but why?

Wikus is growing more frantic. "Christopher! What are you waiting for?"

Still staring at the glowing countdown sequence, he replies to Wikus.

"I spent a long time on that ship, alone with the memories of a dying planet. But still, I didn't know until just now if I would be ready, when the time came, to do what I have to."

"Christopher, what are you doing? Think of your people!"

"Wikus, I have known you nearly all my life. When the time comes, I know you too will do what needs to be done. *Our* people, they will survive this."

Christopher shuts the laptop.

Wikus looks up in horror to see a series of violent explosions rock the side of the mothership. Huge pieces of debris fall from the damaged vessel, crushing buildings beneath them.

The massive ship veers downward, angling awkwardly in its descent. It's crashing, and it's clear thousands are about to die.

Wikus is in disbelief.

"This story isn't over my friend. One day, you will understand why I did this. Just as you are realizing now the role you must play in what's to come."

Behind Christopher, we see the "transformation" pod.

The ship comes crashing down in the distance, sending a shockwave that violently shakes the walls.

Epilogue:

A montage of news clips reveals that in the months that followed the disaster, public sentiment towards the prawns has turned sympathetic.

An extensive investigation revealed the extent of the MNU conspiracy, not just the terrorist attack that downed the ship, but also illegal arms trading, inhumane experimentation, etc.

In response to the public outcry, the UN has granted the prawns their own territory to self-govern around the site of the crash, effectively creating a "prawn nation."

The immense ruins of the ship itself still lay half-buried in the ground, a towering monument to the disaster, and the legacy of District 9.

Some of the interviewees from before add their thoughts. Many are relieved that the horrifying past of the Districts are behind them. Some however are worried that the prawns' memory will not be so short, that they will not forgive what was done to them.

Melina finishes her own interview segment. She asks if they are done. Before the camera cuts we see her removing contacts from her eyes. It may just be a trick of the light, but are her eyes... yellow?

Further footage reveals that the prawn population has seemingly reunited in the pursuit of rebuilding this land into a home for themselves and their descendants.

At one such construction site, Christopher stands above his fellow prawns, surveying the progress. From behind him, a one armed prawn approaches to stand by his side.

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