

LOOKING GLASS

"Pilot"

Written by

Joseph Deegan

BLACK

Radio plays the hit country song, "Smoke On The Water" performed by Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys:

BOB WILLS (O.S.)
 There will be a sad day coming
 for the foes of all mankind/
 They must answer to the people
 and it's troubling their mind/
 Everybody who must fear them
 will rejoice on that great day/
 When the powers of dictators
 shall be taken all away/ There'll
 be smoke on the water/ On the
 land and the sea/ When our Army--

--BREAKING IN--SOUNDS OF MORSE CODE--DIT-DIT-DAH (U), DIT-DIT-DAH-DIT (F), DAH-DAH-DAH (O)... MALE RADIO VOICE:

VOICE (O.S.)
 Headline edition: July 8, 1947.
 The Army Air Force has announced
 that a flying disc has been found
 and is now in the possession of
 the U.S. Army. Officers say the
 saucer, found last week, was ins-
 pected at Roswell, New Mexico and
 then sent to Wright Field in Ohio.
 Folks, the mystery of the crashed
 flying saucer may soon be solved!

FADE IN:

EXT. NEVADA STATE HIGHWAY 375 - DAY

SUPER: **TIKABOO VALLEY, NEVADA**

Sound of the whispering wind. Wavy mirage effect ripples the view above the arrow-straight asphalt beaming across desolate desert scrubland on a vector north to nowhere.

Large dry tumbleweeds blow across the deserted highway.

Westward: pointy silhouette of Chalk Mountain pierces the purple sky. A shooting star sparkles, fizzles, vanishes.

A large green sign with old school computer-style white font: "The Extraterrestrial Highway" with "NV 375" and assorted alien, UFO and Area 51 stickers stuck to it.

EXT. TRAILER PARK COMMUNITY - SUNSET

Remote. Trailers sit on hardscrabble dirt two miles east of NV 375, encircled by several far-flung mountain peaks.

SUPER: **DECEMBER 1998**

Dust swirls across a fallow garden.

Old pickups and cars are parked haphazardly outside the encampment of thirteen old residential trailers configured like a fortress in a precise, seven-point "star" pattern.

The one remaining star-point "side" has an open swinging gate that allows foot access into and out of the courtyard.

Within the trailer-star courtyard: a swing-set, rusty carousel, a couple old bikes, decrepit barbeque grill, horseshoe pit without horseshoes, a taped-off water well with a hand-written sign on it. None of the community residents are currently using these items; however--

--Five of the nine RESIDENTS are sitting side-by-side on the tops of two picnic tables facing a pale blue trailer. They pray quietly with their eyes closed: Two Native American females, CHENOA, 30s, & APONI, 12; One Male African American; One Male Asian and Two Hispanic Sisters.

INT. PALE BLUE TRAILER - SUNSET

Sparsely furnished with three-bedrooms, sofa, coffee table, TV, kitchen table, chairs, etc. A few pictures hang on the walls. A frame hangs above the garbage can in the kitchen with shattered glass obscuring the photo of a man.

Lying asleep, fully dressed on a portable hospital bed in the main living area is an African American woman,

PARISH CRUMPLER, early thirties.

Her arms are gently wrapped around a small white female,

MRS. FROST, early sixties,

who lies next to Parish with her bald head resting against Parish's shoulder.

A single intravenous (IV) line in Mrs. Frost's hand leads to a small plastic junction-connector device with a digital timer on it. The timer indicates: "00.00."

Three IV lines lead out and up from the junction-connector device into three separate IV bags hanging side-by-side from the IV stand near the bed. The bags are labeled: "Saline" "Pentobarbital" and "Potassium Chloride."

A golden ray of setting sunlight shines through the trailer window on Mrs. Frost's ashen face. Her mouth is open. Her lips are chapped. Her teeth are yellow. Her eyes are open, yellow and sunken into atrophic eye sockets. She is dead.

Pull Back to reveal Parish's biracial son,

AMARE CRUMPLER, 14,

standing near sleeping Parish. He steps toward her and gazes at her peaceful face; he gently caresses her arm.

Amare walks around the bed to Mrs. Frost. He stares sadly at her for a few moments... With his hand he reverently closes her eyes. Then her mouth. He gently slides her thumb off the depressed Red Button on the small metal box grasped tightly in her bony rigid hand.

Amare slides the IV needle from Mrs. Frost's hand and sets it, along with the red button box and its cord, on a bedside table. He turns from the table and faces--

--Parish, standing at the foot of the bed looking at him solemnly. Tears form in his eyes. He runs to her. She wraps her arms lovingly around him. They hug each other tightly, and cry softly...

They walk to the door. It is opened from within by a very tall, hairless white man, with piercing blue eyes,

KASZA, 50s,

who, we will find out later, suffers from an illness.

Parish and Amare look out at the praying Residents. The Residents stop praying. And look up with grave expressions.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

A yellow caution light flashes atop a sign pole. Below the light, a rectangular sign with a Black Bull on it-- "OPEN RANGE;" below that, a yellow sign-- "NEXT 110 MILES."

A camouflage-colored military truck speeds past us.

TRACK WITH MILITARY TRUCK

as it speeds along Nevada Highway 375 under a starry sky.

The truck's headlights flash across a series of signs:

- "WARNING RESTRICTED AREA -- NEVADA TEST AND TRAINING RANGE -- NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE"
- "PHOTOGRAPHY OF THIS AREA IS PROHIBITED"
- "TRESPASSING PUNISHMENT: UP TO ONE YEAR IMPRISONMENT AND \$5,000 FINE -- STRICTLY ENFORCED"

The truck continues down the highway toward the soft glow of artificial light hovering above the horizon...

EXT. AREA S-4 MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Bright artificial light. Fifteen-foot double fencing with rolls of razor wire. Guard towers. Cameras everywhere.

SUPER: **PAPOOSE LAKE FACILITY**

The military truck enters the base through a highly secure gate manned by a squad of heavily armed Military Policemen.

The truck drives along a road. It passes nine hangar bays with rollup-type doors coated with a sand-like texture.

Truck passes a small sign "Area S-4."

It proceeds to a low-rise building complex and parks.

INT. AREA S-4 BUILDING - "CLEAN ROOM" - NIGHT

Semi-darkness. Moonlight shines through the narrow window.

Electronic monitors stacked on racks. Low-lit green graphs and digital biometrics display the physiological vital signs of a tall, barely visible man lying on a medical bed.

His eyes open. They're blue like Kasza's. They sparkle briefly, then fade. He sits up. And moans softly in pain.

The man wears a black one piece front-zip neoprene suit. He detaches the wired monitor pads from his bare chest and zips up the front of his suit--

--Monitor screens' biometric graphs flatline triggering a continuous high-pitch ALARM tone.

He cradles his stomach with his hands and arms. Leans forward, inhales, then stands.

He is very tall. NBA basketball player tall. Moonlight reveals his white Nordic face and long blonde hair. This is

WOODS.

He looks to be in his early thirties.

Woods groans quietly in agony as he shuffles to the door. He puts his hand on the door handle. He grasps it tightly. Pushes on it. Locked. Holding the handle he slowly drops to his knees. He shudders in pain. His breathing is ragged.

Woods moans, rests his forehead against the door handle. He takes a deep breath... and presses his forehead hard against the door handle. He keeps pressing. Tears fill his eyes. He pushes harder against the handle. His face turns red... he pushes... he GROANS! The lock CLICKS.

Woods breathes hard... door handle contour imprinted on his forehead. He grasps the door handle with both hands. Pulls himself to his feet. Pushes on the door handle--it rotates downward. Breathes in subtle relief. Pushes the door open--

ALARMS BLARE (continuous)

--Woods bathed in dull light. Takes a step out of the room. He looks around. Takes another step, into--

LEVEL 4-2

--a large room with high ceilings and electronic machines.

SUPER: **LEVEL 4-2**

SUPER: **"ALICE'S FLOOR"**

Winching in pain, Woods shuffles into the room. Makes his way to the room's secure, reinforced steel door. He places the palm of his hand on the electronic Access Pad on the wall near the door's handle.

He cringes, moans, pushes his palm hard against the pad...
a FIERY FLASH of light--it CRACKLES, destructs, smokes...

New ALARMS BLARE (continuous)

Woods turns around. His POV on the

LOOKING GLASS

anchored to the floor by four steel support struts. The magnificent, round, twelve feet in diameter by twelve feet high shiny metal and glass machine is encircled by twelve equally spaced electromagnetic borosilicate glass spheres held in place by a horizontal circular support tube four feet above the floor. A metallic barrel sits within the donut-shaped structure. Arching over the barrel are three glass, electromagnetic field tubes connecting on each side to the horizontal tube of spheres encircling the barrel.

INT. AREA S-4 BUILDING - LEVEL 4-2 HALLWAY

ALARMS BLARE (continuous)

Heavily armed and armored black-clad SWAT SOLDIERS run down the hallway toward the steel door of room, Level 4-2.

INT. LEVEL 4-2 - LOOKING GLASS

Woods crouches low next to the tank of Argon Gas connected to the Looking Glass barrel situated above it. He presses a GREEN BUTTON on the Looking Glass Control Pad. Its electronic gauge lights up showing the Argon tank is full.

He presses a BLUE BUTTON on the Pad. The tank activation gauge indicates Argon gas is now spraying into the barrel.

Woods presses the ORANGE BUTTON connected to a copper "Tesla Egg" that's attached to the barrel. The Egg begins spinning on its swivel creating a highly charged magnetic field that activates the Barrel above it--which begins spinning in accelerating revolutions-per-minute--that then triggers the twelve electromagnetic spheres encircling the barrel to rotate rapidly within the tubular ring around it.

Purple electrical arcs, like spider web lightning CRACKLE! within the three glass electromagnetic field tubes arching over the spinning barrel within the Looking Glass. The machine HUMS in a soothing tone. Its electronic gauge indicates a frequency in cycles per second of 432 Hertz (Hz). The natural frequency of the Universe.

Woods rapidly taps the UP ARROW BUTTON on the Looking Glass Control Pad raising the frequency from 432 Hz to 2,877 Hz. As he does, the pitch of the Looking Glass rises higher and higher. The barrel and spheres revolve faster and faster--

ALARMS BLARE (continuous)

--Purple lightning CRACKLES loudly in the overhead tubes.

LEVEL 4-2 HALLWAY - DOOR

An "I WANT TO BELIEVE" poster is mounted on the wall next to the steel reinforced door.

The door's electronic Access Pad is burnt black.

Running SWAT Soldiers halt in two lines beside the door and await orders--

--Soldiers glance up above the door at a stuffed, mounted three-foot "Alice In Wonderland" White Rabbit looking at the time on its pocket watch.

Two Soldiers quickly approach the door with a battering ram. They look at

SWAT Commander, CAPTAIN BROWNER, 40s,

who hand signals "GO!" Soldiers swing and smash the battering ram into the steel door -- minimal destructive effects. Swing and smash again -- slightly more damage but the door remains secure. They swing and smash--

ALARMS BLARE (continuous)

LEVEL 4-2

--Muffled continuous POUNDING against the door is heard.

Woods glances at it. He taps the DOWN ARROW BUTTON on the Looking Glass Control Pad to decrease the "TILT" of the horizontal circular tube housing the twelve rapidly rotating electromagnetic spheres. The Tilt's gauge ticks down to "-001.000 Degree." Woods keeps tapping--it ticks down to "-002.000 Degrees."

Winning in agony, Woods presses his fingertips on the green SEND BUTTON on the Control Pad. The pad lights up brightly at: "10:00" and regresses in a second-to-second countdown cadence: "09:00, 08:00, 07:00..." as he shuffles away.

LEVEL 4-2 HALLWAY - DOOR

Same two Soldiers swing and smash the battering ram into the thrashed and battered steel door. SWAT Soldiers lower their helmet visors and raise their machineguns. The battering ram smashes the door practically off its frame--

LEVEL 4-2

--Muffled POUNDING against the door is heard.

Woods grumbles, stumbles and falls to the floor. He groans loudly, grabs his stomach with his hands...then crawls to the circular Einstein-Rosen Bridge (ERB) Pad on the floor. He collapses on it. Breathing raggedly, he rolls over as--

--the door BUSTS off its hinges--Soldiers enter running followed closely by Captain Browner--

BROWNER

Fire!

--Soldiers spray fire at Woods--a fusillade of bullets spark & ricochet off the floor around him--he is struck in the abdomen--

--and he's gone.

Machinegun fire stops. Stunned, the Soldiers stare at the vacant ERB pad. Browner and the Soldiers approach it.

Thick, reddish-brown blood on the pad quickly congeals.

BROWNER

What in the living fuck.

(into shoulder mic)

S-4 Squad to Base, over.

The voice of take-no-shit, COLONEL "MAD DOG" KELLY, 50s, is heard through Captain Browner's shoulder radio/mic:

KELLY (O.S.)

Go ahead Captain, over.

BROWNER

(beat; into mic)

Colonel Kelly? The J-Rod. Has left the building. Over.

Colonel Kelly's voice heard through Browner's shoulder mic:

KELLY (O.S.)
Don't fuck with me, Captain!

BROWNER
Not fucking with you. Sir.

KELLY (O.S.)
That's fucking impossible. He's
our goddam number one priority,
Captain!
(skeptical)
He's... gone? From Level 4-2?
That room is encased in steel!

Soldiers stare at the hardening dark blood on the Einstein-Rosen Bridge Pad. They lower their weapons, relax a bit and look at each other, dumbfounded:

BROWNER
Yes, Sir. I know-

KELLY
-How is that fucking possible,
Captain?!

BROWNER
(resigned)
The Looking Glass. Sir.

Soldiers look in wonder at the spectacular Looking Glass. They marvel at the sound of its high-pitch tone, the spinning barrel, its rotating ring of spheres, and the purple lightning CRACKING! through its glass tubes above...

And, just like that. It shuts down. Dark. Silent.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - DAY

Lincoln County Sheriff SUV parked outside the gate. A 1998 vehicle registration sticker is visible on the windshield.

INT. PARISH'S PALE BLUE TRAILER - DAY

Hospital bed in the main living area is stripped of its linens. IV stand, bags and lines are gone. The living area is spotless.

Parish and uniformed, Asian Sheriff, WALTER TASHIMA, 35, sit opposite each other at the kitchen table. Coffee cups sit between them on the table.

TASHIMA

You are breaking the law. And I will have to arrest you. Do you understand?

PARISH

Don't you mention the law to me, Walter. The Supreme Court didn't give them any respect. Wouldn't review their damn case! The government doesn't give a shit about them, so why do you?

TASHIMA

Because, they're U.S. citizens.

PARISH

But they're not being afforded their rights as citizens! And what then about their rights as victims? Of the U.S. Government? And their families? Who now have no legal recourse? What about inalienable rights, Sheriff?

TASHIMA

Parish, I only enforce the law. I don't make it, or interpret it.
(stands)

I understand, what you're doing here, Parish. For your people.

PARISH

They're not my fucking people!
(stands)

Nobody wants them; I.E., the goddam U.S. government. Undocumented aliens get better health care and financial assistance.

TASHIMA

(walks to door)

This was a courtesy call. If you do it again, I will arrest you. For murder. And there'll be a thorough investigation.

PARISH

Who called you, Walter? Who's
the rat in my neighborhood?

Tashima takes his hat off a coat peg and opens the door.

Facing him, outside the door is a blind Native American girl, APONI, 12, with shiny dark hair in braided pigtailed adorned with plastic yellow butterflies.

APONI

(stares blankly)
Oh! It's open?
(laughs)
Hi Parish! Is Amare here? Can
we play now?

Aponi raises her arms and reaches forward. Her hands touch Tashima's arms. Tashima puts his Sheriff's hat on his head and gently takes her hands:

TASHIMA

Hi Aponi, it's Walter. I was
visiting. How are you today?

APONI

(stares; giggles)
Oh no! You're, I mean, I
thought-
(laughs)
I thought you were Parish!
I'm so stupid!

Parish appears behind Tashima in the doorway. He places Aponi's little hands in Parish's.

PARISH

My sweet girl! Your hair looks
so pretty today!

APONI

(staring; smiling;
touches her braid)
Thank you! I did it myself!

Holding Aponi's hands, Parish guides her inside. Tashima watches them.

PARISH (O.S.)

Let's go wake him up. If I
haven't already.

Tashima inhales deeply. He slowly pulls the door closed. He stands there a few moments, pondering... He walks down the steps, and then toward the open trailer community gateway.

Kasza is bent over, leaning on the gate post. He stares at Tashima as he approaches--

--Tashima nods at Kasza.

With effort, Kasza straightens up to his giant-size height. He steps in front of Tashima, who stops. Kasza steps closer, towering over Tashima. Kasza bends down until his face is inches from Tashima's. He groans as he stares into Tashima's eyes. Tashima is intimidated.

KASZA

(whispers; menacing)

There's, a hole, for you, in,
the, sun, near, the, tree. But,
separate, from, the, other, good,
people. If, you, come, back.

TASHIMA

(nervously)

Kasza, are you threatening me?

KASZA

(sneering)

Do, you, like, dirt?

Tashima stares at him.

KASZA (CONT'D)

Imagine, a, narrow, hole. You,
go, in, head, first. Eat, your,
way, to, China. Or, die, trying.

Kasza slowly straightens up to his giant height. He spits in the dirt near Tashima's boots, and glares at him.

Tashima looks up at him anxiously, puts his hand on his holstered pistol, steps aside, takes a few steps forward, then stops--

--Tashima's POV on a green leafy "Desert Willow" tree rising defiantly out of the dirt, two-hundred feet away.

Close On: Delicate purple, lavender and pink flowers decorate the tree like Christmas lights.

They are the only natural colors visible for miles. A yellow "GEHL M08" mini-excavator is parked near the tree.

In the shade under the tree are nine, rough-hewn wooden crosses.

And, among them, Mrs. Frost's new grave... not yet marked.

And, isolated in the sun... one deep, dark, hole.

Tashima looks back warily at Kasza, then climbs into his SUV. He starts it, puts it in gear and drives off.

EXT. DESERT WILLOW TREE - ARROYO - DAY

The unmistakable sound of a RATTLING snake's tail is heard. We're down below and behind the Desert Willow tree in the shady dry creek bed.

Close On: the rattling tail...the coiled, thick-bodied diamondback rattlesnake...its triangular head up...beady black and gold slit pupils stare...forked tongue flicks...mouth opens wide...curved pointy fangs drip venom--it bangs forward--burying its fangs into black material...fangs remain embedded...head becomes still...eyes stare...rattle vibrations slow...its tail drops...body slowly uncurls...and extends, rigidly straight, like an exotic reptilian cane. Rattle stops rattling. Snake lies straight and stiff. The arroyo is silent... a bird chirps.

DESERT WILLOW TREE

On a branch, a dusty white and blue Mountain Bluebird chirps. It hops off its perch, flaps its wings and glides downward...

ARROYO

In the shade cast by the Desert Willow above, Woods lies up against the bank of the arroyo with his eyes closed. The Bluebird lands on Woods' abdomen that's covered with dark caked blood. The bird inspects Woods' face.

The diamondback rattlesnake lies dead in the dust with its fangs stuck into the black neoprene suit covering the calf of Woods' leg. The Bluebird pecks his chest. He lies still. It pecks again. No reaction from Woods. The bird flies off.

INT. LEVEL 4 - DAY

The Looking Glass is silent. The room is quiet.

Uniformed military TECH, 40s, crew cut, examines Looking Glass components and taps data into his tablet.

The camera finds smart, sophisticated, snobbish, stylish African American woman,

DR. CLEA BELL, early thirties,

in a short skirt, heels, silk top, linen jacket with a biometric-photo "Area S-4 Base Access Card" clipped to it. She wears stylish gold jewelry and black latex gloves as she examines the Looking Glass Control Pad with a small NEBO flashlight.

EINSTEIN-ROSEN BRIDGE PAD

A rugged white man in his early thirties wearing jeans, scuffed cowboy boots, plaid western pearl snap shirt with a biometric-photo "Area S-4 Base Access Card" clipped to the pocket and red latex gloves, squats by the ERB pad and bullet-riddled floor.

He examines the hardened, reddish-brown blood pool on it with a small NEBO flashlight. He takes photos of the hardened blood on the pad with his iPhone. This is

JOE KOLTE.

Using a small blade, Kolte scrapes a sample of blood into an envelope. He seals it and slides it into his pocket. He stares pensively at the remaining blood on the ERB for several moments, then rises. He walks past the

LOOKING GLASS

to Bell. She sprays a fine mist of super glue with a cyanoacrylate fuming device onto the Looking Glass's green SEND button. Kolte watches her work--

--Bell leans in and looks closely at the pad.

Two very different sets of fingerprints slowly emerge and become visible on the surface of the pad.

Bell leans closer. Kolte peers over her shoulder.

Close On: One set of prints has typical tiny ridges, whorls and valley patterns. The other set of prints, more obvious, have tiny ridges that form distinct, seven-point stars.

KOLTE

Did you see the white rabbit?
Above the door?

BELL

(annoyed)

Yes.

Bell takes photos of the star prints with her iPhone.

KOLTE

And?

BELL

(snaps)

What? I'm busy here.

Bell applies tape to the pad and lifts the prints.

KOLTE

I grew up near here. In Alamo.
Finally got invited into Wonderland. Since I was a kid-

BELL

-Wake up, Alice. This is just
another crime scene, albeit one
of extraordinary importance.

Bell attaches the tape to a transfer card, slides the card into an envelope and slides it into her jacket pocket:

KOLTE

Yeah. Right. The blood sample
I collected? It isn't human.
And neither are those prints.

BELL

(condescending)

You're jumping to conclusions.

KOLTE

(looks at her badge)

Clea? If you don't jump, you'll
never make it to the other side.

BELL

Sometimes-

(looks at his badge)

-Joe, a bridge is all you need.
I gather evidence. Then I apply
science. I'll bet your risky
theories led to more than one of
your cases getting tossed out.
Am I right, Joe? How many?

KOLTE

(stern; whispers)

Not one. Clea. Over twenty-one
hundred cases. In twelve years.
Cases were kicked out. But not
once, because of my work. Never.

Bell looks at him in a new light, concedes some respect.

Their attention is diverted to the doorway. DR. ED TYLER,
40s, Chief Medical Scientist of Area S-4 enters followed by
Captain Browner. He walks directly to the ERB pad. Stops.
Stares in disbelief at the bullet holes in the floor.

TYLER

He's dying of a disease that we
can't cure and you are, shooting
at him? Are you insane?

BROWNER

Following protocol, Doctor.

Tech, Bell and Kolte watch Kerry and Tyler.

TYLER

(incredulous)

He was, unarmed? Correct?

BROWNER

He broke out of the Clean Room.

Tyler's POV on the bloody ERB pad.

TYLER

My god, did you kill him?

BROWNER

(nonchalant)

We don't know. He literally
disappeared.

TYLER

How?

TECH

(points at Looking
Glass)

He also modulated the tilt. To
change the destination points
that we've been testing. By
exactly two degrees.

TYLER

What does that mean?

TECH

(beat)

I don't know.

TYLER

Where did he go?

TECH

No idea.

Everybody's eyes quickly shift to TWO large, armed CID
OFFICERS, 30s, entering the doorless room.

Striding in behind the two CID Officers is the previously
heard on radio, take-no-shit COLONEL "MAD DOG" KELLY, 50s.

Kelly and CID Officers quickly approach Tyler and Browner:

KELLY

(to Tech)

You! Fire that fucker up! Now!

Startled, Tech backs up and bumps into the Looking Glass's
horizontal tubular ring.

The electronic gauge of the Tilt indicator ticks down
from "-002.000 Degrees" to "-001.999 Degrees."

Bell and Kolte move out of Tech's way. Tech moves quickly,
drops down to the Looking Glass's Argon gas tank.

TECH

Now, Sir?

KELLY

Are you fucking deaf?!

In the b.g., Tech presses the Looking Glass's green, blue and orange buttons. It whirls to life:

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (points at Browner)
 That fucking J-Rod stole the
 only operational prototype we
 had of Moscovium 115.

In the b.g., the electromagnetic spheres start rotating rapidly within the circular tube, creating the high-pitched frequency:

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Security was under your command!
 And you lost both of them! Arrest
 this man!

The two CID Officers quickly advance toward Browner and secure his arms.

BROWNER
 (confused; scared)
 But, I didn't have clearance to
 know the purpose of Moscovium 115!

KELLY
 Now we have no way to power our
 IXS interstellar spacecraft at
 superluminal speed! All that
 time and brilliant innovation is
 lost. All because of you!

Purple lightning CRACKLES inside the Looking Glass's three overhead tubes.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Jesus fucking Christ.

Kelly takes his Colt .45 pistol from his holster and SHOTS Browner in the heart. Dead. Blood splatters CID Officers.

Bell vomits. Tyler & Tech recoil. Kolte stands firm.

KELLY
 (holsters pistol)
 Get his ass out of here!

Stunned the CID Officers drag Browner by his armpits toward the door -- just as crusty, psycho, good ol' boy,

FIVE-STAR GENERAL MANTIS, 60s,

appears in the open doorway. CID Officers drop Browner and salute Mantis. Mantis disregards them. He glares down at Browner. No expression. Then winks at the CID Officers.

MANTIS

(Southern accent)

Keep your lips tighter than a virgin's vajayjay.

CID OFFICERS

(alarmed)

Yes, Sir!

CID Officers pick up Browner and drag him out through the open doorway.

Mantis strides into the room like a king. Tech salutes. Mantis disregards him.

Worried, Bell, Kolte and Tyler stare at Mantis as he walks past them to the Looking Glass. He admires it. And smiles.

MANTIS

Well, well, well. Wouldja looky here. Does it do dishes? So... Where is our J-Rod?

(to Tech)

Where is it?!

TECH

It? I don't-

MANTIS

-Then shut the fuck up!

(to Bell and Kolte)

Who are you two?

BELL

(nauseously)

Dr. Clea Bell, Sir. I have a Ph.D. in forensic science. I'm one of the top five in America. You may have heard of my work? I'm frequently cited as-

MANTIS

-No, Princess. Never. Sorry. What about you, Cowboy?

KOLTE

Joe Kolte. Forensic scientist.
And now, murder witness. Seeing
how we're in Wonderland, General,
and the crazy Colonel there just
killed the incompetent Captain,
and since you don't seem to give
a shit, you must be the Mad
Hatter.

Purple lightning bolts CRACK! within the Looking Glass's
overhead tubes.

MANTIS

(in Kolte's face)

Cut the shit, Cowboy. I have
a bear rug in my living room.
It's not dead. It's just too
scared to move.

KOLTE

Yes, Sir.

MANTIS

(to Tech)

Where is that transport bridge?
The ERB thing I've been hearing
so much about?

Tech points a shaky finger at the bloody ERB pad surrounded
by bullet divots.

MANTIS (CONT'D)

(to Bell & Kolte)

You two, "Peas & Carrots." Climb
aboard. You're going hunting.

The Looking Glass hums--the Egg, barrel and spheres are
revolving--the three overhead tubes CRACK purple lightning.

BELL

What did you call me? I have a P-

KELLY

-Get on the fucking ERB! Now!

KOLTE

Awesome. Let's get outta Dodge.

Kolte walks to the ERB, avoids the blood pool and steps
onto the pad. He slides off his red latex gloves.

BELL
 (fearful)
 I can't! Where will we go?
 (cries)
 What if- I don't want to die!

Kelly takes hold of her arms and shoves her toward the ERB:

KELLY
 Move it Top Five! You two are
 the only people at this point
 who can track it.

Kelly shoves Bell onto the ERB. Kolte calmly smiles at her and pulls her black latex gloves off. Bell panics.

KELLY
 (to Tech)
 Send 'em!

Tech presses the Looking Glass's SEND button.

Bell steps off the pad--Kolte grabs her arm, pulls her back onto the pad--

BELL
 (screams)
 I can't leave my-

--and they're gone.

Their red & black latex gloves lie on the floor next to the ERB pad.

MANTIS
 (chuckling)
 I love the sound of women
 screaming in the morning.

Points at Tyler and Tech.

MANTIS (CONT'D)
 You two. Git now!

Tyler and Tech turn and sprint out of the room.

MANTIS (CONT'D)
 (to Kelly)
 Get roulette. Blakk and Redd.
 After Peas & Carrots locate the
 J-Rod. Put 'em on a pale horse.

EXT. DESERT WILLOW TREE - GRAVEYARD - DAY

SUPER: **BACK TO 1998...**

Amongst the rough-hewn wooden crosses, Amare and Aponi sit facing each other on an old blanket in the shade under the tree. They each have a shoebox behind their backs.

AMARE

Okay, okay, okay! My turn!

Aponi wipes her wet fingers on her jeans.

APONI

(stares)

Eww, that was so creepy. I squished the guts out!

A gooey dead tarantula lies on the dirt next to her.

AMARE

(laughing)

You popped it!

APONI

So gross. And not nice! Close your eyes now!

Amare closes his eyes. Aponi takes her shoebox from behind her back and places it in front of him.

APONI

Your eyes better be closed!
Only assholes cheat blind kids.

AMARE

(eyes closed; laughs)

They're closed! I wouldn't do that. C'mon.

Aponi feels for Amare's hand, takes it, guides it into her shoebox in front of his knees; he feels around in the box.

APONI

You're never gonna guess!
Auntie Chenoa helped me pick
this one. It's very special.

Amare feels around in the box. He pulls out a beautiful, handmade Native American earring made of glass beads--

--dentalium shell, abalone and blue crystals. He gently feels it with his fingertips.

AMARE

Gosh... it feels nice. But I-

(beat)

I think it's- No... It's a, bone thing? And it's got nibs, but it's smooth, too. But, not a, chain? No... You're right, Pony-face. I don't know! I've never seen what I'm feeling.

APONI

(sad)

Yeah... I never saw it either. You can open 'em now. It was my Mom's. Her favorite.

Amare opens his eyes and looks at the earring.

AMARE

Oh, wow. It's beautiful.

APONI

(teary)

My Daddy made it for her. He made two of them. Together. A set, you know? One got lost... And I don't know where she is. I miss her so much.

"Aiyana" is carved into the wooden cross behind Aponi.

AMARE

Where did your Father go?

APONI

(sniffles)

After your Mom, helped my Mom, with her trouble, they said my Daddy got drunk... And he left.

(beat)

Then he got hit by a train.

Amare scoots next to her, puts the earring in her hand and puts his arm around her. She cries softly on his shoulder.

APONI

Amare? Where is your Daddy?

AMARE

I don't know... I never met him.
He's some kind of rich white
politician, in Washington. My
Mom said he raped her. During his
campaign. She was a volunteer. He
paid her a lot of secret money.

(beat)

Hey, you wanna get some ice
cream? C'mon. We might even
have a few sugar cones left!

She nods her head. He stands and helps her up. He gently
dries her tears with his shirt sleeve.

AMARE (CONT'D)

Let's let your Mom and these
other good folks get some rest.

A strong breeze blows in and carries Aponi's shoebox,
followed by a few tumbleweeds, behind the Willow tree.

AMARE (CONT'D)

Your box! It's blowing away!

Amare takes Aponi's hand, they run after the box. It blows
down into the arroyo behind the tree. They chase the box
and stop at the top of the arroyo. Amare looks down--

AMARE

(concerned)

It's down below in the arroyo.

APONI

Can you get it?

--Amare's down-angle POV on the stiff dead rattlesnake
attached to the calf of Woods' right leg; he's in the same
position as before, leaning up against the steep bank.

AMARE

Aponi, there's a man down there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - GATEWAY - DAY - LATER

Kasza grimaces in pain as he pulls a flat wooden wagon
through the gateway of the trailer community.

Woods lies on his back on the wagon bed. Parish sits next to him with a stethoscope around her neck. She finishes wrapping the snake bite on Woods' leg with gauze and tape:

PARISH
 (stethoscope to
 Woods' chest)
 Heart's failing. Shit, we're
 losing him.
 (examines torso;
 puzzled)
 This blood. From this gunshot
 wound. It's not even- god, what
 is it? Hurry.

KASZA
 (turns to her)
 You, will, fix, him.

PARISH
 I don't know, Kasza. This is,
 like- *what the fuck?*

KASZA
 You, fix, what, the, fuck,
 like, every, day.
 (beat)
 I, will, help, you.

Parish looks at him curiously.

Amare holds Aponi's hand. They follow the wagon. In his other hand he drags the stiff rattlesnake by its tail. The snake's dragging fangs cut two grooves into the dirt.

PARISH'S PALE BLUE TRAILER

Kasza pulls the wagon to the steps of the trailer. He carefully lifts Woods off the wagon bed into his arms. He carries him up the steps to her door. Parish walks ahead and opens the door for him. Kasza enters, she follows.

Amare drops the snake to the ground outside the door. He guides Aponi up the steps. They enter.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 - DINER - DAY

SUPER: **RACHEL, NEVADA**

Iron, rusty-brown flying saucer, ten feet in diameter encircled with red and green lights with a glass bubble on top. Mounted twelve feet above the ground on a pedestal.

White and blue picnic tables. Tourists eat burgers and drink beer. Tables are outside of a single story white and blue painted diner/motel/bar with a sign indicating--

"THE LITTLE A'LE'INN"

The camera finds Bell and Kolte near a picnic table--

BELL

(yells)

-Cat!

(bewildered; quieter)

She'll be, all-

Tourists stop eating, drinking and stare at them--

KOLTE

-Alone.

(amazed)

Wow. That was really fast.

BELL

(anxious)

We're outside now.

An A'Le'Inn waiter, wearing a tacky alien costume, TRAVIS, twenties, gay, sarcastic, walks past them--

TRAVIS

You guys musta just beamed in!
Sit anywhere. I'll get menus.

KOLTE

I haven't been here in years.
Let's sit. Might as well eat.

BELL

On a bench? Outside? In these
clothes?

KOLTE

Let's take a minute. And reset.

They sit down. Travis lays menus on the table.

TRAVIS

Love your costumes. You guys pretending to be from the Ranch?

BELL

The what?

TRAVIS

The Ranch, *mi chingona*. Area 51.

KOLTE

No. Why do you ask?

TRAVIS

Your official, fascist badge thingees. Those fakes look really authentic. Any drinks? Beer, soda, water, tea...*Peyote*?

KOLTE

(takes badge off)

Pitcher of beer, two glasses.

BELL

I don't drink... *Peyote*?

KOLTE

Bring it. I'll drink hers.

(looks around)

Ahhh, this is like vacation.

Travis departs.

BELL

(takes off badge)

You know, where we are?

KOLTE

Yep. Rachel, Nevada. A few miles from the Base and forty miles north of where I grew up. How cool is this?

BELL

(relieved)

Okay. Fine. That, I can handle.

They pick up their menus.

KOLTE

The Alien Burger. Always tasty.

Bell looks at her menu. She notices the date--

Close On: "Specials for Wednesday, December 9, 1998."

BELL
 (becomes faint)
 We're- Oh god...

She grips the edge of the picnic table with both hands.

KOLTE
 (lowers menu)
 What was that?

Bell stands--walks quickly toward the rear of the diner.

Puzzled, Kolte puts his menu down. Travis sets the pitcher of beer and two glasses on the table.

Bell trots around the back of the diner O.S.

TRAVIS
 (watches Bell)
 We have restrooms. Inside.
 Will she need teepee, too?

KOLTE
 (stands)
 Give us a minute.

Kolte trots toward the rear of the diner.

EXT. DINER - REAR - DAY

Kolte runs around the corner and stops abruptly.

His POV on the vacant area. Bell's nowhere in sight.

Kolte hears whimpering... follows the sound to the back of a dumpster... looks down and sees Bell squatting down, her back against the wall of the diner, trembling, crying softly, her arms wrapped around her torso. Her face is sweaty. Vomit puddle in front of her on the dirt.

Kolte goes to her, squats near her. In a soothing tone:

KOLTE
 Hey, you alright? Don't worry,
 Clea. It'll be okay.
 (MORE)

KOLTE (CONT'D)

This is fucked up for sure. But you and me, we're a team. I need you. And you need me. We're going to find this guy. The J-Rod. Or whatever he is. Okay, Doc?

He reaches toward her and gently touches her shoulder--

KOLTE (CONT'D)

Clea? C'mon, let's-

--Bell pulls away. Kolte retracts his hand. They stand. Bell wipes her tears and mouth, pulls herself together.

BELL

You know nothing about me. I don't need you, or anyone-

--Bell stalks off toward the side of the diner--

BELL (CONT'D)

-Never did. Never will.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

A nasal cannula provides Woods with oxygen as he lies unconscious, upper body exposed, on the hospital bed in the living area. An IV line is inserted in his arm. He wears the bottom half of the cut-off black neoprene suit.

Kasza stands next to the bed gazing down at him.

Parish sits in front of a microscope on her desk.

She views a blood sample on a slide under the high power microscope; she focuses the lens--

--and gasps--head jerks up from the microscope. Stunned. Like she saw a ghost. She bends down and looks again...

Close On Microscope Slide View: Woods' blood cells vibrate. Reddish-brown. Seven-point stars.

Parish rises and inhales slowly, deeply.

KASZA

What, do, you, see?

PARISH

(mystified)

I, uh, I'm really not sure. You look.

She stares in disbelief at Woods lying on the bed.

Kasza moves to her desk. He bends down to the microscope, puts his eye on the eyepiece, and looks at the slide... He rises. He looks at Parish. He removes the slide from under the microscope lens and sets it aside.

Kasza takes a new slide from Parish's slide box. He picks up a lancet and pierces his middle finger. He carefully squeezes a drop of blood onto the new slide and positions it under the lens of the microscope.

KASZA

(sincerely)

We've, been, together, many, years, Parish. You, know, I, am, very, fond, of, you. It's, time.

Parish fills with dread. She stares at Kasza like she's never seen him before... She slowly moves to the microscope. Looks at Kasza. Looks at the microscope. She bends down and places her eye on the eyepiece... Her jaw drops. She straightens up. Has trouble breathing. She stares at Kasza, then shifts her astounded gaze to Woods...

EXT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - SIGN - DAY (1998)

Two large black Turkey Vultures soar in circles above the deserted road and the Extraterrestrial Highway sign.

In the shade under the sign, the camera finds two scary, seriously jacked men, wearing boots, jeans and polo shirts.

BLAKK, mid-thirties, Native American, long black hair and,

REDD, mid-thirties, African American, shaved head.

The men sit still, side-by-side, facing the road.

A lone car approaches...

A loud 1996 orange Volkswagen Beetle. California plates.

In unison, the men turn their heads toward it.

Simultaneously, Blakk and Redd stand up.

Blakk walks into the oncoming lane of the approaching Beatle. He raises his hands and waves them over his head. The Beatle stops in front of him.

He smiles and walks to the driver's door. Skinny MALE MILLENNIAL, 20s, sits behind the steering wheel. He looks apprehensive, then nervously smiles back at Blakk.

Redd at the passenger door of the Beatle. He smiles at the FEMALE MILLENNIAL, 20s, in front. She smiles nervously at Redd. The car windows are down. The wind blows her hair.

Blakk and Redd look at each other across the top of the car. Lock eyes for a moment. Simultaneously, they reach into the car and pull the screaming Millennials out through the open windows. They twist and break their necks: CRACK & CRACK. They're limp. Dead. They drop to the ground. Dust rises. Redd and Blakk look at each other. And chuckle.

REDD

I win again. Six in a row.

BLAKK

Next time I get the girl.

The men drag the Millennials' bodies to the shady area under the Extraterrestrial Highway sign. Blakk takes out the man's wallet, opens it, takes the license, cash and credit cards. They walk to the car. Blakk gets behind the wheel, Redd enters the front passenger seat.

Redd takes the woman's wallet from her purse, opens it, takes the license, cash and credit cards. Tosses the purse onto the backseat. They drive down the road.

The two vultures glide down and land near the Millennials' bodies. They cautiously approach them. And peck their eyes.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

A nasal cannula provides Woods with oxygen as he lies unconscious on the hospital bed in the living area with a blood pressure cuff around his arm, same as before.

A saline bag hangs from the IV stand next to the bed. Next to the saline bag hangs a dark reddish-brown blood bag.

PARISH (O.S.)
He's stable now.

The saline line is inserted into Woods' arm; the blood line is inserted into the radial artery of his other wrist. He wears the same bottom half of the black neoprene suit.

Kasza stands on the other side of the bed facing Parish--
--who wears surgical gear and surgical loupe glasses. She slides a pair of forceps into Woods' abdominal wound:

PARISH
It nicked his gastric artery,
that somehow, cauterized itself.

KASZA
Should, have, bled, out.

PARISH
Yes... I feel it. There's two
of them, nestled together in the
stomach. There. Got one.

Close On: Bloody forceps slide up out of the wound, pinched onto a small dark bloody slug... it is set on a tray.

Parish slides the forceps into Woods' abdominal wound, carefully maneuvers it around... and reacts to detecting the second one.

PARISH
Okay... Got it!

Close On: Bloody forceps slide up out of the wound, pinched onto a round, purple glowing pellet, that resembles a pea.

Astounded, Parish pulls off her glasses.

PARISH
(staring)
What the heck? It's glowing.

Parish holds the glowing Moscovium 115 pea in the forceps.

Kasza steps forward. He peers at the glowing pea.

KASZA
(alarmed)
Put, it, down, now! Do, you,
have, a, lead, container?

Close On: Forceps pinching the glowing purple Moscovium 115 pea. The pea is set on the tray.

PARISH

Uh, yeah, I have a lead pig, to store the radioisotopes I use to kill tumor cells. Why?

KASZA

Get, it!

Parish moves to a shelf, takes a six-inch lead cylindrical container down and hands it to Kasza. Using the forceps, he picks up the glowing purple Moscovium pea from the tray, sets it into the lead cylinder and seals it.

Parish and Kasza look at each other like -- what the fuck.

EXT. AREA S-4 MILITARY BASE - DAY

Bright artificial light. Fortified with fifteen-foot double fencing, rolls of razor wire, manned guard towers. Video cameras everywhere.

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

INT. AREA S-4 BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Large room, high ceiling. Military Officers and Technicians sit at tech-equipped workstations in semicircle rows facing multiple large "Labeled" video screens that show:

- "The Pleiades" bluish clusters of hot, B-type stars in the constellation of Taurus
- "Military Satellites" tracking through space
- "International Space Station"

MANTIS (O.S.)

Where are they, Colonel?

- "U.S. Air Force Bases" split screen views of: Edwards, Vandenberg, Anacostia-Bolling, Andrews, MacDill and the United States Southern Command bases

KELLY (O.S.)

We have them, General. Look. They're right there.

(beat)

I think they're there.

"Far Side of the Moon" crater-laden with buildings and structures forming a base with various saucers and sleek-winged aerial vehicles parked on circular pads

MANTIS (O.S.)

You think? What is that?!

- "Southeastern Nevada" satellite view

CONTROL ROOM WORKSTATION

Mantis stands behind Kelly. They're peering at a large monitor screen. The screen shows two tiny ORANGE DOTS on the satellite map of Southeastern Nevada.

KELLY

(using mouse)

Zooming in...

Close On Monitor Screen: The Two Orange Dots enlarge. Two Black Dots next to them also enlarge. The topography around the four dots becomes clearly defined:

KELLY

(points)

There. They're right there.
At coordinates... 37.647090
and -115.746641.

MANTIS

I see fucking dots.

KELLY

It's the Little A'Le'Inn.

MANTIS.

Explain.

KELLY

General, Peas & Carrots are literally back in the year, 1998. You're looking at the view of a spacetime that fused the three dimensions of space, and one dimension of time--1998--into a single four-dimensional manifold, that is twenty-two years in the past. It's fucking amazing.

MANTIS

How do we know it's them?

KELLY

They have spacetime location trackers embedded in their Base Access Badges.

MANTIS

(beat)

What if they take them off?

KELLY

We're fucked. We didn't have time for implants.

MANTIS (CONT'D)

Where's the J-Rod?

KELLY

(anxious)

No tracking device.

MANTIS

What about the Moscovium pea?

KELLY

No, tracking, device.

They stare at the Orange Dots on the monitor screen.

MANTIS

You're oh-for-three, Colonel.
What are the black dots?

KELLY

Blakk and Redd. They're there,
too. Surveilling Peas & Carrots.

MANTIS

Can't we send a SWAT Unit? Or
a Black Hawk with a SEAL team?

KELLY

No, General. They're not there.
Today. They are there. In 1998.

MANTIS

How do we get the J-Rod back
here? To the base, in 2020?

KELLY

We configure his coordinates into the Looking Glass. Then we open a Wormhole. It's like a temporary ERB pad. Then we press the "Return" button.

MANTIS

(sneering)

Quit fucking around, Colonel and get him back here. Or I'll put you on a pale horse.

EXT. LINCOLN COUNTY SHERIFF OFFICE - DAY

Plain gray, cinder block building with a sign on it: "Lincoln County Sheriff and Detention Center." Sheriff SUVs parked in front with early- and mid-1990s vehicles.

SUPER: **1998**

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Police business. Phones ring. Deputy Sheriff Officers sit at desks, interview citizens, talk on phones, file reports.

Sheriff Tashima walks through the office with Deputy LEE KERRY, 50s, following--

TASHIMA

In their twenties, under the E.T. sign.

KERRY

Yep. Both bodies, side-by-side. Regrettably, the vultures got there first. It was messy.

They enter Tashima's office. Tashima leans against the front edge of his desk. Kerry stands near the doorway.

TASHIMA

Who called it in?

KERRY

A tourist. Was taking pictures of the sign.

TASHIMA

Do we know where they're from?

KERRY

Nope. Both were clean. No I.D.'s,
phones or paper.

TASHIMA

How did they get there?

KERRY

Dragged off the highway. There
were large boot print partials
in the dirt. Probably two guys.
(chuckles)
Or a couple huge women.

TASHIMA

Let's assume men. We don't think
it has anything to do with...

KERRY

The Ranch? Doubt it.

TASHIMA

And not, of course, but I have
to ask... the Greys, Nordics,
Orions or Reptilians? Right?

KERRY

Well, Walt. You just never know.

TASHIMA

Shit. Canvas the area.

KERRY

In progress. Got it covered.

(beat)

Hey, what happened with the tip
I got from that woman, about the
"Trailer Star Doctor"?

TASHIMA

I checked it out. Doctor Crumpler
verified the death. As suicide.

KERRY

The woman, Frost. She had that
lawsuit, up at the Supreme Court.
Right?

TASHIMA

(sits behind desk)

She did.

KERRY

Those Supreme assholes wouldn't even hear her case. They buried it, you know. She was poisoned. A lot of people were poisoned. People I knew got sick from that burning toxic waste up there. Up at 51. Weird cancers. And that hotshot young Colonel? Mantis? Who ran that secret program. He's going to get off, scot-free!

TASHIMA

I know. Mantis is culpable. He should be indicted.

KERRY

(intense)

One day I'm going to drive up there and-

TASHIMA

-Lee?!

KERRY

(calmly)

-Yes, Walt?

TASHIMA

Here and now, Lee. We need to find out who murdered those two kids. Okay? They're our priority.

Kerry out the door-

KERRY (O.S.)

On it, Boss!

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - SWING-SET - DAY

Aponi and Amare swing high-and-low on the swings. They giggle with joy and tease each other.

A sickly Native American woman, Aponi's Aunt, CHENOA, thirties, sits on a blanket nearby watching them.

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods sits alertly on the couch. He wears an unbuttoned shirt, bandage on his abdomen, and long pants (borrowed from Kasza).

Kasza, weak and pale, sits in a chair close to Woods. Parish brings sandwiches on plates. They all eat and talk:

PARISH

Kasza, you have to rest. Your blood cells needs to replenish.

(beat)

He's out of the woods now.

Woods looks at her.

KASZA

(weakly)

Woods...

(to Woods)

You, look, familiar, Sir. I, knew, a, family, once. Named, Woods. Your, clan, perhaps?

Woods sits silent, looking intently at Kasza. Parish, puzzled, looks at Kasza--

KASZA (CONT'D)

The, men. Tall. Blonde, hair. Blue, eyes. Nordic. Like, you. From, the, Pleiades. In, the, Constellation, Taurus. Like, me.

(inhales deeply)

Fifty, two, thousand, years, ago.

(trouble breathing)

We, Sir, are, J-Rods. P52s. Time. Travelers. Seeking, the, cure, here, for, those, of, us, living, fifty, two, thousand, years, in, the, future. Who, are, tired, sick, and, very, old. Like, me.

Woods stares at Kasza. Parish is speechless.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - SWING-SET - DAY

Aponi and Amare swing high-and-low on the swings laughing happily, same as before. Aponi's Aunt Chenoa sits nearby.

AMARE

(teases)

I'm higher than you! Boys are better! I'm better than you! Ha-ha, ha-ha!

APONI

I'm going to beat you, Amare! I can swing higher! Watch me!

Aponi pumps her legs and pulls on her swing chains, arcing higher--

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods on the couch. Parish next to him. Kasza in a chair close to them, finishing their sandwiches, same as before.

PARISH

(to Woods)

What is your name?

WOODS

I am, Kasza Woods.

KASZA

Me, too.

PARISH

(stunned)

What? Is this a joke?

WOODS

Show her.

Woods and Kasza stare at each other. Kasza slowly unbuttons his shirt. He pulls it open...revealing a scar on his abdomen. The same size and location as it is on Woods.

Parish gasps.

WOODS

I am from your past. Our past.

KASZA

Yes.

PARISH

(anxious)

How? You can't-

KASZA

A, brief, spacetime, overlay.

WOODS

One of us, will have to...

KASZA

Yes. Me.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - SWING-SET - DAY

Aponi and Amare swing high-and-low on the swing-set swings. Chenoa sits on a blanket nearby, same as before. Aponi pumps her legs and pulls on the swing chains, arcing higher and higher--

AMARE

Still beating you, Pony-face!

Aponi pumps and pulls harder, and harder--

APONI

(staring; smiling)

I'm feeling it, Amare! I'm going to beat you!

At the top of her swinging arc, she lets go of her chains-- She screams with joy and flies feet-first into the air--

APONI

I'm free!

Slow Motion: joyous eyes, smiling, braided hair flowing, Aponi flies high through the air, feet first, arms out... her feet rise higher, above her head... she lands hard, on the back of her neck and head... her legs thump down onto the dirt... Dust rises. Silence. She's motionless.

Amare immediately stops swinging and runs to her side.

CHENOA

Yázhí!

Chenoa, gets up and scurries to her.

Aponi's eyes are open but do not blink. A smile frozen on her face. Her neck is crooked.

Fearfully, Amare touches her face, then sprints to Parish's trailer--

INT. PARISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Woods on the couch, Parish next to him. Kasza in the chair close to them, same as before.

--Amare bursts through the door:

AMARE

Mom! Help! C'mon! It's Aponi!

Amare exits--Parish runs toward the door following him--

Kasza and Woods look at each other. They lock eyes.

EXT. PARISH'S TRAILER - COURTYARD - DAY

--Parish exits, runs down the steps toward the swing-set and Aponi lying flat on her back on the dirt--

SWING-SET

Chenoa kneels near Aponi sobbing and shrieking. Amare and Parish get to Aponi...Parish kneels down. Amare stands near her, frozen with fear.

Aponi's eyes are open, staring blankly up at the sky. Parish feels Aponi's neck for a pulse, immediately administers chest compressions:

PARISH

(angry; pushing on
her chest)

No! You will not take her!

Do you hear me! Not this one!

C'mon Aponi! C'mon honey.

My sweet girl. Breathe! Breathe

Pony-face! Breathe! Breathe!

Slow Motion: Desperately, Parish checks Aponi's neck for a pulse, tears in her eyes, repeats chest compressions, rhythmically pushing, pushing, pushing, pushing...

Amare drops to his knees stunned. Chenoa sobs and shrieks...

Aponi's glassy eyes do not blink. She is dead. Parish sobs and gently drapes herself over Aponi's body...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER - DAY

People sit at picnic tables eating and drinking, same as before. In the b.g., Bell sits at the table staring up at the sky. Kolte approaches Travis:

KOLTE

Hey, got a minute?

TRAVIS

No. But for you, Cowboy I'd let you lasso my asso.

KOLTE

I have no time, mister alien costume guy, for rodeo jokes! Now. Have you seen anyone, recently, you know, that looks like they don't belong here?

TRAVIS

Yeah, you and everyone else.

KOLTE

Not tourists. A guy. Tall. Looks ill. Maybe wounded?

TRAVIS

Dude. Who are you? Really? You're throwing creepy vibes.

KOLTE

(whispers)

Kid, I work for the government. And we lost a, guy. A co-worker.

TRAVIS

Uh, huh.

KOLTE

Looks like... a younger Nikolaj Coster-Waldau? You know, Jaime Lannister? Game of Thrones? but with long blonde hair. Bleeding?

TRAVIS

(sardonic)

Game of what? And bleeding? Stop the gibberish, Brokeback.

Kolte shows Travis his Area S-4 Base Access Badge.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Shit. You guys are Area 51. No.
Haven't seen anyone like that.

KOLTE

Yeah... of course not. He
wouldn't be here if he was hurt.
Hey, how about a Doctor? Any
Doctors around here?

TRAVIS

Yeah, actually. South, a couple
miles. Make a left on Shadow
Wells Road. She's in this funky
star-shaped trailer park. It's
a type of hospice or something.
Her name is... Paris... Parish.
(looks away)
Those guys with you?

Travis nods toward conspicuous Redd and Blakk standing near
the diner entrance scanning people-

KOLTE

(glances at them)
No. Not that I'm aware of.
(gives him cash)
Here. Thanks, Lopé.

Kolte moves quickly to Bell at the table. She shakes her
head at him dismissively. He whispers to her M.O.S.

Bell rises quickly...they exit the picnic area and walk
toward the parking lot.

A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

Kolte scans the parked cars.

A 1997 Honda Accord drives past them and parks.

Kolte gently takes Bell's arm. They stop. She looks at him.

BELL

(whispers)
What?

A COUPLE, 20s, wearing "X-Files" t-shirts silk-screened with "The Truth is Out There" and "I Want To Believe" on them exit the Honda, walk past them and enter the diner.

KOLTE

Get in, passenger side.

Apprehensive, Bell doesn't move. Kolte walks to the driver's side and gets in. He waves her to the car, leans over and opens the passenger door for her.

KOLTE

(low voice)

Get in. C'mon!

INT. HONDA - DAY

Nervously, Bell looks around, gets in the passenger seat and closes the door. She tries to calm herself while Kolte, in the driver's seat, busts the plastic cover off the lower part of the steering column exposing red and brown wires. Kolte takes hold of the wires--Bell grabs his arm--

BELL

Wait!

Bell opens the glovebox, pulls out the Honda Owner's Manual. She flips to the last page--

Close On: the "Valet Key" encased in a plastic page-sized insert. Bell pops the key out of the insert.

She smiles mockingly, and hands the key to Kolte.

BELL

It was in a book I read. You can read, right?

KOLTE

Ok, Alice Walker. What's the shortest short story ever written?

BELL

(thinking...)

I have no idea.

KOLTE

It's six words long. "For sale: Baby shoes. Never worn."

BELL

Oh my god... That is so sad.

Kolte inserts the valet key into the ignition, turns it-- car starts--steering wheel unlocks. He puts the car in reverse, backs out of the space, then pulls forward--

A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

--Redd & Blakk stand a few feet from the car. They stare coldly at Kolte and Bell as they slowly drive by--

HONDA

--Kolte stares at them with a fuck you look--

A'LE'INN PARKING LOT

--The Honda exits the parking lot onto the highway. TWO WHITE CARDS fly out the windows and blow onto the shoulder. Honda accelerates rapidly, heading south on Highway 375.

Close On: Road shoulder. Bell's "Area S-4 Base Access Card" lays face up. Kolte's blows over, lies next to it, face up.

Redd and Blakk walk nonchalantly to the orange Beatle. Redd gets in the driver's seat, Blakk in the front passenger seat. The Beatle exits, and heads south on Highway 375.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY 375 - HONDA - DAY

Kolte drives. Bell's in the passenger seat. The Honda makes a tire-squealing left on Shadow Wells Road and accelerates.

EXT./INT. HIGHWAY 375 - BEATLE - DAY

Redd drives, floors the accelerator. Blakk's in the passenger seat. The Beatle vibrates loudly. The speedometer needle won't budge past seventy miles-per-hour... Highway 375 ahead of them is wide open, vacant.

BLAKK

They're fuckin gone, man.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 (AND SHADOW WELLS ROAD) - DAY

The Beatle vibrates loudly past Shadow Wells Road continuing south on Highway 375...

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 - WHITE MAILBOXES - DAY

In the b.g., the Beatle passes two stacked white mailboxes.

Close On: One box is labeled-- "Steve Medlin." The other box is labeled-- "Alien."

INT. HONDA - DAY

Kolte drives. Bell sits in front passenger seat tapping on her iPhone.

BELL

I cannot make a call!

KOLTE

No service. No 4G or LTE in 1998.
Our iPhones are just cameras.

BELL

We have been reverse-kidnapped.

KOLTE

Uh-huh. We just traveled back in time. And you're upset. Because you can't call your cat.

BELL

I'm not upset. I am angry!

KOLTE

Lighten up, Francis. You know things, that nobody here knows. You can cash in. For instance, the NASDAQ, you know, the DotCom stock market? It's going to crash in three months. March, 1999. Buy put options or sell it short. You'll win big. That would be fun, right? You'll be rich as fuck.

BELL

In '98, I was in fourth grade. My credit cards won't work. My bank accounts don't exist. I didn't have a stock trading account until, 2010. So, Cowboy, in this current spacetime, of 1998, I am broke. As fuck!

(MORE)

BELL (CONT'D)

God! I'm stuck with a dumbass.

KOLTE

Hey, Miss *Graham Bell*. You didn't know about the no phone service.

INT. BEATLE - DAY

Redd drives, accelerator floored. Blakk's in the front passenger seat, same as before.

BLAKK

We must've missed the turn.
Turn this bitch around!

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 SOUTHBOUND - DAY

The orange Beatle passes a highway sign-- NV 375 South, makes a power-slide U-turn, loudly accelerates northbound.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 NORTHBOUND - DAY

Lincoln County Nevada Sheriff SUV hurtles past us at a high rate of speed, passing a highway sign-- NV 375 North.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 AND SHADOW WELLS ROAD - SUNSET

T-Intersection. Tumbleweeds blow across Shadow Wells Road... larger tumbleweeds appear from the west and blow across Shadow Wells... the tumbleweeds become ensnared on the spines of a large group of cacti near the road... more and more tumbleweeds blow in from the west, rapidly metastasizing into a dense mass of tangled dead foliage. They form a wall that completely barricades Shadow Wells Road from Highway 375.

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 NORTHBOUND - NIGHT

Headlights on, the orange Beatle slowly approaches the Shadow Wells Road T-Intersection. It turns right and stops with its headlights illuminating the massive wall of dense tumbleweeds blocking Shadow Wells Road. Blakk and Redd exit the Beatle and stare at the tumbleweed wall.

REDD

What kind of mother nature fuckery is this?

BLAKK

Whatever it is, it's biblical.

REDD

This's gotta be the road.

BLAKK

Let's plow through it. C'mon.

REDD

In the fucking Beatle? It'll eat us alive. Like in a horror movie.

Bright headlights shine on Blakk, Redd and the wall of tumbleweeds. They turn around and squint their eyes into the high-beam headlights--

Deputy Sheriff Kerry appears back-lit in front of the Lincoln County Sheriff SUV's headlights.

KERRY

What do we have here?
 (surveys tumbleweeds)
 These suckers are supposed to travel forever.

Blakk and Redd look at each other. Then look at Kerry.

KERRY

Nature can be a rotten mess. You take your eyes off of it for one second. It'll kill you.
 (nods toward Beatle)
 Boys, is this your vehicle?

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - GATE - NIGHT

Kasza at the gate...pulls it closed...puts a star-shaped padlock on it, completing the trailer community's seven-point star formation. Gate and trailers, one-by-one, emit a faint purple haze and hum at 432 Hz, the natural frequency of the Universe. Kasza walks toward the picnic table--

Headlights shine on the gate. Headlights off. Darkness.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Candles lit. We see the candles forming a rectangle along the top edge perimeter of a picnic table.

One-by-one we see the Residents standing solemnly around the table, their tear-filled eyes lowered: One Male African American, 50s; One Male Asian, 50s; Two Hispanic Sisters, 50s; Chenoa sobs softly; Amare, Woods, Parish and Kasza.

In front of Kasza, lying on the table is Aponi. Eyes closed. Peaceful. Yellow butterfly clips adorn her shiny black braids. Her mother Aiyana's favorite earring shines on her ear. Hands clasped across her abdomen.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - GATE - NIGHT

Darkness. Sound of car doors opening. Bell and Kolte quietly exit the Honda and gently close their doors. They walk to the gate. It's latched with the star-lock. The community hums at 432 Hz and emits the faint purple haze.

KOLTE

Who are these people? Living in the middle of nowhere inside a fort with weird sound and light?

BELL

It's very mystical. And tranquil. I feel a sense of, connection.

KOLTE

Me too. Maybe we're tripping.

Kolte and Bell's POV on the community Residents standing around the flickering candles on the picnic table.

KOLTE

Hey, we can crawl under.

INSIDE OF GATE

Kolte crawls under the gate and then helps Bell. They smile and share a brief moment of camaraderie.

KOLTE

Let's get to the well.

They hurry, unseen by the Residents, to the taped-off water well with the hand-written sign on it.

Their POV on the sign-- "Do Not Drink From Here. Water Poisoned by the U.S. Government." Scrawled on the sign-- "Colonel Mantis = Murder. Area 51 = Death."

KOLTE

Now the Mad Hatter is a General.

BELL

(peers at table)

What are they doing?

Their obscured POV between the standing Residents of Aponi lying on the table.

KOLTE

Looks like a girl on the table.

BELL

She isn't moving. A ritual?

PICNIC TABLE

PARISH

In physics, the law of conservation of energy states that the energy of a unique system, like a human entity, like Aponi's soul, remains constant. It means energy can neither be created nor destroyed. It can only be transformed or transferred from one form to another. Aponi, our angel, all your energy, every vibration, every wave of every particle that was you remains with us in this world. All the photons from you that ever bounced off our eyes, all the particles whose paths were interrupted by your smile, by your words, the touch of your hair, were forever changed, by you. It means that all the energy created by you within us will go on forever. Scientists measured precisely the conservation of energy and found it accurate, verifiable and consistent across space and time. We are comforted to know, Aponi, that your energy is still here, and will remain within our hearts, forever. Amen.

RESIDENTS

Amen.

The Residents lean forward, reverently touch Aponi.

Tears in his eyes, Amare touches Aponi's arm then walks slowly, as if in a trance, to Parish's trailer.

Distraught Chenoa approaches Parish--

CHENOA

(crying)

It was me, Parish. I called Walter about Mrs. Foster. I'm dying. So frightened. Now I'm alone, without my Aponi. I know you always do the right thing. That you have love in your heart. Please forgive me, Parish. When it's my time, will you help me?

Parish wraps her arms around Chenoa. Their tears fall...

WATER WELL

Kolte and Bell's POV on Woods standing next to Kasza.

BELL

(quiet excitement)

There he is! The J-Rod. With the long blonde hair. Oh my god. A real live alien. He's a giant. The bald guy, too.

KOLTE

He does look like Lannister.

The Residents including Chenoa disperse to their trailers, leaving Parish, Woods and Kasza at the picnic table.

KASZA

I'm, ready.

Woods nods. Kasza steps forward toward Aponi lying on the picnic table. He towers above her head. He looks down at her face. Sweet little child. A small sad smile on his face. He places his large hands gently on the sides of her head. He closes his eyes...squeezes them tightly shut... purses his lips. His face tenses...body stiffens...he vibrates... hands tremble gently for several moments against the sides of Aponi's head... Kasza's heart/chest briefly flashes with internal purple light...that spreads throughout his body... downward through his arms...into his hands and fingers... into Aponi's head...

Aponi's body briefly radiates and FLASHES! PURPLE LIGHT.
Then extinguishes. She lies still.

Kasza is gone.

WATER WELL

KOLTE

The giant made lightning, then
he disappeared? What the fuck?

PICNIC TABLE

Woods now stands in Kasza's place. He extends his hand
toward Aponi's... He smiles, as he rests his large hand on
her clasped hands... her fingers move... she touches Woods'
hand... her eyes open. She stares upward. She blinks. She
grips Woods' hand tightly with both hands... her eyes open
wider. She smiles--

APONI

(stunned)

Are those, the stars?

Parish at Aponi's side, staring at her, filled with love.

WATER WELL

BELL

(astonished)

Was she, like dead?

KOLTE

That would be impossible. Right?

EXT. LINCOLN COUNTY SHERIFF OFFICE - NIGHT

Plain gray, cinder block building with the sign on it:
"Lincoln County Sheriff and Detention Center." A couple
Sheriff SUVs parked in front with other 1990's vehicles.
Tashima exits the office, climbs into his Lincoln County
Sheriff SUV, backs out of his space and drives off.

EXT. SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

Sheriff SUV drives slowly along the dark road.

INT. AREA S-4 BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: **PRESENT DAY**

Large room. Military Officers and Technicians sit at tech-equipped workstations in semicircle rows facing multiple large "Labeled" video screens, same as before; we see the--

Southeastern Nevada satellite view

CONTROL ROOM WORKSTATION

Mantis and Kelly sit side-by-side peering at the large monitor screen. The screen shows a close, detailed topographical view of Rachel, Nevada.

Close On Monitor Screen: Two enlarged Orange Dots are shown near the same location as before -- The Little A'Le'Inn.

KELLY

Peas & Carrots haven't moved.
It make no sense.

MANTIS

Fucking lazy civilians.

A Black Dot is stationary at the intersection of Highway 375 and Shadow Wells Road. The other Black Dot moves slowly eastbound along Shadow Wells Road...

MANTIS (CONT'D)

Where are they going? They're
back at the diner. Ugh! Idiots!
(in Kelly's face)
If they fuck this up, Colonel,
you're going to Rachel!

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 AND SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

T-Intersection. Orange Beatle's headlights beam on the dense tangled tumbleweed wall across Shadow Wells Road.

Men's boots lie on the pavement near the tumbleweed wall. Worn by Redd. Who is dead. Eyes open. Several bloody bullet holes in his chest.

Deputy Sheriff Kerry lies amidst the tumbleweeds. Dead. Large knife in his back. His pistol holster empty. Kerry's SUV is gone. We see a wide gap through the middle of the tumbleweed wall.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Parish hugs Aponi, beyond happy. Woods stands nearby.

APONI

You are so beautiful! Now I
know what it means!

PARISH

My sweet girl. You're a miracle!

APONI

How?

PARISH

Kasza. And this, new visitor.
(smiles)
His name, is Kasza, too.

Parish looks at Woods. She subtly touches his hand. He smiles at her... They hold hands.

APONI

Where is he, the other one?

PARISH

He had to leave, Pony-face. But
his energy is here. With us.

Amare, appears next to Parish. Speechless, in awe.

APONI

Are you, my Amare? Oh my god!
My best friend! I see you!
(laughs)
No more cheating the blind kid,
Dude!

She hugs him. He hugs her, and smiles. Tears in his eyes.

WATER WELL

Kolte and Bell stand by the well, same as before.

KOLTE

Seems like a good moment.

BELL

Sure does. I feel the love.

They walk to the picnic table-- Everyone quiets, and stares at them.

PARISH

This is a private community. The gate is locked and you're not welcome here. Who are you?

BELL

Uh, yeah. Good question. Joe? You wanna take this one?

KOLTE

Sure. This is Clea. She's a Doctor, and actually a very well known forensic expert. My name's Joe. I'm a forensic scientist. Not well known.

PARISH

Amare, take Aponi home.

WOODS

What are you doing here, Joe?

In the b.g., Amare and Aponi head into Parish's trailer.

KOLTE

We were sent here. Against our will. By a man that you all seem to hate, who is actually, now, a General.

PARISH

What does that even mean?

BELL

He's a Colonel, in this space-time, today, in 1998, who apparently poisoned your well, and probably caused a lot of people to die. He's a General now, in the spacetime that we came from. His name is Mantis.

WOODS

So, you're from the future?

PARISH

Mantis? You know Mantis?!

(MORE)

PARISH

That murderer? The people here are dying because of him.

(angry)

He's in another spacetime? Like some Einstein quantum physics bending of time and light thing?

BELL

Yes. To both questions.

WOODS

What spacetime? From where?

BELL

The year 2020. From, and as Joe said, totally against our will, the Papoose Lake Facility. Area S-4. Level 4-2.

KOLTE

Transported here by, the Looking Glass.

Woods starts laughing.

WOODS

Yes. The Looking Glass. He wants his Moscovium 115 pea back? Is that what this is about?

KOLTE

Yes, he does want that back. Most definitely. And you, too.

WOODS

Well, Joe, and Clea. I'm not going anywhere.

KOLTE

Okay. That's fine with us. We aren't going back either.

BELL

(panic)

What? Joe, I have to go back. My life is there. Not here. My Mama? I can't leave- and my cat, she'll die without me.

KOLTE

(looks at Clea)

We saw his Colonel, murder a man,
 Captain Browner, in cold blood.
 Right in front of us. That means
 he will murder us, too. Either
 here, or back there. We're stuck.

Bell is stunned at the realization of this truth. In a daze she walks slowly to the picnic table, and sits down. Eyes fill with tears.

WOODS

What are you going to do?

KOLTE

(looks at Bell)

I'm gonna dance with the one I
 came with.

Woods nods... Kolte walks over to Bell... sits next to her. He puts his arm around her. He hugs her. She lets him.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - GATE - NIGHT

Sheriff SUV rolls up silently behind the Honda with its headlights off. Tumbleweed brush embedded in its front grill. It stops. Door opens. Blakk exits with Kerry's pistol in his hand...he's bleeding from gunshot wounds in his leg and arm...he approaches the gate--

Gate is locked. Blakk crawls under, rises, limps to the water well... then creeps unseen toward the picnic table--

EXT. HIGHWAY 375 AND SHADOW WELLS ROAD - NIGHT

T-Intersection. Orange Beatle's headlights beam on the dense tangled tumbleweed wall across Shadow Wells Road.

Lincoln County Sheriff SUV rolls up behind the Beatle.

Tashima gets out and walks to the empty Beatle with its doors open, stops, glances inside the car--

Close On: Female Millennial's purse in the back seat.

Tashima walks cautiously toward the tumbleweed wall.

Close on: Kerry lies amidst the brush and cacti.

Tashima crouches next to Kerry, places his fingers on his neck. He closes Kerry's eyes... speaks into shoulder-mic--

TASHIMA

All units, all units, 375 and
Shadow Wells Road. Officer...
Deceased. 10-53. Coroner needed.

Tashima rises. Stares at the gap in the tumbleweed wall.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY - PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

Parish, Woods, Kolte and Bell stand by the table. Blakk creeps up on them with the pistol. He gets to within a few feet of them--Kolte sees Blakk and stands--

KOLTE

Who the fuck're you?

BLAKK

A guy with a gun. Who's Peas
& Carrots? You two? Or you two?

PARISH

Kids live here. Put the gun down.

BLAKK

Okay, probably not you.
(to Bell & Kolte)
You two. You look like CSI's.

Blakk aims at Kolte & Bell. Woods steps in front of Blakk.

WOODS

No, not them. Me. Let's go.

BLAKK

Yeah... you're the J-Rod. A real
live spaceman. I'm impressed.
You're coming with me, big guy.
(steps around Woods)
You two, will be staying here.

GUNSHOT--blood splatters all over Bell and Kolte.

Blakk hits the dirt, face down. Top of his head blown off.

TASHIMA

Everyone okay?

PARISH

Yes, Walter... Welcome back to
the community.

EXT. TRAILER COMMUNITY COURTYARD - DAY

SUPER: **Six months later... June 1999**

Amare and Aponi tend to their garden (formerly fallow)
blooming with a variety of colorful flowers and plants.

Sitting at the picnic table, Kolte and Bell smile and talk
M.O.S. They get up, and walk hand-in-hand to their trailer.

Parish steps outside her pale blue trailer. She rubs her
baby bump gently, smiles and surveys her community.

EXT. DESERT WILLOW TREE - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Fresh colorful flower bouquets set on every grave. Aiyana's
name carved into her rough-hewn wooden cross. Next to it,
"Chenoa" carved into her cross.

EXT. ARROYO - DAY

Woods in the creek bed... Uses a shovel. Digs dirt off the
side bank. Scrapes the last of the dirt off of a wide
rollup door. He rolls it up... and smiles. He stares at--

INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY

--his sleek, interstellar superluminal spacecraft (that as
older Kasza he had buried there). He opens the door to the
craft's power port. Using forceps, he places the glowing
purple Moscovium 115 pea into the craft's power chamber...

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN DINER - PICNIC TABLE - DAY

Wearing the bad alien costume, pen and order pad ready,
Travis stands next to a tourist holding a menu that
obscures his face. The menu lowers... revealing Colonel
Kelly in civilian clothes. Travis scowls at Kelly, as if he
knows he's a fascist murderer.

FADE TO BLACK.

PROJECT LOOKING GLASS DEVICE (AREA S4 LEVEL 4-2)

