

ALIEN LIBERATION FRONT (A.L.F.)

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HUFFMAN TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

A trailer park, ringed by trees. Bug ZAPPERS SIZZLE.
Brilliant stars dot the night.

Water RUSHES from a tap.

SUPER: HUFFMAN, TEXAS - 1980

LIGHTS slash across the sky.

INT. CRAMPED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The trailer's a mess. Animal cages everywhere. Dorito bags
litter the floor.

KIRK OSTER (5) stands tip-toe at a sink, dressed in old
Batman PJs.

A ROAR of engines overhead. The windows light up like
Christmas trees.

Kirk hops down, and heads for the door. Birds CHIRP from
cages as he passes by. Gerbils SQUEAK on hamster wheels.

Kirk puts a small hand on the door. VIVID LIGHT pours inside.

MOMMA OSTER (O.S.)

Boy! You sleep walkin' again?

YOUNG KIRK

Momma, you ain't gonna believe what
I saw!

MOMMA OSTER (O.S.)

Las' time you went walkin' at
night, we had to pull your ass
outta the sump! Kirk Oster, you get
back to bed right now, or I'm gonna
whip your skinny behind!

YOUNG KIRK

But -

MOMMA OSTER (O.S.)

Now!

The boy SIGHS and turns away. MORE ENGINES HOWL overhead.

EXT. PINEY WOODS - TEXAS - LATER

Stars twinkle - obscured by a dense growth of trees.

A family of hikers push through the brush. PARENTS and a LITTLE GIRL (6).

The woman's Native American. The man's white - with bulky, brash Texan genes.

FATHER

Get a move-on. The creek's this way!

The little girl lags behind.

MOTHER

Come on, Dena. Don't you want to see the stars?

LITTLE GIRL

I can see them at home. Without the bugs.

FATHER

You gonna 'preciate the great outdoors. Even if it kills us both.

He drags her along by her wrist.

LITTLE GIRL

(mutters)

Ew. I stepped in something gross.

SOMETHING WET CRACKLES on the forest floor.

A FEW FEET AWAY

A cocoon pulses under a tree, shielded by an energy field.

The glow fades. A gray hand punches through; bony joints slick with goo.

A passing plane lights the ground.

The hand morphs to human/female form.

INT. CELINE'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: August 15, 2013

A pen runs down a list of names - held in an elegant, feminine hand.

The pen stops half-way down:

"Dena Connelly - Reservation Confirmed."

Slender fingers unfold a map, and place a check mark next to Dena's name.

INT. DENA AND CRAIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

A cheaply furnished room, with little light.

A globe sits on the edge of a cluttered desk. Pink fabric peeks out underneath.

Fingers close on the scrap, and extract it from the mess.

DENA CONNELLY (39), holds a ribbon in her hand. Black hair hangs limp in her weary face.

CRAIG (O.S.)

You're going to that conference?
After what I said?

CRAIG STILES (35) blocks the doorway. Lean and wiry, dressed in jeans. Handsome in a red-neck way.

DENA

It's paid for.

She hides the ribbon in her bag, and packs her phone. Grabs a brochure off the desk.

The header reads: "Flights of Fancy?" UFO illustrations everywhere.

CRAIG

Everyone thinks you're crazy, you know.

Dena stuffs clothes into a suitcase. Craig stands uncomfortably close.

CRAIG

And I'm startin' to think they're right.

DENA

Craig, I have to go.

CRAIG

Can't you just do normal shit? Go to a movie. Somethin' that don't give you ideas.

He glances around.

CRAIG
This place looks like a shit-hole.
You gonna sit at home, may as well
clean up. Let in a little air.

Craig throws open curtains. He's silhouetted by sunshine.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. YOUNG DENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG DENA (7) stands at a half opened window. She's the "forest" girl from before. Cute as a button, dressed in a pink satin dress.

Lace curtains dance in the breeze. Pink ribbons flutter in her hair.

A gray hand SQUISHES against the pane.

Dena jumps back, surprised.

A long-limbed FIGURE fills the frame - details fuzzy through the glass.

The proportions aren't human. The eyes too large.

Dena shivers. Afraid.

BACK TO:

INT. DENA AND CRAIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Craig steps toward her.

CRAIG
Didja hear what I said?

Dena blinks away a flash of fear. She zips up her suitcase, and heads for the door. A sullen Craig trails behind.

DENA
I'm going to the expo. It's only
two nights.

She stops; one hand on the door.

DENA
We'll talk when I get there?

CRAIG
(pouts)
If I'm here to pick up.

Dena hesitates. Then walks away.

INT. CELINE'S OFFICE - DAY

The female hand scans further down the list. Marks several names with question marks.

"Mark McKinny" is circled. Underlined.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A photograph sits on a pristine desk, next to a new monitor.

RACHEL MCKINNY (30s) smiles from the picture, SARAH MCKINNY (4) nestles in her arms.

MARK MCKINNY (41), runs a finger down the frame. A bluetooth flashes on his ear. Rachel's BLURRED VOICE on the other end.

MARK
(on the phone)
Just this once. I'll pick up Sarah
at school Thursday.

The "Flights of Fancy" website loads, complete with animated alien eyes. A list of events flashes on screen:

SUPER: "Abductions: Discover the Truth Behind the Lies."

MARK
No, not a date. Just a convention I
have to attend.

He scratches his index finger. A tan line's visible. No ring.

MARK
Can I talk to Sarah?
(pause)
Sweetie? I know. Daddy's sorry, but
I have to go on a trip. I'll bring
you back something special... Can
you put Mommy on?

Mark scrolls down the screen to a map.

MARK
We'll get back on schedule next
week. Say hello to... Tim for me?

CLICK.

Mark's smile dims. He selects the map and hits "Print."

INT. CELINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Another page on the list. Multiple names crossed out in red.

The pen circles "Kirk Oster."

The map is searched. But this address proves hard to find...

INT. KIRK'S TRAILER - DAY

Beer cans roll off a table, crush Dorito bags on the floor.

Hunting trophies decorate one wall, lit by a blinking Budweiser sign. A small bookshelf is crammed in a corner, filled with dozens of UFO books.

KIRK OSTER (38) SNIFFS a pair of underwear. Finds it clean. Stuffs handful of clothes into a duffel bag.

A radio warbles COUNTRY TUNES. Kirk SINGS along, far off-key.

He grabs a copy of "Communion" off the shelf.

Behind it sits a smooth black stone. Kirk reaches for it; sudden fear in his eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A PLACE OF LIGHT AND CHAOS

A pitch-black room. A single spotlight shines overhead.

Kirk writhes on a table, covered only by a sheet. The room tilts. Kirk's face twists in pain.

Lidless eyes blink in darkness. Gray hands extend, unfold.

The black stone shines in their palm.

Kirk sees the creature's face. Starts to SCREAM.

BACK TO:

INT. KIRK'S TRAILER - DAY

Kirk snatches the stone, and tosses it into the bag.

He heads to the kitchen and pilfers the shelves. Grabs cans of beer, and tinfoil.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Kirk climbs in his truck, a baseball cap on his head.

ELEANOR (70s) looks up from her gardening. Three hundred pounds of soft white flesh, wedged into a tight sundress.

ELEANOR
Your ducks were in my yard again.

KIRK
Yes, Miz Johnson. I put 'em back.

He digs in his pants for the keys. Eleanor TAPS on the window. Her double chin trembles indignantly.

ELEANOR
They're eatin' my flowers. Three
petunias just this week.

KIRK
Sorry, Miz Johnson. Gotta go...

Kirk turns on the radio and drowns her words. Throws the truck in reverse.

ELEANOR
I'll have you reported, mind?

Eleanor waves her trowel at Kirk as he drives away.

ELEANOR
Damned red-neck. Little shits like
him ain't got no class.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A well-worn lobby, crammed with booths. CONVENTIONEERS browse tables filled with new-age merchandise. Nutritional pills. "Energy beads."

Dena stands at the check-in desk. A TEENAGED RECEPTIONIST stares at the screen.

RECEPTIONIST
You sure you received a
confirmation?

Dena nods. The receptionist types her name again. UFO decals dot her nails.

Dena looks away, towards an open convention room.

A LECTURER stands at a podium, dressed in a JCPenney's suit.

An alien illustration is taped to the chalk board, drawn in the shape of Vitruvian Man.

MALE LECTURER

The average abductee describes a being that's strikingly humanoid. Two legs. Two arms. Oxygen-breathing, with recognizable features. Evidence that we share similar biology...

The receptionist looks up and frowns.

RECEPTIONIST

Lena Connolly?

DENA

Dena. With a D...

The girl's face lights up. CLICK.

RECEPTIONIST

Got it!

(mutters)

You shoulda said that the first three times...

A grinning Kirk enters the lobby. He dashes over to a table, and grabs a handful of energy beads.

The receptionist hands Dena an envelope.

RECEPTIONIST

There you go, hun. Enjoy your stay!

Dena walks towards the elevator banks. The smile slips from the receptionist's face.

RECEPTIONIST

Next?

Mark steps up, and gives the girl his I.D.

The lecture continues in the conference room...

MALE LECTURER
Samples of DNA show corroborating
evidence...

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

The lecturer's face melts, changes shape. Becomes a middle-aged WOMAN with bright red hair.

With the same slow, plodding tone.

FEMALE LECTURER
(reads from papers)
Abductees exposed in childhood
exhibit special powers. The ability
to read through hands and feet.

Dena sits at the bar, a "Hello" name tag pinned to her shirt.
A cocktail wobbles in her hand.

FEMALE LECTURER
Child abductees are affected most.
Too young to process the
information, they view their
visitors as angels. Or an unearthly
friend, who's come to play.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. YOUNG DENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Multi-jointed hands reach out.

Young Dena stands frozen in fear.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dena shivers. Her Mohito SPLASHES on the bar.

FEMALE LECTURER
...others remember incidents as
incest, or parental abuse. A
surprisingly more acceptable
reality.

Dena's face wrinkles in disgust.

An elegant woman crosses the room, peeks at name tags in the crowd. She's dressed in a white lab coat. An ID tag hangs from her neck: "Dr. Celine Williams, M.D."

FEMALE LECTURER
...these false memories leave
lasting scars, following abductees
into adulthood. Affecting
relationships.

Celine walks up to Dena. Stares at her shirt.

CELINE
Dena Connelly?

DENA
(slurred)
Yes. Dena with an L...

Celine smiles, and holds out a hand.

CELINE
Celine Williams. I'm a researcher
from Tucson. Would you have time
for a quick survey?

MOMENTS LATER

Celine chats with Dena (MOS.) She looks over her shoulder,
towards the crowd.

- Mark leans against a wall. Looks really bored.
- An eager Kirk stands near the stage. Soaks in every word.

ANOTHER MAN sits in the audience, a few seats behind.
Undistinguished looking. Bland. His name tag reads: "Dr.
STANTON BRAZEL."

He glances towards Celine and frowns.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

The sun rises on a parking lot, littered with UFO toys and
crushed beer cans.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Celine and a hung-over Dena walk through the lobby.

CELINE

We've been operating for a few years. Contacting abductees, and cataloging symptoms. Mental and physical.

They pass a coffee table. Celine pours Dena a cup.

DENA

...thanks?

CELINE

You had that look. Like you needed your fix.

Dena starts to pour one for Celine. The scientist backs away.

CELINE

No thanks. Never touch the stuff.

They pass the reception desk.

CELINE

Abductee stories are anecdotal. We need to document every detail. Find the patterns underneath.

Celine opens a door to a small conference room. Mark and Kirk sit inside.

CELINE

(to all three)

I want to thank you all for agreeing to participate. I can't express how much this means.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Mark sits at a table, water bottle in his hand. Celine jots notes on a pad.

MARK

It was only one time. My company - they own a series of power plants along the edge of the Sonoran Desert. I was scheduled to meet with a manager. Just a day trip, there and back...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Mark's car cruises along a road.

The engine COUGHS. Suddenly dies. Mark cranks the ignition. Nothing kicks.

He climbs from the car and pops the hood. It starts to rattle, by itself.

Mark is bathed in blinding light...

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Mark gulps water.

MARK

At first, I thought it was a passing truck. The vibration and bright headlights.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SONORAN DESERT - DIRT ROAD

The lights get more intense. Mark's body dissolves...

BLACKNESS. A HEARTBEAT FLUTTERS in a void.

Mark looks up. Can't focus his eyes.

Metal bars slide into his arm. Mark SCREAMS in agony.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Mark glances nervously at Celine.

MARK

I woke up in my car the next day. Splitting headache. But no marks.

CELINE

(gentle)

Go on...

MARK

I reported it, of course. I thought I'd been kidnapped. Maybe drugged. They never found evidence. It's not like they even stole my car.

He looks down at the table, ashamed.

MARK

I tried to count my blessings that they left me alive. Then the nightmares began.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MARK'S NIGHTMARE

Metal cords squirm like worms under Mark's skin. Branch out toward his neck and face.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark SCREAMS. Bolts up in bed.

Rachel lies next to him. She reaches out to him, disturbed.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Mark tosses the water bottle in the trash.

MARK

Everyone thought I was crazy. Including my wife. My daughter - well, she was too young to understand.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Kirk sits across from Celine. He cradles a beer can in his hand, the baseball cap still on his head.

KIRK

Yeah, everyone thinks I'm loco. Been visited by those pine-fuckers since I was five.

He digs a pinkie into his ear, then inspects the results.

KIRK
But I know the truth. They been
talkin' to me. Tellin me things.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

YOUNG KIRK, now seven, walks from the trailer. The same
broken-down shit-box as before.

A thrown glass SHATTERS inside.

MOMMA OSTER (O.S.)
You don't never come home, 'less
you need money from us.

DADDY OSTER (O.S.)
I come home to this, what do you
expect?

A FLASH OF LIGHT down the road. Kirk walks towards it. As far
away as he can get from the noise.

He takes a step. Lifts his foot.

A smooth black stone lies in the road.

Kirk picks it up. LIGHT pours down from above. The stone
SHINES, bright as day.

Kirk looks up. Multi-jointed fingers graze his face. A voice
MURMURS in an alien tongue.

Flashes of numbers and symbols fill his mind.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

An older Kirk grins at Celine.

KIRK
They visited me once a week, for a
whole danged summer. To tell the
truth, that was fine with me.
Didn't have no other kids to be
playin' with.

Celine jots down notes.

KIRK
'Course, they got rougher in my
later years...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A PLACE OF LIGHT AND CHAOS

A naked Kirk SCREAMS. Writhes in pain.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Kirk leans across the table and stares at Celine.

KIRK
But they ain't never probed me,
yet. And I'm gonna make sure they
never do.

He slips the baseball cap aside. Flashes tinfoil underneath.

KIRK
These days, I come prepared.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Dena sips her coffee cup, and sneaks a glance at Celine.

DENA
The... incidents started when I was
six. I don't remember much. Just
waking up in the night.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. YOUNG DENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young Dena lies in bed. Moonlight falls across her face.

A strange shadow blots it out.

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK - CONTINUOUS

Young Dena stands alone. A nightgown hangs off her frame.

Long grey fingers cup her hands; press her palm against a
raised braille plate.

ADULT DENA (V.O.)
It was just one summer. Long ago.

INT. YOUNG DENA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dena's father stands in the doorway; even bigger than before.
Dena shrinks from his touch.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Celine reaches out for Dena's hand.

CELINE
But, you do remember something.

DENA
The memories come in flashes.
Confusing things.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. YOUNG DENA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dena's father's face morphs into an alien. Black bulbous eyes
leer at her.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Dena downs her coffee, and tosses the cup away.

DENA
I don't know what to believe
anymore.

Celine nods - sympathy on her face.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

CONVENTIONEERS flow into the lobby. The three volunteers
gather near Celine.

CELINE
I want to thank each of you for
your time. You have no idea how
much this will help.

A quick look at Dena.

CELINE
Other abductees. Children,
especially.

She glances down at her notes.

CELINE
I've got your room numbers. I'll
let you know if we need a follow-
up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The room's deserted.

Celine fishes quickly through the trash. Pulls out bottles.
Coffee cups.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Celine walks to the elevator. The doors close on her worried
face. Dr. Stanton Brazel watches from several feet away.

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A laptop glows in the darkened room. Papers sit on the desk.
Dena's name circled on top.

Celine enters, and closes the door. A bag filled with bottles
and cups in her hand.

She plugs a flash-drive into the PC, types in code. Strange
symbols flow down the screen.

An obituary loads. Followed by the picture of a MAN.

SUPER: MICHAEL RUDMAN, 38. Survived by Rita Rudman, Michael
passed away Thursday of an unexpected embolism.

Celine crosses Michael's name off her list.

Two more pictures flash on-screen.

SUPER: KENNETH D'ANNA, 32. Heart attack.

SUPER: ANDREW TANNER. Sentenced 2004, Dunning Correctional
Institute. Diagnosis: Schizophrenia.

Celine rubs a raw patch on her neck. She opens a bottle and pops several pills.

Crosses more names off the list.

Three glass containers sit on a table nearby.

"Kirk", "Mark" and "Dena" are written on the side. Celine scrapes residue from the bottles and cups into each one.

She walks into the bathroom, and partially closes the door.

INTERCUT BATHROOM/BEDROOM

Water RUSHES from faucets inside.

Clothing hits the bathroom floor. Shadows shift on the tiles. Concealed arms reach for shower curtains. The limbs seem strangely long...

Two of the containers start to foam. Lazy smoke drifts through the air.

INT. DENA'S NIGHTMARE

Young Dena rotates on a gurney, strapped in place.

A container of fluid bubbles and foams. Invades the girl's every pore.

INT. DENA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dena bolts up in bed. She looks around, eyes wide in fear.

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Celine stares at the three containers, and frowns. Picks up the hotel phone.

CELINE

Mr. Oster? It's Celine, from the clinic. Do you have time for a second interview?

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mark, Kirk and Dena sit at the table, across from Celine.

Kirk clips his fingernails, and drops the shards into a cup.

MARK
You want skin samples?

CELINE
It's important to catalog any DNA
irregularities.

MARK
You want us to answer questions,
sure. But invasive tests? That's
out of line!

KIRK
Hey, man, this ain't nothin'. Back
at home, I donate sperm when the
jobs ain't there.

Disgust flashes across Dena's face.

MARK
Whatever. I'm gone. Good luck with
your "tests."

He storms away, SLAMS the door. Dena trails after him.

DENA
I... I think I should go, too. I'm
sorry. For everything.

Kirk hands his cup to Celine.

KIRK
Here ya go.
(winks)
Need anything else, Dr. Miss?

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Kirk wanders towards a vending machine.

Behind him, a vendor erects a cut-out of the "Gray Man"
alien. The cardboard stares at Celine with huge eyes.

Celine takes a step towards Kirk.

Her path is blocked by Brazel.

BRAZEL
Celine, so surprising to see you
here.

He fingers her name-tag. His movements are jerky - almost
bird-like.

BRAZEL
I would think to find you busy with
research.

CELINE
This is research.

BRAZEL
Unauthorized.

Kirk browses tables filled with t-shirts and books.

CELINE
Independent research. And I found
one of your subjects mentally
damaged. And you had two others
killed this year.

BRAZEL
Only one. The other died of
complications. Not our fault.

Kirk heads for the elevator banks.

CELINE
These are sentient creatures.

BRAZEL
They serve their purpose. That's
what counts.

He stares at Celine.

BRAZEL
You have compromised three test
subjects in a single day. Enough
damage is done. Leave them alone.

The elevator doors close on Kirk. Celine SIGHS in relief.
Brazel touches a rough spot on her face.

BRAZEL
Go home, Celine. The local air
doesn't agree with you.

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Grainy UFO videos play on screen.

Mark and Dena sit at the bar. Mark lifts his drink and toasts
the stage.

MARK
(slurred)
More Roswell conspiracies. I don't
believe half this shit.

A quick glance at Dena.

MARK
No offense.

DENA
No. I get it. It's okay.

"I Want to Believe" flashes on stage. Dena GIGGLES awkwardly.

DENA
You know, I *don't* want to believe.
I just want to understand what I
saw. All those years ago.

MARK
Yeah. Me too. When I was...
abducted... I just wanted it to
make sense, somehow. Everyone I
talked to seemed so scared. Rachel
especially. And I couldn't tell my
daughter. She was way too young.

DENA
You have a child?

MARK
Sarah. She's four. Three when it
occurred.

He pulls out a photo, and shows it to Dena.

MARK
I came here, hoping to find someone
to talk to. Someone who would
understand.

Dena smiles timidly.

DENA
I guess you did.

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Celine pours Kirk's nail clippings into the glass container.
Watches the solution bubble away.

CELINE

Leave them alone, he says...

She frowns, and reaches for the phone.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - EAST WING - NIGHT

An open air balcony, with a yawn-inducing view of the parking lot. An inflatable UFO prop bobs in the wind, complete with blinking neon lights.

Mark and Dena walk along, intimately close.

Dena staggers. Mark slips an arm around her waist.

INT. HOTEL BALCONY - NORTH WING - CONTINUOUS

Celine walks door to door. An equipment bag's slung on her shoulder. Kirk's name and number on a pad.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CELINE AND DENA/MARK

Mark and Dena reach Room 32A.

MARK

I think this is you.

DENA

Yes. It is.

She runs a hand down his arm.

DENA

Would you - like to come in?

Celine stops at Kirk's door. Room 36B.

She KNOCKS. No answer. She leans an ear against the door, hears a THUD.

Dena fumbles for her keys.

Celine puts a hand on Kirk's door. It's unlocked.

Dena unlocks her door, and steps inside.

Celine enters room 36B. Kirk stands there in his underwear, a beer clutched in his hand. A porno flickers on TV. He turns to Celine, fully aroused.

KIRK
Well hello there, beautiful.
Anything I c'n do for you?

Dena and Mark stumble into the room. Dena reaches for the light switch.

CELINE
Mr. Oster - there were a few discrepancies with your skin samples. I wanted to discuss them, face to face...

KIRK
(grins)
I c'n get you other samples, if you want...

A blue light LANCES across Dena's room, and HITS her square in the chest. Dena CRASHES to the ground.

A FIGURE rushes Mark. Light glints off a weapon in its hand.

Mark lashes out. The weapon THUMPS to the floor. BLASTS a hole in the wall.

THUD. Celine hears the sound, SNIFFS the air. She runs from Kirk's room. The door to 32A is ajar.

Kirk struggles to throw on pants.

KIRK
Where you goin'? You just arrived!

Celine races into Dena's room. Kirk hops along behind.

INT. DENA'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dena lies unconscious on the floor.

Mark wrestles with her attacker. He YELPS as his hand slides down a smooth, thin arm.

A deformed face glares back at him. Half human - and something else.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. A PLACE OF LIGHT AND CHAOS

The face blends into Mark's nightmare. A gray hand picks up a sharp syringe...

BACK TO:

INT. DENA'S HOTEL ROOM

Mark hesitates.

KIRK (O.S.)
Holy shit!

Mark swings around. His assailant scoops the weapon from the floor, and hits a switch on the side.

The machine WHINES; glows electric blue.

The figure aims at Mark.

CRUNCH. Celine hits him in the head with a lamp. The creature drops; scrapes Celine in the face.

Mark, Kirk and Celine stare at each other. Then at the man on the floor. It's Brazel, his features mutated and gray.

KIRK
That's what I paid my money for!

Celine pockets the weapon and checks Dena.

CELINE
We have to get her out of here.
Now.

She drags a half-conscious Dena to her feet, and marches her towards the door.

KIRK
Hey doctor lady - ain't she 'posed
to stay immobilized?

MARK
We need to call an ambulance!

Celine points at Brazel.

CELINE
And wait for him to wake up?

KIRK
(giggles)
Yeah, that shit's all kinds of
fucked.

CELINE
We'll take my car. It's right
outside.

KIRK
Road trip? Sure, I'm in.

Mark hesitates. Dena GROANS. He steps up to support her weight. The four stumble towards the stairs.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

Kirk and Mark load Dena into Celine's car. Mark takes the front. Kirk watches over Dena in the back.

The engine COUGHS; fails to start.

The UFO prop waves at the entrance, beckoning. Bobs like a banshee in the wind.

INT. DENA'S HOTEL ROOM

Brazel's eyes pop open. His features regain human shape.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

Celine CRANKS the engine again. Still no response.

MARK
Want to explain what's going on?

CELINE
The situation is - complicated.

MARK
Do you even know where the hospital
is?

CELINE
We're not going there. It isn't
safe.

Celine turns. A flap of skin on her cheek is torn. Gray skin pulsates underneath.

KIRK

Holy shit!

The engine ROARS. Celine swings the car towards the road.

Brazel dives on the hood, bits of his face torn away.

Celine hits the gas. Brazel punches a hand through the glass. The car swerves left and right.

Brazel swipes at Mark. Extra-long fingers slash his face.

MARK

Jesus Christ!

He grabs for the wheel. Celine rips it from his hand.

She aims the car at the UFO prop, and rams the entrance gate, full speed.

Brazel SQUEALS.

He flies off the hood, and CRASHES to the ground. Rubble and lights fall on his head.

Celine spins the car 180. SCREECHES out into the road.

MOMENTS LATER

Mark grabs for the wheel again. Kirk hugs him from behind and holds him back.

KIRK

Dude, lay off. She's a good guy!

MARK

Have you *looked* at her recently?

KIRK

She ain't tried to eat our faces, bro.

Dena MOANS.

KIRK

She saved all of us from that thing.

MARK

I want an explanation, before we go anywhere!

The car races along. Celine's eyes stay glued to the road.

CELINE

Explanations can wait. That - *thing*
will come after us. We need to get
someplace safe.

She glances at the tinfoil under Kirk's baseball cap.

CELINE

And I know just the place.

INT. SCHMIDT'S ABANDONED BREWERY - GROUND FLOOR - LATER

Fermentation vats everywhere. A suspended balcony rings the room, thirty feet above the floor. Rolling ladders bracket either side.

The humans huddle near a tank. A dazed Dena sits on a chair.

Celine checks the exits at both ends. Runs a hand across steel walls.

CELINE

Only two exits. And plenty of
copper. Good enough.

MARK

For what?

CELINE

Enough metal to block the signal.
Keep the others from tracking you
down.

She points at Kirk's tinfoil "cap."

CELINE

He's got the right idea.

Kirk twists the knob on a fermentation tank. Dust drizzles out the tap.

Celine checks Dena's pupils. Dilated. Mark steals a glance at Celine's torn cheek.

MARK

I don't know what kind of scam
you're trying to pull. But she
needs a doctor. And she won't get
that here.

CELINE

I *am* a doctor. All she needs.

Celine touches Dena's temple. Dena's eyes open wide. Her breath slows to a rhythmic pace.

CELINE
See? Easily fixed.

Celine rubs her neck. The skin seems cracked and dry.

CELINE
Now, getting the chips out of you;
that requires surgery. Equipment
not available here.

DENA
Where are we?

MARK
(mutters)
In a mental institution.
Apparently.

Celine rummages through shelves and drawers.

CELINE
A colleague told me of this place.
Secluded. Easily guarded. Perfect
for holding subjects overnight.

She reaches under a tank. Retrieves a strange radio, and types in code.

CELINE
Communication gear. Very secure.

A VOICE CRACKLES on the other end. SQUEAKS and CHIRPS. Celine gestures wildly, WARBLER back.

The humans stare at each other - it's a sound they've all heard before.

Celine turns to Kirk.

CELINE
You wanted a road trip. How does
Deming, New Mexico sound?

Kirk nods enthusiastically.

MARK
You really think she's an alien?
You do belong in a nut house!

He grabs Dena and backs away.

MARK

We'll take our chances. Back home,
where it's safe.

Mark reaches the door, turns to fight with the rusted lock.

CELINE (O.S.)

If you leave now, they'll track you
down. You've seen too much to let
you live.

Something WET shifts and CRACKS.

CELINE (O.S.)

Even if they leave you alone, most
of you will be dead within the
year. I tested your DNA. The
project was not a success.

Celine's voice seems warped. Mark stops. Hesitates.

MARK

You tested our DNA? With what?

He turns around and sees Celine.

Gray skin glistens from multi-jointed limbs. Black eyes shine
from her face.

Mark watches Celine morph back to human form. She stares at
him with human eyes.

CELINE

Ready to listen now?

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brazel rifles the room, deep cuts on his arms and face. Prop
UFO fabric sticks to his shoe.

He turns on the laptop. Code flows down the screen. Followed
by a local map.

Schmidt's Brewery is highlighted.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Rusty water runs from a tap.

Celine splashes it in her face. The humans watch it dribble
down her neck.

MARK
You people have a thing with water?

CELINE
The air is dry - uncomfortable.

MARK
(chuckles)
Then you picked a crappy state to
set up camp!

CELINE
We go where we're assigned. Given
an option, I'd have picked New
York.

She dries her face with a towel.

DENA
You said you put chips in our
heads.

CELINE
I didn't conduct the operations.

MARK
No, but your people did.

Celine grabs the radio, and stuffs more equipment in a bag.

CELINE
I have a contact in Deming. They
have a lab. Everything will be
fine...

KIRK
You said we're sick. That we're
gonna die!

MARK
You owe us an explanation. What the
fuck did your friends do to us?

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM

Brazel dials his phone. SQUEAKS into the receiver furiously.

INT. RANDALL AND ANDERSON'S OFFICE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

RANDALL and ANDERSON (30s) listen on the other end. Both
strangely generic men, baby-smooth skin on their face.

Anderson WARBLER at Brazel. Randall jots down an address.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY

Celine glances up. Hostile human faces stare at her.

CELINE
They're not my friends. I believe
you would call them "employers."

INT. CELINE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brazek heads out the door -

INT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

- and climbs into his car. Crushes the UFO prop as he drives away.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY

Celine backs up. Hits the guard rail.

CELINE
I've only been involved with the
project for the last fifty years...

INT. BRAZEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brazel cruises the highway. His phone flashes like a GPS on the passenger seat.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY

Dena and Kirk walk towards Celine.

DENA
You experimented on us. I was only
a child. Do you have any idea what
you've done?

KIRK
They put wires in my brain. Messed
with my mind.

Fear flashes in Celine's eyes. She edges away.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Brazel's car turns off onto an exit road. The sign reads "Schmidt's Brewery, Five Miles."

CHIRPS and CHATTER pour from his phone.

CELINE (O.S.)
I just collect data. I tracked the
results, didn't like what I saw.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY

Celine backs towards the stairs. Kirk steps in her way.

She pulls Brazel's gun out of her bag. Fumbles with unfamiliar settings on the side.

EXT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - PARKING LOT

The car parks in front of the Brewery. An armed Brazel walks towards the door. Looks like he's got another gun.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - BALCONY

Mark shoves Dena out of the way. Celine points the gun at him with a trembling hand.

MARK
(to Celine)
What gives you the right to come to
our planet? Experiment on us!?

CELINE
This is your purpose. We created
you.

Mark lunges. Dena holds him back.

DENA
Wait. She saved us from that -
thing. Doesn't that prove she
cares?

CELINE
"Cares" is perhaps an inaccurate
word. "Respects your rights" is
more appropriate.

Kirk snatches a wrench and pipe off a shelf. He tosses the pipe to Mark, on the other side of Celine. Swaggers towards her with a shit-eating grin.

KIRK
Not the best way to plead your
case, little miss...

BANG. The Brewery door EXPLODES.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - GROUND FLOOR

Brazel stands in the entrance, gun in hand.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRAZEL AND BALCONY

Celine swings around, and aims the gun down at Brazel. He approaches the balcony, weapon raised.

He CHIRPS at Celine. The humans stare at him, confused.

KIRK
You ratted us out!

MARK
You said the radio was secure!

Celine CHIRPS back at Brazel. He stops.

CELINE
(subtitled CHIRPS)
In English. You're making them
nervous.

BRAZEL
Put your weapon down. If they are
as civilized as you claim.

Celine's glance shifts from Brazel, to the humans and back;
a futile attempt to watch them all.

CELINE
They're upset. Wouldn't you be?

BRAZEL
Stop playing with the primates,
Celine. Come home.

Celine waves her gun around. Dena, Mark and Kirk duck.

CELINE
Then what? You'll let them go free?

MARK

Tell us the truth. She said we're
sick. That we're all gonna die.

Mark walks toward one ladder, the pipe extended like a sword.
Kirk backs away from Celine. Waves the wrench at Brazel.

KIRK

(to Mark)

I wonder what color their blood is.
Don't you?

BRAZEL

(subtitled CHIRPS)

You really think we can let them
live? I've called for assistance.
Come away with me. You won't have
to watch.

Kirk lunges for the ladder closest to him. Brazel swings
around. FIRES full blast.

The ELECTRICAL CHARGE misses Kirk by a hair - hits the
balcony's suspension cords.

Wires SNAP. Dena SCREAMS.

The balcony drops 45 degrees.

Dena slips under the guard rail, off the edge. She hangs on
desperately, by one hand.

Mark rushes over and grabs her arm. The ramp wobbles wildly -
dangling by two thin cords.

Brazel FIRES again, this time at Mark. The near-miss peppers
his face with burns. Dena's fingers slip...

CELINE

No!

Celine FIRES back at Brazel. Blue light SLAMS into his chest.

He falls to the ground and starts to writhe, morphing to full
alien form. He spasms, FOAMS. Then lies still.

Blood drips from a hole where his ear used to be.

Kirk looks down and shrugs.

KIRK

Yeah, looks red to me.

Mark pulls Dena to safety. The group eases down the stairs.

INT. SCHMIDT'S ABANDONED BREWERY - GROUND FLOOR

Celine checks Brazel's pulse.

CELINE

He's dead. We have to leave. Right now.

She steps on Brazel's phone. Grinds it to bits on the floor.

EXT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - PARKING LOT

Celine's hands tremble as she starts the car. The humans pile in, front and back. Kirk shakes with excitement.

KIRK

You killed him! You killed one of your own!

The car tears down the driveway, onto a rural road.

MARK

You sure he's dead?

CELINE

I wish not to discuss this.

A moment of silence.

DENA

Where are we heading? Your ship?

CELINE

There is no ship.

KIRK

How'd you get here, you ain't got no ship?

CELINE

I believe your scientists refer to it as a "wormhole." Timed at five hundred year intervals. One is due. Very soon.

MARK

Traveling by wormhole? I don't like the sound of that.

CELINE

The wormhole takes us home when the project ends. For now, we travel by car. I have to get you to the Deming lab.

KIRK

Bullshit. You have a ship. I saw the lights, myself.

Dusty shops appear in the distance. Celine keeps her eyes on the road.

CELINE

Those lights. Neurons firing. Nothing more.

DENA

Hallucinations, you mean?

MARK

From what? You gave us drugs?

CELINE

No. From the mind-to-mind contact. We communicate mostly by telepathy...

Kirk slaps the back of the seat.

KIRK

I fucking KNEW it! Voices in my head were real! Stupid doctors and their medicines...

MARK

And that means - what? That you planted the idea of spaceships in our minds?

CELINE

Inferior species can't handle the contact. Interpret some of our thoughts as light.

KIRK

(mutters)

Telepathic, huh? Guess what I'm thinking 'bout, right now...

MARK

If you're telepathic, what's to stop them from tracking you - and us - through your thoughts?

KIRK

Well, he did look pretty dead.

CELINE

We have shields. There's such a thing as privacy on our world.

KIRK

Great. We're kidnapped by aliens. And our ride is a Lincoln convertible.

CELINE

We'll need to make one stop first. Pick up a few supplies.

The car pulls into a gas station, with a mini mart.

Celine rifles her pockets. A single pill rests in her palm. She closes her fingers on it and frowns.

INT. SCHMIDT'S BREWERY - FERMENTATION VATS - CONTINUOUS

Randall and Anderson rush inside, see Brazel.

Randall SQUEALS, and clutches the corpse to his chest.

ANDERSON

The animals did this.

RANDALL

She bears responsibility.

Anderson spots the crushed cell phone on the floor.

ANDERSON

We need to locate them. Our time is short.

Randall folds Brazel's arms across his chest. WHISPERS an alien prayer.

Anderson unpacks a device. Three yellow LIGHTS glow on-screen.

EXT. MINIMART PARKING LOT - LATER

Celine and the others step from the store.

Mark lugs a case of water. Dena holds three baseball caps. A roll of tinfoil's tucked under Celine's arm.

They duck around a corner. Kirk grins a know-it-all look.

KIRK
Told you it works!

Dena passes out the caps, while Celine tears tinfoil.

CELINE
Fold these a few layers thick. Tuck
them underneath the hats.

MARK
I feel really stupid right now.

CELINE
Do it. It'll block the signal. Make
all of you harder to find.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Randall watches the tracking device. Anderson drives. The
three yellow dots flicker, then fade.

The aliens glance at each other, confused.

INT. MINIMART PARKING LOT

Dena stares at her reflection in the mini-mart window.

DENA
This looks... so wrong.

Mark adjusts the brim of her cap.

MARK
Dunno. Looks kinda cute to me.

INT. CELINE'S CAR - EVENING

The car drives along in a sea of traffic. Looks like they're
heading to a baseball game.

CELINE
It's a two day trip to Deming. We
drive one more hour, then stop for
the night. Does anyone have money
for a hotel?

KIRK
Don't aliens carry credit cards?

CELINE

Yes, we do. But we left in a hurry.
And I doubt you'd want us to be
traced that way.

Mark pats his pockets.

MARK

Crap! My wallet's back in the room!

He swivels in his seat, and stares at Kirk.

KIRK

You're lookin' at me? I live in a
trailer park. Ain't no call for
plastic there.

Dena rummages through her purse, and holds up a wad of cash.

DENA

Will this help?

CELINE

Good. We're set.

She pops the pill from before. Gulps a water bottle down.

INT. RANDALL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Randall TAPS the tracking device. Nothing shows up on-screen.

ANDERSON

(subtitled)

She can't go far without supplies.

RANDALL

(subtitled)

When we find them?

ANDERSON

(subtitled)

We bring her back. Let the fathers
decide. And terminate the test
subjects. Humanely.

Randall reaches into a bag at his feet, and unpacks alien
weapons and gear.

INT. MOTEL SIX - IRVINE - EVENING

An APATHETIC DESK CLERK hands Dena two sets of keys. She
looks alarmingly similar to the receptionist from before.

She glances across the lobby at Celine, Kirk and Mark.

CLERK

Only two?

Kirk smiles and waves. Dena nods.

CLERK

(shudders)

Enjoy your stay.

Dena joins the others, sheepishly.

DENA

I only had enough for single rooms.

CELINE

Perhaps that's for the best.
There's safety in numbers. You
should stay together. Never be
alone.

DENA

That means, one bed each.

She drops the keys into Celine's hand. She peeks at Mark,
then looks away. Kirk slaps Mark on the shoulder.

KIRK

Looks like we're gonna be bunk
mates, pal.

He winks at the women.

KIRK

Let 'em have their girlie fun.

CELINE

(to Dena)

As for me, I'll need privacy. You
take the bed. I'll sleep in the
bathroom. It's more... comfortable
in there.

She drops the second set of keys into Kirk's hand.

CELINE

We should sleep now, get up early.
Best to travel while the sun's
still low.

MARK

I have to call my daughter. She's
expecting me.

He looks apologetically at Dena, and holds a hand out for change. Dena retrieves coins from her purse - along with her cell phone.

DENA

I have a call to make, too. Some who might get worried about me.

KIRK

Whoa. We're on the run, and you're gonna call home? That'll lead 'em right to our door!

CELINE

He's right. Cell phones are ill advised. Better to stick with anonymous land lines.

She looks at Mark and scratches her neck.

CELINE

Just don't tell anyone where you're going. And return to your rooms when you're done.

Mark and Dena head to the pay phones, selecting booths at opposite ends.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - PHONE BOOTHS - CONTINUOUS

They dial simultaneously.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DENA AND MARK'S CONVERSATIONS

MARK

Rachel? It's me. Am I calling too late?

DENA

I know it's late, Craig. Things got kind of... busy here.

MARK

Things got - hectic at the conference. But I had to call to talk to my girl. Can you put Sarah on?

CUT TO:

INT. MCKINNY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SARAH MCKINNY (4) grabs the phone; the handset large in her tiny hands.

SARAH

Daddy!

BACK TO:

PHONE BOOTHS

Mark's face brightens instantly.

MARK

Hey Punkin. Miss me?

DENA

I know I said I'd be back by Monday. Something's come up. No, I'm not making excuses again.

MARK

Daddy's sorry. I have to stay here for awhile. But I promise to come home with a big Teddy Bear.

DENA

What's wrong? You sound upset.

MARK

Bye-bye, Punkin. Love you lots. Please put Mommy back on the phone?

DENA

Of course it's not an affair!

She glances at Mark. Looks away.

MARK

Hey, Rach? Change of plans. Can you take care of Sarah 'til I get back?

(pause)

I know. On the road - just like the good old days.

Dena whips the baseball cap off her head, and wrings it in her hands.

DENA

It's in Deming, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. RANDALL'S CAR

The tracking device flares to life. A single dot glows on the screen. Randall and Anderson exchange looks.

The car makes a sudden turn.

BACK TO:

PHONE BOOTHS

Mark looks through glass at the road outside.

MARK

Tell Sarah I love her. More than anything else in the whole wide world.

DENA

You know I love you...

Craig SCREAMS into the other end. Followed by a sudden CLICK.

Mark hangs up. Dena stares at her phone.

DENA

...bye?

She unwads the baseball cap, and stuffs it back on her head. Shredded tinfoil flakes to the ground.

Dena and Mark exit the booths.

Their eyes meet. Then look away.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Dena and Mark walk down the hallway, keeping several feet apart. They stop at adjacent doors.

MARK

Well, see you tomorrow.

Dena's hand flutters in front of her face. A half-hearted effort at a wave.

DENA

Yeah. Good night.

She drops her eyes, and ducks into her room.

INT. DENA AND CRAIG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig stomps across the room. Jealousy rages on his face.

He scoops up a bag. Tosses in clothes. Uncovers a gun from a drawer.

Craig stares at the monitor on the desk. "Deming" glows on Google Maps.

Craig shoves the gun into his bag.

INT. KIRK AND MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark enters the room.

Kirk sits on the bed, stripped to a t-shirt and shorts. A lesbian porno flickers on TV.

Awkward silence.

Mark sits down on the far end of the bed, and reaches for the remote. Kirk pulls it away.

KIRK
You talk to your kid?

MARK
Yeah. Sarah. She's four.

An ACTRESS SCREAMS on TV. Mark SIGHS and holds out his hand.

KIRK
Hey, come on. I'm watchin' this!

MARK
Not while I'm in the room.

Kirk shrugs. Turns the TV off.

KIRK
(beat)
Your wife screamin' bout stayin'
out too late?

MARK
We're divorced. After - the
incident.

He stares at the floor, awkwardly.

KIRK
Sorry, man. That's a shame.

MARK

Can't really blame her for wanting to get away. All the nightmares. Thinking her husband had lost his mind.

KIRK

Hey, don't take it personally. People been thinkin' I'm crazy my whole life.

Mark shoots him a sideways look.

KIRK

You know, I still get visions of shit. Little flashes. Can't tell 'xactly what they are.

Kirk scratches his balls, and turns Mark's way.

KIRK

They do stuff to you, when you was a kid?

MARK

(laughs darkly)

No. Just the one time. That was enough.

KIRK

Guess they liked me better, then. Buggers experimented on me from seven to thirteen. Until the hair started growing in, down there...

Mark grabs a pillow, and camps out on the floor.

KIRK

Hey, what's the matter? We can share the bed. Ain't like I'm some sorta queer.

MARK

That's okay. I'm fine here.

Kirk shrugs. He sprawls across the bed and FARTS. Mark turns away and SIGHS.

INT. CELINE AND DENA'S ROOM - LATER

Celine studies a Road Atlas map at the desk. Dena passes by and locks the door.

Celine looks up. Dena catches a fleeting impression of jet-black eyes; too large for a human face.

She shakes her head. The vision fades.

CELINE

You should really get some rest.

Dena glances at the map.

DENA

That's where we're going?

CELINE

It's six hundred miles to Deming,
if we take the desert road. A
single day's drive, if we limit our
stops. Do we have enough money for
gas?

Dena dumps her purse on the bed. Green bills spill out -
along with something pink.

She counts out money. Hides the ribbon in her hand.

DENA

Yes. But it's gonna be close.

Celine circles Deming on the map. Her hand SPASMS suddenly.

DENA

Oh my God. You okay?

CELINE

Nothing important. I'll be fine.

Celine draws a line across the map. The pen wobbles violently
in her hand.

CELINE

I need certain... elements not
found on your world. We left the
hotel without my supply.

She points towards the bathroom.

CELINE

You take the bed. I'll sleep there.
The bathroom's better equipped for
my needs.

Dena glances at the ribbon.

DENA
You killed for us.

CELINE
It wasn't intentional.

DENA
You can't stay here. And now you
can't go home. Because of us.

CELINE
Not your concern. I'll find a way.

DENA
What if we go to the government,
and tell them everything? I'm sure
they could synthesize what you
need...

CELINE
And compromise the project? I'll
take my chances with my own kind.
They'll understand. Once I have a
chance to explain.

She walks to the bathroom and closes the door. Water JETS
from faucets inside.

Dena closes her hand over the ribbon.

DENA
Thank you. For everything.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celine sinks into the tub, submerged to her neck. Skin flakes
from her arms.

She relaxes completely. Closes her eyes.

EXT. KIRK'S DREAM - GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Kirk walks along a deserted road. Crickets CHIRP. Gravel
CRUNCHES under his feet.

Celine steps from the darkness. She stands like a statue,
gray and still.

Kirk touches her face. She crumbles away in the wind.

Two glowing ORBS dance like fairies over his head. Kirk tries
to grab one. They're too nimble - too far away.

Something RUMBLES down the road.

Blood runs from Kirk's nose and ears.

The RUMBLE grows; becomes a ROAR.

The orbs solidify into headlights. A truck bears down on Kirk, too fast to escape.

ALIENS stare through the windshield. Kirk SCREAMS. The car fills his vision.

Impact. Blackness. Followed by the CRUNCH of bones.

INT. KIRK AND MARK'S ROOM - MORNING

Kirk bolts up in bed and SCREAMS.

Mark rolls over on the floor. His shirt's unbuttoned. Bits of carpet lint stick to his face.

Kirk's eyes dart around. No aliens to be seen. He hides his SCREAM with a COUGH.

A flurry of KNOCKS on the door. Mark opens it.

Dena stands there, horrified. She stares at his chest. Mark fumbles with his shirt.

DENA

You have to come quick. There's something wrong with Celine.

INT. CELINE AND DENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dena leads them to the bathroom, with quick nervous steps.

DENA

She wanted to sleep in here. I don't know why. This morning, I found her like this...

She swings open the door.

Kirk jumps back, and shields his face.

KIRK

Whoa, naked alien!

He rubs his eyes to erase the sight. Mark grabs a bathrobe from the wall.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celine lies in the tub, in mostly alien form. Her breathing's shallow. Eyes closed.

Mark takes a tentative step.

Celine's eyes snap open. She rises smoothly from the tub. Water DRIPS from alien skin.

Celine takes the robe. Mark politely averts his gaze.

Alien-Celine starts to morph. Mark and Dena back away...

INT. CELINE AND DENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kirk peeks inside. WET CRACKING SOUNDS fill the air.

Celine shuffles from the bathroom in human form. She looks weak; her skin blotchy and pale.

CELINE

I thought we agreed. I need to have time alone.

KIRK

Looks like someone needs her morning caffeine.

Dena SHUSHES him. Celine grabs the map off the desk.

CELINE

Change of plans. We'll need to take a small detour.

INT. CELINE'S CAR - MORNING

The car cruises along a deserted road.

MARK

Where are we going?

CELINE

To visit a colleague of mine. Stock up on a few supplies.

MARK

A colleague? The last one we met wasn't exactly cooperative.

CELINE

This is a more - understanding one.

Kirk looks out a window. Dusty fields and farms roll by.

KIRK
All you aliens live in the woods?

CELINE
There is more privacy here. Gives
us an opportunity to relax.

A muscle twitches in her jaw.

A house ahead BLAZES with light. Celine pulls to the curb.

CELINE
Stay here. I won't be long.

EXT. WHITLEY'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Celine walks up the driveway, movements stiff. The door opens before she can knock.

WHITLEY stands in the entrance; almost bald, middle aged. Too thin to pass for human in good light.

He regards Celine with a quirky smile.

WHITLEY
Celine. What a surprise. It's been
awhile.

CELINE
Yes, Whitley.
(smiles)
Far too long.

Whitley blinks at the humans in the car.

WHITLEY
You have guests. Invite them in.
I'm making tea.

He turns on his heel, and steps inside. Celine waves at the car. The humans exit warily.

INT. WHITLEY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pristine room, with antique decor. Collector plates line one wall.

Kirk hangs out near a bookcase, and explores the shelves. Celine sinks into a floral chair.

Whitley sets a tea tray on the coffee table. He HICCUPS; demurely covers his mouth with a manicured hand.

He sits down between Dena and Mark on a plastic covered couch. They scoot away, to opposite ends.

WHITLEY

(to Celine)

You come with friends. Quite a departure from protocol.

CELINE

You were the one who invited them in.

WHITLEY

After all these years, you haven't learned local manners, Celine. It wouldn't be proper to leave them in the car. Their kind tends to overheat.

Whitley lines up coasters, and pours several cups of tea. He passes one to Celine.

CELINE

I was hoping to borrow some supplies. We're going on an unexpected trip.

Whitley perches on the couch with feminine grace.

WHITLEY

You speak openly. How much do they know?

CELINE

No need for secrets. They know enough.

The teacup shakes in her hand. Whitley pulls a bottle of pills from his pocket, and tosses them her way.

Celine pops one eagerly. She hands the bottle back. Whitley waves it away.

WHITLEY

Plenty more where that came from. You need them, more than me.

Color flows into her face. The spasms cease. Celine smiles in relief.

WHITLEY

(to Dena)

You should try some tea. It's
Camomile, with green tea extract.
Wonderful healing properties for
your species.

Celine stands up, energized.

CELINE

We should be going. I don't want to
take up your time.

WHITLEY

Or compromise my position... any
more than you already have?

Mark and Dena stand up, glance nervously towards the door.

Whitley puts a gentle hand on Dena's shoulder, and pulls her
back to the couch. Mark remains on his feet.

Whitley SIGHS. Crosses his legs.

WHITLEY

This is an unauthorized trip. Isn't
it, dear? One the fathers wouldn't
approve?

CELINE

It's... unplanned.

Whitley CLICKS in an alien tongue.

WHITLEY

You always had a soft spot for the
animals, Celine.

MARK

Animals?

CELINE

Don't call them that. They have
their own languages. Fully
developed cultures of their own.

WHITLEY

You think I don't appreciate their
culture? That's one aspect where we
agree.

He raises his eyebrow - a delicate gesture. Waves at rows of
china plates.

CELINE

Whitley, I saw the results. There were... mutations.

WHITLEY

So what do you plan to do? Set them free in the wild?

Kirk picks up a knickknack. Whitley watches him, concerned.

CELINE

There's a lab in Deming. They can put things back the way they were. Before we interfered with their lives.

WHITLEY

Interfered? We gave them life.

KIRK

(indignant)

Gave me my life? My momma did that.

DENA

(to Celine)

What does he mean, gave us our lives? Were we sick before the tests?

WHITLEY

She didn't tell you everything, did she, dear? We engineered this planet. And your species. Without us, you would not exist. The tests are your natural fate. It's only fair you honor your end of the deal.

Mark points an angry finger at Whitley.

MARK

You treat us like lab rats!

WHITLEY

(shrugs)

You humans raise mice for experiments. Cattle for food. Why would your kind be immune?

CELINE

Whitley, please...

WHITLEY

They're not a long-lived species,
Celine. They live lives that are
nasty, brutish and short. What's
wrong with using them for a greater
good?

MARK

Of all the cold hearted -

WHITLEY

Relax. It's just the circle of
life.

(winks at Dena)

Something her people know quite
well.

DENA

My - people...?

Whitley touches Dena's cheek.

WHITLEY

You're part Navajo, are you not?
The high cheekbones, the almond
eyes. We accomplished good breeding
with that line.

MARK

Get your hands off her!

Celine holds Mark back. Whitley flashes a reasonable smile.

WHITLEY

Their kind used animals, too.
Thanked them for their lives. But
sacrificed them, nonetheless.

He pulls Celine aside.

WHITLEY

Why do you care for these
creatures, Celine?

He winces as Kirk nearly drops a plate.

WHITLEY

It's not like they're intelligent.

CELINE

(softly)

They're sentient. Isn't that
enough?

WHITLEY

For you, love? Perhaps it is. I hope you'll understand, if things don't end up quite as you planned.

Kirk hears a noise. Raises his head.

KIRK

(to Whitley)

What do you mean, "they're over here"?

WHITLEY

I didn't say anything. Not to you.

KIRK

I know what I heard.

Celine's eyes narrow.

CELINE

(to Whitley)

Your shields are up. Let me read your thoughts.

WHITLEY

No need for that. We're among friends.

Kirk points at Whitley.

KIRK

He did it again! Said something 'bout "the animals gettin' restless". Are all a you freakin' deaf?

DENA

They're coming for us. Aren't they?

Dena turns pale. Mark grabs Celine by the arm.

MARK

We have to leave. We've been betrayed.

CELINE

That can't be. Whitley's a friend...

WHITLEY

I only confirmed what they already knew. They're on their way. It's best to wait.

WHITLEY (CONTINUED)

Don't be afraid, Celine. They know
it was an accident.

Dena stands frozen, the teacup raised to her lips. Mark
SMASHES it to the floor.

MARK

It's probably poisoned!

WHITLEY

Do be careful. That's my best china
set. And I wouldn't use poison.
That would be rude.

He turns to Celine.

WHITLEY

We'll treat them humanely. Erase
their memories. I only did what
must be done...

Kirk whips out a knife.

KIRK

You little faggot. I'll teach you
manners, human style...!

The door BURSTS open. Randall and Anderson storm inside. Kirk
runs behind Whitley, and presses the knife to his throat.

Randall and Anderson invade the room, weapons raised. Celine
pulls Brazel's gun from her purse.

WHITLEY

Oh, Celine. That isn't wise.

Kirk tightens his grip. Whitley's blood flows down his hand.

KIRK

Shut up, or you'll need a new
windpipe to breathe.

Whitley LAUGHS.

The sound turns into a GURGLE, deep in his throat.

WHITLEY

For a human, perhaps. You're aiming
far too low for one of us...

Muscles rearrange in Whitley's neck.

Kirk jumps back several feet.

Mark grabs Anderson's gun. The weapon BLASTS the bookcase to smithereens.

Dena covers her head. Shrapnel flies.

Mark wrestles with Anderson. The alien starts to change.

Randall walks towards Celine. She points her gun at his face.

RANDALL

Will you shoot me, like you did
Brazel? We know it was an accident.
You don't have the nerve to kill.

CELINE

You're right. I don't. Fortunately,
I've learned to set this to stun.

She pulls the trigger and FIRES. Randall falls to the ground.
Anderson SQUEALS. His eyes turn pitch black.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK - NIGHT

Mark stares into alien eyes. Black and unreadable.

Thin fingers raise a needle to his face - and plunge it
through the bridge of his nose.

BACK TO:

INT. WHITLEY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anderson raises his gun. Aims directly between Mark's eyes.

MARK

Not again, you bastard!

He head-butts the alien. Anderson crumples to the floor.

HICCUP.

The humans turn. A half-alien Whitley bends over a broken
plate. His body reverts to human form.

Whitley looks around at human faces. HICCUPS and smooths down
his hair.

WHITLEY

You should probably leave. Before
they wake up.

CELINE
You won't try and stop us?

WHITLEY
Using what? A broken Hummel
figurine?

Celine pushes the others towards the exit.

CELINE
(to Whitley)
I'm so sorry for the mess. I really
hope you understand.

They rush as a group out the door.

WHITLEY
I don't understand. But I do wish
you luck.

Whitley SIGHS, and bends back down. Picks shattered porcelain
out of the rug.

EXT. CELINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car SCREECHES down the driveway, Celine at the wheel.
Mark and Kirk sit in back, Dena in the passenger seat.

Kirk stares at Whitley's blood on his hand.

MARK
You should've slit his throat. He
gave us away.

CELINE
It couldn't have been Whitley.
There wasn't time.

MARK
Then how'd they find us?

Dena removes the baseball cap from her head, and wiggles a
finger through ripped tinfoil.

DENA
I think I have an idea.

KIRK
Shit! Now, what do we do?

Mark retrieves a roll from Celine's bag, and passes extra
sheets around.

MARK

Double it up. Change frequently.

Kirk looks in the rearview mirror. Pads extra tinfoil behind each ear.

KIRK

And hope to hell no-one springs a leak.

CELINE

We'll take the back roads, just in case.

INT. WHITLEY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whitley eases Randall into seated position. The alien GROANS and morphs to human shape.

Anderson sits on the couch, fully changed. A swollen bruise obscures one eye.

Whitley offers tea. Anderson waves him away.

Randall turns on the tracking device. The screen is blank. Whitley raises an eyebrow.

WHITLEY

I believe she mentioned a lab in Deming...

Randall and Anderson leave without a word.

Whitley SIGHS and puts down his tea.

WHITLEY

Celine, sweetie. Please realize I did this for your sake.

INT. TOWN ROAD - LATER

Craig speeds along a small town road, blowing yellow lights along the way. His bag sits on the passenger seat. Dena's photo rests on top.

The light turns red. Craig SCREECHES to a stop.

Randall and Anderson pull alongside. They glance at Craig, then look ahead.

Craig glares at the photo. TAPS the wheel.

The light turns green. Craig floors the gas and races ahead.
A sign reads "Deming - 100 miles."

EXT. DESERT ROAD - BORDER OF NEW MEXICO - DAY

The sun beats down on a sea of sand. There's another sign ahead: "Now Entering New Mexico."

Kirk COUGHS loudly in the back seat.

KIRK
New Mexico. What a fucking
surprise. Knew they were lying
'bout that Roswell shit.

Celine smiles. Doesn't respond.

KIRK
If you don't have spaceships, how
do you explain the crash?

CELINE
From what I hear, it was a weather
balloon.

KIRK
(to Mark)
Area Fifty One, man. You know it
was a cover-up!

Mark rolls his eyes.

MARK
Give it a rest.

Kirk COUGHS again. There's blood on his hand. He wipes it away, before the others see. He turns to Mark.

KIRK
After what we seen, you gotta be a
Believer now.

MARK
(shrugs)
Do I have any choice?

KIRK
When we get to the lab, you gonna
let them cut you open? Mess with
your insides again?

Mark looks out the window. The air shimmers in the heat.

MARK

I want Sarah to grow up, and have a father. That's all that matters to me.

Dena hears the words. She smiles quietly - closes her eyes.

KIRK (O.S.)

Gettin' pretty danged hot in this car. Workin' air conditioner woulda been nice.

CELINE (O.S.)

Only three more hours. We'll enter Deming before the sun's too high.

The sun beats down on Dena's face.

INT. DENA'S DREAM - ALIEN EXAMINATION ROOM

An ORB floats towards Young Dena.

She's strapped to the table, much like Kirk. Grey alien faces peer down at her. Looks like an army of clone Brazels.

Straps pull her spread-eagled. The ALIENS watch as she struggles and SCREAMS.

ALIEN VOICE

You have been chosen for this particular skill. We do this for your own good. It won't hurt. For too long.

The orb rushes towards Dena's face. Passes through skin and skull. Blinding light fills with pain.

BANG!

INT. CELINE'S CAR - DAY

Dena's eyes fly open. A wall of smoke is all she sees.

The car's broken down at the side of the road. Steam pours out everywhere.

Celine CRANKS the ignition. It fails to engage.

Dena notices a rough patch on Celine's neck. Looks bigger and worse than before.

Everyone piles from the car. Mark pops the hood.

MARK
Houston, we got a problem here.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Dena checks her I-phone. No bars.

Mark wipes grease and perspiration from his face. Celine stands at his side.

MARK
You got me. I'm out of ideas.

Dena turns to Kirk, still in the car.

DENA
Can you do anything?

KIRK
Oh, now *there's* a pretty
stereotype. I live in a trailer
park, so I'm good with cars?

MARK
So you're saying you're not good
with *anything*...?

KIRK
You supposed to be the smart one,
Mr. Business Man. And I don't see
you doin' shit...

Kirk waves at Celine through the windshield.

KIRK
Can't you "heal" it with your
finger? Do some sorta E.T. bit?

CELINE
I'm a doctor, not an engineer. I
don't know how this science works.

MARK
(to Celine)
You said it was fifteen miles to
town. That's one hell of a walk -
especially this time of day.

The humans turn to Celine. She stares up at the burning sun.

CELINE

We can't stay where we are. If the trackers don't get us, the heat will. We should start walking South. Keep to the road.

Dena grabs bottles of water, and passes them around.

DENA

Drink these carefully. Once they're gone, we're out of luck.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER

The group staggers through endless sand. Baseball caps provide the only shade.

Celine staggers, looking noticeably pale. Dena removes her baseball cap, and starts to fit it on Celine's head.

Mark grabs it - hands it back.

MARK

They can't track her. They can track us.

Dena frowns. She dabs sweat from Celine's brow. A strip of skin rubs off in her hand.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - EVENING

Shadows extend. Darkness falls.

Celine drags along, supported between Mark and Dena. Kirk marches on ahead.

Celine's legs buckle. She drops to the ground. Dena feels for a pulse. Mark yells out to a distant Kirk.

MARK

Hey, unconscious alien here! Need some help. She's heavier than she looks!

Kirk reaches the top of a ridge, and stares.

KIRK

Got some lights up ahead. Looks like some sort of camp!

There's a cabin at the bottom of the hill. A jeep and cycle parked out front.

A flickering light shines through one window.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGENI BEGAY (70s) reads a book by candlelight. Her features are classic Navajo - faint wrinkles hint at her age.

She looks towards the window.

Four figures stagger towards the cabin. Even from distance, they look like hell.

Angeni puts down her reading. She stands up with effort, and heads towards the door.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Angeni opens the door before Dena can knock. Celine slumps between Mark and Kirk. Angeni reaches out to touch her face.

ANGENI

She's sick.

MARK

Our car broke down. We ran out of water, had nowhere to go.

DENA

Please. She needs to lie down. Can we take her inside?

Angeni looks at Dena, and then Celine; a strange expression on her face.

ANGENI

Yes, of course. Come this way.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Celine's laid out on a cot.

Angeni bustles into the room, a pitcher of water in her hand. Dena pours some into a cup, and forces Celine to drink.

DENA

She's burning up.

ANGENI

She needs medical attention. But it's a three hour drive to town.

ANGENI (CONTINUED)

Even if you did get there safely,
business is closed this time of
night.

DENA

I... think she'll be better with a
little rest.

She looks at Mark and Kirk.

DENA

And some more water. Please.

Angeni dabs Celine's face with a rag. A muscle JERKS under
her fingertips. Changes - just a bit.

The old woman looks into Celine's eyes. Watches as they cloud
to black.

Celine closes her eyes and MOANS. A teapot WHISTLES in the
kitchen. Angeni heads for the door.

ANGENI

Let me fetch fresh water and tea.

She leaves them alone. Dena looks around.

DENA

I don't know what to do.

KIRK

You're lookin' at us for bright
ideas?

INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Angeni stands at the sink, and pours tea with shaking hands.

She looks up at trinkets on a shelf. A picture of an OLD
WOMAN stares down at her, clothed in Native American garb.

ANGENI

(mutters)

After all these years, Shimasani,
they have returned. What is it you
want me to do?

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Angeni re-enters. She brings a cup to Celine's lips. Dena
watches fearfully.

ANGENI

A mixture of healing herbs, and
spices. They will help get her
through the night.

MARK

Oh, great. More tea.

Angeni dabs again at Celine's face.

ANGENI

(to Dena)

I see you have Native American
blood. Let me guess - Navajo?

Dena nods.

DENA

My last name's Connelly. My father
was Irish. But my mother was
Navajo.

ANGENI

Your mother - did she teach you the
traditional ways?

DENA

No. She left home when I was young.
And I don't think she knew too
much, herself.

Angeni swabs Celine's neck. A crack reveals gray skin
underneath.

ANGENI

A shame it was not passed down. We
have a very rich heritage. In our
language, we have a spirit known as
yee naaldooshii - he who goes on
all fours. We call them Skin
Walkers; they can change shape at
will. Become coyote. The owl, the
wolf. In the old days, they were
more numerous. Now - they are
little more than myth.

Dena glances at Mark. He stares at Angeni, concerned.

ANGENI

As a rule, they are usually men.
But childless women may gain such
power, too.

She looks down at Celine.

ANGENI

I have seen her kind, many years ago. Some say that Skin Walkers are creatures of evil. But my forebears have seen them do good. Heal the sick. Perform miracles.

Angeni glances at Dena.

ANGENI

You have her eyes, you know.

KIRK

Lady, I don't know what the hell you're talkin' about.

ANGENI

(to Kirk)

You do, as well. Two pieces of a related whole.

She wipes her apron, and rises to her feet.

ANGENI

Perhaps you were meant by the gods to come here. To rest, and join as one. Watch over her tonight, and bring her to town in the morning. I'll be in the next room, if you need anything.

She walks away. Gently closes the door.

DENA

I - I'll be right back.

Dena follows Angeni out of the room.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM

Angeni sits by the fire, a book in her hand. Dena approaches her nervously.

DENA

What did you mean, two pieces of the same whole?

ANGENI

Look inside. I think you know. She is a Skin Walker. Is she not?

Dena nods. Angeni puts down her book and SIGHS.

ANGENI

My Shimasani - my grandmother -
told me stories of Skin Walkers.
Wild spirits that came from the
heavens, who could heal and hear
one's most private thoughts. I
sense echoes of her power in you.
And in that plain spoken man in
there.

DENA

What are you going to do?

ANGENI

(shrugs)

Give you shelter. A ride into town.
She has done nothing to me. I mean
none of you any harm.

She points towards the door.

ANGENI

I suggest you go to her. She will
need your touch, most of all.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Dena enters the room. Kirk and Mark stare at her, silently.

MARK

She knows. Doesn't she?

KIRK

What's she gonna do? Turn us in to
MIB?

Celine convulses in bed. Bits of skin flake off on the sheet.

DENA

No. She's actually okay with it. I
think.

KIRK

I'm not okay. This is fucked up.

DENA

Celine just needs her rest.

MARK

(gently)

I think - we need to figure out
what our next step will be, if she
doesn't make it through the night.

DENA

Mark, don't think that way!

MARK

It's a possibility. If she dies, what happens to us?

KIRK

Would it be so bad? If she did die?

Dena shoots Kirk a hateful look.

KIRK

Hey, her kind used us as guinea pigs. We're supposed to stick out our necks for her? If she dies, we just bury her out in the desert somewhere. Everyone goes their separate ways.

MARK

You're forgetting the tracking chips in our heads, pal. You wanna walk around with tinfoil all your life?

He looks at Kirk. His words trail off...

MARK

(beat)

And we need her to fix us up. We ditch her in the desert, you think her friends are gonna help us out?

DENA

She helped us! The least we can do is help her, too!

She runs over to Celine, and grabs her hand.

DENA

That woman said we were part of her, now. That we had some of her powers.

KIRK

Yeah - hearing voices in my head. Real helpful talent, there. What we need is a doctor. Or some kinda vet.

Celine's eyes snap open, and focus on Dena's face.

CELINE

(weak)

My mind... is vulnerable. I'm a
threat to us all!

She squeezes Dena's hand. Dena looks into her eyes -

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DENA'S NIGHTMARE

- suddenly sees only blackness and void.

ALIEN VOICE (O.S.)

You have been chosen for this
particular skill.

ANGENI (O.S.)

Spirits who came from the heavens,
who could heal.

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN BEDROOM

Mark grabs Dena as she swoons.

Dena's eyes turn alien black. Muscles ripples from her neck
to her arm - passing through to Celine. Color rushes into
Celine's face.

DENA

(gasps)

I think... I just figured out what
they did to me.

She collapses. Mark picks Dena up, and lays her in a chair.

MARK

You okay?

DENA

I'm fine. Just - really sleepy, is
all. Let me close my eyes, for a
minute or two -

She nods off instantly.

The men look at each other, concerned.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - LATER

Dena opens her eyes. Mark stands over her; he's been watching while she sleeps.

MARK
Hey. You're awake.

DENA
Um, hi. Been there long?

MARK
Just a few hours.

DENA
Oh.

MARK
(shrugs)
Hey, looks like you just needed the rest.

DENA
Where's Kirk?

A LOUD SNORE rips across the room. Dena spots Kirk curled in the corner. The baseball cap shields his eyes.

DENA
Never mind.

She looks over at Celine. Asleep, as well.

MARK
You did a good job. She's fine.
Hasn't woken up, even once.

DENA
I didn't know I had it in me.
Literally.

She glances out the window. The night's ink-black. A million stars glitter like jewels.

DENA
Beautiful. Isn't it?

MARK.
I used to think so.

DENA
What'll you do when this is over?

MARK

I don't know. Take out Sarah for ice cream and a movie? Something without aliens in it, that is...

Dena grins. She stares up at the sky.

MARK

Sarah's a great kid. If there's anything that's going to get me through this, it's knowing I have to get home to her.

(pause)

You'll like Sarah when you meet her. A lot.

Dena relaxes with a SIGH.

MARK

Still tired?

DENA

It feels so strange. Like someone poured all of the energy out of me.

MARK

Go back to sleep. I'll watch over all of you.

Dena smiles. Drifts off the sound of Kirk's SNORES.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - LATER

Mark jerks awake. His haggard reflection stares back at him, from the window pane.

Dust settles around a car, just outside.

Kirk walks over, and peers over Mark's shoulder. Angeni rushes in, from the next room.

ANGENI

Eight months with no company - then two visits in one night? Must be my lucky day...

KIRK

Fuck. It's the Men in Black. How'd they find us, this time?

He checks his cap and tinfoil - still in place.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CABIN AND CAR

Anderson and Randall step from the car, guns in hands.

ANGENI
Friends of yours?

MARK
Not exactly.

Celine joins them at the window, revitalized.

CELINE
They tracked us down. Through me.

KIRK
(to Mark)
Told you she was trouble. A desert
hole woulda been a good idea.

DENA
We have to get out of here. Now!

She digs frantically through Celine's bag, and finds Brazel's gun. She points it at the window. Mark and Kirk duck, in fear of their lives.

Celine grabs the weapon out of her hand.

Anderson and Randall split up - heading for the front and back entrances.

MARK
Now what? They've got two of those.
We're trapped!

Angeni grabs a double-barreled shotgun near the door. She locks and loads. CHA-CHUNG.

ANGENI
This should even the odds a bit.

Kirk looks at her, curiously.

ANGENI
It's for hunting, okay? You think I
use a bow and arrow?
(to Celine)
Feeling better?

Celine nods.

ANGENI
Take the front. I'll cover the
back. Grab a man.

Celine rushes to the front door with Mark.

She shoves the gun through a crack, and FIRES at Anderson's feet. Anderson SQUEALS and ducks behind the car.

MARK

You missed! He was only four feet away!

CELINE

I was trying to scare him off!

Anderson recovers, and aims. BLOWS the front door off its hinges with an electric-blue BLAST.

MARK

I don't think he's getting the message. Do you?

INT. CABIN BACK ENTRANCE

Kirk follows Angeni to the back door. A flimsy slab of wood, with a dented screen.

ANGENI

Bit of buckshot should do the trick.

She opens the door. Randall's already standing there. Too close for Angeni to aim.

Angeni twirls the rifle around, and SLAMS Randall in the head with the butt end. He drops his gun, and staggers away.

Melts away into the night.

Kirk views Angeni with new found respect.

KIRK

Pretty good - for an old lady.

Angeni hands Randall's weapon to Kirk.

ANGENI

I'll check on the kiddies up front. You watch the back, in case he returns. You see anything, shoot to kill.

KIRK

(mutters)

Won't be no problem, for me...

INT. CABIN FRONT ENTRANCE

Angeni joins the others at the door.

Anderson takes pot shots, from the cover of the car. Each BLAST vaporizes more of the living room.

Angeni ducks flying debris.

ANGENI

Are there only two of them?

MARK

Yeah. We think. You know what you said about Skin Walkers being good and evil? These are two of the bad kind...

ANGENI

Yes. I noticed.

Celine SHOOTs out a tire on Anderson's car. An electric CHARGES TEARS a gash through the tank.

Gasoline GUSHES out, onto the lawn.

MARK

Still purposely shooting to miss?

CELINE

No. Limiting his options. A bit.

Anderson pops up. FIRES again. A BLAST RIPS into Mark's leg.

He SCREAMS and falls. Celine rushes to his side. Places healing hands over the wound.

ANGENI

Time to stop playing games. You're going to get all of us killed!

She FIRES the rifle at Anderson's head. The bullet misses. Ricochets off the car.

Puddles of gas on the ground ignite... leading back towards the vehicle.

BOOOOOOOOOM.

The car and Anderson go up in flames.

Anderson SQUEALS, morphing into full alien form. Celine freezes in horror.

Kirk appears at their side. Angeni glares daggers at him.

KIRK
I bolted the door, okay? We'll
hear, if anyone tries to break in.

Kirk watches as Anderson flails and burns.

KIRK
Alien bonfire. Sweet!

Celine shoots Kirk a nasty look. Angeni slaps keys and cash into her hand.

ANGENI
They'll come back with
reinforcements. Take my jeep, ride
into town.

DENA
We can't take your car.

ANGENI
I've got my cycle. You need to get
out of here.

MARK
And if they do come back, and find
you alone?

Angeni smiles.

ANGENI
I think I can take care of myself.

EXT. CABIN - FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

The humans climb into the jeep. Kirk jumps behind the wheel.

Angeni provides cover from her porch.

ANGENI
The next town over is Lordsberg.
You can get supplies there. Then
Deming's just one hour away.

DENA
How can we thank you?

ANGENI
You gave me more excitement than
I've had in several years. Just get
there in one piece.

The jeep pulls out onto the road. Angeni frowns as they drive away.

EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

Kirk drives wildly.

A pale Mark lies in the back, his head cradled in Dena's lap. Celine rips fabric away from his leg.

Massive damage, everywhere. Dena brushes hair back from Mark's face.

DENA

You'll be okay. You'll be okay.

She turns to Celine.

DENA

Do something!

Celine examines Mark's leg. An artery's open - partially cauterized. Blood jets from the wound.

MARK

(weak)

Tended by two beautiful women.
Guess it can't get better than
this.

KIRK

(yells over his shoulder)

You still callin' her a woman? You
seen what she looked like in the
tub!

Mark smiles. Starts to drift away. Dena shakes him awake.

DENA

Stay with us. Your daughter needs
you. I need you, too.

She holds his face in her hands.

DENA

Don't ever leave me. Please.

Celine reaches into the wound.

CELINE

This may hurt. But trust me - it's
for your own good.

A shocked Dena reacts to the words...

Celine's hand morphs. Veins extend up her arm. Push through her fingertips, into Mark's leg.

Mark grits his teeth in pain.

MARK

Good thing you can heal. Otherwise,
this would be bad...

He glances at Dena.

MARK

You too, I guess. And Kirk reads
minds. Guess what I'm thinking
right now?

KIRK

Fuck me?

MARK

Yeah. Pretty much.

Mark GROANS and squeezes Dena's hand. Celine continues to probe. Skin grows over the wound, pink and raw.

CELINE

I can't heal this completely. But
this should hold you for now.

Mark relaxes. A bit.

MARK

So - what did you give me for
skills? The ability to fly? Speak
in tongues?

CELINE

You were rejected after the first
capture and release. It was a bad
genetic match. We didn't do
anything to you at all.

MARK

All this was for nothing?!?

CELINE

For you? Yes, it was.

Mark passes out, from shock and pain. Dena watches over him.

Kirk COUGHS; continues to drive...

EXT. CABIN - FRONT YARD - LATER

Angeni probes through the wreckage with the shotgun.

Anderson's charred remains blow away in the wind. Angeni takes off across the yard.

ANGENI

(prays under her breath)
Watch over me. Hold your hand
before me in protection. Stand
guard for me, speak in defense of
me. As I speak for you, speak for
me...

Something CLATTERS. Angeni looks around. Crickets CHIRP in the night.

She heads around back.

EXT. CABIN - BACK YARD

The screen door's open.

Randall melts from the shadows, in alien form. He HISSES.

He grabs the rifle, and knocks Angeni to the ground. Points the weapon at her face.

A SHOT rings out in the still, desert air.

INT. PARK N' SHOP - DAY

A sparsely stocked mini-mart, with dusty shelves.

Mark and Celine walk down the aisle. Mark moves with a pronounced limp. Celine looks unsteady, herself.

CELINE

We can reach Deming in thirty
minutes from here. I'll call my
contact. How's the leg?

MARK

Better. Everything considered.

CELINE

I'm sorry you got involved. What's
the phrase: wrong place, wrong
time?

MARK

I don't know. Maybe things worked out, after all.

He peers through the window. Dena leans on the jeep in the parking lot outside. She talks to Kirk (MOS.)

MARK

You can heal - but you can't fix them?

CELINE

I can fix small wounds. Their problems are far too much for me.

Mark scratches at his leg.

CELINE

I can't even heal your leg completely. You should get that looked at, when you go home.

MARK

Yeah. I'll do that.

Celine pulls a case of water from a shelf. Her legs buckle. Mark catches her, before she can fall.

MARK

Whoa. You okay?

CELINE

The healing process... takes a lot out of me.

MARK

You're sick. I'm lame. We make a perfect team.

They hand money to the CASHIER.

MARK

(to Celine)

...and that was the last bit of money we had...

EXT. PARK N' SHOP - PARKING LOT

The two limp across the lot.

MARK

You sure we're not being followed by your friends?

CELINE

There's only one left to worry about. And he's somewhere in the middle of the Chihuahuan desert, with no ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - FRONT YARD

Randall walks past the smoking remains of the car. Brushes Angeni's blood from his clothes.

He spots her motorcycle, parked nearby.

BACK TO:

EXT. PARK N' SHOP - PARKING LOT

Mark and Celine approach the jeep.

MARK

What about reinforcements?

CELINE

If there was time. But we're spread out across the globe. And we've got a great head start.

Kirk suddenly CONVULSES and falls. Mark and Celine race over. Bloody bubbles form at Kirk's lips.

CELINE

Quick, lay him out in back!

Mark and Dena stretch Kirk out in the jeep's back seat. Stuff a baseball cap under his head.

DENA

He was coughing a lot. Now suddenly, this!

She holds up a hand, slick with blood.

KIRK

(muttering)

Hey - brought up more blood this time. Think I'm gettin' good at this...

CELINE

This has happened before?

KIRK

(woozy)

Didn' wanna bother yall with a lil' infection. Think we had bigger stuff to worry about. Gimme a minute, I'll be fine.

His eyes roll back. He passes out. Celine puts hands on Kirk's chest, and starts to probe.

MARK

What's happening?

CELINE

The side effects are progressing more rapidly than I expected.

DENA

We have to get him to a hospital!

CELINE

You think they can fix this? We need to get him to the lab. Right now.

Celine jumps behind the wheel. Her head lolls - she looks suddenly faint.

DENA

I don't care. I'm calling a doctor now.

Dena grabs her phone. The screen lights up - Craig's ID.

DENA

(into the phone)

Craig? This isn't a good time. I'll call you back. You're where? You're kidding me...

She turns to Mark and Celine.

DENA

He followed me. He's just a few minutes away.

Kirk breathes heavily. Spits out a blood and phlegm-filled COUGH.

DENA

(into the phone, panicked)

We're on 552 Cedar at the mini-mart! Please hurry! Just off Exit 9!

Mark and Celine stare at her. Kirk drools more blood onto the back seat.

DENA
I'm sorry. But we need all the help
we can get!

EXT. PARK N' SHOP - PARKING LOT - LATER

Dena and Craig argue (MOS), a few feet away. Craig's jacket shifts. There's a gun shaped bulge in back. No-one sees.

Mark watches as Celine tends to Kirk.

MARK
(to Celine)
I don't like this. Not one bit.

CRAIG
(to Dena)
Who are these people? You can't
even go away for a weekend, without
getting involved in some weird-ass
shit!

DENA
Kirk's sick! He's going to die!

CRAIG
Fuck, no. I'm not getting involved.
They can take him to the hospital
themselves. We're going home.

He grabs her by the elbow. Mark vaults from the jeep.

MARK
Let go of her, pal!

CRAIG
Who the fuck are you?

He shoves Mark, who stumbles back on his injured leg. Dena runs to his side.

DENA
Don't! He's hurt, too!

Craig stares at the two of them.

CRAIG
Holy shit. Is there something going
on between you two? Is *that* what
this is all about?

He grabs Dena's wrist; holds on this time.

CRAIG
You don't think I know when
something's going on?

MARK
This isn't what you think. And if
you haven't noticed, we've got a
friend in need of medical help. So
let her go, and step aside.

He pries Craig's hand off her arm. Craig steps back and
reaches for the gun...

Celine steps between the men.

CELINE
Kirk's getting worse. We need to
leave.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-90

Two vehicles race down the road. The jeep's in the lead.
Craig's car is close behind.

INT. JEEP

Mark drives. Celine tends to Kirk in back.

MARK
This is a really bad idea.

CELINE
She seemed quite insistent on
bringing him along.

MARK
What happens when he sees the lab?
With more "people" - like you?

CELINE
He can stay in the car. If he does
see something, who will believe
him? Or any of you, once we're
gone?

Celine turns away, towards Kirk. Mark frowns - but continues
to drive.

INT. CRAIG'S CAR

The silence is deafening. Craig drives. Dena COUGHS. Craig TAPS his hand against the wheel.

CRAIG
You fuck him?

DENA
Mark? No! Jesus, Craig!

CRAIG
So, it's "Mark", huh?

Dena sits quietly. Craig continues to brood.

CRAIG
Just so you know, we're not gonna wait around. We drop your "friend" off at the hospital. Then we're gonna go home and have a talk. About you. Me. And your buddy, "Mark".

The vehicles turn off onto a dirt exit road. Fields of crops stretch for miles.

CRAIG
Jesus. Where are they taking us?

DENA
When we get there, promise me you won't overreact. I'm not crazy. But there are some things you need to see.

She COUGHS again. Hides the blood on her hand.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DRIVEWAY

An abandoned factory looms ahead. Lots of metal and pipes.

INT. JEEP

Mark looks around.

MARK
Another brewery? You guys seem to have a "thing."

CELINE
It's an abandoned factory. Perfect
for our use.

MARK
You ever think of buying new?

Celine points.

CELINE
Stop right here.

Mark throws the jeep into park. He and Celine pull Kirk from the car. A weak Celine grabs her bag.

Craig storms over. Dena trails behind submissively.

CRAIG
What the hell? Why did we stop?

CELINE
We're here to meet a friend, who
can help.

SCREEEEEECH. The factory door slides open. Metal tracks scrape against rust.

A FIGURE stands at the entrance. A slender MAN with delicate eyes. Celine waves. The man fails to wave back.

She takes a step - buckles under Kirk's dead weight.

CELINE
(to Craig)
Help us.

CRAIG
Fuck me...

But he puts his shoulder under Kirk's arm. The group stumbles towards the factory door.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ENTRANCE

The man blocks the entrance, a frown on his face.

CELINE
(to Mark)
This is Awon. The contact I spoke
about.

She reaches a palm out to Awon. He keeps his hand at his side.

CELINE
Awon. It's been awhile.

AWON
You bring visitors. More than
expected.

Kirk GROANS in pain.

CELINE
(to Awon)
We need to hurry. The symptoms have
reached critical stage.

She glances at Dena. Awon steps aside, and waves them in.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - GROUND FLOOR

The lighting's dim. Barely good enough to see.

Randall stands inside, in human form. His gun is pointed at
Celine. TWO ALIENS flank him, left and right.

Craig's jaw drops to his chest.

MARK
(to Celine)
Looks like they found
reinforcements after all.

The aliens herd Celine and the humans into the room.

Strange medical equipment, everywhere. Gurneys with straps.
Syringes. Tubes. Monitors.

Awon looks at Celine with regret.

AWON
I am sorry for the deception. They
arrived first. And they were armed.

Randall's guards strip Celine of her bag. They toss it in a
corner, and force their captives to the floor.

CELINE
(to Randall)
Do you intend to kill us all?

RANDALL
The humans, yes. But not you.
(pause)
You act as if I have a choice.

RANDALL (CONTINUED)

It is your actions that have
compromised the project. You even
include Awon in your crimes.

CELINE

Let them go!

RANDALL

So they can tell their people what
they've seen?

CELINE

Humans have seen things before.
They weren't believed then. Why
would they be, now?

Dena flashes a smug smile at Craig. He sits in shock on the
floor.

RANDALL

You know we cannot take the risk.

CELINE

The wormhole arrives in less than a
month. Soon, we'll have nothing
left to hide. Why kill them now and
waste their lives?

RANDALL

You know the protocol. Leave no
evidence behind.

He walks towards Awon. Lays his gun on a shelf, out of reach.

The alien guards tower over the humans. Weapons pointed at
their face.

LATER

Kirk lays on a gurney. Though he seems extremely weak, thick
leather straps hold him down.

Randall rolls over an instrument tray. Sharp tools lie next
to small black stones.

RANDALL

(to Awon)

Remove the chip. Don't waste
anesthetic on this one.

Awon turns on a spotlight, over Kirk's head.

KIRK
(weakly)
Oh, no. Not again...

The alien guards watch the other hostages carefully.

Mark sits on the floor, and stares across the room at Randall's gun.

MARK
(mutters)
They shoulda given me TK...

Craig's rolled into a fetal ball, a few feet away - a catatonic expression on his face.

Dena reaches out to touch him. Craig pulls away. The unseen gun at his waist CLINKS against the wall.

DENA
I tried to tell you.

Celine yells to Randall.

CELINE
Please. We must discuss this!

Randall ignores her, and chats with Awon (MOS). He points to the captives on the floor.

Kirk COUGHS. It sounds even worse than before. Dena looks to Celine. She shakes her head.

CELINE
No-one can help him, now.

The guards CHIRP to each other. Mark fumes and frowns.

DENA
(to Mark)
It's my fault you got involved. I'm
so, so sorry...!

MARK
Don't be. I'm not.

Craig snakes an arm behind his back...

He whips out his gun and FIRES. BANG!

A bullet tears through the left guard's throat. Thick blood sprays from the wound.

The second alien BLASTS Craig in the chest.

Mark jumps to his feet, and rushes the guard. He digs a finger into a bulbous eye. The alien SCREAMS in pain.

Celine darts across the room. She grabs her bag, and searches for Brazel's gun.

Randall grabs his weapon, and fires at Celine.

Blue flame burns the wall above her head.

Celine pulls the gun from her bag. She and Randall HISS. It's a Mexican stand-off between aliens.

Craig's still breathing. Dena crawls to him. She rips his shirt open, and places hands on the wound.

The pink ribbon tumbles from her pocket. Lies in a pool of Craig's blood.

DENA

It's not working! What's wrong?!?

Craig stares up at her. His breathing hitches. Stops.

Dena digs at his chest, continues to try. Craig fails to respond - limp and still.

Dena's arms fall to her sides. She spots the ribbon on the ground. She picks it up, and starts to CRY.

Mark watches, helplessly.

Randall and Celine circle Kirk's gurney, guns extended like gangsters. Awon ducks behind a shelf.

RANDALL

This is what happens when you break the rules. Now, you'll kill your own kind to save their lives?

CELINE

It doesn't have to be like this.

RANDALL

Put down your weapon. All will be fine.

CELINE

You'll let them live?

RANDALL

Think logically for once, Celine. We have to kill *them*. But your life will be spared.

CELINE
I care for theirs, as well as my
own.

RANDALL
You are too weak, too soft to kill.

CELINE
I can learn from past mistakes.

Celine swings her gun towards Randall's face. Her finger tightens on the trigger.

She diverts the gun last second - and BLASTS Randall in the shoulder. He SHOOTS back -

A direct hit to Celine's chest. She falls instantly.

...it's a clear line of sight from Randall to the human hostages. He raises his gun a second time.

BANG.

A bullet RIPS through Randall's heart. He's dead before he hits the floor.

Dena stands there, Craig's gun in her hand.

Celine GASPS. The humans rush to her side. Dena covers Celine's wound with her hand.

DENA
(to Celine)
Please. Tell me what to do!

CELINE
(weak)
Get Kirk to the lab, while there's still time. You too. You aren't well.

DENA
What about you?

Celine COUGHS blood. Doesn't respond.

Awon runs over. He attaches a medical device to Celine, and probes her wounds.

CELINE
Go with Awon. He can cure you. Then leave this place, and don't come back.
(pause)

CELINE (CONTINUED)

We'll be gone soon. Generations will pass. You'll have a chance to be free. When we return, you'll have grown as a species. Perhaps next time, we will regard you as near equals.

Celine seizes. Her eyes turn black, and close. Her breathing slows. Then stops entirely.

Dena throws herself at Celine, and tries to heal her with her hands. Celine's muscles relax.

Rearrange into natural, alien shape.

Awon puts a hand on Dena's shoulder. Shakes his head.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A needle hovers at the bridge of Kirk's nose. It sinks into flesh, six inches deep.

- Awon sprays foam onto Mark's leg. It bubbles and forms pink new flesh.

- Dena lies on a table, conscious. Awon injects a murky liquid into her arm. Dena closes her eyes. Mark's face is the last thing she sees.

Blackness.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM

Dena opens her eyes. Mark is there.

Kirk GROANS (O.S.).

Dena looks around the room. Kirk slumps in a chair, close by.

A covered body lies on the floor. Dena jumps from the table. Bare feet SLAP the ground.

Awon and Mark attempt to hold her back. She shakes them off and lifts the sheet.

It's Celine, in alien form.

DENA

(gasps)

Oh. She's beautiful.

Dena takes the ribbon from her pocket, and lays it on Celine's chest. Cross the alien's arms reverently.

Mark puts a hand on her shoulder, and leads her away.

EXT. FACTORY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The humans stagger out into cold night air. Kirk raises a bruised hand to his head.

KIRK
Jesus H. Christ. This hurts worse
than J.D.

He looks at Dena.

KIRK
You okay?

Dena nods. Mark turns to Awon.

MARK
So, that's it? We just walk away
and try to forget everything?

AWON
Yes. In a day, this will all burn
to the ground. In a month, we leave
this place. You will find no trace
of us, anywhere.

DENA
What about you?

AWON
You've done your part. Go away, and
live your lives. Make her sacrifice
worth the price.

Dena takes Mark's hand.

DENA
I don't know where to go from here.

MARK
Neither do I. But wherever it is,
let's go together.

The humans stagger towards the jeep. Mark takes the wheel. Dena sits in the passenger seat. Kirk piles into the back.

CRICKETS CHIRP in the night. Awon watches from the door.

INT. JEEP

The factory shrinks as they drive away.

Dena looks up at the night sky. It seems dark - very vast.
She takes Mark's hand, and smiles.

FINAL FADE OUT: