

ROSWELL

"Pilot"

Written by
Carina Adly MacKenzie

Based on the book series "ROSWELL HIGH" by Melinda Metz

Network Revisions 01/12/18

Amblin TV

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH/INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT - 1947

Sweeping New Mexico desert ranch land rolls out under a deep, dark blue sky. Quiet and peaceful. The moon blazing white.

LIZ (V.O.)

In the beginning, Roswell, New Mexico was just a little cowboy settlement. A farming community and an air force base in the middle of miles and miles of nothing. The kind of place that got left off of maps. Forgotten.

Suddenly, a COYOTE streaks across the land, its wild eyes catching the moonlight. A 1945 PICKUP barrels behind it, a man hanging out the window, rifle trained on the coyote.

LIZ (V.O.)

The inhabitants were good ol' boys and military men, always poised for battle in a place where nothing ever happened.

CHYRON: June 14, 1947

LIZ (V.O.)

Until one night, something did.

Inside the truck are two true-blue cowboys. Rancher MAC BRAZEL (40) drives as his son VERNON (19) shoots. BLAST!

A strange ringing noise, like a clear bell, begins to echo through the night. SUDDENLY, A WHITE LIGHT ILLUMINATES VERNON'S FACE. Impossibly bright, searing--

Mac, blinded, puts up an arm as he struggles to bring the truck to a stop. The two men spill out of the cab. Mac weaves a bit, then braces himself against the truck. Vernon drops his rifle. They're both CLEARLY WOOZY.

-- a strange FLASH of silver cuts through the sky above them. There's a loud CRASH as something hits the ground in the distance. Mac and Vernon cover their ears... and then, as if drugged, they slump to the ground. Unconscious.

The light is gone. A beat of deafening silence, then -- over the hill -- a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - DAY - 1947

A twisted piece of wreckage marring the beautiful desert landscape. Glittering metal, curving planes of a glowing, iridescent material in otherworldly purple and blue.

LIZ (V.O.)

No one could explain it...

An AIR FORCE COMMANDER, with a team of a dozen other uniformed men, creeps close to the wreckage -- and suddenly, the entire mass SHUDDERS. The glowing material shifts colors dramatically. The men move for their guns, terrified--

LIZ (V.O.)

A month passed, rumors brewing. And then, finally, the intelligence office of the 509th Bombardment at Roswell Army Air Field confirmed to the press that they had possession of a flying saucer.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY - 1947

Copies of the Roswell Daily Record fly off the shelves. Its headline: *RAAF Captures Flying Saucer on Ranch in Roswell.*

LIZ (V.O.)

DC debunked it all. They said the debris was a high-altitude weather balloon, end of story.

EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - DAY - 1947

Kids shoot the hell out of green aliens painted onto targets.

LIZ (V.O.)

But of course, it wasn't the end of the story. The UFO incident had finally put Roswell on the map.

Proudly, their parents pay MAC for another round of ammo.

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - DAY - 1947

A sign on the edge of town proclaiming "DAIRY CAPITAL OF THE SOUTHWEST" is torn down.

LIZ (V.O.)

Nobody wanted to go back to the way things were before. So they leaned into it.

CONTINUED:

Two men in cowboy hats proudly erect a new sign, shaped like a UFO, with an arrow on it. "UFO CRASH SITE: FIVE MILES."

LIZ (V.O.)

Gave people passing by on their way
into Texas or their way out of
Mexico a reason to stop and look
around.

EXT. DESERT ROAD/INT. LIZ'S CAR - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Find LIZ ORTECHO (27, Mexican-American, jaded -- but not as jaded as she'd like you to believe) drives in her dusty Prius, packed with everything she owns.

LIZ (V.O.)

70 years later, the place is still
crawling with tourists, all
obsessed with green men and laser
guns. Their costumes hiding the
truth about the town. Which is that
it's a prison. A place you endure,
and then escape.

She passes the old sign for the UFO CRASH SITE. Rolls her eyes and turns up the radio, finding a 90s country song--

LIZ (V.O.)

Until life deals you a bad hand,
and you find yourself returning,
despite all your efforts to stay
far, far away.

Up ahead, she sees flashing red and blue lights. Brow furrowing, she turns the music down...

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

Liz rolls to a stop next to a sign that says "SOBRIETY CHECKPOINT." Just beyond it, though, is an ICE van, with a HANDCUFFED MAN sitting inside as a COP slams the door closed.

LIZ

You've got to be kidding me.

Another cop, with a flashlight in hand, waves cars past the checkpoint. A minivan... then a flashy sedan... then, seeing Liz's car, he puts up a hand. Indicating for her to stop.

She rolls her window down, not even looking at the officer as she launches into a rapid-fire rant. She's turned away from the window, digging in the footwell for her purse.

CONTINUED:

LIZ (CONT'D)

So you let the Joneses and the Jenners through, but you're gonna stop the brown woman and tell me this is a DUI checkpoint? You're just going to *happen* to ask for my passport, which I have, which will prove that I was born three miles from here, which is why I know--

OFFICER

Ma'am--

But she doesn't look up, too busy digging through her purse.

LIZ

--that Roswell is well past the hundred mile border zone, vato, so good luck with reasonable cause, because I will have the ACLU so far up your ass you'll be reciting the Tenth Circuit's Venzor-Castillo verdict in your sleep--

Then -- the officer lowers his flashlight, and steps toward the car. His face, for the first time, coming into focus. When Liz finally turns to look at him, she immediately goes quiet. His lips part in surprise when he finally gets a look at her, too.

MAX

...Liz.

This is MAX EVANS (28, stoic, disciplined, more hopelessly romantic than he'd like you to believe). The whole world slows down. There's obviously a lot of history between them. Liz's voice fails her. When she speaks, it's just an exhale:

LIZ

Max.

Like their names were made for each others' mouths. Suddenly--

INT. ROSA'S CAR/EXT. ROSWELL HIGH - DAY - **2008**

Liz is seventeen years old. She's mousey and unremarkable, her hair in a messy braid, in the passenger seat of a car as it pulls into the drop-off loop outside the high school. A sign hangs on the school: CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2008.

She catches her breath as, outside her window, she sees 17-year-old Max -- walking up to school. He smiles at her. She's startled, smiles back.

CONTINUED:

ROSA (O.S.)
Really? Max Evans? So... vanilla.

Liz looks at her sister, in the driver's seat. ROSA (19) is breathtakingly beautiful. Grinning as she teases her sister.

LIZ
Shut up. Thanks for the ride, Rosa.

She starts to get out of the car. Max has already walked past, but he glances back at her over his shoulder.

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Back at the DUI checkpoint, Liz regains her composure.

LIZ
It's... been a long time.

MAX
Ten years.

LIZ
You're still in Roswell.

MAX
And you're... finally back.

Something about his tone says so much more. It says: *I was waiting*. There's a long, simmering beat between them -- then suddenly, her radio acts up, turning on by itself. Music BLARING. Flustered, Liz turns it back down, but--

SHERIFF VALENTI (O.S.)
Elizabeth Ortecho?

The female Sheriff (50, unforgiving) steps up behind Max. Liz suddenly looks uncomfortable.

LIZ
Sheriff Valenti. Hi.

Max's face betrays a bit of disappointment. If they were about to have a moment, reality has now interrupted.

SHERIFF VALENTI
Well, look at you, all grown up.
Kyle will be thrilled that you're
back for the reunion.

LIZ
(Sheer. Panic.)
Reunion.

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF VALENTI

Your ten-year high school reunion
this weekend! I don't think anyone
was expecting to see you there.

The faux sweetness in her words doesn't cover the sharpness
of her tone. History lingers here, too.

LIZ

I had to come home eventually.
(then, quietly--)
Do you want to breathalyze me, or--

SHERIFF VALENTI

You were always a good girl, Liz.
Go on ahead. Tell your dad hello.

Max is about to speak, but Liz doesn't hesitate as she puts
her car back in drive and pulls away. Only then do her eyes
find the rearview mirror, Max shrinking in the distance.

Then, as she passes a green WELCOME TO ROSWELL sign, with a
silver flying saucer perched on top of it...

GRANT GREEN (PRELAP)

I know you think you're safe, but
you're not. Aliens have *already*
ruined your life.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

An alien-themed cafe. It's not busy, not desolate. At a
booth, a wild-eyed man in a too-tight E.T. t-shirt records a
podcast, gesticulating wildly at his computer.

GRANT GREEN

The aliens *are* the Illuminati.
They're conditioning us. You ever
tangle with a Beyonce fan on
Instagram? *Relentless.*

The door opens. Liz looks around, taking it all in. A couple
of waiters wearing silver novelty antennae. A TV mounted in
the corner shows "Mars Attacks!" on mute.

GRANT GREEN (CONT'D)

Because they're brainwashed by
subliminal messaging in the music.
Aliens are building armies, and
pretty soon, they'll sound the
alarm. And then the war for the
soul of America will be on.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRANT GREEN (CONT'D)

I'm Grant Green and this is The Gravity Of It All podcast. I'll be back after this from my sponsor: Alpha Male Testosterator Gel Caps.

LIZ

You really think the aliens are after America?

Green pulls his headphones off, thrilled to have an audience.

GRANT GREEN

Well, of course. That's why they sent Obama. To give all the bleeding hearts a false sense of security while he carried out the sinister alien agenda. And now that we finally have real leadership, it's all too late.

Liz sits down, her eyes wide. The rapt ingenue. Whispering:

LIZ

Me too. That's why I'm in Roswell. My great-grandpa was impregnated by an alien, here, in 1947.

GRANT GREEN

Your great grand...*father*?

LIZ

Abducted. Probed. Ever since, only men in my family carry children.

ARTURO (O.S.)

Liz, what have I told you about toying with the customers?

Liz grins. ARTURO (50, warm, fading) enters from the kitchen.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

14 months I carried you and still, you don't listen.

(he pats his round belly)

Alien gestation. *Qué bárbaro*.

Grant glares, standing up and beginning to gather his things.

GRANT GREEN

This may all be a joke to you people, but someday -- someday soon -- you will look back on this moment and wish you'd heard me.

CONTINUED: (2)

As Grant storms out the door, Arturo chuckles --

ARTURO

He'll be back tomorrow.

Liz stands to hug her dad. He kisses her cheek. Then, proud:

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Everyone, my youngest, Liz. Pride
and joy of the Ortechos. Our little
genius, finally home --

As he speaks, Liz focuses in on the way he's cradling his arm
against his side, a large bandage wrapped around his hand.

LIZ

What happened to your hand?

ARTURO

Oh, nothing. Cut it. Bah.

She pauses, watching Arturo shuffle behind the counter
slowly. An effort to his gait that makes him seem far older.

LIZ

Dad. I need to go upstairs, wash
up. Can you take your ten? Please?

He sighs, like he knows he's in for A Conversation.

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arturo unlocks the door to his apartment above the diner.
It's small, cozy -- two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a boatload
of memories that Liz seems immediately suffocated by.

ARTURO

You want some enchiladas?

LIZ

I stopped on the way for some
jalapeno poppers and half a PBR.

ARTURO

I raised a garbage disposal.
(then)
I'm your dad. I have a primal
instinct to feed you. Indulge me.

LIZ

Coffee? Black?

CONTINUED:

He throws up his hands, heading for the kitchen as Liz draws close to the crowded picture frames on the mantle. First, a photo of the entire family: Arturo, Liz, Rosa, and their mother, Helena.

LIZ (CONT'D)

How did you cut your hand, Dad?
(off his silence)
Did you have another spasm? You told me the tremors were gone.

ARTURO

I told you I feel better. Which I do, after deciding to ignore the tremors and go on living my life.

On the mantle is a prayer card... from Rosa's funeral. The dates on the front reveal that she died in 2008, at age 19.

Liz turns away from the mantle just as Arturo approaches with hot coffee. He stumbles a bit, coffee splashing--

LIZ

We'll see a doctor tomorrow.

ARTURO

We'll see your *sister* tomorrow.
Don't parent me, *mija*.
(he glances at his watch)
You make yourself at home--

LIZ

No. I can cover the diner until closing. *You* rest.
(then)
I'm your kid. I have a primal instinct to annoy you. Indulge me.

ARTURO

(a long-suffering sigh)
You have to wear the antennae.

LIZ

No. I'm a respected biomedical researcher. An *adult*. No way.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

Liz is wearing the antennae, and her waitress uniform. She's in an old groove, on auto-pilot. She opens the double doors from the kitchen, looking at the ticket on a take-out bag--

CONTINUED:

LIZ

One last to-go order. Men in
Blackened salmon with Scully's
sweet potato fries, extra flying
sauce, to-go for Alex--

ALEX (28, half Native American, guarded) smiles as she looks
up from the ticket.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Alex Hanes. Hi.

ALEX

I never thought I'd see you back in
that uniform.

LIZ

How are you? I thought you were
overseas?

ALEX

Been back from Baghdad a few
months. Spent most of it in the VA
hospital in D.C., but... I'm here
now.

Her gaze drops. The METAL IN HIS PROSTHETIC LEG is visible
where the ankle of his pants meets his shoe. She covers her
shock--

LIZ

Right. Thank you for your service.

Something in his face shifts. A little bit sad. He nods, then
turns away. As he walks to the door, his limp is pronounced.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Alex.

He turns. Desperate for her not to ask. Instead, she leans
across the counter and grabs a plastic tub of sauce.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Your extra flying sauce.

She tosses it to him. And then he's gone, and she's alone.

Shaken, she starts to pick up dirty plates, then sets them
down and walks to the jukebox, choosing a song. As it starts,
she relaxes. Begins to dance as she gathers the dishes.

MAX (O.S.)

On a '90s kick?

CONTINUED: (2)

She spins, turning to the door. Max is in the doorway, a box of random items under his arm. She covers her surprise.

LIZ
We're... kind of closed.

MAX
I just wanted to bring this by.

He sets the box on the counter. A scientific text: *Stem Cells and Regenerative Medicine* with tire tracks across the cover. A dusty University of Colorado hoodie. A curling iron.

LIZ
This is my stuff.

MAX
Picked it up off the side of the highway on my drive back into town. I stopped you at the checkpoint because the cord holding your trunk closed wasn't doing its job. You drove off before I could tell you.

LIZ
(realizing...)
And I ranted at you like a lunatic. I'm sorry. I was feeling defensive because... well.

She gestures as if to say, *because everything*. Max nods. He lingers for a moment, but then--

MAX
I'm not one of the bad guys, Liz.

He tips his head toward the door, raises his hand in a goodbye.

LIZ
Max? You want a milk shake?

She slides a menu down the counter toward him, and suddenly--

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT - 2008

Max pores over the menu as Liz waits with her notepad. He's at a booth with two others -- MICHAEL and ISOBEL, both 17.

MAX
ET's Reese's Pieces Crush. Please.

CONTINUED:

Liz nods and starts to turn away, when, suddenly -- *Whoosh*. She is NEARLY TAKEN OUT as Alex SPEEDS BY on a SKATEBOARD, weaving through the diner nimbly, on two strong legs --

Whip-fast, Max GRABS Liz and pulls her out of the way. They press together as, from the back, MARIA (17, makes weird hair decisions, we'll meet her later) screeches at him.

MARIA

Alex.

ALEX

My bad, Maria!

But they're just background noise, because Max's hand is on the small of Liz's back, and the entire world is revolving around that point of connection. Slowly, they separate.

MAX

Sorry, I just --

LIZ

No. It was good. I mean -- thanks.

MAX

Did you collect the soil samples for the Bio final project yet?

LIZ

My sister's been hogging the car.

MAX

I could drive, after your shift.

Off her smile--

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Liz hands Max his milk shake. He laughs, under his breath.

MAX

This is the most wholesome nightcap I've had in a long while. Or ever.

LIZ

I can throw a couple shots of bourbon in. Least I can do after I was a total bitch to you--

MAX

You weren't. Immigration *is* all over us these days.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

Crime spiked, so the suits want to blame the undocumented. It's... not why I joined the force.

LIZ

I thought you wanted to be a writer.

MAX

(surprised--)

You... remember that?

LIZ

So why *did* you join the force?

MAX

Why does anybody do anything?

(she waits--)

I guess I like rules... a clear path to follow. Right and wrong, right there in black and white. And I like protecting people. Helps me sleep at night.

(then, with a quiet laugh)

...Wow. So you still do that.

LIZ

Do what?

MAX

Ask a question and then actually listen to the answer. Make people realize things about themselves that have been there all along. You did that when we were kids.

LIZ

You still do *that*.

(off his raised brow--)

Notice things no one else does.

MAX

I'm an observer. Like... I *observed* that everything you own is packed into your car. Are you moving back?

LIZ

No. Not for long. I petitioned for funding in California. I was in Texas, working on experimental regenerative medicine. The study was...

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ (CONT'D)
controversial, but we were close to something great when we lost funding because *someone* needs money for a wall.

(a beat)
And now... I'm wearing antennae and sharing a shake with my high school lab partner.

MAX
Oh. Are we sharing?

He slides the drink over to her with a smile. She takes a sip from his straw. There's something... intimate about it.

MAX (CONT'D)
So why stop here on your way to California? After all these years.

LIZ
I missed my dad. Tomorrow is ten years since my sister died, so...

MAX
Liz, I never told you how sorry--

LIZ
I don't want to--

Suddenly -- there's a COMMOTION outside. Shouting. They both turn to look as a BLAST of gunfire SHATTERS THE FRONT WINDOW.

MAX
Get down--

As a SECOND SHOT RINGS OUT, Max throws himself in front of her, TAKING HER TO THE GROUND--

But it's too late. Liz's face is frozen in horror -- and when Max looks down, BLOOD IS RAPIDLY SPREADING ACROSS HER MIDSECTION. As her eyes roll back--

MAX (CONT'D)
No. Liz--

No hesitation. Max TEARS OPEN the front of her uniform, flattening his palm against the GUSHING WOUND. Time slows down. His body trembles with exertion --

EXT. CRASHDOWN CAFE/MAIN ST. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

--there's a massive power surge, ALL THE WAY DOWN THE STREET. Bulbs explode, sparks and glass showering the street. Power lines crackle. THE STREET GOES DARK.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, LIZ's EYES FLY OPEN. She gasps.

MAX

I'm here.

There's the sound of a GLASS BOTTLE SMASHING.

LIZ

I was -- I was shot --

Max fumbles with his phone, turning on the light. Liz feels through the red mess on her shirt... but there's no wound.

MAX

It's just ketchup. Are you okay?

She looks at the smashed glass bottle of ketchup beside her, then back to Max, gaping. He looks awful, sick -- and *terrified* -- but he touches her face, gently. Grounding her.

MAX (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Tell me you're all right, Liz--

LIZ

I'm... all right.

Breathless, he nods, gets up, and bolts out the door, one hand on the gun in his holster. Liz turns on her own light, looks down at herself, fingers feeling through the red mess on her body. Not a scratch. Then... suddenly...

Her finger finds a bullet hole in the uniform. Over her heart. As she looks up at where Max just took off, her face frozen in shock and confusion. *What the hell just happened.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

Liz fumbles under the counter for a LANTERN-STYLE FLASHLIGHT, setting it up so she can look at her skin. Uninjured... but the bullet hole in her uniform is still there. Her antennae bob in her face. As she pulls them off-- FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - 2008

Liz (17) shoves her antennae into her bag as she steps out of the diner. A group of tourists dressed as aliens crowd the sidewalk, pretending to shoot each other with plastic guns.

TOURIST

Die, alien scum!

They clear her line of vision, revealing Max, waiting near his Wrangler. When he sees Liz, his troubled look falls away.

EXT. DESERT ROADS - NIGHT - 2008

Max drives Liz out to the desert. Liz messes with the radio until she finds a Counting Crows song. She sings along. He grins, laughing -- not at her. With her.

MAX

You have a nice voice.

LIZ

I have a *terrible* voice.

MAX

I'm sorry you and Kyle broke up.

LIZ

I'm... not.

Max's eyes widen. Then -- the radio dies, the car breaks down.

FLASH-POPS: He pops the hood. As he pulls out his phone (a slider phone, we're in the olden days)--

LIZ (CONT'D)

Max--

She grabs his arm, pointing to the sky. Their breath catches as a shooting star rockets over them. Then -- Max takes her hand. A nervous question in his eyes... and she smiles.

CONTINUED:

FLASH-POPS: They take the top down on the jeep. They sit in the back, passing a glass bottle of soda back and forth. They share the headphones on Liz's ipod. She's looking at the sky. He's looking at her, enamored, wheels turning. Then --

MAX

Liz.

She turns her head a bit. He looks like he's about to say something -- then, slowly, he leans in. Touches his forehead to hers. She closes her eyes, exhales.

Their lips touch. Tentative, at first, but then more passionately-- And suddenly, the CAR STARTS UP AGAIN. Headlights kicking on, radio blaring. They jump apart.

Max looks embarrassed. Almost nervous. He starts to get out of the backseat. Off Liz's confusion -- the moment over --

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE -- NIGHT -- **TODAY**

Remembering the odd moment, Liz looks back down at the bullet hole. But then-- Arturo, in flannel pajamas and a bathrobe, bursts in from the back room.

ARTURO

I heard gunshots--

He's white-faced. The sort of bone-deep fear that lives buried inside a man who has already lost one child. Liz tamps down her own confusion and panic.

LIZ

I'm okay. It's just ketchup, dad --
I'm okay.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Max -- sweaty, gun drawn, rounds a corner, phone to his ear--

MAX

Shots fired at the Crashdown diner,
perp armed and at large--

Hanging up, he spots a figure in a DARK HOODED COAT -- the PERP -- holstering a POLISHED GUN.

MAX (CONT'D)

Stop! Police!

The perp bolts around a corner. Max follows -- but the guy is gone. Suddenly, Max careens sideways, catching himself against an alley wall as he gets violently sick.

CONTINUED:

He takes a few steps away before his knees give out. He slumps back against a wall, all the color gone from his face. Lips trembling. He closes his eyes. Then whispers --

MAX (CONT'D)

I need you.

There's a strange echo effect to his voice. Nothing happens, though. Off Max, alone and fading in the darkness--

EXT. ISOBEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establish a beautiful, well-kept house -- rose bushes outside, drought-defying green grass -- on a quiet cul-de-sac. The picture of a cozy family home.

ISOBEL (PRELAP)

Do you like it when I'm in control?

INT. ISOBEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ISOBEL (28, polished, a former high school ice queen who has spent a decade thawing), in a black negligee, STRADDLES her husband, NICK (30, charming, sexy, confident, super naked).

ISOBEL

Uh-uh. If you finish before I tell you to, there will be punishment.

NICK

Just -- let me touch you, Isobel --

He looks at where she's tied his wrists to the bedposts.

ISOBEL

(leaning in to kiss him)
You like the punishment too much.

MAX (V.O.)

Izzy. I need you.

She jerks back, away from Nick. Worry on her face.

ISOBEL

I have to go.

NICK

What?

MAX (V.O.)

Hurry.

CONTINUED:

She gets off the bed. As she grabs a cashmere sweater from the floor, a skirt tossed over a lamp, she... improvises.

ISOBEL

Don't question me. You agreed to obey, all night long. Wait here.

NICK

This is part of the... thing?

ISOBEL

Yeah. I think it's called edging?
I'll check the book.

NICK

(pissed)
Isobel.

But she's already gone, footsteps on the stairs.

ISOBEL (O.S.)

I love you!

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

Liz zips a hoodie over her bloodied dress.

ARTURO

I never should have let you close.

LIZ

What? Did something happen before?

ARTURO

(a little guilty)
The anniversary is coming up... the anger has been reignited.

As Liz's fury bubbles up, Sheriff Valenti and TWO DEPUTIES pull up outside. As the Sheriff enters the diner--

SHERIFF VALENTI

Liz. Arturo. Does anyone need medical attention?

LIZ

How long have people been coming after my father's diner? My home? I've been back for five hours and someone just blew out the window.

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF VALENTI

Liz, a gun was discharged, and there's protocol to follow. Now. Do you need medical attention?

LIZ

Do you?

With a long-suffering sigh, Arturo throws up his hands.

ARTURO

If you get arrested for being a smartass, I'm not bailing you out. I'll get the generator started.

As he shuffles to the back--

EXT. MAIN STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT

Isobel's sleek sedan pulls up to where Max is struggling to stay conscious. She parks and, her face falling with worry, races to his side. Immediately horrified.

ISOBEL

What -- how -- oh my god, Max.

MAX

I'll explain later -- *please, Izzy*--

She pulls a bottle of NAIL POLISH REMOVER out of her purse and opens it for him. Grateful, he begins to chug.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

The sheriff makes notes as Liz gestures to the counter--

LIZ

I was standing right here. The first shot must have... must have startled me, I fell here, and --

Max enters, looking far better. As he avoids Liz's eyes--

SHERIFF VALENTI

Evans. Did you apprehend--

MAX

No. They took off toward the river. About five-nine. Black hood--

SHERIFF VALENTI

You were chasing him on foot? How did you lose him?

CONTINUED:

Max is quiet. The Sheriff sighs, turning to Liz.

SHERIFF VALENTI (CONT'D)
I'll have an officer cover the cafe
for the next few nights. Make sure
there's no more funny business.

LIZ
Funny business? There was a *gun*--

ARTURO
*Thank you, Sheriff. If you have no
more questions, I'd like to take
Liz upstairs.*

Liz hesitates, looking to Max -- but he looks away. Finally,
she acquiesces, letting her father lead her out.

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stripped down to her underwear, Liz looks in the mirror,
wiping away the blood. She finds a strange purple mark over
her heart, like a bruise, about the size of a thumbprint. She
studies it, then turns from the mirror, looking around the
room. It's unchanged from the 2008 flashbacks. Old posters on
the wall, two beds. Her gaze travels to her sister's bed--

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - **2008**

Liz (17) is asleep on her bed, still wearing the clothes she
wore on her night with Max. The room is lit by blue and red
flashing lights, from outside the window. Liz stirs when she
hears a sharp knock at the door, some muffled noises.

She gets up, opening the bedroom door. From where she stands,
she can see her father at the doorway, in his robe. At the
threshold is Sheriff Valenti.

SHERIFF VALENTI
I'm so sorry, Arturo--

ARTURO
But -- how --

SHERIFF VALENTI
Rosa was driving. We believe she
was under the influence.
(then)
The other two girls in the car were
also pronounced dead on the scene.

CONTINUED:

Liz watches as grief takes Arturo to his knees. She's frozen in place, the news of her sister's death crashing over her. Finally, she rushes to her father. Holding him as he cries.

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Liz grabs a hoodie from the closet, pausing to note the acoustic guitar gathering dust in a corner, and takes off--

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

It's quiet, the detectives and office staff having left. Max, shaken, fills out a report. As his partner, CAM, heads out:

CAM

Evans. Got a present for you.
(off Max's weary look--)
In the drunk tank. He got in a
fight down at the Earthling. Again.

Max sighs.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

MICHAEL GUERIN (28, a bad boy but a good man) is in a holding cell. A fresh cut on his lip. He narrows his eyes at a key ring on a desk outside. Slowly... the keys begin to float...

But Max -- entering, pissed -- GRABS THE KEYS FROM MID-AIR.

MAX

There are cameras in here, Michael.

MICHAEL

They are mysteriously turned off.

MAX

(a defeated sigh)
Sober up a little longer and I'll
get you released -- the *right* way.

MICHAEL

What, no lecture?

Max turns to leave, but ISOBEL IS THERE, blocking the door.

ISOBEL

Heya, brother. Had to untie some
loose ends at home, but I'm here
for your explanation. You have 30
seconds, or I *will* melt your brain.

Michael looks at Isobel. Then Max. Realizing --

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

What did you do.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz speaks to the desk attendant in the ER waiting room.

LIZ

I need an MRI. Tonight. Right away--

KYLE (O.S.)

Of all the gin joints.

Enter handsome ex, KYLE VALENTI (28). A surgical resident.

LIZ

Kyle. Hi.

KYLE

My mom texted that you were back. So... we could do the awkward-exes-small-talk thing, but I assume you need medical attention? Plus, the whole point of med school is to impress my high school girlfriend.

LIZ

(preoccupied--)

I fell, earlier. I think maybe I hit my head. I feel... addled. Is it safe to do a CT scan on someone with... metal in their body?

KYLE

What? Yeah. Liz, are you okay?

LIZ

Like I said... addled.

Off his obvious concern --

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Isobel leans against a desk as Max paces and Michael seethes.

ISOBEL

Years of you telling us the sky was gonna fall if anyone knew our secret, and now you resurrect someone? *Rosa Ortecho's sister.*

MAX

I couldn't just let her die--

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Why the hell not?

Michael narrows his eyes at the HEAVY LOCK on the holding cell door. The lock BREAKS, the door springing open.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The fact that you'd do this to Isobel--

MAX

Everything I've ever done has been to protect Isobel. And you--

MICHAEL

Everything you've ever done has been to protect *yourself*.

Michael SHOVES HIM. *Hard*. And the shove TELEKINETICALLY PUSHES EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM AWAY, too. A desk, chairs, the door to the cell. Isobel stumbles, too.

Shaking his head, Michael walks out.

ISOBEL

Max, the cameras--

MAX

(standing)

He shut them off. Don't worry.

ISOBEL

Don't worry? I've spent my entire life terrified that someone would find out we're aliens. That we'd end up -- dissected, imprisoned. So I've kept this secret. From our parents. From my *husband*. I am married to someone who can never know me, and it kills me, but *I keep this secret*, because you, me, and Michael swore that we would. And in one moment... you threw that all away. For some girl you had a thing for in high school, who *left* this town without so much as a glance back at you in the rearview.

(then)

I hope she's worth it, Max.

She exits, Max left in the wake of her anger... and her fear.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

While Liz stirs her coffee anxiously, Arturo looks at the print-outs of Liz's body scan.

ARTURO

So everything's fine?

LIZ

No concussion, no... nothing.
Except one major problem.

(beat)

Kyle told me the hospital called
you to come in for a follow-up.
Twice. And you never showed.

ARTURO

Mija, I'm fine--

LIZ

Can we talk like I'm an adult,
please? It's not just tremors. Your
speech is slow, your balance is
off. You need to see a neurologist.

ARTURO

At the community health clinic?
Without papers, I can't get ACA --

LIZ

I can sell the diner. We could move
somewhere else, to a sanctuary
city, get away from this town that
hates us for no good reason --

ARTURO

No. I know you hate it here, but I
don't. I like making milkshakes for
kids dressed up like little green
men. This is my home. And since you
and your mother left, that diner is
my life. I will not sell it.

(then, standing)

I have to go open up. I'll see you
this afternoon. Don't forget.

He leaves. Liz looks down at the scans again.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Valenti's office is tidy. There are two photos on her desk: One of herself, Kyle, and his father on his high school graduation, one of just herself and Kyle at med school graduation. Max KNOCKS AT THE DOORFRAME.

MAX

Sheriff. You asked to see me?

SHERIFF VALENTI

(waving him in)

I was just going over your report from the incident at the Crashdown last night. There are some discrepancies.

MAX

Discrepancies?

SHERIFF VALENTI

You reported one gunshot. One bullet was recovered from the scene, but forensics said there were two clear bullet trajectories from the window.

MAX

Right. Two gunshots. I'm sorry, I guess I was a little rattled--

SHERIFF VALENTI

What's going on with you, Evans? You let the shooter get away, you bungle your report. In eight years on this job, I've never once seen you *rattled*.

CLERK

(entering)

Excuse me, Sheriff? Sorry. Someone's here to see Max. Should I tell her to wait, or...

Max looks past the clerk at the door. Liz is there, waiting.

SHERIFF VALENTI

I'll expect an *accurate* report to hit my desk by the end of the hour.

EXT. ROSWELL MAIN STREET - DAY

Liz and Max walk. She hands him a milk shake.

CONTINUED:

LIZ

E.T.'s Crush. A small thank you.

MAX

I didn't do anything. The shooter missed. We were lucky.

LIZ

You wanna know something crazy? I could've sworn I was shot. I swear I remember the feeling. Not pain, but searing heat. And then the whole world fading out to nothing.

MAX

Liz--

LIZ

Since there's not a scratch on me, I figured, concussion. But the doctor says I don't have one. I also don't have a bullet in my body. Made him check for that, too.

(then)

Can you keep a secret?

MAX

You can tell me anything.

LIZ

My mom was mentally ill. Rosa too, I think. And I've always been afraid I'd end up like them. Hallucinating. Living a fantasy... Tell me that's not happening, Max.

He's quiet. She steps close to him. Takes his hand.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Please, Max--

He pulls his hand away from her. Shutting her out.

MAX

Nothing happened, Liz. Maybe you were just... tired from the drive.

It's a clear cold shoulder. She's pissed. Betrayed, even.

LIZ

Or losing my mind.

CONTINUED: (2)

She waits for him to reassure her that's not the case -- but he is quiet. Pissed -- a little betrayed, even -- she turns to go. But then--

MAX

Liz, wait.

She starts to turn back to him -- but then -- suddenly, in the street, tires squeal against pavement, and a car LURCHES AT TOP-SPEED out of a parking space, crashing into the passenger side of another car driving by.

Max pulls away from Liz, dropping his milk shake and racing over to the car to help. Near Liz, pedestrians begin to gather around. There are murmurs of worry, then --

PEDESTRIAN #1

Is there anybody in that red car?

PEDESTRIAN #2

It didn't just drive itself...

Back in the street, Max helps the woman out of her car.

MAX

Are you hurt?

She shakes her head no -- but Max's attention is caught by something over her shoulder. It's MICHAEL, sitting in his old truck. Watching them, a look of stern warning in his eyes.

Max's jaw drops as he realizes that Michael used his powers to cause the accident -- and isn't even trying to hide it. Michael throws the truck into reverse and pulls away.

Max, shaken, but focused, returns his attention to the woman.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's get you checked out.

Liz watches Max go into police mode. Then... she PULLS A ZIPLOCK BAGGIE from her pocket. Careful not to contaminate it, she picks up the used straw from Max's forgotten drink.

INT. ISOBEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Isobel glues photos to a poster reading "2008 MEMORIES."

ISOBEL

Someone could have been hurt.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MICHAEL'S TRUCK - DAY

She's on the phone with Michael. He drives at the outskirts of town, where it's mostly dusty roads and dairy farms.

MICHAEL

He could've just healed them, then.
Right there in the friggin' street.

ISOBEL

If this is your way of threatening
him--

MICHAEL

Damn right, I was threatening him.
He was gonna tell her. I could see
it in his face--

ISOBEL

I know you're scared. I am too. But
maybe some of your anger comes from
the fact that he broke the rules
for her, and not for you.

MICHAEL

It's not that.

ISOBEL

When your foster dad messed you up,
it killed Max that he couldn't help
you. He wanted to. But doctors were
involved, you already had X-rays.
You can't be a medical miracle--

Michael flexes his hand. There are surgical scars on the
back. The fingers are stiff, curled oddly.

MICHAEL

If we were smart, you and I would
get a thousand miles away from Max.

ISOBEL

Is that what you want to do?
(Off his silence--)
Yeah. Well, then. Until the men in
hazmat suits show up to drag me to
the Pentagon, I'm trying to do yoga
breaths and remember that I love my
stupid idiot of a brother.
Otherwise, I might get angry, and
start lighting things on fire, and
mess up my freakin' glitter glue.

CONTINUED:

She hangs up on him pointedly. Michael rolls his eyes, as he turns into a driveway with a sign for FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH.

EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH - MICHAEL'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

Michael's truck pulls up to a gleaming AIRSTREAM TRAILER parked near a barn on the ranch land. In front of the trailer is the old RANCHER (70, all belt buckle) and several uniformed military personnel, including Alex Hanes.

Michael gets out of the truck. Wary as the rancher moves away from the group of military men and approaches Michael.

RANCHER

Came knocking this morning and you were gone.

MICHAEL

So you called in the cavalry? It's my day off.

RANCHER

The military's got some engineers out here. They're acquiring the land. Need you to move your rig--

MICHAEL

The air force has been gobbling up all the decent farmland. They can't just take your ranch--

RANCHER

Oh, they ain't taking it. They're buying it, something about a new storage facility. I'm gonna get me a house next to an ocean.

He breaks off from the rancher, walking over to Alex, who is peering into the window of the airstream. Michael grabs him by the arm, pulling him away.

MICHAEL

Hanes. That's private property.

ALEX

What the hell do you get up to in there?

MICHAEL

Weed, casual sex, making covert plans to overthrow the government. Quick, run and tell your daddy.

CONTINUED:

He jerks his head toward the other military guys. Alex's father, MASTER SGT. HANES, is watching them. Michael rolls his eyes, steps up to the airstream, and slams the door.

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

In a series of quick cuts, Liz drags an old science kit out from under her bed, then sets up a microscope on her desk, and then pulls out Max's straw from her pocket -- when her phone rings. DAD. Realizing the time, she stands --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Liz, who has changed into a buttoned-up dress, walks through the cemetery. She passes a LARGE GATHERING for two teen girls -- their photos displayed prominently, half the town present as someone gives a speech.

Rosa's grave isn't so prominent. It's at the back of the cemetery. There are crumpled beer cans and other trash at the base of the headstone.

LIZ

I'm sorry I'm late, I -- oh, Dad.

Her jaw drops with shock as he turns away from the headstone, a scrub brush in his hands. He's been scrubbing at the word BITCH painted on the front of the headstone.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Who would do this?

ARTURO

The other girls who died had big families. A lot of friends.

LIZ

Rosa was their friend. Whoever did this is over there right now, watching you scrub--

Liz turns as if to march over to the other memorial and give them a piece of her mind, but Arturo stops her.

ARTURO

We're here to honor your sister, not disparage the dead--

LIZ

This is why you stay here.

(realizing)

It's not about the milkshakes and alien freaks.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LIZ (CONT'D)

You stay here because if you don't clean this up, no one will. You stay for Rosa.

ARTURO

I stay because it's my home. Sometimes, when I'm finishing up at the diner, I hear her. Playing guitar in the corner, singing those old songs she liked. And you, dancing along as you helped me marry ketchups. Oh, how you loved your sister.

LIZ

You have a selective memory.

ARTURO

I remember dark times, too. Fighting. Crying. It wasn't easy to be Rosa. She worked very hard to be better, because you asked her to.
(he touches her cheek)
Oh, how your sister loved you.

Liz is quiet for a long time. Tears in her eyes. Then, she wipes them away, straightening up.

MARIA (O.S.)

My timing isn't awesome, I know...

Liz and Arturo turn to see MARIA DELUCA (28, still making weird hair decisions) carrying a bouquet.

LIZ

Maria. What are you doing here?

MARIA

You know I loved Rosa. And you know I don't care what the sheep think.
(as Liz hugs her--)
I can't believe you didn't tell your old BFF you were in town. You definitely owe me a drink for that.

LIZ

(hesitating)
I have this thing I'm working on--

MARIA

Yeah. I don't care.

Despite herself, Liz smiles.

INT. EARTHLING BAR - DUSK

A dingy, but crowded, cowboy bar. Pool tables, a jukebox. Liz and Maria are at the bar, but Liz is preoccupied with the other bar patrons. LINDSAY (28, overgrown mean girl) holds court in a corner. Her stares and whispers are undeniable.

MARIA

So anyway, I'm a psychic-slash-healer-slash-influencer.

(beat)

Liz.

LIZ

Sorry. Influencing what, exactly?

MARIA

Internet idiots. Honestly, I don't know how you *live* without social media. I'd perish.

She shows Liz her phone. A highly filtered photo of her surrounded by crystals. Liz reads the caption:

LIZ

Finding my center thanks to these rose quartz crystals and Smooth Groove Health Tea. Hashtag finding hashtag center hashtag tea hashtag skinny hashtag ad.

MARIA

It pays the bills so I can pursue my true passion, helping people communicate with their lost loves.

(then)

If you'd let me do a reading--

Liz can't help the tiny smirk that plays across her lips.

LIZ

Thanks, Maria. But I should go--

MARIA

You can't, yet. I paid for a song.

The jukebox flips to a '90s song. Ace of Base. Maria grins and tries to drag Liz to the dance floor.

As Liz resists, MICHAEL ARRIVES. He greets a few people near the door, obviously a regular here. One eye on Liz and Maria.

CONTINUED:

LIZ

Stop. I don't want to make a scene.

MARIA

For Lindsay and her posse of human YouTube comments? Come on. If you won't go to the reunion tomorrow, tonight's our chance. Let's dance it out for old times. For Rosa.

LIZ

(a smile, but--)

I'll stay for another round before I have to go back to my project. But... I don't really feel like dancing in this town.

Maria sighs, but caves, signaling to the bartender.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Max gets home to his apartment. It's simple and neat, with an impressive bookshelf practically crying out for mercy under the weight of his collection of books. In the middle of the room, Izzy sits, sifting through a box of old photos.

MAX

I've had a long day, Isobel. The Sheriff's on my case--

She looks up at him. He realizes she's been crying.

ISOBEL

(wiping her eyes)

I need a photo of the three of us, for the memory wall at the reunion.

Max crosses to the bookshelf, taking out a journal. Tucked between the pages is a photo of Max, Michael, and Izzy in high school. Michael's arms thrown around them. Best friends.

He hands it to Isobel. She looks at it, and sighs.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

Make me understand. Why was some girl you haven't seen in a decade worth putting our lives in danger? She's a *scientist*. Do you know what a discovery like this could do for her?

MAX

I didn't tell her--

CONTINUED:

ISOBEL

Are you in love with her?

MAX

I haven't seen her in a decade.

ISOBEL

You know, Nick and I have been having trouble. He thinks I'm distant. He can feel the secrets. We've been trying all this weird stuff in bed, trying to reconnect--

MAX

Izzy--

ISOBEL

My point is, you can't be with Liz Ortecho. Because even if she finds out what you are, you and I both know that there are things you can *never* tell her. Secrets much bigger than any I'm keeping from Nick. Fall in love with someone else, Max. *Anyone* else.

MAX

(a long beat, then)

It's been ten years, Iz. If I could have... I would have.

She reaches for his hand. Her heart breaking for him.

INT. EARTHLING BAR - NIGHT

Michael lands a nearly impossible shot at the pool table thanks to his telekinesis. Lindsay, his opponent, is too drunk to notice anything awry; she hands over a \$100 bill.

Across the room, Maria and Liz are getting tipsy:

MARIA

Michael Guerin got kinda hot, huh? In a sex in a truck, smells like a river, never introduce him to your dad kinda way.

LIZ

Are he and Max still best friends?

CONTINUED:

MARIA

(a shrug--)

I still can't believe you and Max almost got *murdered* together last night. That's so romantic.

LIZ

You're insane.

(she takes a shot--)

Honestly... I thought maybe there was a spark. But today, I asked him something important and... he just blew me off. So. I'm an idiot.

Michael comes to the bar to settle his tab.

LIZ (CONT'D)

God, it's nice to have someone to talk to. I'm sorry I haven't been in touch. I missed you. I didn't want a reason to come back here--

MARIA

I forgive you. You only get one childhood best friend, you know. One person who knew you through all the changes -- all the heartache and the angst, and who loved you anyway. Who danced beside you despite it. *Through* it. You are my one person, and I am yours.

ON MICHAEL as this sinks in. He passes them on his way out.

MICHAEL

Night, DeLuca.

LIZ

(eyebrow raised)

He doesn't smell like a river.

Maria's eyebrows raise as KYLE ENTERS the bar. She waves.

KYLE

Maria. Liz. How's your head?

LIZ

I'm better. Thanks.

KYLE

Good.

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ

Yeah.

KYLE

Ah, there it is.

LIZ

The awkward-high-school-exes small talk we deftly avoided last night.

KYLE

(a beat, then)

More shots?

Liz shrugs, *sure*. Maria rolls her eyes, knowing what comes next--

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

In the parking lot outside the bar, Liz and Kyle hook up. It's tequila-fueled, all urgency, no finesse.

KYLE

This is probably a bad idea--

LIZ

Yep. I kinda thought we were ignoring that in favor of the whole sex thing. Ouch, the seatbelt --

KYLE

Right, sorry, here -- I feel like -- maybe I'm just a distraction --

LIZ

Is that a problem, or --

KYLE

No, use me, use me, absolutely --

She laughs and goes back to kissing him, and he goes to work on the buttons on her dress. But then --

KYLE (CONT'D)

Whoa. What's that?

Liz looks down. In the darkness, we can't see what she sees, but she pulls her dress closed quickly.

LIZ

Nothing. A bruise.

(then, the moment lost--)

This is a bad idea.

CONTINUED:

Kyle smiles weakly. Covering his concern over her "bruise."

KYLE

If only someone said that earlier.

Liz laughs, but dismounts. Off Kyle, wheels turning--

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Max and Isobel are asleep on the floor, leaning against the couch. Then... the lock begins to turn on the door. Like someone has picked it from outside. The deadbolt shifts open on its own. It's creepy. The door creaks open, and someone's shoulder comes into frame, watching them where they sleep.

Max stirs awake, opening his eyes. REVEAL: Michael, standing over them. Max rubs at his eyes. Then, quietly:

MAX

You can't crash cars because you're pissed at me.

MICHAEL

I obviously *can*.
(then)
I won't anymore.

MAX

I'm sorry I broke the rules.

MICHAEL

No, you're not.

MAX

I'm sorry about a lot of other things, then.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Me too.

He sits. Off the three of them, shoulder to shoulder--

INT. EARTHLING BAR - NIGHT

Liz shoves into the grimy bathroom, heading for the mirrors above the sink. She's holding the top of her dress closed. When she opens it, her eyes go wide. There, on her chest, over her heart, is a deep purple bruise, with a strange iridescent shimmer. In the perfect shape of a full handprint.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - MORNING

Arturo flips pancakes on the griddle. At the booth, Grant Green records his podcast. Even more wild-eyed this time.

GRANT GREEN

My homemade alien wave detector is never wrong. It went nuts in 2004, the *same day* we now know the Advanced Aerospace Threat ID Program spotted a UFO.

INT. ARTURO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Upstairs, Liz looks at the handprint on her chest. Then she buttons her shirt, and looks at the microscope on her desk. There are two slides next to it, hastily labeled: *Me. Max.*

GRANT GREEN (V.O.)

And now it's off the charts here in ol' Roswell. I'm telling y'all, the aliens are coming. And when they do, they're gonna rape, and murder, and *steal our jobs.*

Liz looks at her own slide. Then, replaces it with Max's. She stands up so fast, her chair clatters backward to the ground.

INT. VALENTI HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Kyle digs urgently through a drawer, but stops when he hears his mom coming downstairs. He closes it as she enters, in her uniform. She pours coffee into a to-go mug--

SHERIFF VALENTI

Kiddo. A little early for a visit. I'm already late--

KYLE

Mom. Do you remember, at the end, how dad used to ramble about that--

SHERIFF VALENTI

(shutting it down)

Why are you -- honey, the cancer did things to his brain. You *know* I choose to remember your dad as he lived, not as he died. Not as an old, broken man, ranting about aliens and evil handprints. Period.

CONTINUED:

She kisses his cheek and leaves. Kyle returns to the drawer, digging... until he finds a key.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Max pours Michael and Isobel coffee.

ISOBEL

Nick can get you another ranching job.

MICHAEL

It's not the work. I just... liked the spot, that's all. The army's been gobbling up the farmland for that new facility they're building. Suppose it was only a matter of time.

As he speaks, he pulls a bottle of TOBASCO SAUCE out of his shirt pocket and pours it into his coffee -- but it's not red hot sauce. It's clear liquid. Isobel raises an eyebrow at him. He shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I put the nail polish remover in there. Less conspicuous.

MAX

If Hanes and his guys start digging up the Foster Ranch, are they gonna find anything?

MICHAEL

No. Any scrap of flying saucer that was there is gone now. I wanted all of it. I was thorough. Trust me.

MAX

(pointedly)

We *do* trust you.

MICHAEL

(a beat, then)

I get it. So because you trust me, you want me to trust Liz Ortecho.

MAX

She's a lot like you, Michael. Prettier, less ornery, but persistent as hell. And now she wants answers, just like you do. She's going to be thorough, too.

CONTINUED:

Max looks wary. Then -- a LOUD, URGENT KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

LIZ (O.S.)

Max, I know you're in there.

MAX

What would make you stop digging?

MICHAEL

(a beat, then--)

Nothing. Nothing except the truth.

Max looks to Isobel. Finally, she nods.

ISOBEL

Make sure she knows what's at stake, Max. That our lives are in her hands.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Max opens the door, stepping outside.

LIZ

I need answers, Max. Now.

She pulls her t-shirt aside, showing him the handprint.

MAX

Would you take a drive with me?

Off her incredulity --

EXT. ROADS/INT. MAX'S JEEP - DAY

Max drives, Liz beside him. It's impossibly quiet. Tense.

LIZ

I did get shot, didn't I?

MAX

I told you I'll explain when we get there.

LIZ

I'm an idiot. Who gets in a car with a stranger--

MAX

I'm not a stranger, Liz--

LIZ

Sure feels like it.

CONTINUED:

They pass a strip club, its cheap marquee advertising ALEIN SEX BOTS DANCE 4 U. She rolls her eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)

God, I hate this town. I will never understand why you'd stay here.

MAX

I stay because I like it. I know people treated you terribly when Rosa died. But people here are good to me. My family is happy. My parents are great, Izzy loves Nick, Michael won't leave--

LIZ

Of everyone, I can't believe *he's* still here. He out-scored me on every AP test. I figured he'd get some scholarship, change the world.

MAX

I thought so, too. But he stays.

(a beat, then--)

I considered leaving, once. After high school. But I couldn't ditch Michael and Isobel. If it hadn't been for them, I'd have followed you.

(she looks at him sharply)

In your footsteps, I mean. To... see the world or whatever.

She nods. Unsettled. Things fall quiet again.

EXT. FOSTER HOMESTEAD RANCH/INT. MICHAEL'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

Michael hooks his airstream up to the back of the truck, then heads inside it.

In the corner, there's a cot, rumped sheets. Michael changes his shirt, then grabs a toothbrush as the camera travels over his collection of shrapnel. Some metal, some iridescent. Odd symbols in an alien language, complicated equations scrawled on a whiteboard. Photographs of the desert, the sky... and a blueprint. Unfinished. For something that looks like a ship.

Michael grabs keys and goes outside. He spits his toothpaste, looks around at the only spot that's ever felt like home. Then he gets in his truck and drags his life away from it.

EXT./INT. CAVE - DAY

Max pulls up in front of a cave and gets out. Liz, too. He braces his shoulder against a boulder blocking the entrance, and pushes it over.

MAX

C'mon.

He holds out a hand to her -- but she shakes her head.

MAX (CONT'D)

You're going to have to see it to believe it, Liz.

He drops his hand, then slips past the boulder into the cave.

Liz takes a deep breath, but follows Max into the darkness of the cave. It winds deep into the earth, its paths splitting.

They reach a cavern. Dark, except for THREE IRIDESCENT WHITE PODS. Egg shaped, the size of a small refrigerator. They're glowing, filled with some sort of phosphorescent fluid.

MAX (CONT'D)

We call them stasis pods. We're pretty sure they're what kept us safe during the crash.

LIZ

The... crash.

MAX

The 1947 UFO Crash.

Off Liz's wide-eyed disbelief--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

The sky is on fire as the sun begins to set, casting golden light across the plains. Max's Jeep waits outside the cave.

LIZ (PRELAP)

What are you, Max?

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

She takes a nervous step away from him, shaking her head in disbelief. Max takes a shaky breath. He's never told this story, to anyone.

MAX

I woke up in this cave in 1997,
with Michael and Isobel. It was hot
and dark and... terrifying.

Flash: The silhouettes of three naked children, walking through the desert in the moonlight, then caught in the headlights of a semi-truck.

MAX (V.O.)

A long-haul trucker found us.
Naked, mute, wandering the desert.
He took us to a hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

A doctor speaks to a police officer outside a hospital room. Inside, a child SCREAMS. The doctor looks through the window--

MAX (V.O.)

We had no language or rudimentary
skills... or names. But otherwise
we were healthy seven-year-olds.

To see YOUNG MAX and YOUNG ISOBEL, dressed now, draped in blankets, GAPING as YOUNG MICHAEL SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, hurling things at the door --

MAX (V.O.)

Our parents adopted Isobel and me.
Michael was... harder to place. He
went into the system.

INT. CAVE - DUSK

Liz closes her eyes. Tries to get her bearings. *Breathe.*

CONTINUED:

LIZ

You're an... alien.

MAX

I know this sounds crazy--

LIZ

I spent two days thinking you were a wizard. Or a god. Or that I needed to have myself committed. This is... better than that. I mean, your squamous epithelial cells are not human --

MAX

You stole my *cells*?

LIZ

I'm a *scientist*. Magical healing doesn't make sense to me. DNA does.

Max looks down at the ground. Uncomfortable.

MAX

You know -- the science is what scares us. All our lives, we've been afraid that people are going to want to put us in a lab and... I dunno. Cut us up. Experiment. Nothing has ever mattered to me more than protecting Michael and Isobel from that. Until I saw you bleeding, and I just...

He goes quiet, shakes his head. She takes his hand in hers.

LIZ

I'll keep your secret, Max. I promise you. I'll keep you safe.

Max looks at her for a long time. Then, finally... he smiles.

EXT. HANES HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest ranch house. Master Sgt Hanes, Alex's father, pulls up in his truck to find Kyle sitting on the porch, with a beat up leather logbook in his hand. His father's journal.

KYLE

Master Sergeant Hanes. Sorry to show up. I didn't have a number.

CONTINUED:

Hanes glances down at the journal, then up at Kyle. He speaks carefully, as if he already knows the answer to his question:

MASTER SGT. HANES
What can I do for you, Kyle?

Kyle
When my dad died, he left this journal.

In the journal are notes, drawings similar to those in Michael's trailer. On one of the last pages, an obsessively scribbled handprint. Kyle turns one page, to the last one.

Kyle (CONT'D)
(reading)
Son. If you see the handprints, go to Hanes. I love you. Dad.

Master SGT. HANES
What did you see, Kyle?

Kyle
With all due respect, sir. I think it's time you do the talking.

Hanes' eyes narrow. He's not used to anyone standing up to him. But then -- he smiles. Gestures to Kyle to follow him.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The reunion is in full swing. Drinking, dancing. Maria sits at a booth doing psychic readings. Isobel watches from a table, staring daggers, Nick beside her. Michael sits down.

ISOBEL
I swear, if Maria DeLuca ruins this reunion the way she ruined homecoming with her freaky interpretive dance to protest Sarah Palin's moose slaughter--

NICK
Oh, god. I need something stronger than this punch. Michael?

MICHAEL
I'm good, man, thank you.

As Nick moves out of earshot--

ISOBEL
What are you doing here?

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

This matters to you. So here I am.
(then)
Look, we have to go about our
normal lives, maintain cover. With
the town, your parents, Nick--

ISOBEL

Cover? This is my *life*--

MICHAEL

I know that. Look. Max trusts Liz.
But if he's wrong, and you want to
stay here... you're going to have
to do something about it.

ISOBEL

(*Fuck no.*)
I don't do that anymore. I don't
meddle in people's minds. It messed
with mine too much. It broke me.

MICHAEL

I'm serious. If I could do it, I
would, but I can't. Start preparing
yourself. Because if Liz Ortecho
turns on any of us -- you *will* get
into her head, and erase it.

Off Isobel, unsettled... but resigned--

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Liz and Max make their way out of the cave.

LIZ

Do your parents know?

MAX

No. They just thought we were
orphaned, or abandoned--

LIZ

Those pods kept the three of you
incubated in stasis, for 50 years?

MAX

We think so--

LIZ

The material in the pods -- is it
organic? Is it tech?

CONTINUED:

MAX

I don't...

LIZ

Can you *all* resurrect people?

MAX

No. We've all got... specialties--

LIZ

Like what?

Then she stops. Max is watching her. A little frustrated.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I'm treating you like a science experiment. I'm so sorry--

MAX

It's okay. I just -- I wish I had answers for you, but I don't. We were kids. We didn't have anyone to help us understand. We grew up watching movies where aliens are creatures who abduct people, who violate them, who blow up the White House. I'm not that. I'm a son, a brother, a cop. My life isn't extraordinary, and that was *fine*, until you blew back into town two days ago...

(he shakes his head)

You asked me what I am. I'm a guy from Roswell. That's it.

She touches his face. He stops talking.

LIZ

You're the man who saved me.

Off the two of them, leaning close--

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Nick sits across from Maria at her little fortune teller's table, pulling Isobel into his lap, despite her reluctance.

MARIA

Welcome to Madame Maria's haven of healing.

ISOBEL

We are in a high school gym.

CONTINUED:

MARIA

There's energy pouring off the two of you. Sexual vibes. You've been experimenting. Trying new things.

Isobel rolls her eyes and points to Nick's pushed up sleeves, revealing rope burns on his wrists. Under her breath:

ISOBEL

Doesn't take a mind-reader.
(then, louder--)
You know, I get a vibe from you, too, Maria. The vibe of someone who hasn't been laid in five months, since the guy who cosplayed as the Xenomorph rocked your world at UFO with his fully malleable tail.

Maria balks. Too floored to even be offended.

MARIA

Whoa. You have a gift, Isobel.

ISOBEL

No I don't. You're just a social media oversharer.

As Nick cracks up laughing--

ACROSS THE ROOM: Michael dances with a beautiful woman. They're flirting, getting close. But then, the song ends --

MICHAEL

I'll get us some more punch, yeah?

He pulls away, heading to the punch bowl. As he's filling the cups, Alex steps up to him.

ALEX

Are you cooking meth?

MICHAEL

Yes, absolutely. Big Blue, all day.

ALEX

I'm serious. My chemical engineers reported high levels of phenyl-2-propanone around your Airstream. Which was conveniently gone when they went back to collect samples.

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

It's not P2P they're detecting.
Similar, but there's a twenty-first
molecule attached to the compound I
can't identify. You should get
yourself some better engineers.

ALEX

(grabbing his wrist)
Guerin. You're wasting your life.

Michael looks down at where Alex is touching him, then back
up. A sort of cruel glimmer in his eye. Lowering his voice:

MICHAEL

Trying to hold my hand, Private?

ALEX

Does the whole macho cowboy swagger
thing ever get old with you?

MICHAEL

Did it get old for you?

Off his silence, Michael walks away. Back to the girl.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Max pushes the stone to hide the cave. Liz watches.

LIZ

You must see people injured all the
time, with your job. Do you just
run around saving them and then
convincing them they're crazy?

MAX

Yeah... I've seen things. But
you're the first person I've healed
since I was a kid.

She absorbs this for a beat. He doesn't look at her.

LIZ

Max? ... Why me?

MAX

There you go, asking questions and
expecting real answers.

(a sigh, then)
Remember the first time we met?

CONTINUED:

LIZ
(shaking her head)
I feel like I've always known you.

MAX
I remember. I can show you, but...
I have to touch you.

LIZ
(without hesitation)
Okay.

He eases her jacket off her shoulders. He holds her gaze as he slowly undoes the top button of her shirt... then another, and another. Just to the top of her bra. Slowly, Max rests his hand over the purple handprint. Liz takes a sharp breath--

FLASH: YOUNG MAX (7) sits alone on a playground. Curled up, hugging his knees, under the jungle gym as kids crawl all over it above him. Then YOUNG LIZ (7) crawls in next to him.

YOUNG LIZ
Are you sad or something? You never talk.

YOUNG MAX
(a beat, then--)
I am not sad. I am... afraid.

YOUNG LIZ
Yeah. Me too, sometimes.
(whispering)
You don't have to be afraid of me.

Young Max smiles.

FLASH: Young Max approaches the jungle gym again. This time, Liz waits for him underneath, listening to a Discman. He sits down next to her, and she puts her headphones over his ears.

FLASH: Max is 17, walking down Main Street at night. He passes the Crashdown, looking in on Liz as she dances, free and alive, while Rosa (19, looking rough) plays the guitar. Then -- Kyle enters the frame, joining Liz, dipping her. Max watches him kiss her.

FLASH: Max watches Liz do an experiment in science class. She's wearing goggles, her hair is a mess, she's scrunching up her nose -- he's looking at her like she's a work of art.

TODAY: Her breath caught in her throat, Liz opens her eyes. Max hasn't moved. He still has his hand against her chest. He waits, patiently, for her to speak. Finally, softly--

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ
After high school... you would have followed me.

MAX
(a whisper)
Yeah. Anywhere.

Her hands come up to his waist, her fingers curling in his shirt. She raises up on her tip toes, leaning up to kiss him--

But their lips barely touch before he pulls back. Breaking away, wincing as though it physically pains him to do so.

LIZ
Max? I thought--

MAX
The handprint is a psychic bond between us. That's why I can show you those memories. Right now, what you're feeling is an echo of...

He stops. Clenching his jaw, hard.

MAX (CONT'D)
Of what I feel for you. It'll wear off, just like that handprint will. So... I can't.

He smiles sadly at her. Trying, failing, to hide the heartbreak beneath.

LIZ
When will the handprint fade?

MAX
A couple of days. A week, maybe.

LIZ
Fine. I'll kiss you then.

She walks away, getting into the passenger seat of the car. As her door slams, Max shakes his head -- but, despite himself, he smiles. *Hopeful*.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. DESERT ROADS - NIGHT

Max drives. Liz rolls her window down, lets the wind blow through her hair. The desert landscape is beautiful at night. They pass a sign attracting tourists to the UFO Crash site.

LIZ

If the crash happened at the Foster Homestead, how did your pods end up in a cave miles into the desert?

MAX

We don't know. Someone went to great lengths to move the pods, to hide us. But it's been 70 years. Whoever that was, human or alien, is probably long dead. I just have to hope they kept the secret.

(then)

Listen, I know you don't want to, but I have to go to the reunion. It's important to Isobel, and she doesn't ask for much.

LIZ

I'll come with you.

MAX

You hate those people.

LIZ

Not all of them.

INT. HANES HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Master Sgt. Hanes leads Kyle down a staircase.

MASTER SGT. HANES

I don't want Alex involved in this. My son has been through enough. And he's not strong stock. Not like you are. I've been waiting for you to come knocking a long time, kid.

At the base of the stairs, Hanes comes to a steel-reinforced door with a touch screen instead of a knob. He presses his fingertips to it. CLEARANCE GRANTED. The door opens.

They enter a darkened room. Resembling a Situation Room. There's a gleaming conference table, a screen on one wall.

CONTINUED:

One side of the room is all file drawers. Across from them, a wall of GLEAMING VINTAGE COLT GUNS, proudly displayed.

KYLE

My dad's guns. I remember...

MASTER SGT. HANES

They're yours now. I've just been keeping 'em safe for you.

Kyle turns away from the wall as Hanes opens a filing drawer.

MASTER SGT. HANES (CONT'D)

There's a lot in here that's yours now. Responsibility, mostly. What I'm about to tell you is a matter of Homeland Security, understand?

(off his nod--)

On June 14, 1947, a catastrophic crash occurred outside Roswell.

KYLE

You're telling me the UFO was real.

MASTER SGT. HANES

The unidentified flying object was identified. It was a ship carrying an army of monsters. Most of them died that night. But not all. At least one survived.

KYLE

How do you know that?

Hanes pulls a thick file out, dropping it on the table.

MASTER SGT. HANES

Select high-ranking military and law enforcement did what they had to, to protect this town, this nation. Your ancestors and mine proudly led the operation for 70 years.

Kyle opens the file. Flipping through the pages.

KYLE

These are autopsy reports.

He looks at one. It's an outline of a body, marked up by a doctor's messy penmanship. The date at the top reads 1955.

CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER SGT. HANES

The ones on file with your mother at the police department have had sections redacted. These are real. These are innocent human victims.

Kyle flips through the pages. The camera zeroes in on certain pieces of each of them: On every autopsy report, there is a note of a purple bruise or burn mark, seared into the skin. On some of them, there are photos. Each of them is shaped like a perfect handprint.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A photo of 17-year-old Alex in mid-air, doing a skateboard trick. Grinning.

REVEAL: Alex in the hallway outside the gymnasium. It's quiet here, the lights dimmed. On the wall is the large posterboard that Isobel had been working on earlier. "2008 MEMORIES."

ALEX

I thought for sure that when I got back from Iraq, you'd be long gone.

Alex looks over at Michael, who has just stepped out of the gym. He's silhouetted in the light of the doors. Somehow, the animosity has been drained out of both of them. When Michael speaks, he just sounds tired.

MICHAEL

I've been working on a way out of here for a while. It's slow going.

ALEX

Could you maybe hurry it up?

MICHAEL

That what you want? For me to go?

ALEX

We're not kids anymore. What I want doesn't matter.

Michael takes another step. Then Alex does, his limp prominent. Then -- no indication of who makes the first move, just muscle memory springing to life -- they're KISSING.

EXT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Liz and Max get out of the Jeep, heading for the school. As they approach the door, she suddenly hesitates.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - DAY - 2008

Liz is seventeen again. She looks like hell, sitting in a booth, across from Arturo and HELENA, her mother. She is staring at a stack of paper. An autopsy report. No photos, nothing graphic - just a typed sheet of paper.

ARTURO

The toxicology report came straight from the medical examiner.

LIZ

Rosa was *clean*. She was clean for a year -- she was trying --

SMASH! A brick shatters the window beside the booth, showering glass over the family. Liz looks up, horrified. Outside, THREE TEENAGERS high-five, laugh.

TEEN ASSHOLE

Rosa was a murderer--

TEEN ASSHOLE #2

Go back to Mexico, murderers!

EXT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - **TODAY**

Max touches the small of Liz's back, pulling her out of the memory.

MAX

We don't have to. I'll explain it to Isobel. We can go--

Liz shakes her head. And then she reaches for his hand.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Maria does a palm reading for a classmate, Lindsay. From the bar.

LINDSAY

Ugh, *seriously?*

Maria looks up to see Liz enter. Murmurs begin around the room. *What's she doing here? ...the hell?*

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Can't believe she'd show her face.

Maria's digs her thumb into Lindsay's palm. Hard.

CONTINUED:

MARIA

I see you dying alone. Probably pretty soon. Of syphilis.

LINDSAY

Ugh. You're a total freak, Maria. You always have been.

She stands, walking away as--

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Max leads Liz over to the punch bowl, trying to ignore the stares and whispers -- but it's bad. She lets go of his hand.

LIZ

This was a stupid idea. This town--

MAX

I know.

Then -- the music changes. The Ace of Base song from the bar. Liz looks over to see Maria at the DJ booth. Maria shrugs at Liz. She starts to dance. Alone. Carefree. Totally weird.

Despite herself, Liz laughs. With a "to hell with it" look to Max, she straightens her shoulders, walks past the stares and the whispers, and joins her friend on the dance floor.

Fuck it. Liz starts to dance, too. Free. Easy. Like nothing hurts. Max watches, captivated by her. Like he's seventeen again... like nothing hurts.

ISOBEL

You told her.

She steps up next to Max. He nods, with a small, reassuring smile.

MAX

She wasn't angry, or scared. We can trust her. She'll keep the secret.

ISOBEL

How much did you say, Max?
(frustrated)
Did you tell her what else the handprint can do? That it's not just a gift, but it's also a curse?

MAX

She didn't need to know.
(then)

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)

And she can never find out about
Rosa. Ever.

INT. HANES HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kyle is still looking through the autopsies. Meticulously,
one after the other, he turns the pages.

HANES

Aliens killed all of these people.
Every last one of them.

Then... Kyle turns a page. He has a violent reaction.

HANES (CONT'D)

That's the most recent one. Ten
years ago. Rosa Ortecho.

Kyle drops the pages. He looks like he's going to be sick.
It's a full page photo of Rosa's face. Her eyes open in a
blank, dead stare, her hair matted and bloodied. And a
handprint, burned over her mouth, open in a frozen scream.

HANES (CONT'D)

The aliens are a violent race, son.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In a dark, secluded corner, Michael and Alex make out. When
they pause for a breath, Michael keeps his forehead pressed
to Alex's. Just staring at him. At peace.

HANES (V.O.)

The aliens came here to destroy
humanity. They hate the very things
that distinguish man from beast.

As Alex moves back in for a kiss.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Nick pulls Isobel onto the dance floor. The camera catches on
Liz, dancing, as she looks up to see Max watching her. She
smiles at him, and puts her hand over her heart.

He catches his breath, as if he can feel the touch from
across the room. He touches his own chest--

And then, *fuck it*. He starts walking toward Liz. Like there's
something pulling him to her, something undeniable.

HANES (V.O.)

Compassion. Empathy. Love.

CONTINUED:

Then, suddenly, the music stops. A strange sound rings out from above, clear as a bell --

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

At the sound, Michael suddenly breaks off from Alex, turning to the doors at the end of the hall. He recognizes the sound.

HANES (V.O.)

They are terrorists. And if we don't eliminate them, they will eliminate us.

AS A BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT FLOODS THE HALLWAY --

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The white light fills the gym, too, pouring in from the windows. Izzy pulls away from Nick, blinded. She calls Max's name, though we can't hear it--

And then -- an EXPLOSION. Similar to the one that we saw in 1947. The windows blow out. Fire burns. Screams echo. Liz is on the ground. Beside her, Maria is unconscious. There's fire pouring from the speakers. Liz tries to pull Maria free, but debris from the ceiling pins her leg down.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Michael opens his eyes in the hallway. Alex is... GONE.

INT. ROSWELL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

As Liz struggles to free Maria from the debris--

HANES (V.O.)

We are in the fight of our lives.
And Roswell is ground zero.

Max checks that Izzy is okay -- then looks to Liz.

Liz pulls Maria free, and drags her a few feet away from the fire. But just as relief is about to set in, Liz cries out in pain. A strange light under her shirt, visible--

She pulls her shirt aside. Her handprint is glowing -- hot red light making the skin sizzle and bubble. She looks to Max. Off their fear--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT