

I'M STARTING TO SUSPECT MY TEENAGE DAUGHTER IS AN ALIEN FROM OUTER
SPACE

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INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

PAN ACROSS a row of 1970's-80's FRAMED FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall, a LITTLE GIRL and her MOTHER.

TWO HANDS pop into frame, in front of the photographs, belonging to a 40-year-old woman called LESLIE.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Here's me and my mom when I was
growing up.

She forms her hands into two "talking puppets."

The left hand - taller and sassier, her mom.

The right hand - shorter and meeker, Leslie as a kid.

LESLIE (V.O.)
(moving the left hand)
Wait till your father hears about
this.
(moving the right hand)
I HATE YOU!
(left hand)
You are in so much trouble, young
lady.
(right hand)
I HATE YOU!
(moving the left hand)
I don't even know who you are
anymore.

The left hand shakes its "head" in disappointment. The right hand trembles in anger.

LESLIE (V.O.)
(right hand)
... I... HATE... YOU!!!!

She relaxes her hands, then clasps them together, so they're holding each other.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Early on I made a vow that I'd be a
cool mom. And for a while I did
pretty alright.

We continue to PAN ACROSS the wall of framed photographs, now newer, showing Leslie as a mom over the years --

- LESLIE and husband DONNIE, cute dad type, push a beaming 4-year-old TIFFANY on a sled in the snow.

- 7-year-old Tiffany holds her new baby brother ETHAN, smiling ear to ear.
- Leslie, Donnie, 12-year-old Tiffany and 6-year old Ethan playing baseball in the backyard.

Leslie's puppet hands pop back into frame to "talk" again.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Pretty sweet, right? But no one
prepares you for what happens
later, when...

Leslie's right puppet hand starts to "SEIZE", shake, twist and convulse.

CUT TO BLACK.

LESLIE (V.O.)
...they turn.

Leslie makes an inhuman high-pitched shriek.

LESLIE (V.O.)
That was like a monster sound. You
get it, right? Yeah you get it.
Anyways. That's when stuff like
this starts to happen...

FADE IN:

LESLIE, now 40, a cheery anxious woman in Old Navy clothes who still looks a lot like the little girl in her childhood pictures, enters -

INT. TIFFANY'S ROOM - EVENING

Where TIFFANY, 17, blonde, orange skin, a sensitive girl hiding behind hormonal teenage sass, sits with her laptop, ignoring her mom.

LESLIE
(holding up coupons)
Who wants to go to Olive Garden?! I
hear when you're there you're
family!

TIFFANY
(eyes still on laptop)
Ya. A family of elephants. Their
salad dressing alone has five
gazillion calories. No thank you.

LESLIE (V.O.)
And stuff like this...

INT. LESLIE'S CAR

Leslie drives Tiffany. A famous pop song comes on the radio, Leslie starts singing it enthusiastically. Tiffany just stares out the window.

LESLIE
(singing along)
Come on, Tiff, this used to be your
favorite song!

TIFFANY
(cold)
Well its not anymore.

LESLIE (V.O.)
And this...

MONTAGE OF QUICK CLOSE-UP "TIFFANY-ISMS" -- at the kitchen table, in her room, at the mall: "Eat a dick."
"Whateverrrrrr." "That's like... Not my problem." "Ya. No."
"Um... Whatever."

LESLIE (V.O.)
Which is why, in the end, what
happens is... this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eerie quiet. The quiet before the -

TIFFANY (O.S.)
You don't get to tell me what to do
anymore.

LESLIE (O.S.)
Like hell I don't!

THUD THUD THUD. Angry footsteps down the stairs, as like a hurricane, in storm Tiffany and Leslie, both pumped on adrenaline of the grade-A mother-daughter rage variety.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Over my dead body.

TIFFANY
Geez, mom, you want me to kill you
on top of everything else?

LESLIE
How dare you--

FREEZE FRAME on the two women sticking fingers in each other's angry squinty faces.

Leslie makes the high pitched shriek sound again.

LESLIE (V.O.)
Get it now? You get it.

UNFREEZE.

TIFFANY
Whatever mom, I'm sorry you're a crusty old lady who's bored and jealous and doesn't want anyone else to have a good time while she stays home and reads like,
(disgusted)
...a novel.

Leslie fumes, but regains composure.

LESLIE
Well I'm sorry as well, but this "crusty old lady" is not letting you go out there. Everybody knows "bonfire" is code word for alcohol and drugs and doing it with boys.

TIFFANY
"Doing it with boys"? What are you, twelve?

LESLIE
I wish I was twelve! Boy, the things I'd do!

ETHAN (O.S.)
Can you keep it down? I'm trying to study.

The women interrupt their fierce fighting to spot ETHAN, now 11, peeking his head from the second floor.

TIFFANY
Shut up, nerd face!

LESLIE
Yeah ner- I mean honey. Go do your homework!

Ethan rolls his eyes and leaves. Back to fighting -

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry but until you're
eighteen, your butt is mine. And I
say your butt stays right here.

TIFFANY
Well I say this isn't prison, so
you don't actually own my butt. I'm
17, Why can't you treat me like a
freakin adult?

LESLIE
Because you're not one yet. And you
are in prison. Mom prison. Your
butt is mine!

TIFFANY
Like hell it is!

LESLIE
Mom hell.

TIFFANY
UGH!

FREEZE FRAME of the two women in each other's faces.

LESLIE (V.O.)
What happened to me?

UNFREEZE.

Tiffany grabs a jacket, puts it on, a declaration of war.
Leslie comes running after her.

LESLIE
Oh you are.. You are in so much
trouble young lady.

TIFFANY
What are you gonna do? Nag me to
death?

LESLIE
Well... Just wait till your father
hears about this!

TIFFANY
Yeah, if he ever comes back home.

LESLIE
God I don't even know who you are
anymore!

TIFFANY
Sounds like that early-set
Alzheimer is finally kicking in.

LESLIE
(blurts out)
I HATE YOU!

Leslie clamps her mouth with her hand, realizing what she just said to her daughter. The two women stare at each other in shocked silence. Tiffany is genuinely hurt, but hides it under sarcasm.

TIFFANY
(cold)
Isn't that my line?

A wave of guilt and remorse washes over Leslie. She rushes towards Tiffany, tries to hug her but Tiffany shrugs her off.

LESLIE
Oh god. Oh god. I didn't mean that.
I didn't mean that. I'm sorry. You
know I love you. I just got angr--

TIFFANY
Whatever, I'm done.

Tiffany storms out, SLAM! Leaving Leslie standing there, horrified. A beat. Leslie opens the door and calls after Tiffany.

LESLIE
I LOVE YOU!
(pause)
Be safe!
(pause)
Come back by midnight maybe if
that's cool or whatever?
(pause)
I'm sorry! I love you! Be safe OK?

Tiffany is gone. Leslie kicks a plant. It hurts her foot.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(mumbling under breath)
Goddamn nutballs. You're terrible.
You're a terrible human being.
You're the worst human ever. You
should turn yourself in to the
police. They should put you in the
electric chair. They should put you
in two electric chairs.
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
One electric chair is not enough.
That's how terribl--

COMMOTION IN THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET interrupts Leslie's monologue, as TREVOR, 17, handsome and angsty, bursts out the door followed by mom GINA, 40's, big and bold with mom clothes that fit wrong somehow.

TREVOR
This is bullshit!

GINA
Love you. Be home by midnight!

TREVOR
I HATE LIVING HERE!

He storms off, leaving Gina standing there.

Gina and Leslie stand in their respective porches, mirror images of each other. They stare at each other for a moment.

Gina slowly raises her hand. She forms a GUN SHAPE. She puts her hand gun to her temple. Mimes blowing her brains out.

Leslie laughs, liking this game. She thinks for a moment. She raises both her hands slowly. Forms a mime shotgun. Loads it with a bullet. Slams it shut. Carefully places it inside her mouth. Mime blows her brains out.

Gina nods in approval, then forms her hand into a grenade. Yanks out the pin, throws it in the bushes. Eats the grenade. Mime explodes. The women laugh.

GINA
(calls out)
Alright, I gotta go finish this
bottle of wine. I mean glass.

LESLIE
(calls out)
That's cool. I gotta go... also
do.. The stuff.

Leslie starts to head inside.

GINA
(calls out)
Oh by the way, thanks for the
"Welcome to the neighborhood"
cookies! Great unpacking fuel.

LESLIE
(calls out)
Oh of course! Glad to have you
guys. OK... Goodnight!

The two women wave at each other, step inside their
respective houses.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Leslie slumps down on the couch, dials a phone.

LESLIE
Donnie?

INT. AIRPORT - LOUNGE - SAME

Husband DONNIE, 40's, in a pilot uniform, is the kind of dad
who means well but is never around. He walks through a NOISY
AIRPORT. The reception is bad.

DONNIE
Hey babe. Just about to take off.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

LESLIE
Where to?

DONNIE
Guam.

LESLIE
Again?!

DONNIE
Hey, it's the biannual tiny hat
festival. Busiest time of year, you
know that.

LESLIE
Yeah, yeah. Tiny hats. So I hulked
out on your daughter.

DONNIE
Yikes.

LESLIE
And I may have accidentally,
reverse-psychology-like, told her I
hate her.

DONNIE

Geez, Les.

LESLIE

I know. I know. Then she took off.
To a bonfire. With booze and boys
with penises.

DONNIE

Gross. She pissed?

LESLIE

The pissedest.

DONNIE

She'll calm down. Probably won't
even remember it by the end of the
night. You know, on account of all
the booze.

LESLIE

And the penises.

DONNIE

Gross. Don't worry. Teenagers got
memory like fish. She won't
remember.

LESLIE

Promise?

Silence.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

A beat.

DONNIE

Sorry. Promise. At least not till
thirty years down the line when she
goes to therapy and realizes you're
the underlying cause for all her
life's problems.

LESLIE

Great.

DONNIE

On the bright side, you'll probably
be dead by then.

LESLIE

Fingers crossed.

DONNIE
Fingers crossed.

LESLIE
I love you.

Silence.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

DONNIE
Sorry honey I gotta go. Love you
too. You're a good mom.

LESLIE
I am?

Silence.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

DONNIE
I'll see you Sunday night.

LESLIE
Goodni-

Click. Line goes dead.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Leslie opens a cupboard. On one side - a box of relaxing Chamomile Tea. On the other side - a bottle of relaxing wine. She debates. Grabs the tea.

As she fills the kettle, she can see Gina in her kitchen through their respective windows. Gina sees her too and raises a GLASS OF WINE in one hand, a BOTTLE in the other, as if to say, "YEAH."

Fuck it. Leslie trashes the tea and grabs the wine bottle. She pours a glass and downs it in one sip. She looks at the label.

LESLIE
Earthy.

She pours another glass.

LATER

Leslie sinks into the couch, purple lips. She stares at the TV, currently showing a show about aliens, like "The Real Housewives of Atlanta". Her eyes slowly close.

LATER

Leslie is in deep sleep on the couch, drooling. Soft moonlight shines in through the window behind her. Outside - a quiet, suburban street.

Suddenly, what looks like a FALLING METEOR IGNITES THE NIGHT SKY, leaving a bright blue trail behind it. The meteor crashes to earth with a faint BOOM, and for a second, THE ENTIRE SKY LIGHTS UP. Then everything is back to normal.

Leslie, deep in sleep, doesn't even stir.

LATER

Leslie deep in sleep. A soft blue light illuminates Leslie's unconscious face as -- BLEEP BLOOP! her cell phone lights up with an annoying sound.

Leslie jolts awake, grabs her phone. It's a notification from CANDY CRUSH - "Ethel just gave you five extra lives!" Leslie throws down the phone, stretches, groggy, trying to remember how she got there.

ON TV -- LOCAL NEWS CHANNEL - BREAKING NEWS

Sexy News Anchor LISA CRUZ, power suit, power make-up, faces the camera with ratings-milking urgency.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)

We interrupt this program for some breaking news. Multiple witnesses report an unidentified object spotted lighting up the sky in Willowbrook Park, outside Warren, New Jersey. The object is currently presumed to be a meteorite. We now go to local--

Over Lisa's words -- SLOW MOTION FOOTAGE of the object igniting the night sky. Leslie stares at the TV, unfocused.

LESLIE

Willowbrook? That's where the bonfi-

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. In walks Tiffany. She looks WASTED.

Leslie leaps after her, guilt-stricken and wine-stricken.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hey sweetie! How was it? Did you
have a good time?

Tiffany stares at Leslie with disdain and says nothing.
Leslie takes in Tiffany's strange appearance. She tries to
subtly sniff Tiffany for alcohol. Tiffany marches to the -

KITCHEN

Leslie runs in after her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Honey, I am so so sorry for what
happened before. I didn't mean any
of it. I love you. I love you to
bits and pieces. You're the best
thing I ever made. Honest. You
forgive me, right?

Tiffany ignores Leslie's yammering. She opens the fridge,
takes out a ONE GALLON WHOLE MILK CONTAINER. Starts to gulp
it down like a maniac.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
And you're right. You're 17. I have
to start treating you like an
adult. It's just hard sometimes,
you know? You're my little-

Tiffany keeps gulping the milk. Leslie eyes her, baffled.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Thirsty, huh?

Tiffany keeps downing the milk in silence.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Um.. Good. That's good. It does
the body good! Haha, get it? Cuz..
You get it.

Tiffany ignores Leslie as she FINISHES OFF THE ENTIRE GALLON
OF MILK.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Wow. OK. Tiff, are you OK?

Tiffany ignores her. She wipes her mouth. Heads for the
kitchen cabinets. Opens them. Scanning all the food items
inside. Finally, she grabs an EXTRA LARGE BOX OF TRISCUITS.
Takes it with her. Starts to head off upstairs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Tiff?... Tiff wait!

Tiffany stops in place. Slowly turns around, robotic. She gives her mother a scrutinizing, cold scan. Something clicks inside her. A strange smile forms on her face.

TIFFANY
Oh. Yes. I forgive you. Goodnight
Mother.

Leslie is incredibly relieved.

LESLIE
(exhales)
Good. Good. Oh thank god.

Tiffany turns back around, somewhat mechanically, and walks upstairs, box of Triscuits in hand.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Goodnight Tiff! Love you!

Leslie watches her, smiling ear to ear, relieved as fuck. But... something's weird. Leslie scratches her head, wondering...

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Bedtime. Leslie turns off the lights in the house. Walks down the hall. Passes by Tiffany's bedroom. The door is shut.

A strange, UNNATURAL BLUE LIGHT beams from inside the room, illuminating the door frame. Leslie looks at it, perplexed. She reaches for the doorknob.

Then thinks against it. Shrugs it off. Keeps walking.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Facebook...

After she leaves, we CLOSE IN ON THE DOOR, start picking up a STRANGE MANLY VOICE TALKING GIBBERISH. It intensifies in volume becoming loud and distressed -- and then we CUT TO:

KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Leslie makes pancakes, has pancake concentration face on. Behind her, a small TV shows LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR Lisa Cruz, another day, another power suit.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
We now go to Professor Herbert
Allen of LabTec Industries for
more.

TV splitscreens with HERBERT ALLEN, 50, pudgy, scientist-
like. This is the most exciting day of his life.

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
G... good morning, Lisa.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
Now Herbert, are we in fact dealing
with a meteorite here?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
Well Lisa, most likely we're
dealing with harmless debris.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
What's delaying the verdict on this
unknown substance?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
Frankly, we haven't been able to
find much trace of.. Whatever it
is. But the little we got we took
to the lab and our best people are
analyzing it as we speak.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
Thank you, Herbert. We'll check
back in with you later.
(facing different camera)
A group of local teens were spotted
at a bonfire gathering in close
proximity to the alleged crash
site. We caught up with one of
them, local high school student
Chad Dorci. Here's what he had to
say.

TV shows CHAD DORCI, 17, total stoner idiot.

CHAD (ON TV)
I mean, did the sky totally light
up in a bunch of explosions? Hell
yeah it did. But I'm pretty sure
its because of something I smoked
earlier in the night if you know
what I mean. Hehehehehe.

Chad laughs forever.

CHAD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
I mean. Legally.

Then we cut back to Lisa.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
More on the story as it develops.

Leslie half listens to the news.

LESLIE
Huh.

Ethan sits by the kitchen table doing homework.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Go call your sister to come eat.

ETHAN
I'm scared. It's like waking up a
vampire.

Leslie grabs a WOODEN STAKE-ESQUE SPOON.

LESLIE
Alright, I got this. Watch the
cakes.

Leslie heads --

UPSTAIRS

Knocks on Tiffany's bedroom door. No answer. Fuck it. Leslie
opens the door, storms in, singing, jazz hands.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Good morning staaaaarshiiiiine! The
eaaaarth says helloooo--

She stops midsentence when she sees Tiffany STANDING IN THE
CENTER OF THE ROOM AS IF IN A TRANCE, MUMBLING GIBBERISH WITH
HER EYES CLOSED, HER BODY SEIZING, SLIGHTLY.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Um. Hello.

Tiffany snaps out of it. Turns.

TIFFANY
Are you familiar with the concept
of knocking?

LESLIE
There she is! My lovely daughter.
What were you doing?

Tiffany doesn't answer.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Was that the new dance you guys are
into? What is it? Swerking? There's
a new aerobics class for it at the
gym, but I'm more of an oldschool
pilates gal myse--

TIFFANY
What do you want?!?!?

LESLIE
To feed you pancakes?

Tiffany considers this.

TIFFANY
Alright.

KITCHEN

Tiffany joins Ethan at the kitchen table. They regard each
other with disdain and suspicion. Leslie comes in with
pancakes, serves them.

LESLIE
Tiff, did you see anything weird
last night at the bonfire? The news
won't shut up about a meteor thing.

TIFFANY
No, I didn't see anything.

LESLIE
Maybe it's a spaceship!

ETHAN
Then where are the aliens?

Leslie sneaks up on Ethan, makes him jump.

LESLIE
Living among us! Muhahaha!

They laugh. Tiffany rolls her eyes.

TIFFANY
Idiots.

Tiffany takes a bite of her pancake. Suddenly, her bitchy teenage expression dissolves into... pure joy.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
This is incredible.

LESLIE
Aw, thanks Tiff.

TIFFANY
No, I'm serious. This is amazing.

Tiffany starts eating faster.

LESLIE
I'm glad you like it.

TIFFANY
This is the best thing I've ever eaten.

Tiffany finishes the pancakes off her plate, reaches over to Ethan's plate, grabs one of his pancakes.

ETHAN
Hey!

LESLIE
I can make more?

TIFFANY
(screams)
MAKE MORE.
(catches herself)
I mean. Make more, please.

Leslie is truly touched.

LESLIE
Honey, I'm touched. You barely ever eat anything. And now look at you!

TIFFANY
I'm a growing bo-- girl. I'm a growing girl.

Ethan eyes her suspiciously.

ETHAN
You seem weird.

She eyes him suspiciously back.

TIFFANY
You seem weird.

Ethan isn't entirely convinced. They stare off for a beat.

LATER

Tiffany, looking stuffed, rises, collects the dishes and starts washing them in the sink. Leslie looks at her, completely perplexed.

LESLIE
Honey what are you doing?!

TIFFANY
(duh)
The dishes?

Leslie freezes in place. Her daughter is doing the dishes voluntarily. Something is wrong. Leslie shivers, creeped out.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

HALLWAY

Leslie knocks on Ethan's door. He opens. She walks in. Sits on his bed. Ethan has a nerd room, filled with Star Wars and Dinosaur figurines, toys and games.

LESLIE
Hey champ.

ETHAN
What's up?

LESLIE
You know how I always say, "Don't spy on your sister"?

ETHAN
Yeah?

LESLIE
Well I need you to spy on your sister.

ETHAN
Why?

LESLIE
Just... let me know if you see something weird.
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I gotta go to this nightmare parent
meeting school thing. You keep
watch. Report back later.

ETHAN
OK.

LESLIE
Thanks champ.

She salutes him. He salutes her back. She winks at him. He
winks back. She makes another dumb army move at him.

ETHAN
Alright, I get it.

LESLIE
Sorry. Bye!

Leslie leaves.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Leslie parks her car. She glances out her window and sees --

Tiffany, Trevor and a group of FIVE OTHER GOOD LOOKING TEENS
(BRITNEY, DANNY, BECKY, JIMMY and FELICIA) making their way
out the front doors of the school.

SLOW MOTION SHOT OF THEM WALKING as a group, their footsteps
in sync -- cool, aloof, indifferent, cynical -- alien.

Leslie squints, trying to make sense of it all.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Leslie stands by a podium facing about SIXTY PARENTS seated
around the room.

She speaks into a microphone. Reverb and awkwardness.

LESLIE
Hi everyone. We'd like to get
started.
(clears throat)
Following last year's student-
planned "Morning After Pill"-themed
school dance, we parental units
have decided to take things into
our own hands planning this year's
event. Cuz those darn kids can't be
trusted!

Leslie pauses for uproarious laughter, gets polite snickers.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Am I right? Teenagers. Yikes! It's
like, who are these people?! What
happened?
(Liam Neeson)
Give me back my daughter!
(laughs at herself)
Right? It's like -
(Denzel Washington)
Give me back my son!
(laughs)
Right?

Polite snickers. A little uncomfortable.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Heh. No but seriously folks.
(suddenly serious)
Anyone notice anything weird
lately? Strange behavior in the
past few days? Them not acting like
their usual charming selves?

Painful Reverb. Everybody cringes.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Who's with me? Anyone?

PARENT IN THE AUDIENCE (O.S.)
(yells)
It's called "puberty"!

LESLIE
Good one sir! Wow. What is this, a
stand up comic convention or a PTA
meeting? No, I'm just joking
around. OK Dane Cook, get off the
stage! It's time to vote on this
year's school dance theme! I'm
gonna hand it over to George
Sheridan now aka Riley's dad, to
get this party started. George?

GEORGE, 40's, a pretentious dad who's no fan of Leslie's,
takes the stage.

GEORGE
Thank you, Leslie for that...
interesting introduction.
(fake enthusiasm)
Give it up for Leslie everybody!

Lukewarm applause. Leslie feels like an idiot.

SCHOOL BATHROOM

Leslie looks at herself in the mirror. With her hand, she mimes a shotgun, shoots herself in the temple.

LESLIE
You're losing it, sister.

EXT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Leslie, deflated, climbs up the dark porch steps.

A FIGURE is sitting there.

VOICE
I'm with you.

Leslie jumps.

LESLIE
Oh god!

The figure comes into the light. It's Gina, the neighbor.

GINA
Oops, sorry. Didn't mean to heart
attack you.

Leslie catches her breath.

LESLIE
You're with me?

GINA
(lowers her voice)
Something's wrong with our kids.

LESLIE
(whispers)
You noticed it too?

The huddle together.

GINA
(whispers)
Yeah. I've noticed... change. Since
that stupid bonf--

LESLIE
(loud)
Yes, the bonfire!!
(whispers)
I mean, yes. The bonfire.

GINA
(whispers)
Last night, I walked in on him.

Leslie and Gina huddle even closer. Their heads BUMP.

Ow! LESLIE Ow! GINA

LESLIE
Sorry. Continue.

FLASHBACK – GINA'S HALLWAY

Gina walks down a dark hallway. She sees SOFT BLUE LIGHT emitting from her teenage son's room.

GINA (V.O.)
I came to check in on him. And
that's when I saw it.

She slowly approaches. Its like a scene from a horror movie. The door is slightly ajar. She peeks in, slowly pushing the door open.

Trev? GINA

She finds Trevor sitting on a chair with his back to her, TOTALLY NAKED, his hands... busy. Stroking... something.

A BRIGHT BLUE LIGHT SHINING DOWN UPON HIM.

Oh God!

GINA (CONT'D)

Gina quickly leaves and closes the door behind her.

GINA (CONT'D)
Oh god! Sorry Trev!

TREVOR (O.S.)
Are you familiar with the concept
of knocking?!

BACK ON PORCH

LESLIE
Wow, that IS weird.

GINA
Oh no, that was just him jerking
off to porn. But *then*...

FLASHBACK - GINA'S HALLWAY

Gina quickly closes the door to Trev's room. A beat. She
STOMPS in place, faking walking away. Then stays and listens.

She hears the sound of ICONIC OLD TEENAGE MOVIES. Then Trev
repeating what he hears out loud.

TREV (O.S.)
Totally. To-TA-lly. WhatEVER. What-
EV-er. Whatev-errrrrrrrrr.

GINA (V.O.)
Now, being the mother of a teenage
boy I've seen some crazy things in
my life. Some things I wish I could
unsee. Oh god, the things I've
seen.
(stops to reflect,
shudders)
But this was some next level weird
shit.

BACK TO PORCH

GINA
So I figure something happened at
the bonfire. At first I thought
crystal meth. But now I figured it
out.

LESLIE
What is it?!

GINA
(loving it)
Aliens.

Wait what? Leslie pulls back. The bond broken. Gina is crazy.

LESLIE
(creeped out)
Um... Aliens..... Right.

GINA
I know. I know it sounds nuts. But
just think about it.

Leslie stands, suddenly uncomfortable.

LESLIE
Right. You know, it's kinda late.
I'm gonna go back inside... To you
know. Gather evidence. For...
aliens.

Gina stands too.

GINA
Right on! Then swing by my place
tomorrow to hatch out a plan!

LESLIE
(no thank you)
Sure, we'll.. We'll see.

They just stand there, nodding awkwardly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
K, bye!

Leslie enters the house, closes the door behind her, leaving
a hopeful Gina standing alone on the porch.

GINA
Great. See you soon!

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Leslie, Tiffany and Ethan at the breakfast table. Leslie
watches Tiffany eat like a monster, wondering.... But aliens?
No way.

LESLIE
I'm going to the mall later, anyone
need anything?

Tiffany stands, urgently.

TIFFANY
(screams)
YES.
(catches herself)
Yeah, sure. I'll make you a list.

INT. HOME DEPOT - LATER

Leslie pushes a cart down the aisles, reading Tiffany's
shopping list, somewhat baffled.

She loads up her cart with various odd items. Metal bars, wires, rims, capacitors, voltage regulators, an INSANE AMOUNT OF BATTERIES.

An item on the list stumps her. She approaches store employee JOSH, 30's.

LESLIE
Hi there. I need... a...
(reading off list)
10K Ohm Resistor?

JOSH
Right this way.

He leads her down the aisle.

LESLIE
(nervous, making
conversation)
It's for my daughter. You know
girls and their ohm resistors!
Don't wanna know what that's for,
am I right? I mean, vibrators?
Yikes!

Josh gives her a weird look.

JOSH
What color?

There's an assortment of colorful ohm resistors.

LESLIE
Um.. Oh, that's pretty. One of
each? Thanks!

AT CHECKOUT

A sassy female CASHIER rings up Leslie.

CASHIER
Dang. You building a spaceship or
something?

Leslie laughs politely, then her eyes go wide.

QUICK FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- Tiffany downing a gallon of milk.
- Gina saying "Aliens."
- Tiffany saying "I forgive you".

- Gina saying "Aliens."
- Tiffany standing in her bedroom, seizing and chanting gibberish.
- Clip from "The Real Housewives of Atlanta".
- Gina saying "Aliens."
- Ethan saying, "Then where are the aliens?!" And Leslie replying, "Living among us, muhahaha!"

And most concerning --

- SLOW MOTION CLOSE UP of Tiffany DOING DISHES.

END MONTAGE

Leslie GASPS.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Leslie walks in with shopping bags. She spots Tiffany on her laptop in the kitchen, mumbling to herself.

TIFFANY
(to herself)
Whatever. WhatEVer. What-ev-
Errrrrr.

Tiffany sees Leslie and quickly closes her laptop. Leslie drops the bags on the table.

LESLIE
Hey Al Qaeda, that's quite an
explosive list you gave me.

TIFFANY
It's for a... school project.

LESLIE
Oh yeah? What kind of school
project?

TIFFANY
(rolls her eyes)
The science kind, alright, KGB?

Tiffany grabs the bags and starts to leave. Leslie grabs Tiffany's hand, keeping her from getting up.

LESLIE

Hey, sweetie, you know what I was thinking of earlier, remember that camping trip we took in Maine five years ago, where dad fell off a moose and broke his ankle?

TIFFANY

(disinterested, only half listening)

Yeah, what about it?

Tense silence.

LESLIE

Nothing. The KGB dismisses you.

Tiffany gathers her stuff and walks upstairs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Just that it never happened, that's what.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE - LATER

Gina opens the door. Finds Leslie standing on her porch.

GINA

You came!

LESLIE

Aliens? Really though?

GINA

Absolutely.

LESLIE

Ugh. For being completely insane, it sure makes a lot of sense.

GINA

Right. Because aliens.

LESLIE

Or.... we're just being paranoid because we're bored and lonely and need something exciting to do to distract us from the fact that we're aging and there's nothing waiting for us in the future except more of this but worse and with more back pain?

GINA

Also possible. But probably aliens.

LESLIE

So what do we do?

Gina puts a reassuring arm on Leslie.

GINA

We investigate.

Gina lifts up a TOTE BAG.

GINA (CONT'D)

I packed all the essentials. Come on, let's go to your place, it's cleaner!

LESLIE

(creeped out)
How do you know?

GINA

... Come on!

They walk off, excitedly.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Leslie and Gina sit by the kitchen table. Gina starts unpacking her bag of "essentials", item by item, she pulls out: A laptop, a notepad, some sharpened pencils, a bottle of wine, a bottle of wine, a bottle of wine.

Leslie raises an eyebrow.

GINA

What? Refreshments.

Gina opens a bottle of wine, pours them both glasses.

GINA (CONT'D)

OK, now the first thing we need is a code word in case a suspect -- that's what we call our kids now -- in case a suspect approaches mid-investigation.

LESLIE

How about "flowers"?

GINA

Rhinoplasty.

LESLIE

Rhinoplasty?!

GINA

Rhinoplasty.

LESLIE

Why rhinopla--

GINA

Now the second thing you need to do is recruit junior agents. Your son.

LESLIE

I don't know if I should get him involved in this.

GINA

His life is in danger too.

LESLIE

Just kidding I totally already did.

GINA

Yes! I like your style. Low moral fiber. Very crucial.

They fist bump.

LESLIE

Let's see if there's anything on the news.

Leslie turns on the TV. Local news headline reads: "UNIDENTIFIED ARTIFACT FOUND IN CRASH SITE." The ever trusty Lisa Cruz is there, another day another power suit.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)

We now turn to local scientist Herbert Allen for more. Herbert?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
Hi Lisa. You can call me Herb.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
Professor Allen, tell us more about
this artifact?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
Yes. Our team is analyzing it as we
speak, so far I can tell you it
looks like some kind of engine
part, roughly the size of a bread
box, and frankly,
(nerd boner)
It's like nothing I've ever seen
before.

LISA CRUZ (ON TV)
Are we talking... Alien technology
here Herbert?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
I cannot make such a dramatic
statement this early on. Suffice it
to say we're looking at all the
options.

Gina's eyes go wide. She's on her second glass of wine now.

GINA
Oh my god, alien technology!

LESLIE
We gotta find out more.

GINA
Quick, to the Internets!

LESLIE
Great idea! To the Google!

The two women huddle around a laptop. Leslie opens "The
Google." Types in: "How do I know if a meteorite is really a
spaceship from outer space".

Gets random results, including a towel sale at Macy's.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Nothing, nothing. Ugh, nothing.
Ooh, towel sale at Macy's!

GINA

Focus! This is more important than -
Oh my god, 25% off, and look at
those colors!

LESLIE

Right? OK OK focus. Hmm...

Leslie types: "How do I know if my teenage daughter is an alien".

Gets results about STD's, unwanted pregnancies, illegal immigrants. Nothing relevant.

GINA

Check the Wikipedia!

Leslie loads a Wikipedia page for "SPACESHIPS."

LESLIE

Ugh, it's so long. Maybe go on the
Facebook?

GINA

Your the Facebook or her The
Facebook?

LESLIE

What's the difference?

GINA

Rhinoplasty! RHINOPLASTY!

LESLIE

What?!

Leslie turns around. Tiffany comes down the stairs. Leslie and Gina straighten up. Try to act normal.

GINA

So uh, 350 thread count.

LESLIE

350? Wowee, sounds plush. Hey Tiff,
you know Trevor's mom Gina, right?
They just moved in next door.

TIFFANY

Oh hey.

Tiffany walks off to the kitchen. Leslie and Gina resume huddled whispers.

LESLIE
(whispers)
So weird, right?

GINA
(whispers)
Totally. Something's wrong with
that girl.

A BOTTLE OF WINE LATER

Leslie and Gina are sprawled out, purple lips, laughing.

GINA (CONT'D)
Alright. I think that's enough
investigation for one night.
(whispers)
Your next mission should you choose
to accept it - tomorrow when
they're at school, look through her
stuff.

Leslie walks Gina to the front door.

LESLIE
Good idea! Maybe I'll go through
her the Facebook!

GINA
Yeah! Then come to my place
tomorrow night, twenty hundred
hours?

LESLIE
What's that?

GINA
8 I think?

LESLIE
Right on.

They salute each other.

HALLWAY

Leslie turns off all the lights. Walks down the hallway. Sees
that STRANGE BLUE LIGHT coming from Tiffany's room. Like a
scene from a horror movie, Leslie creeps forward. The door
isn't completely shut. She can't help herself.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(whispers to self)
I got you now, sucker.

She twists the knob, opens the door slowly.

Inside, SHE FINDS -----

Tiffany sleeping like an angel in bed. Her face lit softly by a laptop computer, open to some dumb celebrity's Instagram page. Leslie's face softens. Her baby girl.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Aww.

Leslie can't help but sit down on the bed by sleeping Tiffany's side. She strokes her hair and watches her sleep.

Tiffany stirs awake. She cringes, cowers away from Leslie, deeply disturbed.

TIFFANY

What are you doing?!

Leslie stands, confused too.

LESLIE

I don't know, I. I used to do this all the time when you were--

TIFFANY

Well I'm not anymore.

LESLIE

I know. I know.

Silence. The two women stare at each other.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(awkward)

Goodnight.

Leslie leaves.

LESLIE'S BEDROOM

Leslie enters her cold empty bedroom. She gets into her big empty bed and covers herself in blankets. She stares at the ceiling, feeling ever so alone.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Leslie, Ethan and Tiffany finish up breakfast downstairs. Ethan and Tiffany put on their backpacks, getting ready to leave.

LESLIE

Ethan, hold up, I wanna talk to you.

Ethan sits back down.

TIFFANY

Well I gotta jet. I'm meeting up with friends after school for a... science project. I'll be back in the evening.

LESLIE

(cheery)

K. Have a good day!

Tiffany leaves.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(all business)

Alright Junior spy master, what you got?

ETHAN

Nothing. Everything was normal. Except at one point I heard this low hum from her room. Like a vibration. It only lasted like five minutes, and I heard like heavy breathing. Then it was over.

Leslie knows what this is, and it ain't alien.

LESLIE

Cool, thanks for the report, let me know if there's anything else!

ETHAN

Wait, isn't that weird what I just told you? What do you think it is? What is she doing?

LESLIE

I'm sure its nothing.

ETHAN

Maybe its something super weird and illegal. What if it's something--

LESLIE

(sighs)

Ethan. Your sister was masturbating.

Ethan's face fills with horror.

ETHAN
I'm gonna go now.

LESLIE
Dismissed.

Ethan runs off.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(calling after him)
Hey. Good work, soldier!

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Leslie quietly enters Tiffany's bedroom.

LESLIE
Alright, bedroom. Give me all the
answers.

She starts rummaging through various typical teenage messes -
magazines, school work, doodles, clothes, clothes, clothes,
clothes, clothes, clothes, clothes. She tries the laptop.
Password protected.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Dangit.

She finds the giant box of Triscuits - now empty. Even parts
of the cardboard seem to have been nibbled out. Weird.

Leslie keeps rummaging. She finds an OLD PHOTO ALBUM, goes
through old photos of young Tiffany, smiling and sweet.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Awww.

Something FALLS OUT of the album. It's a strange SCHEMATIC. A
blueprint for some STRANGE DEVICE. Leslie stares at it,
confused.

She takes out her cell phone and snaps a photo of the
schematic, her THUMB featured prominently in the picture.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Leslie watches a soap opera on TV. She attempts to knit but
it's basically a giant ball of yarn.

Ethan walks down the stairs, heads to the kitchen, stops to look at her "knitting."

ETHAN

What are you knitting?

LESLIE

A giant ball of yarn. It's all the rage these days. It's on the Pinterests. Hey, E, wanna play a game of--

ETHAN

Sorry, got homework.

He walks off. Tiffany storms in through the front door, preoccupied and in a hurry.

LESLIE

Oh hey Tiff, how was school?

TIFFANY

Fine.

LESLIE

Hey Tiff I was wondering if maybe later you wanted to go to the mall, like old times, we could pick you out an outfit--

Tiffany barely slows as she walks up the stairs.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Sorry, I'm busy, maybe some other time.

She leaves Leslie sitting there, alone, a ball of yarn in her hands.

DING DONG!

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Leslie stands at Gina's doorstep, holding a COVERED TRAY.

Gina opens the door, the two are excited to see each other - this is the most exciting thing that's happened to them in years.

GINA

Yay!

LESLIE

Yay!

Leslie reveals the content of the tray - cookies.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Investigation cookies!

INT. GINA'S LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

The house is messy and unkempt. Gina is no Martha Stewart. The two women sit by a desk exchanging evidence. Leslie shows Gina the picture she took on her phone of the strange schematic in Tiffany's room. Her thumb fills half the picture.

LESLIE

Check this out.

GINA

Oh my god... Oh. My. God.

LESLIE

What? What is it?!?

GINA

They're trying to build a giant thumb!

LESLIE

(laughs)

Shut up.

GINA

Wait till you hear what I found in Trev's room.

Gina takes out a TURTLENECK.

LESLIE

I don't get it.

GINA

A turtleneck? What kind of young hip teenage human male voluntarily obtains one of these? There's some nefarious shit behind this questionable fashion choice, I'm telling you.

LESLIE

I don't know, I guess Rhinoplasty!

Trevor storms in through the front door, in a hurry. He walks right past them, and heads straight up to his room.

GINA
Hey sweetie! You remember our nei--

TREVOR (O.S.)
I DON'T CARE GOD!

SLAM! He shuts his bedroom door.

LESLIE
Something is definitely wrong with these kids.

GINA
No, actually that's... that's pretty normal for him.
(sighs)
Anyways.

Gina holds up car keys.

GINA (CONT'D)
Pack up those investigation cookies, cuz we're taking a field trip.

LESLIE
Neat! Where to?

GINA
We have a meeting with Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz.

INT. GINA'S CAR - LATER

Gina parks her FANCY ORANGE SPORTS CAR (very un-mom like) outside a LOCAL NEWS STATION BUILDING.

GINA
Just to clarify, by "have a meeting" I mean we were denied a meeting, but we're gonna wait till she finishes work and jump her.

LESLIE
Like all detectives do!

GINA
Like all detectives do!

LATER

Gina and Leslie sit in the car waiting. They eat investigation cookies. Gina pours them each some wine into STYROFOAM CUPS.

A Justin Bieber-esque pop song comes on the radio. Gina gags.

LESLIE

Ugh, I know. Remember real music?

GINA

This is the worst.

They both shake their heads in disgust. Then, absentmindedly, they start bobbing their heads to the beat. Then humming the melody. Then singing the words. They both love this song very much. Leslie jumps.

LESLIE

Ooh Rhinoplasty! Rhinoplasty here she comes!

OUTSIDE - Lisa Cruz exits the News building, an aura of importance and urgency surrounds her power suit.

Leslie and Gina leap out of the car and intercept her on the STREET

GINA

Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz!
May we have a minute of your time?

LISA CRUZ

What is this about?

GINA

It's about the meteorite news story. Is it meteor or meteorite? I never know how to say this word.

LESLIE

I think they're two different things.

GINA

Huh. Weird.

LISA CRUZ

(impatient)
Um, I'm kind of in a hurry.

GINA

Ooh, sorry - It'll just take a minute!

LESLIE
Please, Investigative Reporter Lisa
Cruz - You're our only hope!

Lisa pauses, debates, sizes up these strange ladies. Finally,

LISA CRUZ
Walk me to my car.

GINA
Great!

LESLIE
Awesome!

They follow her like groupies.

GINA
I'm Gina, this is Leslie. Pleasure
to meet you, Investigative Reporter
Lisa Cruz.

LISA CRUZ
Lisa is fine.

GINA
Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz,
our teenage offsprings were at that
bonfire. They've been acting weird.
We need more information about the
crash.

LISA CRUZ
You know everything I know. For
anything more, you'd have to talk
to Professor Herbert Allen.

LESLIE
We were hoping you could.

LISA CRUZ
(shrugs)
They're keeping pretty quiet with
the details. I got as much as I
could from him.

GINA
Yes, on screen. What about...
(suggestively)
off screen?

LISA CRUZ
I'm not sure I follow.

LESLIE

Come on, Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz. The man clearly has like eight thousand boners for you.

LISA CRUZ

Lisa is fine.

GINA

Use those boners, Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz. Use those boners for good.

LISA CRUZ

Lisa is fine.

GINA

Come over to his house. A little vino... A little... unbuttoning top buttons of power suits.

LISA CRUZ

(creeped out)

I'm sorry, I really have to go.

Lisa Cruz starts to walk off.

GINA

Wait!

LISA CRUZ

I'm sorry, I can't help you.

Leslie throws a Hail Mary.

LESLIE

You don't have children, do you?

Lisa Cruz stops, annoyed.

LISA CRUZ

What does that have to do with anything?

Gina catches on.

GINA

Oh nothing. It's just that you wouldn't understand. Come on Leslie, let's go. She wouldn't understand.

LISA CRUZ
I'm sorry, but I can totally see
through this cheap manipulation.

Leslie and Gina keep walking away.

LESLIE
Maybe one day she'll understand.

GINA
She'll never understand.

LISA CRUZ
OK fine. I'll do it.

Leslie and Gina instantly run back to Lisa Cruz.

GINA
Yes!

LESLIE
You're a goddamn hero,
Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz.

LISA CRUZ
(sighs)
Lisa is fine.

INT. GINA'S CAR - LATER

Gina parks the car back home. The women are high on life. And wine.

LESLIE
Another good night's work! We're
gonna crack this thing wide open.

GINA
Hells yeah we are. Oh before I
forget, I brought us these.

Gina rummages in her purse. She takes out two WALKIE TALKIES.
Gives one to Leslie.

LESLIE
What's wrong with cell phones?

GINA
Too dangerous. Too traceable.

LESLIE
Huh?

GINA
I don't know. I found these in the
garage. Felt like a shame to throw
them away.

Leslie presses the "ON" button. The Walkie comes to life,
HISSING.

LESLIE
(into walkie)
This is Snake Eye to Tower Control
do you read.

Gina presses the "ON" button. Her Walkie comes to life,
hissing.

GINA
(into walkie)
Tower Control reads you, Snake Eye.
Dismissed.

They exit the car and walk off to their respective houses.

They pause when they reach their porches. Wave at each other.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE

Leslie enters the house. It's PITCH BLACK. A soft blue light
beams from the living room. A STRANGE INHUMAN HOWLING SOUND.

LESLIE
...Hello?

A beat.

VOICE
Greetings, earthling.

FLICK! The lights turn on.

It's husband DONNIE, sprawled out on the couch, wife beater,
nursing a beer, watching a monster movie on TV.

LESLIE
Donnie!

She runs over and gives him a big hug.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Messy bedroom, Leslie and Donnie undressed under sheets, having just made sweet sweet love. She nestles into his shoulder, arms wrapped around him.

LESLIE

Things have just been strange lately. She's been strange.

DONNIE

Except you always say that, Les. And I get it. They're changing. Every day. That tiny squishy squirmy baby creature that came out of your lady parts is now a grown ass human and that's scary. But you know how you are with these things. You can get a little... carried away.

LESLIE

No, I know. But it's... it's different this time. I swear, Donnie. It's different. For example...

MONTAGE of Leslie giving a huge monologue to Donnie, we fade in and out of various points of the monologue, picking up phrases such as "Rainbow colored Ohm Resistors", "Elaborate Blueprints", "Triscuit box the size of your freakin' face"
END MONTAGE

LESLIE (CONT'D)

... It's just not normal, Donnie!

Having finished her monologue, Leslie looks over at Donnie - he's fast asleep.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Leslie cooks eggs in a pan, the TV is on in the background.

Local News starts, with a NEW TV ANCHOR - LINDA CARMICHAEL, power suit, padded shoulders, severe haircut.

LINDA CARMICHAEL (ON TV)

Good morning and thank you for joining us, I'm Linda Carmichael filling in for Lisa Cruz.

Leslie stops and stares at the TV, perplexed.

LESLIE

Huh.

In walks Donnie, carrying a giggling Ethan above his shoulders.

DONNIE

I found this strange boy sleeping
in our house, do you know who he
is?

LESLIE

He's your son.

DONNIE

Oh. That explains it.

Donnie puts Ethan down. A beat.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

UNLESS...

Donnie picks Ethan up again. Ethan squeals, laughing.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

What if he's an alien pretending to
be my son?!

LESLIE

(laughs)
It's not funny.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

What's not funny?

Tiffany enters the room and all laughter dies.

DONNIE

Good morning, Sleeping beauty! No
love for your old man?

Tiffany gives Donnie a lukewarm hug.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Quit it you're suffocating me.

LESLIE

Food is ready!

Everybody sits down to eat.

DONNIE

(nudges Ethan)
How'd it go with baseball tryouts?

ETHAN
(awkward)
Good... It was last month though.

DONNIE
(embarrassed)
Oh. Right. Just testing you. You pass.

ETHAN
(smiles)
But yeah, I made the team.

DONNIE
That's great dude! I'm proud of you. Seriously.

Donnie grabs a giggling Ethan in a fake chokehold.

LESLIE
Hey! No child choking at the kitchen table. Do it later.

Meanwhile, unnoticed, Tiffany takes a bite of her eggs. Suddenly her eyes go wide, an expression of joy fills her normally indifferent face. She drops her silverware with a loud CLANG. All eyes turn to her.

TIFFANY
What... Is this...?

LESLIE
Eggs.

TIFFANY
(mouth full of food)
Delicious. My god, its delicious.

Leslie gives Donnie an "I told you so" look, as Tiffany starts eating everything in sight.

LATER

The family wraps up breakfast, everybody starts to leave. Tiffany approaches Leslie, puts a hesitant hand on her arm.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Thank you, mom.

She leaves. Leslie shivers. Goosebumps. A stranger in her house.

DING DONG! The doorbell rings.

DONNIE (O.S.)
Leslie, it's for you.

FRONT DOOR

Leslie walks over to find Gina chatting up Donnie.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
(amused)
Gina here was just telling me all
about your little investigation.

GINA
Yeah I was just getting to the part
about the masturbatory ultraviolet
crotch! So I walk in on my--

LESLIE
(interrupting)
You should really tell Donnie the
part about rhinoplasty.

DONNIE
Rhinoplasty? What does that have to
do with anything?

LESLIE
Oh nothing. Thanks Donnie, I got it
from here!

Donnie looks strangely at the two women, then walks away.

GINA
Sup, Eagle Eye? Mission reconvenes
in sixteen hundred hours - kids are
meeting after school for a...
(exaggerated hand
movement, winking)
""""Science club meeting"""". Gonna
spy on them, wanna tag along?

Leslie is torn, feels awkward.

LESLIE
Gee, I'd love to.. But with Donnie
here, I feel like I gotta...

Gina gets the hint.

GINA
Ah. I got you. No worries. This is
more of a solo mission anyways.
(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

I'll video capture the whole thing on my cellular phone device, and we can watch it together tomorrow - or you know, whenever.

LESLIE

Sure. Sounds great.

GINA

Well alright then.

Gina salutes. Leslie salutes back.

LESLIE

Be safe out there agent.

GINA

Always am.

Slight awkwardness. Gina leaves. A beat. Leslie runs after her.

EXT. PORCH - CONT'D

LESLIE

Oh hey wait. Did you see Lisa Cruz has been replaced?

GINA

No. Weird. Gotta check up on that.

Silence.

LESLIE

Hey sorry about before. Rhinoplasty and what not. Donnie, he... he thinks I'm hypersensitive about our kids... That I overreact to things sometimes. He wouldn't get what we're doing.

GINA

Well when the entire town gets anally probed three ways from Sunday leaving a cavity inside them so big you can see China on the other side, maybe then he'll get it. Snake Eyes out!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Gina parks her car in front of the school. She takes a swig out of a wine-bottle shaped flask. Or maybe it's just a small wine bottle. Or a regular sized bottle. Hard to tell.

She puts on sunglasses. And a fake mustache. She checks herself out in the rear view mirror.

GINA

Too much.

She takes off the sunglasses.

GINA (CONT'D)

Let's do this.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONT'D

Gina walks down the hallway. Most of the kids have gone home for the day, but a few TEENS still hang around by lockers.

Gina hums a "Mission Impossible / 007"-esque theme to herself, occasionally getting in kids faces and singing loudly, then walking off and humming some more. They glare at her, disgusted she even exists.

Gina rounds a corner and comes to a halt outside a CLASSROOM - peeking in through a small glass window, she sees --

Her son Trevor, Tiffany and a group of FIVE OTHER TEENS (Britney, Danny, Becky, Jimmy and Felicia) sitting around a large table, talking heatedly.

GINA

Yahtzee.

Gina looks left and right to make sure no one's watching her. The hallway is clear. She takes out her cellphone. Aims it at herself in selfie position and starts filming.

ON CAMERA

GINA (CONT'D)

This is Gina reporting live from -
Holy hell look at those chins.

She focuses the camera on her multiple chins, exploring them from various angles.

INT. LOCAL NEWS STATION BUILDING - LATER

Gina walks into the office of the news station, stops at the front desk, addresses a young attractive SECRETARY. Gina peels off her sunglasses like a seasoned detective. She still has the fake mustache on.

GINA
Alright spill it, Peaches. What happened to Cruz?

SECRETARY
Lisa Cruz?

GINA
Nice try. I invented answering questions with questions. I mean - I invented answering questions with questions?

Secretary stares at her confused.

GINA (CONT'D)
Yes, Lisa Cruz.

SECRETARY
She's sick.

GINA
Oh. Can I have her home address?

SECRETARY
No.

GINA
Touché. I guess I'll just have to Google it, won't I?

Gina puts her sunglasses back on and storms off.

EXT. LISA CRUZ'S HOUSE - LATER

Gina parks her car. Heads to the front porch. Cruz Residence. Days worth of mail scattered on the door mat. Gina knocks. No answer.

GINA
Where oh where did you go,
Investigative Reporter Lisa Cruz?

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Leslie and Donnie are curled up in front of the TV, watching a movie. She holds him tight. At the dining room table, Leslie's WALKIE TALKIE crackles to life, hissing.

GINA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Eagle Eye. Come in Eagle Eye. It's
Mork Ruffalo. Or Maybe it's E.T.
Lovecraft. I haven't decided yet.
Eagle Eye, you there?

Leslie doesn't hear, fully concentrated on Donnie and the movie. Suddenly, a small hand grabs the walkie. It's Ethan.

ETHAN
Hello?

Silence. Then the walkie crackles to life.

GINA (ON WALKIE)
Who is this?

ETHAN
Ethan.

GINA (ON WALKIE)
Leslie's boy. Or are you? Riddle me
this - A cute girl from your class
tries to kiss you.

ETHAN
Gross!

Silence. Then the walkie crackles to life.

GINA'S (ON WALKIE)
Alright, you pass. I need you to
deliver a message to your mother.

ETHAN
OK.

INT. LIIIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Donnie is now in his pilot uniform, getting ready to leave. Leslie watches him, bummed as hell.

LESLIE
How long for this time, Chief?

DONNIE
I'll be back next Monday, before
you know it.

LESLIE

Let me guess. It's the triannual
tiny sweater holiday in Peru.

He comes over and hugs her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You said you were going to slow
down. We were going to slow down.

DONNIE

Come on, Les. It's just busy
season. We go through this every
year.

She takes his pilot hat, puts it on.

LESLIE

Request denied!

He smiles, takes the hat back, puts it on. Kisses her. Walks
out the door. Leslie looks around at the silent furniture.

LATER

Leslie cleans the house obsessively, exorcising her demons.
On TV in the background - The Local News. Linda Carmichael
faces the camera, power suit with shoulders so sharp they
could dismember you in one swift move.

LINDA CARMICHAEL (ON TV)

Good morning, I'm Linda Carmichael
filling in for Lisa Cruz. We now go
live with local scientist Herbert
Allen for developments on the
meteorite crash mystery. Herbert?

The screen splits with Herbert - who now looks somewhat
sickly and pale.

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)

Good morning, Linda.

LINDA CARMICHAEL (ON TV)

Now, Herb, I understand you've
concluded your investigation into
the artifacts salvaged from the
crash site. Care to share your
findings with us?

Leslie stops cleaning, stares at the screen.

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
Certainly, Linda. After thorough
research and extensive examination,
we've come to the conclusion that
the identified object is, in fact,
nothing more than a meteorite.

LINDA CARMICHAEL (ON TV)
Meaning?

HERBERT ALLEN (ON TV)
A piece of debris. A rock. Dirt.
Nothing more.

LINDA CARMICHAEL (ON TV)
Thank you, Herb. Well there you
have it. Harmless debris. Up next,
developments on a new lethal
airborne virus with no cure in
sight. But first, can donuts make
you smarter? More after this.

Leslie stares at the screen, thinking. Suddenly she feels
EYES STARING AT HER. She's not alone. She turns - Tiffany is
there. Just standing there. Super creepy like.

TIFFANY
Hey mom, can I ask you something?

LESLIE
Sure hon, what's up?

Tiffany tilts her head mechanically to the side.

TIFFANY
Why are old people pitied? Why is
death sad?

Leslie blinks.

LESLIE
Um.. Well.. Wow. Honey, are you
feeling alright?

Tiffany shakes her head, suddenly feeling paranoid.

TIFFANY
Um. Yeah. Duh. I was just joking.
Whatevers. LOM. OMJ. TTMI. TTYR.
Peace on the out.

She storms off, bumps into Ethan as he makes his way down the
stairs.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Out of my way, tiny human.

Ethan still groggy having just woken up, walks over to a very confused Leslie.

ETHAN
How long will dad be gone for?

LESLIE
Only for a few days. He'll be back-

ETHAN
Before I know it. Right.

Leslie gives Ethan a hug.

LESLIE
But hey, I'm here for you. Anytime, OK?

ETHAN
OK. Oh, your crazy neighbor left a message for you. On the walkie.

LESLIE
Oh? What did she say?

ETHAN
The toaster oven is about to blast the eggs off the cheesecake.

LESLIE
What does that mean?

ETHAN
I don't know. I think it means she's coming over.

LESLIE
When?

The doorbell rings.

FRONT DOOR

Leslie opens. Gina is there.

GINA
Ball and chain left, right? Game on?

LESLIE
Um.. Yeah I guess so.

GINA

Sweet cuz we got a lot to cover.

Ethan starts to leave.

GINA (CONT'D)

Ethan get your butt over here. I hereby appoint you technical advisor.

ETHAN

Of what?

GINA

That's on a need to know basis.

Ethan looks at Leslie for approval. She shrugs, nods.

ETHAN

If I'm helping I want a code name.

LESLIE

You don't need a code name.

ETHAN

Am I part of the team or not?

LESLIE

Fine. You're code name Cutie Pie.

ETHAN

Gross, I want a real code name, a man's name.

GINA

How about Puma Fists?

Ethan considers this.

ETHAN

OK.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM - LATER

Leslie and Gina huddle over Ethan's computer, as the three of them watch the video Gina recorded at the school.

ONSCREEN

GINA (ON VIDEO)

This is Gina reporting live from -
Holy hell look at those chins.
It's like chin central over here.

(MORE)

GINA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
(singing Bowie's "Changes") *Ch-ch-ch-chiiiins, turn and face the strange, ch-ch-chiiiins. Time may change chins. But Chins can't trace tiiiime.*

A NOISE from inside the classroom makes Gina snap out of it.

GINA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. Spying. It's Monday, April 24th. I'm here yadda yadda etc.
Let's see what's going on.

She pins her cell phone to the glass window and captures what's happening inside -

The group of teens is engaged in a HEATED DEBATE. Tiffany BANGS on the table and points at OBSCURED BLUEPRINTS and plans littered on the table. She looks angry. The others argue and shrug. Then Trevor stands and bangs on the table too, pointing an accusing finger at Tiffany. The audio is weak and unclear.

GINA (CONT'D)
Weird right?

ETHAN
So weird.

LESLIE
Ethan can you get better audio on this?

ETHAN
I can try.

Leslie squints at the image of her little girl on the screen. Gina looks around at Ethan's nerdy room full of Star Wars memorabilia.

GINA
Speaking of nerds...

EXT. LABTEC INDUSTRIES - PARKING LOT - LATER

Gina parks her car outside a fancy looking science building. She pours herself and Leslie a glass of something. Leslie takes a sip.

LESLIE
Hmm, this wine tastes like vodka.

GINA

It is vodka. He should be out any minute now.

(takes a sip)

Mmm, crisp.

(back to business)

Now I should mention I've already paid the good professor a little visit right when this whole shindig started. So we're basically best buds. But he had no answers back then... and now... I got a feeling he might.

And sure enough, out comes scientist Herbert Allen, looking distraught.

GINA (CONT'D)

Let's do this thing.

Gina chugs the rest of her glass, the rest of Leslie's glass. They exit the car.

PARKING LOT

They catch up to Herbert.

GINA (CONT'D)

Herbert Allen, a moment of your time please.

He keeps walking, seemingly creeped out by Gina.

GINA (CONT'D)

Professor Allen! We're special agents from Matriarch Mfjfdjdfhhsfh Corp here to investigate the mysterious crash site.

Gina and Leslie take out their wallets. They both quickly flash him their library cards.

HERBERT ALLEN

Not you again. I know exactly who you are.... Moms.

(shudders)

Like I told you last time, I've already reported all my findings to the public.

They run after him.

GINA

See, doc. The problem is - we don't believe you. That artifact you found? Just debris? Come on.

LESLIE

I mean you called it "an artifact" for pete's sake. I'm no scientist, but I don't call my garbage "artifacts".

GINA

Yeah, I never once said, "Hey honey, can you take out the trash artifacts?"

HERBERT ALLEN

Please back off or I'll have to call security.

Herbert gets into his car, starts the engine. Gina throws a Hail Mary.

GINA

Children's lives are in danger, sir!

This give Herbert pause. But then he pulls out of his parking spot and speeds away.

GINA (CONT'D)

Asshole.

LESLIE

Don't worry, we'll figure it out some other way.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EVENING

Leslie stands by a podium facing about SIXTY PARENTS seated around the room. Murmurs can be heard from the parents. We pick up phrases like "weirdo", "nutjob", "This should be good."

Leslie speaks into a microphone. Reverb and awkwardness.

LESLIE

Hi everyone. Welcome back.

(clears throat)

After a long and heated debate, we've settled on a theme for this year's school dance - Sweet 17!

Leslie pauses for applause, gets about two claps.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You know, cuz sweet 16 is,
(imitating a sarcastic
teen)
"Oh my god so last year, mom, ugh,
like whatever."

Leslie pauses for laughter. Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I mean really. Who are these
people, am I right?
(suddenly serious)
No but seriously folks, I'm
starting to suspect my teenage
daughter is an alien from outer
space.

Upon hearing this, asshole parent George runs to the stage
and grabs the microphone from Leslie before she can go on
with her rant. Reverb.

GEORGE
As always, a big thank you to
Leslie, Tiffany's mom, for her,
uhm, creative speeches. Now to our
Sweet 17 Extravaganza! We're
looking for volunteers - Who wants
which part? We got catering, we got
music, we got decorations galore!

LATER

The meeting is over, parents group up and chat, some leave.

George approaches Leslie, followed by his POSSE - the
"FPPTAPS", AKA the Freakin' Perfect PTA Parent Squad. They
are - BRENDA, LOU-ANNE and PHILIP -- Insanely high thread-
count cardigans, luminous, perfectly moisturized skin, the
most expensive, comfortable shoes they sell at Aerosoles -
and a condescending judgy attitude oozing out of every pore.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Seriously Leslie, hon, you have to
stop with the stand-up routine.
You're creeping out all the
parents.

PHILIP
(cringes)
Yes, sweetie, there's been
complaints.

LESLIE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

The FPPTAPS all shake their heads in fake pity.

BRENDA

Gosh, we're just worried about you, Leslie. This obsession with your daughter. We've all seen it happening for years and years and it just keeps getting worse for you, doesn't it?

LOU-ANNE

Darling, you have to find yourself a hobby.

Leslie stares at them. George squeezes her arm with fake sympathy.

GEORGE

Take care of you, OK?

They walk off in sync, their footsteps barely making a sound, because their shoes are so goddamn comfortable and expensive. Leslie stands there, alone, ashamed. She tears up.

GINA (O.S.)

Oh don't listen to that stupid tampon club. They're gonna get reamed so deep those aliens are gonna turn them into anal ventriloquist dolls. You know, where the hand goes through the butt.

Leslie wipes her eyes, laughs a little.

LESLIE

Yeah I get it. What if he's right though? What if I'm crazy and -

Leslie turns to face Gina, only to find her standing there with fellow parents DALE (nebbish, ugly sweater) and BARBARA (frizzy hair, frizzy personality).

GINA

Leslie I want you to meet Dale, Britney's dad, and Barbara, Jimmy's dad.

LESLIE
(taken aback)
Hey.. Hi guys.

GINA
They have something to tell you.

Dale and Barbara look a little embarrassed.

BARBARA
Well, basically... If you're crazy,
then we're crazy too.

DALE
Because something's definitely
wrong with our kids. And we're not
the only ones who think so.

INT. GINA'S BASEMENT - LATER

Leslie, Gina, Dale, Barbara and THREE OTHER PARENTS - LAUREN
(a big tall lady), DAVID (a small sad man) and SHELLY (skinny
and nervous), sit in a circle in Gina's basement, looking
like a support group.

LAUREN
Hi, my name is Lauren.

GROUP
Hi Lauren.

LAUREN
Um.. My, my daughter Becky... She's
always listened to, frankly, crappy
music. But in the last few weeks
its gotten weird. I came home one
night...

FLASHBACK: LAUREN'S HOME - NIGHT

Lauren walks down a dark hallway, stops by a doorway with a
"NO PARENTS ALLOWED" sign on the door. She hesitates. A soft
blue light shines from the inside. It's creepy, like a horror
movie.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Honey?

LAUREN (V.O.)
Her door was locked. It's... always
locked.
(Lauren stifles tears,
then continues)
(MORE)

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 A.. A soft blue light was shining
 from inside. And a strange noise.
 This... music.. So awful... this
 repetitive sound... like this: wub
 wub wub wub wub wub. Wub wub wub
 wub wub wub wub wub.

We hear the sound coming from Becky's room - It's dubstep.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 On and on and on... Enough to drive
 a person mad. Wub wub wub wub wub
 wub wub wub. Wub wub wub wub wub
 wub wub.

END FLASHBACK, BACK TO GINA'S BASEMENT

LAUREN
 Wub wub wub wub wub wub wub wub
 wub. I'm told there's a name for
 this awful sound. It's called "The
 Dub Steps." But it just doesn't add
 up. It's all robotic and mechanic.
 And alien. So alien.

Shelly reaches over, squeezes Lauren's hand. They share a
 moment of silence.

SHELLY
 My uh...
 (chokes up)
 My son Danny. He uh.. He stopped
 talking to me, altogether. He only
 says one word now. "Chhhhplease."
 All the time, "chhhhplease."

DAVID
 Is it possible he's saying "bitch
 please"?

Shelly bursts into tears.

SHELLY
 Oh god that didn't even occur to
 me.

DALE
 My.. My daughter Britney. We were
 having dinner the other day.

FLASHBACK - DALE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Dale, his wife PAM, daughter BRITNEY, 17, and younger daughter ELISE, 9, sit around the dinner table.

DALE (V.O.)
Everything was totally normal. And then Britney... She opened her mouth to speak. And the strangest sound came out.

Britney opens her mouth to speak, and the sound of a SHIP HORN comes out of her mouth.

DALE (V.O.)
She... quickly recovered.

Britney clears her throat, then in a sweet normal girly voice-

BRITNEY
I'm sorry. Could you pass the potatoes?

Dale, shocked, slowly passes the potatoes, in a trance.

END FLASHBACK, BACK TO GINA'S BASEMENT

DALE
But it was wrong. So wrong. That sound still haunts me.

Dale starts whimpering. Leslie watches all this, feeling immense solidarity.

GINA
Guys. GUYS. It's ok. You may feel like you're crazy - but you're not. I want to show you something.

Gina pulls down a LARGE PROJECTOR SCREEN. She tinkers with a LAPTOP and the video she took at the high school begins to play.

ONSCREEN

GINA (ONSCREEN) (CONT'D)
(singing Destiny's Child's "Bills Bills Bills") *Can you pay my chins, can you pay my telephone chins, can you pay my automochins, If you did then maybe we could chin, I don't think you do. So you and chins are through-*

OFFSCREEN

GINA (CONT'D)
Sorry sorry one second.

Gina FAST FORWARDS THE FOOTAGE to the classroom.

ONSCREEN

All these parents' TEENAGE KIDS in heated discussion,
MYSTERIOUS BLUEPRINTS ON THE TABLE.

GINA (V.O.)
Does that seem normal to you? All
our kids? In one room? Engaging in
heated academic debate? Actually
caring about something? Seems weird
as hell to me.

A few beats, Gina shuts off the projector. The parents look
at each other, confused and sad.

GINA
Bur it's OK, guys. The worst is
behind us. You know why? Because we
found each other. We're in this
together now. And we're going to
investigate, and we're going to get
down to the bottom of this -- and
we're going to get our goddamn kids
back. Now how does that sound?

The parents all nod.

GINA (CONT'D)
Good. Now first things first.

Gina rummages through a bag on the floor. She takes out
WALKIE TALKIES. Tosses them to each parent.

GINA (CONT'D)
For the sake of confidentiality,
everyone gets a code name.
(points at David)
Blue Lagoon.
(points at Shelly)
Sprocket.
(points at Lauren)
Trapper Keeper.
(points at Dale)
Orange Juice.
(points at Barbara)
Walters.
(points at Leslie)
Bench Press.
(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)
(points at self)
Pancake Batter.

Everybody starts playing with their walkies, creating a cacophony of HISSING sounds.

GINA (CONT'D)
Now we're gonna have to do some things we're not proud of. We're gonna snoop, we're gonna rummage, we're gonna spy and we're gonna eavesdrop. I know as parents and as Americans these all seem like foreign concepts. But these are extenuating circumstances. And we're gonna do whatever it takes to guarantee our children's safety.

Gina puts her hand into the center of the circle. The parents slowly all put their hands in. Smiles now replacing their tears.

GINA (CONT'D)
Go team parents!

GROUP
GO TEAM PARENTS!

GINA
We'll find a better team name later. Now - to work!

Leslie locks eyes with Gina, they smile at each other.

COOL PARENT INVESTIGATION MONTAGE SET TO MACGUYVER-ESQUE MUSIC

* Gina and Leslie wheel out a giant cork board into the center of Gina's basement.

* Shelly does laundry - Finds strange TURTLENECKS she doesn't remember her son Danny having. She walkies it in.

* Gina and Leslie start pinning the SMILING YEARBOOK PICTURES of ALL SEVEN CHILDREN SUSPECTED TO BE ALIENS to the corkboard. Gina and Leslie add post-it notes next to each yearbook photo, stuff like - "Wub wub wub" "Chronic masturbator" "Chhhplease"

* Dale rummages through Britney's belongings. Finds A STRANGE GREEN VIAL, with a tiny green "bush" that looks like WEED inside. Odd. Dale pockets it. Then walkies in a report.

* Gina and Leslie use STRING to connect the smiling yearbook pictures, creating a graphic map - like they do in police investigations. We PULL BACK and see the cork board. The yearbook pictures of the teenagers create a circle - in its center - two photos - of TIFFANY and TREVOR - next to their names, post-it notes that read "TEAM LEADERS (?)"

* Barbara and Lauren, in a parked car with hats and wigs on, spot their kids JIMMY and BECKY leaving a HOME DEPOT type store, with THREE SHOPPING CARTS FULL OF LARGE SHEETS OF METAL.

* Gina and Leslie climb a tree outside Leslie's house. With binoculars, they spy on Tiffany and Trevor in Tiffany's bedroom. They're studying, with laptops and text books open. Super vanilla normal stuff. Gina and Leslie, disappointed, mouth "BO-RING", lower their binoculars, and climb down the tree. Just as they do, Tiffany and Trev's bodies start to MORPH AND SHIFT, and suddenly, BLUE SLIMY ALIEN TENTACLES peek out from underneath their clothes.

END MONTAGE

INT. GINA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Gina and Leslie tally up the evidence collected by the group of parents - printed pictures, videos, turtlenecks.

LESLIE

I think we're really getting somewhere. I don't know where exactly yet. But this feels right.

GINA

Right. Totally. Oh there's one more thing. Dale found it in Britney's room.

Gina places the STRANGE GREEN VIAL Dale found on the table.

LESLIE

What's this?

GINA

Alien stuff! Or drugs.
(coming to a realization)
Or alien drugs!

LESLIE

Pots?

GINA
Could be pots. Could be alien pots.
Only one way to find out.

LESLIE
How's that?

GINA
By putting them in our faces.

LESLIE
We do the pots? No way.

GINA
Come on, Les. This could crack the
case wide open.

LESLIE
Or it could just be crack.

Gina thinks.

GINA
You're probably right. Too risky.
(a beat)
Maybe let's just sniff it.

Gina hesitates. Then picks up the vial. Unscrews the tiny
lid. Takes a whiff.

GINA (CONT'D)
Smells like pine nuts.

She puts it back down. Leslie hesitates. Picks up the vial.
Takes a whiff.

LESLIE
A little bit of sage, maybe?

She puts it back down. Gina picks it up. Sniffs, slowly.

GINA
Am I sensing hints of oak?

Leslie picks it up. Takes a long hard sniff.

LESLIE
Hard maple.

She puts it back down.

GINA
Oh well, what's next on the agenda--

Mid sentence Gina stops talking and jolts her head backwards, as if possessed. She's frozen in place.

LESLIE

Ha! Is that an impression of a--

Mid sentence, Leslie stops talking and jolts her head sideways, as if possessed.

GINA

(frozen in unnatural pose)

I think that might have been drugs.

LESLIE

(frozen in unnatural pose)

Yep, definitely drugs.

LATER

Both women lay sprawled out on two couches in Gina's living room, tripping the fuck out. They stare at each other, their bodies contorted.

GINA

I can smell the space between us with my elbows.

LESLIE

That's funny because I knew you were going to say that from the past when I was born.

GINA

When you were born I knew, also, that... this would happen.

LESLIE

Yes. Exactly. Exactly.

GINA

In the beginning there was light. But then there was darkness, when he went away. But then.. This. And now... Good.

Silence.

LESLIE

Wanna dance?

LATER

Leslie and Gina have an impromptu two woman dance party in the living room.

They play hits from the 80's and 90's, from their childhood, and dance recklessly with abandon, holding each other and laughing like crazy.

Trevor passes by, WEARING A TURTLENECK OMG, but they barely even notice him. He watches them with disgust and quickly shuffles off.

CUT TO:

THE NIGHT SKY. Filled with a million stars. Beautiful.

GINA'S ROOFTOP

Gina and Leslie lay side by side on the roof, looking up at the sky. They're still wicked high.

LESLIE

For as long as I can remember, I've been searching for something, some reason why we're here. What are we doing here? Who are we? If this is a chance to find out even just a little part of that answer... I don't know, I think it's worth a human life. Don't you?

Gina stares at her.

GINA

... Huh?

LESLIE

Jodie Foster, "Contact."

GINA

Oh, is that the movie with that guy?

LESLIE

Yeah, with the thing.

GINA

I love that guy. He was in that other thing, with the girl.

LESLIE

I love that girl.

GINA

I think she won an award for that thing. Or that other thing. Hey. Thanks for doing this with me.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)
I've been having some problems...
connecting. They don't get me, the
squares.

LESLIE
I get you.

Gina grabs Leslie's hand. She squeezes it and they just stare
into each other's eyes, smiling. They hold hands and stare at
the sky.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Leslie walks in, somewhat sobered up. The living room is
dark. She sneaks in, looks around. The coast is clear. She
exhales. Starts to make her way upstairs.

DONNIE (O.S.)
Good evening.

Leslie freezes, like a teenager caught by a parent.

LESLIE
(mumbles)
Shoot.

Donnie flips on the light. He crosses his arms and looks her
over, disapproving - a playful flirtation between them.

DONNIE
Where have you been, young lady?

LESLIE
Um... Out.

DONNIE
With who?

LESLIE
Gina.

DONNIE
You know that girl's a bad
influence.

LESLIE
Whatever dad leave me alone.

DONNIE
I'm serious.

LESLIE
(laughs)
You're serious?! God she's like the
nicest mom person ever.

Donnie drops the act, suddenly serious. He looks her over.

DONNIE
Are you high?!

LESLIE
No.. Mayb... No.

DONNIE
You know you got two kids sleeping
under this roof right now who
depend on you, right? You know
you're not 16, right?

LESLIE
Oh relax, Donnie. It was a one time
thing for a good reason.

DONNIE
Let me guess. Alien related?

LESLIE
Maybe. Who cares? Whatever.

DONNIE
What's that?

LESLIE
(under her breath)
Nothing.

DONNIE
What did you just say?

LESLIE
Nothing, god!!

DONNIE
I don't want you hanging out with
that Gina girl anymore.

LESLIE
What is your deal with Gina?!

DONNIE
I've just been hearing stories
around the neighborhood.

LESLIE
(fake scared)
Ooooh. What kind of stories?

DONNIE
Weird ones. Like that she once
robbed a liquor store with a glue
gun, but walked out with nothing
but Funyuns and Pepsi.

LESLIE
What?! That's ridiculous. And when
exactly do you even have time to
"hear stories around the
neighborhood?!"

DONNIE
Look, I'm just saying, I think
she's unstable. She's not a good
parent role model.

LESLIE
Oh, this coming from father of the
year over here! Nice of you to drop
by once a month to lecture me on
parenting! Tell you what, if I ever
need advice on tiny hats, you'll be
the first one I call.

DONNIE
Fine. I deserve that. But right now
you're the one who's around them.
It may be unfair, but it is what it
is. And you gotta be around for
them, you know? You gotta protect
them.

LESLIE
But that's exactly what I'm trying
to do!

DONNIE
What, with this alien crap?

LESLIE
I know its nuts but Tiff's been
acting so strange.

DONNIE
Has it ever occurred to you that
she's acting strange for
terrestrial reasons?
(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Like cuz she's scared, or stressed about college, or some girls at school are mean to her, or she's hormonal, or she likes a boy, or I dunno, cuz her own mother told her she hates her?

Leslie lets it sink in. He's right.

LESLIE

I guess I didn't think about it that way.

DONNIE

Listen, I'm sorry if I sound harsh, I know I'm in no position to judge. But maybe instead of going around playing make belief with Gina you should spend some time with Tiff, figure out what she's going through, what she needs.

LESLIE

(tearing up)

You're right. I'm a terrible mother.

Donnie comes over, hugs Leslie tight.

DONNIE

Hey. Hey. You're a good mother. You just have to let this nonsense go. Let Gina go. Let the investigation go. Let it all go.

Leslie stares at the window. At the night sky outside.

LESLIE

OK.

INT. TIFFANY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

KNOCK KNOCK. Leslie enters Tiffany's room. Finds Tiffany in her pajamas, sitting in bed with her laptop.

LESLIE

Mornin'.

Leslie sits down on the bed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I wanna ask you something, and I
don't want you to take it the wrong
way.

TIFFANY
OK...

LESLIE
Are you an alien from outer space?

Tiffany bursts out laughing.

TIFFANY
No.

LESLIE
OK, just checking.

Tiffany looks at her like she's crazy.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Now get dressed.

TIFFANY
What for?

LESLIE
We're going shopping.

TIFFANY
But I--

LESLIE
Eh-eh-eh. I don't wanna hear it.
That "Sweet 17" dance dress isn't
gonna buy itself.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - LATER

Leslie drives Tiffany to the mall. A famous pop song comes on the radio, Leslie starts singing it enthusiastically.

Tiffany just stares out the window. But then she starts bobbing her head to the music, a strange smile on her face. Leslie catches it. Smiles at her daughter. Bonding!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Leslie and Tiffany browse through aisles of sparkly prom dresses. Leslie carries about five colorful options in a pile. Tiffany seems completely disinterested.

TIFFANY

I want something functional and comfortable.

LESLIE

Yeah, cuz when that hot boy checks you out, you want him saying, "Dang girl, that dress sure look *functional*. I bet she can totally take a five hour nap in that thing."

Tiffany rolls her eyes. Leslie unloads eight dresses on Tiffany.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Come on, grouch face. Let's try these on.

FITTING ROOM

Tiffany stands in a booth alone in her underwear, curtains drawn closed. She's holding a SPARKLY SEQUINED GREEN PROM DRESS. It has a million sleeves and straps and belts and strings coming out of it.

She stares at it, perplexed. Then puts it on her head. Nope. She puts it on her arm. Nope. She puts it a million different ways, growing more and more frustrated, letting out INCREASINGLY INHUMAN SOUNDS.

OUTSIDE THE BOOTH

Leslie stands waiting.

LESLIE

How's it going baby?

Weird GRUNTS can be heard from inside. Then, weird lights flashing inside. ELTON JOHN MUZAK starts to play in the store.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

LOVE this song. Oooh, look at those stretchy pants!

Leslie walks a few feet away to a clothes rack, losing herself in the pants and the Elton, while IN THE BOOTH, beneath the curtain, ALIEN TENTACLES CAN BE SEEN STRUGGLING FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST THEIR MORTAL ENEMY - THE GREEN SPARKLY DRESS. Electricity crackling. Flashing lights. Inhuman SHRIEKS of frustration. An epic battle rages on.

A few beats. Leslie slowly makes her way back to the booth, dancing and singing Elton the whole way down.

WHOOSH! Without warning, Leslie RIPS THE CURTAIN OPEN. Tiffany stands there, fully human, messy hair, but the dress is on right.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Oh my god I love it!

LATER

Leslie and Tiffany walk down the mall, Leslie carrying a bag with the purchased prom dress.

TIFFANY
Can we go home now?

LESLIE
Just one more stop!

Leslie grabs Tiffany's hand and takes her to a food stand selling EXTRA LARGE ICED CINNAMON ROLLS. Leslie grabs two, hands one off to Tiffany's. Tiffany takes a bite. Her entire face seems to be having an orgasm.

TIFFANY
Oh my god. This is incredible.

LESLIE
Atta girl!

Tiffany stops in place, no longer able to walk.

TIFFANY
Words.. Can't even... explain.

LESLIE
I know. Goodbye diet am I right?

TIFFANY
Sweetness. Texture. Perfect harmony.

Tiffany seems to be tearing up. Leslie doesn't notice.

LESLIE
(singing Beatles' "Here Comes The Sun")
Here comes the fat. Here comes the fat. And I say... It's alright.

TIFFANY
Such pleasure...

Tiffany looks dizzy and euphoric, Leslie sits them down on a bench.

LESLIE
Easy soldier.

Tiffany finishes her cinnamon roll. Leslie hands Tiffany her own roll, which she gratefully accepts and devours. They both exhale, delighted. Suddenly, Tiffany leans forward, serious.

TIFFANY
Listen, Les- mom. Whatever happens in the future, I want you to know I really appreciate the time we've spent together.

LESLIE
What do you mean, silly face?

TIFFANY
Nothing. Just... You know. Eventually we're going to part ways... for you know, college. And... I just wanted to say thank you. For everything.

Leslie is overwhelmed with emotion. They hug.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Leslie and Tiffany enter the house, carrying shopping bags, laughing together. Tiffany heads upstairs. Stops for a moment.

TIFFAY
Oh yeah mom, tonight we have that night zoo field trip I told you about, so don't wait up.

LESLIE
Who is chaperoning that again? And what is it for?

Leslie catches herself.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You know what. You're a big girl. I trust you.

TIFFANY
Thanks mom.

HALLWAY - LATER

Leslie walks down the hallway.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Pssst.

She turns. Ethan peeks through a gap in his doorway.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey mom. I was hoping I could talk to you about that thing.

LESLIE

You know what, I don't care about that thing anymore.

ETHAN

No, I think you wanna see this thing.

LESLIE

Ethan I really appreciate the help, but I think I'm done investigating the thing.

ETHAN

Mom. Come see this thing.

Leslie sighs, she walks into

ETHAN'S ROOM

He shuts the door behind her. They sit down in front of his computer. He plays the video Gina took of the teens in the classroom.

ONSCREEN

GINA

This is Gina reporting live from -
Holy hell look at those chins.
It's like chin central over here.

LESLIE (O.S.)

Ethan you can fast forward this part.

ETHAN (O.S.)

No mom that's exactly it. Check this out.

Ethan ZOOMS IN on the image.

GINA
 (singing Bowie) *Ch-ch-ch-chiiiins,
 turn and face the strange, ch-ch-
 chiiiins. Time may change chins. But
 Chins can't trace tiiiime.*

Ethan zooms the image past Gina's many chins - revealing in the background, in a darkened corner --

IS A MAN.

Standing there. Watching Gina. Super creepy like. His face is shrouded in shadow. But clear enough that Leslie can make out who it is.

LESLIE
 Oh you bastard.

Ethan pauses the image on his shady, creepy face.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Leslie knocks on the front door of a

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - LATER

Chatter can be heard inside. Asshole parent George opens the door. HE'S THE MAN IN THE VIDEO.

GEORGE
 (fake cheer)
 Leslie! What an unexpected surprise.

LESLIE
 (fake cheer right back at him)
 George! I was wondering if I could come in for a quick chat.

GEORGE
 Gee, I'd love to Leslie but now's really not a good time.

LESLIE
 Are you spying on us, George?

GEORGE
 Spying on you? Where do you get your information from, the TMZ's?

LESLIE
 I have you on video, spying on Gina.

George hesitates, he looks left and right.

GEORGE

Come in.

GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM

His house looks expensive and stylish, but cold and austere... and just a little bit alien.

Lounging around in the living room are the snooty FPPTAPS - Brenda, Lou-Anne and Philip. All dressed in tasteful beige cashmere evening-wear cardigans.

LESLIE

What is this, a PTA meeting? Why wasn't I notified?

BRENDA

Aw darling, you weren't invited because frankly...

LOU-ANNE

You're the subject of the meeting.

LESLIE

Me?!

PHILIP

Well, Gina. And you by association. We've been following up on your erratic behavior in and around the school.

GEORGE

Hence the spying.

BRENDA

Trying to figure out the best course of action...

LESLIE

Course of action?!

LOU-ANNE

You know... Whether to get social services involved.

LESLIE

Excuse me?!

GEORGE

Oh, Leslie. What do you really know about Gina?

LESLIE

Nothing. I know she's a sweetheart.
I know she's had a rough time...
With stuff.

BRENDA

Leslie, the woman in unstable. Has
been ever since her husband died in
that awful car crash. Mental
disorders, addictions, in and out
of rehab... I mean, we've all heard
the stories.

LOU-ANNE

(whispers)

I heard she once ruined a kids
birthday party by forcing a mime to
break character.

PHILIP

(whispers)

I heard she once convinced a group
of parents that their cats were
spying on them for the government.

LOU-ANNE

(whispers)

I heard she once robbed a liquor
store with a super soaker, but all
she walked away with is orange tic-
tacs and some moist toilettes.

GEORGE

(whispers)

I heard she once made veal picatta
without browning the meat first.

Everyone stops and gasps.

PHILIP

(whispers)

I heard she spent a lifetime in
prison for a crime she didn't
commit until a popular podcast
granted her an appeal.

LOU-ANNE

(whispers)

I heard she once stole a Ford
Thunderbird convertible and used it
to recreate the final scene of
"Thelma and Louise."

BRENDA

(whispers)

I heard she once stabbed a pigeon
in the chest just to watch it bleed
and made the other pigeons watch.
Said it was a warning to the rest
of them.

LESLIE

Look!! It's just stupid rumors. You
know how these things are.

GEORGE

You don't find her behavior just a
little bit disturbing? The manic
depression? Excessive drinking?
Obsessive tendencies?

BRENDA

I'm no shrink but if you ask me
this alien witch hunt is a coping
mechanism. Her son is all she has
left in this world and she's so
freakin' scared of losing him that
this... alien delusion... gives her
a false sense of control.

LOU-ANNE

It's true, there was a real eye-
opening Dr. Phil about exactly this
type of thing last Wednesday. I can
send you the Youtubes website.

The parents start to close in on Leslie, a little menacing.

GEORGE

But you can't control it, Leslie.
You know that, right? They're
growing up, and soon you're gonna
have to let them go.

LESLIE

Yes, but-

BRENDA

Now Gina may be a lost cause,
Leslie. But you're not. Don't go
down with the ship.

LESLIE

Yes, but-

GEORGE

So far we've ruled out social services as far as you're concerned, but if you keep up this nonsense, we may have no choice but to--

LESLIE

Me?! In what way does my family warrant investigation from social services?!

GEORGE

Gee, I dunno. Absentee father. Your erratic behavior - a suffocating mother one moment, aloof and neglectful the next, when you're off in your fantasy make-believe world...

Leslie jumps up, pissed as hell.

LESLIE

I'M DOING THE BEST I GODDAMN CAN.

BRENDA

Shh, we know you are, sweetie. We just want you to be smart. To see the truth. To do the right thing. And the right thing is to let it go. Let Gina go. Let the investigation go. Let *them* go.

Leslie stares at them, tears in her eyes.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Leslie sits down in front of a laptop. Googles "GINA MEIGS, NEW JERSEY". Results:

- "Decorated War Hero Sgt. James Meigs dies in car accident, survived by loving wife Gina and 4-year-old son Trevor." Picture of a younger Gina grieving, a mess, young Trevor crying by her side.
- "Sgt. Meigs, best known for Operation "Beacon's Nest" - a counter intelligence mission he led in Afghanistan, '03."
- "Military legend's wife hospitalized after shocking husband's death. Community pitches in to cover medical bills. Wife escapes hospital, uses raised funds to buy luxury sports car."

- Gina Meigs - Criminal Record - CONFIDENTIAL - Redacted.

Leslie looks through the articles, her face falls. Her WALKIE crackles to life.

GINA (ON WALKIE)
Bench press this is Pancake batter.
Pancake batter to Bench press, come
in Bench press.

Leslie stares at the walkie, debating.

GINA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Come in Bench press. Come in.

Leslie gets up and walks away.

GINA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Bench press?

Leslie plops down on the couch, turns on the TV. A dumb reality show plays. She raises the volume high enough to drown out Gina on the walkie. Donnie comes in from the garage.

DONNIE
Hey, have you seen my tools?

Leslie shakes her head no.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Hmm. Well they're gone.

LESLIE
Maybe you misplaced them.

DONNIE
One does not misplace an entire
tool box, a power drill and an
electric saw.

A suspicious thought races through Leslie's mind, but she pushes it aside.

LESLIE
(shrugs)
It's a mystery!

Donnie plops down beside Leslie on the couch, puts his arm around her.

DONNIE
Where's Tiff?

LESLIE
At the zoo thing. But I followed
your advice, Dr. Phil.

DONNIE
Oh?

LESLIE
Took Tiff to the mall. Bought her a
dress.

DONNIE
Annnnd?

LESLIE
You were right.

DONNIE
Ah, those three magical words.

He kisses her.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

LESLIE
I'll get it.

Leslie runs over, opens the front door. Gina is there. She
looks strange, a little manic.

GINA
Hey. I walkie'd you. You didn't
hear me?

LESLIE
Oh, I guess not.

GINA
Nevermind. There's no time. We
gotta roll, we gotta move. We gotta-

LESLIE
Actually, now's not a good time,
I...

Gina peeks her head in, sees Donnie. Of course. She rolls her
eyes.

GINA
Ugh Leslie we don't have time for
this. The kids are out on their zoo
thing, we can go over to my place.
(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

There's a lot to review, and I get this strange feeling like we don't have a lot of time left. And and and- what? What is it?

Leslie examines Gina - the bloodshot eyes, the frizzy hair. Suddenly Gina looks pretty crazy.

LESLIE

Listen, Gina. I want to help. I really do. But I gotta focus on my family right now.

GINA

But, there's so much to cover! I overheard Trev saying a bunch of weird things today! He kept talking about "anchors", just all the time anchors anchors anchors. It was super weir--

LESLIE

(firm)

Look. I'm sorry. I can't.

Gina finally gets it. It's over.

GINA

Oh. OK. OK. I understand. You play house. I'll go save the world by my goddamn self. Hope you guys like anal. Goodnight.

Gina storms off. Leslie shakes her head, closes the door and walks back inside.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

CLOSE UP of feet marching. We pull back and see the backs of SEVEN FIGURES, dressed in ALL IN BLACK. They reach GEORGE's front door and KNOCK.

He opens the door. They all tilt their heads in unison, mechanically. Inhuman. He looked horrified. Then he manages a fake smile.

GEORGE

You're late.

LESLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Leslie and Donnie lie in bed, post-coitus, smiling and half asleep. Leslie looks at peace. The phone rings.

DONNIE
Who's calling this late?

Leslie picks up, drowsy.

LESLIE
Hello?

A woman's voice is heard on the other side. Reception is bad.
It's choppy. And creepy.

CHOPPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
Le-? It's Li-Cr-Ah-Eh-Ah.

LESLIE
Hello?!

CHOPPY VOICE (ON PHONE)
Les? It's Lis-Cru. He-Eh.

LESLIE
Investigative reporter Lisa Cruz?!
Where have you been?! We've been
looking for you!

LISA CRUZ (ON PHONE)
You-We-Right. I-Trou. Help. I-

LESLIE
I can't hear you. I can't-

LISA CRU (ON PHONE)
I. -ouble. Can't. I-eed. -Elp. Herb-
llen. Li-don'-ust.

CLICK. The line goes dead.

LESLIE
Hello? ... Hello!?!!

Leslie puts down the receiver, shocked. She waits for it to
ring again, but it doesn't.

DONNIE
Who was that?

LESLIE
N.. Nothing. Just a prank call.

Donnie shuts the lights and rolls over, fast asleep, but
Leslie stays awake, wide eyed, staring at the ceiling, mind
racing. She takes a deep breath. Exhales. Closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear - A WHIMPER. The whimper of a teenage girl.

LESLIE'S BEDROOM

Leslie jolts up. Looks to her left - Donnie is still asleep. 3AM. Moonlight shines in. Leslie gets out of bed. Tip toes down

THE HALLWAY

Passes by Ethan's room - he's sleeping soundly in his bed.

Passes by Tiffany's room - the door is slightly ajar. Leslie slowly pushes it open. It CREAKS. She looks inside.

TIFFANY'S BED IS EMPTY.

Leslie hears soft murmurs in the distance. She continues down the hallway. The murmurs intensify. She goes down the stairs. Stops and gasps when she gets a good view of the horror going on downstairs in the --

THE LIVING ROOM

Where Tiffany, Trevor, and the five other teens-in-question STAND IN A CIRCLE HOLDING HANDS IN VARIOUS STATES OF UNDRESS.

Their mouths and eyes wide open, emitting a STRANGE ORANGE LIGHT. At the center of the circle - A GLOWING OBJECT -- THE ARTIFACT -- THAT LEVITATES ON ITS OWN.

BLUE SLIMY TENTACLES start protruding under their clothes, as they shift and morph - human to alien to human again.

Leslie watches them, transfixed, the strange orange light dancing on her shocked face. She leans forward to get a better look and trips on a step, making a subtle noise.

The Tiffany alien swings its HEADS towards Leslie - Busted. The Tiffany alien breaks apart from the circle, causing the orange light to cease and the object to fall on the floor.

The six other teen aliens all turn their many heads to face Leslie. They stare at her menacingly with their many eyeballs. Their many many mouths open... and GROWL.

Tiffany levitates over to Leslie, like an animal about to attack, tentacles wobbling manically. Leslie cowers.

LESLIE

Please I didn't mean to - please.

Tiffany towers over Leslie, She kneels down, attaches a bunch of tentacles to Leslie's temples and we -

CUT TO BLACK.

LESLIE'S BEDROOM

Leslie awakes with a JOLT. Just a bad dream. The sun shines in. 7AM.

Donnie sits on the bed with his back to her, not moving. It's a little creepy. She stares at him.

LESLIE

D.... Donnie?

Nothing. Finally, he moves. He starts massaging his tail bone.

DONNIE

God, my lower back is killing me.

Leslie stares at him. Gina's voice echoes in her mind -

GINA (V.O.)

(echo-y)

When the entire town gets anally
probed three ways from Sunday
leaving a cavity inside them so big
you can see China on the other
side, maybe then he'll get it.

Leslie shrugs it off.

DONNIE

You OK?

LESLIE

Yeah, bad dream.

HALLWAY

Leslie walks down the hallway. Passes by Ethan's room - Sees Ethan getting ready for school, he waves at her. Passes by Tiffany's room - She's there, totally normal, getting ready for school.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Mornin'.

TIFFANY

(smiles)

Mornin'.

Leslie stays by the doorway, watching Tiffany.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(awkward)

Need anything, mom?

LESLIE

(shrugs)

Nah. How was the zoo thing last night?

TIFFANY

(shrugs)

Zoo-y. I gotta go, I'm late for school.

LESLIE

Have a good day.

KITCHEN - LATER

Leslie sits drinking coffee, watches her family all get ready and leave. Totally normal family life. She turns on the TV. The LOCAL NEWS is on - A BREAKING STORY.

ONSCREEN

TV Anchor LARRY CHESTERFIELD, handsome as fuck, spray painted orange, addresses the TV with extreme urgency.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD (ON TV)

This is Larry Chesterfield filling in for Laura Carmichael filling in for Lisa Cruz with a breaking news story. Police reports a mysterious break-in into Labtec Industries last night around 10PM.

Footage: Exterior of the LabTec building, yellow tape, POLICE milling about.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD (ON TV) (CONT'D)

We're being told several items have been stolen, and one man, scientist Herbert Allen, was badly injured and is currently unconscious but in stable condition at St. Joseph's Hospital.

LESLIE

(gasps)

Fuck me.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD (ON TV)
Other scientists present during the
attack were reportedly left
unharmed, and yet they can't seem
to recall the incident whatsoever.

Cut to - JOHN, a bewildered looking scientist.

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)
Sir, can you describe what happened
last night?

JOHN (ON TV)
(bewildered)
No.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD (ON TV)
More as the story develops.

Leslie stares at the TV, freaking out. Not knowing what's
real anymore. Suddenly, a nearby HISS. Leslie jumps. It's
just the walkie.

GINA (ON WALKIE)
Bench Press, this is Pancake
Batter. Bench Press come in.

Leslie ignores it.

GINA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
I know, I know. Bench Press wants
to focus on Bench Press' family.
But come on. Have you seen the
news? Shit's going down. And we're
the only ones who can stop it. Are
you just gonna stand by while this
entire town goes to space hell?

Leslie ignores it.

GINA (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Fine. I guess so. This is Pancake
Batter signing out. Forever.

The walkie goes dead. Leslie hesitates. A beat. She grabs the
walkie.

LESLIE
Pancake Batter this is Bench Press,
I--

BANG BANG BANG.

Leslie jumps. Knock on the front door.

AT THE DOOR -- is Gina.

GINA
Hi.

LESLIE
Hi.

GINA
Is this OK?

LESLIE
Yeah.

They both start pacing back and forth in the living room.

GINA
So... right?

LESLIE
Right.

GINA
You think...?

LESLIE
It was them?

GINA
I mean...

LESLIE
But how? They were at the zoo thing
all night.

GINA
(defeated)
That's right they were at the zoo
thing all night... It doesn't make
sense.

They both flop down on the couch, frustrated.

GINA (CONT'D)
Unless.

LESLIE
Oh my god.

GINA AND LESLIE
THERE WAS NEVER A ZOO THING!

Their brains explode. (Metaphorically.) (For now.)

GINA
I need a drink.

Leslie puts a warm hand on Gina's.

LESLIE
How about some tea?

KITCHEN

Leslie and Gina drink tea.

GINA
So suppose it was them who broke in there. Why?

LESLIE
To steal the trash artifact back, from the bonfire crash. Why?

GINA
To contact space? Home base?

LESLIE
To fix the ship? To leave? Who knows?

GINA
One man might know.

LESLIE
Herbert Allen. But he's in a coma.

GINA
What if we could wake him up?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Gina and Leslie approach a male NURSE at the front desk.

GINA
Hi. We're here to see Herbert Allen.

NURSE
Family only.

LESLIE
We're his sisters.

NURSE
He doesn't have sisters.

GINA
He just says that because he hates
us.

NURSE
I'm sorry, no.

Suddenly Gina starts to SEIZE. She shakes uncontrollably.

GINA
Help! Help! I'm going into... Into
a seizure of some kind!

Gina seizes forward onto the Nurse's desk, she uses the
opportunity to scan his LISTINGS.

NURSE
Ma'am? Ma'am are you alright?

GINA
Help me! Quick, to the seizure
examination room!

Gina jolts back, grabs Leslie.

GINA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Room 415. Good luck Bench Press.

Gina flings herself at the Nurse.

GINA (CONT'D)
TO THE SEIZURE ROOM I SAID, HURRY
GODDAMNIT!

Several NURSES rush over with a gurney, they wheel Gina away.

Leslie stands frozen in place. She snaps out of it and runs
down the hallway to --

ROOM 415

Where Hebert Allen lies in bed, beat up and unconscious, leg
in a cast.

LESLIE
Yikes.

Leslie closes the door behind her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hi Herbert! Sorry to interrupt your
little perma-nap. We just...
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 we need some information about what
 happened, or maybe about what's
 about to happen. Do you know what's
 about to happen? And when? And how?
 Any piece of information will do.

Herbert Allen doesn't move.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 OK... OK. Time for some alternative
 medicine.

Leslie rummages in her bag, pulls out the GREEN VIAL OF WEIRD
 DRUGS. She unscrews the top. Places it under Herbert's nose.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Hints of oak, am I right?

Nothing happens.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Damnit damnit. What are you doing.
 This is stupid.

Leslie gathers her stuff, starts to leave. Gets to the door.
 Suddenly, Herbert Allen JOLTS UP IN BED, EYES WIDE, MANIC. He
 yells -

HERBERT ALLEN
 SWEET SEVENTEEN!

Then collapses in bed, comatose.

LESLIE
 (laughs)
 Don't be silly, that's tonight!
 (oh shit)
 Oh shit!

INT. GINA'S BASEMENT - LATER

Gina and Leslie pace back and forth in front of the FIVE
 OTHER PARENTS in Alien Prevention Parent Club - A BANNER
 spells "APPCA - ALIEN PREVENTION PARENT CLUB ASSOCIATION" in
 the back, curtesy of Barbara.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Things we know - One, they have the
 trash artifact, whatever it is.

GINA
 Two, whatever's going down its
 going down tonight.

LESLIE

They probably need an excuse to
congregate without us around. But
guess what. They're in for a
surprise.

GINA

Cuz we're crashing their dance!

Leslie wheels in a chalkboard, with a crudely drawn map of
the SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. She starts marking X's.

LESLIE

Blue Lagoon and Sprocket - You
cover the back entrance. Trapper
Keeper - You guard the parking lot.
Orange Juice and Walters - Hide
behind the crappy decorations.

BARBARA

Hey! I made those.

LESLIE

My bad. Me and Pancake Batter will
take the front. Let's try to remain
out of sight until we figure out
the plan. Don't forget your
walkies, because just like good
parenting - communication is key.

Gina nods at Leslie, impressed. The student has become the
master.

Everyone nods. Leslie puts her hand in the center of the
circle.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Now let's go kill some aliens.
Unless.. You know, that involves
harming the bodies of our children.
In which case, you know, we'll
figure something else out.

The other parents hesitate. Not sure they're on board for
this. Gina puts her hand in the center.

GINA

You heard the woman! Time to
protect the crap out of our
children!

The parents all put their hands in the center.

PARENTS
(not in unison)
Go Team Alien Prevention Parent
Club!

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

The hallway is dark. Tiffany's door is slightly ajar.

A low HUMMING is coming from inside. It increases in volume. BZZZZZZZZ. Then the CRACKLING of electricity. Lights flash. Something weird going on inside. Leslie walks up the stairs, to the hallway, she KNOCKS on Tiffany's door. All noise and lights STOP ABRUPTLY.

TIFFANY'S ROOM

Leslie walks in, finds Tiffany in the sparkly green dress Leslie bought for her. Sophisticated make-up, hair done up. She looks all grown up.

LESLIE
You look... beautiful.

Tiffany checks herself out in front of the mirror, looking at her human reflection. Strange emotion in her eyes, sadness. Leslie comes up from behind her. Gives her a big hug.

TIFFANY
Thanks, Mom.

LESLIE
I want you to know, no matter what happens, that I love you. And thank you. For everything.

TIFFANY
Isn't that my line?

They stand there, hugging for a moment. Then Tiffany gets uncomfortable and shrugs Leslie off of her.

LESLIE
Alright enough with the shmaltzy stuff. I'll be downstairs.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Leslie, Donnie and Ethan wait in the living room, as Tiffany makes her way down the stairs. They all ooh and aah.

DONNIE
You look beautiful, honey.

ETHAN

Yeah, you look pretty OK, for a girl.

LESLIE

Are you sure you don't need a ride?

TIFFANY

No. Trevor's gonna drive me.

KNOCK KNOCK.

DONNIE

Speak of the devil.

Donnie opens the front door. Trevor is there, handsome in a suit. Gina by his side.

GINA

Just here to deliver the goods. How handsome is this boy? Ah?? How handsome is he?

TREVOR

MOM SHUT UP GOD.

GINA

Alright alright. You guys sure you gonna be alright on your own?

TREVOR

We'll be fine.

DONNIE

Alright kids. Have fun and be safe.

Trevor and Tiffany take off. Leslie, Gina and Donnie watch them leave.

LESLIE

They grow up so fast.

GINA

Too fast. Alright. I best be off.
Gotta catch up on my stories,
crochet like a million pillowcases.
Full night ahead.
(winks at Leslie)

DONNIE

Goodnight, Gina.

Donnie and Leslie go back inside.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Movie time? I hear the one with
that guy is out--

LESLIE
Actually why don't you go ahead and
have some me-time in the garage. I
got... stuff... to do. Women stuff.
Tampons and what not. It's cool.

Donnie looks at her slightly suspicious.

DONNIE
Alright... I'll see you in a bit.

Leslie watches Donnie walk off. Once he's gone, she grabs a
BACKPACK, her walkie, and rushes to the front door, closing
it quietly behind her.

INT. GINA'S CAR - LATER

Gina and Leslie, amped, pumped and ready for action, drive to
the school.

GINA
You got the stuff, and the things?

LESLIE
Yep.

GINA
Good. We might need them.

VOICE IN THE BACK
I got fruit juice.

Both women SCREAM. Out of the backseat pops ETHAN.

LESLIE
Ethan. What are you doing here!

ETHAN
I'm part of the team, remember?
Puma Fists reporting for duty.

LESLIE
It's past your bedtime!

ETHAN
There's no bedtime in space.
Besides, I got some cool evidence I
don't understand.
(takes out crumpled paper)
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I was able to pick up bits and pieces of the blueprint behind your giant thumb, mom. We could shove it in their faces or something!

GINA

Way to go, Puma Fists!

LESLIE

Alright, you can come. But you stay out of trouble and close to me, you got it? And put on that sweater, it's going to be low 50's with a wind chill.

Ethan rolls his eyes.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Unroll those eyes mister! Unroll them right now.

EXT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The parking lot is dark. Lights and muffled party sounds emit from inside the auditorium. The doors are closed. Gina takes out her walkie.

GINA

(to walkie)

Blue Lagoon, Sprocket, this is Pancake Batter, come in.

Nothing.

GINA (CONT'D)

That's weird, they were supposed to be out here.

(to walkie)

Blue Lagoon, Sprocket. Come in.

Nothing. Then AN INHUMAN, ALIEN SHRIEK, screeching on the walkie. Scary as fuck.

LESLIE

Well that doesn't sound like Barbara.

Leslie, Gina and Ethan exit the car, run across the dark parking lot to the front doors of the auditorium. They slowly open the doors and walk inside.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONT'D

A typical high school dance. Colorful lights on a sparsely populated dance floor. A delicate waft of pheromones. Groups of kids standing around awkwardly. Pop music plays. A god awful giant "Sweet 17" DECORATIVE FLOAT rests flaccidly next to the center stage, courtesy of Barbara.

Leslie, Gina and Ethan sneak in, look around. They spot THE OTHER FIVE PARENTS from Team Alien Prevention Parenthood or whatever its called hiding in the corner of the room, by the punch stand.

GINA
(whispers, points)
Over there!

Gina, Leslie and Ethan make their way to the punch stand.

LESLIE
(whispers to parents)
What are you all doing here? Why
did you abandoned your assigned
stations?!

DALE
It was cold outside.

BARBARA
I wanted to see the
decorations!

DAVID
I wanted to make sure nothing
funky was going on between my
daughter and some jerky guy.

LAUREN
I love dances!

Gina rolls her eyes.

GINA
Amateur hour!

BOOM! A DRAMATIC SPOTLIGHT shines down on the SEVEN PARENTS.
They freeze in place.

The music CUTS. Hushed silence.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
(loud, echo-y)
Dad?! What are you doing here? Ugh
this is so embarrassing.

A SEA OF TEENS parts on the dance floor, revealing the SEVEN SUSPECTED TEEN ALIENS on stage - Tiffany, Trevor, Britney, Danny, Becky, Jimmy and Felicia.

They stand there, an imposing group. Slightly less imposing - they're all wearing TURTLENECKS under their sparkly dresses and ill fitting suits. Britney smiles a wicked smile.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Just kidding. We've been waiting for you.

Suddenly, all the doors to the auditorium LOCK SHUT. BAM! BAM! BAM! One after the other.

JIMMY

Thanks Gina, for bringing all the parents here.

The parents stare daggers at Gina.

GINA

(confused)

Me? What? I didn't-

Leslie looks around, scared.

LESLIE

(whispers)

Ethan, stay close.

She reaches down for Ethan, but HE'S GONE.

BECKY

Grab them!

Suddenly, RANDOM TEENS in dresses and suits grab the seven parents, two teens on each parent. The parents struggle to break free, but the teens overpower them, holding them in place.

All the teens in the auditorium have eyes tinted a STRANGE UNNATURAL BLUE, like mindless puppets obeying the orders of the seven teens onstage. Leslie locks eyes with Tiffany onstage, but Tiffany looks away, guiltily.

TREVOR

BRING IN THE ANCHORS!

Asshole parent George enters from side stage, followed by the FPPTAPS posse: Brenda, Lou-anne and Philip. Together, they wheel in A GIANT WOODEN BOARD. Strapped to the board in metal chains are THE THREE NEWS ANCHORS - Lisa Cruz, Linda Carmichael and Larry Chesterfield.

They're all dressed in their sharp fancy suits, strapped to their chests are COLORFUL OHM RESISTORS with wires attached to their heads and panicked faces.

LISA CRUZ
This just in.

LINDA CARMICHAEL
We're fucked.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD
More as the story develops.

The seven parents stare, shocked.

LESLIE
George?! You're a part of this?!

George grabs a microphone, immediately defensive.

GEORGE
Hi! Good evening everybody. Yes.
Yes. We had to! It was the only way
to guarantee our safety. I mean --
our children. Our children's
safety. Sorry guys, it was a real
Sophie's Choice.

He puts down the mic. Then picks it up again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No offense to any Jews in the
house.

He puts down the mic. Then picks it up again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And a shout out to Judy Graham for
the delicious punch.

He puts down the mic.

GINA
I knew it! You guys are aliens!
NAILED IT! I mean, you guys are
aliens, right? That's what's going
on he--

JIMMY
SILENCE! Now let us begin. REVEAL
THE CRAFT!

Suddenly, the room fills with SMOKE and BLUE LIGHTS -- as the
really ugly Sweet 17 float deflates with a WOOOOOOSH sound,
revealing underneath it - A RISING METALLIC PLATFORM.

BARBARA
Aww, my decorations.

The SMOKE CLEARS and the metallic platform comes to focus.

And it's.... Pretty disappointing. Frankly, it looks like a class project.

GINA

That's it?!

TREVOR

SHUT UP MOM, GOD, WE WERE ON A
TIGHT BUDGET.

(clears throat, calmly)

Bring over the parental units.

The teens holding the SEVEN PARENTS push them forward towards the metallic platform. Leslie looks at the platform up close - there are seven makeshift human-sized PODS with wires coming out of them.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hook them up.

The Teens start to force the parents into the pods, but Leslie breaks free.

LESLIE

Wait!! Don't we at least deserve an
explanation? I think you owe us
that much.

The Teens stop forcing the parents, look at Trevor for further instructions. Trevor contemplates, locking eyes with Tiffany. She nods yes, her eyes pleading. Trevor massages his temples.

TREVOR

Very well.

He motions at all the teens to hold still for a moment.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(sigh)

Your suspicions about us have been
correct.

GINA

YES! EAT IT, HATERS!

TREVOR

We are hyper-intelligent beings from another planet you've never heard of and probably never will, considering the frankly tragic current state of your earthly technology, no offense.

DALE

None taken!

TREVOR

My name is <gibberish>
 (points at Danny)
This is <chhhhhh>
 (points at Tiffany)
This is <gibberish>
 (points at Britney)
This is <SHIP HORN>
 (points at Jimmy)
This is <gibberish>
 (points at Felicia)
This is <gibberish>
 (points at Becky)
And this is <dubstep>

LAUREN

The wub wub wubs! That's what I was telling you all - the wub wub wubs!

BECKY

SHUT UP MOM YOU'RE RUINING MY LIFE!
 (clears throat, to Trevor)
Sorry, please continue.

TREVOR

We encountered a severe technical malfunction while on a surveillance mission in your puny solar system, causing our ship to crash in this, your strange town of Warren, New Jersey.

The seven alien teens shudder at the mention of "New Jersey."

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And let me just say, we've been to countless worlds on endless galaxies, but we've never encountered a place quite as gruesome as your earthly New Jersey.

LAUREN

Up yours, we like it here!

TREVOR

When our ship crashed we thought we were surely doomed. And then we saw them - your teenage sons and daughters, huddled around a small fire. Our salvation. Our new temporary bodies.

Trevor touches his crotch, for effect.

GINA

Don't do that honey you're in public.

TREVOR

SHUT UP MOM I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!
And you know what the strangest part is? We thought your kids would put up a fight, what with us violently taking over their bodies and all. But... they didn't. They just sat there by their fire. Drunk and stoned. Aloof and uncaring. They didn't care about anything. No passion, no will to live. They gave their bodies willingly. As your earthly slang goes... "Whatever." Getting inside them was like slipping into a cold... empty... bed.

DAVID

I'm gonna slip my fist into your face!

LESLIE

Well you got your spaceship thing repaired now, right? So leave this place and leave their bodies alone!

TREVOR

Indeed, now that we have back our ship's engine which you have savagely stolen from us, we can finish repairing our ship.

LESLIE

(whispers to Gina)
The trash artifact!

TREVOR

Unfortunately, to get the ship running again we need to sacrifice your three human anchors.

LISA CRUZ

We're just news presenters!

TREVOR

YOU ARE ORACLE COMMUNICATORS! Your combined brain power will help reboot our ship's communication system. Or at least we think so. It's a wild guess, really.

LARRY CHESTERFIELD

We're really not oracle communicators. I wanna be an actor on daytime soaps.

LINDA CARMICHAEL

I'm sleeping with the network CEO.

TREVOR

SILENCE! You will sacrifice your cheap human lives to activate the ship. As for you, parental units. In order to permanently slip out of these earthly bodies and get back home, we're going to need to harvest significant portions of your DNA.

EVERYONE

Huh?

BECKY

Basically, we're gonna have to suck your brains through a straw like a milkshake.

TIFFANY

(full of guilt and
sadness)

I love milkshakes.

SHELLY

That's horrible!

TREVOR

Horrible? Why? Is it really any different from what your own kids would do?

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Suck you dry for everything you got
and then leave you?

GINA
Don't you dare talk about our kids
that-

JIMMY
SILENCE! Start the engines.

Suddenly, A LOUD ENGINE comes to life. Then quickly dies again. The Seven Alien Teens exchange concerned glances. Ethan comes crawling out of the metallic surface, holding an empty juice box.

ETHAN
Y'all just got juiced!

GINA
Nice one, Puma Fists!

Within seconds, Teens rush over and drag Ethan away.

LESLIE
Ethan!

Three other TEENS tinker with the engine. It makes a "coughing" noise, then comes back to life with a loud HUMMMMMM.

TREVOR
Nice try, geek. Now hook them up!

The Teens holding the parents start forcing them into the pods, hooking wires to their heads, while on stage, TWO TEENS activate a giant scary SAW contraption (made from Donnie's tools!), aiming it at the three news anchors.

GINA
WAIT!!!! One last question!

Trevor signals everyone to stop.

TREVOR
WHAT GOD WHAT?

GINA
Why do you wear those turtlenecks?!

TIFFANY
Our necks get cold.

TREVOR
RESUME!

The Teens continue hooking up the parents. Leslie and Gina lock eyes. Is this it? They smile at each other sadly, "If we have to go down, at least its together." But then, something clicks for Leslie.

LESLIE

Wait. I got it. They're still in there. THEY'RE STILL IN THERE!

GINA

What are you talking about?

LESLIE

Our kids. They're still in there, screaming out. At us. We make them fight to be heard. We make them care. We're what makes them care. All we have to do is make them care.

DALE

How?!

LESLIE

The only way we know how.

The parents stare at Leslie, confused. But Gina gets it. She GASPS and points off into the distance.

GINA

Oh my god Leslie, look at the size of that electron!

The teens holding Leslie look off into the distance, Leslie breaks free, runs off, climbs a table -- and starts SINGING A CRAPPY CONTEMPORARY POP SONG ALL THE KIDS LOVE. She does a whole dance routine too. It's really really bad.

TIFFANY

(cringes in horror)

MOM, STOP IT, EVERYONE'S WATCHING!!!

The shocked teens holding the other parents are so distracted by Leslie's song and dance that they loosen their hold on the other parents. Gina breaks free, climbs the table, and joins Leslie's dancing and singing.

Trevor cringes. He starts to twitch a little. He tries to control it. But its hard.

TREVOR

Stop it. STOP IT MOM GOD YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.

Tiffany and Trevor start convulsing onstage. Leslie and Gina start doing an improvised choreographed routine. Leslie tries to twerk. Fails. Doesn't stop. Gina does the sprinkler, the shopping cart, the bus driver and the roger rabbit. On a loop. Meanwhile, Shelly breaks free.

SHELLY

(loudly)

Did I ever tell you kids about that time my Danny pooped his pants on the first day of 6th grade? That's right - I said 6th grade. Talk about a late bloomer. Or as I like to call it - late pooper bloomer. Isn't that right mister stinky pants?

DANNY

SHUT UP MOM YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING!

Danny starts seizing onstage. Dale breaks free.

DALE

Britney? Britney are you warm up there? I brought you an extra jacket. You know how easily you get the sniffles. Look at you, you're gonna freeze to death. You want some ear muffs?

BRITNEY

OH MY GOD DAD YOU'RE BEING SO LAME RIGHT NOW.

Britney starts twitching onstage. David breaks free.

DAVID

Jimmy, I wrote you a poem. It's called "Let me count the ways in which you are grounded after tonight." Want to hear it? Great! It goes: "Let me count the ways in which you are grounded after tonight. One, for all eternity. Two, with no exceptions--

JIMMY

THAT'S SO UNFAIR!!!

Jimmy starts rolling his eyes in a loop, he loses balance and falls to the floor, seizing.

Lauren breaks free. She starts rapping. Mom rapping. Her daughter Becky straight up passes out.

Ethan manages to break free, crawls back under the ship engine. He uncrumples his piece of paper. Starts messing with the engine according to the blueprint fragments.

CLOSE UP of him tinkering, cutting wires, his face growing frustrated as the engine continues to HUMMMM. He looks to the blueprint and back, blueprint and back. Then he gets an idea. He takes his THUMB and presses it against the engine, the same way Leslie's thumb appears in the picture. The engine starts to stutter, cough, dying... whatever it is - it's working.

Leslie and Gina continue singing, as the other parents continue embarrassing their children in various ways.

The Alien Teens all TOPPLE TO THE FLOOR, TWISTING AND CONVULSING, as if they're having a seizure, as they finally start fighting to get their bodies back from the aliens. Their skin starts to MUTATE and MORPH -- human one moment, alien, blue and slimy the next. Tentacles appear and disappear.

SEVEN TEEN ALIENS

UGH THIS SUCKS SO HARD! THIS IS THE
WORST DAY OF MY LIFE! I WISH I WAS
NEVER BORN! I'M GONNA RUN AWAY! I'M
GONNA KILL MYSELF! UGH I CAN'T WAIT
TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS STUPID
TOWN! THIS IS THE WORST THING
THAT'S EVER HAPPENED EVER IN THE
HISTORY OF EVERYTHING! I HATE YOU
SO MUCH IT HURTS TO BREATHE!

LAUREN

It's working!!

AN EXPLOSION! The engine dies. LIGHTS GO OUT. Darkness falls on the auditorium.

The Seven Alien Teens lay collapsed on the stage. They all open their mouths and a HARSH RED LIGHT beams out of their throats.

The Seven Parents rush to the stage, kneeling down in front of their respective children. Leslie kneels down by Tiffany, takes her hand.

LESLIE

Oh honey are you alright?

Tiffany is crying. She looks weak, like she's dying.

TIFFANY

Leslie... Can.. I.. Stay? I want to stay.. With you.. And be your daughter.. I want.. To eat.. Pancakes.. And Eggs... And Cinnamon rolls... Forever.

LESLIE

(tearing up)

Oh, my darling. I would like that... Very much. But I have to let you go, so I can get my daughter back.

TIFFANY

But why would you want that? She's angry and spoiled and selfish and inconsiderate, and she's just going to leave you.

LESLIE

I know. But she's my daughter. And I love her.

A single tear trickles down Tiffany's cheek. She nods, understanding. Her eyes roll back and she loses consciousness.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Tiff? Oh god Tiff??

DARKNESS FALLS on the auditorium. Silence.

Suddenly, Tiffany JOLTS forward. The other SIX teens do as well.

NORMAL LIGHTS come back on.

Tiffany and the other teens look confused, like they don't know where they are.

BRITNEY

What...? Ugh. What?

DANNY

Where did they...?

BECKY

My head!

JIMMY

I FEEL SO EMPTY!

Then slowly, they look down and take in their hideous outfits.

BECKY

Gross.

They all start complaining about random things.

GINA
 (ecstatic)
 They're back! Our kids are back!!

Tiffany spots Leslie. Scowls.

TIFFANY
 Mom?! What are you doing here? God
 this is so embarrassing.
 (taking in her dress)
 Ew, I look like an Amish
 prostitute.

Leslie grabs Tiffany for a big bear hug, effectively shutting her up. When no one is looking, Tiffany leans in and whispers in her mother's ear.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Thank you mom.

Leslie tears up and hugs her daughter even harder.

LESLIE
 Anything for my little girl.

The other six parents do the same with their kids. A happy ending. Off in the distance --

ETHAN
 I'm OK too, thanks for asking!

LISA CRUZ
 We are also alright!

LINDA CARMICHAEL
 More at 11!

GEORGE
 I'm also alright!

DALE
 No one cares!

LATER

Groups congregate around the auditorium, hugging, cleaning up, getting ready to leave. Leslie and Gina hug it out with Alien Prevention Parent Club.

BARBARA
 Thank you both! Seriously. We all
 had our suspicions but..
 (MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Well, you know what its like as a
parent... always doubting
yourself.

DAVID
But not you two! You had the balls
from the get-go. You made it all
happen.

GINA
Anytime guys. And hey, just because
our little investigation is over
doesn't mean we can't all still
meet up in my basement every week,
ah? Ahh?

They all stare at her, slightly uncomfortable.

DALE
(no thanks)
Sure, absolutely.

LAUREN
(yeah, no)
Oh, totally.

In the corner, keeping a low profile, is George and the
FPPTAPS. Leslie walks up to them.

GEORGE
(fake cheer)
Great work out there, Leslie! You
really proved yourself as a parent
and as a woman tonight.

BRENDA
Absolutely!! This is definitely a
solid first step in overcoming your
issues, girl. Way to go!

Leslie walks up to George. Shakes her head in disappointment.

LESLIE
George, George, George... Enlighten
me, please... When was it exactly
that you decided to sell us all out
to the aliens?

The other parents all turn to look at him with disapproval,
closing in.

GEORGE
(defensive)
I swear I had no choice! I saw the
bonfire crash from my house! I
mean, gosh, you know I have prime
real estate, the largest windows,
and best darn views in town!
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I saw it, and they saw that I saw.
And I saw that they saw that... You
get it! It was kill or be killed.
Probe or get probed. I thought we
could just give them everything
they wanted and they'd go away. But
then Gina started going with her
gosh darned drunken CSI Miami
routine and it was all downhill
from there.

Leslie puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder with mock
sympathy.

LESLIE

You know, I'm really worried about
you, George. Some real questionable
parenting skills all around. I'd
hate to get social services
involved... I think it would
probably be best for you to relieve
yourself of your leading position
at the PTA.

Brenda, Lou-Anne and Philip start nodding vehemently.

LOU-ANNE

Absolutely.

BRENDA

Yeah, sweetie. You really let us
down.

Leslie turns to face the FPPTAPS.

LESLIE

Same goes for you, darlings. You
know I hate rumors... But...

(whispers)

I heard the three of you once threw
a key party so big they needed to
hire a locksmith in the morning to
sort out the mess you left in
there.

LOU-ANNE

(gasps)

Why, I-

LESLIE

Now I'm not saying you all need to
quit the PTA...

(cringes)

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
But maybe just get yourself a
hobby?
(whispers)
Take care of you.

Leslie winks at them and walks off. Gina yells from a distance --

GINA
EAT IT! Is what she's trying to
say.

Leslie raises her fist in the air, confirming Gina's statement.

OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM

Gina and Trevor walk side by side.

TREVOR
GOD I'M SORRY I GET SO ANGRY
SOMETIMES. It's just... I can feel
your anxiety... I can feel it
through the walls. You're always on
me. It drives me nuts.

GINA
I'm sorry. You're right. It's been
a rough patch, Trev. But I'm gonna
relax. I'm gonna make friends and
pick up gardening...
(shudders at the thought)
... and be a normal person for you.

He stops her.

TREVOR
No, mom. Be a normal person for
you.

She gets it. Nods.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Gina parks the car, home sweet home. Gina, Trevor, Leslie, Tiffany and Ethan exit and say their goodbyes. Gina grabs Leslie for one last celebratory hug.

GINA
We did it!

LESLIE
We did!

Suddenly, Gina grabs Leslie uncomfortably tight.

GINA
(whispers)
What if we're still on drugs and
this is all a hallucination?

LESLIE
(whispers)
We ride it out... together.

This seems to comfort Gina.

GINA
Together... Cool.

Gina squeezes Leslie even tighter, if possible.

LESLIE
(can't breath)
Yep. You know where I live. And I
got this.

Leslie shows Gina her walkie. Gina nods appreciatively.

GINA
Cool. Cool. Alright.

Gina finally lets go.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE

Leslie enters, one arm over Tiffany, one arm over Ethan.
Donnie stands there, worried.

DONNIE
Where the hell were you guys?

Leslie doesn't know what to say.

TIFFANY
We went to get ice cream. Jesus,
dad, relax.

DONNIE
Oh... OK. Well I guess if Jesus was
there. Ice cream at 10 O'clock,
huh? You guys must have a pretty
cool mom.

Tiffany and Leslie look at each other.

TIFFANY
Yeah, she's alright.

Leslie fake gasps, as though she's just heard the impossible.

LESLIE
How about I make us some hash
browns tomorrow?

TIFFANY
Ew, that's like a bajilliion
calories, no thank you.

Leslie and Ethan look at each other. She's back alright.
Leslie kisses her children's foreheads.

LESLIE
Alright everyone to bed.
(to Donnie)
I'll be right up.

KITCHEN

Leslie drinks a glass of water, taking a quiet moment to reflect over everything that's happened. Through the window, she sees Gina in her kitchen window.

Gina raises a TEA KETTLE, not a wine bottle, as if to say, "See? I'm trying." Then she forms her hand into a pistol, mime blows her brains out.

Leslie laughs. Waves at Gina. Gina waves back. Leslie leans down closer to the window, looks up at the night sky, filled with a million stars. For a moment, she sees a constellation shaped like a STACK OF PANCAKES. But she shakes her head and its gone.

HALLWAY

Leslie turns out all the lights in the house. Walks upstairs. Passes by the kids room. No strange lights, no strange noises. Just a normal family sleeping. She heads into her bedroom and shuts the door. We stay in the hallway, and hear murmured voices inside.

DONNIE (O.S.)
So I spoke with work today, told
them I'm taking some time off...
Gonna spend more time with you
crazies. Also to get my ass checked
out.

LESLIE (O.S.)
Still hurts, huh?

DONNIE (O.S.)
What do you think it might be?

LESLIE (O.S.)
No idea.

DONNIE (O.S.)
You think its aliens, don't you?

LESLIE (O.S.)
I didn't say anything.

DONNIE (O.S.)
What about you? Wanna play a little
game of probing?

LESLIE (O.S.)
What, ew!

We hear them giggle. Then all is quiet.

We PAN ACROSS the hallway. Tiffany's room is dark and quiet
and normal. END PAN on Ethan's room, where suddenly, lights
start flashing underneath the door - RED - ORANGE - RED -
ORANGE - RED.

CUT TO BLACK.

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