

"ENCOUNTER"

BY

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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)

Yeeaah!?

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 of 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

VIC

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
your 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

Ummm. 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 forget 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
there 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 and
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)

Ifornia.

GIRL

Excuse me?

CAL

Ifornia. My name's Cal Ifornia.

GIRL

Very good then Mr. Ifornia

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.