

MOONBOY

or

SAMSON

or

MOON MALL HIGH

"Departure"

an original television pilot

Written by

Jason Bradd

GENRE: Sci-Fi/Action-Adventure

COMPARABLE: *Harry Potter* on the moon.

SERIES LOGLINE: A young human-alien hybrid battles would-be captors in the galaxy's biggest trade hub--on our moon.

EPISODE LOGLINE: Samson discovers how dangerous being part alien can be.

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CAST LIST [z=Zeldan, ages proportional to human]

SAMSON- M, 12. The Moonboy, an human-alien hybrid. A tough kid.
DELLA- F, 30s. Sam's mother, ex-Army, a human, pro-alien.
VELVET- F, 10. Another hybrid. Sam's classmate.
HUE- F, 13. Sam's best Earth friend.

CONFEDERATES:

CALLUM- M, 50s. Double agent. Sam's mentor and quest-giver.
KRESH- M(z), 40s. Zeldan entrepreneur. Texas admirer.
NOMANTH- M(z), 30s. Zeldan smuggler. Another alien cowboy.

SAM'S FOSTER FAMILY:

MYNOT- F(z), late-30s. Zeldan homemaker. Sam's foster mom.
BISNOT- M(z), 18. Koral family son.
EPHIT- F(z), 5. Daughter of the Kresh family.

ANTAGONISTS:

FALLOR- M, 40s. Government agent on Earth.
GERTRUDE- F, 30s. Government agent on moon.
LOU- M, late 40s. Hue's dad. Reverend and District Prefect.
VERA- F, 40s. Hue's mom.

ACT ONE

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

A middle school engulfed by corn and pasture. Cows and more cows nibble at an old chain-link fence sign: ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER MIDDLE SCHOOL PROPERTY.

CAPTION: BORING, OREGON. 2065.

HUE, 13 and tall for her age, looks O.S. with concern. She hears SAMSON...a boy's voice, but one from tough streets. A city accent. Resolute.

SAMSON (O.S.)
(faint)
Leave him alone.

She walks--jogs--SPRINTS.

HUE
Not again.

SAMSON (V.O.)
I've always been a fighter. Samson! HUE

ANGLE ON: A FIGHT. Five big HIGH SCHOOL TEENS in varsity jackets surround a scrawny boy...JEFF, 13, who nurses a bloody nose. Nearby, cows look up, chew their cud.

SAMSON (V.O.)
I don't look for trouble. Just
can't pass by when it looks bad.

One teen, NICK, 17, points up, his fist clenched.

NICK
Get lost, kid. This *twerpa* dented
my hovercar.

JEFF
You ran into me!

NICK
You were in my spot!
(to O.S.)
Now move. He's gotta pay up.

Jeff sighs.

JEFF

Go away, Samson. They're gonna beat me up anyhow.

SAMSON, 12, stands above them all--because he's standing on the hood of the offending car. If Jeff is scrawny, Samson is miniscule. He wiggles tiny fists. He wears long hair, but not long enough to cover scars and bruises.

SAMSON

Don't be a fool, Ani. I have the higher ground.

NICK

Okay, all kidding aside, get off the hood. You're going to scratch the paint.

SAMSON

You should get out of here.

Jeff gets to his feet.

NICK

Yeah, try to outrun my car, geek.

SAMSON

I didn't mean him.
(points at Nick)
Beat it. Your school's up the street.

The Teens laugh. They're built like college linebackers.

HUE

(faint)
Samson!

NICK

All right. Lesson time, kid.

But Samson steps forward, digs in. The teens look at each other uncertainly.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Hue leads Samson out a door marked: VICE PRINCIPAL. Samson sports fresh cuts, bruises. BARLOW, 50s, stops at the door.

BARLOW

See you Monday detention, Samson.

SAMSON
Okay, Mr. Barlow.

They pass STUDENTS collecting things from their lockers.

HUE
You've got to stop fighting.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Hue means well. She lives on the other side of town and she's my age. That makes her my mom's snoop to keep me from fighting.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Samson and Hue walk into the sunlight.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Neither understand she only makes things worse. If she got hurt trying to stop some bozo, well, I'd get upset.

SAMSON
They were about to back off.

They pass the five teens receiving medical attention for minor cuts and bruises from PARAMEDICS at an AMBULANCE.

NICK
This ain't over, Samson.

SAMSON
No, you're done, Meat.

NICK
(gets up)
You little--

Samson makes to punch him and Nick FLINCHES. Teens LAUGH as Samson and Hue pass the paramedics.

PARAMEDIC #1
One tough kid. You treat him?

PARAMEDIC #2
Didn't want anything.

They scoff and chuckle. Paramedic #1 holds up an antiseptic swab to Nick. It's got a PINK BUTTERFLY on it.

PARAMEDIC #1
Now...this might sting....

Off Nick,

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Samson and Hue make their way through a throng of PARENTS who collect their CHILDREN.

HUE
Your mom's just trying to keep a
low profile.

SAMSON
Listen, Hue. Back off.

Hue falls back a pace, stung.

HUE
I just don't want you hurt.

They pass GOVERNMENT AGENT FALLOR, 40s, dressed unconvincingly as a parent. For those who can't sniff a Fed, he holds a finger to his EARPIECE.

AGENT (O.S., FILTERED)
(faint)
Station two. Check.

Fallor eyes Samson. Looks down at a SCANNER.

FALLOR
Check.

ON SAMSON. He hears a WHISPER. Shakes it off. He looks back at Fallor. Hue notices him too.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

They walk the shoulder of a two-lane road dividing more corn. A HOVERCAR speeds past.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Ever since the Zeldans found us the whole galaxy's at our door. But the government doesn't like it. Wants to keep the aliens off planet. Life hasn't changed much here except everyone's growing cattle and corn.

A pasture full of MOO-COWS.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Aliens love cattle and corn.

SAMSON
Who those Feds looking for?

HUE
Burger joint, mebbe.

EXT. MILLERS DRIVEWAY - DAY

A mailbox: THE MILLERS. Past it, in the shade of a tree sits a black hovercar. Samson and Hue turn into the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. HUE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Reverend LOU MILLER, late 40s, looks through the blinds as Hue leads Samson in. VERA MILLER, 40s, kisses Hue.

LOU
The G-Men ought just come in.
Honestly...

Hue and Vera know what's coming next:

LOU (CONT'D)
...where do they think
they're hiding?

HUE AND VERA
'...where do they think
they're hiding?'

VERA
They're from the city, Lou. Samson,
thank you for walking Hue--oh, look
at your face!

SAMSON
I'm fine, Mrs. Miller.

She hustles off to the bathroom.

VERA (O.S.)
I told you to keep him out of
fights!

SAMSON
I'm fine.

HUE
He's fine, Mom.

LOU
Once they clear those damned aliens
from our land...

Vera enters with antiseptic and applies it to Samson.

VERA
Hold still...
(to Lou)
...and YOU. Let them do their job.

LOU
God bless them.

Off Lou looking out the window,

CUT TO:

INT. MILLERS' GARAGE - DAY

Samson and Hue apply tools to her HOVER SCOOTER. Samson gives a screw a final turn, then pulls a box out of his bag.

HUE
You sure you know how to install
Zeldan grav converters?

SAMSON
This isn't Zeldan.

He opens the box. Among all the oily trash of the parts on the ground, the CONVERTER is tiny, black, sleek.

HUE
Samson. That's not...K'eo?!

SAMSON
If your parents ask, it's not.

Hue stands with her fists on her hips.

HUE
You've got to get that out of here.

SAMSON
No one will know, Hue. We'll put it
under the panel.

HUE
Those government agents are looking
for any excuse!

A wrench hits the garage door. Samson bolts upright and stands, furious, nose-to-chin with Hue.

SAMSON

First the fighting, and now you're in a twist all over a little import. *Chow krim* it, you're worse than your *mom*.

He tears off his gloves and huffs off. Hue SPITS at him.

HUE

Good riddance. *Twerpa!*

Samson FREEZES. Hue catches her breath. Samson glares over his shoulder, walks off....Hue picks up the wrench, sits with the converter....sighs. The door opens. Vera looks down the driveway, and exchanges a glance with Rue.

INT. SAMSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

DELLA, 30s, looks up from paperwork, sees Samson's face, hides her pride. Samson gets water from the refrigerator.

DELLA

How was school?

SAMSON

Business as usual.

DELLA

Thought we were looking for a new line of work.

SAMSON

Sorry, Mom.

Della smiles. Without rising, she opens a first aid kit. Pulls out a chair.

DELLA

Have a seat. Hmmm...some cream on this one.

SAMSON

Yeah. Hue's mom.

DELLA

Well, wasn't that nice of her? I found out at the office today I'm taking a trip east.

SAMSON

Another one?

DELLA

The Zeldans need visas. That's what travel agent's for.

SAMSON

How long this time?

DELLA

One week. At most!

She finishes applying a bandage and hugs Samson close to her.

INT. SAMSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samson, now with bandages, eases into bed. Della watches from the door.

DELLA

Sure you don't want me to tuck you in?

SAMSON

I'm gonna watch T.V.

He turns on his VIDWALL, a holographic screen which fills his wall with windows of programming. It garbles up as Della passes through it and kisses him.

SAMSON (V.O.)

The Zeldans were the first ones.

SAMSON

Darn Zeldan technology.

SAMSON (V.O.)

They're like us--boys and girls, maybe a little bigger and scaly.

DELLA

Not too much, okay?

SAMSON (V.O.)

Then word got out and every race from the far corner of the galaxy came to their moon base.

SAMSON

Yeah.

But his eyes are already dropping. The Vidwall images of alien movies, news reports...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - NIGHT (DREAM)

Outside Samson's house, but not outside. Somehow the bedroom, too. It's dark and stormy without rain. The vidwalls display a dozen windows of static.

Samson rises from bed without bandages. Looks beneath the bed. Crawls under...

INT. MOONSCAPE - NIGHT (DREAM)

Where he floats to the surface of the moon. The bedsprings above are littered with stars. He lands, and a puff of moondust drifts up. Samson speaks without talking.

SAMSON (O.S.)
Aren't the aliens up here?

A MAN'S VOICE, resonant, authoritative, answers.

MAN (O.S.)
I'm here.

SAMSON (V.O.)	SAMSON (O.S.)
I'm having the same dream again.	How come I can't see you?

MAN
It's time.

SAMSON (O.S.)
Time for what?

MAN (O.S.)
To come home.

A DARK PRESENCE stands behind Samson. He freezes.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Watch out.

He looks down. He's standing on the EDGE of a CLIFF. Below him falls the infinite expanse of space, the Earth a tiny dot below. He pinwheels his arms--FALLS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAMSON'S BEDROOM - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Samson, bandages askew, THROWS his bedspread off him, awake, sweating, breathing heavy.

He collects his breath and hears BACON sizzling. Looks at the Vidwall. Turned off, all he sees are pictures and posters.

Looks under the bed. Just baseball equipment and board games. FOOTSTEPS.

Della carries in a breakfast tray. Smiles at him.

DELLA

I thought you might like...

POV SAMSON: he is flooded by a dual perspective: he sees his mom talking to him, and he sees HIMSELF from her perspective. And he hears her thoughts LOUD.

DELLA (CONT'D)
...some breakfast. The eggs
are a little runny....

DELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
YOU BETTER GET UP SOON OR
YOU'RE GOING TO MISS YOUR
BUS.

Samson SCREAMS, covering his ears. Della drops the tray.

DELLA (CONT'D)
What is it? What's wrong?

DELLA (CONT'D)
SAMSON'S HURT HIS HEAD.

SAMSON

Stop it, Mom! Get away.

POV SAMSON: A dual-perspective carnival ride, as both he and his mother superimpose each other.

DELLA

Where are you hurt?

SAMSON

Quit screaming!

DELLA

What?

SAMSON

Quit thinking so LOUD!

As sudden realization strikes Della,

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WING - DAY**

Della's car SQUEALS past the turnout. She HONKS to get through two ambulances and floors past PEDESTRIANS, who dive out of her way.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - DAY

Samson, woozy, looks as the hospital passes. Props himself up, winces. Discovers his arm has a bloody BANDAGE.

SAMSON

Mom. Whaj ya do to me?

DELLA

Tranquilizer. You hear anything?

SAMSON (BEAT)

No. But you passed. Hospital.

DELLA

Tracer Six. Tracer Six. This is Seti.

Samson head wobbles to his mom. His face is blissful.

SAMSON

You sound funny. Wa waz
trankilizer?

She talks into a headset. She opens the sun roof...

EXT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

...and sticks an antenna out.

DELLA (O.S.)

Tracer six. Seti has a pickup.

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - DAY

Fallor, grim, wears sunglasses, stands next to the vehicle. Listens to the radio.

DELLA (O.S., FILTERED)

Repeat. I have a pickup.

He motions to two other AGENTS.

FALLOR
Get in. Go! Go!

He dials as they enter the hovercar.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - DAY

Della struggles to steer while holding the antenna out. KRESH has a thick, deep voice.

KRESH (O.S., FILTERED)
Copy, Seti. Got a full boat here.

DELLA
I hear that, Six. Pickup is hot.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - DAY

Fallor yells on the phone as the transmission plays in the cabin.

DELLA (O.S., FILTERED)
Hate to do this to you.

FALLOR (TO PHONE)
Send all units--
(to driver)
Would you--drive! Faster.
(to phone)
Where do you think?

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - CONTINUOUS

The road snakes its way through an endless wilderness. Far on the horizon a LAUNCHPAD can be seen, a tiny SHIP upright, pinpoints of light visible even in daylight.

INT. SPACE FREIGHTER - DAY

Kresh prods cattle into pens. He wears a big cowboy hat, a red bandana, and talks on an enormous phone. He's ZELDAN, which are big lizardy humans with a fondness for Texas.

KRESH
Glad to meet you in person, Seti.

DELLA (O.S., FILTERED)
Tracer...I got to drop this one.
It's...special delivery.

Kresh's ears perk up. He's an alien, so literally.

KRESH
Aaaahhh. It's that time?

He pulls a leather strap off of his SPACE BLASTER.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - DAY

Della's eyes tear up. The antenna wobbles in her grasp.

DELLA
I-I'll see you soon. Out.

She lets the antenna fall, shaken.

SAMSON (O.S.)
Mom...?

She looks in the rear-view. Samson is dopey, but not enough to miss seeing his mom cry. She smiles and wipes her eyes.

DELLA
It's okay, honey.

She adjusts the mirror--and stares hard. An edge creeps into her voice.

DELLA (CONT'D)
Strap in, okay?

THE MIRROR. HOVERCARS close in. Flash red lights.

SAMSON (O.S.)
H'mmokay....

INT. DELLA'S CAR - DAY

Della punches a button on her GPS. Sets the vehicle's transmission dial to ALL-TERRAIN. The CLICK of the belt, and she twists the wheel--

EXT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

--into the corn! Her car loses speed until she cuts into a path. She motors on--

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - DAY

--while Fallor's car gives chase. He looks to the cars left and right.

AGENT

We're not going to be able to--

FALLOR

Pick up speed! Pick up speed!

The driver FLOORS it--

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

--and the hovercars bump awkwardly off the road, bounce to the corn--and can't plow through.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - CONTINUOUS

Fallor and the Agents LURCH to a stop, the entire cabin at an angle.

FALLOR

Back! Back. Go around!

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

As the hovercars wiggle their way out...

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Hue drags her hover scooter out of the garage. She wears a leather helmet and a pink backpack with a unicorn on it.

VERA (O.S.)

Make that helmet's fit TIGHT! It IS!

HUE

VERA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And don't go too fast!

HUE (CONT'D)

I'm NOT!

She sinches the helmet strap. Powers on. Putt-putt-putters down the driveway, barely faster than walking.

EXT. STATE ROUTE 16 - DAY

The scooter ambles along the side. A car WHIZZES by. She sighs, looks down. A garter snake slips past her. Cattle behind the fence chew, look at her again, chew more.

A strand of hair falls over her face. She has both hands on the controls. Tries to tilt her hair that way. Won't move. BLOWS air up her face. No go. Blows hard. HARDER.

WHOOSH! Della's car TEARS from the corn to the left, BUSTS the fence in front of the pasture in front of Hue. Its wake clears Hue's face and she sees Samson stare out the window.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hue's voice RATTLES in his head.

HUE (O.S., DISTORTED)
Samson?

SAMSON
Hue?

EXT. HUE'S SCOOTER - CONTINUOUS

Hue's eyes LIGHT UP. She smiles wide.

HUE
You forgave me!

Della's car pushes through the pasture.

HUE (CONT'D)
Take me, too....

Della's car speeds away. Hue sets her jaw. Pulls WWI AVIATOR GOGGLES over her eyes. POPS the panel off her scooter. PRIMES a lever several times. We hear an engine spin faster. She presses a red button: TURBO.

She SPEEDS after Della's car--just as a huge SUV PLOWS through the corn, releasing a stream of GOVERNMENT HOVERCARS.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - DAY

Fallor and the two agents jolt against their restraints as the craft tumbles over both sides of the road.

FALLOR
Get. On. Solid. Ground.

It hits pasture and the driver floors it. They look ahead at the little scooter in front of them.

FALLOR (CONT'D)
What now...?

As an agent grabs the loudspeaker handset,

CUT TO:

EXT. PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Hue's scooter surfs a wave of government hovercars behind her. She sneaks a look back as they gain on her.

AGENT (O.S., LOUD, FILTERED)
Girl on scooter. Pull aside. We are
federal agents in pursuit--

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - CONTINUOUS

Fallor snatches the handset away.

FALLOR (TO MICROPHONE)
Get--get out of the way. Now!

EXT. PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Hue's scooter squirts ahead. Coughs a burst of smoke.

FALLOR (O.S., FILTERED)
Pull aside!

Hue grits her teeth and cranks the throttle...

ANGLE ON: THE PURSUIT. She weaves side to side as hovercars try to pass, her scooter now HICCUPING smoke.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Samson blinks and SHAKES the dopeyness from his head. He watches Hue struggle through the back window.

DELLA
How's she even keeping up?

SAMSON
Mom, stop!

DELLA
Honey, we can't!

SAMSON
They'll run her over.

She sees the launchpad in the distance. Bites her lip.

EXT. HUE'S SCOOTER - DAY

The bumper of a government hovercar edges up to the back of Hue's scooter, now bleeding smoke.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - DAY

Samson spins to face Della

DELLA
(crying)
We have to keep going.

A torrent of WHISPERING VOICES. Samson cocks his head.

SAMSON
MOM! To the right!

Della's eyes flash WIDE and she cranks the wheel left.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Like a panther in the brush two more hovercars leap from the forest--swerve and miss Della's car.

Hue turns in pursuit. The hovercars behind her bump and grind into each other as they fumble to adjust their course.

INT. GOVERNMENT HOVERCAR - CONTINUOUS

Fallor alternately SWATS the driver and screams through his headset.

FALLOR
Left! Get away from us! Speed up!

INT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Samson UNBUCKLES. Slides to his door. Hue's scooter nears. Her voice WHISPERS incoherently in his head.

SAMSON

Slow a little. Her scooter's almost done.

Della glances in her side mirror. The hovercars are close.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Hue's scooter pulls up to Della's car as the side door SLIDES open. The hovercars bump and grind behind Hue.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Samson howls against the burning wind.

SAMSON

Get ready!

He looks back at the pursuit. Voices WHISPER in his head.

DELLA

I'll run into her!

Samson looks at Hue. He twists his hands in the air.

Hue twists the throttle. FIRE from the back of her scooter.

SAMSON

NOW!

Della turns the wheel.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The scooter IGNITES and squirts forward. Hue leaps and Samson pulls her in. The flaming scooter tumbles back--

Into the path of the two forest hovercars. They swerve--

Into the rest of the pursuit. They COLLIDE.

Della's car straightens, takes a road back into the forest...

INT. DELLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

...and the door closes, leaving the cabin quiet. Hue finds herself in Samson's arms. A moment as they breathe hard.

DELLA (O.S.)

Hue! Are you okay?

Hue sits up and pulls her helmet off.

HUE

Mrs. O'Shea! Yes, thanks for the,
um, ride.

(beat, hisses)

Samson. What did your mom do?

Off Samson's expression,

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT**

Della's car purrs through the wooded depths. The launchpad looms close.

INT. DELLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Samson and Hue sleep. Della checks her own eyes in the rear-view, wipes them. Sniffles. Samson awakens.

SAMSON

Yes, Mom?

She chokes up.

DELLA

You heard that, hunh?

SAMSON

I guess so.

Hue wakes up.

DELLA

Hue. Look, you stay here and I'll drive you right home after.

HUE

I don't think that's a good idea.

DELLA

What?

HUE

There were G-Men outside our house yesterday. They'll find you.

SAMSON

Hue's dad would talk with them. You have to come with me.

Della looks back. An enigmatic smile.

DELLA

Come on.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The forest ends a few miles before the launchpad. Floodlights burn the fields white. Helicopters and hovercars idle along the road between the forest and the rocket. Della stops on a side road beneath some trees.

They get out, and duck behind a bush as a helicopter passes overhead, bathing the woods in light. They scoot through some brush. Della punches her GPS.

HUE

Where are we going?

DELLA

Kresh hid a hovercar nearby.
Faster. Give me your hand.

She leads them....

EXT. HOVERCAR CACHE - NIGHT

...near a shed with a huge bundle under canvas. A HOVERCAR peeks through. Della approaches, but Samson pulls her back.

SAMSON

Look.

In the darkness another hovercraft humms. Shadows shift behind its foggy windows: two PATROLMEN.

HUE

They got it staked out.

DELLA

Samson, can you get us past?

Samson closes his eyes. Hears whispers.

INT. HOVERCAR - NIGHT

The patrolmen glance out the window occasionally, but are more preoccupied with their SMARTPHONES. One of them laughs.

PATROLMAN #1

The squirrel is chasing the bear.

Patrolman #2 guffaws as three shadows slip toward the car.

PATROLMAN #2

My sister sent me this one. It's in
the desert so everything's bright.
Squint your eyes.

Patrolman #1 does. The cab FLOODS with light from outside.

PATROLMAN #1

Whoa. That is bright.

A WILD HUM from outside. They both look up...

PATROLMAN #2

Hunh?

...and twist as a hovercraft speeds past them....

EXT. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A military COMMANDER receives a RADIO from a SOLIDER.

PATROLMAN #1 (O.S., FILTERED)

Commander, they got the vehicle!
They're on their way.

COMMANDER

Blast it!
(to all)
EVERYONE! Move OUT!

EXT. BACK GATE - NIGHT

The only dark part of the site. Kresh looks through
binoculars...sees the hovercar cut through the grain.

KRESH

Get ready to open the gate!

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

The hovercar slides powerfully through like a hand over fur.

INT. HOVERCAR - NIGHT

Della looks desperately back.

DELLA

Okay, listen. I'm going to catch
the next flight up.

SAMSON

You're hiding something. Why can't you come up?

DELLA

You'll find out when you get there.

They pass over a bump. Everyone jostles. Light shines in from the side.

DELLA (CONT'D)

I promise I'll join you after--

A distant BOOM, and a MISSILE flies past the hood.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Get down!

EXT. BACK GATE - CONTINUOUS

Kresh drops his binoculars, his ears raised.

KRESH

They're firing. OPEN THE GATES!

The area FLOODS with lights. Motors WHIRR as the gates open.

INT. HOVERCAR - NIGHT

Hue sees the lights of the back gate glow in the distance.

HUE

There! It's too far.

Tracer bullets whizz past. Della swerves to the side as the sides of the car dent inward from the projectiles. She looks...

HER POV: Hovercrafts and helicopters close in on her.

SAMSON. He shuts his eyes. WHISPERING.

SAMSON

Mom! You have to get out of range.

DELLA

They're too fast!

SAMSON

The gate's too close to them. You have to hit the fence farther away.

EXT. BACK GATE - NIGHT

Kresh watches the dim light of the hovercar veer away.

KRESH
Move south! They're going to crash
the fence.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

The government vehicles zip past, trampling brush aside.

INT. HOVERCAR - NIGHT

Della sees the fence near.

DELLA
Are you strapped in?

SAMSON
Yes.

Della snaps her head back.

DELLA
Samson. You know I love you.

SAMSON
I--

Della whips her head back to the fence.

DELLA
Brace!

Samson and Hue clutch the straps. The hovercar CRASHES into the fence, throwing the cabin into chaos--

EXT. BUSTED FENCE - NIGHT

The hovercraft lies at an angle, smoking, burning. Inside the fence perimeter, vehicles screech to a halt. Kresh and several ZELDANS pour out.

KRESH
Get them before it blows!

But the hovercar's doors GRIND open, metal against metal. Samson pushes Hue out. He looks at Kresh.

SAMSON
My mom's wedged in!

A Zeldan advances with a crowbar and WRENCHES the driver's door open. Kresh dives in and helps Della out.

KRESH
She's okay! Get the boy inside.

SAMSON
Wait.

Lights wash over his face and a few bullets ZING in the air. Kresh and other Zeldans turn and face the approaching government cars, their weapons drawn.

DELLA
Go, Samson! I'll be there.

SAMSON
I'm not leaving you--!

More BULLETS. The Zeldan's fire back.

KRESH
Take cover!

Samson dives, but crawls toward Della. She looks at him. A last soft smile.

DELLA
Take him!

Zeldan HANDS swoop in and GRAB Samson--just as bullets HIT where he was. Kresh pulls Della and Hue the other way.

EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT

The sounds of battle receding. A huge Zeldan, NOMANTH, carries Samson like a sack of grain.

SAMSON
Take me back! She can go with us.

NOMANTH
She's staying here with her kind.
You're going up to see yours.

SAMSON
I'm human!

NOMANTH

And I'm Zeldan. And bigger than
you. We do what yer mom wants.

He takes off his massive cowboy hat and plops it over
Samson's head.

SAMSON

Oof! You guys stink!

NOMANTH

And you'll be flying in my ship.

SAMSON

Your ship? What about Kresh?

NOMANTH

Name's Nomanth, and you won't be
flying in that cattle car. It burns
radar. You'll be flying in *style*.

Nomanth stops proudly in front of...

EXT. NOMANTH'S RIG - NIGHT

...a dilapidated capsule standing upright. Smoke hisses from
its posterior. Samson peeks under the cowboy hat.

SAMSON

That thing flies?

NOMANTH

That's the Wee Warthog. And it
flies faster than snot from your
nose! OPEN UP, Wart!

The door opens to BRIGHT LIGHT, and Nomanth carries Samson
toward it. All Samson sees in the darkness are torn clods of
dirt and grass replaced by stainless steel steps. The last
earth he sees as the door WHIRRS shut. BANG.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. BUSTED FENCE - NIGHT**

ZELDANS advance from their bunkers, holding BLASTERS at HUMAN SOLDIERS, who retreat at the call:

COMMANDER (O.S.)
That's Zeldan ground. Cease fire!

A THUNDEROUS ROAR. Della and Hue stand as behind them the Wee Warthog ROCKETS into the air. On their reaction,

CUT TO:

INT. WEE WARTHOG - NIGHT

A giant JUMP SEAT engulfs Samson, who clutches its arms. The straps are as tight as they can get, and TRASH presses against him and the back wall from high g-force. He strains to peer out a side porthole. Clouds SHOOT by.

SAMSON (V.O.)
My first trek into the stars.

Samson's face turns GREEN. Ahead, he sees the back of Nomanth in his seat, a crowded instrument panel, and Earth's atmosphere tear at the windshield.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Maybe my last.

The capsule ROCKS and the porthole blazes with fire. Nomanth cackles.

NOMANTH
Only six or seven hundred more
miles of AA missiles before we
clear radar, buckeroo!

The capsule JOLTS with a bone-shaking blast. Samson's head whips to the side.

EXT. BUSTED FENCE - NIGHT

Della and Hue watch as, far outside the launch pad, anti-aircraft missiles fire from a SAM vehicle. Della clutches at Kresh's gun.

DELLA
Fire back!

He wrenches the gun away.

KRESH

We have no authority outside the perimeter. Don't worry. Nomanth's done this dozens of times.

He winces as a missile erupts in the sky.

KRESH (CONT'D)

Come on! We got to get you out while they're distracted.

Della and Hue follow helplessly as we

CUT TO:

EXT. WEE WARTHOG - NIGHT

The ship speeds through clouds, buffeted back and forth by MISSILE EXPLOSIONS.

INT. WEE WARTHOG - NIGHT

Samson's body snaps left and right against his restraints.

SAMSON (V.O.)

Now I know how that little ball in a spray can feels like.

Nomanth, tense at the controls.

NOMANTH

Just a little bit more...!

Several missiles explode. The cabin, on the verge of breaking apart...instead breaks through the clouds. SPACE. Stars shine in a sea of ink.

Nomanth CUTS the engines. Samson, surrounded now by floating TRASH, lets go of the seat. He lets his arms and legs drift. Turns his head...outside the porthole, missiles explode harmlessly in the distance.

SAMSON (V.O.)

My first trip into space. As exciting as two days of Zeldan B.O. and eating bags of alien convenience store food get.

TIME CUT TO:

Nomanth helps Samson adjust his MOON SUIT.

SAMSON (V.O.)
 ...and hours and hours drilling
 with the moon suit. Everything a
 boy needs to keep, well, growing up
 when there's no "up" to grow.

Nomanth LOCKS Moon Boots on Samson's leggings until the
 buttons light. Then presses buttons on the wrist pad.

NOMANTH
 The suit recreates gravity so your
 body feels normal. Make sure it's
 always on. Even a few days without
 gravity, and your body reacts. Bad.

TIME CUT TO:

Nomanth swigs some kind of SPACE WHISKEY, guffaws.

SAMSON (V.O.)
 But mostly I listened to
 Nomanth's stories. More like
 tried to sleep past them. I
 don't know what they put in
 those Zeldan flasks, but it
 prevents those lizard lips
 ever from closing.

NOMANTH
 (faint)
 ...we had no fuel and
 freighters chased us through
 atmo, the women cried, and we
 just said, "The Fighting
 Forty-Seventh never stops
 fighting!" You remember when
 I told you, Samson, about the
 time in the space marines
 when....

EXT. WEE WARTHOG - SPACE

The tiny capsule rounds the dark side of the moon...all grey
 rock, black space...unimaginable stretches of zero....

SAMSON (V.O.)
 My first look at Reevak....

INT. WEE WARTHOG - SPACE

Samson's bored face LIGHTS UP...

EXT. REEVAK MOON BASE - SPACE

...at a GLOWING CITY underneath a bubble dome appears, a real-
 life snow-shaker dome thingy with spindly lit buildings,
 floating FREIGHTERS, luxury SATELLITES, hundreds of flashing,
 floating BILLBOARDS...

SAMSON (V.O.)
 ...a giant SPACE MALL...

INT. REEVAK LANDING TERMINAL - DAY

...on the ground now, a spaceport, the tumult of a crowd of ALIENS...mostly Zeldan wearing a mish-mash of moonsuits and cowboy gear. But a dozen other RACES of all different colors, sizes. Samson's eyes are wide and his thoughts are crowded with exotic WHISPERS. Nomanth leads him through...

INT. CUSTOMS CONTROL - DAY

...the crowds to LINES of aliens waiting to push past Zeldan CUSTOMS OFFICIALS. Samson notices one line with a group of SHADOWY CREATURES, whose shape and appearance change when they near a column, a wall, an exotic potted plant...

SAMSON
 What are those?!

NOMANTH
 They are the K'eo. They discovered us--my home planet--*daka* ago. Old folk--can't hear, can't speak. They talk through their minds and take on the form of whatever they touch.

SAMSON
 They can hear our thoughts?

CALLUM, 50s, human, listens from the other side of a column.

NOMANTH (O.S.)
 They're all right! Your folk don't trust them, but that's because they keep secrets. Banned from Earth. Come on.

Callum watches them step forward, pulls his jacket aside and checks the BLASTER in a hidden holster beneath.

SAMSON
 Where are we going?

EXT. KORAL FRONT PORCH - DAY

MYNOT KORAL, Zeldan woman, opens the door and engulfs Samson in her lizardy arms, flicking his ear with her forked tongue.

MYNOT

He-ll-l-looo you must be Samson!
Come in!

INT. KORAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

A tiny home for large Zeldans. Like their dress, a melange of shabby space chic and Tex-Mex. BISNOT, teenaged male Zeldan, stoops under the low ceiling with EPHIT, young female Zeldan, perky, at his side.

MYNOT

This is Bisnot, my son. You two will be sharing a room.

BISNOT

You get the bottom bed.

MYNOT

H'mm. And Ephie, she's--

EPHIT

Very pleased to meet you, human!

She shakes Samson's hand. She's exactly his size.

EPHIT (CONT'D)

He's *twerpa*. Shouldn't he be going to my school, mama?

MYNOT

Hush.

Nomanth nudges Samson, still reeling from the "twerpa" jab.

SAMSON

I am very pleased to meet all of you. Your home is lovely.

MYNOT

How *gi*! Bisnot, show him your room.

Bisnot pushes Samson down a corridor. Nomanth stops him and offers his hand.

NOMANTH

Goodbye, young man. May our paths cross again.

SAMSON

What--I thought this was your home!

Nomanth GUFFAWS.

NOMANTH

No one ties me down! Sorry, ma'am.
Anywho, I've got more deliveries.

(he leans in, ominous)

And Samson, remember: watch out for
other humans. Government agents
won't stop at anything to take you
back. Get up, go to school, come
straight home, stay here.

(tips hat cheerily)

Delighted, ma'am.

SAMSON

But....

He leaves. Samson, suddenly alone, faces the indifferent face
of Bisnot.

BISNOT

Let's get this over with.

INT. BISNOT'S ROOM - DAY

A messy teen-aged room. Alien sports teams fight over a
square GRIBNOT ball on posters. Samson looks down. The floor
and walls are festooned with bright TAPE in a narrow path
leading to the bunk bed and to the bathroom.

BISNOT

If you cross the lines you'll be
sorry. No talking for any reason.
Chow's at SolarRise and when we go
to school, no talking ever.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BISNOT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Samson lies with the covers tucked under his chin. Above him
the bedsprings sag and STRETCH as they bear the ponderous
weight of Bisnot, who snores straight away. Samson sighs,
wide awake. Looks out the window. On the moon's horizon a
distant sliver of EARTH glows brightly. He turns on his side,
fixes his eyes on it....

EXT. BORING, OREGON FOREST - DAY

Rain pelts a camouflaged tarp covered in moss and twigs. Hue
approaches, whistles three times, enters...

INT. DELLA'S TARP - DAY

...and Della puts the safety on her pistol and stows it away. Shivering, cold, miserable, she accepts a steaming THERMOS Hue hands her.

DELLA

Thank you, Hue. I'll risk sneaking home today to get some things.

HUE

Are you crazy? I've seen six hovercars just between here and home. You can't go here.

DELLA

Okay. I'll figure out, something. Thank you.

Hue takes a peek outside, and settles next to Della.

HUE

I have youth camp in Sisters starting Friday. A whole week. If we can get you on the bus you'll at least be out of town.

DELLA

Hue, honey, I can't let you help me like that.

HUE

I've known you and Samson since forever. I don't agree with what those G-men and my par...what everyone else is doing. It won't be hard and it'll get you closer to being with....

She sniffles. Della takes her in her arms.

DELLA

Thank you, honey.

Off of Hue,

CUT TO:

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

A bright and sunny day (beneath the moon's tinted dome). Samson and Bisnot stand like chums outside Mynot's hovercraft.

MYNOT

Have a great first day, Samson!

SAMSON

Thank you, Mrs. Koral.

She leans out and flicks her tongue across Samson's face, waves, drives off. Samson turns to Bisnot, who shakes his head, a reptilian finger shushing him.

They walk past alien teenagers of all kinds--mostly Zeldan. They hang out in groups, each sharing the same style of clothing, or playing HOLOGRAPHIC GAMES with their portable devices, or share HOLOGRAPHIC VIDEOS and IMAGES with each other....

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL LOBBY - DAY

Everything seems like an Earth school, including inside the door when Samson turns to Bisnot...

SAMSON

So where do I go?

Bisnot only smiles and enters, catching up with two other ZELDAN TEENS. A bell CRASHES, startling Samson. He's alone.

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Samson shuffles past a human JANITOR mopping GREEN OOZE seeping from a locker. Samson stops, opens his mouth--thinks better of it. The Janitor ignores him, his mop smoking as it pushes more ooze around. As Samson turns a corner, the Janitor sets his broom against the wall. Opens his jacket. His BLASTER HUMMS to life.

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL BREEZEWAY - DAY

Samson wanders past a classroom. ZELDAN WHISPERS crowd his head, fade as he passes. School announcements for GRIBNOT game TONIGHT 19PM line the walls. Ahead, sounds of a SCUFFLE. Behind a door. Samson walks faster. Looks at his wristpad. Presses the GLOVE ICON. It shows an array of choices in alien language. Picks one. His gloves become transparent. Picks another. They shrivel and TOUGHEN. He smiles.

SAMSON (V.O.)

Well, this is one way to find the principal's office.

He walks with determination....

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

A place with sinks and many strange porcelain receptacles. A group of huge ZELDAN GIRLS menace VELVET, 10. Velvet's complexion changes with everything she touches--porcelain skin here, brick here.

ZELDAN GIRL #1
C'mon, why won't you talk?

ZELDAN GIRL #2
All we want is tech, little girl.

Samson stops. "Girl?" He looks up at the icon on the door--it shows four ambiguously shaped humanoid figures.

ZELDAN GIRL #1 (O.S.)
Show us some.

Velvet's eyes lock on Samson, and Samson hears clear as speaking:

VELVET (O.S.)
Halp!

Samson looks at the Zeldan's moonsuits--exactly like his. Presses the RED BUTTON on the wristpad of one of them. A WHIRR as it powers down.

ZELDAN GIRL #1
What...?

Samson grabs her by the belt and, now that she weighs less, SMASHES her against the wall. When he reaches for another wristband, however, another Zeldan Girl grabs him. Samson punches her in the face. Samson YELPS with pain.

ZELDAN GIRL #2
(laughs)
You hit me with *grippa* hands?

A mechanical WHINE. They all look up at Callum, in his Janitor clothes, his gun aimed at them. He grits his teeth, rasps:

CALLUM
Which one of you *ladies* broke my wall?

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY**

Callum shoves Samson and Velvet in a stall.

CALLUM
Stay here, Samson.

Samson and Velvet squirm. Samson gawks at the unknowable porcelain vessels, dispensers. Meets Velvet's eyes, hears her thoughts.

VELVET (O.S.)
You okay?

Velvet's skin turns to the painted steel of the stall.

SAMSON
What's with your skin?

Velvet frowns.

VELVET (V.O.)
You can't do it? And why talk?

A CRASH. Samson looks out--

Zeldan Girl #2 holds her mitts up. Callum looms over her.

ZELDAN TEEN #2
Callum, oh no, Mr. Callum. We were
just talking and this boy--

CALLUM
Get your friend up.

Samson looks at Velvet, who has not stopped looking at him.

VELVET (V.O.)
Your mind's funny.

They are both YANKED from the stall. The Zeldans hustle out.

CALLUM
And what are you going to say about
this...?

ZELDAN GIRLS
Nothing, sir!

CALLUM
That's right.
(to Velvet)
And you. Normal!

Velvet frowns, but her steel skin becomes a normal moon suit.

VELVET
That was normal.

CALLUM
Go to class and quit showing off.

She pouts, turns, looks over her shoulder. Her thoughts:

VELVET (O.S.)
See you, Samson.

SAMSON
Bye....

CALLUM
No mind-talking around me!

Callum looks at the broken wall and sink. Scoffs.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
Well, come on, kid.

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL BREEZEWAY - DAY

Callum takes Samson by the arm, but Samson pulls back.

SAMSON
I'm not going with you!

CALLUM
You're going to register. Then
you're going to class.

SAMSON
You're taking me to class?

CALLUM
Of course! What did you think?

SAMSON
Who are you?

CALLUM
Who'd I look like? I'm the janitor.

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL STAIRS - DAY

Samson digs in. Callum stops.

SAMSON
No. You called me my name.

CALLUM
Only after she did. Velvet.

SAMSON
No. Before.

Callum rolls his eyes. Pushes Samson down the stairs.

INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL BASEMENT - DAY

Samson resists every step of the way. Pipes and steam and dirty bare floors.

SAMSON
They don't register for classes here! You're here to kidnap me.

Callum unlocks a door and pushes Samson inside--

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Callum lets go of Samson and shuts the door behind him.

CALLUM
I'm here to save you from getting nabbed. Now be quiet.

Samson listens for Callum's thoughts, hears no whispers. Callum pulls a metal LOOP around his neck above his collar.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
Inhibitor ring. This one makes my thoughts mine. If we put it on you, you can't hear us.

SAMSON
You followed me?

CALLUM
I was on leave on the Earth base. Got the call from Nomanth.

SAMSON
You know him?

CALLUM

We've been waiting for you for a while, kid. We just didn't know you had to come alone.

SAMSON

Why am I here? Why isn't my mom here with me?

Callum knocks twice on the wall. An invisible panel opens, and he unlocks it. Pulls a file and breaks its seal. Squats next to Samson and pulls out a photo of BRISTOL, 5.

CALLUM

That's your sister, Callum. Her name's Bristol.

SAMSON

I don't have a sister.

CALLUM

She's your half-sister. Just a couple years younger than you.

Samson points to the picture.

SAMSON

She's not that old.

CALLUM

It's the last one your mom had of her. We didn't know what kind of genetic testing they were doing those days. When your genetic sequence came up alien, they came to take you away. Your mother couldn't save you both--

Callum stops.

SAMSON

What?

CALLUM

They have camps on Earth, boy. Places you don't want to go. Your mother joined us so we could find your sister. Now that you're safe, she's lookin' full time.

Callum sits Samson next to him.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

My name is Lieutenant Callum of the United Earth Army. I'm the first and, as far as I know, only double agent trying to save alien humans like you. You and I have to work together to keep you safe.

SAMSON

How many kids like me are there?

Callum chuckles.

CALLUM

Dozens more. Some here, like Velvet. We don't always know how. The alien way of making more aliens is sometimes...complicated. But you're different, Samson.

SAMSON

How?

CALLUM

We're not sure yet. We had to wait until you came of age.

Callum stands. Samson's face is hot.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

But all that's for another time. We got more pressing matters. Someone or someones after you.

Callum pushes a brick in the wall with his open hand. It OUTLINES his hand. A rush of air. Callum walks THROUGH the wall....

SAMSON

Hey, wait....

Samson faces the wall, puts his hand out--and Callum's hand PULLS him in--

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY

--to a bright chamber half as big as a high-school gymnasium in rough brick, vidwalls, a laboratory, communications equipment, etc. Everything a spy agency needs.

CALLUM

Welcome to your after-school activity, Samson. This is where your real training will happen.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. MOON SCHOOL CENTRAL OFFICE - DAY

Samson receives his class schedule from the SECRETARY.

CALLUM (O.S.)

By day you will take your normal classes. And stay out of trouble.

INT. MOON SCHOOL HOMEROOM - DAY

Samson stares as a TEACHER adds to a growing pile of BOOKS.

CALLUM (O.S.)

You'll need to, because school among the aliens is advanced. Your mom said you're smart, and you'll need to be. These breeds eat calculus at kindergarten, and "teenage" to them runs dozens of years old to centuries.

Zeldan GIRLS smirk as the pile reaches higher than Samson.

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY

Callum, now in a trim moon suit, faces Samson in a padded SPARRING ARENA off to the side.

CALLUM

Here I will teach you movement in low gravity. As you found out, a moon suit's gravity settings can be adjusted...lower for movement...

He presses his wristpad and LEAPS to the ceiling, then floats downward.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

...and higher for stability....

Samson pushes on him as hard as he can, but can't budge Callum.

TIME CUT TO:

Samson tumbles through the air, landing with an "OOF!" on the padded floor.

CALLUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Before you learn to strike, you
 must learn to throw. Before you
 learn to throw, you'll learn to
 fall.

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Callum, in janitor's gear, explains to Samson

CALLUM
 You'll be on your own most of the
 day. You'll need to be observant.
 Agents will wear inhibitor collars
 so relying on your telepathy will
 only endanger you.

EXT. MOON MALL - DAY

Samson walks with Mynot and Bisnot, shopping. Samson watches the passing aliens, his eyes scanning where they look, how they talk, where they walk....

CALLUM (O.S.)
 Different aliens are the same as
 different human cultures. They have
 different practices, different
 tempos of walking. Watch them.

Samson's eyes widen. He sees a SHIFTY ZELDAN pull a wallet from an unsuspecting ZELDAN MARK and walk on by. As the shifty Zeldan approaches, Samson turns Mynot in conversation so her purse is on the other side.

CALLUM (O.S., CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 That's how you'll know who's
 chasing you. It could be anyone,
 any race.

The shifty Zeldan walks by, glaring at Samson.

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY

Callum sits with Samson in front of a table full of Agency photographs.

CALLUM

Try to remember that first day.
That would be the most likely time
for the U.E. to send their team.
Remember when you landed.

INT. REEVAK LANDING TERMINAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bits and flashes of Samson's first view of aliens in the
spaceport.

CALLUM (O.S.)

What do you see?

SAMSON (O.S.)

I'm not sure. It was so long ago.

CALLUM (O.S.)

Anything strike you?

SAMSON (O.S.)

There was a group of K'eo--

CALLUM (O.S.)

Okay, what else?

END MONTAGE.

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY (RETURN TO PRESENT)

Samson, thinking hard, frustrated.

SAMSON

No, nothing. There were too many
faces.

CALLUM

Keep looking at the albums. You're
doing well! How's your foster
family.

SAMSON

I'll be happier when Mom is here.
Have you heard from her?

Off Callum's gruff face,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (EARTH)

The outer lot of a shopping mall or grocery store. A bus with the last parents kissing and bundling their children. They head to their cars. Hue rushes out and calls back in.

CALLUM (O.S.)
Not yet. Give her time.

HUE
Just a minute, Mrs. Templeton! I forgot my medicine.

Hue struggles with the latch to the baggage compartment...

INT. BUS BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...and hands Della, crammed behind a bunch of children's luggage, a water bottle.

HUE
Here, I almost forgot. Are you okay?

DELLA
(muffled)
Thanks.

HUE
Last time we made a stop right outside of camp. I'll let you out there.

VERA (O.S.)
Hue!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Hue freezes, then spins, an angelic look on her face. Sees her Mom poking her head out her window.

HUE
Everything's fine, Mom!

VERA
What do you have in your hand?

Hue looks guilty. Pulls out a medicine bottle.

VERA (CONT'D)
You didn't take your medicine?

HUE
Not yet.

VERA
Well, do it on the bus!

INT. BUS BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Della sighs relief.

VERA (O.S.)
And close that door.

HUE (O.S.)
Got it!

As Della's world SLAMS to black,

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY (MOON)

Samson sits quietly.

CALLUM
She'll be okay, kid. She's been
doing this for years. Ex-Army, like
me.

SAMSON
Yeah.

Samson frowns. Leans in to a picture.

CALLUM
What is it?

SAMSON
She--This one. Remeinded me of my
mom. That's why I asked.

CALLUM
Oh?

SAMSON
I think I saw her. That day.

Samson's eyes widen. The picture is of GERTRUDE, 30s.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
At the booth. She was the...the
lady.

CALLUM
The "lady?"--Wait, in the booth?

INT. REEVAK LANDING TERMINAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Gertrude checks Nomanth's passport and papers, stamps them, smiles at Samson.

INT. CALLUM'S SANCTUM - DAY (RETURN TO PRESENT)

Callum slumps back in his chair. Wipes his face.

CALLUM
The customs agent. That's how they
knew.

SAMSON
Knew what?

CALLUM
Samson, the U.E. has kidnapped half
a dozen hybrids just like you in
the past year. She may be the one
behind it.

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL DRIVEWAY

In a plain hovercar Gertrude sits with a DRIVER, activates a
TABLET on her lap.

CALLUM (O.S.)
And you are her latest catch.

The tablet shows a picture of Velvet.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**INT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY**

Samson and Velvet carry their empty trays to be washed. Samson looks every which way.

VELVET

Will you relax? We're in school.
Look, there's people everywhere.

SAMSON

People who don't know me and would
sell me out for a nickel. People
who want to shove your head in a
toilet for gadgets. People who are,
you know, not actual people.

VELVET

You're a very negative person.

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Gertrude checks the fit of her INHIBITOR COLLAR in the HOVERCAR's mirror. The ending bell RINGS. She and her driver are IN DISGUISE inside a family-sized vehicle. Cartoon stickers of two children with pseudopods on windows. They talk through fake smiles.

DRIVER

Are you sure these things don't
give us cancer?

GERTRUDE

Let's put one on the girl and find
out.

Alien CHILDREN spill from the doors. They watch. Gertrude slips what looks like a tiny PERISCOPE above the edge of the car door....It's a camera lens attached to a SCANNING DEVICE. Video of the escaping children with computer FRAMES around their heads, which are quickly scanned against a database. Gertrude SHAKES the device.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

These things never work.

She ignores it while it SCANS Samson, flickers....

Samson walks with Velvet, who blends in with every passing thing.

SAMSON
Will you quit showing off?

VELVET
If anything, I'm making it harder
to find you. Chicken.

A ZELDAN PAW lands on Samson's shoulder. Samson YELPS...but it's only Bisnot, his face filled with contempt.

BISNOT
Ride's here.

Mynot waves cheerily from her hovercar.

SAMSON
Bye, Hue.

VELVET
Hue? Who's that?

SAMSON
Sorry. See you, Velvet.

Samson shakes that minor disaster off and smiles for Mynot.

INT. GERTRUDE'S HOVERCAR - DAY

Driver and Gertrude's smiles get harder to maintain.

GERTRUDE
We'd better go. Looks suspicious.

DRIVER
Wait. The scanner.

Gertrude looks down. The scanner's stuck on Samson's face, seeking a match that isn't there.

GERTRUDE
Must be a glitch.

DRIVER
Hold it. I see her.

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Callum collects garbage from a can overflowing with alien junk food containers, watches Samson get into the hovercar.

EXT. MYNOT'S HOVERCAR - DAY

Samson scans the neighborhood one last time before closing the door. Closes his eyes. Hears WHISPERS from his foster family, from people all around him--and abruptly NO WHISPERS. Opens his eyes. Sees Gertrude's hovercar pull out. Drive slowly...behind Velvet. Realizes who the target is. Mynot starts the engine and pulls away. Samson sticks his head out the window.

SAMSON
Callum! It's Velvet!

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE = DAY

Callum stares at Samson. Only sees him yelling at this distance, pointing frantically behind him. Looks, sees Gertrude's hovercar.

EXT. MOON SCHOOL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Velvet trips along the pathway oblivious to the hovercar pacing her.

INT. GERTRUDE'S HOVERCAR - DAY

Driver and Gertrude hiss at their communication devices, strip their disguises.

<p>GERTRUDE Positive ID on the girl. Headed spinbound on, what's the street?</p>	<p>DRIVER All units converge on...yes, now! On Quandar, Quandar Avenue. Spinbound.</p>
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INT. MYNOT'S HOVERCAR - DAY

Mynot hums merrily as she speeds away. Samson sets his jaw and PUSHES Bisnot.

SAMSON
Knock it off! This is my side.

BISNOT
Hey! Stop it, twerpa.

SAMSON
Get off me!

MYNOT
Bisnot! Samson!

EXT. MYNOT'S HOVERCAR - DAY

The hovercar lurches to a stop. The door pushes open and Samson jumps out. Bisnot steps outside, fumes.

MYNOT (O.S.)
What got into him?

BISNOT
Stupid alien.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOON HIGH - DAY

Samson runs, adjusts his wristpad...and every step is a LEAP forward....

EXT. MOON HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Callum watches Samson bound toward...

CALLUM
Velvet...!

...and drops his garbage bag. Sprints away.

EXT. MOON SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Velvet plays on a handheld device while walking, WHISPERS helping her navigate the rapidly crowded sidewalk. She turns toward a GIGANTIC MALL....

INT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

...and enters through a glass entrance. Behind her, Gertrude's hovercar stops and Gertrude gets out, touches her headset...

INT. MOON MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

...and two AGENTS touch their headsets, get up from their table...

EXT. MOON SCHOOL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Samson LEAPS like a frog along the sidewalk, narrowly missing trees, street signs, parked hovercars. Aliens move out of the way.

ZELDAN MAN
Hey! Watch it.

Callum pushes past him.

CALLUM
Samson! You're gonna crash.

EXT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

Samson indeed is out of control. Jumps erratically--right at Gertrude's hovercar. Jabs his wristpad's gravity setting down...and lands RIGHT on Driver. Knocks him out.

INT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

Gertrude scans for Velvet. Touches her headset.

GERTRUDE
Unit Two, I got this wing.

Behind her through the glass, Samson gets up...

EXT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - DAY

...GROANS, picks up Driver's headset...

GERTRUDE (O.S., FILTERED)
Drive to the other side and cover
the entrance.

...and places it in his ear. Smiles.

INT. MOON MALL MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Velvet listens to her device through headphones...

VELVET
Koulash. I told the waiter my
koulash was runny.

...breezes past a display of alien magazines.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Velvet looks up. A human WOMAN leans down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm new here. Can you help me
find...the bathroom?

VELVET

Oh, sure...!

Two Agents from the food court close in.

WOMAN

I--I'm sorry, could you show me?

VELVET

I'm not supposed to....

The woman grabs her.

WOMAN

It will only take a minute.

VELVET

Hey....

Samson SNATCHES Velvet away...

SAMSON

So sorry, gotta go!

...and dives between magazine displays.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Samson pulls at Velvet past shelves of nearly identical
books.

VELVET

Who was that woman?

SAMSON

She's bad, Velvet. She's after you.

VELVET

Oh, it's *me* now?

She looks behind her...the Woman and Agents comb the aisles.

VELVET (CONT'D)

Although it looks very suspicious.

SAMSON

This way...!

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

He pulls her inside a circular rack of clothes. Velvet tugs at his suit and Samson HEARS her thoughts....

VELVET (O.S.)
All we have to do is blend in.

SAMSON
(whispers)
Blend...?

Velvet touches a shirt and she changes that color.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I can't do that!

VELVET (O.S.)
If I can, you can. Just feel the shirt.

Samson touches with his gloves...

SAMSON
I can't feel...

VELVET (O.S.)
Shhh...

We hear Samson's thoughts.

SAMSON (O.S.)
I can't look like something just by touching it.

VELVET (O.S.)
Not look. *Become.*

Samson frowns. Unlocks his glove and touches her suit.

SAMSON (O.S.)
You feel like a shirt.

Velvet nods. As he realizes, his suit turns into the fabric of the shirt.

VELVET (O.S.)
We're *K'eo*, Samson. Let's get out of here.

SAMSON (O.S.)
No. If we just leave they'll come after you again. Come on.

They slip to a wall, touch it, change that color. Run like shadows to a display of jeans, touch them, slip along....

INT. MOON MALL MAIN LEVEL - DAY

The Woman and both agents converge from the bookstore, look around the crowded mall. Every conceivable distraction.

WOMAN

Lost them.

AGENT

There.

Velvet scampers away. They give chase. Velvet keeps her distance, glancing at passing surfaces to catch a reflection.

Samson trails them, touching everything he passes, changing textures. He catches up to an Agent, twists a dial on his wristpad, PULLS it off. The agent starts to float, and Samson PUSHES him into the air. The next agent, who floats off....

AGENT (CONT'D)

What the...?

Woman stops and SPINS to see what happened. Faces Samson. He adjusts his gravity downward and BOWLS into her, knocking her down, crashing a display of stuffed COWS, which MOO.

WOMAN

Ooof!

Velvet turns and smiles at the two Agents floating like balloons.

VELVET

You got them, Samson!

Gertrude grabs her firmly.

GERTRUDE

Time to go home, young lady.

Samson gets up, faces Gertrude.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Say goodbye.

A revving BLASTER aims at her temple. Callum looks down the barrel.

CALLUM

Time for all of us to go home.

Gertrude sighs and puts her hand up. Velvet rushes over to Samson.

EXT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Zeldan POLICE put Gertrude, handcuffed, into the back of the hovercar. Callum stands with Samson.

CALLUM

Now that we know how the U.E. Agents were getting through customs, everyone should be safe for a while. How did you get away from them?

SAMSON

Velvet taught me...something.

Callum rolls his eyes. Then becomes serious.

CALLUM

Keep that to yourself. And... something came for you.

He hands Samson a tablet. Samson's eyes widen.

SAMSON

Mom?

CALLUM

A recording.

DELLA (FILTERED)

Samson, honey, it's Mom.

EXT. GAS STATION REAR - NIGHT (EARTH, FLASHBACK)

Della stands in an empty parking lot.

DELLA

I just wanted you to know I'm safe, thanks to Hue.

VELVET (O.S.)

Is that your mom? Who's "Hue?"

SAMSON (O.S.)

Shh.

DELLA

And...I've got something I need to do.

(MORE)

DELLA (CONT'D)
 You know why now, but I can't say.
 And then I'm coming to see you.

EXT. MOON MALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT (MOON, RETURN TO PRESENT)

Samson fights back a tear.

DELLA (FILTERED)
 We'll be together again.

It cuts out. Callum pats Samson on the shoulder.

CALLUM
 You okay?

Samson nods.

CALLUM (CONT'D)
 It'll be better soon.

MYNOT (O.S.)
 SAMSON!

Samson's shoulders sag.

SAMSON
 Not soon enough.

CALLUM
 See you in school tomorrow.

SAMSON
 Bye. VELVET
Bye.

EXT. MOON MALL ALCOVE - NIGHT

From a distance Driver, his face bruised, watches with a scowl. He tugs on his inhibitor around his neck.

ZELDAN OFFICER (O.S., FAINT)
 Is that all of them, sir?

CALLUM (O.S., FAINT)
 I think so.

Driver's other hand holds the Scanner, which still has Samson's picture and is DOWNLOADING updated files...80...90...99...100% COMPLETE. Flickers...and goes GREEN with a match. Driver looks up, smiles, slips back into the shadows....

EXT. MYNOT'S HOVERCAR - NIGHT

Samson walks with Velvet up to Mynot and Bisnot. Ephit sits in the front.

SAMSON
Sorry about pushing you, Bisnot.

MYNOT
You have some explaining to do, young man. Who is this?

SAMSON
Velvet. Can we give her a ride home?

MYNOT
Of course. Hop in, honey.

INT. MYNOT'S HOVERCAR - NIGHT

Velvet straps in next to Samson.

VELVET
Oh, I thought your mom was pretty.

Samson smiles.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Maybe someday we can both see our parents.

They look over at Bisnot, who BURPS and chews on a live, tentacled, moving THING.

MYNOT
Bisnot! If you don't quit playing with your food we're never getting another Slappy Meal!

The tentacle SLAPS him as we come to the...

END OF EPISODE