

**"ENCOUNTER"**

BY

CHIP CHILTON & SCOTT NASON

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FADE IN:

SCENE 01 MORNING

SATURDAY 11:30 AM

(SCENE 02 ENCOUNTER

FRIDAY 12:30 AM)

Location #01: messy bedroom; small living room with a front door, sofa, chair and end table; entryway / porch;

Location #02: small quick-mart; deserted highway at dusk; look alike for closer shots; nice looking bedroom for sheriff;

CU pan of stuff on floor (clothes, etc), sound of ticking clock, snoring, other stuff around room, sunlight streaming through window indicates morning. CU pan up to Cal sleeping soundly. Then phone rings and wakes him up suddenly (it's his friend Vic). Wide shot as Cal bolts straight up, eyes wide open, and sits on the side of the bed. Alternate scene between WIDE, CU & REVERSE. NOTE: the phone is a desktop wired phone and Cal will stretch the cord to the front door through the next several shots.

VIC (V.O. ONLY)

Hey, where are you?

CAL

What do you mean "where am I?"

(very confused at  
the ridiculous  
question)

VIC (V.O. ONLY)

I mean 'why aren't you here?'  
where are you, mister smarty pants?

Cal looks down at his wrist watch and rubs his eyes. It shows 9:30. Then looks back up.

CAL

What?

VIC (V.O. ONLY)

Yea!

Cal looks very confused then looks down at his watch again.

CAL  
We said eleven, right?

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
Yeeeah!?

Cal picks up his beeper from the night stand and holds it in front of his face to check it out carefully - same thing, 9:30.

CAL  
At the diner . . . at eleven?

CU on beeper showing "09:30"

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
That's what we said. Eleven.

Then his eyes move from the beeper to the clock on the night stand and it says 11:30. Cal rubs his eyes and looks watch to beeper (still in hand) to clock again.

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
Look, I've got to be at the Pontiac dealership by noon or I'll lose my spot, so come on Cal, move your ass.

Straight on CU on Cal's eyes as he studies time on beeper then looks up. 1, quick weird flash of wide car shot with Cal pissing (from back) and then Sheriff's knocks in the flashback.

His eyes move slowly to the sound of knocking in the background.

CAL  
Vic, I think something weird happened last night.

Cal turns to the sound of an aggressive knock on the front door. As Cal walks into the living room (stretching the coiled phone cord along the way) he sees his clothes spewed across the middle of the floor. The T-shirt he was wearing last night has a strange burn in it. Cal kicks it to the side nervously then goes to open the front door to see the Sheriff standing there looking all stern and shit. (Cal's more than a little concerned about the mess behind him now - eyes twitch to one side, not quite looking backwards)

As he walks, show a couple CU of the phone shifting on the end table as the cord tightens.

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
(this goes over the  
scene above)

Yea, whatever. Look, if I have to endure another one of your confused babbling, never ending brain farts, describing some bizarre drug induced, binge drinking vision, I think I'm just going to flip out, sell all my shit, move to Montana and buy me a little ranch house out in the woods miles away from anyone. I'll be one of them 'Survivalists'. Might even join me one of those militias and buy a big gun. A big honking automatic that I can use to indiscriminately blow the heads off little rabbits and shit like that. All because of you and your friggin' ridiculous stories about funny feelings, lost emotions and that perpetual state of despair that creeps into the back of your conversations every time you spend too much time reflectin' on what's just happened or what's going to happen next. I tell you, I've had just about enough of your horse shit you two-bit, butt-fucking son-of-a-bitchen' whore-bait, dick-weed . . .

Cal opens the screen door (phone still in his right hand - cord stretched down the hallway behind him) and looks at the Sheriff with a "Yea, and can I help you?" look. Sheriff returns the look with a "Yea, and what the fuck can I do for you today?" look. This goes back and forth a little with small head and facial movements that keep asking these questions - neither one knows what the other wants.

SHERIFF  
What, exactly, can I do for you  
Cal?

Cal lifts the receiver to his ear. More CU on the phone until it finally crashes to the floor and hangs up on Vic. Cal whispers to the dial tone.

CAL

I'll be there in a minute, Vic.  
(confused)  
Do for me, Sheriff?

Sheriff looks around kind of pissed off. Cal still looks lost in space.

SHERIFF

Last night about 1:00.  
(waits for response)  
You woke my ass up to report  
(makes sarcastic  
quote marks in the  
air and waits for a  
response)  
a "disturbance".

Quick flash of light on car windshield, Cal looking over shoulder - sound of peeing - then sees himself at home (or cell phone in car?) calling the Sheriff. Suddenly Cal's expression changes. Sheriff still waiting.

Cal steps away from the doorway and shakes his head.

CAL

I'm sorry Sheriff . . . yea. I did call you last night. Come in.

Sheriff glances down suspiciously at the phone in Cal's hand as he walk's past him into the living room. Right past Cal, he stands and surveys the room and the mess of stuff on the floor.

SHERIFF

Big party last night, Cal?

First he looks confused then figures out that the Sheriff's talking about the mess; Cal starts picking stuff up and setting it on a chair; except for the burned T-shirt that's already halfway underneath something; he kicks it further under.

CAL

No. No party Sheriff. I just got in late last night and . . . I guess I was so tired I just undressed on the way to the bedroom

(the explanation just kind of peters out as it ends; Cal's eyes follow into the bedroom and he half motions with the phone in his right hand).

Sheriff shoots a quick suspicious glance at the phone. Cal looks confused - Sheriff raises eyebrows and looks at phone - Cal - Sheriff.

**CAL**  
(snaps back to reality and holds phone up in front of him)  
Ah . . . it was Vic. I'm supposed to meet him for lunch in a few minutes.

Sheriff looks up at the clock hanging on the wall: 11:33.

**SHERIFF**  
(sarcastic)  
Little bit early for you two, isn't it Cal?

**CAL**  
Yes sir, maybe a little.

Sheriff readjusts his gun belt and then flops down onto the couch.

**SHERIFF**  
Why don't you start by telling me why you felt so compelled to wake me and the misses up in the middle of the friggin' night, okay, Cal?

Cal moves over to a chair across from him and sits down slowly and sets the phone on the end table to his right (bottle of Jim Beam just out of frame). As soon as he lets go of it, the phone disappears in a swoosh down the hall as the cord recoils with a crack. Cal thinks for a minute and takes a quick glance at the burnt T-shirt. More quick flashbacks; him pissing; light across windshield; beeper; calling the Sheriff.

CAL

I was coming back from Skooter's and I stopped at the Jiffy-Mart on 101.

Intense look on Cal's face (CU of eyes squinting) as he slowly remembers what happened last night - quick wide shot of Cal from behind a Quick Mart counter.

MOVEMENT SHOT around Cal'S head as he tells the story.

CAL

I'd had a couple on the way over there.

Sheriff purses his lips and shakes his head in disgust.

CAL

No sir. Big Gluts.

CU of large drink hitting the surface of the counter and sliding forward with a loud scraping sound.

CAL

(continuing)

Jiffy's got a special where you get a 96 oz. for the price of a 20.

Sheriff looks disappointed.

Shot of Cal driving in car at night; squinting through windshield.

CAL

So, anyway, I was headed home the back way.

CU on Cal with straw in his mouth; sucking sound (empty) then throws it on the passenger side car floor with several others.

CAL

(continuing)

cross Miller's Corner over by the Johnston's poultry farm.

Cal looks at the Sheriff - Sheriff nods his understanding and boredom.

CAL

And I just had to pull over.

Sheriff; quick confused look; shot of Cal peeing & moaning;  
Sheriff nodding his understanding

Moving CU on Cal; trying to remember; more quick little  
flashbacks; Sheriff looking like "AND?"

CAL

All of a sudden the car quit.

Shot of headlights; car dies, lights go out; shot of Cal  
from behind (at rear corner of car); sound of pissing;  
turns his head.

CAL

(under his breath)

Shit.

Now the wipers come on.

CAL

What the hell?

Then, as he's zipping, his beeper goes off, but before he  
can take it off his belt, the car radio comes on and  
crackles in between stations - almost like it's trying to  
tune itself, then his cell phone (laying on the passenger  
seat) starts ringing. Then, the left blinker comes on and  
there's a long whale on the horn.

Cal turns toward the car as a low rumbling sound starts to  
grow all around him. And a bad wind comes up throwing dirt  
and debris everywhere. Quick shots from wipers (all louder  
now) to radio to beeper to cell phone to Cal looking around  
and covering his head as rumbling grows to an intolerable  
level.

From the left side of the screen there is a bright light  
growing in intensity. There's a shot of the windshield as  
this bright spot passes over it (L->R). At the same time  
Cal is looking around the sky as the spot crosses across  
his face (L->R) and he covers his ears. At the climax of  
all this light and sound, there is a quick swoosh and the  
rumbling is gone - leaving only the wipers going.

Then as Cal uncovers his ears and looks around in  
amazement, everything stops at once - headlights out too.

CU's on everything - wipers halfway up windshield, phone on passenger seat, radio with light white noise, etc. Cal gets real creeped out. In the dark and silence, he stands at the rear of the car petrified. Several quick shots of cell phone, front of car, radio - all silent.

Then the headlights come back on come (shot from dead front of car).

CAL

Daaah!

Cal jerks back from car. Looking around overhead, Cal shivers and moves tentatively around the car to get back in. It starts right up and that seems to confuse him but he's just happy to make haste out of there. Drives off with a squeal.

Sheriff glances over at a half empty bottle of Jim Beam on the table next to where Cal set the phone down earlier and looks suspiciously at the bottle as if to say "Tell me again what you were spiking your Big Glut with."

CAL

I told you Sheriff, I wasn't drinking last night.

SHERIFF

Well . . . that would sure help explain how a low flying plane managed to freak you out so bad.

CAL

It wasn't a plane Sheriff (almost adamant, then calmer after a suspicious look from the Sheriff)  
. . . I mean, it was too loud.  
And how'd my beeper and cell phone get set off?

SHERIFF

Let's see now  
(puts on a real  
sarcastic 'wonder'  
face)  
how could you possibly get  
someone's beeper to go off.

(changes to stern  
look straight at  
Cal)

Oh, I don't know. Dial the number  
on a telephone!

Sheriff stands as if to signal the end of the meeting and readjusts his gun belt.

CAL

No, Sheriff. It wasn't like that.  
What about the wipers? And the  
headlights?

The Sheriff walks toward the front door, then turns back to face Cal.

SHERIFF

I've seen that piece of shit you  
drive, Cal. God knows what queer-  
ass electrical problems it's got.

Cal looks like he's going to say something but can't figure out what. Sheriff looks like "yea, what punk?"

SHERIFF

Look, Cal. We can play this one of  
two ways. We can just forget the  
whole thing and I'll be on my  
merry-ass way, just like it never  
happened. Or, you can come down to  
the station and I can make an  
official report out of this. Then  
it'll be on your permanent record.

(very deliberately)

A matter of 'public' record . . .  
if you catch my drift.

It's obvious from his tone that the Sheriff's not too interested in pursuing option #2.

Cal starts to say something - couple of long looks back and forth - then a sigh and Cal drops his head.

Sheriff turns and walks out the door, then turns back to face Cal again.

SHERIFF

That's what I thought. You'll see  
that it's best this way. The fewer  
people that know about this the

better, Cal. Trust me. The last thing you want is for this whole thing to get blown way out of proportion, so let's just drop it.

(eyebrows snap up to  
accentuate the end  
of the  
conversation)

SCENE 03 LUNCH

SATURDAY 11:55 AM

Location #03: small diner or restaurant;

Vic's sitting in a booth with an empty plate of food and a napkin wadded up on it. He's picking his teeth and looking at his watch when Cal walks in.

VIC

Well, it's about time you dragged your lazy ass out of bed.

CAL

Vic, wait till you hear what happened to me last night.

Vic rolls his eyes and motions for the check.

CAL

I was out on old 101 and . . .

VIC

Coming back from Skooter's?

CAL

Yea . . . but, I stopped to take a leak and . . .

VIC

Too much moonshine at the old Skootster's, eh?

CAL

No, it wasn't like that. I think I had one too many Big Gluts . . . they're on special.

VIC

Look . . .

WAITRESS  
 (hands check)  
 Was everything okay?

VIC shoots her a wry smile of dismissal as he takes the check.

WAITRESS  
 (turns to Cal)  
 Can I get you something?

CAL  
 (only half paying  
 attention to her -  
 pauses, glances  
 around real quick)  
 Ah, yea, give me the chili  
 quesadios and a large glass of  
 milk.

Vic leans forward to talk directly to Cal in a lowered voice; glances left & right.

VIC  
 Look, I know what goes on down  
 there late at night. Hell, I've  
 been to a few of those hoot-n-  
 nannies myself. I'm not here to  
 judge you.

Vic leans back and returns to picking his teeth.

VIC  
 (continuing)  
 I'll let your mamma handle that  
 department.

CAL  
 Look. If you'd shut up for one  
 minute, I need to tell you what  
 happened to me last night.

Vic motions with the toothpick as if to say 'the floor's  
 yours'

CAL  
 I was out on 101 and I'd stopped  
 to take a leak . . .

CU on Cal's mouth then quick splices from THE ENCOUNTER.  
 Need some shots of Cal telling the story here to splice

with. Then medium CU on Vic's face as he seriously studies Cal. Several back & forth cuts. Finally Vic busts a gut laughing and stands to leave.

He heads toward the door then stops and turns back; starts to say something but just busts out laughing again; turns and leaves.

Cal just sits and looks disgusted and confused. Medium wide shot then CU on face which will actually be the next scene.

SCENE 04 RETURN TO THE SITE

SATURDAY 12:30 PM

Location: deserted highway from scene one but in the daytime.

CU of Cal's face (from last scene). Pull back to wide shot on car to show ENCOUNTER location. Cal is looking around curiously. Looks up and down the deserted highway. Looks into the air.

Then Cal turns to face the camera at the Farmer's POV and almost shits himself.

FARMER

What ya doing, boy?

Shot from behind Cal as he looks up at a farmer sitting on a tractor in front of him, along the edge of the road. Several cuts back and forth.

FARMER

Well, English not your first language son?

(pause)

Pablo espan can I fucken' help you?

Looking kind of sheepish, Cal points up the road as he speaks.

CAL

I was . . . out here last night.

Farmer looks like "so fucking what?".

CAL  
(nervously  
continues)  
and . . . well, I was standing  
over there  
(points to rear of  
car)  
and, I . . . I mean there was . .  
.

FARMER  
You saw somethin' didn't you, boy?

Long pause. Lots of cuts back and forth.

CAL  
(reluctantly)  
Well . . . yes, sir. I think I  
did.

FARMER  
And it wasn't like a low flying  
jet or a weather balloon, now was  
it?

CAL  
(kind of shocked;  
looks around)  
Ah, no. No, sir it wasn't.

FARMER  
It was strange and eerie wasn't  
it? And it scared the piss out of  
you, didn't it?

CAL  
Well,  
(smiles a little and  
points to the rear  
of his car again as  
he nods his head a  
little)  
actually . . .

FARMER  
Shut up boy. Hell, you think  
you're the first busy body to have  
seen somethin' out here at night.

Cal starts to mouth something as he looks around, but never  
gets it out.

**FARMER**

If I had a plug nickel for  
 everyone of you whiney bastards  
 that thought you saw something.  
 Well, hells bells, I'd have me a  
 pretty big friggin' bag of nickels  
 now, wouldn't I?

**CAL**

(doesn't know  
 whether to nod or  
 smile)

Have you, ah. . . .

Farmer gives a quick look like "WHAT?"

**CAL**

Have you ever . . . seen anything  
 out here?

The Farmer shifts nervously in his seat.

**FARMER**

And what makes you think that I'd  
 go and tell your two-bit, whinny,  
 snotty-ass if I had?

(pauses but no  
 answer from Cal)

Person ends up seeing a lot a  
 things late at night. Don't mean  
 that person should be in the  
 business of blabbing that shit  
 around, now does it, boy? DOES IT?

Farmer revs up the tractor and drives off. He's got that  
 same mark on the back of his shirt that Cal saw on his T-  
 shirt on the floor of his house this morning. CU of Cal's  
 shocked expression then wide shot of him standing there by  
 his car, just staring.

**SCENE 05 THE INTERVIEW**

**SATURDAY 1:30 PM**

Location #01: donut shop some parking lot (maybe?)

Location #02: Cal's house; front door / porch area

CU on Sheriff's foot as it leaves his car and hits the  
 pavement. (have something fall out next to his shoe -  
 donut, coffee cup, shotgun shells, whatever.) CU on his

face looking all majestic and shit. Looks around, surveying his domain.

NEWS GAL  
Sheriff?

Sheriff turns to face the news gal and cameraman; several long looks back and forth.

NEWS GAL  
Sheriff, is it true about the new Wal-Mart superstore?  
(as she talks, she shoves the mic into his face)

SHERIFF  
Now Phyllis, you know I'm not at liberty to discuss the situation until the city council rules on . . . the, ah  
(quick glance back & forth)  
. . . zoning changes  
(sounds made up and fishy) .

NEWS GAL  
(sort of off interview - mic down)  
But Sheriff, you know this could a dozen new jobs for the town. And I hear they've got a killer optical department. Any comment at all?

Sheriff shakes his head slightly and starts to speak, but is cut off.

NEWS GAL  
(leans forward, almost in a whisper)  
We've got word  
(glances back at cameraman)  
that the council will ratify the 'zoning'  
(winks at Sheriff)  
package in an emergency session later this week.

SHERIFF

(obviously  
perturbed; snaps  
loudly)

Look! Get off my back. Most of the  
money's accounted for and  
everything's been

(waves index finger  
in front of him)

strictly above board. I'm getting  
sick of that word 'bribe'. It  
wasn't a bribe. It was a  
completely legitimate contribution  
that some damn bureaucrat forgot  
to record properly. That's all . .  
. not a bribe, so get off it!

News gal and cameraman exchange a nervous little glance and  
then back at the Sheriff. Sheriff looks funny; just  
realized that he may have spilled a little too much to a TV  
NEWS CAMERA CREW.

Then the Sheriff smiles real big and puts his arm around  
the news gal and turns his back to the camera.

SHERIFF

Look, I'm just a little edgy from  
being up so late last night.

NEWS GAL

(right in on that  
one; holds mic up)

What happened last night, Sheriff?  
Can you tell us about it?

Sheriff purses his lips and shakes his head slowly as he  
looks down at the microphone and gently presses it down  
with his two fingers.

SHERIFF

No. It wasn't anything like that.  
It was just a crank call.

He really wasn't going to tell anyone about Cal's call but  
now he just pulls it out on the spur of the moment to smoke  
screen the little outburst he just had.

NEWS GAL

(mic pops back up)

And how did you handle the  
situation, Sheriff?

He starts to get pissed off again but catches himself as he looks down at the mic in disgust then smiles; talking slowly and deliberately.

SHERIFF

It was nothing. It was just a crank call from that weird little Cal Johnson about some sort of a "sighting". That's all. Just a crackpot.

Couple of quick looks from Sheriff to News Gal to Cameraman.

Shot from inside news van as they pack up there stuff.

NEWS GAL

(thinking)

Let's go see him.

CAMERAMAN

I'm sorry?

NEWS GAL

The guy with the sighting. Cal Johnson?

CAMERAMAN

(shaking his head;  
still packing stuff  
inside van)

Let's not and say that we did.

NEWS GAL

It'll be fun. Come on.

CAMERAMAN

(rolls his eyes in  
disgust)

Oh gees.

Sound of knocking on door and then shot over Cal's shoulder as he opens the door to the news gal with cameraman in tow. Long looks back and forth.

(shoot this scene from the news camera angle too)

NEWS GAL

Cal Johnson?

CAL  
(tentatively,  
looking around)  
Yes.

NEWS GAL  
(mic down)  
We just found out that you reported some kind of a sighting last night. Would you mind telling us a little bit about it?

CAL  
It really wasn't anything. It was just some lights and some noise. That's about it.

NEWS GAL  
(still very light  
and conversational)  
Lights from above? From the highway? What kind of noise?

CAL  
Look, I'd rather not talk about this . . .

NEWS GAL  
You think it was a spaceship, Cal?  
(very smooth and empathetic)

CAL  
( lulled in by the sympathetic ear)  
Well, I . . . I, maybe. I'm not sure.

News gal nods to cameraman, light comes on, holds the mic up and breaks into that announcer voice.

NEWS GAL  
Cal Johnson, who, in the thralls of darkness late last night . . . came across something. Something strange and . . . alien.

CAL  
Look, I don't . . .

NEWS GAL

Tell us, in your own words, Cal;  
about your terrifying ordeal.

CAL

There was just some lights and a  
loud noise and then my beeper went  
off. That's all. There was nothing  
(pause)  
**terrifying** about it.

NEWS GAL

You weren't . . . terrified, Cal?

CAL

**Terrified.**

(more a statement  
than a question)

No, it was just weird. I mean it  
wasn't like  
(pause)  
**little green men** . . .  
(shaking head)  
nothing like that.

NEWS GAL

Can you tell us about their ship,  
Cal?

CAL

No. **There was** no  
(slight pause and  
finger point  
precedes the word)

**ship** and **there was** no, **aliens**. It  
was just bright light and a real  
loud . . . sound. It was probably  
just a jet fighter or a commercial  
airliner. That's all.

NEWS GAL

Did the aliens say anything to  
you. Give you any kind of a  
message for us.

CAL

**No message.** No aliens.

(looks like 'aren't  
you listening to  
me?')

NEWS GAL

Do you feel like we're all in  
danger, Cal? Like we should  
prepare for their attack?

CAL

(long disgusted  
stare)

No. **There's no need to prepare.**  
There's not going to be an attack.  
There was just some lights and a  
loud noise. That's all. Look, I  
had one two many Big Gluts and  
**they just went through me like**  
**melted butter.** I stopped to take a  
piss and that's it. End of story.

NEWS GAL

(surprised)

You weren't hauled off by aliens.

CAL

No. I was not  
(pause)  
**hauled off by aliens.**

NEWS GAL

They didn't torture you? Didn't  
experiment on you? Didn't . . .  
insert things into your body?

CAL

No torture . . . no experiments .  
. . . no . . . **painful anal probes.**  
Nothing! Just some lights and some  
sound. That's it.

NEWS GAL

(long stare)

Just stopped for a Big Glut.

CAL

(nodding)

**I walked up to the guy with the  
funny dot in his forehead and said  
'Give me the biggest one you've  
got.'** It was a special - pay for a  
20 oz. and get a 96.

NEWS GAL  
(disappointed - mic  
coming down slowly)  
And then you had to piss?

CAL  
**Like a damn fire hose from hell.**

NEWS GAL  
(waving the mic in  
front of her)  
And then you saw some lights?

CAL  
Lights and sound. That's it.

NEWS GAL  
No aliens?

CAL  
Look, how many times do I have to  
tell you this?

NEWS GAL  
Maybe just a little green guy in a  
sweater?

CAL  
**You're all fucked.**  
(stare - kind of mad  
look; then slam the  
door)

Shot from behind News guys as Cal slams door. They look at  
each other like - "oh, well.".

SCENE 06 THE NEWSCAST

SATURDAY 6:00 PM

Location: dark edit booth looking room; Sheriff's kitchen;  
various living rooms; framer in barn on tractor.

Dark edit booth; Cal interview playing on monitor in  
background. News gal just shaking her head. Looks at  
cameraman.

NEWS GAL  
We can't use this can we?

CAMERAMAN

(just turns and  
looks at her like  
"you've got to be  
kidding, right?";  
turns back to the  
monitor)

We'll just have to lead off with  
the Wal-Mart story.

News gal looks very disappointed and then sees something on  
Cal interview ("little green men") and points to the  
monitor.

NEWS GAL

Roll that back.

CAMERAMAN

What?

NEWS GAL

Right there. Let me see that  
again.

Watching little green men line; on second viewing, gets  
really big smile.

NEWS GAL

Can you find me some of that  
Thelma Thompson footage from a few  
years ago? I've got an idea.

CU of knife on cutting board as Sheriff's wife chop's an  
onion. Pan out to see Sheriff in lounge chair watching TV.

THE NEWS STORY (MUSIC W/V.O.)

The scene at 6 and 10. The south's  
most comprehensive outlook on late  
breaking news with award winning  
commentary on the implications  
within our modern world. When your  
need to know outgrows your ability  
to comprehend, then join Rusty  
Rhalls and the News 9 at 6 news  
team for your in depth look at the  
complex issues surrounding each of  
us every single day. Now here's  
Rusty Rhalls and the entire News 9  
at 6 news team.

Medium shot of TV set with news anchor behind the desk.

## ANNOUNCER

Good evening, I'm Rusty Rhalls. Our lead story this evening is about a strange incident that may effect all of us. We join our on the street correspondent, Phyllis Tulip, with a disturbing story about a late night "encounter in the heartland".

(stinger music)

Phyllis.

Standing on side of road at encounter site.

## NEWS GAL

For years State Highway 101 has been the site of strange happenings. In late 1995, Mrs. Thelma Thompson was coming down this dark and desolate stretch of 101 late at night. She was returning from one of her weekly sessions with Dr Edmond Rathmeson . . . when all of a sudden there was a light . . . and a strange noise. A prelude to an "encounter . . . in the heartland"

(stinger)

## THELMA

It was huge. Like a big glowing ball of light. They took me inside the craft, and experimented on me. Did terrible things without my permission. And they gave me a message for humanity. A warning.

(keeps talking for  
VO below)

## NEWS GAL (V.O. ONLY)

A warning from an alien race? Or just a crazy old woman that had had one too many years sniffing cling free? Well, last Friday night, the story continued with a local man named Cal Johnson. A man who describes his near death experience as:

Halfway through voice over, cut to Cal at front door and time cut to let this one word through.

CAL  
terrifying

Back to side of road at encounter site.

NEWS GAL  
Shortly after midnight on Friday night, Cal was driving down this, the same deserted stretch of highway 101 that Thelma Thompson had been, just before her horrifying "encounter in the heartland" (stinger). What happened next would change Cal's life . . . forever. As he explains how he was:

CAL  
hauled off by aliens

Shot of News Gal somewhere other than Cal's front porch and dressed differently than the first interview.

NEWS GAL  
How did you feel, Cal?

CAL  
terrified

Walking along side encounter road.

NEWS GAL  
Over the next several hours, Cal was tortured and experimented on. Subject to the unspeakable. And when the aliens started cutting, Cal explains his experience:

CAL  
they just went through me like melted butter.

NEWS GAL (V.O. ONLY)  
At one point during the evening, Cal describes how they even used several:

CAL  
painful anal probes

Pauses while walking along encounter road.

NEWS GAL

(wincing)

But even at the height of his  
excruciating ordeal, Cal taunted  
his alien captures.

CAL

I walked up to the guy with the  
funny dot in his forehead and said  
'Give me the biggest one you've  
got.'

Fake interview shot.

NEWS GAL

Cal, I know this is difficult for  
you, but can you tell me what that  
felt like.

CAL

Like a damn fire hose from hell

Back along encounter road.

NEWS GAL

(big grimace, etc)

We can only imagine the horror  
that this man has been through.  
Only imagine his pain.

Back to fake interview shot.

NEWS GAL

Cal, did they give you a message  
for us?

CAL

no message

NEWS GAL

Should we get ready for more of  
them? Should we prepare for an  
attack.

CAL

There's no need to prepare

NEWS GAL

You mean we can't fight them?  
Their technology is too advanced?

CAL  
you're all f\$#&ked

Back to encounter road.

## NEWS GAL

So the legacy of 101 is with us today. And the question of Thelma Thompson's sanity still lingers. But now we must add Cal Johnson to the list of those poor souls struggling to be heard. And struggling with their own "encounters in the heartland".

(stinger - then very perky)

Rusty.

## ANNOUNCER

Thank you Phyllis. Our hearts go out to the Johnson family on this - a very cold and lonely evening in deed. And now for the first weather at 6:06, here's channel 9's own Tom Dell. Tom.

Shot of the Sheriff in his living room as he clicks off the TV.

## SHERIFF

I knew this was going to happen . . . this is where it starts . . .

Show farmer on tractor sitting in barn watching old B&W TV with animals around.

## FARMER

I told him.

(looks at some animal)

I told him to just to keep his  
damn mouth shut.

## GIRLFRIEND

## WALL OF TVs AT BEST BUYS or SEARS

## STORE WOMEN

## NEWS GAL AND CAMERAMAN

VÍC

LIBRARIAN

MR. FRANKLIN

## ALMOST ANYONE ELSE

SCENE 07 REACTIONS

SUNDAY 11:00 AM

Cal goes into a little store and picks up a pastry and some coffee, the whole time, two women are whispering and looking at him. He walks past them to check out and the person behind the counter smiles real funny at him. Then a little kid holding his mother's hand.

KID

Hey, mamma, that's the weirdo from TV.

MAMMA

No, no, honey. We don't call them weirdoes . . . they're mentally disturbed.

Cal looks confused. Quickly glances from the two women to the person behind the counter. Pays and leaves shaking his head.

Cal gets out of car at a gas pump and sets the nozzle in place and then looks around. Guy behind the counter inside the quick mart looks suspiciously at him. Cal smiles at him.

A car full of girls drives by and they wave and laugh hysterically - "Hi, Cal!"

Cal finishes with the gas and replaces the nozzle as his eyes wonder down to the newspaper machine. As Cal looks in horror at a front page newspaper article about him, two overalled rednecks come up and start to harass him.

REDNECK1

Hey, there's that dippy googoo head.

REDNECK2

(just nods and giggles)

Cal looks around to see who he's talking to as the two hillbillies approach him.

REDNECK1

That's right dippy googoo mongo head. I'm talking to you alright.

REDNECK2

(just nods and giggles)

Cal looks around again, still having trouble believing that they're talking to him. Points to his chest and looks like "me?"

REDNECK1

Don't play dumb with me stoopie prick-wipe face. You know who I'm talking to.

REDNECK2

(just nods and giggles)

Cal's still not sure what the hell the guy's talking about, but the tone in his voice is starting to piss him off. Cal looks sternly, first at one, then the other.

CAL

Look, I don't know what the hell you problem is, but . . .

REDNECK1

Butt-wipe!

RN2 laughs loudly - RN1 big, proud smile. Now he's leaning closer toward Cal, trying to start something

REDNECK1

Space Freak!

Cal puts his hand on the guys chest not really confrontational yet, but then it quickly escalates into a full blown fracas.

Out of nowhere, the Sheriff appears, just in time to break it up.

SHERIFF

Robbie! Peter! That's enough. I mean it. I've had about all I can stand out of you two for one week. Go on!

(points the direction he wants them to leave by and then nods an "I mean it!")

Cal standing there indignant with a shotgun trained on RN1.

SHERIFF  
(shaking his head, he's disgusted)

I knew this would happen, I knew it! Couldn't keep your trap shut, could ya son? Gotta go blabben to the news about everything. Couldn't just let it lay like I'd asked ya. Now everybody knows.

Cal looks really confused and then his eye's wander back to the newspaper.

Cut to Cal standing at a pay phone with an anxious look on his face.

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
You mean you didn't see it?!  
(laughter in background)

CAL  
No, I didn't see it. I never watch the news.

VIC (V.O. ONLY)  
Oh, buddy, this is sweet. You're a riot. Come over here and see for yourself: I taped it.

SCENE 08 NEWS REPLAY

SUNDAY 4:00 PM

When Cal arrives at Vic's a couple people are coming out of the house (the front door's wide open) laughing and teasing Cal. Cal looks very confused. As he walks into the living room he finds a dozen or so people clustered around the TV (laughing, pointing and drinking) with Vic standing in the back of the room holding a beer and pointing a remote control at the TV (rewinding a section of the tape).

Vic sees Cal just as he gets it back to the top

VIC  
Oh, Cal . . . I love this part!

Cal standing in back of living room addressing the crowd.

CAL  
That's not what I said.

VIC  
It sounded like you, Cal

Laughter and agreement from the crowd.

CAL  
No, I mean that's not what I  
meant.

VIC  
Shouldn't tell the TV things you  
don't mean, Cal.

CAL  
No . . . they, they changed it.

VIC  
Like the aliens changed you, Cal?  
(big round a laughter)

CAL  
(points at TV,  
infuriated)  
That's not me . . . and that's not  
me talk . . . either . . .

Cal storms out in a huff as everyone toasts him and laughs.

SCENE 09 THE GIRLFRIEND

SUNDAY 6:00 PM

CU on Cal's face; eyes closed and grimacing in pain. Slowly pull back to reveal that his girlfriend is giving him a neck rub. He's sitting on the edge of the bed and she's kneeling behind him.

GIRLFRIEND  
Is that better?

CAL  
Ummmm. You cannot imagine what I've  
gone through today.

GIRLFRIEND  
(very sympathetic)  
Oh, I know, baby.

CAL  
Everyone and there brother's  
laughing their ass off at me.

GIRLFRIEND  
You poor thing.

CAL  
I can't go anywhere without  
someone pointing a finger and  
snickering. And that stupid news  
show.

(turns halfway back  
to girlfriend)  
Do you think I should sue 'em? You  
know, for deflamation or whatever?

GIRLFRIEND  
Oh, I don't think you can sue the  
news honey. I mean they were just  
doing their job.

CAL  
(turns a little  
farther)  
There job?! They turned me into a  
laughing stock.

She pushes his head back around; leans forward and wraps  
her arms around his chest and kisses him on the cheek; then  
whispers seductively into his hear.

GIRLFRIEND  
I've got a little surprise for  
you.

Cal turns head slightly back around.

GIRLFRIEND  
Something that should help take  
your mind off of this for a while.

Cal thinks for a minute then smiles as she hops off the bed  
and blows a little kiss as she disappears out the bedroom  
door.

CAL

Yea, I really do need to forget about this for a while. I can't believe the way that fucker Vic's been acting. I mean the nerve.

(glances at bedroom door and pats the bed with his hands)

What'd you say the surprise was?

GIRLFRIEND

(from other room)

You just get comfortable and leave everything to me? I'll make sure this is a night you won't soon forget.

CAL

(big smile; bounces on bed a little)

I can't believe he taped that damn news cast. I'll never hear the end of it.

GIRLFRIEND

You just forgot about that now and relax . . . I'm almost ready.

CAL

(bigger smile, starts to undo shirt)

Yea, you're right.

GIRLFRIEND

Are you ready, honey?

CAL

Oh, yea.

Cal un-tucks shirt then does a smoothing motion on the bedspread.

GIRLFRIEND

Close your eyes. Are they closed?

CAL

(huge smile)

Oh, yea.

GIRLFRIEND

Okay, you can open 'em.

She's standing in doorway in a sexy nighty with alien antennas on; then puts her arms out in front of her and speaks in a monotone voice.

GIRLFRIEND

Take me to your leader, Cal.

Cal stand, bolts for the door, tucking his shirt - very pissed off.

CAL

Oh for God's sakes, you too?

GIRLFRIEND

Oh come on, Cal . . . I was only kidding . . . Cal?!

GIRLFRIEND

(out the window)

Cal . . . Cal, wait.

Cal stops reluctantly on the sidewalk and turns to face her.

GIRLFRIEND

Come on Cal . . .

Cal grumbles and storms off.

SCENE 10 PSYCHOTIC CLOWN

SUNDAY 8:30 PM

CU of Cal's hands cradling a shot; several empties

CAL

You just can't imagine what it's like.

CU of Cal gulping it down.

CAL

Everywhere I go people are laughing at me.

(motions for another drink)

CLOWN

(voice off camera)

I know what you mean, buddy.

Camera slowly pulls back as Cal talks. He doesn't acknowledge the guy's comment.

CAL

I try to get gas and there they are . . . laughing.

CLOWN

Uh hm. I'm with ya, pal.

CAL

(still no acknowledgment)

At the market, in the bread isle . . . laughing.

CLOWN

Oh, I know.

CAL

(shaking his head)

Even my best friend Vic has gotten in on the act.

Cal downs another shot and slams it on the counter.

CLOWN

Yea, those 'so called' friends are the worst, man.

CAL

(slight queer glance to the side - long sigh)

But when my girlfriend chimed in . . . well, that was the last straw.

CLOWN

Ohhh, I know. The chicks are the absolute worst, aren't they?

Cal turns to face the clown - half confused and half disgusted.

CAL

How could you possibly know what I've been going through?

Hard CUT to clown.

CLOWN

Oh, let me tell you a thing or two about how people can laugh.

(gulps a shot)

You have no idea what I go through everyday. The stares and the giggles in the mall. The snickers and little back handed comments at church. Oh, my life is one big fucking riot, buddy!

(motions for another drink)

CAL

Look, you don't understand. I'm talking about a different kind of laughing.

CLOWN

(cuts him off)

Oh, don't you talk to me about what "kind" of laughing. Uh uh! No, sir.

CAL

No, I . . . just meant that . . .

CLOWN

Oh, I know all about you and your kind. So smug an superior.

(whinny baby voice)

My problem is different. My problem is better than yours. Oh, yea . . . I've been dealing with you and your kind all my fucking life.

CAL

(brings lips together but can't get a word out quick enough)

CLOWN

Do you have any idea . . . what it's like to walk into a 7-11 at 3 in the morning, with a 357 magnum in one hand and a Slim Jim in the other . . .

CAL

Well, no . . . I

## CLOWN

Of course you fucking don't. How the hell could you? This isn't just some costume you put on and take off anytime you want. This is my life. My burden to carry. My road to tow. So don't you talk to be about people laughing.

The clown turns back to face the bar and motions for another shot.

CU of Cal, speechless and in shock. Clown downs shot, ignoring Cal now.

## SCENE 11 THE WORKPLACE

MONDAY 9:00 AM

CU on coffee being poured into a Styrofoam cup. Wider shot of Cal taking a sip; he looks like it hurts (hangover). As he drinks, he hears some whispering then a little laughing; CU on face and then turn to show empty doorway. Cal looks back and forth and takes another sip.

As Cal walks past a row of cubicles he gets the same thing. Snickering and laughing, but at each cubicle he passes everyone looks overly serious and involved in some fake work. When he turns a corner, he finds two guys standing in a hallway discussing something in a file folder - one of them has on alien antennas; the second guy starts to laugh as Cal curls up his lips in disgust and turns away.

As Cal gets to his cubicle, he sees his boss (Mr. Franklin) standing in his office doorway looking not so happy. Motions for Cal to come into his office. Cal sits down and then long looks back and forth; boss very thoughtful.

## BOSS

Cal, as you'll notice, the office is in just a little bit of disarray this morning.

(glances out at some people sticking their head out from behind a cubicle and laughing; more alien antennae)

CAL

Look, I'm sorry about all this Mr. Franklin, but it really isn't my fault. It was that stupid interview . . .

BOSS

(holds hand up to stop him)

Whatever, Cal. The situation in here is intolerable. I'd like you to take a few days off. Just till this thing blows over.

CAL

(just looks hurt and confused)

I don't understand, Mr. Franklin. I, ah . . . I mean . . .

BOSS

I think it's important right now that you clear your head and get back on track. There's times in all of our lives when we need a little . . . quiet time. A time of reflection about who we are and what we intend to do with the rest of our lives. This is your time Cal.

The boss stands and motions at door, signaling the end of the meeting.

Cal slowly gets up and starts to leave. His boss stops him as he's leaving the doorway - doesn't look up but keeps writing on some paper on his desk.

BOSS

Oh, and Cal . . . try to keep in mind how bad your personal problems would be without a job.

(then looks up an  
smiles)

Outside office shot of Cal as he turns and walks away -  
really confused. (laughing, comments and snickers in the  
background)

SCENE 12 THE LIBRARY

MONDAY 2:00 PM

Show huge section on alien books. Cal's freaked out

CAL  
I had no idea . . .

Then as he's checking out with a couple of books. Funny  
look from the librarian.

CAL  
Um, there for a friend of mine . . .

LIBRARIAN  
(quick glance  
around, then leans  
forward)  
I don't think you're crazy.

CAL  
(very dry)  
You don't?

LIBRARIAN  
No, not at all.

Then she looks around suspiciously and slides him a piece  
of paper across the counter.

LIBRARIAN  
I understand what you're going  
through and these people can help  
you . . .

Cal tentatively grabs the scrap of paper and then slides  
his books forward.

SCENE 13 GROUP THERAPY

MONDAY 6:00 PM

Cal is walking down a street (slow motion) kicking things;  
maybe whacking a can with a stick or just swishing it

around. CU on Cal's face as he turns (slow-mo) to see people across the street pointing and laughing. Someone snickering in a cubby-hole. Faces at the windows, etc.

At the maddening crescendo, he comes across this door opening to his left and he looks up at it and makes a face that says "I don't know about this." But a quick look back across the street reassures him about his need to get off the street. Reluctantly, he turns, chucks the stick off to the right and heads into the building. More to get away from the people outside than anything else.

Inside, there is a girl in a sweater (very fifties looking; chewing a big wad of gum) sitting behind a folding table. On the table is a clipboard, a pencil, a few Sharpies and a few stick on nametags.

GIRL

Name?

CAL

(still half looking  
around)

I'm sorry?

GIRL

Name?

(exactly the same  
inflection)

CAL

My name?

She makes a little eye motion down the nametags. She has a Sharpie in hand and is poised to write his name down - several shots back and forth.

GIRL

(very softly, almost  
whispering)

Your name, hun?

CAL

(still looking  
around - finally)

What do you need to know my name  
for.

GIRL

(rolls her eyes,  
sighs and points to  
the nametags on the  
table with the end  
of the Sharpie)

For the nametag silly.

CAL

(hesitate, staring  
down at the  
nametags)

It's Cal.

She picks up a nametag and carefully letters "CAL" onto it  
and then sets it to the side.

GIRL

And your last name, Cal?

CAL

I don't think that's important.

GIRL

Mr. Ernst Young is a licensed  
practical therapist by the State  
and they require that accurate  
records are kept for every session  
. . . in order to maintain his  
funding that is.

(slight pause and a  
look)

Last name?

CAL

(slightly irritated)

I don't want to give you my last  
name.

GIRL

(very calm)

You have to.

CAL

No I don't.

GIRL

(bubbly and  
repetitive)

Last name?

CAL  
No.

GIRL  
(bubbly and  
repetitive)

Last name?

CAL  
(sighs and looks  
around, realizing  
he's not going to  
get out of this)

Iifornia.

GIRL  
Excuse me?

CAL  
Iifornia. My name's Cal Iifornia.

GIRL  
Very good then Mr. Iifornia

She writes on the clipboard, flips up and writes something on two other sheets. Cal looks around and then looks down at her confused.

GIRL  
And is this your first time with  
us, hun?

She writes some more; flips some more pages; makes several flamboyant checkmarks before flipping all the pages back down and looking up at Cal for his response. Makes a "Well?" face.

CAL  
(nods first then  
answers, still  
surveying the area  
nervously)

Yes . . . first time. Look, I  
don't know if I really belong . .

GIRL  
Very good then.

She hands him the name tag and points to her shoulder indicating where he should place it. Cal looks confused; she motions to shirt, taps her shoulder, etc.

**GIRL**

They're just getting started now.  
Right through that door, hun.  
(points behind her  
to the door)

Small circle of 8 metal folding chairs with 7 people sitting around. There were talking when Cal walked in, but now they're just looking at him.

TL- Ernst      therapy leader

1 -              drooling mom

2 -              drooling guy

3 - Sarah        nyph

4 - Danny        sticky note

5 - Bobby        me too

6 - Ted           \*fraidy-cat

\*this is the news cameraman in disguise

Ernst half turns in his chair, still sitting.

**ERNST**

Welcome.  
(squints to read  
name tag)

Cal. Good to have you join our little group this evening. Have a seat.

Ernst points to the only open chair in the circle right next to him.

**TED**

(looks down at his  
lap, trying to hide  
his face)

I'm not ready to open up to anybody new.

ERNST

Now, Ted, I thought we decided  
that . . .

SARAH

I think he's kind a cute.  
(eyeballs him from  
head to toe and  
licks her thumb)

ERNST

Sarah, you know we don't respond  
to . . .  
(gets note from 4)  
. . . no Danny, I don't think he  
is.

BOBBY

Hey, my name's Bobby.  
(leans out of his  
seat to shake Cal's  
hand)

Sighting or abduction?

CAL

Pardon me?  
(as he sits down)

BOBBY

Sighting or abduction? Why ya  
here?

SARAH

I'm just happy to have somebody  
new in the group.  
(looks to one side  
at the drooling guy  
and then across to  
the note guy  
writing)

ERNST

(gets note from 4)  
No, Danny, he looks straight to  
me.

TED

I said I'm not ready.

(reaches back with  
his leg and pushes  
the camera behind  
his chair)

BOBBY

I'll bet it's an abduction. You  
look like an abduction to me.

SARAH

(mouths a growl and  
then makes a mousy  
face and blows him  
a kiss)

ERNST

Please, please everyone. Where's  
our manners.

(looks around the  
circle - quick shot  
of each - then he  
turns his attention  
to Cal)

We've all learned how important it  
is to open up in the group. To not  
be afraid of how we feel, Cal.  
That's the only way we can help  
each other . . . if we open up and  
tell each other our story.

TED

I don't want to tell my story.

ERNST

(look of disgust  
toward Ted)

Cal, since you're new here, why  
don't you start the session  
tonight. You can start by telling  
us about the other night.

Ernst smiles around to group - everyone smiles, nods and  
"uh, umms" all around.

CAL

The other night?

Cal's thinking of the wrong night - he looks around the  
group and they're all nodding and smiling in anticipation

CAL

Look, I don't think that's such a great idea . . .

ERNST

Yes, Cal. The other night.

(makes a "oh, you know what night I'm talking about" face.)

If you're ever to find peace with yourself, if you're ever to be happy again, it's absolutely essential that you tell us about the "other night".

CAL

(pause and look of wonder, glances around the room quickly)

You want me to tell you about the other night?

Nods, smiles and mumbles from others

ERNST

Yes Cal, close your eyes and picture it. Picture it and then tell us about the "other night".

CAL

Hmm. Alright. If you think this'll help.

ERNST

Oh, it will, Cal. Believe me it will.

Cal purses his lips and then closes his eyes slowly and takes a deep breath.

ERNST

Good, Cal, good.

(group smiles, looks around and nods)

Now, Cal . . . where are you. Tell us where you right this minute? Picture it, Cal. Concentrate.

Shot (dusk) of wind through the trees - panning down from the sky)

CAL

Well, I'm parked in that little  
rest stop on state highway 1.

ERNST

Very good Cal. What else? Picture  
it. Concentrate.

Trees pan down to car (rocking slightly).

CAL

It's warm . . . I can smell  
something . . .

ERNST

What is it, Cal? What do you  
smell.

Looks of anticipation and interest from group.

CAL

(smiles now and  
breathes slowly)

It, sweet . . . it's perfume.

ERNST

That's wonderful, Cal. Go with it.  
What happens next, Cal?

More crowd anticipation. Nodding, whispering, excitement.

CAL

There's a cool breeze out of the  
east. Feels good.

(smile gets bigger  
as Cal's face  
relaxes)

ERNST

Good Cal. Take us there. Take us  
with you to that night.  
Concentrate on what happened the  
"other night."

Group is giddy with anticipation - fidgeting and talking  
between themselves. "yes, Cal . . . tell us, Cal"

Low shot of passenger side door slowly panning out and up;  
car is rocking and moans and groans from the inside. "yes.  
Oh, yes! Fuck me Cal." Shot of 4 feet sticking out of his

car window. "Fuck me like a circus pony! Oh, God, Cal.  
CAL!! CAL!!"

ERNST  
CAL!!

Stunned looks from everyone in the group. Sarah looks like "oh, boy!"

ERNST  
(very short and  
punctuated)  
Not that night Cal. The other  
night. The night from the news  
story, when you had your  
"encounter".

Musical stinger from news story plays and everyone looks in the air like 'where'd that come from?'

CAL  
(slight pause)  
Oh.  
(just sinks in.  
Looks around at  
group who are all  
just staring, then  
very curtly)  
I don't want to talk about that.

TED  
Me, either.

BOBBY  
I'd classify that as more of an  
encounter than an abduction . . .  
You, now, I had a similar  
experience once  
(trails off - kind  
of mumbling)  
but it was during the winter and  
it involved a snow mobile and  
three pounds of industrial grade  
lard extract . . .

ERNST  
(takes note from  
Danny)  
No, there's only one "L" in anal.

SARAH

(makes a peace sign  
and sticks her  
tongue through it -  
then mouths "you  
make me hot" and  
makes biting motion  
in air)

BOBBY

Was it consensual, Cal? 'Cause if  
it was rape, then you'd have to  
call it an abduction. Technically,  
I guess . . . an abduction, I  
mean. Mine was an abduction,  
technically I mean. An abduction.

ERNST

Please, please.  
(another note)

No, it can also be a large body of  
water.

More chatter and everyone is talking now. There's the sound  
of an opening door and everyone looks up as the door swings  
shut - looks at the empty chair where Cal was sitting.

DANNY

(first time to  
speak)

What a weirdo.

Uh, uhms from all around.

TED

I'm ready now, I'll go next.

SCENE 14 PSYCHOTIC CLOWN - PART II MONDAY 9:00 PM

Same bar as scene #10. CU on Cal's hands around a shot  
glass. Lots of empties.

CAL

I Don't know what I'm going to do.  
My life's gone to shit. Strange  
librarians are trying to get me  
into regression therapy. My best  
friend's an ass-hole, my  
girlfriend's a traitor. Everyone's  
deserting me . . .

## HARD CUT TO CLOWN:

## CLOWN

I know what I'd do, man. I'd blow  
my friggin' head off. That's what  
I'd do.

(slams shot down)

Some nights,

(turns to face Cal)

I fall asleep crying with the  
barrel of 45 auto stuck in my  
mouth. Safety off, one in the  
chamber and my index finger  
quivering on the trigger. All the  
time knowing that I'm just too  
much of a pussy to actually pull  
the trigger and tomorrow's going  
to be the same living hell as  
today.

(motions for another  
drink and turns  
back to the front)

Shot of Cal looking hard at clown then down at his drink.

## SCENE 15 THE DREAM

TUESDAY 2:00 AM

Shot of Cal asleep on his couch with an alien book propped  
open on his chest. CU on his face twitching then weird  
dream sequence where everyone has alien heads.

## SCENE 16 PRE-RE-ENCOUNTER

TUESDAY 7:30 AM

CU on Cal's face as he wakes up from the dream - it's  
daylight now. Puts the book down.

Cal's bedroom (same as scene 1)

Cal's is dressing and looking very forlorn. He studies the  
burnt T-shirt then tosses it and walks out like he knows  
what he has to do.

## SCENE 17 RE-ENCOUNTER

TUESDAY 8:00 AM

Shots of Cal driving and thinking. Multiple flashbacks from  
throughout the movie. From the "encounter" to everyone's  
reaction.

(Airplane shot here)

Cal steps out of his car with a 96 oz Big Glut in hand. Squints through his fingers at the sun and looks around. He's obviously searching for answers.

Cal looks around and then indicates that he really doesn't believe that he saw anything. (more cuts back)

CU on Cal's looking straight ahead then knock on door into next scene.

SCENE 18 MORNING (AGAIN)

WEDNESDAY 9:30 AM

Cal opens the door to see the Sheriff standing there.

SHERIFF

Morning Cal.

The Sheriff tips his hat - has papers in his right hand.

CAL

Sheriff.

(looks like "and,  
what?")

Several looks back and forth

SHERIFF

(holds papers up in  
front of him)

So, Cal . . . do you want me to file this UFO report with the State or what? I mean, if I do that it's going to be on file with everyone from the FBI to the Boy Scouts. Is that what you want?

CAL

Well, Sheriff, I've been thinking about that.

SHERIFF

Thinking about the report?

CAL

No.

SHERIFF

Not filing?

CAL

Not filing?

SHERIFF

The report?

CAL

The report?

SHERIFF

Cal, for God's sake . . . do you want me to file it or trash it?

long looks back and forth

SHERIFF

(adjusts his gun belt)

That's what I thought.

Cal watches as the Sheriff turns to leave. As he turns around and walks off, a burn is visible across the back of his shirt that matches the mark on the back of Cal's T-shirt - the same mark.

THE END

SCENE 19 EPILOGUE

FRIDAY EVENING

Cal is sitting on his couch reading this script. Other alien books are scattered around. Shot over the shoulder as he finishes reading the last scene and closes the cover. Sighs deeply and has thoughtful moment of reflection.

Then there's a low rumbling sound and as Cal turns to the side, freeze frame and roll credits.