

SEVEN STARS

"Pilot"

Written by

Joseph Deegan

FADE IN:

EXT. NEVADA STATE HIGHWAY 375 - SUNSET

Sound of WHISPERING WIND. Wavy mirage effect above the arrow-straight asphalt beaming across desolate desert scrubland on a vector north to nowhere.

SUPER: **TIKABOO VALLEY, NEVADA 1998**

A large green sign: "The Extraterrestrial Highway - NV 375" with assorted Alien, UFO and Area 51 stickers on it.

A SPARKLING PURPLE OBJECT plunges from the sky... It slowly FIZZLES OUT as it plummets to earth... then RADIATES a silent PURPLE-LIGHT EXPLOSION in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL TRAILER PARK COMMUNITY - SUNSET

Remote. Trailers on hardscrabble dirt two miles east of Highway NV 375 encircled by far-flung mountain peaks.

SUPER: **DECEMBER**

Dust swirls across a dry fallow garden.

Old pickups and cars parked haphazardly outside the encampment of thirteen old residential TRAILERS configured like a fortress in a precise, SEVEN-POINT STAR PATTERN.

One of the star sides is open, with a swinging gate that allows foot access into and out of the courtyard. Within the trailer-star courtyard: a swing-set, rusty carousel, old bikes with flat tires and a yellow taped-off WATER WELL with a hand-written SIGN on it.

Five RESIDENTS: two Native American females, CHENOA, 30s and her niece, APONI, 12, a Male African American, a Male Asian and two Hispanic Sisters sit side-by-side quietly praying at two picnic tables facing a PALE BLUE TRAILER.

INT. PALE BLUE TRAILER

Sparsely furnished. A few pictures hang on the walls. A picture FRAME hangs above the kitchen trash can with SHATTERED GLASS obscuring the PHOTO of a very smug looking White MAN with a fake politician's smile on his face.

Lying asleep, fully dressed on a portable hospital bed in the living area is a brave, passionate and skilled African American woman in her mid-30s. This is-

DR. PARISH CRUMPLER.

Her arms wrap around a small White Female in her early-60s-

MRS. FROST,

who lies next to Parish with her bald head resting against Parish's shoulder.

A single intravenous line in Mrs. Frost's hand leads to a small plastic junction-connector device with a digital timer on it. The timer indicates: "00.00."

Three IV lines lead out and up from the junction-connector into three separate IV BAGS hanging side-by-side from the IV stand near the bed. The bags are labeled: "Saline" "Pentobarbital" and "Potassium Chloride."

A golden ray of setting sunlight shines through the trailer window on Mrs. Frost's ashen face. Her mouth is open. Her lips are chapped. Her teeth are yellow. Her eyes are open, yellow and sunken into atrophic eye sockets. She is dead.

Pull back to reveal Parish's kind and sensitive biracial 14-year-old son-

AMARE CRUMPLER,

standing near sleeping Parish. He gently caresses her arm, then walks around the bed to Mrs. Frost, stares sadly at her for a few moments, then reverently closes her eyes. Then her mouth. He gently slides her thumb off the depressed Red Button on the small metal box grasped tightly in her bony rigid hand. The button pops up.

He turns and faces Parish, now standing at the foot of the bed looking at him solemnly. Tears form in his eyes. He goes to her. She wraps her arms around him. They hug each other, and softly cry... they separate, wipe their eyes, and walk to the door.

Standing at the door is a very tall hairless White MAN who might be in his 50s. He has piercing blue eyes. This is-

KASZA,

A mysterious man who, we will find out later, suffers from a serious illness. Kasza opens the door for them.

Parish and Amare look out the doorway at the praying Residents sitting at the two picnic tables. The Residents gravely look up at Parish and Amare.

EXT. THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - NV 375 - NIGHT

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

A yellow caution light flashes atop a sign pole. Below the light is a rectangular sign:

"OPEN RANGE NEXT 110 MILES"

Speeding past: MILITARY TRUCKS in a protective CONVOY escorting an MILITARY AMBULANCE with flashing lights-

TRACK WITH AMBULANCE as it speeds under a starry sky. Its headlights flash across a sign:

"WARNING RESTRICTED AREA -- NEVADA TEST AND TRAINING RANGE -- NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE"

The Convoy and Ambulance fly down the highway toward the glow of artificial light hovering just above the horizon.

EXT. AREA S-4 MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Bright light. Fifteen-foot double fencing with rolls of razor wire. Guard towers. Cameras everywhere.

SUPER: **PAPOOSE LAKE FACILITY**

The military ambulance enters the base at a highly secure GATE manned by a squad of heavily armed Military Policemen.

The ambulance drives on...passes a small sign: "**AREA S-4**" It proceeds to a low-rise building complex and parks.

INT. "CLEAN" SECURE ROOM - AREA S-4 BUILDING - NIGHT

A HIGH-PITCH ALARM! shattering the semi-darkness. Moonlight through a window on dangling wires and pads connected to electronic monitors with graphs and biometrics displaying vital signs that are flatlining. Near the monitors is a-

LEAD SAFE with its door OPEN. A sign above the safe indicates: ⚠ DANGER! RADIOACTIVE! ⚠ DO NOT OPEN! ⚠

Standing near the safe is a very TALL MAN wearing a black one-piece NEOPRENE suit. He has piercing blue eyes like Kasza's. They sparkle briefly, then fade. The moonlight reveals his white Nordic face and long blonde hair. He looks to be in his 30s. This is-

WOODS.

He grimaces in pain as he zips up the front of the neoprene suit past adhesive residue from the biometric monitor pads.

He goes to the door. He puts his hand on the door handle. Grasps it tightly. Pushes on it. Locked. Holding the handle he slowly drops to his knees. He briefly convulses in pain, puts his hands on his stomach. He breathes raggedly.

Woods rests his forehead against the door handle, takes a deep breath, presses his forehead hard against the door handle. He keeps pressing. He pushes harder on the handle. His face turns red. He pushes...he GROANS! The lock CLICKS.

Woods breathes hard, grasps the door handle with both hands. Pulls himself to his feet. Pushes on the handle--it rotates downward. He pushes the door open -- ALARMS BLARE! Woods in serious pain, bathed in dull light, takes a step out of the room, looks around, takes another step, into-

A very large room with high ceilings and electronic machines. This room is named-

SUPER: LEVEL 4-2 -- "ALICE'S ROOM"

Wincing in pain, Woods shuffles across the floor to the room's reinforced steel door. He sets the palm of his hand on the electronic ACCESS PAD near the door's handle.

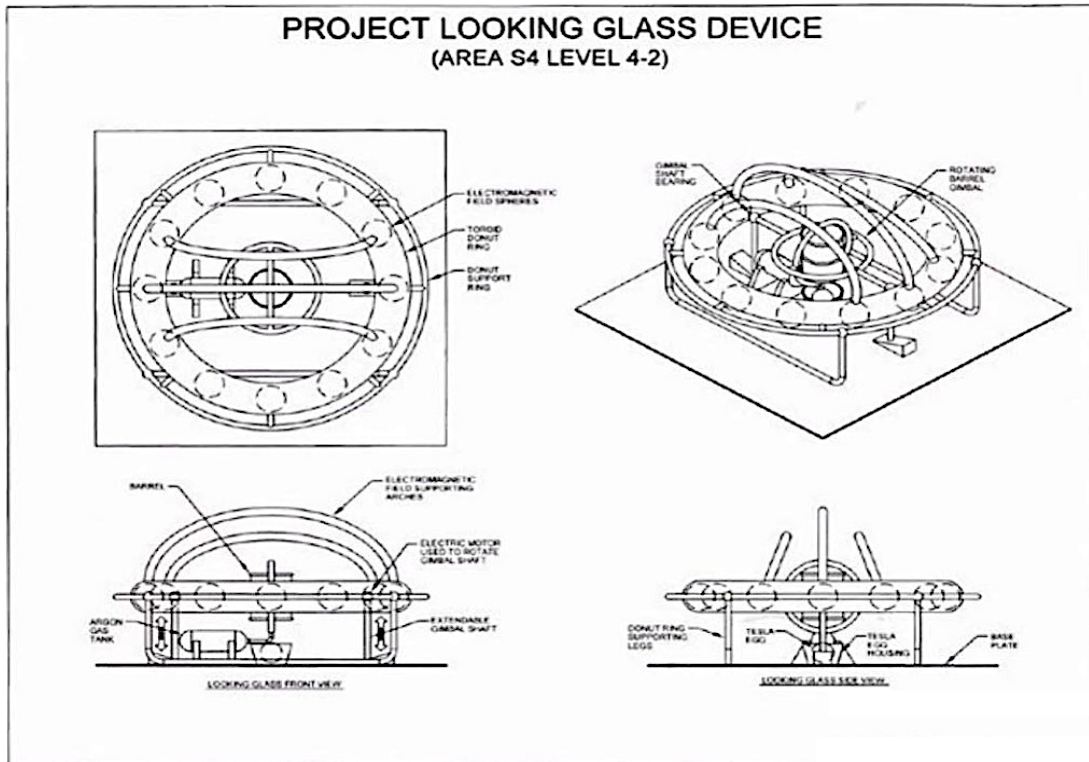
He moans, pushes his palm hard against the pad--a FIERY FLASH! of light--the pad CRACKLES, FLAMES, SMOKES... New ALARMS BLARE! The Access Pad is destroyed.

Woods turns around... His view of a very large, circular, donut-shaped machine. This is the-

LOOKING GLASS

Anchored to the floor by four steel struts. It's round, twelve feet in diameter by twelve feet high.

A shiny metal and glass machine encircled by twelve electromagnetic borosilicate glass spheres held in place by a horizontal circular support tube four feet above the floor. A metallic barrel sits within the structure. Arching over the barrel, three glass electromagnetic field tubes connect each side to the horizontal tube of spheres encircling the barrel.



INT. EXTERIOR HALLWAY - LEVEL 4-2 (CONTINUOUS)

ALARMS BLARE! As heavily armed and armored black-clad SWAT SOLDIERS run toward the steel door of room, Level 4-2.

INT. LOOKING GLASS - LEVEL 4-2

Woods crouches next to the tank of Argon Gas connected to the Looking Glass barrel situated above it. He presses a GREEN BUTTON on the Control Pad. Its electronic gauge lights up showing the Argon tank is full.

He presses a BLUE BUTTON on the Pad. The tank activation gauge indicates Argon gas is now spraying into the barrel. Woods presses the ORANGE BUTTON connected to a copper "Tesla Egg" that's attached to the barrel.

The Egg spins creating a highly charged magnetic field that activates the Barrel above it, that spins in accelerating revs-per-minute that trigger the twelve electromagnetic spheres circling the barrel that rotate rapidly within the tubular ring around it. The Looking Glass resembles a futuristic ride at a steampunk amusement park.

It HUMS soothingly. Its electronic gauge indicates a frequency in cycles-per-second of 432 Hertz (Hz). The natural harmonic frequency of the Universe.

Purple electrical arcs, like spiderweb lightning CRACKLE! within the three glass electromagnetic field tubes arching over the spinning barrel within the machine.

Woods rapidly taps the UP ARROW BUTTON on the Control Pad raising the frequency from 432Hz to 2,877Hz. As he does, the pitch of the Looking Glass rises higher and higher. The barrel and spheres revolve faster and faster-

ALARMS BLARE!

Purple lightning CRACKLES! loudly in the overhead tubes.

INT. EXTERIOR HALLWAY DOOR TO LEVEL 4-2

An X-Files "I WANT TO BELIEVE" poster is mounted next to the steel reinforced door with a destroyed electronic Access Pad (from Woods' previous destruction of it inside).

Running SWAT Soldiers halt in lines beside the door awaiting orders.

Soldiers glance above the door at a stuffed, mounted three-foot "Alice In Wonderland" White Rabbit looking at the time on its pocket watch.

Two Soldiers quickly approach the door with a short steel battering ram. They look at 45-year-old SWAT Commander-

CAPTAIN BROWNER,

who signals "GO!" Soldiers swing and SMASH the battering ram into the steel door causing minimal destruction. They swing and SMASH again--slightly more damage but the door remains secure. They swing and SMASH! ALARMS BLARE!

INT. LEVEL 4-2

POUNDING against the door outside by the battering ram.

Woods, crouched by the Looking Glass, glances across the room at the door being battered.

He taps the DOWN ARROW BUTTON on the Control Pad to decrease the "TILT" of the rapidly rotating electromagnetic spheres. The Tilt's gauge ticks down to: "-001.000 Degree." Woods keeps tapping--it ticks down to: "-002.000 Degrees."

Scowling with intestinal agony, Woods presses the green SEND BUTTON on the Control Pad. The pad LIGHTS UP brightly at: "00:10" then regresses in a second-by-second countdown cadence: "00:09, 00:08, 00:07..." as he hobbles away.

INT. EXTERIOR HALLWAY DOOR TO LEVEL 4-2

Same two Soldiers swing and SMASH the battering ram into the now thrashed and battered steel door. SWAT Soldiers lower their helmet visors, raise their machineguns. The battering ram SMASHES the door practically off its frame--

INT. LEVEL 4-2

POUNGING against the door. Woods struggles in pain as he scrambles across the floor. He stumbles, falls, grabs his stomach with his hands, then crawls to the flat circular EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGE (E.R.B.) PAD on the floor. He collapses on it. Breathing raggedly, he rolls over as--

--the steel door finally BUSTS off its hinges--Soldiers enter running followed closely by Captain Browner--

BROWNER

Fire!

Soldiers spray BULLETS at Woods--he is struck in the abdomen. A fusillade of bullets SPARK & ricochet off the floor next to him. He winces in pain, and--

VFX: He's GONE.

Gunfire stops. Stunned, the Soldiers stare at the vacant E.R.B. Pad. Browner and Soldiers cautiously approach it.

Thick, reddish-brown blood on the pad quickly hardens.

BROWNER

What in the living fuck.

(into shoulder mic)

S-4 Squad to Base.

The voice of take-no-shit, COLONEL "MAD DOG" KELLY, 50s, is heard through Captain Browner's shoulder mic:

KELLY (O.S.)
Speak, Captain.

BROWNER
(into mic)
Colonel Kelly? The J-Rod. Has, uh,
left Level 4-2, Sir. Over.

Colonel Kelly's voice through Browner's shoulder mic:

KELLY (O.S.)
Don't fuck with me, Captain.

BROWNER
Not fucking with you. Sir.

KELLY (O.S.)
That's fucking impossible. He's our
goddam number one priority, Captain.
Level 4-2, it is encased in steel.

Soldiers stare at the hardening dark blood on the E.R.B. Pad. They lower their weapons, relax a bit and look at each other, dumbfounded:

BROWNER
Yes, Sir. I know-

KELLY
-Tell me how it's fucking possible?

BROWNER
(resigned)
The Looking Glass, Sir.

Soldiers look in wonder at the spectacular Looking Glass. They marvel at the WHIRRING sound of its high-pitch tone, the spinning barrel, its rotating ring of spheres, and the purple lightning CRACKLING! through its glass tubes-

-And then, it shuts down. Dark. Silent.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - DAY

A Lincoln County Sheriff SUV is parked outside the gate. A 1998 Vehicle Registration sticker is on the windshield.

INT. PARISH'S PALE BLUE TRAILER - DAY

The hospital bed in the main living area is stripped of its linens. The equipment is gone. The room is spotless.

Parish and uniformed Asian Sheriff, WALTER TASHIMA, 35, sit opposite each other at the kitchen table. Coffee cups sit between them.

TASHIMA

Well, despite all that, Parish, you are breaking the law. And I will have to arrest you. Do you understand?

PARISH

Don't you mention the law to me, Walter. The Supreme Court didn't give them any respect. Wouldn't even review their damn case! The government doesn't give a shit about them, so why do you?

TASHIMA

Because, they are U.S. citizens, residing in my county.

PARISH

But they're not being afforded their rights, as citizens! And what then about their rights as victims? Of the U.S. Government? And their families? Who now have no legal recourse? What about inalienable rights, Sheriff?

TASHIMA

Parish, I only enforce the law. I don't make it, or interpret it.

(stands)

I understand what you're doing here, Parish. For your people. I do.

PARISH

They're not my people!

(stands)

Nobody wants them, I.E., the goddam U.S. government. Undocumented aliens get better healthcare and financial assistance. This is bullshit, Walter.

TASHIMA

(walks to door)

This was a courtesy call, Parish.
If you do it again, I will arrest
you. For murder. And there'll be a
thorough investigation into all of
the others. You have to stop.

PARISH

Who called you, Walter? Who's the
rat in my neighborhood?

Tashima takes his Sheriff's hat off a coat peg, puts it on
his head and opens the door-

Facing him outside the door is a sweet Native American
girl, APONI, 12, with shiny dark hair in braided pigtails
adorned with yellow plastic butterflies.

APONI

(vacantly stares)

Oh my god. It's already open? Duh!

(big smile)

Hi Parish! Is Amare here? I want
to play with my dude!

Aponi reaches forward. Her small hands touch Tashima's
arms. He gently takes Aponi's hands:

TASHIMA

Hi Aponi, it's Walter. I was just
visiting Parish. How are you today?

APONI

(stares)

Oh no! You're, I mean, I thought-
You were Parish! I'm so embarrassed!

Parish appears behind Tashima in the doorway. He places
Aponi's hands in Parish's.

PARISH

My sweet girl! Your hair looks so
pretty today!

APONI

(vacantly staring; smiling;
touches her braid)

Thank you! I did it myself. I can
feel that it looks good, right?

Tashima, filled with compassion, watches them. Parish, holding Aponi's hands, guides her inside the trailer.

PARISH

Come inside, Beautiful. Let's wake
Amare up, if I haven't already.

Tashima pulls the door closed, thinking about how much he doesn't like his job right now. He walks down the steps toward the trailer community's open gateway.

Kasza is bent over, leaning on the gate post. He stares at Tashima as he approaches.

Tashima nods a timid greeting.

With effort, Kasza straightens up to his giant-size height. He steps in front of Tashima, who stops. Kasza moves closer, towering over Tashima. Kasza bends down until his face is inches from Tashima's. He emits a low growl as he stares into Tashima's eyes. Tashima stiffens, intimidated.

KASZA

(menacing)

There's a hole out there. For you.
In the sun, near the tree. Separate,
from the other good people, buried
in the shade. If you come back.

TASHIMA

(nervously)

Kasza, you're threatening me.

KASZA

(sneering)

Do you, like dirt?

Tashima stares at him.

KASZA (CONT'D)

Imagine, a deep narrow hole. You,
go in. Head first. And eat, your
way to China. Or, you die trying.

Kasza slowly straightens up to his giant height. He spits in the dirt near Tashima's boots, and glares at him.

Tashima anxiously looks up at him, puts his hand on his holstered pistol, steps aside, takes several steps forward, then stops, and stares-

Tashima's view of a green leafy "Desert Willow" tree rising defiantly out of the hard gray dirt, two-hundred feet away.

Close on delicate, bright purple, lavender and pink flowers decorating the tree like pretty LED Christmas lights.

They are the only natural colors visible for miles.

With peculiar presence, a yellow GEHL M08 mini-excavator is parked near the tree. This is Kasza's gravedigger.

In the shade under the tree are NINE, rough-hewn wooden crosses marking former trailer community members' graves.

Among them, is Mrs. Frost's new grave, not yet marked. And, apart from those, isolated in the sun, is a stick with letters on it: "TASHIMA." Marking a deep dark hole in which Tashima will never eat his way down to and out of China.

Tashima warily looks back at Kasza, then climbs into his SUV. He starts it, puts it in gear and drives off.

EXT. DRY ARROYO - DESERT WILLOW TREE - DAY

The unmistakable sound of a RATTLING snake's tail is heard. We're now down below and behind the previously mentioned Desert Willow tree in a shady dry creek bed.

Close on a rattling tail...the coiled, thick-bodied diamondback rattlesnake...its triangular head up...beady black and gold slit pupils stare...forked tongue flicks... mouth opens wide...curved pointy fangs drip venom--it bangs forward--burying its fangs into black spongy material... its fangs are embedded...its head becomes still...eyes stare... rattle VIBRATIONS slow...its tail drops...body slowly uncurls...and extends, rigidly straight, like an exotic reptilian cane. Rattle stops rattling. Snake lies straight, stiff. The arroyo is silent... a bird CHIRPS.

DESERT WILLOW TREE

High on a limb above the arroyo, a dusty white and blue Mountain Bluebird chirps. It hops off the limb, flaps its wings and glides down toward the-

ARROYO

In the shade cast by the Desert Willow above, Woods lies up against the bank of the arroyo with his eyes closed.

The Bluebird lands on Woods' belly that's covered with dark caked blood from the gunshots. The Bird inspects his face.

The diamondback rattlesnake lies dead in the dust with its fangs stuck into the black neoprene suit covering the calf of Woods' leg. The Bluebird pecks his chest. He lies still. It pecks again. No reaction from Woods. The bird flies off.

INT. LEVEL 4 - DAY

The Looking Glass is silent. The room is quiet. The soldiers are gone. A uniformed military TECH, 40s, with a crew cut examines the Looking Glass components and taps data into his tablet.

SUPER: PRESENT

We find smart, sophisticated, snobbish, stylish African American woman in her early-30s,

DR. CLEA BELL,

in a short skirt, heels, silk top, and linen jacket with a biometric-photo ID "Area S-4 Base Access" card clipped to it. She wears black latex gloves as she examines the Looking Glass Control Pad with a small NEBO flashlight.

Squatting at the E.R.B. Pad and bullet-riddled floor, a rugged white man in his early-30s wearing jeans, scuffed cowboy boots, plaid western pearl snap shirt with a biometric-photo ID "Area S-4 Base Access" card clipped to the pocket. He wears red latex gloves as he examines Woods' hardened, reddish-brown blood pool on it with a NEBO flashlight. He takes photos of the hardened blood with his phone. This is,

JOE KOLTE.

Using a small blade, Joe scrapes a sample of blood into an envelope. He seals it, slides it into his pocket. He stares at the remaining blood on the E.R.B. Pad, then rises.

Joe walks to the Looking Glass, and Clea. She sprays a fine mist of super glue with a cyanoacrylate fuming device onto its green SEND button. Joe watches her work.

Clea leans in and looks closely at the pad: two very different sets of fingerprints slowly emerge and become visible on the surface of the pad.

Close on one set of prints that has typical ridges, whorls and valley patterns. The other set of prints, more obvious, has ridges that form distinct, SEVEN-POINT STARS.

Clea leans closer. Joe peers over her shoulder.

JOE

Did you see the white rabbit?
Above the door?

CLEA

(annoyed)

Yes.

Clea takes photos of the star prints with her phone.

JOE

And?

CLEA

(snaps)

What? I'm busy here.

Clea applies tape to the pad and lifts the prints.

JOE

(happy)

I grew up thirty-five miles from here. In Alamo. Finally got invited into Wonderland. Since I was a kid-

CLEA

(scolds)

-Wake up, Alice. This is just a crime scene. Albeit one of extraordinary importance.

Joe frowns at Clea as she sticks the tape to a transfer card, slides it into an envelope, puts it into her pocket:

JOE

Yeah. Right. The blood? It isn't human. And neither are those seven-point star prints. They're alien.

CLEA

(condescending)

We don't know that yet. You're jumping to conclusions with risky assertions and no basis of fact.

JOE

(looks at her badge)
Clea, right? If you don't jump, Clea,
you'll never make it to the other
side. You don't want to believe?

CLEA

Sometimes-
(looks at his badge)
-Kolte, a bridge is all you need. I
gather evidence. Then apply science.
I'll bet your dodgy theories have
led to more than one of your cases
getting tossed out of court. Am I
right, Kolte? How many?

JOE

Not one. Clea. Over seven hundred
cases. In twelve years. Cases were
kicked out, sure. It happens. But
not once, because of my work. Never.

Clea looks at him in a new light, concedes some respect.

Their attention is diverted to the broken doorway-

DR. ED TYLER, 40s, Chief Medical Scientist of Area S-4
enters followed by Captain Browner. Tyler walks directly to
the E.R.B. Pad. Stops. Stares in disbelief at the bullet
divots in the floor.

TYLER

He's dying from a neuropathic
disease that we can't cure and you
are shooting bullets at him? Are
you insane?

BROWNER

Following protocol, Doctor.

Tech, Clea and Joe watch Browner and Tyler.

TYLER

(incredulous)
He was, unarmed? Correct?

BROWNER

He broke out of the Clean Room.

Tyler's view down on the bloody E.R.B. Pad.

TYLER

My god, did you kill him?

BROWNER

(nonchalant)

We don't know. He disappeared.

TYLER

How?

TECH

(points at Looking Glass)

He modulated the tilt. Changed the destination points that we've been testing. By exactly two degrees.

TYLER

What does that mean?

TECH

I don't know.

TYLER

Well, where did he go?

TECH

Somewhere else.

Everybody's eyes quickly shift to TWO large, armed CID OFFICERS, 30s, entering the room.

Striding in behind the two CID Officers is the take-no-shit, COLONEL "MAD DOG" KELLY, 50s. Kelly and CID Officers quickly approach Tyler and Browner:

KELLY

(to Tech)

You! Fire that fucker up! Now!

Startled, Tech backs up and bumps into the Looking Glass's horizontal tubular ring.

The electronic gauge of the Tilt Indicator ticks down from "-002.000 Degrees" to "-001.999 Degrees."

Clea and Joe move out of Tech's way. Tech moves quickly, drops down to the Looking Glass's Argon gas tank.

TECH

Now, Sir?

KELLY
Are you fucking deaf?

Tech sequentially presses the Looking Glass's green, blue and orange buttons. It WHIRLS to life-

KELLY (CONT'D)
(at Browner)
That fucking J-Rod disappeared with the ONLY operational prototype we had of Moscovium 115!

The electromagnetic spheres start rotating rapidly within the circular tube, creating the high-pitched frequency-

KELLY (CONT'D)
Security was under your command!
And you had them both in the same room! You lost the J-Rod, and the Moscovium! Fuck! Arrest this man!

The two CID Officers advance to Browner, securing his arms.

BROWNER
(confused; worried)
That room has the only med-bed in Level 4. Temporary quarters. The J-Rod was in a coma! Not my fault!

KELLY
(rising anger)
Now we have no FUEL to power up the IXS interstellar spacecraft to super-luminal speed. All that time and brilliant innovation is lost. All because of your incompetence!

Purple lightning CRACKLES! inside the Looking Glass's three overhead tubes.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Jesus fucking Christ. He's really gone. No more Moscovium 115? What is Mantis going to do? I am fucked!

Kelly takes his Colt .45 pistol from his holster and SHOTS Browner in the chest. Dead. Blood splatters CID Officers.

Clea shudders. Tyler and Tech recoil. Joe stands firm.

KELLY
 (holsters pistol)
 Get this traitor out of here.

Stunned, the CID Officers drag Browner toward the door just as the psycho "good ol' boy" with orange hair in his 60s,

FIVE-STAR GENERAL MANTIS,

appears in the open doorway. CID Officers drop Browner, salute Mantis. Mantis looks at dead Browner:

MANTIS
 (Southern accent)
 Insubordination? Dereliction of
 duty?

CID Officers glance back at Kelly.

KELLY
 (shouts)
 Aid and comfort to the enemy, Sir!

MANTIS
 Treason? Get this traitor out of
 here!

CID Officers pick up Browner, drag him through the doorway.

Mantis grunts, then strides into the room like a king. Tech salutes, Mantis disregards him as he passes.

Clea, Joe and Tyler apprehensively stare at Mantis as he blows past them to the Looking Glass. He admires it.

MANTIS
 Well, well, well. Wouldja looky
 here. The big shiny toy. Does it
 give kiddie rides, or pick cotton?
 (to Tech)
 Where is our J-Rod, hmm? Where did
 that motherfucker go?!

TECH
 I don't-

MANTIS
 -Then shut the fuck up!
 (to Clea and Joe)
 Who are you two rodeo clowns?

CLEA

(indignantly)

Dr. Clea Bell, Sir. I have a Ph.D. in forensic science. I'm one of the top five in America. You may have heard of my work? I'm frequently cited and quoted as-

MANTIS

-No, Princess. Never. Sorry. What about you, Cowboy?

JOE

Joe Kolte, forensic scientist. And now, murder witness. And seeing how we're in Wonderland, General, and the crazy Colonel just killed the incompetent Captain, and you don't seem to give a shit, you must be the Maddest Hatter on this base.

Purple lightning bolts CRACK! within the Looking Glass's overhead tubes.

MANTIS

(in Joe's face)

Check your grapes, greenhorn. I have a bear rug in my living room. It's not dead. It's just too scared to move. Got it?

JOE

(subdued)

Yes, Sir.

MANTIS

(to Tech)

Where is that transport bridge? The Einstein stargate thing I've been hearing so much about?

Tech points a shaky finger at the bloody E.R.B. Pad surrounded by bullet divots.

MANTIS (CONT'D)

(to Joe & Clea)

You two, Salt & Pepper, climb on. You're going on safari.

The Looking Glass hums--the egg, barrel and spheres are revolving--three overhead tubes CRACK! purple lightning.

CLEA

What did you call me? I have a Ph-

KELLY

-Get on that fucking pad! Now!

JOE

Awesome. Let's get outta Dodge.

Joe walks to the E.R.B., avoids the blood pool and steps onto the pad. He pulls off his red latex gloves.

CLEA

(fearful)

I can't! Where will we go? What if we- I don't want to die!

Kelly takes hold of her arms and shoves her toward the pad:

KELLY

Move it Top Five! You two are the only people at this point who can track it and bring it back. Get on!

Kelly pushes Clea onto the pad. Joe smiles at her and pulls her black latex gloves off her hands. Clea is in a panic.

KELLY

(to Tech)

Send 'em!

Tech presses the Looking Glass's SEND button.

Clea steps off the pad--Joe grabs her arm, pulls her on.

CLEA

(screams)

I can't leave my-

VFX: They're GONE.

Their red and black latex gloves lay on the floor next to the E.R.B. pad.

MANTIS

(chuckling)

I love women screaming in the morning. It's the sound of, victory!

Mantis looks at Tyler and Tech.

MANTIS (CONT'D)

You two. Git now!

Tyler and Tech hustle out of the room.

MANTIS (CONT'D)

Get the Roulette Boys. Blakk and Redd. They'll season Salt & Pepper after they find the J-Rod. Got it?

Kelly nods.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DESERT WILLOW TREE - DAY

SUPER: BACK TO 1998

Amongst the rough-hewn wooden crosses, Amare and Aponi sit facing each other on a blanket in the shade under the tree. They each have a shoebox hidden behind their backs.

AMARE

Okay, okay, okay! My turn!

Aponi wipes her sticky wet fingers on her jeans.

APONI

(stares)

Eww, that was so creepy. I squished its guts out. So gross!

A gooey dead tarantula lies on the dirt next to her.

AMARE

(laughing)

You actually popped it!

APONI

Disgusting, Amare. You suck! Very not nice! You close your eyes now.

Amare closes his eyes. Aponi takes her shoebox from behind her back and places it in front of him.

APONI

Your eyes better be closed! Only assholes cheat blind kids. Don't be that asshole, Amare.

AMARE

(eyes closed; laughs)

They're closed! I wouldn't do that to you, ever. C'mon, you're my girl.

Aponi feels for Amare's hand, takes it, guides it into her shoebox in front of his knees. He feels around in the box.

APONI

You're never gonna guess! Auntie Chenoa helped me pick this one. It's very special. No way you get it.

Amare feels around in the box. He pulls out a beautiful, handmade Native American earring made of glass beads, dentalium shell, abalone and blue crystals. He gently feels it with his fingertips.

AMARE

Gosh... it feels nice. But I-
(considers)

I think it's- No... It's a, bone thing? And it's got nibs, but it's also smooth. But, not a, chain? No... You're right, Pony-face. I don't know! I've never seen what I'm feeling. I am stumped.

APONI

(sad)

Yeah... I never saw it either. You can open 'em now. It was my Mom's. Her favorite piece.

Amare opens his eyes and looks at the earring.

AMARE

Oh, wow. It's beautiful.

APONI

(teary)

My Daddy made it for her. He made two of them. One for each of them. Together. A set, forever, you know? One got lost... I don't know where she is now. I miss her so much.

We notice that the name "AIYANA" is carved into the wooden cross behind Aponi.

AMARE

Where did your Father go?

APONI

(sniffles)

After your Mom, helped my Mom, with her body trouble. They said my Daddy got real drunk. And he, wandered off.

(blinks tears)

Then he got hit by the train.

Amare scoots next to her, puts the earring in her hand and puts his arm around her. She sadly rests her head on his shoulder.

APONI

Amare? Where is your Daddy?

AMARE

I don't know. Never met him. He's some kind of rich white politician, in Washington, D.C. A power guy. My Mom said he, uh, forced sex with her. During his campaign. And she got pregnant with me. He paid her a lot of secret money to be quiet.

(he strokes her hair)

Hey, you wanna get some ice cream? C'mon. We might even have a few sugar cones left!

She nods her head. He stands and helps her up. He gently dries her tears with his shirt sleeve.

AMARE (CONT'D)

Let's let your Mom and these other good folks get some rest, okay?

A strong breeze blows in and carries Aponi's shoebox, followed by a few tumbleweeds, behind the Willow tree.

AMARE (CONT'D)

Your box! It's blowing away!

APONI

Oh no! Where?

Amare takes Aponi's hand, they run after the box. It blows down into the arroyo behind the tree. They chase the box and stop at the top of the arroyo. Amare looks down-

AMARE
 (concerned)
 It's down below. In the arroyo.

APONI
 Can you get it?

Amare's view of the stiff dead rattlesnake attached to the calf of Woods' right leg. He's in the same position as before, leaning up against the side of the steep bank.

AMARE
 Aponi, there's a man down there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATEWAY - TRAILER COMMUNITY - DAY (LATER)

Kasza grimaces in pain as he pulls a flat wooden wagon through the gateway into the trailer courtyard.

Woods lies on his back on the wagon bed. Parish sits next to him with a stethoscope around her neck. She finishes wrapping the snakebite on Woods' leg with gauze and tape:

PARISH
 (stethoscope to
 Woods' chest)
 Heart's failing. We're losing him.
 (examines torso;
 puzzled)
 This blood. From this gunshot wound.
 It's not- what is it? Hurry, Kasza.

KASZA
 (turns to her)
 You, will fix him.

PARISH
 I don't know, Kasza. This is like-
what the fuck?

KASZA
 You fix, what the fuck, like every
 day... I, will help you.

Amare holds Aponi's hand. They follow the wagon. In his other hand he drags the stiff rattlesnake by its tail. The snake's dragging fangs cut two dusty grooves into the dirt.

EXT. PARISH'S PALE BLUE TRAILER - DAY

Kasza pulls the wagon to the trailer steps. He lifts Woods off the bed, carries him up the steps to the door. Parish walks ahead, opens the door. Kasza enters, she follows.

Amare drops the stiff snake to the ground outside the door. He guides Aponi up the steps. They enter the trailer.

EXT. DINER - HIGHWAY 375 - DAY

SUPER: **RACHEL, NEVADA**

An iron, rusty-brown flying saucer, ten feet in diameter encircled with red and green lights with a glass bubble on top is mounted twelve feet above the ground on a pedestal. A sign near the pedestal indicates: "THE LITTLE A'LE'INN"

The grounds of the white and blue painted diner/motel/bar are scattered with white and blue picnic tables. Tourists eat burgers and drink beer at this popular tourist spot.

VFX: Clea and Joe appear standing next to a picnic table-

CLEA
 (yells)
 -Cat!
 (bewildered; quieter)
 She'll be, scared, and all-

Tourists stop eating, drinking and stare at them.

JOE
 (finishes her sentence)
 -Alone.
 (amazed)
 Wow. That was like, superluminal.

CLEA
 (anxious)
 We're outside now. Somewhere else.
 Like the Tech said back at S-4.

An cheerful gay sarcastic A'Le'Inn waiter in his 20s, TRAVIS, wearing a tacky alien costume walks past them-

TRAVIS
 You guys musta just beamed in!
 Sit anywhere. I'll get menus.

JOE

Jeeze, I haven't been here in years.
Let's sit. We might as well eat.

CLEA

On a bench? In these clothes?

Joe sweeps crumbs off the bench for her.

JOE

Let's take a minute. And reset.

They sit down. Travis lays menus on the table.

TRAVIS

Love the costumes! Y'all pretending
to be from The Ranch, right?

CLEA

The what?

TRAVIS

The Ranch, *mi chingona*. Area 51.

JOE

No. Why do you ask?

TRAVIS

Your official-looking fascist badge
thingees. They look real. Probably
made in China. They make the best
fakes. Any drinks? Beer, soda, water?
Peyote perhaps? Take the edge off?

JOE

(takes badge off)
Pitcher of beer, two glasses.

CLEA

I don't drink. *Peyote*?

JOE

Bring the beer. I'll drink her half.
(looks around)
This is nice, right? Like vacation.

Travis departs.

CLEA

(takes off badge)
You know, where we are?

JOE

Yep. Rachel, Nevada. A few miles away from the S-4 Base. And, as I said, thirty-five miles north of where I grew up. How cool is this?

CLEA

(relieved)

Okay. Fine. That, I can handle.

They pick up their menus.

JOE

The Alien Burger. Always tasty.

Clea looks at her menu.

Close on "Specials for Wednesday, December 9, 1998."

CLEA

We're- Oh god... I can't deal-

She grips the edge of the picnic table with both hands.

JOE

(lowers menu)

Deal? With what? You look, upset.

Clea stands, walks quickly toward the rear of the diner.

Puzzled, Joe puts his menu down. Travis sets the pitcher of beer and two glasses on the table.

Clea trots around the back of the diner O.S.

TRAVIS

(watches Clea)

We have restrooms, inside the bar. Will she need a roll of teepee, too?

JOE

(stands)

Give us a minute.

Joe trots toward the rear of the diner.

REAR OF THE DINER

Joe turns the corner and stops abruptly.

His view of the vacant area. Clea's nowhere in sight.

Joe hears whimpering... follows the sound to the back of a dumpster, looks down and sees Clea squatting down, her back against the wall of the diner, trembling, crying softly, her arms wrapped around her torso. Her face is sweaty. A vomit puddle on the dirt in front of her.

Joe goes to her, squats near her. In a soothing tone:

JOE

Hey, you alright? Don't worry, Clea. It'll be okay. This is fucked up, for sure. But you and me, we're a team. I need you. And you need me. We're going to find this guy. The J-Rod. Or whatever he is. Okay, Doc?

He reaches toward her and gently touches her shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's-

Clea turns away. Joe retracts his hand. They stand. Clea wipes her tears and her mouth, pulls herself together:

CLEA

You know nothing about me! I don't need you. Or anyone else.

Clea stalks off toward the side of the diner:

CLEA (CONT'D)

Never did. Never will.

She rounds the corner O.S. Joe follows.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

A nasal cannula provides Woods with oxygen as he lies unconscious, upper body exposed, on the hospital bed in the living area. An IV line is inserted in his arm. He wears the bottom half of the cut-off black neoprene suit.

Kasza stands next to the bed gazing down at him.

Parish sits at her desk looking into a microscope eyepiece viewing a REDDISH-BROWN SPLOTCH on a glass slide under the high-power lens of the microscope. She focuses the lens-

-and gasps! Her head jerks up from the eyepiece, stunned. Like she saw a ghost. She bends down and looks again...

Very close on the image of the reddish-brown splotch on the slide: Woods' vibrating SEVEN-POINT STAR blood cells.

Parish rises and inhales slowly, deeply.

KASZA

What, do you see?

PARISH

(mystified)

I, uh, I'm really not sure. You wanna take a look?

She stares in disbelief at Woods lying on the bed.

Kasza moves to her desk. He bends down to the microscope, sets his eye on the eyepiece, looks at the slide... He rises, and looks at Parish.

Kasza removes the slide from under the microscope lens and sets it aside. He takes a new slide from the slide box.

He takes a lancet off the desk and pierces his middle finger. He carefully squeezes a drop of blood onto the new slide and positions it under the lens of the microscope.

KASZA

(sincerely)

We've been together, for many years, Parish. You know I am, very fond of you. And now, it is time.

Parish fills with dread, stares at Kasza like she's never seen him before. She slowly moves to the microscope. Looks at Kasza. Looks at the microscope, bends, places her eye on the eyepiece. She straightens up. Has trouble breathing. Stares at Kasza, then at Woods, then back at Kasza.

EXT. HIGHWAY SIGN - THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Two large black Turkey Vultures soar in circles above the deserted road and the green Extraterrestrial Highway sign.

In the shade under the sign sit two scary seriously jacked MEN wearing boots, jeans and polo shirts. They are General Mantis's assassins, known as: "The Roulette Boys."

BLAKK, mid-30s, Native American, long black hair and,
 REDD, mid-30s, African American, shaved head, tattoos.

The men sit still, side-by-side, facing the road.

The sound of a car on the highway. We see a 1996 bright
 ORANGE Volkswagen BEATLE approaching. CALIFORNIA plates.

In unison, the men turn their heads toward it.

Simultaneously, Blakk and Redd stand up. Blakk walks into
 the oncoming highway lane of the approaching Beatle. He
 raises his hands and waves them over his head.

The Beatle stops in front of him.

He smiles, walks to the driver's door. Skinny and weak male
 DRIVER, 20s, sits behind the steering wheel. He looks
 scared as he nervously attempts to smile up at Blakk.

Redd's at the passenger door. He smiles at the pretty
 female PASSENGER, 20s, in front. She smiles nervously at
 Redd. The car windows are down. The wind blows her hair.

Blakk and Redd look at each other across the top of the
 car, lock eyes for a moment, simultaneously reach into the
 car, pull the screaming Californians out through the open
 windows. They twist and break their necks: CRACK & CRACK.
 They're limp. Dead. They fall to the road. Dust rises. Redd
 and Blakk look at each other. And chuckle.

REDD

I win again, Dude. Six in a row.

BLAKK

Next time, Dude. I get the girl.

The men drag the Californians' bodies to the shady area
 under the Extraterrestrial Highway sign. Blakk takes out
 the man's wallet, opens it, takes the license, cash and
 credit cards. They walk to the car. Blakk gets behind the
 wheel, Redd enters the front passenger seat.

Redd takes the woman's wallet from her purse, opens it,
 takes the license, cash and credit cards. Tosses the purse
 onto the backseat. They drive down the road.

The two vultures glide down and land near the bodies. They
 cautiously approach them, look around, and begin pecking.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

A nasal cannula provides Woods with oxygen as he lies unconscious on the hospital bed in the living area with a blood pressure cuff around his arm, same as before.

A saline bag hangs from the IV stand next to the bed. Next to the bag hangs a dark, reddish-brown blood bag.

PARISH

He's stable.

The blood line is inserted into the radial artery of Woods' wrist. He wears the bottom half of the black neoprene suit.

Kasza stands on the other side of the bed facing Parish, who wears surgical gear and surgical loupe glasses. She slides a pair of FORCEPS into Woods' abdominal wound.

PARISH

The slug nicked his gastric artery.
That somehow, cauterized itself.

KASZA

Should have, bled out.

PARISH

Luck or something else? I feel it.
There's two slugs, nestled together
in his stomach. There. Got one.

Close on bloody forceps sliding out of the wound, pinched onto a small dark bloody SLUG. She sets it on a metal tray.

Parish slides the forceps into Woods' abdominal wound, maneuvers it around... detects the second one.

PARISH

Okay, got it!

Close on bloody forceps sliding out of the wound pinched onto a small round PURPLE GLOWING PELLETT.

Astounded, Parish pulls off her glasses.

PARISH (CONT'D)

(staring)

What in the glowing heck?

Close on the GLOWING PURPLE MOSCOVIUM 115 FUEL PELLETT.

Kasza steps forward. He peers at the glowing pellet.

KASZA

(alarmed)

Put it down, now! Do you, have a
lead container? Do you?

Parish sets the glowing purple Moscovium 115 pellet on the tray near the bullet slug.

PARISH

(worried)

Uh, yes! I have a lead pig, to
store the radioisotopes I use to
kill cancer cells. Why?

KASZA

Get it!

Parish quickly moves to a shelf, takes a lead cylindrical container down (the PIG), hands it to Kasza. Using the forceps, he picks the glowing purple Moscovium 115 pellet off the tray, sets it into the lead cylinder and seals it.

Parish and Kasza look at each other like--what the fuck?

EXT. AREA S-4 MILITARY BASE - DAY

Bright artificial light. Fortified with fifteen-foot double fencing, rolls of razor wire, manned guard towers. Video cameras everywhere.

SUPER: **PRESENT**

INT. CONTROL ROOM - AREA S-4 BUILDING - NIGHT

Large room, high ceiling. Military Officers, Technicians at workstations in semicircle rows facing Large Video Screens with identifying LABELS showing images of:

- THE PLEIADES: Bluish clusters of hot, B-type stars positioned near the shoulder of Taurus (The Bull), the larger constellation to the right of Orion's Belt.
- MILITARY SATELLITES: tracking geolocations on earth.
- INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION: Astronauts spacewalking, tending to a maintenance repair project on the craft.

MANTIS (O.S.)

Where are they, Colonel?

- U.S. AIR FORCE BASES: Split screen views of: Edwards, Vandenberg, Anacostia-Bolling, Andrews, MacDill and the United States Southern Command bases.

KELLY (O.S.)

We have them, General. Look. They're right there.

(beat)

I think they're there.

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON: Crater-laden with buildings and structures forming a Base with various SAUCERS and sleek-winged AERIAL VEHICLES parked on circular pads.

MANTIS (O.S.)

You think? What is that?!

- SOUTHEASTERN NEVADA: A satellite view of a few mountain ranges and a whole lot of dusty brown dirt.

CONTROL ROOM WORKSTATION

Mantis stands behind Kelly. They're staring at a large monitor screen. The screen shows two tiny ORANGE DOTS on the satellite map of Southeastern Nevada.

KELLY

(using a mouse)

Zooming in.

Close on screen as Kelly's zooming causes the two ORANGE DOTS to enlarge. Two BLACK DOTS near them also enlarge. The topography around the four dots becomes clearly defined.

KELLY

(points at screen)

There. Right, there. At coordinates... 37.647090 and -115.746641.

MANTIS

I see fucking dots, Colonel.

KELLY

It's the Little A'Le'Inn, Sir.

MANTIS.

Explain.

KELLY

Salt & Pepper are literally back in the year, 1998! You're looking at the view of a spacetime that fused the three dimensions of space, and one dimension of time--1998--into a single four-dimensional manifold, that is twenty-six years in the past. Isn't it fucking amazing, General?

MANTIS

I guess. How do we know it's them?

KELLY

They have spacetime location geo-trackers embedded in their Base Access Badges.

MANTIS

(thinks)

What if they take them off?

KELLY

We're fucked. We didn't have time to do subdermal implants.

MANTIS

Where's the J-Rod?

KELLY

(anxious)

No tracking device.

MANTIS

What about the Moscovium pellet?

KELLY

No tracking device.

They stare at the Orange Dots on the monitor screen.

MANTIS

You're oh-for-three, Colonel. What are the black dots?

KELLY

Blakk and Redd. They're there, too. Surveilling Salt & Pepper.

MANTIS

Can't we send a SWAT Unit? Or a Black Hawk with a SEAL team?

KELLY

No, General. They're not there. Today. They are there. In 1998.

MANTIS

How do we get the J-Rod back here when Salt & Pepper find it? To the Base here, in 2024?

KELLY

We configure its coordinates into the Looking Glass. Then we open a Wormhole, like a temporary E.R.B. Then we press the "Return" button.

MANTIS

(sneering)

Quit fucking around, Colonel and get the J-Rod back here, ASAP! Or I will put you in the Looking Glass and send your video game-playing ass back to the Garden of fucking Eden!

KELLY

Of course, Sir. I'm on it.

EXT. LINCOLN COUNTY SHERIFF OFFICE - DAY

Plain gray cinder block building with a sign: "Lincoln County Sheriff and Detention Center." Sheriff SUVs parked in front with early- and mid-1990s vehicles.

SUPER: 1998

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Police business. Phones ring. Deputy Sheriff Officers type reports, interview citizens, talk on phones, file papers.

Sheriff Tashima walks through the office with DEPUTY LEE KERRY, 50s, following him.

TASHIMA

In their twenties, under the E.T. Highway sign?

KERRY

Yep. Both bodies, side-by-side.
Regrettably, the vultures got there
before us. It was pretty messy.

They enter Tashima's office. Tashima leans back against the
front of his desk. Kerry stands near the doorway.

TASHIMA

Who called it in?

KERRY

A tourist. Was taking pictures of
the sign.

TASHIMA

Do we know where they were from?

KERRY

Nope. Both were clean. No I.D.'s,
phones or paper.

TASHIMA

How did they get there?

KERRY

Dragged off the highway. There were
large footprint partials in the
dirt. Probably two guys. Big guys.

TASHIMA

We don't think it has anything to
do with...

KERRY

The Ranch? No. Doubt it.

TASHIMA

And nothing of course, but I have
to ask... to do with the Greys,
Nordics, Orions, or, Reptilians?

(stares at him)

Right, Lee?

KERRY

Well, Walt. You just never know.

TASHIMA

Shit. Canvas the area.

KERRY

In progress. Got it covered. Hey, what happened with the tip I got from that woman, about the "Trailer Star Doctor"? Parish something?

TASHIMA

I checked it out. Doctor Crumpler verified the death. As a suicide.

KERRY

The woman, Mrs. Frost. She had that lawsuit, up at the Supreme Court. Right?

TASHIMA

She did.

KERRY

Those Supreme assholes wouldn't even hear her case. They buried it, you know. She was poisoned. A lot of people were poisoned. People I knew got sick from that burning toxic waste up there. Up at 51. Weird cancers. And that hotshot young Colonel at the time? Mantis? Who ran that secret program? He's getting off scot-free, Walter!

TASHIMA

I know. Mantis is culpable. He should be indicted. Instead, they made him a goddam General.

KERRY

(intense)

One day I'm going to drive up there and-

TASHIMA

-Lee?

KERRY

-Yes, Walt?

TASHIMA

Here and now, Lee. We need to find out who murdered those two kids. Okay? They're our top priority.

Kerry heads out the door-

KERRY (O.S.)
Got it, Boss!

EXT. SWING-SET - TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

Aponi and Amare sit on the swing seats next to each other slowly twirling back and forth as they laugh and tease each other. Best friends enjoying each other's company.

A sickly Native American woman in her 30s, Aponi's Aunt, CHENOA, sits on a blanket nearby watching them.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods sits alertly on the couch. He wears an unbuttoned shirt, bandage on his abdomen, and long pants (borrowed from Kasza).

Kasza, weak and pale, sits in a chair close to Woods. Parish brings sandwiches on plates. They all eat.

PARISH
Kasza, you have to rest. Your blood cells needs to replenish from the transfusion.
(looks at Woods)
You're out of the woods now.

Woods looks at her.

KASZA
(weakly)
Woods...
(to Woods)
You, look familiar, Sir. I, knew a family once. Named, Woods. Your clan, perhaps?

Woods sits silent, looking intently at Kasza. Parish, puzzled, looks at Kasza.

KASZA (CONT'D)
The men. Tall. Blonde hair. Blue eyes. Nordic. Like you. From the, Pleiades. In the Constellation, Taurus. Like, me.
(MORE)

KASZA (CONT'D)

I came from, fifty-two thousand years, in the future.

(trouble breathing)

We Sir, are J-Rods. P52s. Time travelers. Seeking the cure, here, for our people, living, fifty-two thousand years, in the future. Who are very sick and dying. Like me. You need, to find the cure, and return to The Pleiades. To save them. It is at, the military base.

Woods stares at Kasza. Parish is speechless.

EXT. SWING-SET - TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

Aponi and Amare swing high-and-low on the swings laughing happily. Aponi's Aunt Chenoa sits nearby.

AMARE

(teases)

I'm higher than you, Pony-face!
I'm way better than you! Ha-ha!

APONI

I'm going to beat you, Amare!

Aponi pumps her legs, pulls on her swing chains, arcing higher-

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods on the couch. Parish next to him. Kasza in a chair close to them, finishing their sandwiches, same as before.

PARISH

What is your name?

WOODS

My name, is Kasza Woods.

PARISH

(stunned)

What? Is this a joke?

WOODS

Show her.

Woods and Kasza stare at each other. Kasza slowly unbuttons his shirt. He pulls it open, revealing a SCAR on his abdomen. The same size and location as it is on Woods. Parish gasps.

KASZA
(to Woods)
I am from your past. Our past.

WOODS
Yes.

PARISH
(anxious)
How? You can't both be-

WOODS
A quantum glitch, a rare spacetime overlay... One of us-

KASZA
Me.

EXT. SWING-SET - TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

Aponi and Amare swing high-and-low on the swing-set swings. Chenoa sits on a blanket nearby, same as before. Aponi pumps her legs and pulls on the swing chains, arcing higher and higher-

AMARE
Still beating you, Pony-face!

Aponi pumps and pulls harder, and harder-

APONI
(staring; smiling)
I'm feeling it, Amare! I'm going to beat you!

At the top of her swinging arc, Aponi lets go of her chains- screams with joy, flying feet first into the air-

APONI (CONT'D)
I'm free!

Slow Motion: smiling with joyous vacant eyes, braided hair flowing, Aponi flies high through the air, feet first, arms out...her feet rise higher, above her head...she lands hard on the ground, on the back of her neck and head.

Aponi's legs thump down onto the dirt... Dust rises.
Silence. She's motionless.

Amare immediately stops swinging and runs to her side.

AMARE

Aponi!

CHENOA

Yázhí!

Chenoa gets up and scurries to her.

Aponi's vacant eyes are open but do not blink. A smile
frozen on her face. Her neck is crooked.

Fearfully, Amare touches her face, then sprints to Parish's
trailer-

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods on the couch, Parish next to him. Kasza in the chair
close to them, same as before.

Amare bursts through the door:

AMARE

Mom! Help! C'mon! It's Aponi!

Amare exits--Parish runs toward the door following him.

Kasza and Woods look at each other. They lock eyes.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

Parish exits the trailer, runs down the steps toward the
swing-set and Aponi lying flat on her back on the dirt.

SWING-SET

Chenoa kneels near Aponi sobbing and shrieking. Amare and
Parish get to Aponi. Parish kneels down. Amare stands near
her, stiff with fear.

Aponi's eyes are open, blankly staring up at the sky.
Parish feels Aponi's neck for a pulse, immediately
administers chest compressions-

PARISH

(angry; pressing on
her chest)

No! You will not take her! Do you
hear me! No! Not this one! C'mon
Aponi! C'mon, honey. My sweet girl.
Breathe! Breathe Pony-face! Breathe!
Breathe!

Slow Motion: Parish desperately checks Aponi's neck for a
pulse, tears in her eyes, repeats chest compressions,
rhythmically pressing, pressing, pressing, pressing...

Amare drops to his knees, broken. Chenoa sobs and shrieks.

Aponi's glassy eyes do not blink. She is dead. Parish sobs,
and gently drapes herself over Aponi's body.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER - DAY

People sit at picnic tables eating and drinking, same as
before. In the b.g., Clea sits at a table staring up at the
sky. Joe goes to Travis:

JOE

Hey, got a minute?

TRAVIS

No. But for you, Cowboy I'd let you
lasso my asso.

JOE

I have no time, mister alien costume
guy, for rodeo jokes! Now. Have you
seen anyone, that looks like they
don't belong here?

TRAVIS

Yeah. You, her, and everyone else.

JOE

Not tourists. A guy. He's tall.
Looks ill. Maybe wounded?

TRAVIS

Dude. Who are you? Really? You're
throwing creep vibes.

JOE

(whispers)

Kid, I work for the government.
And, we lost a guy. A co-worker.
He's hurt, seriously wounded.

TRAVIS

Uh, huh.

JOE

Very tall, long blonde hair? Nordic?
Kinda like a Viking?

TRAVIS

A Viking? This isn't Minnesota.
Stop gibbering, Brokeback. You're
boring the shit out of me.

Joe shows Travis his Area S-4 Base Access Badge.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit. You guys are Area 51. No.
Haven't seen anyone like that.

JOE

Yeah... He wouldn't be here if he
was hurt. Hey, how about a Doctor?
Any Doctors around here?

TRAVIS

Yeah, actually. South, a couple
miles. Make a left on Shadow Wells
Road. She's in a funky star-shaped
trailer park. It's a hospice or
something. Her name is... Patrice...
no, Parish.

(looks away)

Those two murderers with you?

Travis nods toward conspicuous Redd and Blakk standing near
the diner entrance scanning people.

JOE

(glances at them)

No. Not that I'm aware of. Shit.

(gives him cash)

Here. Thanks, Kid.

Joe moves quickly to Clea at the table. She shakes her head
at him dismissively. He whispers to her.

Clea rises quickly...they exit the picnic area and walk toward the parking lot.

EXT. A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

Joe scans the parked cars. A Honda Accord drives past them and parks. Joe gently takes Clea's arm. They stop. She looks at him.

CLEA
(whispers)
What?

A COUPLE in their 20s wearing "X-Files" t-shirts silk-screened with "The Truth is Out There" and "I Want To Believe" exit the Honda, walk past them and enter the diner's picnic area.

JOE
Get in, passenger side.

Apprehensive, Clea doesn't move. Joe walks to the driver's side and gets in. He waves her to the car, leans over and opens the passenger door for her.

JOE (CONT'D)
(low voice)
Get in. C'mon! We gotta go.

INT. HONDA

Clea nervously looks around, gets in the passenger seat and closes the door. She tries to calm herself while Joe, in the driver's seat, busts the plastic cover off the lower part of the steering column exposing red and brown wires. Joe takes hold of the wires--Clea grabs his arm--

CLEA
Wait!

Clea opens the glovebox, pulls out the Honda Owner's Manual. She flips to the last page--

Close on the "Valet Key" encased in a plastic page-sized insert. Clea pops the key out of the insert.

She smiles mockingly, hands the key to Joe.

CLEA (CONT'D)
It was in a book I read. You can read too, right?

JOE

Not owner's manuals. Okay, smarty-pants. What's the shortest short story ever written?

CLEA

(thinking...)

I have no idea.

JOE

It's six words long. "For sale: Baby shoes. Never worn."

CLEA

Oh my god. That is so sad.

Joe inserts the valet key into the ignition, turns it--car starts--steering wheel unlocks. He puts the car in reverse, backs out of the space, then pulls forward, toward-

EXT. A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

-Redd & Blakk standing a few feet from the car. They stare coldly at Joe and Clea as they slowly drive by-

INT. HONDA

-Joe stares at them. They lock eyes...

EXT. A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

The Honda exits the parking lot onto the highway. TWO WHITE PLASTIC CARDS fly out the open window and blow onto the shoulder. Honda accelerates, heading south on Highway 375.

Close on Clea's "Area S-4 Base Access Card" laying face up on the shoulder. Joe's card blows next to it, lays face up.

Redd and Blakk nonchalantly walk to the orange Beatle. Redd gets in the driver's seat, Blakk in the front passenger seat. The Beatle exits, heads south on Highway 375.

INT. HONDA - HIGHWAY 375 - DAY

Joe drives. Clea's in the passenger seat. The Honda makes a tire-squealing left on Shadow Wells Road and accelerates.

INT. BEATLE - HIGHWAY 375 - DAY

Redd drives, floors the accelerator. Blakk's in the passenger seat. The Beatle VIBRATES very loudly. The speedometer needle won't budge past 70 miles-per-hour... Highway 375 ahead of them is wide open, vacant.

BLAKK

They're fuckin gone man. This go-cart is a piece of shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 (NEAR SHADOW WELLS ROAD) - DAY

The orange Beatle VIBRATES LOUDLY as it PASSES Shadow Wells Road, continuing south on Highway 375.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 - WHITE MAILBOXES - DAY

The orange Beatle passes two stacked white mailboxes.

Close on ONE BOX labeled: "Steve Medlin." The other BOX is labeled: "Alien."

INT. HONDA - DAY

Joe drives. Clea's in the front passenger seat tapping on her phone.

CLEA

I cannot make a call!

JOE

No service. Our phones don't support first-generation mobile communication. They're just expensive cameras.

CLEA

We have been reverse-kidnapped.

JOE

We just traveled back in time. And you're upset. Because you can't call your cat, who couldn't care less that you're gone.

CLEA

I'm not upset. I am angry!

JOE

Lighten up, Francis. You know things, that nobody here knows. You can cash in. For instance, the NASDAQ, you know, the dot.com stock market? It's going to crash in three months. March, 1999. Buy put options or sell it short. You'll win big. That would be fun, right? You'll be rich as fuck.

CLEA

In '98, I was in the fourth grade. My credit cards won't work. My bank accounts don't exist. I didn't have a stock trading account until, 2010. So, Cowboy, in this spacetime, of 1998, I am broke. As fuck! God! I'm stuck in time with a hayseed.

JOE

Hey, Miss Clea. You didn't know about the no phone service. Point for me. I knew that. You did not.

INT. BEATLE - DAY

Redd drives, accelerator floored. Blakk's in the front passenger seat, same as before. Speedometer's at 70 mph.

BLAKK

You missed the fucking turn! Spin this bitch around!

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 SOUTHBOUND - DAY

The orange Beatle passes a highway sign: NV 375 South, makes a power-slide U-turn, loudly accelerates northbound.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 & SHADOW WELLS ROAD - SUNSET

T-Intersection. Tumbleweeds blow across Shadow Wells Road... larger tumbleweeds appear from the west and blow across Shadow Wells... the tumbleweeds become ensnared on the spines of a large group of cactus near the road... more and more tumbleweeds blow in from the west, rapidly metastasizing into a dense mass of tangled dead foliage.

The tumbleweeds form a WALL that completely blocks Shadow Wells Road from Highway 375.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 NORTHBOUND - NIGHT

Headlights on, the orange Beatle slowly approaches the Shadow Wells Road T-Intersection, turns right, stops with its headlights on the massive wall of dense tumbleweeds blocking Shadow Wells Road. Blakk and Redd exit the Beatle and stare at the tumbleweeds.

REDD

Blakk, what kind of mother nature fuckery is this?

BLAKK

Whatever it is, Redd, it's biblical.

REDD

That's gotta be the road, right?

BLAKK

Yep. Let's plow through it.

REDD

In the fucking Beatle? It'll be eaten alive, with us in it. Like a goddam horror movie.

Bright headlights shine on Blakk, Redd and the wall of tumbleweeds. They turn around and squint their eyes into the high-beam headlights-

Deputy Sheriff Lee Kerry appears backlit in front of the Lincoln County Sheriff SUV's headlights.

KERRY

What do we have here?
 (surveys tumbleweeds)
 These suckers are supposed to travel forever. Must be on a break.

Blakk and Redd look at each other. Then look at Kerry.

KERRY

Nature can be a rotten mess. You take your eyes off of it for one second. And it will kill you.
 (nods toward Beatle)
 Boys, this your vehicle?

EXT. GATE - TRAILER COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Kasza at the gate...pulls it closed...puts a star-shaped padlock on it, completing the trailer community's seven-point star formation. Gate and trailers, one-by-one, emit a faint purple haze and hum at 432 Hz, the harmonic frequency of the Universe. Kasza walks toward the picnic table.

Headlights shine on the gate. Headlights go off. Darkness.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - TRAILER COURTYARD - NIGHT

Candles lit, flames flicker. We see the candles forming a rectangle along the top edge perimeter of a picnic table.

One-by-one we see the Residents standing solemnly around the table, their tear-filled eyes lowered:

One Male African American, 50s, One Male Asian, 50s, Two Hispanic Sisters, 50s, Chenoa sobbing softly, Amare, Woods, Parish and Kasza.

In front of Kasza, laying on the table is Aponi. Eyes closed. Peaceful. Yellow butterfly clips adorn her shiny black braids. Her mother Aiyana's favorite earring shines on her ear. Her small hands are clasped across her tummy.

GATE - TRAILER COMMUNITY

Darkness. Sound of car doors opening. Clea and Joe quietly exit the Honda and gently close their doors. They walk to the gate. It's latched with the star-lock. The community hums at 432 Hz and emits the faint purple haze.

JOE

Who are these people? Living in the middle of nowhere, inside a fort, with weird sound and light?

CLEA

It's very mystical. And tranquil. I feel, connected.

JOE

Yeah, me too. Are we tripping? Did Travis slip us the peyote?

Joe and Clea's view of the community Residents standing around the flickering candles on the picnic table.

JOE
 (looks down)
 Hey, there's room to crawl under.

INSIDE OF GATE

Joe crawls under the gate and then helps Clea. They smile at each other and share a moment of camaraderie.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Let's get to that well.

They hurry, unseen by the Residents, to the taped-off water well with the hand-written SIGN on it:

"Do Not Drink From Here! Water Is Poisoned by the U.S. Government! Colonel Mantis = Murderer! Area 51 = Death!"

JOE
 The Mad Hatter is a serial killer.

CLEA
 (peers at picnic table)
 What are they doing?

Their obscured view between the standing Residents of Aponi laying on the table.

JOE
 Looks like a girl on the table.

CLEA
 She isn't moving. Is it a ritual?

PICNIC TABLE

PARISH
 In physics, the law of conservation of energy states that the energy of a unique system, like a human entity, like Aponi's soul, remains constant. It means energy can neither be created nor destroyed. It can only be transformed or transferred from one form to another. Aponi, our angel, all your energy, every vibration, every wave of every particle that was you, remains with us in this world.

(MORE)

PARISH (CONT'D)

All the photons from you that were absorbed by our eyes, the particles whose paths were interrupted by your smile, by your words, the touch of your hair, were forever changed, by you. It means that all the energy created by you within us will go on forever. Scientists measured precisely the conservation of energy and found it accurate, verifiable and consistent across space and time. We are comforted to know, Aponi, that your energy is still here, and will remain within our hearts, forever. Amen.

RESIDENTS

Amen.

The Residents lean forward, reverently touch Aponi. Tears in his eyes, Amare touches Aponi's arm then slowly walks away, in a daze, toward the light blue trailer.

Distraught Chenoa approaches Parish.

CHENOA

(crying; pleading)

It was me, Parish. I called Walter about Mrs. Foster. I'm dying. So frightened. Now I'm alone, without my Aponi. I know you always do the right thing. That you have love in your heart. Please forgive me, Parish. When it's my time, will you help me? Please help me.

Parish wraps her arms around Chenoa. Their tears fall.

WATER WELL

Joe and Clea's view of Woods standing next to Kasza.

CLEA

(quiet excitement)

There he is. The J-Rod. With the long blonde hair. Oh my god. A real live alien. He's a giant. The bald guy, too. Who is he?

JOE

They resemble each other. Maybe
it's his Dad?

The Residents including Chenoa disperse to their trailers,
leaving Parish, Woods and Kasza at the picnic table.

KASZA

I'm, ready.

Woods nods. Kasza steps close to Aponi laying on the picnic
table. He towers above her head. He looks down at her face.
Sweet little child. A sad smile on his face. He places his
large hands gently on the sides of her head. He closes his
eyes...squeezes them tightly shut...purses his lips. His
face tenses...body stiffens...he vibrates...hands tremble
gently against the sides of Aponi's head...

Enthralled, Parish and Woods watch Kasza and Aponi: Kasza's
heart/chest briefly, internally, flashes with PURPLE
LIGHT...that spreads throughout his body...

The internal purple light streams downward through Kasza's
arms...into his hands, and fingers...into Aponi's head...
Aponi's body briefly radiates and FLASHES! PURPLE LIGHT.
Then extinguishes. She lies still.

Kasza is GONE.

WATER WELL

JOE

The giant made lightning. Then
disappeared. What the fuck, Clea?

PICNIC TABLE

Woods now stands in Kasza's place. He extends his hand
toward Aponi... He smiles, as he rests his large hand on
her small clasped hands... her fingers twitch... she
touches Woods' hand... her eyes open. She stares upward.
She blinks. She grips Woods' hand tightly with both
hands... her eyes open wider. She smiles.

APONI

(stunned)

Are those, the stars? They are so
beautiful.

Parish at Aponi's side, stares at her, filled with love.

WATER WELL

CLEA
(astonished)
Jesus, was she, dead?

JOE
That would be impossible. Right?

EXT. LINCOLN COUNTY SHERIFF OFFICE - NIGHT

Plain gray cinder block building with the sign on it:
"Lincoln County Sheriff and Detention Center." A couple
Sheriff SUVs parked in front with other 1990's vehicles.

Tashima exits, climbs into his County Sheriff SUV with the
1998 sticker on it, backs out of his space and drives off.

EXT. SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

County Sheriff SUV drives slowly along the dark road.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - AREA S-4 BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPER: PRESENT

Large room. Military Officers and Technicians sit at work-
stations in semicircle rows facing multiple large active
video screens, same as before.

CONTROL ROOM WORKSTATION

Mantis and Kelly sit side-by-side peering at the large
monitor screen. The screen shows a close, detailed
topographical view of Rachel, Nevada (same as before).

Close on screen: Two large Orange Dots are at the same
location as before, The Little A'Le'Inn.

KELLY
Salt & Pepper haven't moved at all.
It doesn't make sense. Are they-

MANTIS
Yeah, they're fucking oranges!
Jesus H. Christ, Kelly, what in
the fuck is going on with those
dots?! Are they periods?!

One Black Dot is stationary at the intersection of Highway 375 & Shadow Wells Road. The other Black Dot moves slowly eastbound along Shadow Wells Road...

MANTIS (CONT'D)

Where is Roulette going? Salt & Pepper are back at the diner. Ugh! Idiots!

(in Kelly's face)

If Roulette fucks this up, Colonel, you will be the one going to Rachel!

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 & SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

T-Intersection. Orange Beatle's headlights beam on the dense tangled tumbleweed wall across Shadow Wells Road.

Men's boots on the pavement near the tumbleweed wall. Worn by Redd. Who is dead. Eyes open. Several bloody bullet holes in his chest.

Deputy Sheriff Lee Kerry lies amidst the tumbleweeds. Dead. A large knife in his back. His pistol holster is empty.

Kerry's SUV is gone. We see a wide gap through the middle of the tumbleweed wall leading out, down Shadow Wells Road.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - TRAILER COURTYARD - NIGHT

Parish hugs Aponi, beyond happy. Woods is next to Parish.

APONI

You are so beautiful, Parish! Now I know what that word means!

PARISH

My sweet girl. You are a miracle.

APONI

(smiling)

How? Tell me.

PARISH

Kasza. And this new, visitor.

(smiles)

His name is Kasza, too. Transferred energy or... something complicated. I don't really know.

Parish looks at Woods. She subtly touches his hand. He smiles at her. Their hands touch, flirt, then clasp.

APONI

Where is he, the other one?

PARISH

He had to leave, Pony-face. But his energy is still here. With us.

Amare, appears next to Parish. Speechless, in awe.

APONI

Are you, my Amare? Oh my god! My best friend! I see you! No more cheating the blind kid, Dude!

She hugs him. He hugs her, and smiles. Tears in his eyes.

WATER WELL

Joe and Clea stand by the well, same as before.

CLEA

I feel the love. But we have to get him. I have to go home. My cat...

JOE

He's a big dude. This could get dicey. Maybe we should rethink our strategy. Let's go. Slowly.

They walk to the picnic table. Everyone quiets, stares at them-

PARISH

This is a private community. The gate is locked and you are not welcome here. Who are you?

CLEA

Uh, yeah. Good question. Joe? You wanna take this one?

JOE

Sure. This is Clea. She's a Doctor, and actually a very well-known forensic expert. My name's Joe. I'm a forensic scientist. Very much unknown, by pretty much everybody.

PARISH

Amare, take Aponi home.

WOODS

What are you doing here, Joe?

In the b.g., Amare and Aponi head to Parish's trailer.

JOE

We were sent here. Against our will. By a man who you all seem to hate, with good reason. Who is actually now, a General.

PARISH

What does that even mean?

CLEA

He's a Colonel in this spacetime, today, here in 1998, who evidently poisoned your well water. Causing a lot of people to die. He's a General now at Area 51, in the spacetime that we came from. The same spacetime, as this gentleman.

Joe tentatively points at Woods.

JOE

We were sent to bring you back.

PARISH

Mantis is living in another space-time, like some Einstein quantum physics time bending thing?

JOE

Yes. Just like that.

WOODS

What spacetime? From where?

CLEA

The year, 2024. From, and as Joe said, totally against our will, the Papoose Lake Facility. Area S-4. Level 4-2.

JOE

Transported by the Looking Glass.

WOODS

(chuckles)

The Looking Glass. Mantis wants his Moscovium 115 pellet back? Is that what this is about?

JOE

Yes, he does want that back. Most definitely. And you, too.

WOODS

Well, Joe, and Clea. It's been very nice meeting you, but I'm not going anywhere.

JOE

Okay. Okay. That's fine with us.

(looks at Clea)

We aren't going back either.

CLEA

(panic)

What? Joe, I have to go back. My life is there. Not here. My Mama? I can't leave- and my cat, she'll die without me.

JOE

(to Clea)

We saw that Colonel, murder a man, Captain Browner, in cold blood. Right in front of us. That means Mantis will kill us, too. Either here, or back there. Sorry, Clea.

Clea is stunned, realizing this truth. In a daze she walks to the picnic table, and sits down. Eyes fill with tears.

WOODS

What are you going to do, Joe?

JOE

(looks at Clea)

I'm gonna dance with the one I came with. She needs me.

Woods nods... Joe walks over to Clea... sits next to her. He puts his arm around her. He hugs her. She lets him.

EXT. GATE - TRAILER COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Lincoln County Sheriff SUV rolls up silently behind the Honda with its headlights off. Tumbleweed brush embedded in its front grill. It stops. Door opens. Blakk gets out with Kerry's pistol in his hand. He approaches the gate-

Gate is latched with the lock. He crawls under, rises and-
Blakk's view of everybody near the picnic table.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 & SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

Orange Beatle's headlights beam on the dense tangled tumbleweed wall across Shadow Wells Road.

Lincoln County Sheriff SUV rolls up behind the Beatle.

Tashima gets out and walks to the empty Beatle with its doors open, stops, glances inside the car-

Close on the Californian woman's purse in the back seat.

Tashima walks cautiously toward the tumbleweed wall.

Close on Kerry laying amidst the brush and cactus.

Tashima crouches next to Kerry, places his fingers on his neck to check his pulse. He closes Kerry's eyes, sadly stares at his dead friend... speaks into his shoulder-mic-

TASHIMA

All units, all units, 375 and
Shadow Wells Road. Officer Kerry...
Deceased. 10-53. Coroner needed.

Tashima rises. Stares at the gap in the tumbleweed wall.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - TRAILER COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Parish, Woods, Joe and Clea sit at the table. Blakk creeps up on them with the pistol in his hand. He gets to within a few feet of them--Woods sees him and stands.

BLAKK

Hey friends and neighbors. Looks
like a party? Who's Salt & Pepper?
You two, or you two?

PARISH

I'm a Doctor. Put that gun down.
Children live here. Put it down!

BLAKK

Okay, probably not you.
(to Clea & Joe)
You two then. You're the CSI's?

WOODS

(stands)
Hey, dumbshit. Look at me.

BLAKK

Oh, the giant. The J-Rod. The real
live spaceman. I'm impressed. You're
coming with me, big guy. And you two,
will be staying here, in 1998.
(aims pistol)
Forever.

GUNSHOT--BLOOD splatters over Clea and Joe.

Blakk hits the dirt, face down. Top of his head blown off.

TASHIMA

(walks up)
Everyone okay?

PARISH

Yes, Walter... Welcome back.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

SUPER: SEVEN MONTHS LATER... JULY 1999

Amare and Aponi tend to their garden (formerly fallow)
blooming with colorful flowers and hearty vegetables.

Sitting at a picnic table, Joe and Clea smile and talk.

CLEA

It's that time again, Joe.

JOE

Ovulation sex is awesome. You
feeling lucky, Clea?

They smile, rise and walk hand-in-hand to their trailer.

Parish and Woods step out of the pale blue trailer. He rubs her baby bump, kisses her. They hug. He takes a shovel leaning against the trailer down the steps, and heads off toward the graveyard and the blooming Desert Willow tree.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DESERT WILLOW TREE - DAY

Fresh colorful flower bouquets are set on every grave.

EXT. ARROYO - DAY

Woods is in the dry creek bed, digging dirt out of the bank with the shovel. He scrapes the last of the dirt off a wide rollup door. He pulls it up. And smiles. He stares at-

-Kasza's (his) sleek, interstellar superluminal SPACECRAFT that he first arrived in many years ago. Woods presses a button that opens a small door to the craft's power port. Using forceps, he places the glowing purple Moscovium 115 pellet into the power chamber then seals the hatch. The door slides open, he slides inside the spacecraft. The door slides closed. The engine FIRES UP and IDLES. Then slowly hover-exits out of the bay. It momentarily hangs in the air above the dry creek bed, and then--BOOM!--it's GONE.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER - DAY

A menu lowers, revealing a very pissed-off Colonel Kelly in civilian clothes. Waiter Travis, wearing the alien costume, stands at Kelly's side with a pen and order pad. Travis scowls at him, as if he knows he's a fascist murderer.

KELLY

The Alien burger, fries and a beer.
Make it fast, boy, I'm hungry.

Travis jots down the order and heads off to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Travis hands Kelly's order slip to BOB, the grill cook.

TRAVIS

(smiles)
Extra peyote on that one, Bob.

BOB

You got it, Trav!

FADE OUT.