

Illegal Alien

by

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BLACK FRAME
QUOTE APPEARS:

1.

"Two possibilities exist:
either we are alone in the universe
or we are not.
Both are equally terrifying."

~Arthur C. Clarke

FADE TO BLACK
NEXT QUOTE APPEARS:

"If aliens ever come here, they'd most likely be
biologists or music fans.
Neither one has much reason to antagonize
our armed forces."

~Seth Shostak S.E.T.I.

FADE TO:

BLACK - FADE IN NIGHT SKY FULL OF STARS

PAN DOWN

EXT. TEXAS/MEXICO BORDER DESERT SCRUB - NIGHT

SONG: "alien concept trk 1st 3 mins" by [Triphik@youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com/user/Triphik)

PANS slowly over desolate sand and cacti with a scampering
lizard. We slowly PAN over desert several moments until
we come across a large ALIEN SPACE CRAFT parked on the
desert sand. CAMERA slowly ZOOMS towards skin of CRAFT

DISSOLVES:

INT. ALIEN CRAFT 'CONTROL ROOM' - LIGHTED

through skin, revealing the stunning huge interior. It is
dramatically elegant but simple in an odd other-worldly way.
We slowly look over the unique CONTROL ROOM with several ALIENS
nonchalantly moving about doing unusual alien things.
Then we travel down a hallway, looking into a room where

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN CRAFT 'LUNCHROOM' - LIGHTED

A few ALIENS are apparently eating and casually chatting.
Billows of steam occasionally spout upward. Tall plants are
in several spots bearing bright blue fruit. We continue moving
to a long-ish hallway, which becomes progressively more dank
and dirty as we go. It opens up into a

CUT TO: 2.

INT. ALIEN CRAFT 'CARGO BAY' - LIGHTED

We come into a crowded noisy room with weird gear hung haphazardly on the walls. Other odd containers are stored on the floor and wall recesses. Badly. You don't have to be 'a boss' to know that this CARGO BAY is a hot mess.

An ALIEN approaches down the hallway towards us, accompanied by the weirdest sound imaginable.

SFX:

SONG: "I want yer CLEETUSz" by Triphik (concept mix on youtube)

As he comes closer the noise gets louder, and can only be described as Yoko Ono singing live at a violent train wreck. His body is mostly hidden by the huge stack of whatever it is he is moving. He grunts oddly and shoves the load into a CHEWING(?) wall recess, where it disappears in a most disturbing fashion. The ALIEN is SAMEEKERUS, and he ain't from around here. But his space coveralls could be. Compared to the other crew members we saw before, he looks a little rumped and dirty. With his terrible music still playing, he looks at four garbage-ish bags, makes a face and grabs them. He starts trudging towards another alcove with bags in tow.

ANGLE ON CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - TEXAS MEXICO BORDER - NIGHT

New view of CRAFT EXTERIOR In desert near a rock outcrop with sparse vegetation around it. The view shows the alarming size of craft stretching away from view.

CAMERA POV

is high over ALIEN SHIP edge looking down on it (cheaply- like a night vision security CAMERA). A seam appears in the skin of the craft and enlarges as a doorway. A 'CHERRY-PICKER-THING' sprouts out of the hole with a box on the end of the arm similar to an old time phone booth. SAMEEKERUS is at the controls, standing at the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT GROUND VIEW - UFO IN BACKGROUND - NIGHT

SAMEEKERUS is eyeballing the ground for a good spot to set the box down. He smoothly sets it down near a rock outcrop. The booth door opens and the ALIEN backs out, dragging the bags. One of the bags is MOVING but he does not notice. Or care. He leans the bags against the rock pile a few feet apart from each other. He backs away about ten feet. Pulling his Popeil pocket ray gun out, he laserbeams one bag, which glows- then explodes in a billow of smoke.

Then another bag, while the moving bag seems to become 3.
more agitated. It bursts open and an ALIEN RATROACH CRITTER
lumbers out of the bag and starts ambling toward the underbrush.
SAMEEKERUS shoots his ray gun at the RATROACH CRITTER, but misses
badly as the RATROACH thing disappears into the brush. He whips
out a COMMUNICATOR DEVICE with a video screen and his ALIEN
SUPERVISOR appears on it. SAMY speaks into it rapidly, looking
worried.

SAMEEKERUS

Trem clotra ikken MOTROO koshto ummmm...

The SUPERVISOR starts jerking agitatedly, obviously upset.

ALIEN SUPERVISOR

Vestat MOTROO statum dawkaw puu terdana!

Then, as if chiding SAMEEKERUS, the SUPERVISOR pulls his
stretchy suit top out several inches, and lets it snap back.

ALIEN SUPERVISOR

SAMEEKERUS raddun CLEETUS! ARTINUM
EARTH SAFETY nostrunum CLEETUS!

SAMEEKERUS ducks his head rapidly in obvious submission and
switches his DEVICE off. He hustles back to his 'telephone booth
cherry picker' and quickly moves back into the ship.

[-SPOILER ALERT!- THIS SHOT exaggerates the 'garbage bags'
SAMEEKERUS leaves behind in his flustered state, as the
cherry picker leaves our view back into the ship. Viewers
should have it fixed firmly in mind that the bags are
forgotten in the desert. We will have fun with them later.]

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN CRAFT- 'AN ALIEN LOCKER ROOM' - LIGHTED

SONG: Heyoka - "Fracula" -youtube

SAMEEKERUS practically runs to a row of storage devices and
yanks one open, while simultaneously loosening his coveralls.
He slips his clothes off; Then there he stands!
In all of his nekkid ALIEN GLORY! He is humanoid, but looks
like a cross between fish scales and an armadillo.
One thing is certain- We can't unsee SAMEEKERUS!

SPFX-CGI:

He is DEFINITELY NOT from around here. But when leaving ship on
any planet, as the SUPERVISOR reprimanded him, you have to
'GEAR UP' with the off-ship safety 'kit'. He reaches into
the storage box and pulls out a sort of cage with air holes.

He opens it and reaches in, lifting out a dripping
gelatinous MASS of moving, slimy tissue: meet CLEETUS. 4.
He speaks soothingly to it, as if to an old friend...

SAMEEKERUS

Nemm to doe, klaatu barada nikto CLEETUS.

SFX-SPFX-CGI

The CLEETUS makes a warm, friendly sound, stops dripping that nasty slime, and dries up instantly. CLEETUS OOZES and FLOWS up SAMEEKERUS' arms, thinning and spreading out over the ALIEN torso like a thick layer of elastic paint. Enveloping SAMY's head, human features begin to define and detail onto the CLEETUS covering, as it does its job:
be a PET, a DISGUISE and PROTECT your master. Hair sprouts from where the CLEETUS covered SAMY's head, the skin still moving and settling like wax melting backwards. A fine HUMAN face is appearing- and BODY! SAMY is naked, and is now encased in a human body disguise.

SLOW PAN:

CAMERA close shot PANS down his forehead-nose-chin-neck-chest- of the still mutating and rippling CLEATUS skin suit/disguise. He is transforming into a thirty year old good looking Caucasian man! It is an excellent disguise, and, anatomically correct, judging by (continuing down PAN) the nipples, belly button, midriff annnd just before down-pan makes us lose the rating;

(SAMEEKERUS TURNS walking toward a wardrobe stack)

--his cute butt. He chooses denim jeans, a T-shirt and a zippered Hoodie. He hurriedly dresses (like a college kid busted in the wrong dorm). Lastly, he grabs a pink "Hello Kitty" Backpack: He REALLY ain't from around here!

CHANGE ANGLE/LOCKER ROOM

POV behind an alien gear hardware table. SAMY is in the background, now approaching the gear table. Time to do the standard off-ship gear pack. Opening his 'Kitty' backpack, SAMY selects several items, putting them in the bag. He pauses and studies a TABLET kind of device, then tosses it in the bag also. He turns towards the phone-booth 'cherry-picker' exit device (visible in back of this SHOT), and walks toward it, 'Hello Kitty' pack slung over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH TECH U.S. MILITARY SITUATION ROOM - LIGHTED

An ARMY GENERAL, AIR FORCE GENERAL, and a MAN IN BLACK are standing at a console watching a large SITUATION screen with a map overlay showing on it. The room is full of phones, computers, display screens, and several uniformed techs are bustling about in the background doing military diligence.

5.

V.O. [Morgan Freeman would be fine!]
There are quiet places that most people don't know about- where skilled experts do very difficult jobs to protect the public trust. The secrets they guard would amaze most of us. But for them, it is just another day at the office...

ARMY GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
So how long has that damn thing been sitting there, LANCE?

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
A couple hours. They didn't fly around sight-seeing either. They just came into the atmosphere, flew straight down to that piece of desert like they pay rent there, and plopped down.

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
Well I got no boots on the ground anywhere near there. I got people in Yuma, but they are three hours away.

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
Hell, John, I got boots at Davis Base an hour away. [chuckles] Heck, I don't even need my planes! I can see the headlines now! 'Air Force walks down to Mexican Border and snatches little gray alien beasties up!'

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]
Reptilians, not Grays, General. That size of ship is more their style. Are you sure they didn't crash, Lance?

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
Not unless they crashed at 2 miles per hour! We had them on satellite right down to the ground. Then we lost the signal which, uhhmmm
(Looks at nearby technicians working on an opened- up equipment console.)
I guess is still on the fritz. I wonder what the heck is down there, anyway?

[CONT'D]

(He turns to computer, taps some keys.)
HA! Nothing. Serious nothing- it's
unpopulated. The 'Zona de Silencio'-
Zone of silence desert in northern Mexico.

6.

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]

(Looking at computer screen with LANCE.)
Huge deposits of Magnetite ore. No radio,
TV, or short wave reception there. Biggest
meteorite ever witnessed and then found
on the ground came from there- 240 pounds.

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER

Hells Bells! That`s where we had a
White Sands test missile 'fly away'to, back
in 1970! We had to go pick it up and had
no communications the whole time they were
down there. That was before EMP shielding.

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON

Lets GO, boys- move it or milk it! Those
Reptilian fella's won't stay there forever.

SONG: "York Street" by Single cell Orchestra -youtube

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER

(Picks up a phone.)

Get me Area 51...

(Types on the computer.)

Well howdy Gene! You keeping all them UFO
watchers off my airfield? Well good, good.
Well it seems like we got us a 'Squatter'
down just past the Texas border. I want
you to put a couple F117's on it and see
if them bird dogs can jump that pigeon up.
It's a 500 foot UFO that's in your backyard.
I have just sent you the coordinates.

(Pauses, listening- shakes head- 'NO'.)

NO, don't shoot it! Film and all the SCI-FY
tests for radiation and stuff. If you
catch them on the ground put dye markers
down, 'cause we can't get a satellite fix
on it. As a matter of fact, your radios
may not work. It's at the 'Zona de Silencio'.
YUP, where that missile got side-tracked years ago.

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]

And several private plane crashes... Tell
him to keep a running ground log of the area
in case we need to discourage spectators.

[CONT'D]

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER

7.

HEY, Gene- run your W.A.M.I. and body detectors in case we got some witnesses. Don't want any pictures on the cover of UFO Magazine, now do we? Oh, and pipe those Nighthawk planes through to me here. Great. See you around. Oh! And tell Donna I said 'Hi'!
(Hangs up phone.)

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON

I guess I will just make some coffee and play solitaire while you guys protect us from the big bad space boogeymen, huh? Anybody for doughnuts?

ELRON and LANCE laugh and they go back to watching the SITUATION screen. As they watch a screen next to it pops on, labeled 'NIGHTHAWK/MAJOR WALLEN/"Cowboy"'.
.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - ALIEN SHIP - NIGHT

Outside the ALIEN CRAFT, the 'cherry-picker' arm is out of the ship and on the ground. SAMEEKERUS is several feet away from it using his Tablet-like thing, slowly 'panning' the area by the remaining bags searching for his escaped RATROACH MOTROO. He pulls out his Popeil pocket ray gun, peers into the night cautiously. He wanders slowly and carefully down the line of rocks, watching the tablet display and underbrush, ray gun in hand and at the ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO STEALTH AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

(On radio)

Hey Cowboy, make sure your infrared and WAMI are on. Lets go down to 1500 feet. They got some 1400 foot hills where we got that Squatter. Is IT still sitting?

PILOT 'COWBOY'

(On radio)

Roger that, 1400 floor. And that baby is still in the crib. So we are not hot again? Crap, I am itching to drop me a spaceship!

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

(On radio)

[CONT'D] What are you gonna do? Paint a little
UFO on the side of your plane and brag
about how they started it?

8.

PILOT 'COWBOY'

Hell no! Gonna sell it to my favorite
golf course to make an obstacle out of it!

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

Yeah- I bet Langley would just love that.
Hey! I thought the rule in Kentucky was
that if you shot it, you had to eat it!

PILOT 'COWBOY'

I wonder- do Aliens taste like chicken?

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

I doubt it. Hey, heads up, looks like
we are here!

CUT TO:

EXT. Desert ALIEN SHIP - NIGHT

CGI

SAMEEKERUS is up on a pile of rocks about 40 feet from his ship
when it SHUDDERS and making a WARBLING sound- lifts up off the
ground about 5 feet. The 'cherry picker' transport arm retracts
quickly into the hull. It tilts to the side a little-then BURSTS
UPWARDS at a sharp angle.

The NIGHTHAWK F117 planes are coming in low and bank upwards
HARD in pursuit, afterburners kicking on, engines howling.
SAMEEKERUS stands there, watching the receding aircraft and
staring in shocked disbelief. Still holding the tablet and gun,
he slowly raises both arms straight out from his sides- then
drops them to his thighs in the universal gesture of 'Oh Shit'!

SONG: Zero one "Twilight" - youtube

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO STEALTH AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT CHASING UFO - NIGHT

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

(On radio)

What are they doing? 2000 miles an hour!

PILOT 'COWBOY'

(On radio)

EAGLE COMMANDER, Bogie is pulling away and
headed straight for the ceiling! Permission
to fire, or they are going to get away!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH TECH U.S. WAR ROOM - LIGHTED

CGI

The GENERALS and ELRON are watching a live feed on a huge TV screen. VIEW is through windshield of rear plane, framing the lead plane and the ALIEN SHIP.

9.

[CONT'D]

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
NEGATIVE FIRE COWBOY. Hold your fire! Last time we shot at one of those big Crafts it put two of my F35's in the Arctic Sea! Are you monitoring electromagnetic?

PILOT 'COWBOY'
(Thru TV speakers)
Affirmative Sir! It's been rising steadily! They are getting ready to cut a Chogie out of here!

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
Aw, nuts!

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]
It is getting ready to jump! Watch this Carlson!

GENERAL CARLSON stands up and joins ELRON watching the display.

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
Darn it- we caught them on a 'cold start'. I was hoping we could at least get close!

The ALIEN SHIP shimmers slightly, then SHOOTs forward, fast becoming a large white dot shrinking into the night stars.

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'
(Thru TV speakers)
Whew Doggies! Now that is FAST! The electromagnetic reading suddenly went off the dial and BAM! She jumped! My Doppler last had it at Mach 7!

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER
Well men, may as well wrap it up for the night. According to the ONYXSAT, those bastards are passing the moon right now! Feed all telemetry data to us at Langley so we can update the database.

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]
The Moon is a quarter of a million miles away...
(He looks at his watch)
Call it around 4 million 500 thousand miles per hour. Give or take a wee bit.

[CONT'D]

GENERAL CARLSON

10.

(Gives a low, slow whistle)

Man, we don't see many of those 500 foot ships! At speeds like that it's no wonder!

ELRON [MAN IN BLACK]

Please be sure to make a final scan for witnesses and residue at the site! We did surprise them, maybe we can see what they were doing.

A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER

You heard the man, Pilots! Site scan and pipe us the data! Keep up the good work and "Return with honor!"

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS MEXICO BORDER DESERT - NIGHT

SAMEEKERUS is holding his ray gun in one hand, and working at his communicator DEVICE despondently, poking buttons while holding it up and down. (The universal "cellphone signal lost dance".) He finally gives it up, and puts it back in his 'Hello Kitty' backpack. He pulls his tablet scanner out and scans the area looking for his runaway RATROACH CRITTER. He works through the sparse desert brush and climbs a rock outcropping, peering around carefully.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO STEALTH AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

Cowboy, lets buzz that landing spot one more time and drop those markers.

PILOT 'COWBOY'

My position recorder is acting up, but that 'V' shaped pile of rocks is right next to where that Squatter was sitting.

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

Roger on the equipment! Its freaky! Lets do this and get back to the shed before this neighborhood shuts our engines off or something! That's affirmative on the rock pile. Let's back off the speed to minimum. We got what? Two dye packs each? Bet you a hundred bucks I can nail those rocks!

[CONT'D]

PILOT 'COWBOY'

11.

If we go any slower we will be landing!
You are on for the hundo! Why do ya
think they call me Cowboy?

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

OK- floor coming up- rock pile targeted and
one... two markers deployed! Your turn!

PILOT 'COWBOY'

Nice shooting Scruffy! You hit with one-
I got two dye packs hot- and bombs away!
AWW heck, I can't tell where they hit.
HEY! What the hell- Scruffy! I got a
thermal image reading at Niner Two Oh;
but its fading in and out! Can you confirm?

PILOT 'SCRUFFY'

I had something but its gone now. Hell,
half of my equipment is acting up...

CUT TO:

SPFX

EXT. TEXAS MEXICO BORDER DESERT - NIGHT

SAMEEKERUS jumps as the last Dye Pack explodes over his head and cowers among the rocks as bright green dye sprinkles like rain. He waits a few moments, watching the receding jets. He stands and looks at himself, dye randomly splattered all over. He flings his hands out a few times in the universal 'got shit all over me' gesture. His CLEETUS 'skin suit' is apparently self-cleaning. It is rolling into 'skin knots', then convulsing, spitting out green dye balls. His hoodie and jeans are splattered with green splotches (quite artistically I might add). The visual effect is kinda 'Camo-art-deco-pissed-off-Alien'. [On store shelves SOON!]

NIGHT DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO:

EXT. TEXAS MEXICO BORDER DESERT - MORNING

SONG: El Toro - "Malaguena" - youtube

or: Dire Straits - "Six Blade Knife" - youtube

(SAME DESERT SHOT- bright green splashed rocks/plants/sand.)
SAMEEKERUS hears a truck coming and ducks into a clump of brush. Badly. (He is a janitor, not a soldier). A custom Hummer H-1 pulls up within 30 feet of him and slides to a halt. A big frowning man gets out, binoculars hanging on his neck, and a chrome plated Colt .45 in his hand. His look and feel is stereotypical 'bad-Mexican-cartel-drug-smuggler-bandit-mean-guy' (Danny Trejo would call him "Sir".)

NOGALES SANCHEZ

Come on out, *Pendejo*! I know you are there.
I have been watching you for a half hour!

SAMEEKERUS tries to shrink down smaller. He can't.
NOGALES strolls slowly, gets a cigarette out and lights it.

12.

[CONT'D]

NOGALES SANCHEZ

Look, I got a busy day today. Deliveries
and stuff. Come out now and...

He fires a shot which hits within ten feet of SAMEEKERUS,
who jumps and stares where it hit.

NOGALES SANCHEZ

Maybe you won't be bleeding in a couple
of minutes.

He fires another shot that clips brush that flutters down
near SAMEEKERUS. He may be a alien janitor, but even he can
figure this out. He remembers his off-ship field training,
and hastily starts scooping a hole in the sand.

NOGALES SANCHEZ

You think we are stupid? We saw the lights
and jets last night! Freaking trying to
locate me, huh? Leave a little spy behind-
and whats all this green shit about?

(He kicks a patch of green sand.)

SAMEEKERUS tries to remember his alien emergency training.
He slides his 'Hello Kitty' backpack into the hole and
covers it. Rule 1-'No relics'. Rule 2- 'shut up', smile,
and wait to get away. SAMY stands up slowly and steps out.

NOGALES SANCHEZ

Well, whats a nice little white Gringo
doing out here in my desert? Come here!

(Motions with gun.)

SAMEEKERUS just stands there, smiling. SANCHEZ approaches
slowly, gun pointed.

NOGALES SANCHEZ

You hard of hearing? Or are you brave?

(He reaches out slowly and pats SAMY down
for weapons. He then grabs SAMY by the
shirt and flings him toward the truck,
where his gang member is getting out.)

SAMY stumbles several steps, regains his footing,
and just stands there, nonplussed, smiling.

13.

[CONT'D]

NOGALES SANCHEZ

HEY! You hear me?

(He shoves SAMY another few steps towards
the truck. He follows, stalking heavily.)

What are you? Federales? D.E.A.?

(He shoves SAMY the last few steps into
the hands of his gang member.)

He's not armed. Search him good for an I.D..

The gang member quickly riffles through SAMY's pockets while
SANCHEZ holds the gun on him. Then stands back and shrugs,
shakes his head- 'NO'.

GANG MEMBER

He's clean, nothing on him at all!

SAMY just stands there, smiling.

NOGALES SANCHEZ

(Speaking slowly, puts gun in holster.)

No water, no gun, no identification.

Are you retarded? Did your Downs

Syndrome bring you 'downs' here to me?

(He walks slowly up to SAMY, head cocked
to the side, staring suspiciously. He
makes a fist.)

And you don't say- a- single- word!

CHANGE ANGLE:

SPFX

SLOW MOTION

POV CLOSE UP side of SAMY's face with slightly fuzzy SANCHEZ
in background: raring back and throwing a punch. A SPLIT
SECOND before the APPROACHING fist hits, the CLEETUS skin
suit on SAMY goes translucent white. The fist hits SAMY's
face on the changed patch of skin, and SANCHEZ's fist
seems to smooch down a bit. Looks painful.

END SLOMO

CHANGE ANGLE:

To PREVIOUS CAMERA SHOT. SAMY recoils to the side a bit,
while SANCHEZ follows through, bending at the waist. SANCHEZ
grabs his wounded fist with other hand and yells...

[CONT`D]

SANCHEZ

14.

Hijo de puta! Madre de Dios!

[Son of a bitch! Mother of God!]

SAMY just stands there, smiling, obviously unhurt with the gang member still holding him by the shoulders.

SANCHEZ

¿Qué diablos está pasando?

¡ÉL ES DEL DIABLO!

[What the hell is going on?

HE IS OF THE DEVIL!]

(He straightens up, looking at SAMY incredulously. He peers closely at SAMY's face, then steps to the left slowly-panning around to SAMY's other cheek.)

No, you ain't the devil, your crazy.

Somebody dumped your grinning ass out here to get rid of you. HMMPPF!

LET'S GO! We got a delivery to make!

(He starts walking around the front of the Hummer toward the passenger door.

[A third gang member is driving.]

Vamos a prisa ahora, vamos!

GANG MEMBER

(Still holding SAMY.)

What about this Cabron?

SANCHEZ

Stick his ass in the truck. I will sell him to some body!

ANGLE ON TO:

The scene ends with a little blurry Gecko-eye view of the gang member shoving SAMY in the Hummer, which is then off with spinning tires. The dust settles quickly in the breeze though, and CAMERA PANS over the desert sand, and around the edge of the rock outcropping, showing us the GARBAGE BAGS SAMY has totally forgotten about. And a tail- disappearing into the brush, which looks like, aw HELL NO- the missing MOTROO!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - BORDER / INSIDE HUMMER TRUCK- DAY

Inside the Hummer SANCHEZ in passenger seat, SAMY left rear seat, gang members: driver seat and right rear. RADIO is on-

SONG: Revolver Cannabis - "El De Los Lentos Carrera"
[or darker- The Good Tanyas - "Waiting Around to Die"]

15.

SANCHEZ is sitting at an angle, looking towards driver, but keeping SAMY in sight. SAMY seems fascinated: music and his first truck ride. These are BAD MEN. They are NOT wearing seat belts.

SANCHEZ

How much longer, FREDDY?

DRIVER - FREDDY

About forty minutes, NOGALES. We should be crossing the border about now.

SANCHEZ

How can you tell? Damn desert!

(He grabs a beer out of the console, pops it open, looks at gang member in back seat raising his beer and eyebrows, like, -want one?-)

The gang member lifts a hand and shakes head- no. The truck keeps bouncing over the rough terrain, jostling the riders. SANCHEZ grins- like a shark looking at a seal.

SANCHEZ

Hey, FREDDY! You know what the hardest about RAPING a deaf mute girl is?

DRIVER - FREDDY

Uhhh- no. What?

SANCHEZ

Breaking her FINGERS- so she CAN'T TELL THE POLICE! AAHHA ha ha ha!

FREDDY laughs a little nervously, looking out of the corners of his eyes at SANCHEZ. Yeah SANCHEZ, now we hate you.

SANCHEZ

Yeah I might just keep you, Green Spot...
(He holds the beer can against his sore fist- now visibly red and swollen.)
Make a house bitch out of you. Pool cleaner...

FREDDY sits upright abruptly, peering forward.

DRIVER - FREDDY

Aw SHIT! We got trouble! Border Patrol!

EXT. TEXAS BORDER DESERT - DAY

POV on ridge looking into low scrub brush filled ravine. The Hummer is going one way, and two Border Patrol [BP] off-road buggies are angling toward the front of HUMMER, a third BP full size truck is coming up fast from side- rear, blocking hummer in. All vehicles slide to stop.

CUT TO:

POV on desert floor viewing Hummer and two front BP buggies. Three BP OFFICERS are leveling Colt M4 carbines from the cover of their vehicles. A fourth agent gets out of buggy, no weapons in hand, and pulls off helmet. He throws it on the seat, then reaches behind seat and produces a large, very worn, cowboy hat.

He takes a few steps forward. Lanky, unhurried. He looks at his hat, straightening the crease, then looks up squinting at the sky. Then, as if suddenly remembering he had something to do, he puts his hat on and saunters toward the Hummer. He is Watch Commander JIM PROCTER, and his thumb is hooked in his belt- a half second away from his pistol. He approaches the driver door and at about ten feet, stops, bends forward and squints in the drivers' open window.

JIM PROCTER

I do declare! NOGALES SANCHEZ, my old friend! We have history, Sir. I trust that mutual respect will prevail, and Everybody will be sitting down to dinner tonight. IN ONE PIECE.

(He adds sternly, giving a deadly serious 'do not try me' scowl.)

SANCHEZ

Getting out PROCTER. I have a GUN, licensed, held by the barrel, which I will lay on the hood!

JIM PROCTER

GUN, PEOPLE! RELAX, HE IS WELL BEHAVED.

The Agents tense- aiming weapons at passenger door as SANCHEZ gets out looking agitated. He is holding his Chrome Colt .45 auto by the barrel, out to side and up. He tosses it halfway across the Humvee hood towards JIM.

SANCHEZ

Gonna reach in my pocket and get a smoke.

(He slowly reaches in shirt pocket, gets a

[CONT'D]

cigarette and lighter, then lights up.)
You know PROCTER, we got Luiz
a high tech fake leg, it works
pretty good!

17.

JIM PROCTER

IF Luiz had listened a little better,
he would stop when ordered to by
an Agent of the Border Patrol.

(He ambles toward the Humvee, taking
in every detail. He leans over, picking
up the Chrome Colt with his left hand.
Watching SANCHEZ with his left eye and
the people in truck with his right eye.)
You know, SANCHEZ, I aimed at his leg.
I didn't have to do that. This ain't
evening TV, man. Bullets don't fly
harmlessly around. We don't trade pepper
spray for 'Silly String'!

SANCHEZ

Why do we do this? You know I will be out
in a week. You can have the Humvee,
I never liked this color, anyway.

JIM PROCTER

Maybe three weeks. We got what- open flask.
No seat belts. Probably- what? Forty,
fifty thousand dollars worth of drugs?

SANCHEZ

Yeah, something like that. But it is
my brother's truck. I don't know nothin'
about those drugs...

(He leans forward, both elbows on hood.
Smiles, lowers his voice, confidentially.)
Dammit PROCTER, an arrangement can
be made. We could stop these problems.
You could take some time off, go on
a cruise, see Hawaii... eh?

PROCTER smiles a lopsided cowboy grin, ignoring SANCHEZ'
bribery attempt. He tilts his head to the side, admiring
the Colt's chrome metal and pearl hand grip. He holds
SANCHEZ's pistol in his left hand...

ANGLE ON:

POV BEHIND PROCTER

CAMERA frames Humvee and seated men. SANCHEZ on left side of
hood. PROCTER'S back and right side from holster up, about

two feet out from drivers side rear view mirror.

18.

JIM PROCTER

[CON`T] Colt 1911 Commander. You know, these were always a little too 'bouncy' for my taste. Now the Heckler and Koch .45 tactical on the other hand...

SLOW MOTION: (With blurring speed he fast draws his gun, cocking it and freezing with it pointed at the Humvee passengers. His left hand is now holding the chrome Colt pointed at SANCHEZ`s head.

STOP SLOWMO:

(JIM continues calmly speaking without missing a beat.)

[CONT'D] ...is smooth as butter. You can pop four rounds off without spilling your coffee. Gentlemen, would you kindly exit the vehicle, leaving your seats in the upright, locked position?

The Border Patrol Agents hustle forward, rifles at tactical. The gang members get out slowly, hands raised. SAMY [yeah-the ALIEN. Remember, its a story about him.] Sits there, smiling. PROCTER checks him out warily while the others are putting hands on head and getting searched. PROCTER speaks to the fourth agent whose vehicle was behind the Humvee. He takes a step out into a defensive stance, both pistols casually pointed at SAMY's head.

JIM PROCTER

Agent Florez, maam, would you kindly assist this gentleman in exiting the vehicle?

There is a method to PROCTER's madness. FLOREZ is ex-marine marshal arts expert. She slings her rifle and crouches like a ninja, approaching SAMY like he was a grizzly bear. She opens his door and SAMY looks at her with a smile.

DELOREZ FLOREZ

Sir, OUT, please.
(She gestures with her hands.)

SAMY tilts his head, puts a leg out, then gets out. FLORES wrist-locks his hand, clicks one handcuff, then smoothly spins SAMY face forward against the side of the truck. She whips his other arm back and clicks the other cuff. She grabs his collar and pulls him back-facing PROCTER,

she expertly frisks SAMY. PROCTER looks at the
<package of dynamite> that is FLOREZ with awe.

19.

JIM PROCTER

[CONT`D] As always, Miss FLOREZ, well done.

(He holsters his gun, stows the chrome
Colt under his belt. He looks at FLOREZ
with admiration.)

I will NOT be dancing with you at
the Christmas Party this year!

SANCHEZ

Hey, that one ain't mine, PROCTER.

(He is bent over the hood, getting
handcuffed.)

We found him out in the desert. No
water, I.D., weapon, nothing. He
won't talk either- I think he's
crazy or something.

PROCTER walks in a few steps, and looks SAMY over.
Peaceful smile, the green-splotched clothes, and...
something... about him. He studies SAMY then nods.

JIM PROCTER

My, my. You are an odd duck, aren't
you? Ladies and Gentlemen, load our
new friends into the bus, and let's
head to the Station. Agent Emmanuel,
please be kind enough to keep an eye
on this nice Humvee until Andy can
tow it in for us!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - THE LAST ALIEN LANDING SPOT - SUNSET

A Black Jeep pulls up abruptly. ELRON- MAN-IN-BLACK gets
out. Another MAN-IN-BLACK gets out looking at a map.

EDGAR MAN-IN-BLACK

Our GPS is useless, but according to
the odometer we should be...

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

EDGAR, look over here.

EDGAR puts map down, follows ELRON`s pointed finger to a
wide swath of green-stained desert. They walk over to the
splattered area and study the ground.

[CONT'D]

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

20.

Look there, twelve and a half inch truck
tires went through that dye after it was dry.

EDGAR MAN-IN-BLACK

I can do you one better. Here's footprints
that were made when the dye was wet!
See how it stringed up and left these
dried threads?

ELRON looked closely with a flashlight he had produced.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

Yes, just like wet sticky paint.
Somebody stood in it when it was
wet. Then got picked up by a truck
when it was dry. Apparently those
brief sensor hits those Jets had
last night were accurate.

EDGAR MAN-IN-BLACK

So we follow the truck tracks and
find someone with green stained shoes?

ELRON suddenly got down on one knee and pointed. Then put
his foot carefully next to, a well preserved footprint.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

We look for someone with green stained
Converse All Stars tennis shoes, size 11.
I loved mine in high school.

ANGLE ON:

EXT. DESERT - THE LAST ALIEN LANDING SPOT - SUNSET/DUSK

Beer-can high shot with enough light to see Jeep taillights
kick on, and drive away. CAMERA BACK PANS UP slowly, showing
conspicuously, at edge of view, those damn black garbage
bags SAMY forgot. Which are getting obscured by blowing
sand. That damned Motroo is probably around here too.

CUT TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL COMPOUND - MAIN SQUAD OFFICES - DAY

V.O.

It's similar to any modern law enforcement center. Uniformed
Agents and civilian office people busy with a world of data,
But vastly unique issues and protocols. Forget all of your
'cop show' baggage- Our Customs and Border Patrol writes new
rules every day of the week.

Background: CAMERA PANS over the nicely appointed and efficient office active with Border Patrol staff and Agents. The usual computers, office gear, display monitors, coffee pot. We need some background- cue Morgan Freeman...

21.

V.O.

The U.S. Customs and Border Patrol Agency or CBP employs more Agents than the FBI and CIA combined. They have a larger operating budget too. They report to Homeland Security, then the President of the United States. No one else. They have all the high tech, personnel, toys and gear military does. They have vehicles, planes and boats under ONE branch: Customs and Border Patrol is unique.

The CAMERA PANS to OUTSIDE

CUT TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL COMPOUND - PRISONER INTAKE - DAY

OK, SAMY is freakin' out, but other than the furtive, amazed stares; he keeps his pleasant smile frozen on his face.

MONTAGE - SAMY GOES TO CBP JAIL

SONG: "Flow Coma" by AFX [808 State] - youtube

-- He follows the line ups.

-- Searched, [4th time in 1 day he has been on earth. My, my, ain't we 'hands-on' friendly?]

-- Gets his orange coveralls [GOOD PRISONER], SANCHEZ in same shot getting BLACK and WHITE STRIPED uniform [known bad guy], then its off to...

-- DELOUSE, SHOWER, AND SHAVE. SAMY is thanking his alien boss for forcing him to wear off-ship [policy mandatory] CLEETUS disguise now!

[HUMOR OPTION
IN SHOT:

SAMY gets some 'appreciative stares' towards his out-of-frame crotch area by fellow showering prisoners. Apparently the aliens designed CLEETUS disguise suit 'look' from our TV porno broadcasts, and, well- enuff said. Its a plausible setup for later medical exam.]

-- QUESTIONING. Interrogation. 50 shades of: Not. One. Word. His pleasant smile and demeanor gets him through. We see clipboards with 'apparently Mute'. SAMY moves to finger print machine.

-- FINGER PRINT Latest computerized AFIS gear. And 22.
TEN IDENTICAL FINGERPRINTS. Apparently, the
aliens who taught/programmed CLEETUS missed
this little detail. Agents try several times
and get the same result every time. Print
technicians shrug and call in maintenance.

And SAMY goes to his cell.

CUT TO:

A six man jail cell. SAMY is exhausted. He apparently
recognizes bed furniture. He grabs a lower bunk and sits.
He puts a hand up to the steel bars at the head of his
bunk, and his fixed smile...falters. The viewer is saddened
and commiserates as SAMY puts both forearms to his face and
clasps his hands to the back of his head. The universal
sign of ANGUISH- the locked-up blues. SAMY slowly lays over
on his bunk, rolls his face to the wall, and sleeps.

FADE TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL COMPOUND -CAFETERIA/BREAKFAST - MORNING

SAMY is following his chow line for breakfast. He imitates
the other prisoners and gets his tray and coffee and sits
at a long bench. He notices the coffee and smiles even
bigger, if possible. He studies the steam curling out of
the cup, and takes a tiny sip. GOOD! Not so much for the
rest of the plate... He tries some egg. Some toast. The
PAPER NAPKIN. He is hungry, but this is not going to work.
He enjoys his coffee though and savors it while dribbling
oatmeal off his spoon back onto the bowl, looking uneasy.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - PRISONER EXCERCISE YARD - DAY

SAMY wanders aimlessly, studying humans. His fixed smile
is a little creepy to the other detainees. They shy away
from SAMY, and a few muttered 'loco's' are heard with some
circling fingers around ears: crazy. SANCHEZ and his boys
are noted in the background watching SAMY, still curious.
SAMY goes back in.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - PRISONER TV ROOM - DAY

TV! Now SAMY lights up! It is familiar, the aliens have been
getting our broadcasted signals for ages. And SAMY, is a fan!
Besides 'Earth Orientation' class, he has been hobby-watching

for years, to the chagrin of his alien peers. They consider it a ridiculous waste of time. SAMY plops down in seat, leaning forward with hands clasped on knees in obvious pleasure. Relishing: The 'BIG BANG THEORY'. Good work Chuck!

23.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - CAFETERIA/LUNCH - DAY

It is a re-do of breakfast. Food is inedible. But the coffee is great. SAMY even scores a few cups from detainees who make faces when they taste their coffee. Starbucks snobs.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - LATRINE - DAY

SAMY is studying the other prisoners and wanders into the toilet. He is amazed! Apparently very similar to Alien Craft fixtures. It is SAMY's element-'Pro Space Janitor'. He rushes from sinks to garbage cans, he stares and plays with a mirror a LOT. He is 'weirding-out' the other inmates though, when he lays on the floor under a toilet, flushing it repeatedly; we here several more whispered 'loco'. At a sink, SAMY finds the hot water accidentally, the steam fumes boil upwards- he is in heaven! He plunges his hands in and drinks with gusto. [All the water on his planet is boiling, he loves it.] Other inmates in the bathroom look at him like he has lost his mind, and shudder.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - CAFETERIA/DINNER - DAY

SONG-Duran Duran-"Hungry Like The Wolf"[Corny but effective]

SAMY sits down, checking his plate out. He sips the coffee and tries the peas. I hate them too, SAMY. Some kind of meat and gravy. Horrible. Then he notices a wedge-shaped plastic wrapped thang on his tray. Watching another inmate, he picks up a fork, sticks it into the Saran Wrap, and tears it open.

ANGLE-ON CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - CAFETERIA TABLE - DAY

SLOW MOTION

CAMERA IS ON TABLE. Plate of pie in foreground, SAMY's nose and forehead framed in shot. The plastic is tearing back revealing BLUEBERRY PIE. SAMY's eyes widening, he grabs a big pinch, sticks it in his mouth. His eyes roll skyward, he rolls his head back in pleasure, then goes BAT SHIT CRAZY. STOP SLO-MO

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - CAFETERIA SECURITY CAMERA - DAY

SAMY gobbles down his pie. Then jerks to his feet and grabs his neighbors pie off his tray- stuffing it into his mouth. Not having eaten for days, and scared to death: then finding familiar food snaps his forced calm. He tries several more trays, but pie is gone fast when they can get it! The other inmates are surprised and yelling. He grabs as much pie as he can, stuffing his blueberry stained pie-hole.

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - CAFETERIA FLOOR DOLLY - DINNERTIME

THEN he happens to grab SANCHEZ's pie off his tray and starts to eat it. SANCHEZ snarls and his face forms a feral snarl. SANCHEZ cocks his food tray back- food flying, and slams it into the side of SAMY's head. SAMY's eyes roll back. Mouth open with BLOODY GASH on the side of his head, down he goes. Stone cold knocked OUT!

[AN ASIDE: Stop growling! The CLEETUS Disguise/bodyguard]
[does not operate when SAMY sleeps, or EATS. When the]
[Aliens designed CLEETII, they couldn't get the engineered]
[PET to allow it's master to eat, 'cause food could be]
[poisoned. CLEETII are not very bright. So they had to make]
[it switch OFF during meals. More LATER. Good talk! Read on]

CUT TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - MEDICAL TREATMENT CLINIC - EVENING

Let's get medical. DOCTOR GAVINA MITCHELL is an older MILF, quite well preserved. Always looking fiendishly sexy somehow in her medical scrubs. GAVINA is holding a clipboard talking to an aide. The double doors open, and two agents wheel in a gurney with the unconscious SAMY on it. The doctor smiles at the aide and nods. The aide turns and walks away. GAVINA sashays in exaggerated Betty Boop style towards JIM PROCTER.

DOCTOR GAVINA

A present? For me? Oh JIMMY! You shouldn't have!

AGENT JIM PROCTER

Howdy GAVINA. Presenting even more damn paperwork is more like it. This ole' boy got in a scuffle with some big bandito in the cafeteria and managed to get hisself knocked out. He looks like he needs a couple stitches there.

[CONT'D]

DOCTOR GAVINA

25.

(Wiping SAMY'S face with a piece of gauze.)
He is really out cold. I better X-Ray
him too. What the heck is this blue stuff?

AGENT JIM PROCTER

Blueberry pie! Of all the stupid crap
to get into a fight over.

(He looks at GAVINA with a lopsided grin.)
Now, on the other hand, if it would have
been over some lovely senorita...

DOCTOR GAVINA

Settle down, cowboy. This senorita has
got some work to do. Go start filling your
boring old report out and I am going to take
care of this fella. Wouldn't want him to
think the Border Patrol had treated him
poorly, now would we?

AGENT JIM PROCTER

Okay, Doc. He is an orange prisoner, by the
way, should have no trouble with him. Just
holler when he's ready.

SONG: ''THUNDERSTRUCK'' 2 CELLOS-transition to- AC/DC mix

PROCTER walks out, GAVINA grabs a roller treatment table and
goes to wall cabinet, getting supplies and what-not. She
opens a counter top cooler door and takes out an injection
vial of local anesthetic. She rolls over next to SAMY`s
gurney, preps with gloves, wipes side of SAMY`s face where
a gash is apparent, bleeding red and profusely. She prepares
a needle and thread, sets it down and gets a hypodermic
needle. She loads it from vial, taps air, and lowers it to
SAMY`s face. With the practiced ease of years of experience,

[at 1:30 of 'CELLOS THUNDERSTRUCK' mix- 4 seconds silence-]

-she smoothly sticks the needle in CLEETUS and SAMY's face.

SPFX SFX CGI

SONG: AC/DC- "THUNDERSTRUCK" a mix

[starts with shout- 'You`ve been Thunderstruck']
[concept mix on youtube 'illegal alien thunderstruck scene']

SAMY and CLEETUS awakens with an two-voiced alien HOWL,

jumping off the gurney with needle hanging and CLEETUS reacting violently around the needle. It has pierced SAMY and CLEETUS! DOCTOR GAVINA recoils in horror,

26.

they didn't teach THIS in med school! She backs up, grabbing the roller treatment table and holding it between her and SAMY. SAMY stomps around keeping a non-threatening distance BUT glaring at GAVINA. He jerks the hypo out and flings it. GAVINA is a hot mess, all composure totally gone. She clumsily backs into a corner with roller table held between them, eyes wide and a crazy look on her face. SAMY is bending and straightening at the waist, holding the side of his face where the CLEETUS disguise has peeled back and is writhing in pain. Half of SAMY's alien face is visible.

CLEETUS is flapping and bloody in a most disturbing fashion. SAMY is by the sink and grabs a towel, fumbles with the unfamiliar faucet controls. He finally accidentally slaps the medical style paddle handle and water rushes out. STEAMING HOT WATER. SAMY is overjoyed by this. As soon as he sees it, SAMY dives under the faucet- putting damaged face and flopping CLEETUS in the steamy goodness. ALL water is near boiling on SAMY'S planet at an average air temperature of 190 degrees.

All this time, GAVINA is freaking out, staring and making odd whimpers. She finds, and has armed herself with, a small medical scalpel which she is holding in front of herself in a very weird and comical (NOT) threatening way.

SAMY turns from the steaming sink, leaving the water on. He dries and blots water from the still flapping CLEETUS. He speaks to it.

SAMY

Klatu verada nikto, CLEETUS.
Shagbaroogosh.

His hair retracts into his scalp, and CLEETUS starts to ripple and flow. Again, like wax melting, the skin suit disguise starts to retract his dispersing face joining an ever growing ball of CLEETUS on his shoulder. We see his ALIEN FACE, best described as fish scale/armadillo skin.

GAVINA's eyes widen in terror. Then flip back in her head. Stick a fork in her ass; as she flops arms weirdly and crashes to the floor- treatment cart flying. She's done.

SAMY flips. He doesn't know if he's killed her... He walks over and bends a knee, pushing at her, at times, inappropriately. He does not have a clue. Obviously worried

he picks up her hand and starts petting it, then pumping her arm up and down. It is not helping. He stands and gets a pillow from a treatment table. He pulls her back off the wall gently until she reclines, puts the pillow under her head. He studies his first human up close and personal. He seems repulsed at first, but touches her skin, then hair. Visibly relaxing-like a kid befriending a frog that used to gross him out...GAVINA moans a bit. Suddenly SAMY remembers his disguise is off, he stands and turns his back to the awakening DOCTOR. He speaks urgently...

SPFX-CGI

SAMY

Nemmmmm to doe, klaatu barada nikto CLEETUS vidap!

The CLEETUS pet/disguise flows back onto SAMY, covering his head and hair springing out. He hears a sound behind him, he turns slowly to see GAVINA up on one elbow, LOOKING AT HIM.

DOCTOR GAVINA

I see what you did there.

[Shakes her head quizzically.]

You could have killed me.

You didn't try to escape...

SAMY

oooooooo ok oookaayyy?

DOCTOR GAVINA

[Getting up- a bit shaky.]

Are you asking if I am OK?

She feels her head, then notices and pulls off her rubber surgical gloves which she still has on. SAMY watches her remove her gloves with great interest. She goes to the cabinet and pulls out a big aspirin bottle. She shakes two into her hand, then looks at SAMY, and shakes out two more. She pops them into her mouth and chews, noisily crunching them up, and swallowing them DRY.

DOCTOR GAVINA

YEAH. I'm GOOD. Finer than...

She turns to her med cabinet and gets an Ammonia Inhaler, pops it and inhales. Her eyes widen, she coughs.

DOCTOR GAVINA

] ...freakin' FROG HAIR. I woke up too many times with my head hammerin' after a night of line dancin' to let a little thing like this bother me.

[CONT`D]

SAMY

28.

I knoo dance! Deeck Claark. Banstaand.

DOCTOR GAVINA

Why yes! Dick Clark- American Bandstand!
Your reception out there must be a bit slow...

SAMY holds his hands up, far apart.

SAMY

Dee sstant- ssee ooon TV. I ssee looooot TV.

GAVINA walks wide around SAMY to the sink, which is still billowing steaming hot water. She turns on the cold water. Takes a paper cup from a dispenser, fills it and drinks.

DOCTOR GAVINA

What your skin does, how does it...

She motioned with her hands, coming up on her head, and over it, wiggling her fingers.

SAMY

CLEETUS. Hee- mee.

[Puts two hands together, palms
outstretched.]

GAVINA looks at him, squints, shakes head NO- 'not getting it'. SAMY's face lights up, he steps to the counter and picks up her surgical gloves she removed- holds them up.

SAMY

CLEETUS.

DOCTOR GAVINA

Oh! Like clothes!

[Pulls her shirt sleeve up and down.]

FADE IN LOW:

SONG: "Friends Theme I`ll be there for you." The Rembrandts

SAMY

Like 'frieeeeends`.

[He sing-songs it badly but recognizable,
the 'blurb' from the series.]

He walks slowly toward the sink and turns the hot water on. SAMY slowly reaches for the empty paper cup in her hand. She gives it to him. He drinks a Dixie Cup of HOT water.

[CONT`D]

DOCTOR GAVINA

29.

You been watching that show, haven't you?

[Sings weirdly...]

I`ll be there for you...I`ll be there for you...

SAMY starts humming the tune with her words, and smiles broadly. We have been watching him smile a lot. But for the first time we know he MEANS it. She finishes weakly-

DOCTOR GAVINA

...Because your there for me too.

SAMY

[In sync with GAVINA.]

foorrMee toOo.

DOCTOR GAVINA

Lawd, I loved that damn show...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

CHANGE ANGLE:

INT. - HALL OUTSIDE MEDICAL TREATMENT CLINIC - EVENING

JIM PROCTER is walking down the hallway towards the treatment center he left SAMY in. He shoves the swinging doors wide open.

JIM PROCTER

Did I miss your call GAVI...

[He see`s the room strewn with cart on floor and contents scattered. He squats and pulls his gun two-arm aiming at SAMY.]

GAVINA and SAMY are sitting in clinic roller chairs. Innocent surprise. They have been chatting and drinking coffee.

CHANGE ANGLE:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - MEDICAL TREATMENT CLINIC - LATE P.M.

DOCTOR GAVINA

A gentleman normally knocks before entering a ladies residence JIMMY.PLEASE put that thing away before I shoot you in the ass with a sedative.

JIM PROCTER

[Putting gun in holster- grudgingly.]

What in the name of fresh french-fried cow shit is going on here?

DOCTOR GAVINA

Get comfortable JIM. I pulled him up on

[CONT`D] the computer. You guys got zip on him. 30.

[She hands JIM a steaming cup of coffee.]
Apparently you need me in interrogation!
Meet SAMEEKERUS, JIM. SAMY this JIM PROCTER.
Please put something through the handle of
that door JIM, and pull that partition
curtain. We have got A LOT to talk about.

[She picks up the overturned treatment
cart and unplugs her Clinic Laptop. She
puts it on the cart and pushes it over to
PROCTER who looks questioningly at her.]
And we start by backing EVERYTHING we got
on this fella out of the system and
bleaching the files. Ten minutes from now,
you will WISH you had started sooner.

Her voice fades as some mix of this song comes up:

S.O.

SONG: "Tangolypto" by Heyoka or retro alternative-
"When You See Those Flying Saucers" by The Buchanon Brothers

SERIES OF SHOTS:

SHOT: GAVINA standing pleading with JIM. Then SAMY standing
while CLEETUS does his off and on trick. Jim sits
HEAVILY in chair, like he was bitch-slapped.

SHOT: JIM feverishly going through file system of Computer
purging SAMY out of system. JIM is not the best
for this job. Makes phone call.

SHOT: Their own personal GEEK arrives, head of CBP Compound
Tech 'JOYSTICK' WESTVEER. He arrives yawning and
stretching, he soon comes alive when SAMY has CLEETUS
do another show and tell exhibit. They do another
amazement skit with a very animated 'JOYSTICK'. He
then gets busy removing records in computer. JIM,
GAVINA, And SAMY sit talking, drinking coffee.

FADE TO:

INT. - CBP COMPOUND - MEDICAL TREATMENT CLINIC - EARLY A.M.

PROCTER is sleeping on a chair rolled in the corner. SAMY
is on one of those short slanted examination table with his
shirt off. 'JOYSTICK` and GAVINA are disheveled but still
studying SAMY. The CLEETUS disguise is folded back on itself
from his shoulder to waist, exposing half of SAMY's torso.

[CONT'D]

'JOYSTICK'

31.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

SAMY

SURE. oooooK.

JOYSTICK slowly pushes a scalpel at SAMY`s chest. An instant before touching his skin, the skin turns opaque. The sharp tip stops. JIM taps the sharp edge against CLEETUS. GAVINA is recording it on her fancy cellphone.

GAVINA

Go ahead, give it a good stab.

JIM backs the blade up a foot, as SAMY`s skin goes normal again. He plunges the blade fast. The skin goes opaque again, the scalpel breaks. The broken tip clatters on the floor, and 'JOYSTICK` retrieves it.
CLOSEUP: the broken tip is curled over.

'JOYSTICK`

THAT is the most amazing thing I have ever seen! The CIA calls it W.S.F.M. -Wierd Science and Fricken' Magic!

GAVINA

And this is why he came into Medical here...
[She runs her finger down a scar line on SAMY'S FACE.]
It was a huge gash in his face. Almost completely healed after just a couple hours.
[She looks around and grabs a bottle of liquid and smiles.]
Hey SAMY, can we try some acid on CLEETUS?

SAMY

We sstop now. CLEETUS blataa wantt ssecret.

GAVINA

Oh. I get it, CLEETUS does your security. Doesn't want strangers getting too familiar! Good idea. Like a dog watching his house.

JOYSTICK gets a digital laser thermometer [[heating and air conditioning- I can loan PRODUCTION mine...]] gun and shoots a few readings and writes the results.

So your normal temperature is about 190 degrees?
And CLEETUS keeps your disguise body temperature
about 98 degrees. So it is a living air
conditioner too?

GAVINA

Are you OK? Feel good?

SAMY

oooOK feel good. Here iss coold.
Samysleep when cold.

GAVINA

Like lizards. Why didn't CLEETUS stop needle
[She pokes finger at the side of her face.]
I poke you with?

SAMY

Oooaa I EAT...hessleep. I ssleep, CLEETUS ssleep.

GAVINA

CLEETUS sleep? CLEETUS can't protect
you when you sleep or eat? I don't understand.

SAMY

CLEETUS from smarrt fixerss. Syytissts.
CLEETUS no OK won I eat. So fixers make ssleep.

JOYSTICK

Technical difficulties in any language.
These CLEETUS are engineered life, on a
carbon fiber and Kevlar platform. They
got the I.Q. of a good dog. But they have
their limitations.

SAMY

Oold ago old oold. CLEETUS befores work bad.
Face ok then not.

[He makes finger wiggles next to his
face, up and down: change.]

You oold yous. Make rock pointss.

SAMY holds hands and arms in a pyramid shape. GAVINA gasps
and runs to her bookshelf, she fumbles a book out, comes
back holding it up in front of her. It is a photo book of
Egypt, a pyramid on one page, color hieroglyphs on the other
page displaying bodies with dog and bird heads.

Like these?

SAMY

Yess! Anuubiss!

[SAMY points at an ANUBIS picture.]

He firrsst come EART. Fixerss fix CLEETUS noow.
Sytissts like you rock pointss!

[No shit- SAMY does a little 'walk like
an egyptian' thing, one elbow up, one
elbow down.]

JOYSTICK

O. M. G. Those were his people, on a
previous expedition!

GAVINA

So CLEETUS is alive? How does it eat? Does it
drink?

SAMY

Yess. Whan witss SAMY sytisst fixers have
CLEETUS sso it eats SAMY dracha.

SAMY makes his fingers waggle near his butt- POOP.
GAVINA, very unprofessionally, sticks her tongue out and
makes a 'GAG ME' face.

JOYSTICK

GENIUS! If your going to design a living
disguise and bodyguard to cover your body-
might as well make it live off your body
waste! Amazing!

GAVINA

WE NEED SAMPLES!

SPFX CGI

She gathers up containers, and bustles back to SAMY.
CLEETUS is recovering SAMY's chest and flowing and rippling
as it settles back into human form.

GAVINA

JOYSTICK, it appears you have a bond developing
with SAMY, could you please assist him with
these in the bathroom?The Containers are labeled.

SAMY

Whaat isss?

JOYSTICK pulls SAMY's arm, stands him up, and motions to

the restroom door.

34.

[CONT'D]

JOYSTICK

Spit, pee. Poo poo, ca-ca, doo doo.
Good old number one, annnd two.
and for all I know, number THREE!

JIM PROCTER is waking up. He feels the 'all niter' bristle on his usually clean shaven face and frowns. He gets up and goes to the coffee pot, fills his cup. He comes back to the group.

JIM PROCTER

You guys been at it all night?
What did I miss?

GAVINA

Tons. Most important thing is that all that alien germs and our germs paranoia is nonsense. SAMY's average body temperature would cook a nice roast beef. 100 percent of all our germs and viruses are done for. Works the same the other way around. I watched his spit and poop bacteria die a horrible death under the microscope at 70 degrees. After 2 million years of habit them bugs ain't gonna change.

JIM PROCTER

Well that's good. Would hate to be a part of bringing Armageddon on.

GAVINA

Yeah, that would suck. Well one of my specialties here is disease and bug watch, and I judge its ok.

JIM PROCTER

Great news, all things considered. Well I think this ole' cowboy is gonna take the day off and get some siesta time!

GAVINA

Are you out of your mind? We have GOT to report to DIRECTOR MADSON before ANYTHING! She would skin all of us ALIVE if she wasn't the first to know!

[Looks at wall clock.]

The boss will be in soon and we had better be ready with a 'Come to Jesus' meeting.

[CONT'D]

JIM PROCTER

35.

Oh great. That beautiful boiler-plated boss bitch and SAMY will GUARANTEE that this will be the weirdest morning of my life.

JOYSTICK

[Worried.]

Do I have to go to this meeting? I am a civilian employee, and, uhhh, KAREN MADSON scares me...

GAVINA

She scares everybody, and YES JOYSTICK, you are our high tech proof guy. So deal with it! Now JIMMY- wash your face with cold water and take this. You will be all set.

JIM PROCTER

Doctors orders? Whats this?

GAVINA

Adderall JIMMY. A little assistance from the pharmacy when life demands your full attention. JOYSTICK and I been eatin' them like PEZ candies. I guess SAMY is willing and able. OH DARN! JOYSTICK!

SAMY and JOYSTICK are coming out of the bathroom and JOYSTICK jumps.

JOYSTICK

What?

GAVINA

Get SAMY's civilian clothes from property. This is a free creature, and should not be in jail duds!

CUT TO:

EXT. CBP MAIN PARKING LOT - MORNING

[Get ready folks, Lets meet KAREN MADSON. As JIM noted KAREN is a forty-ish beautiful boiler-plated bitch. Drop dead gorgeous. She also may be a sociopath. She has never had a third date. Not many second dates. EVER. Please bear with my admittedly adolescent fantasy, and lets SHOOT THIS!]

LOW SPEED SHOT: 'DREAMY STYLE'

[Glamour model on runway dream scene type SHOT.
We are 15 feet high and catch an unglamorous un-marked
government sedan coming down the drive into the parking
lot.]

36.

ANGLE ON:

[CAMERA: Three feet high, on a parking sign that says
'COMMANDER', the front edge of car pulls in and parks.
CAMERA PANS BACK down side of car, on side of car, as it
passes drivers window, it is rolling up. But we still don't
see her! CAMERA DOLLY BACK stops at rear bumper left side
of car. And we wait. No sound. 4 seconds. But we will wait
all day if we have to.

S.O. [Song Over- just made it up!]

SONG: "PHOTOGRAPH" - Chris Daughtry feat. Santana

Start the song. Driver door opens. A fine leg comes out.
At 15 seconds into song, her heel hits the ground and
the Lyrics start. She gets out, breeze blowing. She is in
an executive skirt uniform, but it could be a POTATO SACK--
because its HER! So fine. She pauses, the wind is blowing
into her face gently, but screw physics- she pulls a small
wisp of hair from the corner of her lips that can't rightly
be there. She tilts her head back, shakes her hair down and
smiles at the sun. The sun smiles back! [YEAH, You read
right! IT SMILES BACK- find 5 seconds on a Micky Mouse
cartoon or somethin!]. She sets her military-ish cap,
reaches in and grabs her briefcase. She shuts her car door
and the CAMERA inappropriately stares at her butt-high. She
turns and walks towards front door of HER COMMAND. STOPS.
MUSIC stops with needle ripped off a phono record sound...

END DREAM

ANGLE ON:

There is a group of prisoner workers on work detail with a
BP AGENT near the main door. She barks at them like a Marine
Drill Sergeant.

KAREN MADSON-DIRECTOR of FIELD OPERATIONS
Why is MY goddamn lawn DYING? Are WE out
of water? DID I NOT PAY THE BILL THIS MONTH!?
And the FRIGGIN' garbage cans are full!

They JUMP. WE jump. This is the voice of COMMAND. One
prisoner grabs a hose and scoots- quick! The Guard directs
two towards a visibly overflowing garbage can.

D.F.O. KAREN MADSON
If you people like fresh air- ACT LIKE IT.

[CONT'D]

KAREN

37.

Or else you AND the guard will be in lock-down!

Reality, whatta bitch! We follow her into the offices.

CUT TO:

INT. CBP - MAIN SQUADROOM RECEPTION AREA - DAY

KAREN walks in, the whole hyper-busy office looks at her. A few CBP AGENTS 'snap to' non-saluting attention. KAREN walks in smartly.

KAREN MADSON DIRECTOR FIELD OPERATIONS
Good morning people! As you were.

The office resumes bustling. KAREN walks to reception desk and starts looking through a stack of messages. PROCTER, DR. MITCHEL, SAMY, and JOYSTICK enter the office from the back entrance and approach KAREN. While they are crossing the office a couple Agents remark:

CBP AGENT
Nice catch yesterday, JIM!

DIFFERENT CBP AGENT
Great work on bringing down SANCHEZ, JIM!

DIFFERENT CBP AGENT
You da man, PROCTER!

KAREN looks up from her papers, then back to them, unimpressed. PROCTER walks up to her, waiting respectfully. KAREN speaks without looking up from her messages...

DFO KAREN MADSON
Good morning, Watch Commander PROCTER.

JIM PROCTER
Good morning, DIRECTOR MADSON.

KAREN makes JIM wait for a half minute. Without looking up from her papers, she speaks.

KAREN MADSON
I read your report on the SANCHEZ arrest.
I found it to be...
[She looks up from her papers and gives him

[CONT'D]

the patented 'KAREN' laser-beam-
'lie-to-me-I-double-dog-dare-you' stare.]
...inaccurate.

38.

JIM PROCTER

Why DIRECTOR! That cuts me to the BONE!
Are you suggesting that I, a sworn officer
of the Border Patrol, and especially one
in your command; would falsify an official
arrest and seizure record?

KAREN

That's NOT the way I heard it. I don't like
it when the safety of my people is endangered.

JIM

What in the world do you mean? Not one
person on my team was unnecessarily risked!

KAREN

I mean... a smart ass cowboy who flaunts
procedure and stands ALONE to face
down a truckload of Cartel members.

PROCTER

Oh, you mean that.

KAREN

Yeah, that. You put yourself at risk.
You are the best Agent I have, and I
intend to keep you that way.

PROCTER

Yes Director. It won't happen again.

KAREN

Other than that, great work. Congratulations.

PROCTER

Thank you kindly.

Throughout their conversation, Dr GAVINA and JOYSTICK had
been nervously shuffling their feet. SAMY stood like a
smiling statue. In his bright green stained desert clothes.

KAREN

Good morning Doctor Mitchell, and- Mr.
Westveer, is it?

[CONT'D]

JOYSTICK WESTVEER

39.

Yes Sir, errr- Maam, uh, DIRECTOR, Morning.

DOCTOR GAVINA

Hi KAREN, how are you today?

KAREN holds her papers up to her side and steps around them to get a good look at SAMY, checking out his wild green splattered clothes.

KAREN

Just...peachy. And who might this Camo-art-deco person be?

DOCTOR GAVINA

SAMEEKERUS, DIRECTOR.

KAREN

[Raises eyebrows. Lovely eyebrows.]
First or last name?

PROCTER

YES... We should talk- in your office.

DIRECTOR KAREN

[Looks at GAVINA, like- 'who do you think is boss around here?']
I'll be the judge of that.

DOCTOR GAVINA

NO, you won't. Pulling rank on you.
Doctors orders- LETS GO!

FADE TO:

EXT. CBP - OUTSIDE KAREN'S OFFICE WINDOW - DAY

Get the CAMERA CHERRY PICKER. 30 feet outside KAREN's office. The work detail she yelled at before suddenly stops raking the grass and STARES toward KAREN's office window as a LONG SHRILL WOMANS SCREAM is heard.

KAREN

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

FADE TO:

INT. CBP - INSIDE KAREN`S OFFICE - DAY

SPFX-CGI

KAREN is sprawled in her office chair, unconscious.

JOYSTICK and JIM PROCTER are on the office couch. 40.
SAMY is standing in front of the desk, CLEETUS rippling and
flowing back over SAMY's head- hair growing out to length.
Gavina is coming from the restroom with a cup of water...

DOCTOR GAVINA

Now don't you folks worry a bit. I am
prepared. Brought a couple ammonia
inhalers. Thought they might come in handy!

GAVINA 'betty-boop-steps' around the large desk to KAREN's
side, sets the cup of water on desk and takes her Cellphone
out. She poses her face next to unconscious KAREN's to take
a SELFIE!

JIM PROCTER

Oh fer CHRISTSAKES GAVINA!

GAVINA

Don't be silly, JIMMY! No one will
ever know!

[She poses, theatrically, and snaps
another selfie. Then grins a sly grin-]
You guy's want some of this?

JOYSTICK

HELLS, YEAH!

He joins GAVINA and they snap a few more pictures. Samy has
watched the entire debacle with interest- as if 'we are an
odd bunch of creatures'. Well, he got that part right!

JIM PROCTER

Awright GAVINA, get on with it!

JOYSTICK WESTVEER goes around the desk and leads SAMY to the
couch. GAVINA snaps the ammonia inhaler and KAREN SNORTS and
bolts to her feet, gun in hand!

JIM PROCTER

Director MADSON! Please STAND DOWN!

GAVINA

Easy, Now, Sweety, just settle down!

KAREN

[Has got a 'deer-in-the-headlights look.]
DID.....I.....JUST.....SEE
WHAT.....I.....JUST.....SAW?

[CONT'D]

GAVINA

41.

Yes dear, you surely did. Mister
SAMEEKERUS is not from around here.
Why don't you holster that gun, and
we will have a little discussion.

KAREN holsters her weapon. She turns slowly to look
at GAVINA, like a little girl whose Momma just told her
there ain't no Santa Claus. Chin trembling. Beautifully.

JIM PROCTER

[Puffing up like a small-town mayor.]
He is an applicant to the United States of
America for Asylum, 'Cause- I guess- he
ain't got anywhere else TO GO! He got
rounded up in our net, kinda. AND BESIDES-
where the hell would we DEPORT him to- NASA?

JOYSTICK

It's true DIRECTOR MADSON, every word!
I was there, and stuff.

KAREN is recovering fast. Whatta woman! She straightens
up and smooths her uniform out.

JIM PROCTER

And he hasn't done anything WRONG. He just
got picked up by SANCHEZ out in the
boonies, and then when we arrested him...

KAREN

Shut the fuck up JIM. I'm thinking.

KAREN walks over to her filing cabinet, She gets out
a bottle of Yukon Jack Snake Bite whiskey, and takes a
respectful straight slug. Well, respectful- for a girl.

KAREN

Does it, I mean, HE... SAMEEKERUS talk?

GAVINA

Sure does! He's learning, and he is
SO bright! Turns out they have been
watching our TV and listening to our
radio for ages. It's his hobby! I guess
it's popular with some of his people.
Kinda makes ya ashamed for shows like
'CONAN OBRIEN', don't it?

[CONT'D]

KAREN

42.

Shut the fuck up GAVINA.

JOYSTICK

He's smart and I already downloaded Rosetta Stone for him. By the way, can I requisition a laptop for him? I mean, I know Tech has been over budget lately, but...

KAREN

Shut the fuck up, WESTVEER.

KAREN takes another [cowboy-proud] slug of Snakebite. She walks around the corner of her desk, handing the bottle to GAVINA, who wastes no time in getting a 'dose' herself. JIM PROCTER gets up from the couch, dipping his hat edge to KAREN as he ambles towards GAVINA, and the bottle.

JIM PROCTER

Pardon me, DIRECTOR.

Snakes must be bad in there. Over her shoulder, KAREN says-

KAREN

Use that damn cellphone in your hand DOCTOR.
I suppose we should have a record.

KAREN stands at a strict parade rest. in front of SAMY.

CAMERA

ANGLE ON:

[as cell phone look-like Screen]
Shows JIM next by desk. JOYSTICK on couch near SAMY. KAREN at front center ramrod straight backbone- annnd- QUE KAREN!

CAMERA Back to room shot.

ANGLE ON:

KAREN

Please stand.

JOYSTICK stands, takes SAMY's arm and gets him up. SAMY finally gets it, universal 'official business'. He stands and and falls into an odd, but impressive, alien 'attention'. KAREN points a finger at herself and says:

DFO KAREN MADSON

I am KAREN MADSON, Director of Field Operations, Southwest Sector, United States of America Customs and Border Patrol. Uhhh-on EARTH.

[CONT'D] Please state your name sir,
and I am guessing on the sex?

43.

SAMEEKERUS
SAMEEKERUS. Yess, I mman. Kaarens.

DFO KAREN MADSON
SAMEEKERUS, you cannot wear a disguise
for this. It is IMPORTANT- and official.

JOYSTICK motions to SAMY waving at his face.

ANDREW 'JOYSTICK' WESTVEER
Turn CLEETUS off, on your face.

SAMEEKERUS
Klatu verada nikto, CLEETUS. Shagbaroogosh.

SPFX-CGI

CLEETUS ripples, starts to melt backwards as the hair
recedes back into it. It flows off SAMY's head into a lump
on his shoulder. KAREN holds it together. For five seconds.

DFO KAREN MADSON
Uhhh, just...excuse me for a moment.

KAREN walks back to GAVINA and PROCTER. Takes the whiskey.

GAVINA
Should I TURN THIS OFF for a second?
[She holds cellphone camera up.]

DFO KAREN MADSON
I don't think history will damn me for it.
And fuck them if they do!

KAREN takes a drink of the Yukon Jack that would make her
the proud drinking buddy of any Moonshiner I ever knew.

DFO KAREN MADSON
BOOYAH!

She hands the bottle back to GAVINA. Walks back to SAMY,
his oddly ACCEPTABLE fish scale/armadillo hide face out
in full amazing glory...

DFO KAREN MADSON
Your, uh PLACE of origin? What is your
'earth' called?

[CONT'D]

SAMEEKERUS

44.

My suns iss you calls Altair. World iss Ankh.

DFO KAREN MADSON

For the record-Nationality is the planet Ankh.
What is the nature of your trip? Why here?
[Pointing at ground with both hands.]

SAMEEKERUS

My frieeeeeeendss go. I beehind HEERE.
[AGAIN, with the sing-song frieeeeends.]
JOYSTICKS say 'they ditched me'.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Make that 'Winds of Fortune', for the record.
You obviously are not returning with anything.
'First contact' for the record.

JOYSTICK starts cellphone recording also.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Did you bring any food?

JOYSTICK makes eating motions...

SAMEEKERUS

No.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Did you bring any vegetables or plants?

JOYSTICK goes to the bookcase and comes back with KAREN`s
beautiful Pothos office plant. He points at it for SAMY,
and shrugs with free hand out, like 'see?'.

SAMEEKERUS

NO Yaede.

DFO KAREN MADSON

No snails, cell cultures, meat, soil?

She see's SAMY's blank expression...

DFO KAREN MADSON

Just say 'no'.

SAMEEKERUS

NOoo.

DFO KAREN MADSON

DOCTOR GAVINA MITCHELL, What is the status
of the Disease possibilities question?

GAVINA theatrically poses with arm-length
'selfie style' cellphone hold, then says-

45.

[CONT'D]

DOCTOR GAVINA MITCHELL

I, DOCTOR GAVINA ELVIRA MITCHELL, have given
SAMEEKERUS a thorough physical exam. With
technician WESTVEER as witness. All night,
in fact. As far as I can tell, no disease danger.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Thank you DOCTOR MITCHELL. Now we have a problem.
Animals or wildlife with you. What...

[She steps to the side and blocks
GAVINA's cellphone line of sight to SAMY
with her back. She lowers her voice.]
What EXACTLY is CLEETUS?

SAMEEKERUS

My prootects, my friieeeeeend. Like Caat?
[He looks at JOYSTICK, then adds...]
Like aair condeeshunerrr.

KAREN nods, deep in thought. She nods officially, steps to
the side so the cellphone camera of GAVINA's can record the
action again. She takes a deep breath, then GOES FOR IT...

DFO KAREN MADSON

Let the record show, that SAMEEKERUS' CLEETUS
protective covering is his worlds' celebration of
religious freedom. Therefore it must be endorsed,
upheld, and embraced. As well our Constitution of
this country does provide for, and abides by.
By the power vested in me, You are hereby granted
Asylum within the United States of America.
That's it, kill the camera!

GAVINA, JOYSTICK, and PROCTER, clap appreciatively and
smile. SAMY senses that its 'all good'and mimics and claps.

SAMEEKERUS

Taank yoou. Karens. I haaapee!

JIM PROCTER

AND THAT, boys and girls, is why she makes
the big bucks!

JOYSTICK finally walks over and has a celebration drink
with the gang. Which darn near erupts out of his nose.
With watering eyes he runs to KAREN's office bathroom.

Tech geeks! Lightweights.

Cliche' time... SAMY claps slower, and slower, finally stops. He is definitely NOT smiling. JIM notices first.

46.

[CONT'D]

JIM PROCTER

Whats the matter, SAMY? I am no expert on your expressions, but you look a little upset.

SAMEEKERUS

iss NOoother an oo mal.

GAVINA

Another anoopl?

SAMEEKERUS

Anoomel!

[Makes ears with fingers, starts wiggling his body side to side.]

KAREN and JIM approach SAMY, looking for all the world like a horrible charades game, on acid...

SAMEEKERUS

Baad! I Haaf Fiin dd ANOOMAL!

JOYSTICK is returning from his bathroom run [prolly threw up- whatta geek!] and stopped dead in his tracks.

JOYSTICK

ANOTHER ANIMAL! There's another animal with him!

SAMEEKERUS

Not SAMEEKERUS ANOOMAL! Baad verrr baaad anoomal!

V.O.

SAMY's race quit 'crying' about 200 thousand years ago when his planets sun got hotter and the average temperature went above a hundred and fifty degrees. Evolution gave his race this really cool clear lens- Oh, sorry, where was I? Oh, yeah... If SAMY could cry, HE WOULD NOW BE CRYING HIS EYES OUT!

SAMEEKERUS

Anoomal...iss MOTROO! MOTROO!

CUT HARD:

[TO SOUND OF PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE RIPPED OFF RECORD]
EXT. TEXAS/MEXICO BORDER - DESERT SCRUB - DAY

CUT TO:

BLACK- FADE TO: STARRY NIGHT SKY PAN DOWN TO:

Down to desolate green dye splotched sand and cacti with a scampering lizard. We slowly PAN over desert then quickly SWING CAMERA BACK as a greasy tentacle wraps around the scampering lizard, slowly dragging it into a big black hole. The CAMERA PANS back and up, showing the black hole is the jaws of the MOTROO. Pulsating on its back, are baby MOTROO...

V.O.

It seems that SAMY's escaped MOTROO is proving why it is the pest scourge to a Galaxy of advanced civilizations. It is eating well, and those are several baby MOTROO's on its back. They are suckling nutrition from their Mom. Err, Dad. Well, its both actually, since the MOTROO are asexual. Like an alien Richard Simmons. OK, that was uncalled for. If the MOTROO are doing this well in a barren desert, we can just imagine how well they are going to do in a city! Within a month, there may be hundreds of these SPACE RATROACHES. EARTH IS GOING TO HAVE A VERY BAD DAY.

CUT TO:

INT. CBP OPERATIONS - THE WAR ROOM - DAY

V.O.

Every military and law enforcement facility has a special spot where plans are made and executed. Communications, access to data and records, and top personnel come together to make things happen. You could plan an invasion from the a nerve center of the Customs and Border Patrol. And that's what is happening now. A MISPLACED ALIEN JANITOR on earth invasion. Never has these facilities been used like this...

DFO KAREN MADSON

We are in the deepest shit imaginable.

JIM PROCTER WATCH COMMANDER

That is an understatement. JOYSTICK, I am sure SAMY is starving. Would you show him around a bit, grab him some pies from the kitchen. They are bound to have some left over from yesterday. Show him the employee lunch room.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Great idea. I want tactical in here. Intelligence. Command Post Security.

[She looks at her secretary JUDY.]

I want a conference call with DRAKE at

[CONT'D] Homeland Security at exactly fourteen hundred hours today. Get my department heads in here- STAT!

48.

JUDY hustles out.KAREN, JIM, and GAVINA look at each other.

DOCTOR GAVINA MITCHELL

Well naturally, it is going to have to be a 'need to know' basis! I don't know how long we can keep a lid on it, but we gotta try!

JIM PROCTER WATCH COMMANDER

On patrol we see them at night, south of here. Lights, jet fighters. Hell, Roswell is only 60 miles from here! They can have a stealth plane here in 5 minutes!

KAREN walks to a large display monitor and types at the console.

DFO KAREN MADSON

AND, I suspect we are 'on the grid' already. Our satellite coverage is off- in 'maintenance mode' suddenly! We have

to assume the feds are aware that there is something going on down here It's going to get sticky when they do.

JIM PROCTER

They'd like nothing better than to drop SAMY in a lab under Area 51. Probably cut him open just to see whats inside.

DFO KAREN MADSON

We have to plan for the worst, and hope for the best. SAMEEKERUS has asked for, and been granted, ASYLUM. We all take our jobs seriously, but never forget- THIS IS WHAT WE DO. It's what America does. Always has. We are the best so lets act like it.

The requested department heads were arriving and taking seats. The CAMERA BLURS as voice-over comes up...

V.O.

The next hour was the Border Patrol doing what they do best guarding our border. Let's just say that this time, they are guarding it from the U.S.SIDE! The best thing they have

[CONT'D]

V.O.

49.

going for them is the fact that NOBODY knows this patch of Earth better than them! THAT'S the home court advantage.

CUT TO:

INT. CBP - MAIN SQUADROOM RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The MEN IN BLACK stood at the Reception desk, watching staff, Agents and everyone for nervousness. It is their stock-in-trade.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

How much longer do we have to wait?
Is the Commander of this Post
available or not?

The RECEPTIONIST just smiled and answered a buzzing phone. DFO KAREN had been standing by the edge of the reception counter about 12 feet away from them for ten minutes: studying them and not saying a word. She gathered up some papers and walked up to ELRON.

DFO KAREN MADSON

I am the Director of Field Operations,
of this post. DFO KAREN MADSON. Can I help you?

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

You have been standing there for ten minutes!
Why didn't you say anything?

V.O.

KAREN has 'her bitch on' everyday.BUT TODAY it is glorious!

DFO KAREN MADSON

Because this is MY command. I jump WHEN
and IF I want to. I have been studying
you gentlemen, and deciding on whether
to waste my valuable time on you.

ELRON

I am ELRON. We are with Unique
Government Services. We report directly
to the Office of Strategic Services
then to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
We have reason to believe that a
significant threat to United States
security is present in this area.

He flashes an identification badge. KAREN stops his attempted 'fast flash' and grabs the ID Badge, studying it closely.

50.

KAREN

VERY impressive Mr. -just- ELRON?
Is that first or last name?

ELRON

YES.

KAREN

Did your mother not like you?

[Smiles Fiendishly.]

Well Mr. ELRON-ELRON, in case you didn't get the memo- there is a significant threat to United States security present in this area every single day of the week. That's kind of what we do here for a living.

ELRON

[Face screwing up scornfully, like he found a turd in his tootsie rolls...]

Don't be a child. This concern is FAR above your pay grade- and far beyond your capacity to handle!

V.O.

OH HELL NO! He did NOT just say that to KAREN MADSON!
ELRON has no idea who he is dealing with. Me? I would run.

KAREN

[Dripping sarcasm.]

Do tell. I may just be a little ole' DIRECTOR OF FIELD OPERATIONS, but perhaps I am out of my 'comfort zone' and require some skilled direction.

ELRON

Well D--F--O MADSON, We need access to your department arrest records, and in particular, anything your people might know about a person in green stained clothes and shoes.

KAREN

Mr. ELRON, In this division, I report to the Customs and Border Patrol Commissioner then the Director of Homeland Security, then to the President of the United States.

[CONT'D] I Do NOT see your shady-ass Division
in that chain of command anywhere. Do you?

51.

ELRON looks agitated, like a bored teacher with a stubborn child. He notices the smirking faces of Border Patrol Agents within earshot...

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

THERE ARE ten security levels ABOVE the PRESIDENTS.
I am 8 of those levels higher. Perhaps we could
speak somewhere- PRIVATELY?

V.O.

"Said the Fly to the Spider"...

KAREN

Certainly. My office. This way.

The other MAN-IN-BLACK. EDGAR. waits in the reception area.
ELRON follows KAREN to her office.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK

MISS MADSON,

[He emphasizes the MISS with a wry grin.]

Our division has done more to protect
this country than the US Army.
And sometimes protection is a simple
disappearance, for a stubborn problem-
and a nice quiet hole out in the desert.

ELRON takes a few steps to the wall, to study a picture.
KAREN smiles and pulls her pistol out- pointing it at a
well-shot target displayed on her office wall.

KAREN

ELRON, this is an AMT Hardballer
Longslide .45 pistol. I shoot a
perfect 240 with it at 23 yards.
If you intend to drop ME in one
of those desert holes, make sure the
hole is big enough for IT, ME, AND YOU.

ELRON turned as if to make smart remark. Looking at KAREN'S
face and the gun pointed at him, he GULPS his mouth shut.
KAREN leans over and punches her intercom button.

KAREN

[Clicks the gun 'safety' off with a SNAP.]
Judy please send JIM PROCTER in.

[CONT'D] ELRON, rather than you put me in a hole,
I think I will let you enjoy MY HOLE for
a while. And I don't mean that sexually.

52.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK
What the hell do you think your doing?

JIM PROCTER taps, then opens the door, raises his eyebrows
at ELRON being held at gunpoint.

KAREN
Agent PROCTER, please throw this piece
of crap in my detention center. Put THIS
in an evidence bag.
[She unplugs and hands JIM a USB THUMB
DRIVE from her desk computer.]
This is my office surveillance camera
footage which shows him threatening my life.

ELRON MAN-IN-BLACK
YOU FOOL! I will have your ass for this!

KAREN
My goodness, Mr. ELRON- you go from
my hole to my ass in seconds flat!

PROCTER
He ought to be in porno! What about
his buddy out there?

KAREN
Impound their car, unless it's titled
in his partner's name. Put his partner
on foot outside our gate. OH, and JIM...

JIM is cuffing the furious ELRON, he looks up at KAREN.

KAREN
NO INFORMATION on him on our system!
Until we I.D. him. No identification
for the mysterious men in black?
Fine. We can't process him without
it. I want to see his footprint on
a Birth Certificate BEFORE we even
THINK about processing him.

PROCTER
[To ELRON-]
I think you are going to be speaking
Mexican by the time you get out of
here. Well- lets get you showered up

[CONT'D] and anally checked for contraband.

53.

S.O.

SONG: "Come with me now" By The Kongo's

KAREN

Good idea, and keep him on lock down
till we I.D. him.

PROCTER

Got just the spot. SANCHEZ sent his
last cellmate out with a concussion.
Give him a taste of what a real man
in black is.

CUT TO:

INT. CBP STRATEGY ROOM-THE WAR ROOM- DAY
CAMERA PANS a well appointed military-ish room with huge
local maps on the wall, pictures of wanted people, gear
computers and equipment. A laege conference table dominates
the room.

V.O.

Every law enforcement facility has a special spot where
plans are made and executed. Communications, access to data
and records, and top personnel come together to make things
happen. You could plan an invasion from the nerve center of
the Customs and Border Patrol. And that's what is happening
now. A MISPLACED ALIEN JANITOR on earth invasion. Never
has these facilities been used like this...

DFO KAREN MADSON

We are in the deepest shit imaginable.

JIM PROCTER WATCH COMMANDER

That is an understatement. JOYSTICK, I am
sure SAMY is starving. Would you show him
around a bit, grab him some pies from the
kitchen. They are bound to have some left over
from yesterday. Show him the employee lunch room.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Great idea. JUDY! I want tactical in here.
Intelligence. Command Post Security.

[She looks at her secretary JUDY, sternly]
And skip all the 'Independance Day' movie
paranoia. I want a conference call with
DRAKE at Homeland Security at exactly
fourteen hundred hours today. Get my
department heads in here- STAT!

JUDY hustles out.KAREN, JIM, and GAVINA look at each other. 54.

JIM PROCTER WATCH COMMANDER

I guess we can assume the shit is hitting the fan. They will be coming hot and heavy.

DOCTOR GAVINA MITCHELL

Well naturally, it is going to have to be a 'need to know' basis! I don't know how long we can keep a lid on it, but we gotta try!

JIM PROCTER WATCH COMMANDER

On patrol we see them at night, south of here. Lights, jet fighters. Hell, Roswell is only 60 miles from here! They can have a stealth plane here in 5 minutes!

KAREN walks to a large display monitor and types at the console.

DFO KAREN MADSON

AND, I suspect we are 'on the grid' already. Our satellite coverage is off- in 'maintenance mode' suddenly! We have to assume the feds are aware that there is something going on down here. And it's going to get hotter than a Jalepeno's bath water.

JIM PROCTER

They'd like nothing better than to drop SAMY in a lab under Area 51. Probably cut him open just to see whats inside.

DFO KAREN MADSON

We have to plan for the worst, and hope for the best. SAMEEKERUS has asked for, and been granted, ASYLUM. We all take our jobs seriously, but never forget- THIS IS WHAT WE DO. It's what America does. Always has. We are the best so lets act like it.

The requested department heads were arriving and taking seats. The CAMERA BLURS as voice-over comes up...

V.O.

The next hour is the Border Patrol doing what they do best guarding our border. Let's just say that this time,

[CONT'D] they are guarding it against the U.S. SIDE! 55.
The best thing they have going for them is the fact that NOBODY
knows this patch of Earth better than them! They have the home
court advantage.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT SCRUB - HILLS OVERLOOKING CBP COMPOUND - DAY

[S.U. Song under/ just made it up! AKA background]
SONG: "Drink the Water" - Justin Cross

CAMERA is PANNING a low hill overlooking the Border Patrol
building and containment facilities. It is typical sparse
southwestern, lower Arizona landscape. POV is on the only
hill for miles, covered with several large bushes. CAMERA
pans back to A tiny black figure which can barely be seen
walking on the long driveway leading up to the building.
We pan over the lovely Southwestern deser---
WTF! THAT BUSH 10 FEET FROM THE CAMERA JUST MOVED!!

ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (TUMBLEWEED)

[Speaking in a near whisper.]

COYOTE to EAGLE base, EAGLE base,
do you read? Shit GUNNY. The radio is
out of range. Uplink the SAT feed,
lets phone home...

DOBBS 'SPOTTER' GUNNY, is a rather handsome Yucca bush
located next to DOBBS. It unfolds a small high tech cone
shaped umbrella thing and aims it skyward.

ARMY SPOTTER 'GUNNY' (YUCCA BUSH)

We got a signal, DOBBS we are a 'go'.

He hands DOBBS a wire end which he plugs into
a feed on the scope of his M107 50 caliber sniper rifle.

ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (a TUMBLEWEED)

MARK- EAGLE base MARK. Coyote local.
Have you got your ears and glasses on?

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH TECH U.S. SITUATION ROOM - LIGHTED

Well, if it ain't our old friends GENERAL CARLSON 56.
and A.F. GENERAL LANCE GRANGER! Up to no good? They are looking
at a large monitor that fuzzed for a second and blinked on our
lonely CBP command post.

[CONT'D] GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
COYOTE this is EAGLE base, affirmative,
glasses on. What have you seen today
so far?

[Over TV monitor] ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (a TUMBLEWEED)
We got bugs, snakes, lizards, and
birds. We got no green speckled varmints.

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
Whats that little black dot on the road?

[Over TV monitor] ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (a TUMBLEWEED)
Some walker, EAGLE. Here I will zoom him
in for you.

SPFX

The view bumped a little, then smoothly zooms down,
showing us EDGAR MAN-IN-BLACK, walking up the roadway
looking very pissed off.

GENERAL GRANGER
Hells bells! That's ELRON's partner!
Now what in hell you think they are
up to?

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
I don't know. That's why I decided
to check them out. I don't trust ELRON
since he grabbed that wreck out from under
us in Peru. There's too much money in the
alien artifact business, you can't trust anyone.

GENERAL GRANGER
Hell no! Look at the money! Fiber optics,
transistor chips, kevlar, night vision, laser,
velcro! They throw something out in the
garbage and the earth has a new millionaire!

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
Well he was awfully keen on this area after
we jumped up that Squatter. I don't trust
him. You there COYOTE?

[Over TV monitor] ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (TUMBLEWEED) 57.
[CONT'D] Affirmative EAGLE base.

GENERAL JOHN CARLSON
I hope you and GUNNY packed some pajamas.
I want eyes on that Base every second.
If a truck pulls in the driveway selling
taco's I wanna know if they are hard or
soft shell!

[Over TV monitor] ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (a TUMBLEWEED)
Roger that, EAGLE, we will prevail
and surveil! Remaining on stand by.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT SCRUB - HILL OVERLOOKING CBP COMPOUND - DAY

ARMY SPOTTER 'GUNNY' (YUCCA BUSH)
Sweet! Take a few days off, work on my
tan, get 24 hour duty pay... and sit
right here in good ole' "MUHRICA" and
not get shot at!

ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (TUMBLEWEED)
Well, just stay frosty. This whole deal
is just a little weird. What are we doing
spying on a government facility? You think
they got any idea that the Army is crawled
up their underpants spying on them from a
half mile away?

ARMY SPOTTER 'GUNNY' (YUCCA BUSH)
Who cares, lets just keep a sharp eye on
them like Carlson said. This is too good
of a job to screw up!

ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (TUMBLEWEED)
You bet I will!

CREOSOTE BUSH
NO, YOU WON'T.

ARMY SPOTTER 'GUNNY' (YUCCA BUSH)
Did you say that?

ARMY SNIPER 'DOBBS' (a TUMBLEWEED)
Hell no, I didn't say it!

[CONT'D]

CREOSOTE BUSH-
NORMAN FUCHS-CBP AGENT

58.

I did. You 'Bullet Catchers' are under arrest.
STAND UP SLOWLY; LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS LAY!

S.O.

SONG: "Come with me now" By The Kongo's

FUCHS gets up slow showing them his 50 caliber Desert Eagle. Flashing his insane Jersey-boy grin... He clicks cuffs, slings the sniper rifle on his shoulder, and they head down the hill towards the Command Center.

CUT TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL COMPOUND - PRISONER INTAKE - DAY

KAREN and PROCTER are in prisoner intake with FUCHS. They are looking over the gear the soldiers had. The soldiers are visible through the window at 'fingerprint station'.

JIM PROCTER

I know I am gonna be sorry I asked this, but HOW IN THE HELL, did you get the drop on two Army snipers, FUCHS?

NORMAN FUCHS

[Recites, like a Marine to a Drill Sergeant]
Easy peasy. I was on the new tight watch security patrol detail. I asked myself how would I set up visual observation to assess the activities, resources and objectives of this particular installation based upon its geographic characteristics? That hill was the only logical place. So I became a creosote bush and waited seventeen hours, and Badda-BING, there they were.

DFO KAREN MADSON

You froze, in hiding, for 17 hours?!
I don't know whether to give you a medal or sign you up for therapy.

JIM PROCTER

They are not gonna tell us anything but name, rank, and serial number. What's this gear, Norman? I don't recognize it.

V.O.

The table is covered in what the snipers had on them. M107 50 caliber sniper rifle, rations, spotter scope, spongebob pajamas, secret high tech Q link satellite uplink, suntan oil.

[CONT'D]

NORMAN FUCHS

59.

That is the latest Milstar Q band high
tech satellite uplink gear.

V.O.

I told ya so!

NORMAN FUCHS

They could have been talking anywhere on earth.

DFO KAREN MADSON

Pretty much what we expected, how is our
new friend doing?

PROCTER

Actually, excellant. We are having a
meeting at 5 to decide how to proceed...

FADE TO:

INT. CBP OPERATIONS - THE WAR ROOM - DAY

The main conference table was bare, except for a hundred
pages of notes and drawings by JOYSTICK, SAMY, and DOCTOR
GAVINA. SAMY was in the corner with his new laptop, doing
Rosetta Stone-computer murmuring, SAMY murmuring back.

DFO KAREN MADSON

I guess the first order of business
is safety. Nearest we can tell is the
government is even more suspicious, and
I have sure done my part to piss them off.
JUDY keep notes- and try not to go all
"War of the worlds" on us.

JUDY is a portly, ok, lets say fat, middle aged secretary
with horn-rimmed glasses who is great at her job and low
on imagination. She is flabbergasted by the recent turn
of events. She thinks of herself as KARENS older sister.
The world relies on JUDY'S. So do we!

JUDY

Hhmmmmppffff! Whateveah.

DOCTOR GAVINA

OK, I might be the slowest kid in
the class, but aren't we part of
the government?

Yes DOCTOR. But there are different motivations in government like there are in people. For instance, we did our job and welcomed a legitimate applicant to our country for Asylum and citizenship.

PROCTER

And then there's parts of the government who think our nations needs are best served by locking any alien up and keeping it secret, while they try to get all the information they can. SAMY has the same rights and priveledges as ANYBODY who shows up knocking on this door.

GAVINA

Damn right! But I don't get it. SAMY is a space Janitor! We been over this ten ways to Sunday with him! He can't give them any weapons! He doesn't know any earth shaking truths or have any great technocological understandings. He's just, SAMY.

JOYSTICK WESTVEER

That is enough to get him locked up forever. There has been studies done that warn governments that the mere knowledge that there are other creatures in space will cause mankind to go nuts and governments to loose control.

PROCTER

And then there is the wonderful bastards who just want to cut him open to see what makes him tick. They think they have the right, and that mankind needs to know.

JUDY

I'm curious!

KAREN

[Frowns at JUDY- like 'keep a lid on it!]
We need to know where his ship got surprised and ditched him.

[KAREN looks through notes and drawings on the table.]

This MOTROO SAMY was trying to kill sounds like

[CONT'D] a very serious problem for our planet!

61.

PROCTER

And that IS part of our official duties-
keeping foreign dangerous critters out
of the country- and planet, in this case.

JOYSTICK

As near as I can figure out, the MOTROO is like
Rats were on old sailing ships. SAMY's people
have been putting up with them for thousands
of years on their spacecraft- because they are
nearly impossible to completely exterminate!

DOCTOR GAVINA

Who cares? Darn thing will just starve
to death or get old and die! Big deal!

JOYSTICK

Wrong, on both counts. That's why SAMY's
people can't get rid of them. First,
they eat anything and everything, like
a cockroach on steroids!

JIM PROCTER

Well fine, let him get fat on earth grub
and die of old age! It's not like we are
infested with them!

JOYSTICK

I was getting to that. They multiply at
an incredible rate. SAMY guesses that
in the few days it has been there,
there are probably a dozen MOTROO by now!

JIM PROCTER

I thought he said there was only ONE!?

JOYSTICK

There was. But they are asexual.

JIM PROCTER

WHAT THE HELL DOES IT'S SEXUAL ORIENTATION
HAVE TO DO WITH IT!?

DOCTOR GAVINA

That means one can make babies without
another one. It can get itself pregnant.

[CONT'D]

KAREN

62.

Brings a whole new meaning to the phrase
"Go screw yourself"...

DOCTOR GAVINA

Like a KARDASHIAN...

V.O.

O.K. That was uncalled for.

JUDY

How do you spell 'KARDASHIAN'?

JIM PROCTER

So basically, we don't know WHERE it
is, its eats ANYTHING, and it is a
self breeding fast multiplying
super RAT SLASH COCKROACH?

JOYSTICK

Yeah, that pretty much sums it up.
Sucks, don't it? And the FEDS
still have us on Satellite 'time out'
so we can't spy on them- spying on us!
Or else SAMY and I could backtrack
where the MOTROO might be.

KAREN

And what about SAMY? Where are we
going to hide him to keep him safe?
I mean, a university? The deep woods?
A rock quarry?

SAMY left his computer and walked over by the table.

SAMY

Here! Sstay here woorrk. You dids
[He struggles for the word]
right- you dids hoonhoo hOonesst!

KAREN

SAMY we are not a care center. We
have to protect our Border. We have
to do for others what we did for you.
We have to wipe out the MOTROO.

SAMY

I help. I worrk. Ssameekeruss worrkss
gooood. And I besst on catch MOTROO!

Well thats a thought. There is plenty around here to do, if you don't mind getting your hands dirty.

SAMY

SAMY not gets dirtee- CLEETUS cleans self.

KAREN

Well, lets try maintenance janitor. Hell HE DID IT FOR HIS SPACESHIP, he must be good at it... But I can't let anyone new in on this, especially Baker in Janitorial!

JOYSTICK

I got him DIRECTOR. We can work on his English and keep him busy. No problem.

KAREN

SAMY, you are free creature-lets say man-on this planet. The most powerful country
[She walks to a globe on the bookcase and spins it.]
on this planet has given you the rights of freedom, and the protection of this countries ASYLUM.

SAMY

[Realizing this must be another 'official' kind of moment is standing in his odd but impressive posture, listening, nodding his understanding.]
Thankss you, KARENS. I gets it.

KAREN

With freedom comes responsibility.
[She lays her hanf on the earth globe.]
EVERYBODY on this planet will be interested in you. Most of them with bad things like us when we accdentally arrested you. THAT is 'no freedom'. You would upset people. Make them mad and crazy. Or crazy happy. Mostly crazy.

DOCTOR GAVINA is recording on cellphone again.

DOCTOR GAVINA

We have to keep you secret. Crazy is bad.

[CONT'D]

JUDY

64.

This whole thing is crazy.

PROCTER

[Always the cowboy,]

Keep private. It is not lying, it is just not offering all the truth all the time.

SAMY

I knows. Like rulses about going offs my ships. CLEETUS and be carefuls. Smiles.

DOCTOR GAVINA

Thats right! Don't draw attention to youself! We will help you. Someone will always be around.

PROCTER

Like when the bad man found you and when you came here. Nobody knew you were different. Just smile and mind your own business.

SAMY

Yess this I knows.

DOCTOR GAVINA

And meanwhile you can work on english and stay busy and out of trouble puttering around the shop, and medical. Just do the Janitor thang.

KAREN

OK, everybody is kind of on board now. All costs and overtime are authorized for everyone across the board.

JOYSTICK and PROCTER give each other a low 'high-five', GAVINA gives a little palm upwards- eyes downward in a "THAHANK YOU- JAHEESUS" supplication...

KAREN

Oh, so it takes an ALIEN INVASION for my department heads to tell me I am a tight ass?

DOCTOR GAVINA

Pennies should be pinched, KAREN, but you torture them to a slow, horrible death!

[CONT'D]

KAREN

65.

I imagine we will find the funding.
Alright! SAMY YOU ARE HIRED!

PROCTER

You see there GAVINA? The sun even
shines on a dogs ass- once in a while!

V.O.

And that was the day SAMY was officially welcomed to
earth, got a job, and learned how to shake hands.

FADE TO:
SPFX

STARRY NIGHT SKY PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. TEXAS/MEXICO BORDER DESERT SCRUB - NIGHT

PAN Down to desolate green dye spotted sand and cacti
with a scampering lizard. We slowly PAN over desert then
quickly SWING CAMERA BACK as a greasy tentacle wraps around
the scampering lizard, slowly dragging it into a big black
hole. The CAMERA PANS back and up, showing the black hole
is the jaws of the MOTROO. Pulsating on its back, are
baby MOTROO. They are chameleon-like. Its hide is rock
and sand-like now with bright green splotches, as it
mimics its surroundings.

V.O.

It seems that SAMY's escaped MOTROO is proving why it is
the pest scourge to a Galaxy of advanced civilizations.
It is eating well, and those are several baby MOTROO's on
its back. They are suckling nutrition from their Mom.
Err, Dad. Well, its both actually, since the MOTROO
asexual. Like an alien Richard Simmons. OK, that was
uncalled for, too. Within a month, there may be dozens of
these RATROACHES, and if they spread out of the desert-
Earth will have A VERY BAD time. If they can thrive in a
desert, imagine how much HAVOC they would wreak on a city...

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMS AND BORDER PATROL COMPOUND: KITCHEN - DAY

The KITCHEN MANAGER is a hard working greasy fella with
hairy knuckles and a sweating problem. An AGENT comes
through the busy kitchen and hands the manager papers.

ANGLE ON:

We read the papers over his sweaty shoulder, and see
"From the desk of Director Karen Madson" and we read
along with the COOK who reads out loud...

[CONT'D]

KITCHEN MANAGER

66.

Please order and keep in stock ASAP:
50 QUARTS BLUEBERRIES
10 QUARTS BOYSENBERRIES
10 QUARTS BLACKBERRIES
10 QUARTS RASPBERRIES
100 BLUEBERRY PIES

ANGLE ON:

KITCHEN MANAGER front view, busy kitchen behind him. He is apparently not used to custom orders, especially like this.

KITCHEN MANAGER

Gawddam smurfs!

CUT TO:

The high tech center of law enforcement organizations are interesting places. It is crammed with radios, trailcameras, computers, test equipment and tool boxes. This particular one has a few special considerations. Such as Border Patrol toys like the Drones. Large Air Force types down to 2 foot camera carrying spy-sneakers. Another consideration is JOYSTICK WESTVEERS toys. Not the least of which is a 7 foot tall Marshall Stack Amplifier, hooked up to a 1958 Fender Stratocaster electric guitar which is currently getting a workout...

S.O.

SONG: "Cliffs of Dover" by Eric Johnson

JOYSTICK is in rapture, doing an awful imitation of Angus Young from AC/DC. He has his pant legs rolled up to his knees and he is bobbing like a \$5 hooker. SAMY is entranced, palms together, swaying and staring. GAVINA and JIM PROCTER are watching appreciatively while wiggling. JOYSTICK winds down and sets the guitar down.

SAMY

Iss good! I likeses rocks an rollses!

JOYSTICK

[Elvis sneer impersonation]

THANKuhh, thanga verry much!

SAMY plays a little with the guitar, enthralled. Then goes back to his workspot with his materials and hits the laptop with the Rosetta Stone language program muttering back to it. GAVINA smiles proudly and speaks to DAVE, JOYSTICK, and JIM.

[CONT'D]

GAVINA

67.

You are a wonder, Joystick. And I just love what you have done with the place.

[She looks at the Drone bay.]

So you are gonna find where he landed with these drones?

JOYSTICK

It's our best shot! They got our satellite access cut off. We are blind. Even when they turn it on they will be watching everything we watch. According to SAMY, there is an acre of bright green marker dye all over; like was on his clothes.

JIM PROCTER

Good lookin' out on you, DAVE for finding him a box of coveralls!

ANGLE ON:

SAMY, standing over laptop in his nice Armani-tailored coveralls. His sleeves are rolled up over a surprisingly good biceps, Boys got Pipes! SAMY is vigorously learning speech, imitating a baseball batter...

SAMY

The boyses are playing Baseballses!

JOYSTICK

I got my local drone club hooked up and we will be working grid patterns south with camera drones looking for bright green splotched desert.

DAVE

According to SAMY, should be easy to spot. He pointed out the detainees soccer field and said it was that big.

JIM PROCTER

Any of you genius's figured out what all that green crap is and whats it doing out there?

JOYSTICK

It is military- spec marker dye. DAVE and I ran it through GAVINA'S Spectroscope. Now HOW it got there, I don't know, but our military had something

[CONT'D] to do with it. Thats why they are
suddenly sniffing around here.

68.

SAMY is pecking on his laptop- pulls up YOUTUBE, computer
starts a video, SAMY knows this one!

SONG: "Call me maybe" by Carly Rae Jepson

SAMY

[Watching a video on laptop singing
quietly with a surprisingly snakey- cobra
like weave]

'I trade my ssoul for a wish, pennies and
dimes for a kissss I wasn't looking for thiss'
[he jiggles up and mimicks a slow shirt
peel up off his belly- LIKE THE VIDEO]
'but now your in my way...'

JOYSTICK

So SAMY, why do your people come here?

SAMY

[Singing it in tune]

'Here's my number- so Ssticky metals maybe.'

DAVE STRIKER

Sticky metals?

SAMY

[Shuts laptop lid- he's back to earth.]
Yess ssticky.

[Holds fists up 5 inches apart, imitates
magnets sticking together, pulls apart,
sticks together again.]

JOYSTICK

You mean magnets? Metal that sticks together?

SAMY looks around, smiles- then walks over to the vending
machine against the shop wall and pulls off a magnet
holding up a 'for sale' note.

SAMY

Sticky metalss MAGNETs. Very goods. Altair
not have this stuffs.

JOYSTICK

So your people come all the way to earth
for refrigerator magnets?

[CONT'D]

SAMY

69.

Yess! Amazings magnetss! Verry rare we not have. Scitists very happy. They work shops
[holds hands up to show that JOYSTICKS shop is very similar]
they makes much spinning machinenses.
[picks up a cordless drill- spins it and spins finger with it.]

DAVE

So they are having AC and DC science revolution. A whole branch of motive power undeveloped by them.

SAMY

Very spensive... rares. Earthss much ssticky metalss- scitists verry happys!

SAMY walks back to vending machine, neatly replaces the sale notice and magnet, grabs a broom and starts sweeping, we all notice he still has his green dye splattered Converse sneakers on...

JOYSTICK

He is cool! But he surely ain't no genius! Professionally speaking, I'd put him about a solid average 100 I.Q.- With an 'E' for good effort and motivation.

DAVE LAB TECHNICIAN

Well yeah he has got to be motivated, I mean he is suddenly dumped in a new world and he's trying to learn as much as he can. It's only natural.

JOYSTICK

Natural for us! Remember he is from a stratified civilization that is 20 times older than ours, and amphibious lizard based. Evolution branched into dinosaurs and furry things; we went fur- his race went the dinosaur and bird direction.

GAVINA

From everything I have gathered, he can't help the human race much. His people categorize and grade their youngsters and it sets their whole life up. Schooling, social applications- everything. He wasn't taught much and he was trained to be a spaceship janitor. That's all. Case closed.

[CONT'D]

DAVE

70.

Well the whole world has been hoping that aliens would give us the answers to a million questions. We finally got one and the only question he can answer is how to unclog a toilet!

PROCTER

He sure is a hard worker! I'll give him that. He never goofs off and he moves from one thing to the next without a break.

JOYSTICK

Yeah! He has got our supply room looking better than it ever did- It's cleaner than a nuns browsing history!

David grabs two pieces of black electrical tape and makes himself imitation eyebrows, and goes into his 'Rod Serling' imitation using a big adjustable wrench as a microphone... [dramatic twilight zonish cymbal bashes and flutes meandering in background sound].

DAVID LAB TECHNICIAN

[As a bad, but recognizeable, Rod Serling voice over.]

'We have a new challenge. Perhaps the most monumental in recorded HISTORY... the opportunity to investigate a phenomena that could change our destiny. Through the study and understanding of the UFO PHENOMENA we may discover a new energy source, or how to use it. Or it could lead to an understanding of our relationship to life throughout the universe.'

PROCTER

Yeah, right! That ain't gonna happen!

GAVINA has been watching SAMY sweep and dance a little, still doing the Youtube video, and those shoes...

ANGLE BACK TO:

GAVINA

Those shoes are gonna get us busted... other than that we got a pretty good DEEP COVER going here.

[CONT'D]

DAVE

71.

We got to go to town to get him him shoes.
That green stuff doesn't wash off!

GAVINA taps at a laptop and smiles.

GAVINA

Oh my goodness, JOYSTICK-JIM, check out
what just arrived at the local...

.....
[TIME OUT. I don't wanna tell producers their bidness, but]
[basketball shoe companies make too freakin' much money!]
[NOW: Converse has had the film industries clear back to]
[the 60's and we gave 'em a peck on the cheek with SAMY'S]
[feet already although we splotch- stained 'em green. Heck]
[they are probably making the first batch to coincide with]
['Illegal Aliens' premiere! NOW--this is gonna be good--so]
[get in 'DICKS SPORTING GOODS' and 'NIKE's' asses and get]
[this film's budget loosened up a bit! The following are]
[used for illustration; naturally if ADIDAS or GIVENCHY]
[wants SUMMA THIS- for goodness sake, take the \$\$\$\$!]
[Slide ME a little reach-around too! HeeheeHe. Good Talk!]
.....

[CONT'D]

GAVINA

DICKS SPORTING GOODS! NIKE LEBRON 10's!

V.O.

I feel like such a whore.

JIM and JOYSTICK are looking at GAVINA's laptop.

JOYSTICK

Freakin' sweeeet!

JIM PROCTER

Holy shit- DFO KAREN will have a heart
attack if you spend that kind of money
on a pair of sneakers for SAMY...

GAVINA

Oh nonsense, JIMMY! Let me interpret
female speech for you- She said
"All costs were authorized...".
Now what part of 'ALL' don't you
understand? The "A" or the "L"s?

JOYSTICK

He needs a couple perks! He has
been through a lot. And nothing
says 'love' like new sneakers!

FADE TO: 72.

EXT. CUSTOMS AND BORDER PATROL MAIN PARKING LOT - MORNING

[Get ready folks, Lets meet SAMEEKERUS. SAMY has never been on a SHOPPING TRIP- EVER. Please bear with my admittedly recurrent embarrassing shoe fetish- and lets SHOOT THIS!]

[Glamour model on runway dream scene type SHOT. CAMERA IS 15 feet high and follows an unglamorous un-marked government sedan coming down into the parking lot.]

ANGLE ON:

[CAMERA: Three feet high, on a parking sign that says 'TECH DEPT. PARKING', the front edge of the car pulls in and bumps the sign, and parks. CAMERA PANS BACK down side of car, on side of car, as it passes drivers window, it is rolling up. But we still don't see him! CAMERA DOLLY BACK stops at rear bumper on left side of car. And we wait. No sound. 4 seconds. But I guess we are committed...]

S.O.S. [Song Over Scene]

SONG: "PHOTOGRAPH"- Chris Daughtry feat. Santana
[Concept Short on Youtube: "SAMY'S SCENE" by triphik]

Start the song. Driver door opens. A scruffy pair of blue jeans and work boots come out. JOYSTICK. MUSIC FAIL-- BwaabwaabaaBAA! Left rear door opens! MUSIC STARTS! Scruffy jeans again, with an old pair of sneakers. Dave gets out with a cute 'Mall Bag' MUSIC FAIL-BwaabwabaaBA! Dave starts following JOYSTICK towards Tech Shop GARAGE ROLLUP DOOR.

NOW- LOW SPEED SHOT:

CAMERA ROLLING BACK, SLOWLY ACROSS TRUNK TO: CHANGE ANGLE:

Right side of car. START MUSIC! Door opens. At 14 seconds into song SAMY'S heel hits the ground and the Lyrics start. NIKE LEBRON 10's!!! Then its a Carbon copy of KARENS act. Because its HIM! He pauses, the wind is hitting into his face gently, but screw physics- he pulls a small wisp of hair from the corner of his lips that can't rightly be there. [I KNOW his hair isn't long enough- just DO IT!] He tilts His head back, shakes his hair down and smiles at the sun. The sun smiles back. [YEAH, You read right! IT SMILES BACK- Use the Micky Mouse clip from KARENS SCENE or somethin!]. He smooths his coveralls and reaches in and grabs his Mall Bag [old shoes I guess]. He shuts his car door, the CAMERA inappropriately stares at him butt-high.

HE TURNS, and 'Fred-Astairs' a side shuffle to the parking concrete stops, hops up, and dances across lightly, then jumps off... TROMP! And starts high-knee 'Godzilla-tromping' imaginary tanks. Then lightly turns to pirouette and ballet-step across the grass...MUSIC STOPS with needle ripped off a phono record sound.

73.

RESUME CAMERA SPEED - END DREAM

ANGLE ON:

The same group of prisoner workers is from before on work detail with an AGENT near the garage door, staring at SAMY like he has lost his friggin' mind... SAMY smiles.

SAMY

New shoeses!

[He points at his feet for them.]

NIKEESES!

WORK DETAIL PRISONER A

Isn't that the guy who never talked and was laying under the toilet?

WORK DETAIL PRISONER B

Yeah, Completamente fuera de su mente!

JOYSTICK

Quit fooling around SAMY, come on!

CUT TO:

INT. CBP MAIN RECEPTION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ROBIN MARSHAL is a pretty very smart attorney. Her and DFO KAREN MADSON are staring at each other stubbornly across the conference table.

ROBIN MARSHAL ESQUIRE

I don't like it anymore than you do, DIRECTOR MADSON, but we can't hold him. Sanchez is a Mexican National citizen, and while his fellow buddies are not talking, there is insufficient evidence to tie him to the truck, the dope on the truck or the driver.

DFO KAREN MADSON

So he is basically...LEGALLY... a picked up hitch hiker until proven otherwise, huh?

[CONT'D]

ROBIN MARSHAL

74.

Yes, and the SIZEABLE BOND placed with the court system to secure his bail makes him a free man. You gotta release him.

They look out the glass conference room wall and see JIM PROCTER leading SANCHEZ across the RECEPTION AREA. He stops at the open door with the smirking SANCHEZ and taps.

PROCTER

As requested, DIRECTOR, one NOGALEZ SANCHEZ in his Civilian clothes and personal possessions up to and including...

[He holds up a bulky manilla folder.]
one legally registered nickle plated Colt forty five automatic pistol.

With the last, PROCTER holds up the heavy manilla folder.

[IN BAD UNISON]

ROBIN/KAREN

Cut him loose.

PROCTER swings the heavy manilla folder over and thumps SANCHEZ in the chest with it. -HARD-.

PROCTER

Skeedaddle, Dickhead.

SANCHEZ' eyes flash MEAN for a second, then he thinks better of it.

SANCHEZ

Thank you all kindly. Miss MARSHAL, you look fabulous today as always...

ROBIN MARSHAL

You will get my bill in the mail.
Beat it.

SANCHEZ takes the folder and jauntily walks out of sight. PROCTER tilts his cowboy hat back, shakes his head wearily, then walks into the conference room and sits down heavily.

JIM PROCTER

I grilled SANCHEZ again for where he picked SAMY up, and where all the green dye was. Said he wasn't paying attention, didn't know. His other two buddies won't say a word, either.

ROBIN MARSHAL gathers her paperwork to leave.

75.

DFO KAREN

Hold on a second, ROBIN, we may have some work for you that won't leave such a bad taste in your mouth. Mr. PROCTER, would you please escort our new friend and employee to my office? Ms. MARSHAL and I will meet you there.

ROBIN

Just let me stop at the ladies restroom first, and wash that creepy SANCHEZ off of me!

They stand and file out. ['Law and Order' DINK DINK here?]

CUT TO:

INT. CBP DIRECTOR KAREN MADSONS OFFICE - DAY

The attorney ROBIN walks into the office slowly, with the wary, practiced eye of a skilled litigant, sizing up the room. She nods at KAREN, while studying SAMY and PROCTER.

ROBIN

Well, here I am. This better be important, I am not used to wasting time listening to some whiny wetback story.

JIM PROCTER

[SARCASTICALLY]

Oh, I think you will find this "whiny" story worth your time!

KAREN

ROBIN MARSHAL, I would like you to meet our STARback, SAMEEKERUS.

ROBIN looks SAMY over, with a vaguely distasteful expression. She holds her hand out to shake, but SAMY just stares at it. He hasn't got the handshaking thing yet.

ROBIN

[putting her hand down]

Friendly fella, isn't he? Nice to meet you, SAMEEKERUS. Starback, as in football player?... No last name?

KAREN shakes her head 'no', PROCTER smiles.

What kind of name is that? Croation, Slavic?

KAREN and PROCTER shake their heads 'no'.

JIM

A little further out than that, maam. The reason you are here is because our Army is seeking to deprive SAMY of his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness without due process of law.

ROBIN

Why? He must have some business or connection with them for the Army to even bother with him.

KAREN

Absolutely nothing. No dealings, contracts or contacts. We have granted him Asylum, against persecution because of...or lack of... his Nationality.

JIM

Heck he has never been in this country till a few days ago. And the Army and MEN IN BLACK want to drop him in a hole and fill it in. They are sworn to uphold our way of life and then turn and deprive someone else of theirs without thinking twice about it!

ROBIN

Welcome to Ahmuurika, PROCTER. You new here?

KAREN

Well that shit stops here. I made a promise to uphold American FREEDOM, and I promised this ...uhh... person Asylum- and I damn sure intend to do it! We need a court injunction and a Restraining Order that will hold up in any court against the armed services.

[Punches intercom.]

JUDY, would you ask GAVINA MITCHELL to step into my office please?

ROBIN

I think you are spinning your wheels here. Who is going to enforce this? They are not going to pay much attention to a little piece of paper!

[CONT'D]

KAREN

77.

Don't worry about that, we will enforce it.
I just want the law to have my back if the
shit hits the fan.

ROBIN

Yeah, well- whatever. I still think your
having a hissy-fit over nothing.

KAREN

Oh, YEAH. About that, you should know the
whole story. SAMEEKERUS, would you please
ask CLEETUS to stop working?

ANGLE ON CUT TO:

SPFX CGI

SONG: Dire Straits - "Calling Elvis"

ROBIN is seated on office couch with her notepad facing
CAMERA, SAMY'S back is facing CAMERA, giving us a rear
view of SAMY unmasking.

SAMY

Klatu verada nikto, CLEETUS. Shagbaroogosh.

The CAMERA shows SAMY'S shrinking hair and the skin
melting backwards off his fish scale/armadillo type
skin. ROBIN'S face in the background, is a study in performing
arts. The surprise and amazement on ROBIN'S
face sells the whole scene and she is frozen in wonder
as the office door opens. JUDY looks skyward and
crosses herself and DOCTOR GAVINA steps around her,
entering the office.

CUT BACK TO:
SPFX-CGI

INT. CBP KAREN MADSONS OFFICE - DAY

KAREN is standing by the couch studying Attorney ROBIN.
SAMY has got his lovely alien face out with CLEETUS
retracted to his shoulder ball 'stand-by mode'.
ROBIN watches in rapt hypnotic fascination.

KAREN

You took that rather well, Robin!
Helluva lot better than I did.

DOCTOR GAVINA walks over with some ammonia inhalers and
the office bottle of Yukon Jack Snake Bite, which is
getting kind of low in quantity.

[CONT'D]

GAVINA

78.

Follow my finger, sweetie...

[She slowly passes her finger from side to side in front of ROBIN'S smile-frozen face.]

Mild shock- give her a minute.

GAVINA cracks the bottle of Yukon Jack open and without looking at it or saying a word, ROBIN takes it and hits it with an Attorney-Proud slug, finishing the bottle.

KAREN

We gotta talk business. Later if you want to, we will braid each others hair and talk about boys. But first things first...

[She snaps her fingers by ROBIN'S face.]

Hello... so you can see our situation? Can you help us out?

ROBIN

Yes. I, oh, I have to tell my Dad! We always knew... we have been looking and hoping all of our lives!

[She stares at SAMY unabashedly.]

JIM PROCTER

This will be a lot more fun than springing bandits! So what's the deal?

ROBIN

I'll have a court injunction, protection order and restraining order tomorrow. Six hundred and fiddy. In advance. And that retains me for any and all representation...

KAREN

Fantastic. I LOVE IT when a plan comes together.

KAREN walks to her desk and tears off a sheet of notebook paper and hands it to her secretary, JUDY.

KAREN

JUDY, start making calls. We need to get hold of someone who is very difficult to get in contact with.

JUDY looks at the paper, her eyes go very wide. JIM walks over to SAMY, and puts his hand on SAMY'S arm.

[CONT'D]

JIM PROCTER

79.

SAMY, better cover up, I think thats our cue to go hide out back and let these good folks get to work!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDY'S DESK OUTSIDE KAREN'S OFFICE - DAY

JUDY is seated at her desk, with a phone parked on her shoulder. She is setting some papers down KAREN did not want. KAREN'S arms are crossed like 'I ain't having any of this shit'. GAVINA is keeping out of it, watching with an amused expression.

KAREN

First off, it is not a 'they', it is a 'he'. Secondly, the only thing he wants to CONQUER is a Blueberry pie and a few Youtube music videos.

JUDY

That false sense of security is just a cover for their AGENDA, KAREN! You see one, and you can bet there is a thousand more just a ship landing away!

[She takes off her glasses and folds aluminum foil over the arms, making flat temple 'ALIEN TELEPATHY SIGNAL BLOCKERS'and puts them back on, smugly superior.]

Now is when you have to be the most careful!

KAREN

[Sends a look heavenward and shakes her head.]
My grandpa taught me there is two kinds of people, JUDY- Smartasses and Dumbasses.
DON'T be a DUMBASS!

GAVINA motions KAREN towards her office. They walk in.

GAVINA

They say that what doesn't kill you- causes a lot of unhealthy coping mechanisms and bad FACEBOOK MEMES!

KAREN

So you are positive we have done due diligence on protecting the country from incoming disease or biological disasters?

GAVINA

THAT IS my specialty and why I am here with Customs and Border Patrol. I have just checked all the samples and culture dishes and if that electron microscope and mass spectrometer can't pick it up, I'd say we are fine.

[CONT'D]

KAREN

80.

No matter what we do, it won't be good enough for alienophobes or NASA specifications. We just have to do what the law and Surgeon General specifies, and let the world yell. THEY WILL.

GAVINA

Well, the bottom line is that with an average body temperature of 190 degrees, his germs can't handle earth. They are dead, Our germs darn sure don't like SAMY! Anymore than they like a fresh steak out of the oven. Heck, medical standard autoclaves only get 40 degrees hotter for just 15 minutes and thats state of the art sterilization!

KAREN

I just want to make sure our butts are covered.
[She unrolls a scrap of paper and looks at it warily. She waves it at GAVINA...]
I got to make a very important phone call right now and make a final authorization.

GAVINA leans on the desk and looks at the scrap of paper.

GAVINA

OHH NOW JUST- Geddafuck outta here!
[She fumbles her cell phone out to get a picture of the note.]

KAREN

I shit you not. DO NOT publish those phone numbers!

GAVINA

No way, honey! This one goes in my scrapbook!

KAREN

Well, keep your autograph book handy too!
This sleepy little piece of border is about to become VERY popular.

JUDY taps on, and opens KAREN'S office door.

JUDY

Director MADSON, that call I have been setting up all day is good to go, you have 10 minutes on line 3.

[CONT'D]

KAREN

81.

OhMuhGawwd! OHMAGAWD! Good work JUDY!
Remind me to give you a raise!
GAVINA, out! Very important call.

KAREN sits down and slides her blinking office phone in front of her with great precision. She calls after the exiting GAVINA...

KAREN

Fair warning, dress up nice tomorrow!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A LOVELY DESERT FLOWER - DAY

TIME LAPSE TO EVENING, NIGHT stars arcing thru sky, MORNING THE 'FUZZED OUT' background focuses in, we see its the BORDER PATROL OUTPOST, parking lot, and driveway. Time lapse shows normal traffic and business, cars coming and going, shadows moving until afternoon. TIME LAPS STOP- in real time, the troops arrive. Secure perimeter. Three black stretch limousines and a MEDICAL UTILITY WHEELCHAIR VAN arrive. Several black sedans arrive. Judging by the Army fatigues and as many black suited people, it looks like Mens Wearhouse and Army Surplus Store are having a Flea Market down there. Suddenly a military booted foot crushes our desert flower, and the CAMERA swings up to show two soldiers on Patrol, walking away.

PATROL SOLDIER

All clear, Sector 5, 1400 hours, and
three minutes, Baker Thorn, check.

Poor flower, well, lets go see WTF is going on...

CUT TO:

INT. BORDER PATROL OUTPOST RECEPTION AREA - DAY

This place is hopping! No civilians, just Border Patrol, [all shifts, apparently!], Black suits and Military- some of them in dress uniforms, others in fatigues. JIM PROCTER, DAVE and GAVINA are off to the side of the Reception desk, sipping soda's and watching with interest. All that is missing is the popcorn memes.

GAVINA

So how can you tell the MEN IN BLACK from
the Secret Service guys?

GAVINA is stunning in a flowered spring dress, she dressed up as KAREN suggested. Her stethoscope is around her neck and work ID badge [as is EVERYBODIES] is prominently displayed.

JIM PROCTER

The MEN IN BLACK are all wearing the black Fedora hats. The Secret Service are in sunglasses and have the squiggly wire in their ear.

JOYSTICK

How can you tell our Secret Service from the Vatican's?

JIM

Easy. Our guys are not speaking Italian, ya Bonehead!

JOYSTICK

OH! DUH!

[Smacks his forehead with the palm of his hand.]

A commotion starts by the conference room door. Black suits and military uniforms form a corridor towards the front exit door. GAVINA, JIM, and JOYSTICK help each up on waiting room chairs, and they crane their necks to see what we see: The side and back of a power wheelchair with a withered figure in it with a large laptop mounted on the chair. [Rumored to be Stephen Hawking]. The back of a man in a flowing white robe with a white zucchetto cap. [May be the Pope.] And the back of a well dressed man with a massive shock of light blond hair. [And unless he has got fired, it may be the President.] The whole Phalanx of men and dignitaries and agents stream toward the exits.

KAREN pokes her head and upper body out the Conference room door, scans nearby crowd for strangers, then steps out, pulling SAMY, who is in his coveralls, new Nikes, and is carrying a dustpan, broom and garbage bag [as a lowly janitor disguise.] JOYSTICK, JIM, GAVINA meet KAREN and SAMY by the reception desk.

KAREN

SAMY, head back to TECH...JOYSTICK, sweep my office and the conference room and EVERYWHERE for listening devices and bugs. I bet there are a dozen! Keep and HACK all the ones you find!

[CONT'D]

JOYSTICK

83.

OH HELLZ YEAH! I MEAN, YES DIRECTOR-MAAM!

With a suddenly awakening look skyward like 'I Wish a M.F. Would' JOYSTICK crosses his fingers, smiles...

JOYSTICK

Come on, SAMY!

They take off for the shop and the anti-spy gear.

KAREN

PROCTER, we got to let ELRON and those Army guys go...

PROCTER

I figured that much. We was just waiting for the word.

[He puts his hand up to his shoulder mounted radio MIC.]

Alright FUCHES, fly them birdies we talked about outta here.

OFF SCREEN

ON RADIO:

FUCHES

Yes, sir! What about their weapons?

PROCTER

Hell no! You let them out with those now- we will have world war 3 in the parking lot with the secret service! Get mailing addresses and we will ship them.

OFF SCREEN

ON RADIO:

FUCHES

You got it, Boss!

KAREN, the control-freak, the DIRECTOR OF FIELD OPERATIONS; looks around at the people. The mess. The confusion. She slumps shoulders and shakes her head wearily.

KAREN

PROCTER...

[She has had it. End of rope. She softens her tone and almost seems-vulnerable-??]

...JIMMY... would you PLEASE clear this madhouse out and [pause]... put my house back in order?

[CONT'D]

PROCTER

84.

[Somewhat surprised and befuddled.]

Why, uhhh, sure... KAREN. It would be my pleasure, Maam.

PROCTER straightens up, like a big brother who saw his sisters name on a Water Tower. He settles his hat back, looks sternly at the bedlam, sizing it up, and stalks off with a purpose. GAVINA holds up her large handbag, and puts her arm around KARENS slumped shoulders.

GAVINA

Come on, KAREN. Lets go to your office. The DOCTOR has a brand new bottle of Snakebite medicine for a local anesthetic.

FADE TO:

INT. OUTSIDE DFO MADSONS OFFICE DOOR CBP OUTPOST - EVENING

GENERALS CARLSON and GRANGER are standing at JUDY'S desk, pissed. The office is a shambles, cups and paper all over the floor from the BIG VISIT earlier. A lone JANITOR-SAMY- works industrially, single handedly tackling the mess with vigor! The GENERALS have NO CLUE...

All the people are gone. JIM PROCTER is standing next to KARENS office door, with one heel on the wall; like a old west sheriff leaning against a hitching post. His hand is relaxed conveniently next to his pistol handle. THAT is a man you don't fuck with!

ROBIN MARSHALL hurries up from the direction of the entrance-flustered, purse and papers clutched awkwardly. She looks at JUDY and JIM behind her...

ROBIN MARSHAL

She is expecting me.

The GENERALS look at each other, even more pissed off, like WTF?

JUDY

Go right in.

ROBIN resettles her load of papers and steams around the GENERALS. JIM dips his hat brim towards ROBIN, and taps on the door without moving his shoulders off the wall.

OFF SCREEN THRU DOOR

Come in!

PROCTER works the doorknob, ROBIN steams in...
And they wait. The GENERALS fidget. SAMY- the JANITOR cleans.
JUDY has a poker face. JIM looks -deceptively- like he is about
to take a nap. The strains of "Heres my number, so
call me maybe" can barely be heard from the Janitors
Walkman radio. After a minute, GAVINA opens KARENS door
from the inside and says to the GENERALS...

GAVINA

Thank you for waiting, She will see
you now.

CUT TO:

INT. KARENS OFFICE - EVENING

KAREN is behind her desk, ROBIN sitting in a chair facing the
door by the side of the desk. The GENERALS hustle in.

GENERAL CARLSON

I bet you think your pretty damn slick,
locking up my men!

GENERAL GRANGER

And what the hell is that business
with the PRESIDENT today? WE DON'T
EVEN ANSWER TO HIM! This is ALL above
his pay grade!

DFO KAREN MADSON

I found that out, along with several
other things today. The meetings were
just that. A little informal chitchat,
among new friends.

GENERAL CARLSON

You are risking the safety and security
of your entire planet! The human goddamn
race! And you sit there like you are
hosting an ice cream social!

KAREN MADSON

I DO NOT AGREE. And today we talked with
3 men who do not agree. JIM PROCTER, there...
Does not agree.

JIM nods to the GENERALS, since he was finally introduced.

[CONT'D]

JUDY [OUTSIDE OFFICE DOOR]

I AGREE!

KAREN

[Loudly , aimed at office door...]
Duly noted, JUDY!
[She stands and gestures.]
DOCTOR MITCHELL does not agree.

GAVINA

Absolutely not!

KAREN

And Attorney ROBIN MARSHAL does not agree.

ROBIN

My Daddy does not agree either. Supreme
Court Justice Warren Marshal.

GENERAL GRANGER

You fools have NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE
NOT AGREEING WITH! Our fingers are
on the damn triggers! WE KNOW WHAT
WE ARE DOING!

KAREN

Yeah. You do. Perpetuating a never ending
battle of armament and force, aimed
at nothing in particular. Ever
escalating... and always with you in
POWER. WITH YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGERS.

KAREN gets up, walks to her beloved trophy handgun target
on the wall. She takes it down and turns, displaying it.

KAREN

I understand triggers and force.
Perfect 240's at 23 yards...

KAREN walks to her garbage can and drops the target in.

KAREN

We are tired of it. We just want to
live free. HE just wants to live free.
And we are damn sure going to...

She walks to her desk and picks up some papers and hands them to
the GENERALS.

[CONT'D]

KAREN

87.

I don't give a good warm poop if you sign the presidents' paycheck. You ARE U.S. Citizens, subject to its laws. FOR THE RECORD: I cannot CONFIRM, nor DENY; that there is a Non-Terrestrial life form existing within the auspices of this division of Customs and Border Patrol.

BUT- if you or your men or the BLACK HATS comes within two miles of my Command Outpost, we will put a bullet in your ass, with the blessing of the State of Arizona! CONSIDER YOURSELVES SERVED. NOW...

[This COMMANDER is back on it!]

DO YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?

CARLSON and GRANGER stare at the papers and each other.

GENERAL CARLSON

You just made the worst mistake of your life, little Missy! If you wanna get in a pissing match with me you better grab a firehose and a 12 pack!

ROBIN MARSHAL

As an officer of the Court, I am required to inform you those restrictions are already in force. SO, while we are all in a GOOD MOOD, I suggest you get outside those limits before all that 'TRIGGER' stuff comes up again.

GENERAL GRANGER

Enjoy your minute in the sun, Lady!

[He turns to leave.]

Because you can bet your ass on ONE THING. THE STORM CLOUDS... ARE HEADED THIS WAY!

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA OUTSIDE DFO KARENS OFFICE - EVENING

GENERALS CARLSON and GRANGER slam open KARENS door and come storming out. GRANGER tears his Restraining order up. SAMY is cleaning by the windows 20 feet from JUDYS desk. He has the 'oldies' station in Nogalez on his Walkman...

SONG: Buffalo Springfield - "For What It's Worth"
OR: Kid Rock - "For What It's Worth"
OR: The Late Ones (Cover) - "For What It's Worth"
OR: MonaLisa Twins - "For What It's Worth"

GRANGER stalks right up to SAMY! SAMY stops working,

