

NED

Written by

Megan Rico

OVER BLACK

Deathly quiet.

Then, the sound of a very dry mouth opening as a deep, serious MALE VOICE speaks.

MALE VOICE
We... are not alone.

FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A shadowy garage-turned-recording studio.

The voice comes from a sweaty fat man with a balding ponytail currently pontificating into a microphone. This is JIM (40s) and he's taking himself very seriously.

JIM
I have endured years of mockery and derision, been subject to invasive government surveillance, lost jobs, ruined relationships... all because I have chosen to speak out about the truth. Lesser men than me might have quit, stayed silent, but with the things I've seen... the things I know... that is not an option.

INT. LAB - DAY

Emergency lights flash. Giant glass tubes lay shattered on their sides.

In the foreground, a man in a black suit lies unconscious on the floor, blue ooze streaming out of every hole in his face.

JIM (V.O.)
It is my civic duty to tell you that we are not alone... We are not alone, and we are not safe.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
(faintly)
Dad?

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Pale corpses hang out of a wall of half-opened dead body drawers. A trail of human blood leads away from it.

JIM (V.O.)
The beings of other planets have
found us, and they are not pursuing
peace.

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
(louder)
Daaaad!

Beside the blood, a series of THREE-TOED FOOTPRINTS in blue ooze. They gain more toes, becoming more human, as the trail leads off screen.

JIM (V.O.)
I am here to jolt you from your
blissful ignorance. To share with
you undeniable facts, hidden from
us by our own government. I am here
to tell you that
extraterrestrials... are RE--

YOUNG BOY (V.O.)
DAD!

CUT TO:

GARAGE

The lights flick on, flooding the garage with ugly fluorescent light. Alien photos and paraphernalia line the walls.

Jim turns, furious, to face a chubby ten year old boy in the doorway.

This is SNACKPACK, named for his favorite food, a cup of which he is currently eating.

JIM
Snackpack! What?!

Away from the microphone, Jim's voice is a phlegmy, congested whine. It's clear he was using a voice modulator.

SNACKPACK
I just wanted to know if you wanted
any help.

JIM

Now I have to re-record that whole thing.

SNACKPACK

Why?

JIM

Why?! Because you're in the background calling me Dad, that's why.

SNACKPACK

So?

JIM

I have to protect my identity!

He motions to a POSTER behind him, graced by a much cooler, much slimmer version of his silhouette and "THE CONSPIRATOR" written across it.

JIM (CONT'D)

If listeners hear you call me dad, that's one more detail tying me to The Conspirator.

SNACKPACK

There's like a million dads in Florida...

JIM

The Conspirator has to remain anonymous, that's the whole point! The FBI would kill for the information I've got.

SNACKPACK

Does the FBI care about a podcast?

JIM

Everybody cares about my podcast! I'm a very dangerous man. I know a lot of things.

SNACKPACK

I know things too! I was thinking maybe we could... share things?

But Jim has already turned back to his recording equipment.

JIM

Hit the lights on your way out.

Snackpack sighs, obediently hitting the lights and sulking away.

Once again bathed in dramatic shadows, Jim puts on his serious voice and repeats into the microphone.

JIM (CONT'D)
I am here to tell you... that
extraterrestrials... ARE REAL!

Cue EERIE SCI-FI MUSIC.

OPENING CREDITS

Close ups distort mundane pool things into sci-fi abstractions.

Liquid chlorine clouds up as it's mixed into water, like a black hole expanding into space. An underwater vacuum roams the floor of a pool like the Mars Rover.

EXT. KAWAMA CONDOMINIUMS - POOL - DAY

The sci-fi music become tinny headphone music as we watch a teenaged girl run a pool net through the water of a run-down public pool.

This is SAM (17), oblivious to everything but Jim's podcast. We can faintly hear his voice spilling out of her headphones.

JIM (V.O.)
Today we will discuss the set of
photos I discovered six days ago
during a high security hack of the
National--

GREG
Sam!

She's jolted out of her trance by her dad, GREG (50s), a sweet dork who's not quite confident enough to be as Type A as he wants.

SAM
Yeah?

GREG
What are you doing?

SAM
... What you told me to?

GREG
Did I tell you to endanger the
lives of our patrons?

SAM
What?

Greg grabs the net from her and pulls it out of the water.

GREG
Always double check that the pool
is cleared before you start
cleaning, Sam, you know this.

SAM
There's no one in the pool, dad!

Suddenly, a 76 YEAR OLD MAN in a snorkel emerges from the
water and slowly climbs out of the pool, revealing his
sagging speedo and leathery thighs.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, Earl. Pool's closed
til ten!

Earl shrugs and walks awkwardly away in his flippers.

GREG
You've got to focus, Sam. We can't
lose another client this summer.

SAM
Okay, the Moon Bay thing was not my
fault.

GREG
You turned the pool green.

SAM
Allegedly!

GREG
Okay, fine, look, no one's blaming
you. But this new contract is kind
of a big deal for us. First step
Kawama Condos, next step--

SAM
The pools of the world. Yeah, dad.
I know.

GREG
Thatta girl! Number one employee!

SAM
Only employee!

GREG
All right, I gotta go on a supply
run. Say, have you seen the aqua-
vac? I think you used it last.

SAM
(defensive)
I put it back!

GREG
If you broke it, just tell me.

SAM
That was one time!

GREG
Two.

SAM
That was two times!

GREG
Okay, okay, just checking. I'm sure
it's in the shed somewhere.

SAM
It is!

GREG
It better be. Number one employee!

He tousles her hair and jogs off. Sam grumbles.

SAM
Only employee.

She puts her headphones back in. The podcast resumed.

JIM (V.O.)
... and as always, be sure to e-
mail any sightings to this week's
encrypted address. Stay wary, stay
alert, stay subversive.
Conspirator, OUT!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim dozes in a La-Z-Boy in front of a crappy TV, mouth wide
open.

ON TV - NEWS STUDIO

A smiling NEWS ANCHOR who looks like a wax figure who has very recently become alive sits pin straight behind a desk.

NEWS ANCHOR

In recent news, several bodies were stolen from an Islamorada morgue this afternoon. It's very, very scary, and you should all be panicking--

The TV suddenly turns off, and Jim snorts awake.

JIM

SNACKPACK!

INT. SNACKPACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Snackpack sits on the floor of his room, surrounded by empty pudding cups. A notebook full of hand-drawn diagrams and schematics sits open beside him. They're surprisingly complex.

He holds a rigid, DEAD RAT in each hand like a couple of G.I. Joes.

SNACKPACK

YEAH?

JIM (O.S.)

Are you messing with the wiring again?!

SNACKPACK

NO!

He lays the rats on their backs and touches them with a couple frayed wires he's pulled out of what was once an electrical outlet in the wall.

As soon as the wires touch the rats, ZZZZAP! The lights flicker and the rats shoot up onto their feet, hair raised.

Snackpack smiles like a mad scientist. The lights flicker until they finally go out completely, leaving the entire house in total darkness.

JIM (O.S.)

SNACKPACK!

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The same morgue from earlier, now taped off as a designated crime scene. FBI Agents stand around conferring, taking photos, crouching down by puddles of blue goo.

One of the agents seems slightly more important than the rest. Maybe it's her posture. Or the particular sharpness of her crew cut.

She is AGENT HACKMAN (late 30s). She talks with a tubby police officer, OFFICER KRENTZ (40s).

KRENTZ

We also found traces of some blue substance--

HACKMAN

No you didn't.

KRENTZ

What?

Without a word, Hackman catches him in the neck with what looks like a sleet METAL TASER.

BZZZT!

Krentz convulses briefly, and his eyes immediately glaze over.

HACKMAN

You were investigating an alarm trip but found no breach in the system. False alarm.

Krentz nods blankly. Hackman thinks for a second.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

Also you're super turned on by caution tape.

Krentz nods again. The smallest hint of a smile flickers across Hackman's face. A second suited FBI agent approaches and the smile disappears.

This is AGENT GRUBBS (30s), a big, dumb muscle-y grunt.

GRUBBS

Take care of him?

HACKMAN

Affirmative. The break-in is officially wiped from police record. How's media control?

GRUBBS

Story made local news, but we caught it before it went any further.

HACKMAN

Good. I want every available agent on this case. We have to find this thing and resume research as quickly as possible. I'm close, Grubbs. I can taste it...

Her voice trails off as she watches Officer Krentz walk towards the taped-off area. He eyes the tape, biting his lip and adjusting the fabric around his crotch as subtly as he can.

GRUBBS

Caution tape?

HACKMAN

Yep.

GRUBBS

Is that protocol?

HACKMAN

Nope.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Sam pours chlorine into the empty pool haphazardly. She obviously has no idea what she's doing.

Suddenly PLOP! Something drops into the pool with a splash, getting water all over her Conspirator T-shirt.

SAM

Dang dead birds always dropping out of the...

She looks in the pool. It's not a dead bird.

It's a HUMAN ARM.

She YELLS!

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A small security kiosk stands beside a gate leading into the condo community.

A meticulously handwritten sign reading "MARK WHALER, KAWAMA SECURITY" is taped to the window.

INSIDE THE KIOSK

A small desk, a crappy security monitor, and MARK WHALER (20), meticulously hand drawing an OFFICIAL KAWAMA CIVILIAN INFRACTION form.

He glances up at the security monitor and spots Sam in the lower left quadrant, freaking out at the pool.

MARK
Trespasser!

He jumps out of his seat with a professional's readiness and runs out of the kiosk.

CUT TO:

THE POOL

Sam fumbles with her phone, taking as many photos of the bloody arm as she can. After a moment, the arm starts floating out of the pool, back up into the sky. She stares in awe.

SAM
Holy shit... WAIT!

She pounces on the arm, doing her best to keep it down. It supports her weight and she too floats over the pool, her toes bobbing in and out of the water.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew.

Suddenly, the arm gives way and falls straight down, dropping Sam fully into the water. She smashes her elbow on the edge of the pool on the way down.

She struggles to climb out of the pool, arm in hand. She's a total mess, blood dripping from her elbow.

Suddenly two BARE FEET jump down from the roof of the tiki hut and land in front of her. She looks up and finds herself staring at a completely nude, EXTREMELY OLD MAN.

He has blood smeared around his mouth and an armful of body parts.

SAM (CONT'D)

AUGH!

The man snatches the arm from Sam and gives it a good, long lick, lapping up some of her blood in the process. His face immediately morphs into hers, and Sam finds herself face to face with her own face... on the body of a naked old man.

It's horrifying.

SAM (CONT'D)

Give me back my face!

The man bolts, running away like a gangly creature.

MARK

FREEZE!

SAM

AUGH!

She turns to see Mark Whaler hitting her with a high-powered flashlight.

MARK

Night swimming is direct violation
of the Kawama Condos Code of
Conduct.

SAM

I wasn't-- I was working-- I'M THE
POOL GIRL!

MARK

... Oh.

He turns off the flashlight.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why are you covered in blood?

SAM

Because a naked old cannibal STOLE
MY FACE!

MARK

Ma'am, I'm going to need you to
calm down with the arbitrary
yelling. Are you saying there was
someone else here?

SAM
Yeah, a shape shifter!

MARK
All right, I'm out of my depth
here.

He takes out his phone and dials.

SAM
What are you doing?

MARK
Calling the proper authorities to
come in and handle this--

She slaps the phone out of his hands.

SAM
NO!

MARK
Hey!

SAM
Something crazy weird is going on!

Mark bends to pick his phone back up.

MARK
Which is why I need to call the
police-- HEY!

She kicks it away from him.

SAM
If you call the police I'll call in
a bomb threat in your name!

MARK
What?? That's ridiculous, you don't
know my name.

SAM
Yeah I do, Mark Whaler.

MARK
HOW?!

SAM
It's literally on your badge.

Mark slaps his hand over the homemade badge on his chest, and
whines.

MARK

But I need to report the
trespasser!

SAM

Look, dude. We don't know how high
up this thing goes. This could be
some sort of far-reaching alien
conspiracy. WE CAN'T TRUST ANYONE!

MARK

(sarcastic)

Who are we supposed to call then,
the alien police?

Slow zoom into Sam's face as she's hit with a sudden
realization.

SAM

Of course we should call the alien
police.

INT. SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam's room is a fucking mess.

The same Conspirator poster from Jim's garage is stuck to her
wall.

The following is cut like a high-energy action sequence.

Punchy music plays as Sam:

1. BOOM! Slams open the door.
2. BOOM! Flips open her laptop.
3. BOOM! Double clicks the e-mail icon.

The music cuts out and the energy drops as she clumsily
types, backspaces, and retypes an e-mail to
TH3_CONSP1RAT0R@hotmail.com.

Music back in, action back up as she...

4. BOOM! Clicks send!

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jim sits at his bulky, old computer.

PING! An e-mail pops open on his screen. His eyes widen as he reads it, taking in only the most important words.

Fan. Extraterrestrial. Proof. PROOF. PROOF.

JIM
(whispered)
My moment.

A dramatic beat.

Then, Snackpack pokes his head in.

SNACKPACK
Did you say something--

JIM
GET OUT!

INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A modest, ocean-themed condominium. Fish paintings, shell magnets, etc.

Greg finishes two plates of tacos at the counter, watching a weather person give a seven-day forecast on the tiny TV in the corner. Storm's a'brewin'.

Sam walks into the kitchen, stoked.

GREG
Have you been home this whole time?

SAM
Huh? Oh, yeah I guess.

GREG
But you did chlorinate the main
pool, right?

Sam is immediately annoyed.

SAM
Yes, dad.

GREG
Good! We're about to start pulling
in a profit. Should be about
another week or so. Little worried
about that storm, but maybe it'll
bring some clean-up work. Maybe
Ocean Reef!

SAM
(sarcastic)
Very cool.

Greg's really trying here.

GREG
Oh! You got a letter from FSU!

Sam glances at the normal sized envelope from Florida State University sitting on the table.

GREG (CONT'D)
Want to open it?

SAM
It's small.

GREG
So? That could mean anything. Why don't you open it?

SAM
I don't want to.

GREG
Come on, Sam. Just open it.

SAM
Fine!

She grabs the envelope and tears it open, reading the contents out loud in an angry voice.

SAM (CONT'D)
"Dear Miss Perez. Thank you for your interest in our university. Unfortunately we cannot offer you a place in our freshman class." Why, you ask? Because you're stupid as hell and your personal essay made me want to eat bleach. Enjoy the rest of your life as a dumb, shit-head pool cleaner, and try not to die from chlorine inhalation. Sincerely, Florida State University.

GREG
Sam...

She slams the letter on the table, takes her tacos, and leaves the kitchen.

GREG (CONT'D)
... I'm a pool cleaner.

EXT. DOCK - EARLY MORNING

A large, rundown warehouse on a dilapidated dock.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Lab-coated scientists tend to rows and rows of insane creatures in giant glass tubes.

Hackman and Grubbs chat at an out of place water cooler in the corner.

GRUBBS
I just don't see why Karen would choose Hector. Everyone knows Chichi's slept with him like a hundred times.

A young, doofy intern approaches with an armful of files.

INTERN
Excuse me. Ah-- pardon. Agent-- Agent Hackman, sir? Ah... ma'am?

HACKMAN
What, intern?

INTERN
Sorry! Um, these are from D.C.

They hand Hackman the files.

INTERN (CONT'D)
Apparently someone named, ah, The Conspirator, is aware of the uh... the subject...

Hackman groans.

GRUBBS
Who's The Conspirator?

HACKMAN
A whack job with a podcast. A bug bite on the Bureau's ass. He's inconsequential.

INTERN
They want you on him.

HACKMAN

WHAT?

INTERN

I'm just relaying information--

HACKMAN

That would be a gross misuse of my skill set! Putting twelve years of research on hold to tail Podcast Dad would be-- would be criminal!

INTERN

D.C. seems to think he's a threat.

HACKMAN

He's not a threat. He's insane.

Behind them, one of the creatures knocks its tube over, shattering it. Scientists rush to restrain its spiky tentacles.

The intern watches, stunned. Hackman and Grubbs don't even notice.

GRUBBS

Why is he insane?

HACKMAN

He thinks aliens exist.

The creature grabs one of the men and flings him around until the others shock it into submission with a long electrified javelin.

Hackman and Grubbs finally take note.

GRUBBS

Well... they do.

HACKMAN

Yeah. But he shouldn't think so.

INT. DINER - DAY

A classic diner, basically empty.

Sam sits in a booth alone, on her third coffee.

In the booth behind her sits Jim, sweating profusely in a ridiculous disguise. Think glasses, hats, and scarves in the Florida heat.

They're essentially back-to-back. Jim speaks with his modulated radio voice.

JIM

Waitress! I can't compliment you enough on this coffee. One might even say it's... out of this world!

She shoots him a confused, but pleasant, smile from across the diner.

Sam leans back against the booth and whispers excitedly. She's very caffeinated.

SAM

Conspirator?

JIM

Affirmative.

SAM

Hooly shit! I'm such a huge fan! I've heard like every single episode of your podcast, even the holiday specials--

JIM

Shh! We don't know who's listening.

Sam looks around the diner, empty save for the waitress and a cook picking his nose in the kitchen window.

JIM (CONT'D)

You said you had information.

SAM

Oh yeah! I have photos!

She pulls out a stack of low quality print-outs of blurry phone photos of the floating arm and passes them backwards to Jim. They both stay facing forward, and fumble for a bit trying to make the hand off.

Jim finally grabs them and examines them with gusto.

JIM

Interesting...

SAM

Okay so they're not of the actual alien, but I swear, that's his food. I think it eats people! And it can shape shift like the aliens you talked about in episode 47!

JIM
Hmm. Smart kid.

SAM
Ha! What? No. I just listen to your
podcast like every week. And I've
seen basically every movie about--

JIM
Would you be interested in acting
as an anonymous informant?

SAM
YES!

The waitress looks over. Sam composes herself, drops her
voice.

SAM (CONT'D)
Sorry. Yes. I'm in. Where should we
meet to exchange information? Ooh a
parking garage?!

JIM
No. We shouldn't meet again. Just
knowing each other's identities
would put the entire operation at
risk.

SAM
Awww.

JIM
A drop off location would be
preferable.

SAM
Okay, um... I can drop information
in that floaty chlorine thing in
the nice pool at Kawama
Condominiums? Security's like...
super lax there.

JIM
Affirmative. Welcome to the team.
And stay vigilant. I'm pretty sure
I'm being tailed.

He leaves some cash on the table and walks swiftly out of the
diner. Sam stares after him in awe.

SAM
(hushed)
The team!

The waitress comes by the table to pick up the check.

WAITRESS

Eight percent? You friggin' kidding me?

EXT. POOL - DAY

Earl's shiny, speedoed crotch takes up most of the frame in the foreground. Sam glares at it in the background, listening to the podcast from her knees by the pool filter.

JIM (V.O.)

I have a lead on a new extraterrestrial sighting. I can't say much, but know that I am gathering information.

She fishes her hand around in the filter, trying to clean out a clog.

SAM

This better not be another friggin' condom, EARL!

Earl shrugs a swingers' "c'est la vie" shrug.

The gate creaks as Snackpack walks into the pool area, all zinc oxide and water wings. He has a container of warm pudding in his hand.

JIM (V.O.)

That is all I can reveal to you at this time, but trust me when I say this is the one.

Snackpack scans the geriatric crowd at the pool. Lotta leather old bodies... and Sam!

He slides into frame next to her and watches eagerly, licking at the pudding cup.

JIM (V.O.)

This will be the one to finally prove that--

Sam rips her headphones out.

SAM

Can I help you?

She catches Snackpack mid-lick. He swallows, smiles.

SNACKPACK
Hi! Wanna be friends?

SAM
Um, not really--

SNACKPACK
My name's Snackpack! Sort of. It's not my real name but my dad started calling me it so now everyone just calls me it.

He extends a sticky, be-puddinged hand. Sam shakes it with her fingertips.

SAM
That's cool, I guess--

SNACKPACK
My dad made me come here with him but then he didn't hang out with me on account he's working so I was looking for someone to hang out with but everyone's old. You're not old though. So can we hang out?

He keeps chattering as he kneels in front of her and reaches into the filter, pulling out a fistful of hair and band aids.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
Your hand was too big. My hand's still small 'cause I'm ten.

A beat.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
So can we hang out?

SAM
... Sure?

CUT TO:

LATER

Sam lounges in a pool chair, eyes closed, as Snackpack expertly measures, mixes, and pours chlorine into the pool.

He chatters constantly, his tone super cheery even when his words are kind of a bummer. Sam inserts bored little "mhhh"s and "uh-huh"s now and then to pretend she's listening.

SNACKPACK

I wanna hang out with my dad but he's busy. You wouldn't think he was busy on account of he doesn't have a real job and spends all day yelling at strangers on the internet but he is. He always says he's doing important work that I won't understand 'cause I'm ten, but I got important work I'm doing too! I got these rats, see? And they're dead, but I'm figuring out how to--

Suddenly Jim walks by on the sidewalk outside the pool gate with what looks like a metal detector with antennae.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

Look! There's my dad! Hi dad, whatcha lookin' for?

He waves eagerly, but Jim doesn't even look up.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

Cool! This is my new friend Sam!

Without opening her eyes, Sam waves lazily.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

See ya later!

Jim walks away, oblivious. Snackpack returns to his new job.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

So yeah, I got these rats, right?

Eyes still closed.

SAM

Mhmm.

INT. SECURITY KIOSK - NIGHT

Mark sits in the kiosk, watching the security monitor.

MARK

All clear in Quadrant One...
looking good Quadrant Two...
Quadrant Three...

He runs his finger over Quadrant Three and sees a naked old man crouching behind the pool's water pump. He gasps.

MARK (CONT'D)

Pervert!

He grabs a fanny pack labeled "CITIZEN'S ARREST KIT" around his waist and runs out of the kiosk.

Slowly, we zoom into the little surveillance TV.

ON THE SCREEN

The naked old man is hunched over, back turned to the camera. A hard beam of light shines on him and he turns, wide-eyed, blood smeared around his mouth, viscera hanging from between his teeth.

He drops the arm he was holding.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Mark has his trusty flashlight shining on the old man.

MARK

Hey!

The man bolts, leaving the arm behind.

MARK (CONT'D)

Crap!

He looks down at the half-gnawed arm then back in the direction the man ran. He takes a deep breath.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is it. This is my moment...
NOT TODAY, OFFENDER!

HEROIC MUSIC swells as he sprints after the naked man.

In SLOW MOTION, Mark chases the old man, who runs clumsily like a naked, humanoid Bambi. Mark takes a dramatic leap, and catches the man around the waist in a football tackle.

As both fly through the air, the old man VOMITS up what looks like a bright blue, slimy placenta. The slime-sack hits Mark in the face just as they hit the ground. It's beautiful, but also deeply disgusting.

The moment they hit the ground, we shift back into REAL TIME.

Mark leans over and pukes.

INT. SECURITY KIOSK - NIGHT

The "old man" sits zip-tied to Mark's chair, mouth stained blue. Mark's gone way overboard and zip tied the man's whole body and most of his face.

Mark paces, freaking out, covered in blue goo. Sam stands by, examining the old man, amazed.

SAM

Wow... a real alien... Too bad it just looks like an old dude.

She walks closer towards the man, revealing Snackpack, who was hiding behind her.

SNACKPACK

My dad knows a ton about aliens--

MARK

He's not an alien! Who is this?!

SAM

Is cool it Snackpack hangs? He kind of follows me around now.

SNACKPACK

We're friends!

SAM

He does my chores.

MARK

Fine! But don't tell anyone else. I'm not sure what I did here was a hundred percent ethical... But it was a citizen's arrest... Right?

SAM

What's with the blue stuff?

MARK

He puked on me! Like a weird... bag... thing. I don't know, it went back inside.

SAM

An egg sack?!

MARK

No, not an egg sack! Aliens have egg sacks and this is not an alien. He's a human... cannibal...

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
who drank a blue raspberry icee...
and then puked. That's it.

He nods, pleased with himself. Sam stares at him.

MARK (CONT'D)
What?

She reaches out and rips a couple strands of hair out of his head.

MARK (CONT'D)
Ow! What the heck?!

She shoves them in the old man's mouth. They watch as the man's face turns into Mark's for a moment, before changing back.

MARK (CONT'D)
ALIEN!

SAM
Told you.

MARK
We have to report this! We have to call the proper authorities! But wait, who are the proper authorities?! We can't just be like "Hello, 911? Just calling because I found an alien because aliens are real and everything you've ever believed is officially out the window." WHAT ABOUT GOD?!

Snackpack speaks to the old man in a loud, slow voice.

SNACKPACK
What... Is... your naaaaaame?

MARK
Don't be ridiculous, it doesn't have a name!

The man lets out an inhumanly guttural series of syllables that sound a liiiitttle bit like...

SNACKPACK
Ned?

NED
Eh, close enough.

Sam and Mark turn, stunned.

MARK
THE THING CAN TALK?!

SAM
This is amazing!

MARK
WHY DIDN'T YOU TALK EARLIER?

Ned speaks muffled, through zip tie gags.

NED
Didn't give me too much of a
chance, did you?

SAM
Greetings, hi, we come in peace and
all that stuff.

NED
You sure go about it weird.

SAM
Ahh, sorry! Here!

She grabs scissors and snips off his mouth ties. Ned
stretches his jaw.

SAM (CONT'D)
Better? Sorry, Mark's an idiot.

MARK
Oh, I'm the idiot now. Not the one
who just FREED the JAWS OF A BEAST!

SAM
Shut up, Mark.

She turns to Ned.

SAM (CONT'D)
How did you... get here? To, like,
earth, I mean.

NED
I was on a... uh... scouting
mission. Yeah, for my home planet.

SAM
Amazing.

NED

I, uh, miscalculated the gravitational pull and crash landed into one of your oceans. Common mistake.

SNACKPACK

Of course.

NED

Passed out. Next thing I know, I'm in a tube, wires coming out of me.

SAM

Government testing! See, Mark? All the way to the top!

SNACKPACK

How'd you escape?

NED

I uh... I used external neurological waves to dismantle the, uh... cell structures of the earthmen's frontal lobes.

SAM

... What?

SNACKPACK

... You melted their brains?

MARK

YOU MELTED THEIR BRAINS?!

NED

Essentially, yeah. We're a pretty powerful species. We've been watching you for ages like "When are they going to catch up?" Your brains are so tiny and... so squishy.

MARK

Oh no. No, no, no, no. You're a criminal! And fugitive! And murderer of-- of people! That's it, I'm calling the FBI!

SAM

Are you serious, Mark?! Didn't you hear anything Ned just said? The FBI were running tests on him!

MARK

So they'll be more than equipped to handle this flesh-eating, brain melting monster.

He starts dialing the land line in his kiosk.

SAM

I'm sorry, you're just going to... call... the FBI? Like on the phone?

MARK

Yep.

SAM

Sound plan. Me 'n Snackpack are just gonna take Ned with us, then, if that's cool with you.

Snackpack starts snipping zip ties off of Ned.

MARK

Fine by me. Take him wherever you want, I don't care. Once I get in touch with the Feds, they'll get in touch with you.

Sam waves Snackpack and his scissors away and just pushes the entire rolling chair out the door.

SAM

Okay, yeah, good luck with that.

They exit, leaving Mark alone and speaking into his phone.

MARK

Hello, my name is Mark Whaler. I'd like to leave an anonymous tip regarding an extraterrestrial sighting... Yeah, I'll hold.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Sam kneels on the ground and finishes scrawling a note on the back of a pink receipt form.

She shoves it in a ziploc bag and shoves the bag inside the floating chlorine buoy, before scurrying away.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - DAY

Jim sneaks into the pool area like a wannabe SWAT guy. He grabs the note from the buoy and smiles maliciously before scribbling out his own response.

"COLLECT DATA. WILL CALL TONIGHT AT 20:30"

He slips a crappy flip phone into the baggie and drops it into the buoy.

EXT. POOL SHED - DAY

One of those plastic sheds you buy ready-to-assemble at the Home Depot. A loud WHIRRING can be heard.

INT. POOL SHED - DAY

The shed houses an assortment of pool and lawn equipment.

Sam stands at a workbench covered in a blue tarp, working the buttons of a blender. Inside the blender is a dark pinkish liquid. It's a flesh smoothie.

Ned watches in a XXL tie-dyed Shell World T-shirt. Backpack moves around his with scissors, freeing him from the rest of his zip tie shackles.

Sam yells over the blender.

SAM
SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THAT EGG
SACK?

NED
IT'S MOSTLY A NERVES THING!

SAM
WHAT?

Sam stops the blender to hack away at a human foot with a saw.

NED
It's mostly a nerves thing. Like
a... defense mechanism. Females use
it to mate, but for males it's a
vestigial organ.

SAM
Huh?

SNACKPACK
Like nipples!

SAM
Ohhhh.

NED
I rarely use it, since my-- ahh,
brain melting abilities are so
advanced.

Sam misspells "vestigial" on a blood-stained legal pad.

SAM
That's so cool. And so like the
language thing, how does that work?

NED
That's part of the cloaking gene.
Basically, the molecular structure
of my brain adapts to take on the
internal and external
characteristics of what I've
consumed. So I can communicate and
process the atmosphere and stuff.

SNACKPACK
So that's why you look like the old
guy Sam's blending up?

NED
Exactly.

SNACKPACK
And breathe.

NED
Yes.

SAM
Wait... did you kill this guy?

NED
No! No no no! I found him! In a
drawer.

SAM
A drawer...?

SNACKPACK
Like in a morgue?

SAM

Ohh okay cool. Just wanted to make sure Mark wasn't right... So Anyway, the cloaking thing.

NED

Yeah?

Sam throws some loose toes into the blender and starts it back up, yelling over the sound again.

SAM

DOES IT HAPPEN WITH EVERYTHING YOU EAT?

NED

I'M NOT EXACTLY EATING IT! IT'S LESS DIGESTION, MORE REPLICATION.

SAM

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

NED

IT'S A DIFFERENT CHEMICAL PROCESS! I'M BASICALLY ABSORBING THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE, NOT EATING.

Sam leave the blender to write on the pad, and the lid immediately flies off, spraying her with liquefied viscera.

She slams her hands on the buttons, turning it off.

SAM

Damn it, in my hair.

SNACKPACK

Does that mean you have an internal gene that camouflages you on a super tiny, molecular level?

NED

Yeah, basically.

SAM

Whoa! I bet you could do a bunch of crazy stuff with that. Shape shifting, cloning, Rosetta stone type language stuff.

She laughs.

SAM (CONT'D)

I got half a mind to sell you back to the FBI.

NED

NO!

He starts hyperventilating, heaving like a cat about to spit up a hair ball.

SAM

What?! No no no, I was joking! I swear! I wouldn't sell you to some psycho to cut you open and do science stuff to! I swear!

Ned speaks between gags and heaves.

NED

I just-- I want to go home. Please. Just help me--

SAM

Okay! Okay fine, yeah! We'll help you, whatever you need! I'm sorry!

Ned starts to calm down.

NED

Really..?

SAM

Yeah, one hundred percent. What do you need? You got a ship or something we can help you fix?

SNACKPACK

I can fix stuff real good!

NED

Well, I crashed the ship... because it malfunctioned! ... But I have the blueprints.

SAM

WHAT? Really?! Let me see!

Ned makes a calmer, more controlled version of the hair ball motion and regurgitates a small folded up square of paper.

It lands at Sam's feet, getting blue goop on her white sneakers.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why..?

NED
I didn't want them to confiscate
it.

Snackpack picks it up and unfolds it, careful not to rip the
slimy paper.

NED (CONT'D)
It's not in... human...

SAM
Don't worry, I don't think he can
read at all.

A beat as they watch Snackpack intently examine the
blueprint. He turns it upside down.

SAM (CONT'D)
Yeah he definitely can't...

SNACKPACK
All we need to do is fabricate a
light-speed fusion engine fueled by
a stable hydrogen isotope with
interdimensional properties.

SAM
... read.

INT. SECURITY KIOSK - DAY

Mark sits at his desk, reading. The land line receiver is off
the hook, a gentle HOLD MUSIC spilling out of it.

He jumps as the sliding door SLAMS open. Sam walks in
dragging Snackpack by the arm, a giant jug of chlorine in the
other hand. Ned follows, sipping a smoothie.

SAM
The kid's a genius!

MARK
Why are you back here?

SAM
Because Snackpack is a genius and
we're gonna send Ned back into
space and make scientific history
in the process.

MARK
What are you talking about?

SAM

Tell 'im.

She shoves Snackpack forward.

SNACKPACK

I found a really shiny shell
outside but when I showed it to Sam
she said it's not a shell, it's a
piece of glass from a beer bottle,
but I still like it so--

SAM

No, about the ship.

SNACKPACK

Oh!

He produces the blueprint and hands it to Sam, who clears
Mark's desk with one swift push and unfolds the blueprint
onto it.

MARK

Hey!

SNACKPACK

We're gonna build... a...
spaceship!

They hold for a long, expectant beat.

MARK

I'm sorry... is this real?

SAM

Heck yeah it's real! Snackpack?

SNACKPACK

The space ship's made of stuff you
can't find here on account of it's
earth and Ned's not from earth
'cause he's from a different planet
in outer space, so we gotta find
stuff that has the same molecules
'n chemicals 'n mechanical uses 'n
just put it all together with
lightning!

MARK

... What?

SAM

He basically found earth-native equivalents to the parts we need to replicate. Look.

She points at different parts of the blueprint, which now shows a clunky ship that looks suspiciously like a lawn mower, drawn in Snackpack's childish hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

The condo community's got a generator like that, and we can use my dad's lawn mower for the base.

Mark looks it over, stunned.

MARK

Are you saying this is a legitimate blue print for a real life working space ship?

SNACKPACK

More like an interplanetary teleportation device, but yeah.

MARK

You designed a space ship..?

SNACKPACK

Interplanetary teleportation device.

MARK

That we can build..?

SNACKPACK

Mhmm.

MARK

Whoa... I thought you were like, simple.

Snackpack doesn't hear him, as he has become fully captivated by a piece of beer bottle he pulled from his pocket.

Sam puts her hand on Mark's shoulder.

SAM

I know.

Mark looks closely at the blueprints.

MARK

It takes a fuel composed of CL₂ and
CON₂H₂... why does this look
familiar?

SNACKPACK

'Cause it's chlorine and pee.

Sam slams the jug of chlorine down on his desk.

MARK

Which one's that?

SAM

Pee.

MARK

EUGH! Really?!

SAM

No, idiot. It's my dad's chlorine.
So, what do you say? You in?

MARK

No way! I'm not helping you steal
from the citizens I've sworn to
protect--

SAM

Borrow. Not steal.

MARK

Sam. This stuff is literally
leaving the earth. We're not
exactly going to be able to return
it.

SAM

Look, Mark, if you've really "sworn
to protect" the citizens of Key
Largo, wouldn't you want to do
everything in your power to get
this "murderer" out of their midst?

MARK

I guess...

SAM

And isn't outer space just about
the furthers from their midst he
could possibly get?

Mark glances hesitantly at the phone, still playing hold
music.

SAM (CONT'D)
FBI's not gonna do it. It's up to
us.

Mark grits his teeth, resigned and yet determined anew.

MARK
Fine.

SAM
Good. Save your pee.

INT. SAM'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A stressed-out Greg sits at the kitchen table, surrounded by
bills and invoices.

Sam rushes in through the kitchen, holding Jim's FLIP PHONE
in one hand and staring at her watch with the other.

GREG
Hey, Sam? Can I talk to you for a
sec?

Sam barely looks up from the watch which reads 8:23.

SAM
Can it wait? I have a thing--

GREG
No Sam, it can't wait.

Sam groans and finally looks at him, obviously trying to get
the whole interaction over with as quickly as possible.

SAM
Whaaaat?

GREG
I'm finishing out the quarter, and
we're not doing well.

SAM
(sarcastic)
Oh cool, pool stuff.

GREG
We're losing major money, Sam. A
lot of equipment has gone missing.
And chemicals. We should have had
enough chlorine to last us well
into the next month and we're clean
out.

SAM
... weird.

GREG
We might have to forgo paychecks
for a few weeks.

SAM
Are you serious? I already only
make like five bucks a day!

GREG
Yeah, and room and board, Sam.

SAM
I'm your child, Greg.

GREG
I'm taking a cut too, Sam. It's the
only way we'll be able to last the
summer--

The flip phone suddenly starts ringing. It's a tacky, way-too-upbeat-for-the-current-situation ringtone. Like Marimba.

Fuck Marimba.

SAM
Sorry dad. Gotta take this.

GREG
Sam! I'm trying to talk to you!
This is unacceptable.

She rushes out of the kitchen.

SAM (O.S.)
So dock my pay... OH WAIT!

INT. SAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam bursts through the door and opens the flip phone, answering in a hurried, hushed voice.

SAM
Hi, it's me. Sorry to keep you
waiting.

JIM (O.S.)
I'm a very busy man.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JIM'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jim sits on the couch in an undershirt and boxers, balancing a bowl of Cheetos on his stomach.

SAM

I know, I'm sorry. My dumb dad was--

JIM

Update me.

SAM

Uh, okay, yeah. So. I've made like official contact with the alien, which is... nuts.

JIM

And you have him in your possession?

SAM

Uh, we're like hanging out and stuff, yeah. I guess?

JIM

Good. Let's rendezvous tomorrow night. Kawama tiki hut. 2200 sharp. Bring the creature.

SAM

Sir, yes sir! I will-- we will be there. Wait, 2200 is...

JIM

Nine o'clock.

SAM

Right, duh. Me 'n Ned-- the alien-- me 'n the alien will be there.

JIM

Copy. Over and ou--

SAM

Wait! I uh, I was thinking... if this goes well maybe I can be like a road consultant? For the show!

A beat.

JIM

We'll see. Break the phone.

SAM

Huh?

He hangs up, leaving Sam staring at the phone in awe. She snaps it in half with a little too much enthusiasm.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

The van sits in a parking lot within sight of the pool.

Hackman sits in the parking lot, looking through a pair of military-grade binoculars. She's hyper focused, searching intently for something.

She scans the scenery, landing on a bunch of coconuts in a palm tree. She gives a little shiver.

HACKMAN

Coconuts. Too obvious. Reverse me.

She holds out her arm to Grubbs, who jabs it with the taser glumly.

GRUBBS

You're not turned on by coconuts
any more than you were before I
tased you.

Hackman snaps back into consciousness.

HACKMAN

My turn.

GRUBBS

I hate this game.

HACKMAN

Yeah, well I hate trailing an
incompetent little gremlin with a
podcast, so I guess we're both
making some compromises today.

She snatches the taser from him,

GRUBBS

Fine. Just make sure you reverse it
after.

HACKMAN

Yeah, obviously, Grubbs. I'm not an
idiot.

He holds out his arm. Hackman searches the parking lot for something to use, sees Earl trying to walk barefoot on the hot pavement in his speedo.

She smiles.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

Perfect.

BZZT.

INT. POOL SHED - DAY

Snackpack lies on his back underneath a sit-down lawn mower, welding. Ned watches, sipping a "smoothie."

Mark enters, gingerly carrying a tiny cup of urine. He crosses the shed to pour it into a giant jug marked with a red "GOAL" line.

MARK

Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god. I can't believe I have to touch this with my hands.

NED

Why don't you just move it with your brain? Oh right, it's too tiny and squishy for telekinesis.

Mark glares at him as Snackpack calls out from beneath the lawn mower.

SNACKPACK

Can someone pass me the screwdriver?

MARK

Why don't you use your giant, not-squishy brain to do it, Ned?

NED

I will! Easy!

He stares at the screwdriver. It starts to levitate a little bit, very slowly. Ned's really straining.

Suddenly Sam bursts through the door, giant water bottle of pee in hand, and the screwdriver clatters to the floor.

SAM

Whoa! Were you making that float?

MARK

Barely.

NED

I mean, I could've done it, but I'm still not... 100%. From being in a tube... you know how it is.

SAM

Yeah, Mark. He was in a tube. Cut him some slack.

She walks over to the jug and starts squirting her water bottle of pee into it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ned! Let's hang tonight. I want to... uh, show you some cool earth stuff. Before you go back to Bleep Blorp 12 or whatever.

NED

Bleroxapan 6.

SAM

Yeah, there. I'll swing by and grab you when I'm out of work? Let's say eight thirtyish?

NED

Okay, sure!

SAM

Cool. I gotta clean some pools. Catch you on the flip, nerds.

She tosses the now empty water bottle to Mark who catches it instinctively before realizing what it is and dropping it immediately.

MARK

Ahh!

Sam grabs a pool net and heads out, calling back over her shoulder.

SAM

Don't litter, it's against the law.

Mark stares down at the water bottle at his feet. Unable to control himself, he snatches it back up and shoves it into the garbage can, disgusted.

INT. POOL - NIGHT

Sam fishes the last of the leaves out of the pool in her polo, listening to Jim's podcast, as usual.

JIM (O.S.)
Exciting news, agitators. If all goes according to plan, I am about to make contact with a real, sentient extraterrestrial creature... and I have very special plans for it.

Sam glances at her watch. 8:00. She counts on her fingers to translate to military time, messes up, has to start over.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
After tonight, nobody will be able to deny its existence. Nobody will be able to call us whack jobs, or psychos, or delusional lunatics with overactive imaginations.

She grabs her net and heads out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks towards the shed.

She runs into Greg. He asks her something, but we can't hear him over Jim's ranting.

JIM (O.S.)
Previous attempts at gathering proof have been dismissed, written off as mere hoaxes. But not this time.

Sam pretends like she heard Greg and nods, continuing to the shed.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

The door opens, Sam walks through it just as Jim says...

JIM (O.S.)
I am going to conduct the world's first live-streamed alien autopsy... on a living subject... unsedated.

Sam's mouth drops open, her phone falls to the floor, cracking the screen and ripping the headphones out of her ears.

Ned peaks his head out from behind the half-built space ship.

NED

Oh hey Sam. Ready to go?

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Jim stands under the tiki hut impatiently. He checks his watch.

JIM

She's late.

His eyes snap to the buoy, floating innocently in the middle of the pool.

He drops, knees down, butt up, splashing water everywhere trying to paddle the buoy towards him.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

A long, rocky pier extends out into a choppy ocean. Waves crash against the rocks, mosquitos buzz around. It's calming in the sticky, humid way that only Key Largo can be.

Sam and Ned sit on big rocks at the end. They're a strange pair, a teenaged girl and an eighty year old man in tie-dye.

NED

This is... wow.

SAM

Yeah.

She glances over her shoulder nervously.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just... wanted to show you one cool thing about this place before you like, dipped out or whatever.

NED

You don't like it?

SAM

Key Largo? Eh, it's okay. Mostly boring.

NED

No, Earth.

SAM

Oh... I don't know. It's not going so well for me, I guess. Failing school, pissing off my dad... I've got like... nothing going for me.

She throws some rocks into the ocean.

SAM (CONT'D)

I just thought... I'd be better, you know? No one expects to be a fuck up. They just turn out one.

NED

I know.

SAM

Ha, yeah right. You're like the most competent. You can melt brains.

NED

Yeah... I can't really do the brain thing.

SAM

But your whole species...

NED

Yeah, everyone's supposed to be able to. And I did once! But I don't know how. It just... happened. Usually I'm more egg sack, less brain melt.

SAM

But they gave you a ship--

NED

I stole that ship. I just-- things weren't working out. I wanted to leave... I don't know how to fly it. You don't just crash into a whole planet. You have to be an idiot.

They sit in silence for a moment.

NED (CONT'D)
I tried to run from my shit and I
got myself in even more shit. I
just want to go back...

SAM
Can I... come with you?

Ned laughs.

NED
Come with me? You're not afraid my
"alien brethren" will put you in a
tube and try to-- what did they do
to me again?

SAM
Splice your genes?

NED
There we go. You're not scared we'd
splice your genes to "harness your
powers" or whatever?

SAM
Why would you? I can't do anything.

NED
Fair point.

They laugh.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Jim finds nothing in the buoy. In a fit of rage he SLAMS it
on the ground.

Suddenly Greg appears, giant bucket in hand.

GREG
Would you mind being a little
gentler with my equipment there,
buddy? I mean, jeez. Just because
it floats doesn't make it a toy.

JIM
Yeah, yeah sorry.

He's clearly not. Greg doesn't get that, though, and
immediately forgives him. He's the kind of person who'd
apologize for hitting your fist with his face if you punched
him.

He grabs a hose and starts filling the bucket with water.

GREG

Ah, don't worry about it. I'm sorry
I got so testy. What's got you so
riled up.

JIM

(quick lie)
Uh... kids.

GREG

Oh, don't even get me started. I'm
not even supposed to be here right
now. My daughter's supposed to be
working for me this summer, but
she's, well I don't even know where
she is. Her head's always up in the
clouds, obsessing over some radio
thing or--

JIM

Radio thing?

GREG

Yeah. It's on the internet, I don't
know how it works. I'm not really a
tech guy. I still got this thing
burning a whole in my pocket.

He waggles his flip phone around. Jim is no longer listening.
He's beautiful minding.

We slow zoom into Jim, slowly framing out Greg, who's still
talking.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sam's flip-flopped feet under her table at the diner.

BACK TO:

THE POOL

Slow zoom a little closer on Jim's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sam's hands shoving the ziploc into the buoy.

BACK TO:

THE POOL

Clooooooser

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Snackpack waves eagerly, pool net in hand, and points to Sam lounging with headphones in.

BACK TO:

THE POOL

We're at a tight CLOSE UP of Jim's face now.

JIM
Pool girl.

GREG
Huh?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

SLAM! The door of Jim's shitty station wagon slams shut.

He grips the steering wheel tightly as he zooms down the highway.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHELL WORLD - NIGHT

A low angle exterior of the illuminated SHELL WORLD sign.

INT. SHELL WORLD - NIGHT

Jim pushes a cart through aisles of tacking souvenirs.

BOOM. He grabs a tie-dye bucket hat.

AT THE REGISTER

BEEP. The hat gets rung up.

EXT. SHELL WORLD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BAM! Jim slaps a tiny blinking light onto the hat.

INT. JIM'S CONDO - NIGHT

SLAM! Jim kicks open the door.

Snackpack looks over from the couch, where he sits in total darkness watching TV.

JIM
Hey son. Want to hang out?

Snackpack nods very hard.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Sam and Ned still sitting on the rocks.

NED
You really can come with me if you
want. What do you say?

Same turns to look at him and her face goes from excitement to confusion.

SAM
I-- eyebrows!

NED
You brows?

SAM
No, where are your-- your eyebrows
are gone!

NED
What?!

SAM
You're de-cloaking! We gotta grab
another smoothie ASAP!

NED
I'm out.

SAM
You're OUT?! Why didn't you tell
us?!

NED
They're gross...

SAM
Who cares if they're gross?!
They're keeping you alive! Shit.
Shit. Shit. We gotta go.

She grabs her phone in one hand and Ned's arm in the other.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits on his bed, watching *COPS* in his dork-ass bedroom.
He's very into it, muttering to himself as he watches.

MARK
That's a DWI right there. Oh man,
he's gotta be at point one three,
point oh nine tops--

His phone rings, a SPLIT SCREEN edging in closer with each
ring.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT - SPLIT SCREEN

Sam and Ned run down the long pier, Ned shoved underneath
Sam's red hoodie. It's not the most efficient way to walk.

Mark hits ignore, and the split screen edges away as Sam
looks at her phone, incredulous.

His phone starts buzzing again, split screen coming back in.
Sam's pissed.

Mark doesn't take his eyes off the screen as he answers the
phone in a *COPS*-trance.

MARK
Go for Whaler.

SAM
Ugh, shut up.

MARK
Sam? Did you seriously call me
twice just to tell me to shut up?
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
Because I wasn't even talking until
you called--

SAM
The nest is empty.

MARK
Huh?

SAM
The nest. It's empty.

MARK
Saying a dumb thing twice doesn't
make it make sense--

SAM
Ned's out of flesh.

MARK
Oh. So what?

SAM
YOU'RE HELPING!

INT. JIM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Jim grills Snackpack, who now wears the bucket hat.

JIM
-- But have you made any new
friends, Snackpack?

SNACKPACK
Oh yeah, I got lotsa friends.
There's a kid at school named Gordy
Pinkus who--

RING RING! Jim snaps.

JIM
WHO CALLS AT THIS HOUR?! I'M TRYING
TO HAVE QUALITY TIME WITH MY SON!

SNACKPACK
I'll get it!

He picks up the phone, the SPLIT SCREEN crashes in.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - NIGHT - SPLIT SCREEN

Sam drives so fast the tiny plastic UFO hanging from the rearview mirror looks like it's in flight against the sky outside the windshield.

SAM
COME OUTSIDE WE'RE OUT OF FLESH!

Ned raises a hand, it's webbed.

ALL (INCLUDING SNACKPACK)
AHH!

Snackpack calmly hands up the phone, the SPLIT SCREEN disappears.

JIM
Who was that?

Snackpack does his best to sound calm, which translates itself into a strange, slow-cadenced formality that's totally out of step with his usual nonstop babble.

SNACKPACK
Gordy... Pinkus... I... have to
go... Thank you for the hat...
father...

He curtsies and tips his new hat, then hurries out the door.

As soon as Jim hears the door shut, he pulls out his phone and opens a radar app.

He watches a tiny blinking dot move away from a tiny house as we Sam's truck drives away.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FBI VAN - SAME

A much higher-tech version of the radar, this one focused on Jim. Hackman and Grubbs watch as his tiny dot moves out.

HACKMAN
He's on the move. Let's go.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The FBI van peels out, narrowly missing Earl, who stands in the grass waiting for a bull dog to finish defecating.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Sam drives quickly and terribly.

Ned is developing antennae. Snackpack pokes one, it retreats.

SAM
This is totally fine. We're totally fine.

Headlights shine bright in Sam's rearview mirror.

MARK
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

Sam turns to look over her shoulder, but the headlights immediately go out, leaving only the pitch black void of an unlit Key Largo street behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S CAR - SAME

Jim bangs his fist on the dashboard like he's trying to start up a faulty jukebox.

JIM
God damn garbage headlights!

He bangs it again, and the sun visor flips down, showering him with parking tickets.

JIM (CONT'D)
GAH!

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

Jim's station wagon swerves out of frame, followed stealthily by the FBI van.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Sam rummages around in the bed of her truck, parked on the edge of your basic eerie cemetery.

SAM
All right, let's get Ned food.

MARK
Nothing to it. Just getting Ned food.

SNACKPACK

Ned needs food, we're gonna get it.

Sam tosses a large shovel to Mark. He catches it, no problem.

MARK

Just some good old Ned food.

SNACKPACK

Food for Ned.

MARK

Gonna dig up food for Ned...

He stops. Pukes.

SAM

Whoa whoa whoa!

MARK

... I can't do this.

SAM

But Ned needs food, dude. Food.

Ned pokes his head out of the car, skin now blue-ish.

SAM (CONT'D)

BACK IN THE CAR!

He retreats.

Snackpack hands Mark a bottle of water to swish and spit.

MARK

I know. But I can't grave rob! It's illegal! I can't have something like that on my record!

Sam slaps him across the face.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ow!

SAM

Stop thinking about your record!
Nobody cares about your record!

MARK

Can't I just wait in the car?

SAM

Why? So you can watch Ned slowly suffocate once his lungs shrivel up and die?

MARK

Why do I even care what happens to that thing?

SAM

You can't pull out now, Whaler. You're in too deep! There's stolen property in the shed right now straight up covered in your fingerprints... AND BLOOD!

MARK

Ahh, fine!

He grabs the shovel back from Sam.

SAM

You stay here and keep watch. Me and Snackpack'll go... whatever.

SNACKPACK

Grave rob.

MARK

Whatever!

SNACKPACK

Hey, Ned! Any preference?

Ned sticks his head out.

NED

Anything'll d-- gluurrrrghh glk glk!

His words devolve into a series of gurgles and clicks, a tangle of long blue tongues spilling out of his still human mouth.

SAM

Back! In! The car!

CUT TO:

AN ORNATE HEADSTONE

Mark and Snackpack study a headstone that reads GRAZIELA PEREZ-MONTOYA 1974-2016.

MARK

Sees okay...

SNACKPACK

Should we..?

They take a deep breath.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The boys furiously dig, covered in dirt, waist deep in a messy hole. Piles of dirt surround them.

They dig up the last few shovelfuls, revealing a casket.

Mark slowly reaches down to open it, face screwed up into an expression of someone who wishes he didn't have nostrils.

MARK

Oh god... ohhhh god...

He finally flips the lid and immediately ducks away, exhaling hard through his nose a bunch of times.

SNACKPACK

What are you doing?

MARK

Particles! Hnahn! Don't want dead body particles-- hnahn-- in my lungs.

He covers his nose with his shirt before he and Snackpack peer into the casket. Inside is...

MARK (CONT'D)

Earl?

SNACKPACK

Earl?

MARK

Earl's dead?

SNACKPACK

Earl's name is Graziela?

MARK

This is probably just some bureaucratic mix-up or something... Come on.

He closes the lid and climbs out of the hole.

MARK (CONT'D)

Let's do a different one. Out of respect for Earl... I could've sworn I saw him this morning.

SNACKPACK

They grow up so fast... and die...

BY THE CAR

Sam sits in the car, trying to deal with the tentacles that keep popping up on Ned, slapping her face and creeping up her nostrils.

SAM

Just-- stop! Nggh! What does your species even look like!

Suddenly, headlights illuminate the inside of the truck.

SAM (CONT'D)

A person! Just, uh... get down!

She shoves Ned's head and as many tentacles as she can down behind the seat.

She steps out of the truck as a shadowy figure steps out of the car behind it. The figure holds a crowbar.

SAM (CONT'D)

Uh... hi. Can I help you?

She shields her eyes from the headlights as the figure steps close, shadows moving over his face to reveal Jim just before he SMASHES the tail light of Sam's car.

CUT TO:

THE GRAVES

Snackpack and Mark have dug up another body. Snackpack flips open the lid of the casket.

Another Earl.

SNACKPACK

Ahh! What?!

MARK

It's probably just-- a twin. His twin. Earl's twin.

SNACKPACK

More like Earl's clone...

MARK

Ha! What?! That's-- that's ridiculous. Clones are-- it's his twin.

A beat.

MARK (CONT'D)

Let's do another one.

BY THE CAR

Sam staggers back, shielding her face from the flying glass as Jim smashes a headlight.

SAM

Dude, what the FUCK?!

JIM

That's what happens when you back out on a deal.

SAM

What are you talking about? I don't even know you!

Jim turns towards Sam and holds his phone up to his mouth, pressing a button on the screen as he does.

JIM

Oh you know m--

He stops, looks at the phone.

JIM (CONT'D)

Stupid thing...

He fiddles with it, frustrated. Sam watches, confused.

He fixes it, and holds it back up to his mouth. His voice changes to his deep, podcasting voice.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, you know me.

SAM

Oh no...

SLAM! He smashes back seat window. Ned cowers inside.

JIM

Oh, hello specimen.

SAM

NED!

She lunges at Jim, but he shoves her back. She trips and falls backwards, hitting her head hard.

MARK (O.S.)

AHH!

Jim looks up at the shriek, and hurries to open the door of the truck.

CUT TO:

THE GRAVES

A close up on Mark's face, eyes closed, mouth open. He seems to be the source of the shriek, until we cut out to reveal it's **in a grave**.

MARK

AHH! AHHHH! AHH!

MATCH CUT to the real Mark, shrieking continually.

SNACKPACK

Stop shrieking!

MARK

But-- but they're clones!

SNACKPACK

I know!

MARK

We have to tell Sam.

He tries to run off, but Snackpack grabs his arm.

SNACKPACK

But what about Ned's food? He's gonna suffocate!

MARK

This is more important. They have my DNA! Sam was right!

Mark shakes Snackpack.

MARK (CONT'D)

THIS GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP!

BY THE CAR

Sam's truck is in ruins, Ned is nowhere to be found. Sam sits on the ground, head in her knees.

Snackpack and Mark run up.

MARK

Sam! You were right! Something big is--

Sam lifts her head, revealing her tear-stained face.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what happened?!

SNACKPACK

Are you okay?!

SAM

I fucked up, I fucked up.

Mark drops into full-on cop mode. Snackpack pats her head.

MARK

Listen, Sam. You need to tell us who did this. Did you recognize him?

SAM

I don't know... I fell down. He took Ned-- I should have known...

MARK

What about his car? License plate? Anything?

SAM

Um... it was like a station wagon? Like one of those old ones. With-- with the wood on the sides.

SNACKPACK

I know those! My dad has one!

SAM

Huh?

SNACKPACK

He calls it his "company car" but that's crazy 'cause he doesn't have a company. He just has a podcast.

Sam looks up at him as he babbles.

SAM

A podcast?

His hat blinks. She jumps up and snatches it off his head.

SNACKPACK

Hey! Give that back! My dad gave it to me 'cause he felt bad he couldn't hang out with me--

SAM

Shh!

Sam finds the tiny tracking device and rips it off the hat. She holds it up.

SAM (CONT'D)

I know where Ned is.

She throws the tracker into the dirt and BAM! Smashes it with her shoe.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - NIGHT

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! They close the car doors.

CLICK! Sam's seat belt goes on.

CLICK! Snackpack's seat belt goes on.

... Mark's is jammed, killing the momentum of the scene. He tugs at it. Sam slaps his hand away.

SAM

Leave it!

They peel out.

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is covered in plastic sheeting. Ned is strapped to the counter top, now with gills that open and close wildly as he gasps for air.

Jim stands over him menacingly.

A webcam is set up in front of them, ready to capture everything.

INTERCUT WITH:

SAM'S TRUCK

A robotic voice repeatedly reminds Mark to fasten his seat belt as Sam flies down the road.

Ned glares at Jim, trying to melt his brain as he types something out on his phone. Instead, he coughs up the egg sack, getting Jim in the face.

Sam's phone lights up in the cup holder with a tweet from @CONSPIRATOR. "ABOUT TO MAKE HISTORY. TUNE IN NOW." and a link.

Jim turns the camera on, and pulls out a menacing chef's knife. Ned's terrified expression reflects in the blade.

Jim looks straight into the camera with a psychopath's smile.

JIM
Disprove this.

Suddenly, brakes screech and headlights blow through the window, filling the room with a blinding white light.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CONDO - NIGHT

Sam's truck pulls into the driveway. Sam, Mark, and Backpack rush out of the car and bust down the door.

INT. JIM'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is a mess-- it looks like the aftermath of a struggle.

Ned's nowhere to be found.

SAM
What the..?

MARK

What happened..?

SNACKPACK

Where's Ned..?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Hackman drives while Grubbs sits in the back, keeping a nervous eye on fully alien Ned. They both look a little beat up.

Ned is restrained and has a high-tech headpiece on. Thin, plastic tubing runs through the slits in his face where his nose used to be.

The radio plays soft adult contemporary music.

GRUBBS

Wow. I was not expecting such a struggle. I mean, for such a sedentary guy... I'm just-- I'm impressed.

HACKMAN

Is the headset activated?

Grubbs double checks.

GRUBBS

Yes, sir. You're sure this thing works?

HACKMAN

Of course it works. My team's been working on it since the breach.

GRUBBS

Okay good, because I don't want my brain to come oozing out of my ears like Bart. That was... oof. Poor Bart.

HACKMAN

I just want to get my research back on track. I'm so close.

GRUBBS

Hope so. We're running out of places to hide the duds.

HACKMAN

Wait, hide? I said to incinerate--

GRUBBS

Ooh, I love this song, turn it up!

He reaches forward to turn up the volume, revealing the taser holster clipped to his belt... EMPTY.

INT. JIM'S CONDO - NIGHT

Snackpack sees Jim slumped against the wall in the middle of the mess.

SNACKPACK

Dad?

Pissed, Sam runs up to Jim and kicks him in the leg.

SAM

Where is he, you psycho?!

JIM

What..?

Jim's eyes flutter open. He's groggy, confused. Finally he recognizes her and glares.

JIM (CONT'D)

You.

SAM

What did you do to him?!

Snackpack takes it all in: the bloody knife, the webcam, his dad in a bloody apron. He begins to put it together, utterly shocked.

SNACKPACK

Did you... hurt Ned? For your stupid podcast?!

JIM

I was going to make history.
Finally, the world would see me as--

SNACKPACK

Are you kidding me?! You love that stupid podcast more than-- than anything! More than me! More than not murdering people!

JIM

It's not a person, it's a thing--

SNACKPACK

NO HE'S NOT! I can't believe I wanted to hang out with you. I wanted you to pay attention to me and like, throw a ball at me and stuff... 'Cause why? 'Cause you're my *dad*?

MARK

Snackpack...

SNACKPACK

Honestly, I wish we weren't related so I could hate you without feeling weird about it.

He tries to spit at Jim but it dribbles out of his mouth instead.

JIM

Ew...

SNACKPACK

YOU NEVER TAUGHT ME HOW TO SPIT!

JIM

Don't... yell at me... She's just as much to blame!

He points to Sam.

SNACKPACK

What do you mean?

JIM

Ask her. She was going to bring him to me. Weren't you? She's the reason we're here. She called me.

SNACKPACK

What is he talking about Sam?

SAM

No no no! I didn't know he-- I thought--

JIM

It's true. We've been in contact the entire time. Check my bag.

Mark talks over to Jim's cross-body bag and pulls out a manila file folder filled with Sam's handwritten pool buoy correspondence.

MARK

"Creature can shape shift. Could be dozens among us. When should we meet?"

He reads another.

MARK (CONT'D)

"Creature seems chill but can melt brains. Let's meet soon."

And another.

MARK (CONT'D)

"Can we meet tomorrow? I'll bring the creature." What is this, Sam?

SAM

I didn't know he was gonna--

SNACKPACK

You were just hanging out with me 'cause my dad..?

He walks towards her. She steps back, eyes filling with tears.

SAM

No, no! I had no idea he was--

MARK

You sold out Ned... You... selfish--

SAM

WHAT?! You don't even care about him!

SNACKPACK

Get out.

SAM

It was an accident!

SNACKPACK

Out.

Sam steps back through the door frame and Snackpack slams the door in her face.

Mark puts his arm around Snackpack's shoulder.

MARK

Come on. You can crash at my place tonight.

They turn to leave. Jim's voice floats up weakly from the ground.

JIM

What... about me..?

SNACKPACK

Typical question from a selfish jerk.

He leaves, slamming the door behind him.

INT. SAM'S CONDO - NIGHT

Sam opens the door to Greg sitting, waiting for her, PISSED.

GREG

Where have you been?

He's the eerie calm kind of angry, the kind that's scarier than yelling.

SAM

I was... You wouldn't understand...

GREG

Yeah, you know what, Sam? That's probably right. There's a lot I don't understand right now. Mainly, why you'd tell me you'd treat the main pool tonight, then completely disappear, worry the heck out of me, and come home at three in the morning without so much as a heads up!

Sam looks down, ashamed.

GREG (CONT'D)

You know what else I don't understand? Why everything you touch seems to disappear. Do you know how much money we're losing trying to replace all the equipment you've lost? How do you lose a ten gallon container of chlorine, Sam? How does that happen? Do you know how much pressure that puts on me?

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm trying to make a living here,
and we are just barely scraping by,
Sam.

SAM

I didn't--

GREG

Yes! You did, Sam. You did this.
You have take responsibility at
some point, Sam. You can't keep
being oblivious to anything that
doesn't directly concern you.
You're graduating, Sam. Your life
is starting, and you know what?
You've got to take a hard look at
your options.

Sam glances at the torn FSU envelope still on the table.

GREG (CONT'D)

Just... get your head out of your
ass, Sam. Buckle down and do a
little work for once.

He shakes his head, fed up, and turns to leave.

Sam looks out the window. The camera follows her gaze,
landing on the completely wrecked pick up truck. She gulps.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Snackpack sits on Mark's bed in a hand-me-down pajama shirt,
eating a pudding cup. Mark paces angrily.

MARK

I knew it! She didn't care about
Ned at all. She dragged me into
this for nothing! And now we're
probably on some government watch
list!

SNACKPACK

And Ned might be dead.

MARK

Yeah!

SNACKPACK

And you got cloned--

MARK

And I got cloned! Been. I've been cloned. WHY ARE THERE CLONES?!

SNACKPACK

I mean, speaking as a super smart science guy, I'm sure you could like cut up Ned's cloaking gene and use it to make a skin sack look like anything you want.

MARK

Skin sack?

SNACKPACK

Yeah. That's basically what clones are.

A beat, as the realization hits Mark.

MARK

The FBI is using Ned...

SNACKPACK

That's what I'm saying.

MARK

To clone people.

SNACKPACK

Yeah.

MARK

We gotta get him back. How do we get him back?

Snackpack smiles.

SNACKPACK

I got an idea.

INT. SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam's pissed to tears. She rips down her Conspirator poster and trashes it. She grabs the stack of Jim's pool buoy correspondence and is about to trash them too when the top one catches her eye.

It reads "CAN'T MEET YET. BEING MONITORED."

It dawns on her.

INT. SECURITY KIOSK - MORNING

Mark and Snackpack sit inside the kiosk, a disassembled laptop with a CONSPIRATOR sticker on it in front of them.

Snackpack shows his rat schematics to Mark.

SNACKPACK

So we dig 'em up, and when we get to the warehouse we'll need that generator, and--

BAM!

Sam slams the note from Jim against the glass of the window from outside.

Mark and Snackpack yelp.

SAM

HE WAS BEING BUGGED!

She pauses for dramatic effect. The boys don't react.

MARK

We know.

SAM

You know?! So we can reverse-track the signals and-- and see where-- and see where they took Ned?!

SNACKPACK

Already did it.

SAM

You already-- You know where Ned is?!

MARK

Yep.

SNACKPACK

Hey Mark, let's just ignore this traitor.

SAM

I'm not a traitor!

MARK

You make me break fifteen separate laws to cover for an alien that you ended up selling out anyway!

SAM

Don't go getting all high and mighty, Mark. If it were up to you, Ned would've been handed over to the FBI weeks ago!

(mockingly)

I'm gonna call the cops! I trust the government!

MARK

Look, can you just leave? We don't want you here. We don't need you.

A moment, then something dawns on Sam.

SAM

Yes you do!

Snackpack and Mark are skeptical. She holds up her keys in triumph.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm the only one with a car!

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

Mark zip ties Sam's wrists to the steering wheel.

SAM

Ouch! Take it easy, Officer Whaler.

MARK

Wouldn't have to make them so tight if you hadn't proven yourself to be a real Benedict Arnold.

SAM

Joke's on you. I don't even know Benedict Arnold is.

MARK

God, you're dumb.

SAM

Yes, we're all WELL AWARE! Can you just tell me where we're going?

MARK

That's classified information.

SAM

Then how am I supposed to know how
to get there, idiot?

Mark glares at her, then grudgingly answers.

MARK

Cemetery.

SAM

Why?

SNACKPACK

Gotta get some back up. Now drive.

He shoves the gearshift into drive from the back seat.
Outside the car, a strong wind whips up. Ominous grey clouds
come rolling in.

INT. FBI BASE - LAB - DAY

Ned floats in a tube, unconscious. He still has the headset
on, various wires hooked up to his body.

Hackman, back in a lab coat, inserts a huge syringe into a
special hole in the tube. Alien spinal tap.

Ned screams in agony, his headset sputters and flashes, but
nothing happens. Hackman finishes the tap and smiles.

HACKMAN

Not this time.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DUSK

Mark and Snackpack are dirty now. They've clearly been
digging. Sam drives, still tied to the wheel.

There's an uneasy stillness outside, the kind that comes
before a torrential downpour.

MARK

All right, pull up here.

Sam pulls over into a woodsy, swampy area. Mark and Snackpack
start to get out.

SAM

Wait, you're just going to leave me
tied to a car in the middle of
nowhere? I'll get killed!

SNACKPACK

We don't know what you're capable of.

SAM

Nothing! I'm literally capable of nothing!

MARK

Save it for the judge.

EXT. SWAMPY AREA - CONTINUOUS

Snackpack and Mark whip a tarp off the truck bed, revealing three comatose EARL CLONES, all in speedos.

Snackpack pulls out a pair of flimsy headphones with sheets of metal attached to the ear parts and hands them to Mark.

SNACKPACK

Hold this.

MARK

I still can't believe we're doing this.

SNACKPACK

Why?

He opens a pudding container and smears a hearty helping onto one of the Earl's temples.

MARK

Because it's ridiculous. Why pudding?

SNACKPACK

It's not ridiculous, it's simple. Pudding's the perfect conductor. See, you gotta flood the brain with electricity and without the right conductor, you'll just fry it like a baked potato. And if you had a baked potato for a brain you wouldn't be able to talk or anything.

He puts the headset on the pudding-smearred Earl and attaches one end of the jumper cable to the top. He hands the other end to Mark.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

Put that on the generator.

Mark obeys. Snackpack fills the generator with gasoline.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

I've had reanimation figured out since fourth grade, I just haven't had a big enough energy source to tap into. It's actually really easy. I think that's why scientists haven't figured it out yet. They'd get it if they stopped tryna be fancy. It's just good old 'lectricity and pudding.

With that he flips the switch on the generator, shocking the Earl into standing straight up like the rats in the basement.

Mark's mouth drops open in shock.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

See? Easy.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DUSK

Sam rocks back and forth in the driver's seat violently, so frustrated.

SAM

UGH! THIS SUCKS!

She collapses onto the steering wheel, laying on the horn with her forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

A wall of monitors showing security footage from all over Key Largo, manned by a handful of suited agents.

Sam's CAR HORN alerts the security system. One of the AGENTS hits a button and speaks into a microphone.

AGENT

Agent Hackman, we have detected a possible breach in security related to your detainee. Please confirm.

INT. LAB - SAME

Hackman gets the agent's message via her earpiece, and pulls up the surveillance footage on her HD wristwatch screen.

She notes the tiny plastic UFO hanging from the rearview mirror. She chuckles sinisterly.

HACKMAN

Someone's come to play hero.

She touches the earpiece and speaks.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

Relevance to subject confirmed. Put Grubbs on extra security. I'll take care of this one...

INT. DNA COLLECTION CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Hackman approaches a pair of heavy steel doors and swipes a card on the pad beside it to unlock them.

They open and a thick smoke spills out. As it clears, it reveals rows and rows of pennies, each labelled with a different name. Among them: "Stamatopolis, Earl", "Whaler, Mark", and "Perez, Samantha".

THE LAB

Hackman inserts the penny into a coin slot in an empty tube beside Ned's tube. She pulls a heavy lever, and the empty tube fills with the same dense smoke.

Lights flash, things whir, Ned convulses and writhes in pain. It's a whole racket.

HACKMAN

Finally.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DUSK

Two giant agents stand outside the doors. Big, dumb muscle.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WOODED AREA - DUSK

Mark and Snackpack hide behind a dense thicket of vegetation a little ways away, watching the warehouse entrance.

All three Earls stand stiffly beside them.

Snackpack pulls out a complex, homemade device and plugs it into his phone.

MARK

What's that?

SNACKPACK

Remote control. Reanimated corpses can walk and stuff, but you basically gotta tell 'em everything you want 'em to do or they'll just stand there 'til they run outta juice.

An complicated set of controls pops up on his phone screen.

Grubbs comes out of the warehouse and joins the giant grunts.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

All right, let's see what these babies can do.

He hits a button on the app, and all three Earls stiffly walk in the direction of the warehouse.

It's a huge let down. Mark is visibly nervous.

INT. LAB - DUSK

The flashing and whirring gets more and more intense until... DING! Everything stops. Ned slumps over.

The smoke-filled tube opens, the dense fog dissipating to reveal A CLONE OF SAM! She's naked, but the smoke covers all her bits.

Hackman tosses her a jumpsuit, which she snatches out of the air with military precision. She cracks her neck.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DUSK

Sam hears a low buzz. Her phone is ringing in the cup holder... it's Greg.

SAM

Shit shit shit!

She struggles to reach for it, hands still zip tied to the steering wheel.

Suddenly, there's a TAP on the window. She looks up and, for the second time, finds herself face to face with herself.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the..?

SMASH! Clone Sam punches through the driver's side window.
Sam ducks out of the way.

SAM (CONT'D)
THAT WAS MY LAST WINDOW!

The clone pulls Sam's head back by the hair and smashes her face into the steering wheel.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DUSK

It has started to drizzle, as the Earl clones wander gawkily up to Grubbs and the guards, barely staying up.

Grubbs fiddles with his watch, not looking up.

GUARD 1
Sorry, security personnel only.

GUARD 2
Take it somewhere else, triplets.

One of the Earls reaches up and clumsily bops Guard 1 on the nose with a weak fist.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WOODED AREA - DUSK

Snackpack concentrates hard on controlling the Earls with his phone. Mark is livid.

MARK
That's IT?! That's our plan?!

SNACKPACK
Yup.

MARK
These things were supposed to be able to take down a team of federal agents! They look like paraplegic toddlers!

SNACKPACK
Shh, you're ruining my concentration.

Guard 1 is momentarily taken aback, but quickly regains his composure. He's mad.

GUARD 1
That's certified assault, sir.
Please step away.

Another Earl bops him on the nose. The guard immediately flies into trained killer mode, grabbing the Earl's fist and twisting it behind his back, dropping him to his knees.

Snackpack frantically presses buttons as the second guard just as easily takes down the other two Earls, one with each hand.

MARK
Oh, come on!

Grubbs finally looks up from his watch and makes eye contact with one of the Earl's as it gets slapped in the face. Something changes in Grubbs's eyes.

He's finally found the hypnosis-based love of his life. He snaps.

GRUBBS
GET. OFF. OF. HIM!

He attacks the guards, kicking off a super cool fight scene, the likes of which you've never seen. I swear.

Snackpack and Mark watch, stunned.

MARK
What... is... happening..?

The guards fall to the ground, bleeding. Grubbs locks eyes with one of the Earls, standing blankly, and walks towards him, heart full. Music swells. It's truly a beautiful end to an ages-old love story until...

BAM. The other Earl hits Grubbs on the back of the head with a big rock. Grubbs falls, out cold.

Snackpack lifts his thumbs from the phone screen, amazed.

SNACKPACK
It worked..! I did it!

MARK
Yes! All right, let's go go go!

They move out of the bushes and sneak towards the warehouse entrance.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DUSK

A huge crowd of agents has gathered around the wall of monitors, most now showing Sam's truck from different angles. They cheer as Clone Sam beats the shit out of Regular Sam.

One neglected bottom corner monitor shows the Warehouse Entrance.

ON THE SCREEN - EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DUSK

Mark struggles to lift the unconscious Grubbs's hand up to the security scanner beside the door, and Snackpack snags the ID badge off his belt.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Snackpack and Mark flatten themselves against the wall right before the opening to the surveillance room.

The entire room of agents erupts into a big group "OOOOH!" and Mark and Snackpack seize the momentary distraction to scurry by unnoticed. Mark attempts a front roll for no reason.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - EARLY EVENING

The Clone has just punched Sam in the face. It steps back and pulls a knife out of her jumpsuit.

SAM

A knife?! YOU DON'T NEED A KNIFE!

INT. FBI BASE - EARLY EVENING

Mark and Snackpack swipe open another door, revealing a collection of alien embryos floating in jars.

MARK

AHH!

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - EARLY EVENING

The Clone lunges to knife Sam, who shuts her eyes tightly and head butts The Clone as hard as she can.

It's enough to throw The Clone off balance, causing it to miss slice the zip tie off the hand closest to the driver's window. It cuts Sam's wrist a little too.

SAM

OW!

She reflexively raises her wrist, then realizes she's been freed... at least partially.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wait, YES!

The Clone lunges back at her, and Sam catches her in the face with an open palm. We hear a sickening CRUNCH: broken nose.

INT. FBI BASE - EARLY EVENING

Mark and Snackpack swipe open a pair of doors leading into the...

LAB

They see Ned floating in the tube and run to him.

SNACKPACK

Don't worry, Ned! We'll get you out!

MARK

Stand back.

He rears back and shoulder-checks the tube as hard as he can. It topples and shatters, releasing Ned and gallons of liquid.

Alarms immediately go off.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The agents look up as the alarm sounds. Hackman takes control over the room.

HACKMAN

Security breach. Goggins, Hawker!
By the east wing. The rest of you--
to the lab.

BACK TO:

THE LAB

It's mayhem-- lights flashing, alarms sounding.

Snackpack helps Ned to his feet just as Hackman and the agents burst in, guns up. They all take an apprehensive step back and Ned stands to his full height.

HACKMAN

Shoot, you idiots! He can't do anything with that headset on!

They raise their guns again, but Mark immediately snatches the headset off Ned and drops to the ground, dragging Snackpack down with him. Ned looks terrified, then determined.

MARK

Cover your head, Snackpa--

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Every window in the warehouse blows out, glass flying.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - EARLY EVENING

The Clone pauses momentarily to watch the explosion. Sam takes this opportunity to throw a desperate punch, throwing The Clone backwards onto the ground.

Sam struggles to reach the gearshift, pulling it into reverse, backing up, and shifting into drive. A SHRIEK and sickening CRUNCH as she runs over the clone!

Eyes shut tight, she keeps reversing back and forth over the clones body, tears running down her bloody face. It's traumatizing.

SLAM! Mark and Snackpack slap the windows frantically, accompanied by fully alien Ned with an air tank.

MARK

STOP MOVING! SAM! STOP THE CAR!

Sam unlocks the doors, and they pile in.

MARK (CONT'D)

Holy shit, Sam, what happened?

SAM

I think I just... killed myself?

SNACKPACK

Go go go go go!

Sam shifts into drive with her free hand and peels out, burning rubber.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Fallen agents litter the ground, faces oozing blue.

Hackman emerges from beneath a pile of agents and staggers to her feet. She wipes the blue from her nose, glaring.

EXT. BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The weather is straight-up apocalyptic as Hackman kicks open the door and rips the tarp off a MOTORCYCLE standing by the wall. She mounts it and revs the engine.

EXT. CONDO GATE - NIGHT

Sam pulls the truck up to the gate outside Kawama. Sam swipes her resident card through the broken driver's window.

They wait, impatient, as the gate opens... SLOOOOWLY...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hackman zooms down the street on a motorcycle.

The gate opens a liiiiittle more.

SAM

Come on, come on, come on...

Hackman gets closer.

As soon as the gate opens barely enough to let the truck through, they gun it, shoving the car through the opening at the expense of a mirror.

EXT. POOL SHED - NIGHT

Sam pulls over, half in the grass. Snackpack, Ned, and Mark run out of the car toward the shed.

SAM

HEY! GUYS!

She points at her zip tied hand. Mark doubles back to cut her free.

Snackpack and Ned emerge from the shed, struggling to push the machine they built. Ned has a pair of swim goggles on.

EXT. CONDO GATE - NIGHT

The gate has finally opened all the way. Internal gears grind as it starts to close... just as slowly as it opened.

EXT. POOL SHED - NIGHT

The ship sits in the middle of the grass, Mark and Snackpack run jumper cables to the generator in Sam's truck bed.

Mark flips the generator on and it starts whirring. After a moment, the ship rumbles to life, pee container boiling, fuel tank sputtering. They cheer!

SAM

Come on, Ned. It's time to go home.

The generator gives a gross sputter and dies. The ship powers down.

SAM (CONT'D)

WHAT? WHY?!

She kicks the generator.

SNACKPACK

Oh no! We musta used all the gas to power the Earls!

SAM

What do we do now?!

SNACKPACK

(panicked)

Um! Um!!

CRASH! Thunder and lightning strike within seconds of each other.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

LIGHTNING!

He runs towards the shed.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

I'll be right back!

EXT. CONDO GATE - NIGHT

Hackman slips through on her motorcycle just as the gate closes.

EXT. POOL SHED - NIGHT

Mark and Snackpack wear rubber work gloves and hold fishing rods high up in the air. The rods each have a jumper cable clamped to them, the other end clamped to the ship.

Sam helps Ned up onto the ship.

MARK

Are you sure this is safe?!

Snackpack studies a lightning-tracking app on his phone.

SNACKPACK

T minus ten seconds!

MARK

SNACKPACK!

SNACKPACK

What?!

MARK

Is it safe?!

SNACKPACK

Theoretically, yeah!

MARK

THEORETICALLY?!

SNACKPACK

T minus 8!

Sam climbs up onto the back of the ship behind Ned.

SAM

All right, let's blow this joint--

PEW! A bullet whizzes past her, barely missing her ear.

She turns and sees Hackman standing in the grass, gun raised.

SAM (CONT'D)

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

Hackman blinks away the blue coming out of her eyes, still disoriented. She fires off another shot.

Thunder claps. Lightning.

SNACKPACK
We just missed one!

Hackman steadies herself, aims to shoot again, but Mark LUNGES at her, tackling her to the ground.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
T MINUS TEN TIL THE NEXT ONE!

Hackman easily gains the upper hand, reversing Mark's pin. He slaps her gun away and it slides across the ground, out of reach.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
T MINUS FIVE!

Sam looks at Snackpack, readying his fishing rod, to Mark, struggling to keep Hackman from getting her gun.

SAM
Shit...

She realizes what she has to do. She jumps off the ship. Ned panics, frantically gurgling and clicking. Sam puts her hand on his shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)
You'll be fine. You can melt brains.

NED
BLUUUURGH?!

SAM
I'll be fine too.

SNACKPACK
T MINUS FOUR!

She runs to the fishing rod Mark dropped.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
T MINUS THREE!

She shoves the gloves on.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)
TWO!

She reattaches the clamp.

SNACKPACK (CONT'D)

ONE!

She holds the rod up in the air, right on schedule.

Sparks fly as lightning hits both fishing rods, electricity traveling through the cables to the ship, which rumbles on, urine bubbling, wind whipping harder than before.

Then, an eerie stillness settles over everything.

Suddenly, the ship's antennae shoots a laser beam into the sky, punching a hole through the storm clouds.

SAM

Holy...

Everyone watches in awe as the whole machine glows, pulsing a few times before BZZT! It disappears.

After a beat, Snackpack's little voice cuts the silence.

SNACKPACK

... it worked?

HACKMAN

FUUUUUUUCK!

She head butts Mark, who falls limp, grabs her gun, and points it at Sam, advancing slowly.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

You little SHITS. Do you have any idea what you just did?

Sam and Snackpack are frozen in fear.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

It took me years to crack cloning!
That technology was irreplaceable!
IRREPLACEABLE. It can't even be
redeveloped because you just sent
my single source of sample material
to god knows where-- ON A LAWN
MOWER!

BZZZZT!

TASER TO THE NECK! She convulses, and falls to the ground, revealing Jim standing behind her with Grubbs's lost taser.

JIM
I uh... thought about what you
said... about being a selfish
asshole-- AHH!

Hackman pops back up in front of him, face blank. Everyone
jumps, startled. She blinks a few times, drools a bit.

Mark gets up shakily, wincing, and joins them.

MARK
What's... wrong with her?

JIM
Government issued high-voltage
prefrontal re-programmer.

SNACKPACK
A mind wiper..?

SAM
We can plant new memories on her,
right? Gimme that.

She snatches the taser from Jim.

SAM (CONT'D)
Your name is Gilda now! Mark, try
it.

MARK
You're a... mail clerk?

SNACKPACK
You think gnomes are real.

MARK
And you're super turned on by
chowders!

SAM
Dang, Mark. You a li'l freak.

Jim turns to Snackpack.

JIM
Come on, Snackpack. We have a
podcast to record. There's race of
blood thirsty shape shifters out
there.

SNACKPACK
No way.

JIM

What do you mean, no? The people
need to know! To prepare! FOR
INVASION!

SNACKPACK

I don't wanna do your dumb podcast
anymore. It's stupid, and I hate
it.

SAM

Yeah, and he doesn't have time on
account of he's already co-hosting
a different podcast. With me.

SNACKPACK

Yeah!

JIM

You can't do that! You'll poach my
whole audience!

SAM

I was your whole audience.

SNACKPACK

I have so man ideas for monetizing
this thing!

Jim throws his hands up in frustration and storms off.

INT. SAM'S CONDO - LATER

Sam turns the doorknob as quietly as possible, but Greg's
yelling before she even gets the door open.

GREG (O.S.)

SAMANTHA MARIE PEREZ!

SAM

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

She walks in and he sees her busted up face.

GREG

Oh my god! What happened to you?!

He's that magical mixture of worried and pissed only parents
can pull off.

SAM

I'm okay! I just fell, it's okay!

She walks closer to him, reaching for the mind-wiping taser in her back pocket. He collapses into the chair, face in his hands.

GREG

You had me worried sick, Sam. I don't know what's been going on with you. I keep thinking it's something I'm doing wrong.

He looks up.

GREG (CONT'D)

I know it's hard, Sam. We've both had... a rough year. And I know how it can make you feel lonely... and bad. Like you're bad. But we're not. You're not... you just gotta talk to me, Sam.

Sam's fingers are wrapped around the taser. Tears well up. She hesitates, lets go of the taser.

SAM

I'm sorry, dad. I just-- I took the lawn mower. I crashed it. I didn't mean to. I fucked up trying to fix another thing I fucked up when I was trying so hard not to be a fuck up. But I-- I'll get another job. I'll pay you back for everything. Even the car!

GREG

What happened to the car?

SAM

Uhh...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A few weeks have passed. Sam's face has healed. She walks to the pool, equipment in hand, headphones in.

SNACKPACK (O.S.)

The FBI is collecting your DNA and they're doing it WITH PENNIES!

She passes Mark's kiosk and waves. He holds up a book he's reading entitled "FRIG THE MAN."

WHY THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT INFALLIBLE." She gives him a thumbs up and shakes her head, laughing.

SAM

Dork.

SNACKPACK (O.S.)

Never take a penny. Never leave a penny. NEVER TOUCH A PENNY! That's how they get you!

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

She carefully measures out the chlorine, taking time to do everything the way it's actually supposed to be done.

SNACKPACK (O.S.)

We'll explain more after a word from our new sponsor: Snackpack snack-sized pudding cups! The best smear substance for conducting electricity equally throughout the cerebellum on the market!

Suddenly... PLOP!

Something falls out of the sky and lands in the pool with a splash.

The water clears... it's a pair of goggles.

Sam looks up. The bright light of a UFO tractor beam shines down on her face.

Time to go.

FADE TO BLACK.