

Alien Awake

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From a story by Christopher Gray & Matthew Self

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FADE IN:

**EXT. DALLAS, TX HWY (EVENING)**

Various views of downtown Dallas. White truck is seen driving down highway towards downtown.

**INT. TRUCK (EVENING)**

Daniel Proctor is driving and his daughter Jean is in the front passenger seat. Classic rock is heard on the radio in the background. Daniel is about 45 years old, brown hair, thin, and has a pleasant demeanor. Jean is college-aged, has a fair complexion and blonde hair.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
Looking forward to the game  
tonight, honey?

JEAN PROCTOR  
For sure, Mavs should win all  
the way.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
You know, I remember taking you  
kids every blue moon to these  
games. We never could afford  
courtside seats, so we'd have to  
sit in the nosebleeds.

JEAN PROCTOR  
I remember that. I think we were  
on the very back row one time.  
(Laughs)

DANIEL PROCTOR  
I'm just glad you won these  
tickets at school, Jean. First  
time I've got to sit this close  
before.

JEAN PROCTOR  
You're the first person I thought  
of when I won them, Dad.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
Well I know your mom never liked  
going to these types of things.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Laughs)

Even if she did...well...no, it was always going to be you.

DANIEL PROCTOR

(Smiles)

How are your grades? Seeing any more of Robert?

JEAN PROCTOR

Oh, here it comes!

(Laughs)

DANIEL PROCTOR

Now, honey, I'm just asking. You know I don't mean to pry into your life.

JEAN PROCTOR

I know, Dad. No, my grades are good--on track to make straight A's again.

DANIEL PROCTOR

That's my Jean! And Robert?

JEAN PROCTOR

Well, we went on a couple of dates...yeah, just didn't work out. I mean, he was cool, just not my type.

DANIEL PROCTOR

How so? Seemed like a nice kid.

JEAN PROCTOR

One word: Clingy!

DANIEL PROCTOR

(Laughs)

Ah, ok. I know my girl doesn't need that in her life.

Daniel leans over, holds up Jean's left hand and kisses the back of it.

DANIEL PROCTOR

You know, Mom wishes you would call more often. She misses you.

JEAN PROCTOR

Yeah, well. You know...school and work...things get hectic.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
You make time to call me.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Yeah, well that's different.

Daniel shakes his head. A few moments pass quietly except for the music in the background.

JEAN PROCTOR  
You know, I have a new one to tell you.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
(Laughs)  
Okay, okay. Let's hear it. Lay it on me.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well, you know...okay...so what do you call it when someone watches all the Benjie movies consecutively, one after the other?

DANIEL PROCTOR  
(Thinks for a second)  
I don't know...what's that?

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Smiling)  
"Benjie-Watching"

DANIEL PROCTOR  
(Laughs)  
No, no...thumbs down! All the way!

JEAN PROCTOR  
You laughed! That's a win for me!

DANIEL PROCTOR  
Okay, okay. My turn.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Okay.

Meanwhile, a car is speeding down the highway in the opposite direction--coming straight towards the Proctor truck. Neither Jean nor Daniel sees it.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
What do you call a demon having a bad hair day?

JEAN PROCTOR  
 (Smiling)  
 I don't know...what?

DANIEL PROCTOR  
 A...wait. What's that?

Daniel sees the car coming straight at them.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
 Baby, hold on!  
 (Reaches his hand over to  
 protect her)

Jean looks straight and sees the car. She then looks right into her father's eyes. Daniel makes a fast swerve to the right.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Dad! Dad!

Screen goes black.

#### **EXT. AURORA CEMETERY (DAY)**

It's a clear bright day in the Aurora Cemetery--a rather large cemetery for such a small town. A funeral service is being held for Daniel Proctor underneath the Pavilion of the cemetery. A small sized group is present--around 15 people, including Jean, her mother, and sister in the front row. There are quite a few empty chairs. Officiating the service is Pastor Frank Williford, a slightly older gentleman in his '50's, with a comforting demeanor and soft tone to his voice.

FRANK  
 ...and Daniel was a loving father,  
 devoted husband, and a pillar to  
 this community.  
 (Pauses a few moments)  
 Now, his daughter, Jean, has a few  
 words to say about her father.

Jean slowly and nervously makes her way to the front of the gathering next to Pastor Frank. Jean looks out at everyone who has gathered and stares for a few moments.

FRANK  
 Go on now, Ms. Jean.

Jean looks up at Pastor Frank, and then pulls out her notes from her pocket--a crumpled up piece of handwritten paper.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 My dad...  
 (MORE)

JEAN PROCTOR (CONT'D)  
(clears throat)  
My dad was the...

Jean stops and again looks at everyone in the seats. She puts her note back in her pocket.

JEAN PROCTOR  
My dad was a great man. A really great man. The best father anyone could ever want. And maybe not everyone saw that. But he was. And...well, I don't know...I just wanted to let everyone know that. Maybe he didn't make the best choices sometimes, or make the most money. But, you know, he was my dad. And I'm going to miss him. More than anything. I'm really going to miss him. I'm going to miss his smile, and his gentleness, and his corny sense of humor. I'm going to miss a lot of the little things too. And I promise you, this town will remember my father as a great man...what he always was....

Jean pauses for a few moments. She looks up at the group of people.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Umm...thank you everyone.

Jean walks away from the front, back to her seat.

FRANK  
(Pauses for a moment)  
Thank you, Ms. Jean. Now let's all bow our heads...Dear Father we come here...

FADE OUT...

**EXT. CEMETERY (DAY)**

Jean stands in front of Daniel Proctor's headstone, looking down at it. Jean's mother walks up to her from behind. She is tall, dressed in black, has brown hair, and a stern voice.

MRS. PROCTOR  
It's time to go, honey. C'mon.

JEAN PROCTOR  
You go, I'm staying here.

MRS. PROCTOR  
That was a very nice speech you  
gave about your father.

JEAN PROCTOR  
(In a defensive tone)  
Yeah, well I meant it. And someone  
had to do it.

MRS. PROCTOR  
Jean, I know you blame me. You  
blame me for a lot of things, but  
I want you to know, I love you,  
just like your father loved you.  
I've always done what I think is  
best for you. Your father, well,  
he did what he could. He never  
could make the money to send you  
girls off to school properly. And  
he always focused more on pipe  
dreams than living in the moment.  
But I--

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Interrupts)  
You're right, mom. I do blame you  
for a lot of things, like I blame  
this town for a lot of things.  
Everyone always looking down their  
noses, or saying dad wasn't good  
enough. But you know, he was  
raising two young girls to be the  
best they could be. And...you  
know...he loved us. He loved us  
more than anything. And, as we are  
being honest here, he cared more  
for us than you ever did. He's  
more honorable than you or anyone  
else in this town will ever be.  
And you know, I'd give anything  
just to have one more second with  
him...anything. But you know? A  
part of me is glad he finally  
escaped you. And he finally  
escaped this town. And you know  
what I really hope for? That he's  
in a better place now.

Jean's mom looks saddened. She slowly walks away. Jean turns  
back to her father's headstone and stares for a few moments.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 (Whispers)  
 Goodbye, dad. Love you.

Jean kisses her hand and puts it on her father's headstone. She then walks away.

Different headstones are seen in the cemetery--from infants, to Civil War veterans, from hundreds of years ago, to this year. Finally, a large stone underneath a lonely tree is seen with the words, "ALIEN BURIED HERE - REST IN PEACE" etched in the stone.

FADE OUT...

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DAY)**

Various views of Aurora, TX and view of Proctor House--an old but nicely kept white farmhouse. Jean is on her front porch. She looks beyond at the cemetery in the background with pondering eyes. She hears a phone ring inside the farmhouse and reluctantly goes inside.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DAY)**

JEAN PROCTOR  
 (Picks up phone)  
 Hello?

KIM WATKINS  
 Hey, you. We just left UNT and are on our way over there.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Oh, awesome, Ms. Kim Watinks.  
 What's your ETA?

KIM WATKINS  
 Maps says 45 minutes, but you know...we'll probably pick up some booze before we see you.

(BACKGROUND CHATTER--VOICES SCREAMING BOOZE!)

JEAN PROCTOR  
 I guess Mike and Chad are with you  
 (laughs)

KIM WATKINS  
 Mike has almost killed us twice now. I think he's had at least 4 shots of Tito's.



JEAN PROCTOR  
Sounds like Mike.

KIM WATKINS  
Fucker. God. How are you doing?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Ummm...I'm good. I'm doing good.

KIM WATKINS  
Yeah?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Yeah...I mean, you know...yeah.  
I'm fine.

KIM WATKINS  
Ok. Hey girl, we'll be there in no  
time. We'll have the time of our  
lives. It's spring break, we have  
the house to ourselves...we are  
going to have a great time.

JEAN PROCTOR  
I know, we will have fun.

KIM WATKINS  
Ok. see you soon, girl!

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Laughs)  
Ok, Kim. Be safe.

KIM WATKINS  
Bye.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Bye.  
(Hangs up phone)

Jean walks slowly, almost child-like around the room of the house. She studies the pictures on the mantle of the living room fireplace. Black and white pictures of the past along with more current color pictures with what seems to be a young Jean. The house was built in the 1800's. Sturdy and decorated traditionally--separated rooms with a purpose. A Norman Bates-Psycho-type house with a long history, and seemingly ominous feel.

Jean walks over to her cell phone sitting on a side table of the living room. Still plugged in and charging, she turns on the phone and looks down at the screen.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Still no damn signal  
(She says under her breath).

Jean then walks back outside to the front porch.

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DAY)**

Jean stares on into the horizon at the cemetery in the background. The sun is starting to set. Jean looks almost curious at the cemetery, but with a purpose.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (EVENING)**

Jean is asleep on the couch of the living room when she is awakened by the sound of a car door shutting hard. She gets up and looks outside of the window to see Kim, Mike, and Chad unloading their luggage from Mike's 2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee.

Jean looks at the time on her phone, which reads 8:25pm. She slowly gets off of the couch and moves towards the door.

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (EVENING)**

JEAN PROCTOR  
Hey guys, what's up?

MIKE  
Fucking ready to have some fun.  
(Pulls out bag from truck)

KIM WATKINS  
(Takes a sip from her  
Starbuck's coffee cup)  
You've been having fun since your  
last test yesterday, asshole.

MIKE  
Well who has a problem with that?  
(laughs)

CHAD  
I wouldn't have a problem with  
that as long as you could keep  
your goddamn car between the  
yellow lines of the road.

MIKE  
Shit. I feel judgments are  
upon me!

KIM WATKINS

No, not judgements...facts, my friend. Facts.

JEAN PROCTOR

Sounds like you guys had a fun trip over here. What's in the brown bags?

CHAD

Oh, you know, in case we get thirsty.

JEAN PROCTOR

Gotcha. Come inside guys.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

It's about 9:30pm, the group have put away their belongings and they are sitting in the living room having a few drinks and talking.

Jean's three friends are college-aged and have that young person's sense of arrogance about them. Like a 4x8 could hit them across their heads and they would feel like the wood would break. Kim is very pretty, has a tan and toned physique. Mike is white, average height, not particularly skinny or large--a James DeBello look-a-like. And Chad is shorter, Asian-decent, with long black hair.

Mike and Kim are sitting on opposite ends of the blue couch facing the fireplace. Chad is sitting on the floor propped up in front of the off-color green coffee table, while Jean is on one of the rather stately-looking chairs next to the couch.

CHAD

(Laughing)

No, I was not polishing my so-called thumbtack, asshole. More like polishing the ole Egyptian staff.

MIKE

Egyptian staff my ass! Little General Tso's chicken noodle is more like what I heard.

CHAD

I can't believe Stacy told you about that anyway, man.

KIM WATKINS

You both are gross.

(MORE)

KIM WATKINS (CONT'D)

And yes, I feel very bad for Stacy walking in on a David Carradine-like sex show starring Chad and Lisa.

CHAD

Never again am I doing an Airbnb with one bedroom and 6 people. Like never again.

MIKE

(Takes a drink of his vodka)  
Fuck that, you'll never be invited to anything like that ever again for like the next three years of your college life, bro. Everyone knows about that shit.

CHAD

You think Lisa still blames me?

MIKE

Do gay dogs love dick?

KIM WATKINS

Only way Lisa is ever going to forgive your ass is if you get down on your knees and apologize OneRepublic style.

CHAD

Damn. The whole school really knows, Mike?

MIKE

Let's put it this way...when Billy throws his Halloween party later this year, I would not be surprised if there are more than one Chad Pham impersonators with a clothes hanger and handcuffs as their props.

KIM WATKINS

(Laughs)  
Jesus, Mike.

CHAD

Lisa is never going to forgive me.

MIKE

Hey, just be glad no one recorded it, dude.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You'd be a Youtube sensation by  
now. Right, Jean?

Jean looks expressionless sitting on her chair with a cup of coffee in hand--like she hadn't heard what any of them were talking about.

KIM WATKINS  
Jean? Hey.

JEAN PROCTOR  
What? Yeah?  
(Laughs)  
Sorry guys. I guess I just have a  
lot on my mind.

KIM WATKINS  
That's totally understandable. I  
mean, what you've dealt with in  
the last year with your dad dying.  
Shit. I don't know what I'd do.

CHAD  
It's good you've taken the  
semester off, Jean.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Yeah, and have to work my butt off  
during the summer to make up the  
classes.

KIM WATKINS  
Hey, Mike will be there with you,  
making up his failed classes.

MIKE  
(Stares intensely at Kim)  
Bitch.

JEAN PROCTOR  
I mean, my dad is someone I have  
great respect for. Someone that  
also had high hopes for me.

KIM WATKINS  
And you will do him proud. I know  
you will.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Will I? I mean, My declared major  
is unknown. What am I going to do  
with my life, Kim?

KIM WATKINS

You'll figure it out, Jean. You are only a sophomore. You've got time to figure out what you want to do with your life and honor your father's memory.

Jean looks outside of her living room window. The curtains are opened and one of the windows opened as well. She stares intensely in the direction of the cemetery.

CHAD

Yeah, Jean. I mean, what do you feel your father would have wanted?

MIKE

I hope it's more than what my father wants of me...shit..."Son, get your ass an education and get what everyone in your family ever wanted...a desk job!

KIM WATKINS

Not funny, Mike.

MIKE

No it's not. I'm serious!

KIM WATKINS

Jean, what are you thinking?

JEAN PROCTOR

I want him to have been known for something important. He just died. And that's it. He died in a stupid car wreck that doesn't mean a goddamn thing. And I think about how when we are gone, his family, how then no one would remember him. He lived in this hell-hole of a town and no one gave him the time of day. And what am I going to to honor his memory? Get a degree? He deserves more than that. He deserves a lot more than that.

KIM WATKINS

Like what, Jean? What are you thinking?

Jean puts her head between her legs, which she has folded on the seat of the chair. She sighs and takes a drink of her now warm cocktail.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Why don't we make history?

MIKE  
(Talking somewhat drunk) Like  
become a President? You want to  
become a President, Jean? That's a  
great idea. I would vote for  
you...I would vote for you in a  
heartbeat.

KIM WATKINS  
Shut the fuck up, Mike.

CHAD  
Jean, like how?

JEAN PROCTOR  
You know the legend of Aurora? I  
mean, like what it is famous for?  
The only thing it's famous for...

KIM WATKINS  
You mean, the alien?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Yeah, "Ned", as the town so humbly  
has named him.

CHAD  
Didn't he crash in town  
or something?

Jean gets up and runs to the back of the house. The other three  
just look at each other wondering where she is going. Jean  
comes back with an old newspaper clipping.

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Reading from the newspaper  
clipping) "About 6 o'clock this  
morning the early risers of Aurora  
were astonished at the sudden  
appearance of the airship which  
has been sailing throughout the  
country. It was traveling due  
north, and much nearer the earth  
than before. Evidently some of the  
machinery was out of order, for it  
was making a speed of only ten or  
twelve miles an hour, and  
gradually settling toward earth.

(MORE)

## JEAN PROCTOR (CONT'D)

It sailed over the public square and when it reached the north part of town [it] collided with the tower of Judge Proctor's windmill and went to pieces with a terrific explosion, scattering debris over several acres of ground, wrecking the windmill and water tank and destroying the judge's flower garden. The pilot of the ship is supposed to have been the only one aboard, and while his remains are badly disfigured, enough of the original has been picked up to show that he was not an inhabitant of this world. Mr. T. J. Weems, the U.S. Signal Service officer at this place and an authority on astronomy, gives it as his opinion that he [the pilot] was a native of the planet Mars. Papers found on his person-evidently the records of his travels are written in some unknown hieroglyphics, and cannot be deciphered. This ship was too badly wrecked to form any conclusion as to its construction or motive power. It was built of an unknown metal, resembling somewhat a mixture of aluminum and silver, and it must have weighed several tons. The town today is full of people who are viewing the wreckage and gathering specimens of strange metal from the debris. The pilot's funeral will take place at noon tomorrow. ~Dallas Morning News, April 19, 1897."

The four friends just kind of sit in the living room of the Proctor house for a few moments looking at each other. Suddenly, the wind causes the front window in the living room to slam shut causing Kim to scream.

KIM WATKINS

Jesus!

MIKE

Relax, Kim. Just the wind.

KIM WATKINS

I know. Just scared me, that's all.



CHAD

So Jean, Judge Proctor...is that like a relative of yours?

JEAN PROCTOR

Yes. This is his house.

MIKE

And there used to be a windmill on the property?

JEAN PROCTOR

Yes.

KIM WATKINS

(In a sarcastic tone)

The one the alien crashed into?

JEAN PROCTOR

Yes.

CHAD

And the cemetery out there?

JEAN PROCTOR

The alien was supposedly buried there.

MIKE

(Laughs)

So "Ned" is buried in your backyard?

JEAN PROCTOR

(In a serious, almost defense tone)

Supposedly, yes.

KIM WATKINS

You don't actually believe that do you, Jean?

JEAN PROCTOR

I'm not saying I do. What I'm saying is my dad did. And I want to honor his memory.

CHAD

How? By digging up the grave?  
(laughs)

Jean sits there with a stern look on her face staring back at Chad.

CHAD

You're joking, right? We could go to fucking jail.

KIM WATKINS

Jean, you have had one too many vodkas.

MIKE

Sign me the fuck up!

KIM WATKINS

Mike, shut up.

CHAD

Jean, what you are suggesting would have us thrown in jail. I'm too young for that. I mean--

JEAN PROCTOR

Look, if there isn't an alien there, we just don't get caught. If there is, then we aren't going to jail, we are going in the history books for the most important find of all time.

KIM WATKINS

Jean, I'm your best friend. I sympathize with what you are going through right now. But your dad would not have wanted this.

JEAN PROCTOR

My dad always talked about digging up that damn grave. But bless his heart, he never had the balls to do it. If we could dig up this grave and find out the truth of Aurora, he would be more than proud.

MIKE

(Slurred speech)

I whole-heartily endorse this mission of truth-seeking, and Indiana Jones-like adventurism.

JEAN PROCTOR

Thank you, Mike.

KIM WATKINS

Mike, shut up. You're drunk.

CHAD

And um...well...back to my original concern...what if we get caught?

KIM WATKINS

There's no if, Chad. We are not going to get caught, because we aren't doing this. It's crazy!

JEAN PROCTOR

Kim, please. Do this for me.

KIM WATKINS

Girl, you know I got you. But this is crazy. Like Chad said, what if we get caught? I have high hopes for my life.

JEAN PROCTOR

We won't get caught. I have a plan...everyone get in close.

The four friends all lean in while Jean starts to speak (inaudible).

FADE OUT...

**INT. AURORA GAS STATION (MORNING)**

Gas station convenience store is somewhat run-down but still fully operational. There are just a few shoppers in the background grabbing chips, drinks, etc., and RALPH who is employed at the gas station behind the counter. Door opens and NED PHILLIPS walks in. Ned is an older, white, somewhat overweight gentleman with a country twang. One might be reminded of the Old Prospector in THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

RALPH

How ya doin', Ned? Watcha doin' up here so early?

NED PHILLIPS

Now Ralph, how many times have I told ya? A rooster don't count sheep at the break of dawn.

RALPH

Yes, sir.

NED PHILLIPS

Now, Ralph, I do some of my best writin' early in the morning or in the dead of night. I'll take two of them sausage sandwiches that you got cooking on the back burner there.

RALPH

(Grabs the breakfast sandwiches in the back behind the counter.)  
Doin' some writing this morning, Ned?

NED PHILLIPS

Now, Ralph, what did I just now say? You bet your dirty britches I'm gonna go work on my now third book this morning out at the old cemetery.

RALPH

Oh, I know, Ned. Writing about your namesake in the grave? Watcha writin' 'bout this time in your new book? (Packs the breakfast sandwiches in a bag).

NED PHILLIPS

Now I've told you time and time again, he got no name, dammit. He's dead! How in the hell are we supposed to know his damn name? It was that there city council that thought they'd make a mockery of me, by naming that poor soul after yours so truly. Stinkin' political crackpots if you ask me! We got the most earth-shattering proof of alien existence right here in our old cemetery, and all the so-called "city council" can do it make it the town mascot and call it "Ned." Stupid, stupid, stupid!

RALPH

Now, Ned. I'm sorry, now. You know I didn't mean to get you all riled up. Here's your sandwiches.

NED PHILLIPS

I've told you and everyone else in this backwards town that we've got some real science beneath our feet, if we just raised our arms to unbury it. But no...stinkin' politics...and turnin' science into a traveling circus.

RALPH

Yes, sir.

Front door suddenly swings open, and Jean and Kim walk in. Both look somewhat suspicious, as if they were getting ready to go up and down the store aisles looking for something to steal.

RALPH

Howdy, Jean! Who's this young lady, here?

JEAN PROCTOR

Good morning, Ralph. This is my friend, Kim.

RALPH

Well howdy there, Ms. Kim. Nice to meet ya, my name is Ralph.

KIM WATKINS

Nice to meet you, Ralph.

JEAN PROCTOR

Hello, Mr. Phillips.

NED PHILLIPS

Why hello, Ms. Proctor. Watcha two young ladies up to this morning?

JEAN PROCTOR

Just coming in to get some of Ralph's famous breakfast sandwiches. The boys are still asleep back at the house.

NED PHILLIPS

You up there by yourself this week aren't ya, Jean?

JEAN PROCTOR

Yes, sir. My mom took my sister to visit my aunt in California for spring break.

NED PHILLIPS  
And they left you behind,  
sweetheart?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well, my friends are up here for  
the next few days, so I'll--

KIM WATKINS  
--We are very much taking care of  
Ms. Jean, sir. She's in very good  
hands.

NED PHILLIPS  
You holding up, okay, young lady?  
Your papa was a special man. A  
real special man. I miss him  
dearly.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Thank you, Mr. Phillips. Yes,  
he was.

Ralph hands Jean the four breakfast sandwiches and she pays him  
in cash.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well excuse us, good  
morning, gentlemen.

KIM WATKINS  
Bye!

RALPH  
Ladies.

NED PHILLIPS  
Ya'll take good care now, ya hear?

Jean and Kim open the door and walk back outside to Mike's Jeep  
parked in front of the store.

NED PHILLIPS  
Now Dan Proctor...he was one of  
the few smart people in this damn  
town. Shame...shame he passed on  
us. Before the world got to know  
the truth of what happened  
here....Now Ralph, let me tell  
you, don't skimp me out of no  
sausage this time...(audio fades)

FADE OUT...

**EXT. CEMETERY (DAY)**

Cemetery is seen during the bright sunny morning--nothing audible except the noises of nature, i.e., birds chirping, insects making noises, etc.

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DAY)**

Jean and Kim arrive back at the Proctor house. Kim parks Mike's Grand Cherokee in the front of the house.

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Looking at her cellphone)  
Damn. Still no signal out here.

They get out of the car with sandwiches in hand and walk towards the front porch when suddenly, and in a caring gesture, Kim stops Jean by grabbing her arm.

KIM WATKINS  
Wait, Jean. Before we go inside, can we talk? You know, just girl to girl.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Sure, Kim...what's up?

Kim guides Jean to the front porch where they sit down on the three-person wooden swing.

KIM WATKINS  
Well, you know about this whole..."plan." Is there any way I can talk you out of it?

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Pauses and thoughtfully thinks about Kim's question)  
Let me tell you a story, Kim. When I was younger, my dad took me down to Fort Worth for the day. It was the most beautiful day...sun shining...like, perfect weather. We went to a matinée concert downtown...ate dinner...he even took me to the toy store and got me the most beautiful teddy bear I had ever seen. I know it doesn't sound like much...but it was so special to me. My parents never really got along too well, especially back then. But my dad cared the world for us kids.

(MORE)

JEAN PROCTOR (CONT'D)

So when I got to spend time with him...you know...just me and him...well, he really showed how much he loved me. He made me feel like I was the only person in the entire world. And he was going to have me experience everything the world had to offer. Well...after we had dinner we came back here to town. I said I wanted some ice cream...you know...no harm, right? And so my dad took me over to the local ice cream store and bought me my favorite, vanilla. It had the most perfect, smoothest texture...and it was white like clouds. Well, as we were walking out, some of the locals were coming in. Some of dad's so-called old friends. They were drunk of course, and as they were walking in the store, one of the men turned to my dad and spit on the ground in front of him. "Your wife is a fucking whore." And he just kept on walking inside. And my dad just kept on walking me to the car and pretended like nothing happened. But when we got in the car, I saw a tear in his eye. As if he was, I don't know...so embarrassed and sad. Like, sad that he somehow disappointed me...that he tried so hard to give me the best day, and that he failed. The whole town looked down on him as a horrible sinful person, because of his marriage to my mom. And he did everything he could to hide that from us...God...I've always hated myself for not telling him it wasn't his fault that night. And I hate myself for wanting that damn vanilla ice cream.

KIM WATKINS

(Sitting there looking at Jean and then looks off in the distance)

Jean, don't feel bad. I mean, your dad knew you loved him.



JEAN PROCTOR

I've got to do this for my dad, Kim. I've got to. He believed so much in this alien, and bless his heart, he just could never find out the truth about it. If this is the last thing I can do to honor him, I'm going to do it.

KIM WATKINS

You know, I never knew my dad. I never wanted to know him to be honest. But hearing you, Jean, makes me realize how much I wish I had him there. Your dad seemed like a cool dude.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Smiles)

He was.

KIM WATKINS

(Looks confidently)

I'm with you, Jean. Let's do it.

Jean smiles and they hug. They grab the sandwiches and go on inside the house.

#### **EXT. CEMETERY (DAY)**

Ned Phillips walks up to the cemetery with notebook and pen in hand and mumbling to himself. He constantly looks around as if looking to see if anyone is in close proximity. As he approaches closer to the alien gravesite, he is startled by some faint voices in that direction. Ned hurriedly walks toward a tree to protect his view from anyone that may be in the cemetery. Peering from behind the tree, Ned sees Mike and Chad laughing and staring at the alien gravesite. The voices are for the most part indistinct, except for the words, "tonight...dig up...alien...."

It suddenly starts to thunder and light rain starts to fall in the cemetery. Mike and Chad start running back to the Proctor house. Mike is laughing and screaming very loud in a joking matter. Ned stays behind the tree while he watches them make their way to the house.

FADE OUT...

#### **EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

It's about 1:00am.

The afternoon clouds carried into the night as a bad thunderstorm--strong wind and rain engulf the Proctor house. The swing on the porch is moving back and forth violently, and the wind chimes's rings sound eerily excited.

All of the sudden, the front door opens and four people with raincoats, almost looking like dark shadows of ghosts, walk out in a straight line. The farther they get from the door, and down the front porch, the easier it is to make out the suspicious figures. Chad is leading the way with a shovel in hand; Kim walks closely behind him, almost in a drunken stage. Jean follows Kim and Mike is in the rear with another shovel over his shoulder.

Chad, Kim, and Jean walk to the side of the house in front of the garage door. Mike slowly and quietly opens the garage door and walks inside. He emerges with a huge wheel barrel, and starts pushing it along the wet gravel with the shovel inside it. With only the faint light of the moon to guide them, the four friends continue their trek in the dark and in the rain, up the hill to the cemetery.

**EXT. CEMETERY (NIGHT)**

The four make it to the cemetery soaking wet in their raincoats. The rain continues to pour, and it's thundering and lightening in the background. The four friends just stand there looking at each other. As if each was waiting on someone else to make the next move.

KIM WATKINS

(Somewhat drunkenly)

Well, Mike. Start digging.

MIKE

Me? What about you, Kim? Here's the damn shovel. You dig.

(Tries to hand the shovel to Kim)

KIM WATKINS

I'm not taking that. I didn't want to come out here in the first place.

MIKE

Well...Chad, you dig. Your shovel is bigger anyway. I just pushed like the biggest fucking cart I have ever seen in my life up here. MY back hurts.

CHAD

Me? Now wait, man. I thought we were doing this together.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Comes over and grabs  
Mike's shovel)

Ok, guys. I'll do it myself.

Jean starts shoveling the wet dirt away and doesn't stop. She shovels one big pile of dirt after another and throwing it behind her. Mike eventually forcefully takes Chad's shovel and starts digging as well. Kim and Chad stand there and watch.

FADE OUT...

Chad and Mike are now shoveling. Kim and Jean watch patiently but intensely. The hole is about three feet deep now. Chad starts to look up from inside the hole and stops digging suddenly.

CHAD

Yo, dude...do you feel like...I don't know, man.

MIKE

Like what?

CHAD

Like someone is watching us.

MIKE

(Stops digging)

Yeah, man. I do feel like someone is watching us now that you mention it.

JEAN PROCTOR

What's up guys?

MIKE

Hey, Jean, you see anyone out there? Like out in the cemetery?

JEAN PROCTOR

(Looks around)

No, Mike, there isn't anyone. Just us.

KIM WATKINS

C'mon guys, it's wet as shit out here. Let's get rolling, huh?

MIKE

You get your ass down here, Kim. I don't see you--

JEAN PROCTOR

(interrupts)

Mike, c'mon. There's no one out here, man.

CHAD

Shit.

Chad and Mike continue to dig.

FADE OUT...

Some more time passes and the hole is now close to six feet deep. Chad and Mike are shoveling away and the rain hasn't let up. Kimberly takes a swig from the bottle of vodka she has in her raincoat. Jean looks intensely inside the hole where Chad and Mike are shoveling. Suddenly, Mike's shovel hits a hard object.

MIKE

(Looks up at Jean)

What the hell? Jean, I think we finally found something.

CHAD

Oh, thank God, man. Thank God!

KIM WATKINS

What is it?

MIKE

I don't know...feels like wood.

JEAN PROCTOR

C'mon, Mike...keep digging, dude.

Chad and Mike continue to dig and uncover a large wooden rectangular box appearing like an old coffin. Several spiders and ants run and scatter across the box as the four friends look down in disbelief.

KIM WATKINS

Oh, my god, Jean. It's, like, a real dead person. We can't fucking open that up.

CHAD

Yeah, I mean, isn't that like disrespecting the dead?

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

What if there is an evil curse or something? Like in The Mummy?

MIKE

Let's open up this motherfucker and see what the hell's inside!

JEAN PROCTOR

C'mon Mike, open it up!

KIM WATKINS

Jesus, Jean!

JEAN PROCTOR

(grabs Kim by the shoulders)  
Kim, we've come this far. If it's just a dead body, we'll put it back and no harm done, okay? We are so close.

KIM WATKINS

(Looks at Jean, then down at Mike)  
Mike, let's roll!

CHAD

Shit.

Mike and Chad start using the ends of the shovels to try and pry open the box. After a few tries, the box slowly comes opened, and a foul stench exhumes from the box.

MIKE

Jesus Christ!

CHAD

Uh! What the hell?

KIM WATKINS

(holds her mouth from throwing up)  
I think I'm going to be sick.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Puts her hand up to her nose)  
Open it, guys!

MIKE

Fuck this!

Mike lifts the top of the wooden box and throws it in the direction of Chad.

CHAD  
 (Screams)  
 What the fuck, man?

The four look inside the box to find nothing but a skeleton of a person long dead--very much human remains. And nothing out of the ordinary. Rain continues to fall and the four friends are left speechless.

FADE OUT...

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE GARAGE (NIGHT)**

The four friends sit around a circle inside the detached Proctor garage. Their raincoats removed and hanging up to dry. The room is lit by a piercing overhead light. Random tools, a workbench, and machinery surround them. Rain continues to pound the roof of the building. They all look away from each other. Chad and Mike stare at the ground, Kim at the ceiling, and Jean off in her own head.

MIKE  
 Well...that was fun.

CHAD  
 What do we do now, guys?

KIM WATKINS  
 What do you mean? What do we do now? There's nothing left to do. There was nothing out there. You all look like you are disappointed or something. Shit. Did you guys actually think an 'alien' would be buried there? C'mon guys. We did it...let's move on and hope to God no one saw us. Right, Jean?

Jean just looks straight ahead. There is a pause.

CHAD  
 Yes. Yes, I thought we would find something. Okay? Call me crazy. Call me eccentric. I just thought I'd be the first to admit it. Shit.

MIKE  
 (Laughs)  
 I mean, I don't know...I just liked doing something we weren't supposed to be doing. Gave me a rush, you know?

KIM WATKINS

Chad, it was an old wives' tale  
that someone made up a very long  
time ago. I mean I --

Suddenly, a knock is heard at the garage door--more like a  
pounding--three times.

KIM WATKINS

(Screams)

What the fuck is that?

CHAD

Sounds like someone's out there.

MIKE

(Gets up and walks towards  
the door)

Shit, who the hell is that?

CHAD

(whispers)

What the hell are you doing, man?  
It could be the police.

MIKE

It's not the police, shithead.

KIM WATKINS

(Looks scared)

Maybe it was just something that  
hit the door...like a tree or  
something.

MIKE

There's no fucking tree out there,  
Kim. I think that--

Three more knocks even more powerful than before are heard at  
the door. Mike, Chad, and Kim all stare at each other not  
knowing what to do. Jean gets up hurriedly, as if annoyed, and  
walks towards the door. She opens it up fast. In the rainy  
darkness, a figure emerges from the doorway.

NED PHILLIPS

Howdy, Jean. Up awfully late,  
ain't ya?

FADE OUT...

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Jean, Kim, Mike, Chad, and Ned are all conversing in the living room. Ned is holding a cup of coffee sitting down on one of the chairs. Jean and Kim are sitting next to each other on the couch, and Mike and Chad are standing up hovering over everyone else. Kim, Chad, and Mike all appear nervous not knowing what Ned is doing there and what he wants. Jean seems more curious...looking at Ned an ally and not a foe.

NED PHILLIPS

(Drinks a sip of coffee)  
Awfully good coffee here, Ms. Jean...brings one the warmth of summer light right here in this plight of a rainstorm.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Smiles)  
Thank you, Mr. Phillips.

NED PHILLIPS

(Takes another sip)  
Mmmm...oh yeah. I can feel my toes getting all nice and toasty again.

MIKE

Cut the crap, grandpa, and let us know what you want!

JEAN PROCTOR

Mike, shut up. Mr. Phillips is a friend of the family.

NED PHILLIPS

That's right, young man. Now don't get your tail in a spin. Sit down, now...now, go on.

Mike sits down on the fireplace and stares coldly at Ned.

KIM WATKINS

Mr. Phillips, please tell us...what do you want?

NED PHILLIPS

Now, little lady, I don't think it's a matter of what I want. No, nothing doin'. I think it's a matter of what you fine youngsters are looking for, and what ole Mr. Ned can do for you.



CHAD

Um...we don't now what you are talking about, sir.

NED PHILLIPS

Now, gosh darn it, little samurai, don't you start beating around the bush. I know what you kids were doin' out there in that there cemetery. Don't try to hide it, don't try my patience, and don't you think that for one second I am a mule's ass. Do I look like a mule's ass?

CHAD

Uh...no, sir. You don't look like a mule's ass. Sir.

NED PHILLIPS

That's right! Now, back to the little predicament at hand. I know what you kids were doin' in that old cemetery. You all thought you were so smart, didn't ya? Digging up that there alien grave. You really thought that poor soul was buried there, didn't ya?

The four friends just stare at Ned and don't say a word.

NED PHILLIPS

(Takes a sip of coffee)

That's right! Now...let me ask you kids a question. Do you really think that the townspeople back in 1897 were really that dumb as to bury the alien where they said they buried it in the paper? It was a ruse...that was old Jasper's unmarked grave. The town drunk who fell off his horse and got trampled on by his own retarded horse. Well, anyway...no--they wanted that there alien to rest in peace. Not have some damn kids still in diapers dig it up! These were Christian folk and wanted a proper resting place so they buried the alien in another grave in the cemetery.

MIKE

Wait. There really is an alien?

KIM WATKINS  
 (Laughs in disbelief)  
 And where is this grave now,  
 Mr. Phillips?

NED PHILLIPS  
 Little lady, it's on the other end  
 of the cemetery with a headstone  
 by the name of Jim Briar. See, he  
 was a made-up person. Fictitious  
 you see. And some of the local  
 townspeople, including your own  
 Judge Proctor, Ms. Jean, thought  
 it best to bury the alien there--  
 away from any grave robbers.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Mr. Phillips, how do you know  
 all this?

NED PHILLIPS  
 Well, see I got to interview some  
 of the old-timers before they  
 passed to our dear Lord and  
 Savior. You know, for one of my  
 books. Well, the son of one of the  
 townsfolk who buried the alien in  
 the Briar grave told me about it.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 And why have you kept it a secret  
 so long, Mr. Phillips?

MIKE  
 (With a raised voice)  
 Hey, why didn't you dig it up  
 then, old man?

NED PHILLIPS  
 (Takes a slow sip of coffee)  
 Let's just say I've been waiting  
 for the right moment...right group  
 of youngsters to help me in the  
 quest--the discovery of a  
 lifetime.

The four friends pause for a moment to gather their thoughts.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 (Enthusiastically)  
 C'mon then, let's go.

KIM WATKINS  
 We are going back out there?

NED PHILLIPS

Sounds like the rain has stopped  
little missy; just get your  
equipment and we can be on our  
way.

KIM WATKINS

Are we really doing this?

Ned smiles and shakes his head "yes." Mike and Jean seem  
resigned to the situation and start getting up.

CHAD

(Shakes his head)  
Shit.

**EXT. CEMETERY (NIGHT)**

The gang grabs their gear, walks back to the cemetery, and dig  
up the Briar grave. They dig out a huge wooden coffin and haul  
it back on the cart without opening it up. They then haul the  
coffin back to the Proctor Garage. The rain has stopped but it  
is still pitch black outside, save for the light of the moon.

**INT. PROCTOR GARAGE (NIGHT)**

The wooden coffin sits in the middle of the garage. All five  
are sitting in a circle surrounding it on fold-up chairs. The  
coffin is bigger than a normal size coffin would have been back  
in 1897. It is obviously old but still intact and in relatively  
good shape for the age. They are all just staring at it with a  
worried expression; no one volunteering to open it first. The  
coffin is still completely sealed with nails.

KIM WATKINS

Well, at least it doesn't smell.

NED PHILLIPS

Now, who wants to open it? Uh, big  
guy, you and little samurai grab  
some hammers and let's pry this  
sucker open, huh?

MIKE

Now, wait just one second there,  
old man. You're the one that had  
us dig this fucker up. Why don't  
you open it?

CHAD

Yeah, man. I'm worn out.

NED PHILLIPS  
Scared, ain't ya?

MIKE  
No...I'm not scared, I--Ok. Fine.  
C'mon, Chad.

CHAD  
Uh...ok.

JEAN PROCTOR  
I'll help.

Jean, Chad, and Mike go and grab some hammers from the work station in the garage. They come back and start prying up the nails, one by one until they have them all out.

NED PHILLIPS  
Now move ya'll. Let ole Mr. Ned  
open this up yonder.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Now wait, Mr. Phillips, this was  
my idea and I'm opening it up.

KIM WATKINS  
That's right, let her open it.

Mike steps in front of Ned and stops him from coming any closer. Jean turns toward the coffin and sighs. She slowly bends over, lifts up the top, and quickly lets it fall onto the ground. The four others get up and stand over the now open coffin. What Jean sees makes her speechless. As the other four get in for a clear sight view of inside the coffin, they all gasp--save for Ned who lets out a laugh.

KIM WATKINS  
Oh, my god.

MIKE  
Jesus Christ.

CHAD  
Well, shit.

NED PHILLIPS  
Oooh, doggy.

They see an alien creature lying on its back and arms crossed over its stomach--positioned much like an Egyptian mummy. It has a human-like appearance with two arms and two legs. The color of the alien is dark green and built much like a wrestler. The size of the creature is very tall--about 6 feet and 7 inches.

The head appears to have huge eyes, which are closed, and a very large closed mouth with no discernible lips. The body appears to have been well-preserved. There are only some disfigurements on the face, which are consistent with a spaceship crash. The alien is dressed in a one-piece black garment that has not at all deteriorated over time--not appearing to have been made of earthly materials. On all sides of the alien are pieces of an unknown-like material. Almost metal in appearance. Perhaps debris of the alien's spacecraft.

MIKE

Is this for real?

NED PHILLIPS

(Smiling)

You darn-tootin' it's for real.  
Ladies and gentlemen, we hit the  
alien jackpot.

CHAD

I just can't fucking believe this.

Jean and Kim just continue to stare in disbelief. Ned gets closer to the coffin and examines the creature more closely. Chad and Mike just keep on staring at the creature, motionless.

MIKE

What the fuck are we going to do?  
Like who do we call?

CHAD

The History Channel? National  
Geographic? NASA? Take your  
fucking pick.

NED PHILLIPS

Now we ain't calling no one, you  
hear? I've got some contacts that  
I--

JEAN PROCTOR

(interrupts)

Now wait, Mr. Phillips. can we  
trust these people?

NED PHILLIPS

You betcha we can trust them--they  
are the best in the business.

CHAD

Business? What business is that?  
Star Trek? Ancient Aliens? I mean,  
what the hell kind of business  
deals with...this? Shit.

As the group continues to talk inaudibly, Kim starts to walk closer to the coffin. She is talking to herself (inaudible). She bends down looking curiously at the face of the creature.

KIM WATKINS

Hey guys, come look at this. I think it is bre--

Suddenly, the alien awakes and pulls off Kim's head and throws it across the room like a basketball. Blood gushes from her body and falls lifeless on the cement ground of the garage. Jean, Mike, and Chad all scream. The alien jumps up fast out of the coffin and starts looking around the room in a panic; almost like a bird trapped in a car. It sees the hammers on the workbench that Jean, Chad, and Mike used to open the coffin. It grabs two of the hammers and throws them like knives in the direction of Chad and Mike.

Chad and Mike duck quickly and the hammers pass by them and break the garage window. The alien then starts to come quickly in their direction. Chad and Mike start screaming again not knowing where to run. Jean runs and hides toward the back of the garage behind a tool shelf. As the alien gets closer to Chad and Mike, a gunshot is heard. The alien screams with a piercing voice and suddenly breaks down the door and runs out of the garage. We see Ned Phillips has fired the weapon.

NED PHILLIPS

Never go alien huntin' without the proper tools, ya'll.

Mike and Chad stand motionless. Jean runs over to Kim's body and cries.

MIKE

(Screaming)

What the fuck was that?

CHAD

Jesus Christ, is Kim dead?

MIKE

Her fucking head is torn off, I think it's safe to say she's dead.

Jean continues to hover over Kim's body crying.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Turns to Ned)

Why didn't you shoot it in the face and kill that thing?

NED PHILLIPS

Now, little lady, that is the most important historical find of the last century...I'm not about to just kill it.

JEAN PROCTOR

Like it killed Kim?

MIKE

Yeah, fuck that, give me that gun, old man!

Ned Phillips points the gun at Mike.

NED PHILLIPS

Now, big guy, you watch yourself. You're no prized calf I'm taking to the fair.

CHAD

(Scoffs)

What does that even mean?

JEAN PROCTOR

Mike, back off.

Jean pulls her cell phone out of her pocket and checks to see if she has any signal.

JEAN PROCTOR

Damn. Still no signal out here. You guys have anything?

Mike and Chad pull out their phones and check for a signal.

MIKE

Hell no.

CHAD

Nope. I sure don't.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Turns to Ned)

Anything, Mr. Phillips?

NED PHILLIPS

Now, missy, I don't carry no cell phone on me person. Causes cancer you know. And the government tracks every--

JEAN PROCTOR

(Interrupts)

Ok, fine. Mr. Phillips, how is that thing still alive?

NED PHILLIPS

Well little missy, this is what I figure...that ole alien there must have been in some type of hibernation sleep for the last 120 years. The townsfolk thought it was dead, and buried it. But in reality, the alien was just, I dunno, re-charging itself from its injuries in some type of coma after the crash. Once it was locked in this here coffin, and buried under multiple feet of dirt, it went into a hibernation sleep and was able to slow down dramatically the rate of its breathing and life preserving functions.

MIKE

So why did it wake up now?

NED PHILLIPS

I figure the amount of oxygen that the alien absorbed when the coffin was opened, triggered some evolutionary trait in the creature for it to wake up. Probably that there coffin isn't much different than the size of the pod it used to travel all this way...it probably travels in a similar hibernation sleep too until it gets to its destination.

CHAD

Why did it kill Kim?

NED PHILLIPS

(Thinks thoughtfully at the question)

Well I figure that it don't know what time it is, or how long it's been asleep for. It probably thinks that we're the townspeople that shot down its spaceship back in 1897, and locked it up and buried it alive all them years ago.



MIKE

So let me get this straight...we have an alien from 120 years ago alive, and gunning to kill each of us because it thinks we are the ones that locked it underground alive?

NED PHILLIPS

Yes...I reckon' that's about right.

CHAD

Shit! I'm too young to die at the hand of an ancient alien.

MIKE

What do we do?

JEAN PROCTOR

Yeah, what do we do, Mr. Phillips? I mean, how are we supposed to capture that thing?

NED PHILLIPS

Now I figure if we can just knock that sonna-bitch out, we can make sure and put it to sleep again. I can go to Doc Peterson's clinic and get the necessary drugs to keep it knocked out.

MIKE

Or how about I take your gun, and then I--

JEAN PROCTOR

(interrupts)

We have to get to the house. We should be able to get a phone call out through the landline and get the police up here.

CHAD

Fuck that, we need to get to the Jeep and get the hell out of here, Jean!

MIKE

Are you guys suggesting we go outside? We don't know where that thing is? And the only one of us that has a weapon is grandpa over here.

NED PHILLIPS

That's right! And since I have the weapon, we are doing things my way. Now, I have a confession to make...I cut the cord for your landline phone before we came up here, Ms. Proctor. I couldn't take the risk of anyone calling anyone I didn't want knowing about our little excursion.

MIKE

You son of a bitch! (Comes walking towards Ned)

NED PHILLIPS

(Points the gun at Mike)  
Now, big fella, you just stay right there.

CHAD

(sounds scared)  
Well, then. We gotta go for the Jeep. That's our only chance to get out of here.

NED PHILLIPS

Now we ain't going nowhere until we capture that creature out there. I ain't about to let some other fool take the credit for my discovery.

MIKE

Now wait a minute, your discovery? This is---

JEAN PROCTOR

(interrupts Mike)  
What's your plan, Ned? (in a stern tone)

NED PHILLIPS

Now, if you kids let ole Mr. Ned take the reins of this horse, I promise every last one of ya are gonna make it home in time for supper. Now listen...

Ned starts to talk inaudibly....

FADE OUT...

**EXT. PROCTOR GARAGE (NIGHT)**

Ned Phillips slowly walks outside of the garage with his gun in hand. He appears nervous but committed. There are no signs of the alien anywhere near. Thunder is heard in the background, and faint lightening occasionally lights up the sky. The three friends panically look out of the broken garage window at Ned as he walks slowly in the direction of the Proctor house.

Suddenly, fast footsteps are heard--seemingly in all directions as Ned continues to walk towards the house. Ned stops. He is about halfway between the garage and the house. He looks around, and holds up the gun.

NED PHILLIPS

Now, don't you try anything with me...we can be friends. I've been getting ready for this moment all my life, and there is no reason its got to be harder than what it is.

Ned looks around. No sign of the alien can be seen in the darkness. The three friends continue to watch from the broken window in the garage as Ned makes his ascent to the house. Ned gets ready to start walking towards the house again, when suddenly, very fast footsteps are heard running towards Ned. He turns around, and fires the gun in the darkness. The bullet shoots freely in the wind and doesn't make contact with anything discernibly.

NED PHILLIPS

Shit. Where are ya, now?

Ned turns back towards the house, picks up his courage, and starts to run as fast as he can towards the front porch. Then, out of nowhere, the alien jumps from atop the Proctor roof onto Ned. Ned fires his gun again, but misses. The alien knocks the gun out of Ned's hand, and it falls down in the muddy wet dirt. The alien then picks Ned up and throws him against the side of the Proctor house where Ned falls motionless, appearing to be dead.

The alien goes towards the gun and breaks it a part like uncooked spaghetti. The alien makes a piercing scream and turns towards the three staring out of the window in the Proctor garage. The alien then makes a swift departure into the darkness in the direction of the cemetery.

**INT. PROCTOR GARAGE (NIGHT)**

The three friends huddle in together in the middle of the garage.

Chad turns off the light and the room instantly becomes dark.

MIKE

Well, what the fuck do we do now?  
Grandpa is dead, the gun is gone,  
and we're here with our dicks  
blowing in the wind.

CHAD

We gotta go for the Jeep, man.

MIKE

My keys are in the goddamn house,  
Chad. That's what the old man was  
trying to go get.

CHAD

I think I might be able to hot-  
wire the thing, man.

JEAN PROCTOR

You really think you can?

CHAD

I don't know. But I can try. I've  
seen some youtube videos, you  
know.

MIKE

Shit, Chad's seen some youtube  
videos, great.

JEAN PROCTOR

Mike, stop. We've got to work  
together here. We are all we've  
got.

MIKE

What makes you think we can make  
it to the Jeep? The old man  
couldn't make it to the house with  
a gun! And then once we get in the  
Jeep, what's going to stop that  
thing from breaking through the  
window while Chad is reenacting  
his youtube video?

JEAN PROCTOR

What's going to stop it from  
charging right into here, Mike? As  
far as its concerned, it destroyed  
our only weapon.

CHAD

Shit, guys. Look around. We've got plenty of weapons all around us. You ever seen "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" or "Evil Dead 2"?

The three look around the room. In the darkness can be seen a chainsaw, axe, drills, and an assortment of other tools.

MIKE

You expect us to kill that thing with garage tools, Chad? It just jumped like fucking Spiderman off the roof and broke a gun in half like he was the Hulk. Jesus, man.

JEAN PROCTOR

Chad's right.

CHAD

Thank you.

JEAN PROCTOR

We've got to defend ourselves if we are going to make it to the Jeep and get the hell out of here.

MIKE

(sighs)

What's the plan, Jean? I hope it was better than the old man's.

JEAN PROCTOR

We've got to be fast. Mike, you and Chad make a run towards the Jeep. I'm going to try to get inside the house. If we split up, we have a better shot of beating this fucker.

MIKE

We aren't letting you go by yourself, Jean.

CHAD

Hell no, we aren't.

JEAN PROCTOR

There isn't any time to argue. This is all my fault...what happens to me is irrelevant. I just don't want anything to happen to you guys.

MIKE

Jean, stop it. We do  
this together.

JEAN PROCTOR

We are working together, Mike. I'm  
the fastest here. I can quickly  
make it to the house and hopefully  
distract the alien. Once you guys  
get the car up and running, come  
pick me up at the house.

CHAD

And if we don't?

JEAN PROCTOR

You will. But if I see you guys  
having trouble, I'll grab the  
keys, and come to you guys. Okay?

MIKE

Shit, Jean. Okay. I think Chad  
needs my help more anyway.  
(smiles)

CHAD

What's that supposed to mean?

JEAN PROCTOR

C'mon guys, grab something.

The three walk towards the back of the garage looking for their  
weapon of choice to defend themselves. Mike decides on an axe,  
Chad decides on a large knife, and Jean picks up an electric  
hedger.

MIKE

Shit, Jean. Showing out?

JEAN PROCTOR

I'm hoping the noise will lure the  
alien in my direction.

MIKE

Chad, I see you have your Kill  
Bill sword there...very fitting.

CHAD

Shut up, man.

JEAN PROCTOR

Ok, guys. Let's do this.

The three grab their weapons and get ready to run out the door of the garage. Jean slowly opens up the door and looks outside. She doesn't see anything.

JEAN PROCTOR

Ok, guys whatever happens. I just wanted to let you know, I'm sorry. I really am. Now, on the count of three we go for it, ok?

MIKE

Ok.

CHAD

Ok.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Takes in a deep breath)

One, two, three....

#### **EXT. PROCTOR GARAGE (NIGHT)**

The three burst out of the door. Mike and Chad run towards the Jeep with their weapons in hand. Jean runs in the opposite direction towards the house and starts the electric hedger. As they run, they all look around in different directions to see if they spot the alien creature lurking in the darkness. Mike and Chad make it first to the vehicle and get inside. Jean stops by to check on Ned whose body is still lying on the ground next to the porch. As she leans down to check his vital signs, she turns off the hedger. As she is looking for signs of life in Ned, she hears a loud squeal. She turns around and sees the alien running straight towards her. She picks up the hedger and runs inside the front porch into the house.

#### **INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Once inside the house, Jean locks the front door. She then runs around to the kitchen to lock the back door as well. She runs back to the front of house, grabs Mike's car keys off of the side table in the living room, and peaks outside the living room curtain. She sees Mike and Chad inside the Jeep trying to get it started.

#### **INT. JEEP (NIGHT)**

MIKE

Hurry the fuck up, man!

CHAD

I can't figure out this shit, bro.

MIKE  
Check to see if you can find the  
youtube video.

CHAD  
(Pulls out his phone)  
Shit man, still no signal!

MIKE  
Shit!

CHAD  
Maybe if I cross this wire with  
this wire.

MIKE  
That's not doing anything, dude!  
Try this one.

CHAD  
Ah! Still nothing!

Mike then looks up outside the front passenger door window and suddenly sees the alien creature staring right back at him.

MIKE  
Holy shit!

CHAD  
Oh, my god!

They both start screaming. The alien shakes the car back and forth, seemingly with a huge grin on its face, as if it was toying with them and enjoying it.

#### **INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Jean sees everything that is happening from the living room window. She looks down at the hedger which she placed on the floor. She slowly walks over to the hedger and picks it up. She turns it on and opens up the door.

#### **EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

The alien, still shaking the Jeep with screaming Mike and Chad inside, looks over at Jean with the blaring electric hedger walking out from the front porch. The alien stops shaking the vehicle, and stares at Jean with a peculiar look on its face.

JEAN PROCTOR  
C'mon you ugly son of a bitch!  
Come get me!



The alien makes a fast charge towards Jean. As it is running towards her, the alien leaps in the air--Jean gets down on her knee, takes hold of the hedger with both hands, and points it straight in the air. Without having enough time to adequately adjust, the alien comes down, with the hedger piercing through its leg. The alien falls down, and screams--seemingly in pain. Jean throws the hedger down and makes a run for the Jeep.

**INT. JEEP (NIGHT)**

Mike and Chad open up the door and let Jean inside the back of the Jeep. Jeans hands Chad the car keys.

JEAN PROCTOR  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, Chad!

MIKE  
Yeah, dude! Let's roll!

CHAD  
Ok, ok.

Chad turns on the ignition and the car starts up. All three scream with excitement. Chad looks over where the alien had fallen.

CHAD  
Wait. Where did he--

Suddenly, the alien appears through the front windshield of the car. Mike, Chad, and Jean let out a scream as the alien jumps onto the car and smashes the window into pieces. Chad steps hard on the pedal, and drives the Jeep forward. The alien reaches towards Chad's throat and starts choking him. Mike and Jean try to get the alien off of him, when suddenly the car crashes into the side of the garage. The windshield glass goes in all directions, and Jean is knocked unconscious.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DREAM SEQUENCE) (DAY)**

Jean is sitting at her dinner table with her sister. It's a Sunday afternoon and light is shining in brightly through the open windows. Jean's mother is bringing out different dishes of food to the table--a roast, mashed potatoes, carrots, and rolls. A vinyl record is playing in the living room. It's a scene of total tranquility and peacefulness.

JEAN PROCTOR  
It all looks so delicious, mom!

MRS. PROCTOR  
Thank you, Jean.  
(MORE)

MRS. PROCTOR (CONT'D)  
You know, nothing but the best for  
my two sweet girls.

JEAN'S SISTER  
Are you going to be able to go  
shopping with us after we eat,  
mom?

MRS. PROCTOR  
Of course, honey. Anything for  
you two.

Daniel Proctor comes in to the room from the stairs with a cup  
of coffee in his hand.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
There are my three favorite ladies  
in the whole world.

Daniel kisses his wife on the cheek.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
Smells delicious, babe.

MRS. PROCTOR  
Why, thank you!

JEAN PROCTOR  
Have a seat, dad.

Daniel Proctor sits at the head of the table.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
You girls still going with your  
momma out shopping after we eat?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Yes! I'm looking for a new dress  
for school.

DANIEL PROCTOR  
What about you, honey?

JEAN'S SISTER  
Oh, I'm just going for, you know,  
moral support. I'm not looking for  
anything in particular

DANIEL PROCTOR  
Well you know, I just think I  
might go with you ladies. That is,  
if no one minds.

JEAN'S SISTER

Yay!

MRS. PROCTOR

(Still setting the table)

Why that would be lovely, Dan. A nice family outing.

DANIEL PROCTOR

Well good. We will have a fun time together as a family.

Jean sits at the table smiling, looking at each one of her family's faces with joy and contentment.

Suddenly, a knock is heard at the front door.

MRS. PROCTOR

Well, I wonder who that could be?

DANIEL PROCTOR

Only one way to find out. Let me go get the door.

Daniel walks over through the living room to the front door. Another knock is heard.

DANIEL PROCTOR

I'm coming!  
(Laughs)

JEAN'S SISTER

I wonder who on earth it could be?

Daniel opens the door....

It's the alien with a crowbar in its hand. It swings the crowbar right into the head of Daniel, and his head bursts open with blood. He falls to the floor dead.

JEAN PROCTOR

No! No! Dad!

Jean's sister and mother start screaming. The alien throws the crowbar aside and walks into the dining room. It crushes Jean's sister's head with its bare hands. Blood gushes everywhere--all over the table and food. The alien then turns to Jean's mom who is still screaming. The alien picks up a knife from the dinner roll plate and stabs her in the head. Her body falls to the floor. The alien then turns to Jean who is screaming in fear. Jean is looking around at her dead family. The alien walks closer and closer to Jean.

JEAN PROCTOR

No! No!

**INT. JEEP (NIGHT)**

Jean suddenly wakes up from her blackout. She holds her head which is bleeding. The alien has been thrown from the car, but nowhere to be found. Chad and Mike are shaken. A few moments pass, and Jean shakes herself back to reality.

JEAN PROCTOR

C'mon, Chad. Start the car.

Chad turns the key in the ignition--the car doesn't start.

CHAD

It's not starting!

MIKE

Start the car, Chad!

CHAD

It's not starting, bro!

MIKE

Shit!

JEAN PROCTOR

Where did he go? I don't see him!

MIKE

Let's get the fuck out of here!

JEAN PROCTOR

Let's go the house. C'mon, guys!

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Chad, Mike, and Jean all get out of the car. Mike and Chad grab their weapons and they head towards the house. As they run towards the house, Jean grabs her hedger on the ground. As they pass by the front porch, they notice Ned's body is missing.

MIKE

What happened to grandpa?

JEAN PROCTOR

I don't know, let's go!

Chad, Mike, and Jean run inside the house and slam the front door.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE ((NIGHT))**

Mike, Chad, and Jean run inside the living room. Jean locks the front door.

MIKE

What are we going to do now, Jean?

CHAD

That's a good question--the Jeep is wrecked, the phone line is down, Mr. Phillips and Kim are dead, and we have a crazy alien Michael Myers out there trying to kill us.

Jean finds a towel from the kitchen and puts it over her bleeding head.

JEAN PROCTOR

We don't know what happened to Mr. Phillips.

CHAD

You think he just got up and left us hanging? That alien did something with his body. Probably ate him like some Jeepers Creepers shit.

MIKE

Do you think we can make it to the next house? Try their phone line?

CHAD

You really want to go out there, Mike? Be my guest.

JEAN PROCTOR

We can try to make it to the next house, but the Millers are gone on vacation right now...the next closest house isn't for a few more miles.

MIKE

And let that thing pick us off one by one? No thank you.

JEAN PROCTOR

(Checking her cell again for a signal)

We can break into the house and call for some help.

(MORE)

JEAN PROCTOR (CONT'D)  
But Mike's right, we are like  
sitting ducks out there.

CHAD  
And we aren't sitting ducks in  
here too? What's keeping that  
thing from barging right in here  
if he wants to?

JEAN PROCTOR  
It's hurt right now, guys. It's  
probably off re-charging or  
whatever, like before. Now is our  
best shot if we are going to make  
a move.

CHAD  
It's going to be daylight soon  
too. We have a better shot of  
hiding in the dark and making it  
over there.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Look, I'm going to go to the  
Miller House, see if I can--

MIKE  
(Interrupts)  
You aren't going anywhere, Jean.  
I'm going to make this run. You  
made the last one. I can do this.

JEAN PROCTOR  
You sure, Mike? You know where it  
is? It's the house that--

MIKE  
I know. The one close to the  
cemetery. I'm sure, Jean. I gotta  
do this.

CHAD  
Bro, be careful out there.

JEAN PROCTOR  
When you do make it to the Miller  
House, call the police--just tell  
them we are in trouble and need  
help immediately. Tell him lives  
are in danger at the Proctor  
Ranch.

(MORE)

JEAN PROCTOR (CONT'D)  
No need to mention an alien--  
Officer Samuels would think you  
are drunk and go right back  
asleep.

MIKE  
Gotcha. Shit. I can't believe I'm  
doing this.  
Okay, Okay.  
Jean, take care of Chad for me.

CHAD  
Asshole.

Jean looks out of the curtain to see if she sees the  
alien creature.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Coast is clear, Mike.

Mike gathers his courage, grabs his axe, and opens the front  
door. He runs out into the darkness.

**EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Mike runs in the direction of the cemetery towards the Miller  
House and out of sight.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Chad and Jean sit down in the living room. All the lights are  
turned off and the room is dark.

CHAD  
(Lets out a sigh)  
You think Mike's going to make  
it, Jean?

JEAN PROCTOR  
I hope so. I can't even think  
about having another one of you  
guys die because of me.

CHAD  
It's not your fault, Jean. You  
didn't know a demented alien  
creature would come back from the  
dead, think we tried to bury it  
120 years ago alive, and try to  
kill us.

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Shakes her head)  
I didn't know all this would  
happen. I swear to God.

CHAD  
How would you know, Jean? How  
could you know?

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Sighs, and leans her head on  
her hands)  
I knew more than you guys know.

CHAD  
What do you mean?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Chad, look, I lied to all of you.  
Mr. Phillips and I were working  
together. We had this planned out  
from the beginning. We just  
weren't sure which grave had the  
body.

CHAD  
Shit, you mean...none of this was  
for your dad?

JEAN PROCTOR  
No, it was for my dad. It really  
was. My dad and Ned were always  
talking about the alien. Everyone  
thought they were crazy. My dad  
was hated in this town for  
marrying my mom. All this was for  
him. I swear. And you guys were  
already so hesitant to help me.  
You guys never would have done it  
if you knew the town fool was  
involved.

CHAD  
(Pauses and thinks for a  
few moments)  
So you used us?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Chad, I'm sorry. If I knew any of  
this was going to happen, I never  
would have agreed to this stupid  
idea. I would have left that crazy  
thing down there forever. I'm  
sorry.



Chad and Jean sit in the room quietly in the darkness.

**EXT. CEMETERY (NIGHT)**

Mike makes it to the cemetery, not too far from the Miller House. He looks around.

MIKE  
(Talking out loud to himself)  
Shit. Okay, okay, Mike. You are  
doing good, doing good. Almost  
there.

Mike keeps on running in the direction of the Miller House.

**INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Chad and Jean are still sitting in the living room quietly. Suddenly, a noise is heard outside.

CHAD  
What the hell was that?

JEAN PROCTOR  
I don't know. It sounds like it  
was at the front porch.

Jean gets up and walks toward the window. She peers outside through the curtains.

JEAN PROCTOR  
I don't see anything.

CHAD  
You don't see anything?

JEAN PROCTOR  
No. I--

Suddenly, a loud bang is heard at the front door.

CHAD  
It's here! It's coming in!

Chad grabs his knife. Jean grabs her hedger and walks slowly towards the door. Another loud bang at the door is heard.

NED PHILLIPS  
(On the other side of  
the door)

In the name of tarnation, will  
someone open up this gosh darn  
door before I let someone have it!

JEAN PROCTOR  
It's Ned!

Jean opens up the door and sees Ned lying on the ground. She  
and Chad grab Ned's arms and help drag him inside.

CHAD  
Well where the hell have you been?

NED PHILLIPS  
Watcha' mean where have I been?  
Boy, I've been hiding out 'till  
the coast was clear for me to get  
my behind inside this here house.  
I've been hiding behind the wood  
pile out there yonder.

CHAD  
We thought you were dead, man.

NED PHILLIPS  
Dead? I ain't dead! Takes more  
than a crazy alien to take down  
old Ned Phillips, now!

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well he did a pretty good job at  
it. What happened to your leg?

NED PHILLIPS  
When the sonabitch threw me, I hit  
it hard. I'll be okay, think it's  
just broken. (Laughs) Back in  
'Nam, I experienced much worse,  
you see I--

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Interrupts)  
We don't have time for this. Mike  
is out there trying to get help  
and we--

NED PHILLIPS  
Oh, the big fella is out there  
getting Officer Poobutt over here  
with guns raised, and going to--

JEAN PROCTOR

Mike is getting help, Mr. Phillips. That's what we need right now. It doesn't matter who knows about the stupid alien at this point! We need to make it out of here alive.

NED PHILLIPS

Eh, probably wouldn't believe him anyway. You know, the stupid ignorance of the people in this town never ceases to amaze me! There could be an alien biting them in the rear end and still they wouldn't--

JEAN PROCTOR

(Interrupts)

I know. I know.

**EXT. MILLER HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Mike makes it to the Miller House. The house is dark, save for a light in the front of the house. He goes to the side of the house and uses his axe to break the window. As he is crawling inside, something suddenly grabs his legs and throws him like a toy doll outside away from the house. It's the alien. The creature grabs Mike's axe and walks towards Mike. Mike stumbles getting up, and starts running away towards the cemetery.

**EXT. CEMETERY (NIGHT)**

Mike makes it to the cemetery and hides behind a headstone-- it's near the grave the kids first dug up. Mike peers over the top and sees the alien casually walking in his direction still holding the axe. Mike can't tell if the alien knows where he is or not. The alien suddenly stops atop the spot that was first dug up by the kids, and starts using the axe and its own arms to throw the dirt back up extremely fast like a mole.

MIKE

Oh, shit no!

Mike gets up and starts to run. The alien turns around and throws the axe towards Mike. The axe lands right into Mike's right leg, and Mike falls to the ground in pain. The alien slowly walks towards Mike. It stands over Mike's body and grabs the axe out of his leg. Mike screams in pain.

MIKE

Okay, okay, I'm sorry!

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't hurt me, bro! I promise, we will walk away from this and never tell anyone about you. Hey, we can help you build a ship. You know, you can go home? And we can--

Suddenly, the alien cuts off both of Mike's legs with one big sweep from the axe. Blood spatters everywhere. Mike screams even louder in pain. The alien smiles and grabs Mike by the left arm. He drags Mike towards the hole the alien has dug.

MIKE

No, no! Please, no!

The alien throws Mike's body in the hole. The alien then goes and grabs Mike's severed legs and throws them in the hole as well. As Mike is screaming for help, the alien starts throwing dirt over him, and Mike's screams slowly turn into silence.

#### INT. PROCTOR HOUSE (DAWN)

The light of day is starting to come out and shine through the cracks of the window in the living room. Ned has found a cane in the home, and is sitting on the couch with the cane in his hands. Chad is pacing back and forth, and Jean is looking out the window.

JEAN PROCTOR

Where is he?

CHAD

He should have been back by now!

NED PHILLIPS

Now hold your horses, kids. Maybe he's just waiting for help at the Miller House.

JEAN PROCTOR

We should have heard something by now. Something just doesn't feel right.

NED PHILLIPS

Well what are you suggesting, Ms. Jean?

JEAN PROCTOR

I'm suggesting it might be time for us to take some action. Mike's been gone too long.

CHAD

Well we haven't seen the alien.  
Maybe he ran off?

NED PHILLIPS

Not likely. That there creature is going to stop at nothing to try to kill every last stinking' one of us for burying it alive. I can feel it in my bones. It's got a look of redemption in its lifeless eyes--like a shark's eyes. Yes sir, I do believe we are going to have to kill it.

CHAD

Well, thank you for that comforting sense of air you just blew my way, Mr. Phillips.

JEAN PROCTOR

So you figure now we have to somehow kill it?

NED PHILLIPS

Well, Ms. Jean, in my mind, there's nothing to figure. There just is. And what is, is that we have to kill the sonabitch. Plain an simple.

Chad and Jean look at each other with confused expressions.

CHAD

Right. it is what it is...what it is.

NED PHILLIPS

That's right!

JEAN PROCTOR

And how do we do that, Mr. Phillips? Kill him, I mean?

NED PHILLIPS

The point is, we've been on the defensive this whole time...time to make our plan of attack. And it all starts with you, little samurai.

CHAD

(Sarcastically)

Oh, joy...didn't see that one coming.

NED PHILLIPS

We need to have you as bait. Out there trying to get that there Jeep started, you see? Make all types of racket. Get that alien's attention. Once it comes in for the kill--Jean, you let that sonabitch have it with your hedger. Carve that thing like a home-baked turkey. I'd go myself, but with my leg torn up, I'm just too slow.

CHAD

Shit. Why do I have to always be the guinea pig?

JEAN PROCTOR

It's not a bad plan, Mr. Phillips. I agree. We've been on the defensive too long. This asshole isn't going to give up. But we have to find Mike and make sure he's okay.

NED PHILLIPS

Okay, okay. You kids do what you have to do. I just can't go with ya, I'd just slow you youngsters down. But if you need them, here are my car keys. My car is parked at the cemetery, west side. Brown four door Lincoln. Classic car.

JEAN PROCTOR

Thanks, Mr. Phillips. Chad and I will find him.

CHAD

I wish I had your sense of optimism, Jean. But let's do this.

Chad and Jean grab their respective weapons and walk towards the front door.

JEAN PROCTOR

Mr. Phillips, you need to lock up after we leave. Just hang low until we get back.

NED PHILLIPS  
 Will do, Ms. Jean. I'll rest this  
 here pirate leg and pray to our  
 dear Lord and Savior that you all  
 make it back here in one piece.

CHAD  
 Good luck, Mr. Phillips.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 C'mon, Chad.

Jean looks out the window one more time before opening the  
 front door slowly. She looks around.

NED PHILLIPS  
 Good luck!

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Thank you.

Jean and Chad walk out the door cautiously.

**EXT. CEMETERY (DAWN)**

Jean and Chad walk slowly and cautiously through the cemetery  
 on their way to the Miller House. They see what looks like  
 Mike's axe close to the spot he was buried alive at.

CHAD  
 Look over there, Jean!

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Oh, my god. It looks like his axe.

They run over to retrieve the axe.

CHAD  
 What do you think happened to him?

JEAN PROCTOR  
 I don't know.

CHAD  
 (Screams very loudly)  
 Mike! Mike!

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Shhh...be quiet, Chad. We don't  
 know if the alien is around or  
 not.

CHAD  
Damn. You're right.

Chad throws his knife on the ground and picks up the axe.

CHAD  
Is that blood on the end of it?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Looks like it.

CHAD  
Shit.

Chad wipes the end of the axe on the ground.

CHAD  
Do you think Mike's good?

JEAN PROCTOR  
I don't know. I don't know  
anymore, Chad.

CHAD  
C'mon, let's go on to the house.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Just keep your eyes peeled.

The two continue to walk towards the Miller House. As the two walk, the alien jumps down from one of the trees in the cemetery and picks up Chad's knife that he threw on the ground. The alien quietly starts following Jean and Chad, who have no idea it is behind them. As the two continue to talk, the alien gets closer and closer behind them.

CHAD  
You know, Lisa...she's gotta be  
worried right now. I mean, I  
haven't even called or anything.

JEAN PROCTOR  
That's true. I'm sure she's hoping  
you are safe.

CHAD  
You know, I love her so much. At  
first, I wish she could have come,  
you know? But now...I'm so glad  
she didn't.

JEAN PROCTOR  
You'll see her again, Chad.



CHAD

I sure hope so. You know, the crazy thing is that I've been so scared, you know? But I never thought I would die. Like, deep down, I really think I'm going to make it out of this thing alive.

JEAN PROCTOR

Yeah? That's good! That's the spirit to have.

CHAD

Yeah. And let me tell you, Jean...I don't blame you for anything. And I know Kim and Mike would feel the same way. In fact, I--

Suddenly, the alien stabs Chad in the back of his head with his own knife. The end of the blade extends through out his forehead, and Chad's body falls to the ground. Jean screams and drops her hedger in a panic.

JEAN PROCTOR

No! No! Chad! Oh, my god!

Jean tries to pick up the hedger, but the alien puts its foot down on it so she can't pick it up. Jean, still screaming, runs as fast as she can towards the Miller House. As she is running away, the alien picks up the hedger and looks at it curiously. The alien then starts to follow Jean; it is still injured, so it walks somewhat at a slower pace.

**EXT. MILLER HOUSE (DAWN)**

Jean arrives at the front of the Miller House. She looks around frantically and sees the window that Mike broke earlier--she crawls inside.

**INT. MILLER HOUSE (DAWN)**

Jean looks behind her and sees the alien in the distance, coming towards the house. Jean stands inside the living room and looks around the house. The house is older, with separated rooms--a living room, dining room, and kitchen. The three bedrooms and two bathrooms are down the hallway in the back of the house. The house is dark, except for the outside light flowing through the curtains.

Jean sees the phone in the living room next to the couch. She runs over to it and dials "911".

SHERIFF SMITH

This is the Aurora Police  
Department. What is you emergency?

JEAN PROCTOR

Sheriff Smith, this is Jean  
Proctor. I'm at the Miller House  
close to the cemetery. I am in  
serious trouble. Someone is trying  
to kill me. Hurry up over here!

SHERIFF SMITH

Now, Jean. I am in no mood for any  
type of horse games right now. YOU  
realize what time it is?

JEAN PROCTOR

Get your ass out here!

Jean slams down the phone and runs into the kitchen to grab a knife. She then runs down the hallway to the back of the house. She hears some noise in the living room. She walks into the first bedroom she comes across and looks around. She decides to hide underneath the king-size bed and lies down quietly with a bed skirt covering her view. She hears a loud sound--like as if the alien tore down the front door. The house is quiet. She hears footsteps walking around the front of the house, and slowly starts to hear them coming her way.

Jean is anxious and scared. She struggles to keep from screaming. Her clothes are torn, she has blood on her skin--she looks like she has been in a fight for her life and has lost. But she stays confident and stays quiet underneath the bed as the footsteps come closer and closer. She hears them stop right at the doorway of the bedroom she is in. The footsteps then continue on back farther down the hallway. Jeans tries everything she can do to keep from gasping, and holds the knife securily in her hand.

A few moments passs and she then hears the footsteps coming back towards her. The footsteps make their way inside the room. They stop right next to her face at the side of the bed. Suddenly, the footsteps start walking away towards the door. But then, she hears the sound of the electric hedger starting up, and the top of the bed starts getting sliced into. Jean can't help but scream.

JEAN PROCTOR

No! No! Stop! Stop it goddamn it!

The hedger continues to run at full force, and the mattress is getting torn to pieces. Finally, Jean stabs the foot of the alien with her knife. The alien screams in pain and the hedger falls to the ground still running.

The alien picks up the bed and throws it against the wall. Jean is exposed. She runs to the bathroom on-suite, slams the door, and locks it. The alien follows her. It then starts pounding on the door. The electric hedger is still blaring in the background.

JEAN PROCTOR

Leave me alone, you son-of-a-bitch! Leave me alone!

The alien continues to pound, and it eventually knocks the door down. The alien comes closer and closer to Jean who is now in the bathtub holding up her knife. Jean is screaming like her life depended on it. But as the alien gets closer, her screams turn into a smile and she starts laughing.

JEAN PROCTOR

I'm ready. C'mon! I'm ready!

From behind, she sees Ned stumble in through the door with the electric hedger in hand. As the alien turns around, Ned stabs it straight into its chest. The alien screams, and grabs Ned. But Ned is able to hold on to the hedger as the alien falls down hard to the ground. The electric hedger finally goes out.

#### **INT. MILLER HOUSE (DAY)**

Ned, then falls backwards on to the floor in the bedroom. Jean gets out of the bathtub and runs towards Ned, walking slowly over the alien body.

JEAN PROCTOR

Mr. Phillips! I don't believe it!

NED PHILLIPS

I don't either, missy. I don't anything anymore.

Jean gives Ned a hug on the ground.

JEAN PROCTOR

C'mon, let's get you up. The police should be here soon.

NED PHILLIPS

You know that old Sheriff Smith...he probably won't be here for another two goshdarn hours.

Jean slowly helps Ned up and she grabs his cane. The Two slowly walk into the living room and sit down on the couch. A few moments pass and they hear a car drive up to the driveway, but they can't make out who it is.

NED PHILLIPS  
Got here faster than I thought.

They then see Pastor Frank appear at the front entrance where the door was knocked down by the alien. Frank is dressed in a brown button-up shirt, has a white jacket, and is wearing blue jeans.

FRANK  
Howdy! Ned Phillips? Ms. Jean Proctor?

JEAN PROCTOR  
Where is Sheriff Smith? What are you doing here, Frank?

NED PHILLIPS  
Frank! What in blazes are you doing here?

FRANK  
Why Ned, I hear you all have had yourselves some racket this last night.

NED PHILLIPS  
Well how could you have known about that?

FRANK  
(Looks around the living room)  
Haven't seen you out at the church lately, Ned. And you, Ms. Jean, don't believe I've ever seen you there.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well, my I'm not exactly religious.

NED PHILLIPS  
Now, I been meaning to go, I justa been kinda busy lately, you know. Writing my third book and all. And I--

JEAN PROCTOR  
(Interrupts)  
Frank. Can you explain to us what you are doing here, please?

FRANK  
 (Smiles and pauses for  
 a second)  
 Where is it?

JEAN PROCTOR  
 Where's what?

FRANK  
 Now Jean, please believe me. You  
 can trust me. I'm here to help.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 What are you going to do? Pray it  
 all away? We have had one hell of  
 a night, please forgive me if I'm  
 not in the most trusting mood  
 right now.

FRANK  
 I understand. But please, trust  
 me. Where is it?

NED PHILLIPS  
 We don't know a goshdarn thing. We  
 don't know what you are talking  
 about, Pastor.

FRANK  
 C'mon, Ned.

Jean looks over at Ned.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 What the hell. It's back there.

FRANK  
 Dead?

NED PHILLIPS  
 You think you could survive a  
 hedger attack right in ya heart,  
 Pastor?

FRANK  
 (Laughs)  
 Oh, me? No, I don't reckon I could  
 live through that.

JEAN PROCTOR  
 You want to see it?

FRANK  
 Why yes, Ms.  
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Jean, that would be great.

Frank pulls out a gun and walks to the back of the house.

NED PHILLIPS  
Lord God Almighty! Preacher be  
packing heat!

Ned and Jean look at each other with confused expressions. A few moments later, Frank returns and sits down next to the couch on one of the chairs.

JEAN PROCTOR  
Well? Satisfied it is dead?

FRANK  
(In a serious tone)  
For now, Ms. Jean. For now.

JEAN PROCTOR  
How do you know about that thing?  
What are you doing here, Frank?

FRANK  
Let's just say I represent the  
interests of certain people.  
People that know very much about  
this. And people who very much  
want to keep this a secret.

NED PHILLIPS  
You mean you ain't a preacher?

JEAN PROCTOR  
And what are you doing here?

FRANK  
We've known about Aurora for  
decades. We've had experiences  
with the extraterrestrial creature  
before, and to put it bluntly, we  
believed the best place to keep  
the creature safe, was buried  
underground in an unknown  
grave...away from any type of  
facilities. I've been here in town  
for the last few years to make  
sure things stay...well...status  
quo. That is, until we could  
safely remove the creature. And  
let me also be quite blunt...you  
two have single handedly disrupted  
this period of peace.

NED PHILLIPS

Sorry, Pastor...I mean, Frank.  
Believe you me, if you had let us  
know yesterday what we were  
getting ourselves into, we never  
would have trekked into this space  
alien adventure.

JEAN PROCTOR

Two of my friends are dead...the  
other one is missing. You knew  
about this thing and just let it  
sit underground? What kind of  
people are you?

FRANK

I'm sorry, ma'am, but I think its  
safe to say all three of your  
friends are dead. And believe me;  
if you had been on our radar, none  
of this would have happened. You  
on the other hand, Ned....

NED PHILLIPS

I know, I know...you types of  
people are always on the back of  
the working man! The honest folk!  
The folk trying to make a  
difference in this stinking'  
world!

FRANK

We are looking out for the safety  
of this world. Looking out for the  
safety of everyone. Believe me  
when I say, I'm here to help you  
and everyone.

Suddenly, a noise is heard in the back room.

JEAN PROCTOR

What was that?

FRANK

Stay here.

Frank gets up and walks towards the back. He pulls his gun back  
out of his holster. The man looks in the bedroom. The alien is  
gone and window is open. Frank returns to the living room.

JEAN PROCTOR

Well?

Frank just stands there. Putting his gun back in the holster.

NED PHILLIPS

Well...he dead, ain't he?

FRANK

No sir, No, it is surely not. It most surely is not.

JEAN PROCTOR

He's gone?

FRANK

Oh, no. It's not gone, Ms. Jean. It just left. I pray to God we can find it before it's more than just your three unfortunate friends who met their demise by this deadly creature.

NED PHILLIPS

You better find it! This is all your fault! You didn't stop this thing when you had the chance. You let the world sit in ignorance why you people knew what was beneath their feet!

JEAN PROCTOR

What are you going to do?

The man stands there motionless for a moment. He turns to Jean and Ned who are still sitting on the couch.

JEAN PROCTOR

Frank! What are you going to do?

FRANK

First things, first.

Frank starts to pull out his weapon.

FADE OUT...

THE END