

Occupy Amber

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A cocktail party is in progress. AMBER, a thirty-year-old in the center, turns to the camera and speaks:

AMBER

Hi. I'm Amber. I'm an ordinary single thirty-one year-old. I lead a fairly normal life, have good friends, a nice job. Just another face in the crowd, right?

As we close in, she offers a devious grin.

AMBER

Wrong.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amber lays asleep in her bed.

AMBER (VO)

In truth, I am not Amber.

Her door creeps open.

AMBER (VO)

I am a visitor from a galaxy trillions of miles away. And three weeks ago I seized and occupied the body of Amber Gunderson.

Amber's body violently shakes.

Seconds later, she stops shaking.

Her eyes snap open, she rises and takes a look around.

INT. BACK YARD - DAY

At a barbecue, she glances around, studying faces.

AMBER (VO)

Since then I've been conducting an investigation of sorts, an assessment of this strange species known as homo sapiens.

Amber studies faces more closely.

She takes mental notes as she observes guys playing football, girls putting on makeup, a cook grilling ribs.

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AMBER (VO)

Simply put, I will be determining
the suitability of homo sapiens for
the next phase of our project.

More face studying.

AMBER (VO)

If, after my investigation is
complete, I've concluded that this
earthbound species are generally
honest, trustworthy creatures,
we'll prepare to engage with them,
communicating our basic needs and
building a rapport that will serve
as the basis for a lasting, ongoing
intergalactic relationship.

More observing of behavior. CUT TO:

AMBER (VO)

But if humans do not prove
themselves worthy of our trust and
respect...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amber again addresses the camera:

AMBER

Then I suppose we will have to kill
them.

With an indifferent shrug, she returns to the party.

CUT TO BLACK.