

# STARCHILD

A ONE-HOUR TELEVISION PILOT

"Chapter One: Touchdown"

Written by

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TEASER

1

INT. MOTHERSHIP DOCKING BAY - DAWN

1

CLOSE UP on the glossy floor of a pristine, white hallway-- bathed in a harsh, red light as a deafening alarm WAILS every few seconds. Suddenly, a pair of AIR JORDANS sprint on screen and stop abruptly center-frame.

MARCUS(O.S.)

Hurry up! We gotta get out of here!!

The Jordans run off just as fast as they appeared-- replaced seconds later by a pair of BARE FEET, which pause curiously to look around.

ARTEMIS(O.S.)

I think we are close!

The feet scurry off and are soon followed by a pair of worn CONVERSE HIGHTOPS. They stop as their owner rests, hands on his knees, pulling an inhaler out of his pocket and puffing on it.

TEDDY(O.S.)

(*Inhale*)... Wait...(Inhale)... for me!

The Converse jog onward lazily as a pair of ratty, old SLIPPERS enter the frame-- quickly stopping and whipping around.

MEI(O.S.)

Benson-- stay close to me! NOW!

A pair of small, blue RAIN BOOTS waddles into frame, taking the outstretched hand belonging to the slippers.

BENSON(O.S.)

*Hai.*

The slippers quickly drag the rain boots along as they run off after the others.

QUINN(O.S.)

Hang on -- I'm coming!

Next, a wobbly pair of HIGH HEELS stumbles into frame as one of the heels SNAPS.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN(CONT.)

UGH! *Stupid heel...* Wait up!

QUINN (17, beautiful with kind eyes), almost falls over removing the heels from her feet. She holds them in her arms as she quickly sprints to catch up with the others.

She slows a bit as she reaches MEI (13, feisty but worrisome) who is trying to soothe her little brother BENSON (11, extremely intelligent but very shy)-- even though she seems to be freaking out more than he is.

Just ahead of the siblings, Teddy (16, quirky and a bit too lanky) gasps for breath with each stride as he tries to keep up with ARTEMIS (15, pale and peculiar)-- a playful grin on her face. But Marcus still leads the pack, just barely maintaining the small lead he has over Artemis.

The kids reach the end of the hallway and emerge into a large hangar area, still bathed in red as the alarm grows louder. Marcus glances around frantically, then looks at Artemis.

MARCUS

You're *absolutely* sure this is the right way?

She nods and points to a door at the far end of the hangar. No doubt in her mind. They all give her a concerned look.

ARTEMIS

Yep! That one there.

QUINN

*But how do you kno--?*

Suddenly, they hear movement behind them coming from the hallway. They all look back, panicked.

TEDDY

*Time to shit or get off the pot, people-- they're right behind us!*

Marcus looks at Artemis one more time and takes a deep breath, then starts running toward the door Artemis pointed to.

MARCUS

Let's go-- hurry up!

They arrive at the doorway and are startled by LARGE RED UNKNOWN SYMBOLS on it.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
 (nervous)  
 Red letters always mean an exit--  
*right?*

MEI  
 I hope so...

Marcus looks back toward the hallway and sees a couple shadows appear in the flashing red lights.

MARCUS  
 No time to go back now.

Marcus hits the button on the door's panel and it instantaneously retracts into its frame. They all peer into the dim chamber-- lit only by the red light from the doorway and the various technological displays that cover its walls. *Except for one, which remains completely dark.*

TEDDY  
 Bingo.

2 INT. ESCAPE POD - CONTINUED

2

Once inside, the door automatically closes behind them, muffling the alarm and bathing them in darkness.

MEI  
*I can't see anything!* Are you sure  
 this is right?

MARCUS  
 We just need to find the lights.  
 Look around-- they'll be here any  
 second.

The group frantically searches the chamber but aren't having much luck. Until...

TEDDY  
 Think I found it! *Well, not the  
 lights exactly--*

Suddenly, the singular dark wall begins RUMBLING to life. A vertical line of blinding light appears at its center and continues to expand, revealing that this isn't a wall at all-- *it's a WINDSHIELD.*

The expanding light glides across the kids' stunned faces until it stops with a jolt. But the kids continue to stare as the camera FLIPS TO THE REVERSE to show the absolutely stunning view of the PLANET EARTH from orbit.

(CONTINUED)

**SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: STARCHILD**

CUT TO BLACK.

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

A single star gently shoots across the early night sky as the last sliver of sun disappears. Suddenly, a referee's whistle SCREECHES as we...

WHIP PAN DOWN TO:

3

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - DUSK

3

**SUPERIMPOSE: Aurora, Texas - October 13, 2017.**

The marching band is doing its best to be heard over the screams of the crowd as families watch eagerly from the stands. The student section roars as the COACH (56, big ego with an even bigger gut) calls his final timeout. The scoreboard reads that the home team AURORA ROCKETS are down against their rivals, the visiting BOYD EAGLES-- 48-51, with nine seconds left in the fourth quarter.

COACH

Alright, Gentlemen. *Listen up...*

Sweaty faces stare back at him intensely from all directions as his team gathers around him. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply for a moment.

COACH

*Nine seconds... NINE SECONDS BOYS!!*  
This game ain't over yet! Far from  
it-- Y'ALL GOT THAT?

TEAM

YESSIR!!

The Coach nods enthusiastically as he spits some tobacco onto the ground next to him.

COACH

Alright, now the way I see it-- we  
*got possession, but we ain't got no*  
*time--* Nine yards till next first  
down, forty-nine for the TD...  
(Beat) SO, I'm thinkin' it's time  
for a *Hail Mary--* you up for that,  
Hobbs? *Where's my QB?*

(CONTINUED)

The Coach and the rest of his teammates look toward the back of the huddle, as MARCUS HOBBS shoves his way through to the front and nods.

COACH

Good-- now, where's Schneider?  
JASON!

JASON SCHNEIDER (18, the kiss-ass star-receiver with a very punchable face) emerges from behind BIG AL (18, a particularly large lineman), right at the Coach's side.

JASON

*Move, Big Al-- Right here, sir!*

Marcus rolls his eyes.

COACH

Heard you got a scout here for you tonight-- *Baylor, right?*

Jason gets a smug grin and puffs out his chest a little as he looks towards the crowd. A SCOUT (50's, grumpy) from Baylor's Athletic Department stands next to a tripod camera at the fence along the sideline taking copious notes while filming.

JASON

Yessir! Wanted to check out my skills in person I guess.

COACH

*Right... Well, I'm gonna give you one last chance to impress here, so don't screw it up! Ya here me?*

JASON

Yessir! Thank you sir!

Marcus glances at the scout, then shoots Jason an envious look as the coach begins to draw up a play on his whiteboard.

COACH

Okay now, listen up! As soon as that whistle blows, I want you HAULING ASS down that field, alright? 'Cus once Marcus see's an opening, he's gonna send that ball flyin' right to ya. Got that Hobbs?!

Jason shoots Marcus a sly grin.

MARCUS  
 (annoyed)  
 Mmhmm.

Marcus mean mugs Jason as the Coach turns toward the rest of the team. He slaps Big Al on the back a few times.

COACH  
 Good! Now for Big Al and the rest  
 of you meat heads-- *I want y'all on  
 these two like Donny on the bench,  
 okay?*

The whole team snickers-- even DONNY (17, awkward and a bit chubby) chuckles awkwardly. The Coach puts a hand on Marcus and Jason's shoulders.

COACH(CONT.)  
 Go ahead and laugh now! 'Cus if I  
 see so much as a fly land on either  
 one of these two before this game's  
 over-- *Y'ALL ARE GONNA BE DOING  
 SPRINTS UNTIL BIG AL IS JUST AL!  
 UNDERSTAND!?*

TEAM  
 YESSIR!

The referee signals to the Coach that his time out is almost up. He nods in acknowledgment and claps his hands together as he bends in close towards the team.

COACH  
 Alright, here we go-- It's moments  
 like this that separate the boys  
 from the men? GOT IT? (Beat) *And  
 those assholes over there still  
 think their dicks are just for  
 pissin'!!*

TEAM  
 YEAH!!!

COACH  
 Y'all know whatcha gotta do-- *So  
 just get on out there and GO WIN US  
 A GODDAMN FOOTBALL GAME!!*

TEAM  
 YEEAAAHHHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

COACH  
HOBBS-- Break 'em down!

The Coach walks back to the sideline as the team huddles in real close, fists raised.

MARCUS  
Rockets on three!! ONE, TWO,  
THREE--

TEAM  
ROCKETS!!!

The players disperse-- Marcus remains on the field with his fellow starters, while Donny leads the others back to the bench.

**ALONG THE SIDELINE.**

A mysterious PURPLE-EYED MAN (60's, with extremely pale skin and long, white hair/beard) wearing a hooded "Aurora Rockets" Jacket approaches the fence next to the Baylor Scout-- snacking on a huge bag of kettle corn. The Scout turns toward him, annoyed at his loud munching.

SCOUT  
*That's quite the bag of kettle corn  
you got there.*

The Purple-Eyed Man turns toward him, realizing what the Scout is insinuating.

PURPLE-EYED MAN  
*Oh! I do apologize for my chewing--  
I did not mean to interfere with  
your filming.*

The Purple-Eyed Man puts the bag into his jacket pocket and looks at the Scout's camera.

PURPLE-EYED MAN  
I don't get to have such delicacies too often, so I admit I may have been a bit *overzealous* at the concessions stand. I shall take a pause for now-- What is it you're filming for, might I ask?

SCOUT  
*Thanks, uh-- I'm a college scout.  
Looking into one of the players out there. You a parent or something?*



PURPLE-EYED MAN

(chuckling)

No, I'm afraid not-- *Actually, one might say I'm a bit of a "scout" myself...*

The Purple-Eyed Man scans the field until his eyes land on Marcus as he stands in position.

SCOUT

(surprised)

Oh, really?

PURPLE-EYED MAN

*In some way...*

**BACK ON THE FIELD.**

Jason jogs by Marcus and shoulder checks him on the way to his own position.

MARCUS

*The hell?! Watch where you're going, Schneider!*

Jason turns around while continuing to walk backwards toward his position-- he smirks.

JASON

(smug)

*Planning on it! Question is, are you gonna watch where you're throwing?*

Marcus scoffs as he snickers. Jason arrives at his starting spot, and Marcus watches him glance nervously at the Scout again.

JASON(CONT.)

*Just try not to get in my way-- yeah?*

Marcus ignores him as the last few players get into position. The crowd grows quiet in suspense as Marcus surveys the field ahead of him.

Nearby, the Purple-Eyed Man starts to munch on his kettle corn again as he keeps his eyes locked on Marcus; the Scout isn't pleased.

(CONTINUED)

TWEEEEEP!! The linemen slam into one another as whistle blows and Marcus is snapped the ball. Jason takes off-- *absolutely tearing down the field*. Marcus analyzes the field, surprised at how well his team is keeping Jason and him protected.

COACH(O.S.)  
*THROW THE DAMN BALL, HOBBS!!*

Marcus cranks the ball back in hand, looking past the scramble ahead-- toward the endzone. Jason crosses the goal line with arms waving-- wide open. Marcus hears the Coach screaming at him to launch it, but just before the ball leaves his grip... *he sees an opening*.

The Purple-Eyed Man pauses his snacking and leans forward as he watches Marcus plan his next move, a small grin growing on his face.

Marcus jolts forward-- ball tucked away safely in his arms-- audible shouts and gasps can be heard from the stands. The crowd's cheers grow continuously louder as they watch Marcus somehow dodge and juke his way through EVERY opposing player on the field. *Five seconds left on the clock. Four... running... three... RUNNING... two... SPRINTING...*

The cheers of the crowd crescendo as Marcus runs the ball into the endzone just as time runs out. TOUCHDOWN!! The crowd erupts into thunderous applause and the student section storms the field.

SCOUT  
WOW! What a player!

PURPLE-EYED MAN  
*You have no idea...*

The Purple-Eyed Man smiles and nods at the confused Scout as he deposits his empty kettle corn bag in the trash, and then quickly exits the stadium -- still grinning.

Marcus is lifted into the air by his peers as they chant his name-- but Jason can be seen fuming in the background as he chucks his helmet at the locker room wall.

TEAM  
*MARCUS! MARCUS! MARCUS!--*

The chants continue as we PAN UP from Marcus' celebration to the starry night sky above. An unknown dark object rises up in the distance, behind the stadium, startling a flock of birds before disappearing-- *completely unnoticed*.

CUT TO:

4

INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - MARCUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

MRS. HOBBS(O.S.)  
MARCUS!! Where are you boy!?

Posters cover the walls of the small bedroom -- *Travis Scott, Tony Romo, Kate Upton, Ezekiel Elliott*. Various keepsakes line the shelves-- *A few Football MVP trophies, photos of Marcus with his mother & sister, a military portrait of his Father in Air Force attire.*

A stack of college brochures lays on the bed, along with a pile of clothes and some dumbbells on the floor. Marcus nudges all of it aside to check out his outfit in the mirror: *black jeans, Letterman jacket, and his favorite pair of white AIR JORDANS*. He sighs after hearing his mother's call.

MARCUS  
What, Ma!?

MRS. HOBBS(O.S.)  
*Get your butt out here right now, and show your mother the love and respect she deserves!*

Marcus looks dead into his own reflection for a moment before turning toward the door.

MARCUS  
(annoyed)  
Coming...

5

INT. HOBBS RESIDENCE - CONTINUED

5

Marcus enters the kitchen to find MRS. HOBBS (40s, kind but tough) dressed in her scrubs, furiously stuffing things into her purse.

MARCUS  
*What?*

MRS. HOBBS  
*Dontchu "what?" me-- they needed me to pick up a shift at the hospital tonight, so you gotta put Alicia to bed for me-- Okay?*

From her perch on the nearby couch, ALICIA (10, just as sassy as her mother despite her smaller size) peeks out from behind her iPad for *just long enough* to give her brother a mischievous smile-- then returns to her games.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Hell no! She's 10 yea--

MRS. HOBBS

*Ah, ah, ah! I don't wanna hear it--  
and watch your mouth in this house  
boy.*

Mrs. Hobbs finally finishes stuffing her purse.

MRS. HOBBS (CONT.)

*She came to your game earlier, so  
you can watch her now. All you  
gotta do is put her to bed on time  
anyway-- that thing will keep her  
plenty busy.*

She gestures to the iPad glued to her daughter's face.

MARCUS

*I got plans though! We just made it  
to the Semifinals! She can put  
herself to bed, Ma plea--*

MRS. HOBBS

*Oh!? And are these plans of yours  
more important than me making  
enough money to afford this  
house?--*

MARCUS

But Ma! Donny's ha--

MRS. HOBBS

*--Or put food on the table? Or pay  
for those fancy shoes you had to  
have?*

Marcus grows quiet for a moment.

MARCUS

No, ma'am...

MRS. HOBBS

*MMMHHM! Her bedtime is eleven. And  
make sure she doesn't bring that  
iPad with her. Child will never get  
any sleep then...*

Mrs. Hobbs kisses her children goodbye and exits. The door slams as she drives off, and Alicia gives Marcus the same mischievous smile.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I'm not staying here-- and I know  
you don't care.

ALICIA

So? You heard Ma... *and she  
definitely cares.*

Marcus frowns as Alicia gives him a familiar sassy look. He  
sighs.

MARCUS

How much?

ALICIA

Twenty bucks. *AND* I get to take the  
iPad to bed with me.

MARCUS

*Fine.* But you gotta use it to keep  
an eye on Ma's location and warn me  
if she's coming home. Got it?

Marcus pulls a crisp \$20 bill out of his wallet and holds it  
out toward Alicia. She grabs it, but Marcus doesn't let go.

MARCUS(CONT.)

Deal? Yes or no?

ALICIA

YES! Jeez, I'll text you if she  
leaves. *Gimme my money!*

Marcus lets go of the bill and takes one last look at  
himself in the mirror. Alicia rolls her eyes as he adjusts  
his hair.

MARCUS

Aight-- I'll be back after midnight  
so don't wait up, and don't do  
anything stupid either. *If you go  
get yourself abducted or something,  
Ma will kill me--*

ALICIA

*Yes! Yes! I got it!* I'm trying to  
focus here, just go already!

Marcus shakes his head and walks out as Alicia goes back to  
intently playing on the iPad.

6 EXT. DONNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

6

Marcus walks under the suburban streetlights until he reaches a large, expensive-looking house. He can feel its foundation shaking from the bass of the music inside-- he chuckles as he passes one of his teammates puking off the front porch before going inside.

7 INT. DONNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUED

7

Upon walking in the front door, Marcus is met by a menagerie of teenage debauchery-- every drinking game you could imagine, people in various states of consciousness and undres, Clouds smelling of weed and vape juice fill the air-- *Party of the fucking century.*

Marcus tries his best to find the alcohol, but keeps getting stopped and given congratulations by everyone. Eventually he runs into Donny, who's eyes widen after spotting him.

DONNY

Marcus! *THE MAN, HIMSELF!*

MARCUS

Yeah-- what's good, Donny. Pretty dope place you got.

DONNY

Thanks Marcus! But it's my parents, not mine. They're in Europe on vacation right now though.

MARCUS

They, uh-- didn't take you?

DONNY

No, they say they need some time away from me every few months-- so...

Donny continues to stare as Marcus looks around uncomfortably.

MARCUS (CONT.)

*Well uh-- Appreciate the invite bro, but I'm gon--*

DONNY

*Oh, yeah of course, Marcus! I couldn't really see from where I was on the bench, but everyone's been saying without you we would've*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONNY (cont'd)  
lost the game-- you're basically  
the guest of honor!

MARCUS  
Thanks, uh-- *Could you just tell me  
where the drinks are at?*

DONNY  
For sure! There's jungle juice in  
the living room, or just go in the  
kitchen and there's a bunch of  
stuff in ther--

Marcus gives Donny a quick pat on the back and heads in the  
direction of the kitchen.

MARCUS  
Dope-- catch you later.

**MUSIC CUE: "Starboy" by The Weeknd.**

Marcus finally finds the drinks and immediately grabs a  
bottle of cheap vodka. He begins to slug it back as we enter  
a...

**MONTAGE:**

- More of Marcus's drunk peers freak out over his victory.  
More chants ensue as he welcomes the praise.
- Marcus flirts with his cute beer pong partner as he drains  
the pong balls into their cups-- as well as alcohol into his  
mouth.
- A few of Marcus' teammates pass around a bong. One of them  
takes a BIG hit-- then immediately pukes into the potted  
plant next to him.
- Marcus has a chugging contest and does many rounds of  
shots with his fellow party-goers.
- Marcus and a few of his teammates drunkenly reenact some  
of the game using a NERF football.
- Big Al does a keg stand, but falls over onto Donny--  
crushing him and knocking him out. His teammates draw on his  
face and take Snapchats until he comes back to.
- Marcus and his fellow party-goers drunkenly dance in the  
living room to the blaring music, until...

**END MONTAGE.**

8

INT. DONNY'S HOUSE - HOURS LATER

8

Marcus gets a text from Alicia reading: "Mom got off early and is coming home now. Good luck;)"

MARCUS

*Shit.*

Suddenly, the MUSIC CUTS OUT as the front door of the house SLAMS open. A figure appears in the door, hidden behind all the bong and vape smoke.

JASON

MARCUS HOBBS!!!

Everyone's eyes are glued on Jason as he stumbles into the house-- a near-empty bottle of whiskey in hand. Marcus stares at him as he stops about a yard in front of him.

JASON

MARCUS HOB--!!

MARCUS

*I heard you the first time! The hell is your problem now, Jason?*

JASON

What's my problem? *MY PROBLEM?!*

Jason laughs maniacally and begins to stumble around Marcus. The crowd forms a circle around the two teammates as the tensions rise.

JASON(CONT.)

(livid and drunk)

*YOU'RE MY PROBLEM-- you and your constant need to always be in the spotlight! Nobody else can ever have any of the glory as long as the GREAT MARCUS HOBBS is around!! Well, you know what, Marcus? (Beat) Fuck. You. FUCK YOU!*

Frantic gasps and shushed whispers ripple throughout the crowd.

MARCUS

What the hell are you talking abo--!

JASON

Don't play stupid! You know just as well as I do! I was WIDE OPEN in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JASON (cont'd)  
the endzone and you *should've*  
thrown it, but then you--

MARCUS  
--saw a safer option and decided to  
go for it instead. Yeah-- *that's*  
*exactly what I did.*

JASON  
In what world is what you did safer  
than throwing the ball to your *best*  
receiver when he's *wide open!*?

MARCUS  
You can't be sure you would've  
caught it even if I had thrown it  
to you! That's why I did--

JASON  
--*THAT'S BULLSHIT and you KNOW IT!*  
And so does everybody else here-- I  
can catch anything!!

Marcus, smug from thinking he's won this argument, looks  
back down at his phone to respond to Alicia's text.

MARCUS  
Whatever, bro. Think what you wa--

CRACK!! Jason swings his *now-empty* bottle of whiskey at  
Marcus' head and it shatters as it connects with his temple.  
His phone flies out of his hands and into the nearby punch  
bowl-- sinking to the bottom and shorting out. Marcus goes  
down as the crowd gasps.

He hits the ground hard and winces for a moment. He moves  
his hand to his cheek and feels the blood coming out of the  
large gash that's there now. He growls and pushes himself  
back up.

Marcus, now upright, turns back towards Jason. He moves  
toward him slowly-- fury in his eyes.

MARCUS  
You're gonna regret that-- you  
*fuckin' prick.*

Jason backs away cowardly but the crowd pushes him back  
towards Marcus-- just as he throws a hard right hook.  
Marcus' fist connects with Jason's nose and he goes down,  
WAILING with pain. Marcus backs up a few feet confidently.

BIG AL  
Yeah! Beat his ass, Marcus!

MARCUS  
(taunting)  
*C'mon Jason -- I expected you to  
have more fight in you than THIS...*

Jason rapidly jumps to his feet, sneering at Marcus.

JASON  
SCREW YOU!!

Jason charges Marcus and slams him into the glass coffee table behind him, shattering it. Donny looks like he's about to pass out again.

DONNY  
*Oh god, oh god, oh god--*

Marcus and Jason tumble out of the broken glass, exchanging blows repeatedly with one another. Marcus knees Jason in the balls and manages to get back on his feet.

But then Jason pick up a piece of the shattered glass like a knife and lunges at him from the ground. Marcus narrowly dodges it and runs into the kitchen-- searching for a something to use as a weapon.

MARCUS  
(going through the bottles)  
Plastic, plastic, plastic... *Dammit  
Donny.*

Blood drips off of Jason's hand as he stands up and heads toward Marcus, still gripping the shard. Some of his teammates try to hold him back from the kitchen, but he pushes them off-- threatening them with the glass. Marcus crouches behind one of the counters as the crowd gathers in the doorway to watch.

JASON  
C'mon Marcus-- don't pussy out now!  
Show yourself!

DONNY  
*Jason! Just calm down man-- you're  
super drunk and bleeding a lo--*

JASON  
SHUT UP DONNY!!

Donny goes quiet as Marcus finds something in a nearby cabinet that puts a smile on his face-- but remains hidden.

JASON

Time to man up, Marcus!

Marcus grabs one of the nearby bottles and throws it across the kitchen. Jason snaps his head toward the noise and begins moving in, while Marcus crawls around the other direction-- *holding something in hand.*

JASON

Can't hide forever, asshole. No linemen to protect you now.

Jason rounds the counter and grows confused when he realizes that Marcus isn't there-- but then Marcus stands up right behind him, winding up the FRYING PAN he holds like a baseball bat.

MARCUS

*Catch this, dick.*

Jason turns around to face him, but gets a face full of frying pan instead-- he's knocked out cold. The cheers for Marcus begin once again. But Marcus pays them no mind as he spots his phone lying at the bottom of the punch bowl and remembers Alicia's text

MARCUS

*Shit, Alicia-- I gotta go.*

Marcus grabs a towel and another bottle of vodka before turning to leave when Donny stops him.

DONNY

MARCUS-- *OH MY GOD!* Are you okay?  
Do you need to go to the hospital!?

MARCUS

I'm fine, Donny! Relax-- I just need to get home ASAP.

DONNY

*Okay... but that was INCREDI--!!*

MARCUS

(dismissive)

*Yeah, thanks. But I--* Actually, can I use your phone for a sec? Mine took a dive in the jungle juice.

DONNY

Oh yeah, of course Marcus!

(CONTINUED)

Marcus tucks the vodka under his arm and snatches the phone from Donny. He quickly types out a text to Alicia reading "Phone broke but I'm omw home. Stall mom. -Marcus" as Donny continues to gush over him.

DONNY (CONT.)  
 (mimicking fighting)  
*But like I was saying, HOLY SHIT!  
 That was crazy! The way you dodged  
 him like that, and then the frying  
 pan-- and-- and then--*

Marcus hits send on the text message and tosses the phone back to Donny.

MARCUS  
 See ya at practice, Donny.

DONNY  
 But Marcus--!

Marcus darts out the front door with his towel and vodka before Donny can even protest.

9

EXT. DONNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

9

Back under the suburban streetlights, Marcus tries to start jogging but groans in pain-- resorting to a labored walk.

He pours some vodka on the towel and holds it to the gash on his cheek as he winces. He mumbles angrily about Jason as he takes a pull for himself too.

Distracted by drunkenly nursing his injuries, he doesn't notice the strange sense of calm that seems to come about his surrounding area-- No more bugs chirping. No more residual party noises. No more cars passing by. JUST QUIET.

Marcus feels the breeze come to an unnatural stop as a huge DARK OBJECT begins to cover the sky above him, blacking out the stars one by one until it's completely dark.

He takes another pull of vodka as he notices one of the streetlights ahead of him start to flicker rapidly... and then the streetlight across from that one begins to do the same thing-- and then the next two along the street-- and then the next two-- and so on, until the whole street is flickering.

MARCUS  
 What the hell--?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the streetlights BURST into sparks. Marcus pulls his jacket over his head to shield off the falling glass. He stands in complete silence, confused and unable to see anything besides the vast darkness surrounding him, when--  
 BWAAAAAAAMMM!!

A deafening HORN-LIKE NOISE blares as a column of blinding BLUE LIGHT shoots down from the sky-- illuminating the surrounding suburbs in a pale indigo. It lands directly on Marcus as his feet begin to slowly rise off the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT TWO

10

INT. MOTHERSHIP - MARCUS' CELL - NIGHT

10

A pair of BARE FEET stand curiously in front of a CRYOPOD -- a metallic tube with a curved pane of foggy glass covering its front and an array of buttons along its side panel. We hear a few BEEPs and BOOPs as the owner of the feet tries out some of the buttons-- until we hear a very loud PSSHHHHHHH!!

The sudden noise startles the feet and they scurry away as the glass begins to retract into the tube. Fog spills out from the bottom of the Cryopod as we begin to see a figure forming inside.

As the last of the fog clears-- MARCUS' unconscious body falls out of the tube, flopping hard onto the pristine white floor wearing only a plain hospital gown. After a few seconds, his eyes open groggily-- vision hazy.

His body shivers rapidly as he takes frantic breaths and rolls onto his back-- he rubs the part of his head that just broke his fall. His hand moves to his cheek to see if his gash is bleeding again-- but he's surprised to find that his cheek is somehow *completely healed*.

He sits up and notices some sort of IV in his wrist. He stares at it confused-- until he looks below it and sees a strange mark inked on his forearm: a BLACK CRESCENT MOON with FIVE STROKES taken out of its center.

MARCUS  
 (still shivering)  
 The hell happened last night?

(CONTINUED)

He rips the IV out of his arm and tries to rub off the mark-- *to little success*. He gives up and tries standing up, only to immediately fall back down. Frustrated, he crawls back to the Cryopod and uses it to pull himself onto his feet, barely maintaining balance.

MARCUS

Hello! Can somebody help me!?  
HELLO!!

Marcus takes deep breaths as he listens for someone to answer his cry for help-- but he hears nothing.

MARCUS

*Great.*

He surveys his surroundings-- everything in the small room is bright white or polished silver. Besides the Cryopod, the only other thing in the room is a set of sleek monitors covering the adjacent wall-- each displaying a variety of different information.

Marcus gingerly shuffles closer to them. He examines his confused reflection in the monitors-- touching the part of his cheek where the gash once was. But his expression only becomes more confused when he realizes that everything being displayed is in a language he's never even seen before.

However, he does see a familiar CRESCENT MOON SYMBOL displayed multiple times on the many screens-- he looks down at the matching symbol on his wrist puzzled. His breaths grow heavier as he backs up nervously.

MARCUS

Where am I?

Marcus approaches the only door in the room and reaches for its handle, when he realizes *there isn't one*-- but then notices a small button on a panel to the side of the door.

He cautiously presses the button and it flashes blue as the door rapidly retracts upward into its frame-- Marcus jumps back and falls onto the floor again. He slowly gets back on his feet and checks to make sure the door is staying open-- then *carefully* exits.

11 INT. MOTHERSHIP HALLWAY - CONTINUED

11

Marcus tiptoes into the spacious hallway, squinting his eyes at the glaring lights high up on the ceiling, and jumps again as the door shifts back to its original position behind him.

(CONTINUED)

He surveys the area, but doesn't see anything besides a handful of other identical doors scattered along the long walls.

MARCUS  
(confused)  
*What is this place...? Hello! Is anyone here!?*

He waits but only hears his own echo. He sighs as he glances around at the many doors, weighing his options. He starts stumbling toward the closest one to him-- directly ahead-- as he takes a closer look at the mark on his wrist.

MARCUS  
*Ma is gonna be so pissed...*

Marcus reaches the door and holds his ear up against it-- *silence*. So he presses the button on its side panel and heads in.

12

INT. MOTHERSHIP - TEDDY'S CELL - CONTINUED

12

Marcus does a double take upon entry to ensure he didn't just walk back into the same room-- as this one looks identical to the first. *Except the Cryopod in the center of this one remains closed and fogged over...*

He approaches the Cryopod as he glances at the monitors on the wall, noticing the familiar CRESCENT MOON mark displayed repeatedly-- *except this one only has THREE STROKES taken out of its center.*

Now in front of the tube, Marcus tries rubbing away the fog with his arm-- but immediately pulls it back from the glass in *extreme* pain.

MARCUS  
(waving arm frantically)  
*SHIT! Cold! Cold!*

He paces around while rapidly rubbing his arm. After the stinging subsides, he approaches the tube again-- getting a closer look at its control panel and keeping a very safe distance away from the glass this time.

MARCUS  
Okay, second try-- *how do I work this thing...*

BEEP! Marcus presses one of the buttons on the panel but nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS(CONT.)

No... *How about this one?*

BOOP! He flicks another switch but still nothing happens-- he sighs and thinks to himself.

MARCUS

*...Screw it.*

Marcus takes both hands and slides them down the entire control panel-- pressing every button and switch there is. He steps back and waits nervously for a moment until suddenly... PSSSSHHHHHHHHH!!!

The glass begins to retract into the Cryopod. Marcus takes another few steps back as fog pours out around his feet. He stares anxiously into the tube, trying to see what's inside.

MARCUS

Hello? Somebody in there?

No reply-- but a figure begins to form within the last of the fog inside.

MARCUS

*Hello...?*

Suddenly, an unconscious TEDDY falls forward out of the tube, causing a startled Marcus to jump back towards the door-- Teddy's face hits the ground with a satisfying SMACK!

He's dressed in an identical gown to the one Marcus wears and also has an IV in his arm running back to the Cryopod. Marcus approaches him cautiously-- kneeling down as he rolls him over and starts gently shaking him.

MARCUS

Hey man-- Wake up, you gotta wake up, bro. *Wake up...*

Marcus' shakes grow more intense, but Teddy remains unconscious.

MARCUS(CONT.)

*...Dammit.*

Marcus stops his shaking and looks down in defeat-- until he spots the mark on Teddy's wrist: a CRESCENT MOON with THREE STROKES taken out of its center.

Marcus holds up his wrist to look at his own mark again-- then shuts his eyes, cranks his arm back, and slaps Teddy right in the face. HARD. Marcus jumps back as Teddy rapidly sits up.

(CONTINUED)





MARCUS

Your guess is as good as mine. At first-- I thought it might just be some high-end drunk tank, or maybe a Hospital like you said. But I haven't seen any other people--

TEDDY

*No one's here?*

Marcus shakes his head as he stands and slaps the side of the tube.

MARCUS (CONT.)

--Not that I've found. And with these tube things and the marks on our wrists... *I'm thinking something else might be going on here.*

Teddy stops staring confusedly at the monitors on the wall and quickly turns toward Marcus.

TEDDY

Marks? *What marks?*

Marcus holds up his wrist and then nods toward Teddy's.

MARCUS

Look at your wrist-- might wanna pull that IV out too while you're at it.

Teddy raises his hand to his face to inspect the mark on his wrist as closely as possible. Marcus begins to search the room for any other clues.

TEDDY

(fascinated)

*Weird...* What do they mean?

MARCUS

Did you not hear anything I just said? I don't know what they mean, where we are, or what the hell is going on. *You know just as much as I do, bro.*

TEDDY

Alright, alright-- sorry.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

It's fine, I'm just-- *frustrated*...  
Do you remember what happened to  
you? Like before this, I mean.

TEDDY

(thinking hard)

*Not really*... I remember I was with  
my two friends, Kent and Fritz--  
and my brother, John... And we were  
driving to the woods by our house  
to shoot a movie--

MARCUS

A movie? *Like a YouTube video or  
something?*

Teddy gets a puzzled look on his face.

TEDDY

*Ummm--* it was for a contest at a  
College by us. We were going for  
the Sci-Fi category and our movie  
was gonna be--

MARCUS

How long is this story?

TEDDY

*Sorry... my mom says I tend to  
ramble a lot--* Anyway, we were  
shooting a scene in the woods by  
our house, and my friend Fritz  
screwed up what *WOULD'VE* been a  
great take. So I had to change the  
film, and then... *a light-- a  
REALLY, REALLY BRIGHT blue light...  
and then-- Nothing.*

MARCUS

Nothing?

TEDDY

Well, not nothing. Just darkness,  
until... well-- *until you.*

Teddy uses the side of the tube to pull himself to his feet  
while Marcus takes this in.

MARCUS

*Definitely not a drunk tank then...*

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

Huh?

MARCUS

Nothing-- I was just walking back  
from a party, when I...

Marcus pauses abruptly and stares into space.

TEDDY

You saw it too? *The light?*

MARCUS

*Look, I don't know what I saw...*  
But I do think we should see if  
there are any others-- maybe  
they'll remember more than we do.

Teddy, now barely on his feet, gives Marcus a perplexed  
look.

TEDDY

What *others?*

Marcus holds up his wrist again and points to the strokes  
taken out of the center of it.

MARCUS

Five.

He darts over to Teddy and grabs his wrist, holding it up to  
his face for a *good look*.

MARCUS (CONT.)

Three.

Marcus lets go of his arm-- forcing Teddy to grab onto the  
tube again for balance.

TEDDY

(still confused)

So...?

Marcus walks to the door and presses its button--  
transforming him into a silhouette in front of the light  
coming from the hallway. He turns back to face Teddy.

MARCUS

So-- I'd be willing to bet that  
there's a *One, Two, AND Four*, out  
there somewhere who may be able to  
help us figure out what the hell is  
going on here.

(CONTINUED)

Teddy looks back at the tube and then at the mark on his wrist-- thinking. But then he yanks the his IV and stumbles towards the door.

TEDDY

Alright-- *but it'd be nice if we could find some real clothes though...*

MARCUS

One step at a time, bud.

13 INT. MOTHERSHIP HALLWAY - CONTINUED

13

As Teddy follows Marcus out of his cell, his eyes widen at the size and brightness of the hallway's interior.

TEDDY

*Whoa -- this place is bitchin'.*

Marcus ignores his amazement and points to the door across from them.

MARCUS

Focus-- that's the one I was in before I found you. Your turn to pick now.

TEDDY

*Oooh, okay-- I feel like I'm on Let's Make a Deal!*

Marcus rolls his eyes as Teddy ponders his options with his hand on his chin-- he points to the door on the adjacent wall in between their two cells.

TEDDY

That one, please!

Marcus sighs as he gives Teddy an annoyed look, but Teddy just chuckles as he slowly follows him into through the door.

14 INT. MOTHERSHIP - QUINN'S CELL - CONTINUED

14

Once inside, Teddy creeps around Cryopod in the center like a secret agent while Marcus inspects the monitors on the wall-- he notes the CRESCENT MOON SYMBOL with FOUR STROKES taken out of its center that appears many times.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Do you recognize what language this is?

Teddy approaches the screens next to him.

TEDDY

Hmmm... Don't think so-- What is it?

Marcus gives him another annoyed look, but Teddy doesn't see as he's already looking around again.

MARCUS

Why would I be asking if I knew?

TEDDY

*Right, my bad-- Is this what your room looked like too? Think they're all the same?*

MARCUS

Yeah, so far-- but I guess we'll see.

TEDDY

(shaking his head)

Place this big and only one interior decorator. *Truly a shame.*

MARCUS

Can you please show me where your off-switch is?

TEDDY

*As easy as that would be in this gown-- I think I'm gonna pass this time, pal.*

Marcus shakes his head as Teddy quickly walks toward the Cryopod and reaches for the glass.

MARCUS

Be careful around the glas--

TEDDY

*OWOWOWOW-- SHIT!*

Marcus chuckles as Teddy burns his hand on the cold glass and starts waving it around in pain.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY (CONT.)

Can I get a little more warning  
next time, *please!*?

MARCUS

(smirking)

Sorry...

Teddy rubs his arm as Marcus bends down toward the control panel.

TEDDY

How do you even know how to work  
that thing?

MARCUS

I don't.

Marcus slides the palms of his hands down the panel-- just like he did to Teddy's tube until he hears a familiar PSHHHHHH!!!

TEDDY

*Elegant.*

The glass begins to retract into the tube as fog pours out around their feet. Marcus stands and pushes Teddy out of his way.

MARCUS

Watch out.

Marcus steps further into the fog and plants his feet firmly in front of the tube as a figure becomes visible inside. Just as planned -- the unconscious body of QUINN, dressed in the same plain gown, falls forward and lands perfectly in Marcus' outstretched arms. Both of them stare at her for a moment-- taken aback by her beauty.

TEDDY

*OH, I SEE-- catch the hot chick but  
let me get a face full of floor.  
Real cool, Marcus.*

Marcus ignores Teddy as he gently sets Quinn down against the side of the tube. He begins to lightly shake her. Teddy kneels down next to him.

TEDDY

She dead?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

No, dumbass-- we just need to get her to wake up.

Marcus continues to shake her and Teddy joins in, but Quinn's body still remains lifeless.

TEDDY

It's not working-- this is how you woke me up?

MARCUS

(frustrated)

Yes-- *well kinda...* I also sorta slapped yo--

TEDDY

*HUH!?* You what?

MARCUS

Oh, be quiet! You're awake now-- aren't you?

Teddy hmphs and stops his shaking.

TEDDY

That's fair-- so slap her then.

Marcus stops his shaking too.

MARCUS

What?

TEDDY

If that's how you got me to wake up-- why wouldn't it work with her? Slap her.

MARCUS

Hell no! I'm not slapping an unconscious girl. *You do it!*

TEDDY

Well, I could never do such a *terrib--*

MARCUS

SEE! Don't get on my ass when you won't even do it!

TEDDY

But you already slapped me! What's one slap versus two? *And don't say*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



TEDDY (cont'd)  
*its cus she's a girl-- that's  
 sexis--*

                  MARCUS  
 Do you *EVER* shut up!?

                  TEDDY  
*Look-- all I'm saying is that  
 slapping a girl for a good cause is  
 dif--*

                  QUINN(O.S.)  
 (shivering)  
 Are you guys *really* arguing over  
 who gets to slap me?

Marcus and Teddy-- too deep in their argument to realize that Quinn has woken up-- both simultaneously snap their heads toward her.

                  TEDDY  
*AHH!-- Uh--\*AHM\*--of course not!  
 Well-- Marcus here may have an  
 appetite for such savagery, but a  
 gentleman such as myself could  
 never do such heinous things to a  
 beauti--*

Marcus shoves Teddy back-- he lands on his butt.

                  MARCUS  
 SHUT UP!

Marcus ignores Teddy's outstretched middle finger as he turns to face Quinn again. She examines the Cryopod behind her nervously.

                  MARCUS  
 Sorry about that-- I'm Marcus.  
 Marcus Hobbs. And this...  
*unfortunately...* is Teddy.

Quinn slowly reaches out her hand to meet Marcus', but Teddy darts in and grabs it first, squeezing her shivering fingers tightly.

                  TEDDY  
 It's actually Theodore MacArthur...  
*The Third.*

He winks at her as Marcus rolls his eyes.

QUINN  
 (still shivering)  
 Right, uh-- I'm Quinn--

TEDDY  
 Oh, what a *marvelous* name!

QUINN(CONT.)  
 --Rutherford... *Um, not that this hasn't been pleasant and all--* but do you guys mind telling me where I am exactly? What's going on?

TEDDY  
 Got some *bad news* for ya, *sweetheart--*

Teddy shuts up after Marcus gives him a look.

MARCUS  
*What this idiot is trying to say is... you know just as much we do about in terms of what's going on here.*

QUINN  
 So-- nothing?

TEDDY  
*Damn, you catch on quick!*

MARCUS  
 Just ignore him-- do you remember anything about how you got here? Neither of us can remember much at all, so it might be helpful.

Quinn thinks to herself for a moment.

QUINN  
 I-- I was at prom-- *I think.* I don't really remember... Why don't I remember? *Did someone drug me!?*

Her breathing starts to speed up rapidly.

QUINN(CONT.)  
 WHY DON'T I REMEMBER!?

Marcus puts a hand on her shoulder and looks deep into her kind eyes-- he sees a few tears start to well up.

MARCUS

Hey, hey! *You're alright-- just breathe.* Like I said, we don't remember very much eith--

QUINN

WAIT! The light-- *there was a light...* it was blue and really, REALLY bright.

Marcus removes his hand from her shoulder as he and Teddy give each other a look.

TEDDY

Is that the last thing you remember?

QUINN

*I-- I think so.* Why? Does that help? Did you guys see it too?

Marcus and Teddy both nod at her.

QUINN

What was it? What does it mean?

MARCUS

It means that whatever is going on-- the same thing happened to all of us. *Just like the marks.*

Quinn gets a confused look on her face, and Teddy points toward her wrist. She pulls her IV out and inspects the mark: a CRESCENT MOON with FOUR STROKES taken out of its center. She looks back up to find the boys both displaying their own respective marks for her to see.

QUINN

The lines-- *Five, four, three.* Where are the other two?

MARCUS

That's what we're hoping to find out-- can you walk?

She nods as Marcus grins at Teddy, chuckling.

MARCUS

*You were right--* she caught on a lot quicker than you did.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
                   Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Marcus stands and pulls Quinn up with him-- she's a bit unstable but manages to stay on her feet. Teddy opens the door to the hallway and she follows them out.

**ACT THREE**

15

INT. MOTHERSHIP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

15

After exiting Quinn's cell, the three kids walk slowly toward the center of the hallway-- approaching the rest of the doors. Teddy loudly clears his throat to break the awkward silence.

                  TEDDY  
                   SO... Prom, huh? How was that? *Are we in the presence of the Queen, I presume?*

Quinn gets an upset look on her face, but Teddy doesn't seem to notice.

                  QUINN  
                   Not exactly--

                  TEDDY (CONT.)  
                   And does the Queen have a King, might I ask?

                  QUINN  
                   *(aggressively)*  
                   NO-- No, I most definitely do not...

                  TEDDY  
                   *Jeez, okay-- touchy subject.*

Quinn jogs to catch up to Marcus, leaving Teddy frowning behind them.

                  QUINN  
                   I should've listened to you more carefully...

                  MARCUS  
                   Huh?

                  QUINN  
                   Y'know-- about ignoring "*You-Know-Who*".

(CONTINUED)

Marcus smirks and lets out a chuckle as they glance back at Teddy.

TEDDY

(offended)

Well, *EXCUSE ME* for trying to break the ice and lighten the mood a bit-- *everybody's a freakin' critic.*

QUINN

I'm just joking around-- *Calm down.*

MARCUS

*I wasn't.*

Marcus and Teddy mean mug each other as Quinn looks around some more.

QUINN

Don't you guys think its a little weird how empty this place is? *Like-- shouldn't there at least be cleaning people or something...*

MARCUS

Yeah, I thought the same thing-- but maybe it's for the best we haven't run into anyone. Who knows what this place really is.

TEDDY

*It's understandable, really. I think you'd go blind if you spent enough time in this place-- and I've YET to see a single bathroom!*

Teddy squints his eyes at the lights above as he starts doing a little jig to soothe his full bladder. Marcus and Quinn ignore him.

QUINN

So which way do we go?

MARCUS

Your pick this time.

Quinn surveys her options: *two on either side of them in the center of the hallway, two more a bit further down, and one directly in front of them at the opposite end.* She shrugs and then points to the door on their right side.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN  
 Might as well just start here and  
 do a loop around.

Marcus nods and they head toward the door. He presses the  
 button on its side and the other two follow him inside.

TEDDY  
*Please be a toilet, please be a  
 toilet...*

QUINN  
 Lovely.

16

INT. MOTHERSHIP - ARTEMIS' CELL - CONTINUED

16

Their faces grow confused as the room they enter is not like  
 the others so far. There's still many monitors displaying  
 info in an unknown language and a MECHANICAL-LOOKING TUBE in  
 the corner-- but there's no Crescent Moon Symbols in sight,  
 and the tube is no ordinary Cryopod; it's full of a strange  
 blue liquid with wires and tubes coming out in every  
 direction.

In the adjacent corner is a twin-sized bed, a stainless  
 steel table with a few chairs around it, and a shelf  
 containing a variety of different books and children's toys.

QUINN  
 What is this place? Did the rooms  
 you guys were in look like this?

MARCUS  
 No, ours were all basically  
 identical-- *this is... different.*

Teddy inspects the strange Tube while Marcus gets a closer  
 look at the monitors and Quinn investigates the shelves.  
 Teddy stares at the blue liquid floating around inside.

TEDDY  
 (grossed out)  
 Well, whoever-- or whatever-- was  
 in this thing is gone now. Can't  
 say I blame 'em though.

Teddy wanders off-- unnoticed by the other two.

MARCUS  
 I still can't understand a thing on  
 any of these monitors either.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn steps around the toys littered across the floor and picks a couple books up off the shelf, "*Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind*" and "*Collapse: How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed*".

QUINN

What're all these toys and books for?

Marcus walks over to her, picking up a wooden horse and Barbie Doll off the floor along the way. He stares at them as he glances at the books Quinn holds in her hands.

MARCUS

No idea-- but those books seem a little advanced for whoever owns these.

QUINN

Agreed... what is this place anyway? Like a--

The sound of a flushing toilet interrupts Quinn, as Teddy walks out of a previously unseen door in the other corner.

TEDDY

*MAN, I feel like I've been waiting YEARS to let that out... Whooooo!*

He does a quick twirl in his gown as Marcus and Quinn both stare at him displeased.

MARCUS

Really?

Teddy shrugs innocently.

TEDDY

*When you gotta go, you gotta go-- you guys find anything interesting?*

Quinn and Marcus both hold up their respective items to show Teddy.

QUINN

Just these-- but we're not really sure why they're here.

TEDDY

*Hmmm, this place looks kinda like my old daycare... well, except all the books.*

Teddy approaches the others and grabs another book off the shelf.

TEDDY  
*"A Brief History of Time" by  
 Stephen Hawking-- Doesn't seem very  
 brief to me...*

Teddy quickly flips through the pages of book.

TEDDY(CONT.)  
*...Yeah, not enough pictures in  
 here for my taste-- OH LOOK! A  
 STRETCH ARMSTRONG!*

Teddy beelines for a STRETCH ARMSTRONG TOY laying in the corner while the other two roll their eyes. Teddy picks up the toy and begins to stretch it every which way he can.

TEDDY  
*Always wanted one of these things--  
 but my mom said I'd just find a way  
 to hurt myself with it.*

MARCUS  
 I feel like I'd like your mom.

TEDDY  
 Shut up.

QUINN  
*Here we go again...*

MARCUS  
 Can you just try to help us figure  
 this shit out?

TEDDY  
 What "shit"? None of those books,  
 OR Stretch and his friends over  
 here are gonna help us. Only thing  
 useful in here is the commode--

MARCUS  
 How do you know?

TEDDY  
*Gee, I don't know, Marcus. How  
 'bout you ask Barbie what the hell  
 is going on then? OR MAYBE KEN WILL  
 HAVE SOME BETTER INSIGHT!*

Marcus quickly sets down the toys he's holding.



MARCUS

At least Quinn and I are actually trying--

TEDDY

(frustrated)

Oh, *THIS* is trying, huh? Okay then, I can try too. See!

Teddy musters all of his strength and begins to stretch the Stretch Armstrong toy as far as he possibly while he groans loudly. He finally gives up after one too many seconds and the toy drops to the floor with a thud.

TEDDY

(disappointed)

*Swear he looks stretchier in the commercials...*

QUINN

I don't know, Marcus-- maybe he has a point.

TEDDY

Yeah, those kids on TV always stretch him for *miles!!*

QUINN

*No-- just no...* What I mean is, we're supposed to be finding the others right? Well, nobody's in here and--

Quinn waves her arms around at all the books and toys surrounding them.

QUINN(CONT.)

--none of this seems to be helping us figure anything else out... So we might as well check out the other doors. We can always come back here if we need to-- *whatever this place is.*

Marcus considers this and eventually nods.

MARCUS

Let's keep moving then.

They make their way to the door as Marcus catches Teddy sneakily grabbing the Stretch Armstrong again.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (CONT.)  
Leave it, idiot.

TEDDY  
*Fine...*

Teddy drops the toy with another thud and the trio exits back into the hallway.

17

INT. MOTHERSHIP HALLWAY - CONTINUED

17

Marcus, Teddy, and Quinn exit Artemis' cell and begin walking toward the three doors on the other side of the hallway.

QUINN  
All those toys and books, even a bed-- but still no clothes.  
*Unbelievable... I'm SO over this terrible gown.*

Quinn inspects her gown in disgust. Teddy begins to twirl his again.

TEDDY  
I don't know-- mine made for pretty easy "downstairs access" back there. *Real Breezy.*

Teddy shoots her a flirtatious smile and winks.

QUINN  
Gross.

They reach the first two doors-- one on either side of the hallway, with the third one straight ahead about 20 yards further down.

MARCUS  
Okay Teddy-- you take the left, Quinn and I will take the right. We'll check out the third one up there after.

TEDDY  
How come I have to go alone?

MARCUS  
You *really* want me to answer that question?

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
*IT'S NOT FAIR! THIS IS AN  
 OUTRAGE--!*

                  QUINN  
 You'll be fine, Teddy. We'll be ten  
 yards away if anything happens--  
*Okay?*

                  TEDDY  
 (smitten)  
*Okay.*

Marcus and Quinn head into the right door while Teddy  
 approaches the left one.

18

INT. MOTHERSHIP - MEI'S CELL - CONTINUED

18

Marcus and Quinn enter to find the same old familiar cell  
 room-- same white interior-- same Cryopod in the center,  
 just as foggy as the others-- same monitors on the wall,  
 albeit displaying a CRESCENT MOON SYMBOL with only TWO  
 STROKES taken out its center.

                  MARCUS  
 Don't touch the glass-- it's cold  
 enough to burn your skin.

Quinn inspects the Cryopod closely-- careful not to touch  
 the glass.

                  QUINN  
*I-- We were in these?*

                  MARCUS  
 Yeah-- Pretty crazy, huh?

                  QUINN  
 It just looks so... *complex*. How'd  
 you figure out how to open--

She's interrupted by the sound of Marcus sliding his hands  
 down the Cryopod's control panel. She gives him a horrified  
 look, but Marcus shoots her a quick reassuring smile.

                  MARCUS  
 Don't worry-- *it works*.

And as if by cue, the glass front of the Cryopod begins to  
 retract as fog pours out onto the floor. Marcus gets ready  
 to catch the body from inside like he did for Quinn-- but  
 nothing ever comes.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn chuckles at the combination of his power stance and confused expression, then walks toward the tube. She fans away the last of the fog to reveal a small Japanese girl, MEI-- too light for gravity to even pull her unconscious body out of the tube and onto the floor.

Quinn reaches inside the tube to pull the girl out of it, but just as she's able to get a good grip on her-- Mei's eyes shoot open and she screams.

MEI

*BENSON!!!*

Quinn quickly backs away-- accidentally knocking into Marcus in the process.

QUINN

*Its okay! It's okay! Calm down.*

MEI

*BENSON!! WHERE ARE YOU BENNY!?*

Mei starts thrashing around inside the tube trying to get out. She eventually does-- but her legs fail her and she collapses onto the floor, ripping out her IV in the process. Luckily, Marcus catches her at the last second and lays her against the tube. She shoves him off of her.

MEI (CONT.)

*GET OFF OF ME! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE IS BENSON!? BENNY!!!*

MARCUS

*HEY! SHHHH! SHHHH! CALM DOWN.*

Marcus backs up to give her some space and raises his hands as a gesture of peace.

MARCUS (CONT.)

*Just relax! We're not gonna hurt you.*

QUINN

*It's okay! Deep breaths, okay? We're here to help-- Who's Benson?*

The girl stops screaming long enough to take in her surroundings. She looks back at Quinn, confused, scared, and now starting to shiver.

QUINN (CONT.)

*You're alright-- What's your name?*

MEI  
 (shivering)  
 ...Mei... Kojima. Where am I? And  
 where is Benson?

QUINN  
 (overly-nice voice)  
 It's nice to meet you, Mei! My name  
 is Quinn-- and this is Marcus. And  
 uh... well, I wish I could tell you  
 where we are, but we aren't really  
 sure ourselves. We were hoping you  
 might be able to help us figure  
 that out-- *could you do that, Mei?*  
 Do you remember anything before  
 waking up just now?

MEI  
 (feisty)  
*I'm a teenager, you don't have to  
 baby me-- Benson's the one who  
 needs my help.*

Quinn scoffs in offense.

QUINN  
*God-- I'm just trying to be nice.*

Mei looks at both of them, sizing them up-- before evidently  
 deciding to trust them for now.

MEI  
 (still shivering)  
 It took him-- Benson, my baby  
 brother. *The light took him away.*

Marcus and Quinn give each other a concerned look, as Mei  
 begins to tear up. Quinn's offended expression turns into  
 compassion as she places a hand over her heart.

MEI (CONT.)  
 I chased after him-- but I was too  
 late. *He was gone...*

Quinn leans in to hug Mei, which she initially recoils from,  
 but then leans into as she bursts into tears.

MEI  
 (sobbing)  
*I'm so sorry, Benson... Sweet  
 little Benny...*

(CONTINUED)

Quinn continues to hold Mei as she cries-- unsure of what to do. She looks to Marcus, but he has the same clueless look on his face.

QUINN

It's okay, Mei. We'll look--

TEDDY(O.S.)

Somebody say Benson?

All their heads whip toward the door to see Teddy standing in the entryway, along with a small Japanese boy-- BENSON.

TEDDY(CONT.)

'Cus I found this little dude in the other room and he says that's his name.

Benson smiles and gives a small wave. Mei looks up and shoots out of Quinn's arms, running to her little brother.

MEI

BENNY!! Are you okay? Are you hurt?  
*Come here!*

Mei checks all over her brother for any injuries-- stopping to hug him and pinch his chubby cheeks many times throughout the process.

TEDDY

I take it this is Mei, then?

Quinn nods to Teddy-- still smiling from the happy sibling reunion in front of her.

TEDDY(CONT.)

Is she *two*? Cus he--

Seemingly satisfied with her brother's well-being for the moment, Mei turns angrily towards Teddy.

MEI

I'm 13-- *thank you very much.*

TEDDY

With mood swings like that, you don't gotta tell me-- *but I was talking about your wrist.*

Teddy grabs her wrist to show her the mark on it, but she yanks it away.

MEI

Don't touch me! I sho--

Her anger dissipates when she notices the mark on her wrist, a CRESCENT MOON with TWO STROKES taken out of its center.

TEDDY

See? Your little bro's got one too.

Benson raises his wrist to show her his mark, a CRESCENT MOON with only ONE STROKE taken out of its center. She licks her thumb and starts furiously rubbing both her's and Benson's marks.

MARCUS

No use-- they aren't coming off.  
*Trust me, I tried.*

Mei stops rubbing upon hearing this and begins to inspect the mark closer.

MEI

What are they?

TEDDY

That's what we're trying to figure out-- we all got 'em too.

They all raise their wrists to display their marks.

MARCUS

This is Teddy, by the way.

Teddy does a casual salute to Mei.

QUINN

*We're gonna help, okay?* Nobody is gonna hurt you or Benson.

Mei looks intently at each of their faces-- suspicion growing in her eyes.

MEI

Fine. But Benny stays with me-- GOT IT?

QUINN

Yes, we got it.

Mei hesitantly nods, but continues to keep Benson close by.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

Alright, now that we've handled that-- anyone else wanna check out *what's behind door number three?*

19 INT. MOTHERSHIP - STORAGE CELL - CONTINUED

19

The group of, now 5, kids enter the door at the end of the hallway. The room is still very white-- but its much bigger than any of the rooms so far, and there's no Cryopod in sight.

Instead, there's a MASSIVE PANE of very thick glass just a few yards ahead of the doorway-- but beyond this glass, the walls are covered in STORAGE PANELS; hundreds on either side. The kids are all in awe at the scope of the room.

TEDDY

What *IS* this place?

The kids approach the small countertop that sits at the base of the glass pane with a futuristic COMPUTER TERMINAL on top of it. Teddy and Benson rush forward-- excited at the possibilities of what this device could be.

MEI

Be careful, Benny!  
(in Japanese)  
*Let the loud white boy go first!*

BENSON

*Hai.*

Teddy looks to Benson as they race each other to the terminal, confused by his Japanese.

TEDDY

*Uh-- Hi?*

Benson ignores him as the two take a closer look at the device in front of them. A glossy touch screen covers the front-- displaying a grid of various symbols: a *star, a lightning bolt, a cross, a tree, a pyramid, a glowing sun, a crescent moon*, and many others. The rest of the group catches up to them and gathers around to stare at the screen.

MARCUS

So... what is it?

(CONTINUED)



QUINN

What're all those symbols?

TEDDY

Well, *in my expert opinion*-- it has to be some sort of futuristic Easy-Bake Oven.

Everyone shoots Teddy a "*seriously?*" look.

TEDDY

*What? Its not like it couldn't NOT be a futuristic Easy-Bake Oven...*

Marcus rolls his eyes as Benson examines the symbols on the screen.

BENSON

Wrist marks.

The whole group looks to Benson-- *shocked to even hear him speak.*

MEI

What, Benny?

Benson points to the mark on his wrist and shoves Teddy out of the way-- the others watch confusedly as he stares at the screen.

Benson surveys the various symbols before carefully selecting the CRESCENT MOON. The screen changes to now only show five options-- *each one matching the symbols on each of their wrists.* Benson selects the first option-- the one that matches his own mark: a Crescent Moon with just a Single Stroke taken out of its center.

QUINN

Is that the mark on your wrist, Benson?

BENSON

*Hai.*

Suddenly an automated cart pops out of the base of the countertop and speeds off beyond the pane of glass, flying past the endless number of storage panels. Benson smirks at the confusion on the others' faces.

MEI

*Benson...?*

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

Wait-- what did he just do?

They hear a few loud bangs come from the distance-- as the cart comes to a halt and starts opening a storage panel.

MEI

Benny, what did you do!?

The cart comes zooming back just as fast as it departed-- but this time with a SILVER CONTAINER on top of it. It returns to its starting position and seconds later-- the container rises out of the countertop, right next to the computer terminal.

Benson hoists the container and opens it as the others gather around. He pulls out: *some drab boys pajamas, a pair of blue RAIN BOOTS, a CHILDREN'S BOOK ON GREEK MYTHOLOGY, and a photo of Benson and Mei-- along with their mother and father.* Benson stashes the picture inside the book and starts putting on the boots and pajamas.

MARCUS

*OH-- I see now.*

Marcus walks back over to the terminal and selects the symbol matching the one on his own wrist-- the cart flies off again.

MARCUS(CONT.)

It has all our stuff!

Upon hearing this, Teddy, Quinn, and Mei all rush toward the terminal-- fighting to be next in line.

MARCUS

Did anyone have a phone we could use to call for help? *Mine broke right before-- y'know...*

Quinn shakes her head no as the others just continue to fight over who gets to get their stuff back next.

MARCUS

*Damn-- how the hell did none of you have a phone?*

We hear a cellphone RINGING as we...

CUT TO:

The ringing continues as the sun just barely crests the horizon -- already baking the asphalt of the road that cuts through the barren desert landscape. Nothing but dirt, rocks, and the occasional cactus as far as the eye can see...

Until a blacked-out SUV comes PEELING down the road-- spitting up waves of dust in its wake. In the drivers seat sits Agent COLT REDLUM (late 50's, grizzled and pessimistic), who yawns as he puts a cellphone to his ear. The ringing stops.

REDLUM

*Go for Redlum--*

Redlum's tired eyes stay locked on the road ahead while he listens to a woman speaking intensely on the other line-- *he gives the occasional "Mmhmm"*.

REDLUM

*--Of course, Madam Director. We'll be at the site within the hour-- I'll contact you immediately should we find anything noteworthy.*

Redlum gives one more nod and then hangs up-- placing the phone back in the pocket of his black blazer next to his badge. He continues to stare ahead with his dead eyes.

REDLUM

*How far is it saying now?*

He glances over at the passengers seat, in which his Assisting Agent, OLIVIA VALDEZ (early 30's, a capable yet overly-optimistic rookie) sits-- staring down at some sort of complex RADIO SCANNER she holds in her lap.

VALDEZ

*Uhh-- just passed 74 miles. We're getting closer... I just don't get how we're supposed to find anything if we can't pin point the coordinates of the exact destina--*

REDLUM

*Better get used to it if you plan on sticking around-- 95% of this job is going with what your gut tells ya.*

Valdez goes back to nervously fiddling with the radio scanner in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

VALDEZ

Yessir... What'd the Director say  
on the phone?

Redlum sighs and rolls his eyes.

REDLUM

*Ohh, the usual-- y'know, just  
giving me shit for not following  
her orders fast enough... But I  
didn't anyone ELSE volunteering to  
to start tracking this crap in the  
middle of the night. Did you!?*

Valdez shakes her head timidly.

REDLUM

EXACTLY! She just needs to get off  
my ass already...

Redlum takes a sip of coffee and glances out at the desert  
landscape soaring past his window.

REDLUM(CONT.)

I mean, look at this place--  
*middle-of-fuckin-nowhere--* and  
she's acting like we're about to  
find--

He's interrupted by a BEEP as the number displayed on  
Valdez's radio scanner ticks down a couple more miles.

VALDEZ

72 now-- and yeah, you're probably  
right. Not quite the scenic drive I  
was hoping for.

REDLUM

They don't call it "*PLAINVIEW*,  
Texas", for nothin' y'know...

Valdez chuckles as she stares out at the passing desert  
landscape-- and then to the morning sky, as the last of the  
night's stars disappear in the rising sun.

VALDEZ

Well let's hope it's something  
interesting this time then.  
Besides, I'm sure they used to say  
that Roswell was the  
"middle-of-fuckin-nowhere" too--  
*until it wasn't.*

CUT TO:

21

INT. MOTHERSHIP - STORAGE CELL - MOMENTS LATER

21

Benson, now dressed in his pajamas, sits on the countertop swinging his boots as Mei reads to him from the Mythology Book. She's sporting some equally drab pajamas and a pair of ratty, old SLIPPERS.

Marcus, back in his black jeans and AIR JORDANS, pulls on his Letterman jacket. He finds the bloody towel and vodka he took from the party and-- *after taking a swig of what was left of the vodka and gagging on it--* decides to leave them in the silver container.

He looks over at Teddy-- *now wearing a Pink Floyd shirt, puffy orange vest, acid-washed jeans, and converse HIGHTOPS--* as he digs through an old backpack and pulls out an inhaler triumphantly, taking a victory puff.

TEDDY

AH! There you are!

MARCUS

Whatcha got there?

TEDDY

My backpack-- *just making sure all my props and equipment are still in here.*

MARCUS

For your movie?

TEDDY

Yeah-- *Hey!!*

Marcus grabs the backpack from Teddy.

MARCUS

Lemme see, *Spielberg.*

TEDDY

Be careful!

Marcus digs through the bag, chuckling every now and then at what he finds-- until he pulls out a DARTH VADER MASK.

MARCUS

...Or should I say, *Lucas?*

Teddy snatches the bag back, defensively.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

Shut up! *Why do you even care?*

Teddy makes a grab for the mask, but Marcus pulls it away just in time.

MARCUS

*Calm down, bro-- no need to get all defensive. I like Star Wars just as much as the next guy. Like--*

Marcus holds the mask up to his face and looks at Teddy. He holds out his hand pretending to force choke him.

MARCUS (CONT.)

(Darth Vader impression)

LUKE, I AM YOUR FATHER.

Teddy stares at Marcus-- unimpressed.

TEDDY

Obviously you don't 'cus that doesn't even make any sense-- *just gimme back the mask!*

Marcus tosses him back the mask.

MARCUS

*Sheesh-- FINE! Just tryna "lighten the mood," like you said.*

TEDDY

*Whatever...*

The door to the hallway opens and Quinn walks back into the Storage Cell, now wearing a beautiful prom dress and a set of dazzling, sparkly HIGH HEELS-- she looks stunning.

Quinn walks over toward Marcus and Teddy as they stare at her, mouths agape. Mei whispers something to Benson and snickers to herself.

QUINN

How do I look?

She does a quick spin and Marcus grins as he sees Teddy shift his stance awkwardly.

MARCUS

*Fantastic! Don't you think, Teddy?*

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
 (sweating bullets)  
*Uhhh... Ummm... yeah, I--*

Marcus and Quinn wait for more words to come out of Teddy's mouth, but for once-- *nothing comes*. Marcus grins at Quinn.

MARCUS  
 I don't think I've ever heard it so quiet!

Quinn laughs as Teddy finally snaps out of his paralysis, blushing-- and takes a couple more puffs of his inhaler. Mei strolls over to the three of them, keeping Benson close behind her.

MEI  
 Don't you think those heels are a little... *impractical?*

QUINN  
*Um... Maybe? I guess--* But I'd much rather be wearing these than just my bare feet. God knows what's on these floors, y'know?

Mei briefly glances down at her own ratty slippers-- she hmphs angrily.

MEI  
 (annoyed)  
*I suppose... Let's just hope we don't have to run anywhere.*

TEDDY  
 Speaking of running-- can we please get the hell out of here already?

MARCUS  
 For once, I actually agree with McFly over here. There's only one door left -- *let's check it out.*

22 INT. MOTHERSHIP HALLWAY - CONTINUED

22

After regrouping in the hallway area, the kids head back toward the last remaining door, directly across from Artemis's cell.

MEI  
 You didn't find anything in any of these other rooms?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Just more questions than answers...

TEDDY

Well there was a Stretch Armstrong  
back there, but Marcus wouldn't  
let--

Teddy shuts up as Marcus shoots him an angry look. They finally arrive at the door and Marcus presses its side panel to reveal a hallway very similar to the one they're currently in-- but much longer and more narrow.

The kids all peer as far back as they can see but the hallway seems to fade away into the glow of some emanating white light.

QUINN

You think this is the way out?

MARCUS

Can't tell from here-- guess we  
just gotta find out for ourselves.  
C'mon, we've waited long enou--

TEDDY

*Wait!*

Marcus is interrupted by Teddy unzipping his backpack and digging through the various sci-fi movie props and memorabilia inside.

TEDDY(CONT.)

...we don't know what's waiting for  
us out there-- *we should be ready  
for anything.*

Marcus rolls his eyes as Teddy places a TOY LIGHT SABER and a SPOCK MASK on the ground next to him. Quinn tries to suppress her giggling and Benson stares curiously, until Mei GASPS as Teddy pulls out a replica STAR TREK PHASER.

MEI

*Is that a gun?!*

TEDDY

*No... technically it's a phaser.  
But it's not real-- just a replica  
for my movie.*

MARCUS

How exactly is that gonna help us  
then?

(CONTINUED)



TEDDY

Better than nothing-- I don't wanna  
be the only one armed. You *never*  
know...

Teddy puts his backpack on again and stands, wielding the  
toy lightsaber and Spock mask as if they were a sword and  
shield.

TEDDY (CONT.)

...*War is hell.*

They all stare back with confused faces as Quinn giggles and  
Marcus rolls his eyes again-- but he still accepts the  
phaser when Teddy hands it to him.

MARCUS

*Whatever you say, man.*

TEDDY

NOW-- *being the brave explorer I*  
*am, I volunteer to scout ahead to*  
*ensure rest of your safety!*

MARCUS

You really don't have to--

QUINN

Yeah, I think we should probably  
stick together for now anywa--

TEDDY

NONSENSE! *I shall go forth in*  
*search of danger and report back*  
*post haste!*

Teddy whips out his lightsaber, holds up his Spock shield,  
and sprints off down the hallway, disappearing in the  
glowing light within seconds.

MEI

(in Japanese)

*Loud white boy is crazy too.*

BENSON

*Hai.*

QUINN

Do you think this is *normal*...  
y'know, like for him?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I sure as hell hope not. Let's just  
catch up with him befo--

They hear Teddy gasp loudly and drop his saber and shield  
from down the hallway.

MARCUS

Teddy? You okay over there?

No reply. The group gives each other concerned looks.

QUINN

Teddy?!

Silence again, until...

TEDDY(O.S.)

(timidly)

Guys... *You should come see this.*

They all sigh in relief and quickly walk toward his voice,  
fading into the light as well.

23

INT. MOTHERSHIP ATRIUM - CONTINUED

23

As they near the doorway at the end of the narrow hallway,  
they spot Teddy standing just outside of it-- *staring  
upwards in shock*. They walk toward him, entering a large,  
circular atrium area containing a few seating areas and  
strange-looking plants; there are three more doorways as  
well-- *one on either side of them and one straight ahead*.

They approach Teddy confusedly-- *lightsaber and Spock shield  
on the ground next to his jaw*-- until they too look up at  
the domed-glass ceiling and see what floats in view behind  
it: THE PLANET EARTH.

They all stare out at the view in awe-- so paralyzed in  
wonder and confusion that they're oblivious to the pair of  
BARE FEET watching them from the other side of the atrium.

#### ACT FOUR

24

I/E. SUV - DESERT - DAWN

24

The sun continues to rise as Redlum and Valdez's SUV SPEEDS  
across the screen once again. But seconds after  
disappearing-- we hear it SCREECH to a halt and shift into  
reverse. Redlum reverses the vehicle until reaching  
center-frame again before finally putting it into park.

(CONTINUED)

He exits the vehicle and puts on his sunglasses as he lights a cigarette. He takes a deep drag as Valdez gets out the other side-- she shields her eyes from the sun while still fiddling with the radio scanner.

Redlum surveys the horizon-- he spots a small homestead about a mile away but not much else; just more dirt and rocks. He looks to Valdez.

REDLUM

You sure you're reading that thing right?

VALDEZ

(frustrated)

*YES! I mean-- yessir.* And I thought I was... the distance was decreasing consistently this whole time like it should've been--

REDLUM

So what's the problem then?

VALDEZ

Well-- right as we got into the single digits or so... *it started to fluctuate-- RAPIDLY.*

She holds up the device to check its display again.

VALDEZ (CONT.)

Right now its still flickering between zero *and...* uh-- 6,437 miles...

REDLUM

*JESUS-- HOW MANY? That thing's gotta be malfunctioning--*

VALDEZ

*Maybe, I'm not sure.* I apologize sir-- I've just never seen this happen...

REDLUM

It's fine. We'll figure--

They're both startled while surveying the skies and surrounding area some more-- when BARNEY (70's, a stern but fair farmer) rides up in a rusty pickup truck.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY(O.S.)  
*You folks having some car trouble,  
 or somethin'?*

The old man tips his hat at them and then nods toward their SUV through his side window. Valdez hides the scanner behind her back as Redlum stomps out his cigarette-- turning to Barney with an *uncharacteristically-large grin*.

REDLUM  
*Oh, no sir! But I appreciate the  
 concern-- just a couple of tourists  
 taking in the sights while  
 travelin' across the Great American  
 Heartland! Decided to stop for a  
 bit to watch the sunrise is all...*

Barney eyes them suspiciously, taking note of their matching black blazer uniforms and Valdez's nervous stance.

BARNEY  
*Hmmm, is that so? Y'all don't look  
 like the usual tourist-types we see  
 'round here...*

Redlum chuckles and clears his throat awkwardly as he adjusts his blazer-- making sure his badge isn't visible. He sees beads of sweat forming on Valdez's forehead.

REDLUM  
*What can I say? We like to travel  
 in style, haha!*

Barney's eyes grow more suspicious as he glances back toward the nearby homestead.

BARNEY  
*Ain't none of my concern how y'all  
 choose to dress-- but considerin'  
 the land you're standing on right  
 now belongs to my wife and I-- WE  
 SURE WOULD APPRECIATE IT if you got  
 back in that fancy wagon of yours  
 and went on your way...*

Valdez shifts nervously again and glances at Redlum as he continues to grin at Barney.

REDLUM  
 (annoyed)  
*Right! Of course-- we wouldn't want  
 to trespass, now would we? We'll  
 just be going then... It was nice  
 meeting you, partner.*

(CONTINUED)

Redlum motions for Valdez to get back into the SUV as he gives Barney a final nod and then hops back into the drivers seat. He watches angrily in the rear-view mirror as Barney gallops off toward the homestead.

REDLUM  
*Asshole...*

Valdez holds the scanner's display up to him so he can see the number still flickering nonstop.

VALDEZ  
 So what now?

Redlum watches the number flicker as he thinks-- before eventually shifting the SUV into drive.

REDLUM  
 We'll head back to HQ for now and try to figure out what's wrong the scanner. Then maybe they can send a chopper out or somethin--

VALDEZ  
 What about Director Klass?

Redlum shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

REDLUM  
 Yeah, I know-- I'll call her. *Just give me a bit to prepare myself... mentally.*

Valdez chuckles as she stares up at the sky through her window again.

CUT TO:

25

INT. MOTHERSHIP ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

25

The group continues to stare out at the planet they thought they'd never left just moments earlier. No one has made a sound yet.

ARTEMIS(O.S.)  
 HELLO!

The group collectively jumps and screams in terror. They all quickly turn around to see that it's just a girl about Teddy's age, ARTEMIS-- smiling and dressed in a familiar white gown. Upon this realization, they all quickly recover from their fright-- but are still freaking out from their new discovery. Artemis stares at them curiously.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
HOLY SHIT-- you just scared the  
fuck out of me!

Mei places her hands over Benson's ears and he quickly bats them away.

MEI  
*Language!*

ARTEMIS  
*Oh! I apologize-- I did not mean to  
startle you.*

Marcus glances at the ceiling again and then begins to approach Artemis.

MARCUS  
It's fine. We just all got some--  
uh... *unexpected news.*

QUINN  
Yeah-- *completely unrelated to  
you-- I'm Quinn, what's your name?*

ARTEMIS  
My... *name?*

Artemis gets a very confused look on her face.

TEDDY  
*I'm sorry-- but is no one going to  
address the fact that we're in  
FUCKING SPACE? Like-- why am I the  
only one who's freaking out here!?*

MEI  
*LANGUAGE!*

TEDDY  
FUCK YOU! WE ARE IN ORBIT!! *What  
the hell do we do now? How did we  
even get here?*

QUINN  
Be quiet Teddy, we know! Just hold  
on a sec.  
(to Artemis)  
Y'know, your name. Like what people  
call you...

ARTEMIS

*My name. I-- don't know. Why don't  
I know...*

Benson points to her arm.

BENSON

She has a mark too.

All the kids glance down at Artemis' wrist, which sports an identical CRESCENT MOON mark to all of theirs-- but with ZERO STROKES taken out of it.

MARCUS

But no lines-- *Hmmm.*

MEI

What does that mean?

MARCUS

Not sure...

(to Artemis)

Do you know how you got that mark  
on your wrist?

Artemis looks down at her mark-- even more fright and confusion growing on her face.

ARTEMIS

No-- I don't know. *Why can't I  
remember anything...*

Artemis' breaths grow more rapid and heavy

QUINN

*Hey! It's okay, you're okay. None  
of us can remember much either, so  
we're trying to help each other  
out-- we can help you too, okay?  
Maybe we can try to jog your memory  
somehow...*

MEI

Yes-- what's your address?

ARTEMIS

*I... don't know.*

Teddy begins to pace around in frustration.

TEDDY

WE ARE LITERALLY ORBITING AROUND  
THE GODDAMN PLANET!

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

*SHHH!* How about your parents-- do you remember them? Like, what's your mom's name?

ARTEMIS

*...I don't know.*

TEDDY

WE COULD'VE BEEN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS--!!

MARCUS

TEDDY, SHUT UP-- we'll deal with that in a second! *We're just trying to help her at least remember her own goddamn name!*

TEDDY

(freaking out)

*FINE!* Let's jog her memory then, huh!?

Teddy finally stops staring out at Earth and stomps over to the rest of them-- Artemis looks at him nervously.

TEDDY(CONT.)

Who is the current President of the United States of America? *Should be an easy one-- c'mon.*

The whole group stares at Artemis, awaiting her answer. She looks back at them hopelessly.

ARTEMIS

I'm sorry... I just don't know. *I'm so sorry...*

Artemis starts sobbing and Teddy throws his hands up in frustration, looking at Marcus.

TEDDY

*She's hopeless, Marcus!* We have bigger issues right now than figuring out her freakin' name.

But then Teddy looks down at the girl sobbing on the ground in front of him-- a sympathetic look grows on his face.

TEDDY

(to Artemis)

I'm sorry, *uh-- girl-- um...* if it makes you feel any better the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



TEDDY (cont'd)  
answer is *Jimmy Carter*. But it's  
okay, it'll all start to come bac--

Everyone but Artemis shoots Teddy the most confused look they could ever express.

MARCUS  
*What'd you just say?*

TEDDY  
What!? I apologized! You gonna make  
me do it again?

QUINN  
No, after that. *The president...*

TEDDY  
Yeah-- *The current president of the  
United States is Jimmy Carter-- so  
what?*

MARCUS  
Bro, Jimmy Carter hasn't been  
president since like... *the  
eighties--*

Mei and Benson look concerned.

MEI  
Eighties?

QUINN  
Yeah, it's President Clinton right  
now.

Marcus suddenly has a realization.

MARCUS  
*Oh god...*

Everyone quickly looks to him.

QUINN  
What? I know I don't look that  
smart-- *but I know that for sure!*

MARCUS  
No, not that-- *well, how do I put  
this-- we already know we're not on  
our PLANET anymore, right?*

Marcus gestures up at the ceiling and they all glance at the Planet floating above them.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS(CONT.)

Well-- I think we might not be in our *TIMES* anymore either...

MEI

Explain.

TEDDY

Yeah-- *like what?* I consider myself to be pretty well-versed in the realm of science fiction, but you even lost me.

MARCUS

*Okay then-- how about this?* I'm from the year 2017, (Beat) and I'm pretty sure each one of you is from a different year than that.

The kids all look around at each other, shocked.

TEDDY

*Wait, WHAT!?* How the hell do you explain that? That makes zero sense-- if it were 2017 I'd be fifty... four! *Fifty-four--* do I look fifty-four to you?

MARCUS

I don't need to explain it, Teddy-- *you already did!*

QUINN

Okay, now you **MUST** be lying.

MARCUS

Think about it, you guys... Teddy was right-- *the bright blue light, the memory loss, the freezing tube things--* Don't you see? We're in space, for Christ sake!

He points up at Planet Earth again.

BENSON

*Aliens?*

MEI

What?! No...

QUINN

C'mon, Marcus! You're really claiming that we got abducted by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)  
aliens just for them to store us  
away like popsicles for years? You  
*cannot be serious...*

ARTEMIS  
(no longer crying)  
*Popsicles? Popsicles...*

Teddy runs his hands through his hair repeatedly as he starts pacing nervously again.

TEDDY  
(finally getting it)  
So you're saying... WE ACTUALLY GOT  
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS? *Holy shit, holy  
shit, HOLY SHIT!* Wait-- if all  
that's true... then what year is it  
now?

Marcus considers this for a moment-- then holds his wrist up to his face and inspects his mark.

MARCUS  
*Huh-- well, I thought that the  
lines on our marks maybe just meant  
our ages. Like I have the most  
lines cus I'm the oldest.*

QUINN  
Right...

MARCUS  
But now I'm thinking maybe it's the  
order we were taken? Are any of you  
from a year later than 2017?

The kids all shake their heads, still very confused. Artemis still doesn't know what's happening and is still mouthing the word "Popsicles" to herself repeatedly-- seemingly amused at how it rolls off her tongue

MARCUS  
So that means the absolute earliest  
it could be is 2017, I guess... *But  
you're right-- I hadn't thought  
about that.*

TEDDY  
So we don't know how long we've  
been frozen up here...

QUINN

Or whether there's even anything to  
go back to...

Each one of them stares out at the planet again-- Mei starts sobbing quietly as she pulls a frightened Benson closer to her. Suddenly, the entire interior of the mothership is bathed in a harsh red light as an alarm starts wailing. All the kids look around in panic.

TEDDY

*HOLY SHIT! THE ALIENS ARE COMING  
FOR US-- WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!!*

Teddy starts running in frantic circles, Mei holds Benson tight, and Quinn and Artemis look to Marcus. He screams over the alarm.

MARCUS

SHUT UP, TEDDY! No we're not-- we  
just gotta get out of here!

TEDDY

And how do we do that!?

MARCUS

Just like R2 and C3PO!

Teddy thinks to himself for a second-- then smiles at Marcus in understanding.

TEDDY

*Escape pods!!*

MARCUS

*Told you I like Star Wars-- There's  
gotta be a few on this thing  
somewhere!*

They look around at the three other doorways in the atrium area.

QUINN

How do we know which one's the exit  
though?

Artemis turns toward Quinn with a smile, seemingly over the existential crisis she had just moments prior.

ARTEMIS

The Engine & Docking Bay is through  
that way.

(CONTINUED)

She nods toward the doorway on their right, smiling blissfully while the rest of them stare at her confused.

MARCUS

*How do you know that?*

MEI

*Yeah, I thought you didn't--*

Artemis gives them an unconcerned shrug as they all stare at her. Teddy exhales in frustration, walking over to the door she pointed to and reaching for the panel at its side.

MAR

Hold up, Teddy.

Teddy turns to face the others, just before pressing the button on the panel.

TEDDY

*DO YOU NOT HEAR THE ALARM GOING OFF!?* I'm not waiting around any longer! It's not like we have any other ide--

Suddenly, the door shoots open behind Teddy and a LITTLE GREY MAN with a bulbous head and huge, black eyes darts out. He quickly jumps onto Teddy's shoulders and puts one of his tiny arms into a choke hold around his neck. Teddy lets out a yelp that evolves into gasps for air as the others scream in terror.

The Little Grey Man reaches toward a small device hanging on the futuristic tool belt around his waist-- when he freezes... because Marcus has his phaser pointed directly at him. The others are frozen in suspense-- the Little Grey Man glances at Artemis as he ponders his options.

MARCUS

Hands up and let him go or I'll shoot-- *I swear to god!*

The Little Grey Man carefully releases Teddy and hops to the ground, raising his eight fingers high up in the air and backing off slowly.

MARCUS

Good-- now go over by that plant thing and don't move until we're gone... Got it? *And this thing ain't on stun by the way!*

The Little Grey Man nods hesitantly and begins slowly backing up toward one of the strange plants on the other side of the atrium. Marcus keeps the phaser on him as waves the others to enter the hallway behind him-- then, starts backing up into the hallway himself.

26 INT. MOTHERSHIP DOCKING BAY - CONTINUED

26

He keeps the phaser aimed at the Little Grey Man for a few seconds more-- until the door automatically shuts. He smacks the panel to its side with the phaser, smashing it to bits.

MARCUS

Hopefully, that'll give us some time...

He turns around and jogs past the others, glancing back at them before falling into a full sprint.

MARCUS (CONT.)

Hurry up! We gotta get out of here!!

CUT TO:

27 I/E. ESCAPE POD - DAWN

27

**NOTE: WE'VE PASSED THE EVENTS THAT OCCURRED IN THE TEASER, AND NOW JUMP FORWARD AGAIN TO REJOIN THE GROUP OF ABDUCTEES IN THEIR ESCAPE.**

The kids all peer out the windshield of the escape pod-- mesmerized by the view of Earth.

MARCUS

Okay, enough staring-- I'll drive.

TEDDY

*WHAT!?* How is that fair?

MARCUS

I'm the oldest, *AND* my Dad was a pilot-- he used to give me lessons sometimes--

TEDDY

*Oh, and that makes you--!?*

MARCUS

--*PLUS*, I doubt you even have your license yet!

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Can you two stop arguing and just get us out of here, PLEASE!?

TEDDY

*Fine-- SHOTGUN!*

MARCUS

Everybody buckle in while we get this thing going.

Marcus and Teddy strap into the two seats at the center of the pod in front of the controls.

MARCUS

*Okay-- Looking for an ignition key... Or maybe its a button--*

TEDDY

If I were piloting, I bet we'd be home by now...

MARCUS

*Did you already forget who saved your ass back there? Can't you just shut up and help me figure out how to start the engine?*

TEDDY

*Right, sorry-- thanks for that by the way.*

Marcus gives a quick nod as Teddy searches the dashboard-- but he quickly becomes overwhelmed by the amount of buttons and switches.

TEDDY

*Uhh-- Maybe it's voice-activated?  
LAUNCH!... LIFTOFF!... IGNITION!...*

MARCUS

I regret asking.

Teddy continues to shout (*probably not*) possible ignition phrases while Quinn and Artemis strap themselves into adjacent seats along the edge of the pod. Mei is about to take a seat across from them when she notices Benson isn't behind her.

MEI

Benson!

Her brother makes his way across the pod and fiddles with one of the many control panels that cover its walls.

(CONTINUED)

MEI (CONT.)

Get over here and let me strap you  
in before you get hurt!

Benson waves off his sister without looking away from the control panel.

BENSON

*Hai--*

MEI

Now!

A sly, smirk grows on Benson's face as he flicks one final switch on the panel in front of him--

TEDDY (CONT.)

*--WARP TO LIGHT SPEED!!*

The escape pod RUMBLES to life and all the lights flicker on-- illuminating the cabin. Still smirking, Benson rejoins Mei and lets her tightly strap him into the seat next to hers-- *while Teddy celebrates his false victory.*

TEDDY (CONT.)

*I did it!* I knew that was the one  
that was gonna work!

Marcus rolls his eyes once again and grabs hold of the flight sticks in front of him.

MARCUS

Alright-- is everybody ready to go  
back there?

Mei and Benson both nod as Artemis turns to Quinn and smiles.

ARTEMIS

This is *exciting!*

QUINN

*That's one word for it...* I think  
we're all good back here, Marcus!

MARCUS

Alright-- *here goes nothing...*

Marcus slams the sticks forward as the escape pod lunges out into the vastness of space-- he continues to push onward, quickly gaining speed and getting as far away from the mothership as possible.

(CONTINUED)



Quinn and Artemis watch out the rear windows as the massive Mothership fades away slowly-- until it seemingly disappears entirely with a shimmer among the stars.

TEDDY

Well this worked out *surprisingly* well...

MARCUS

*Don't speak too soon--* I have a feeling this landing isn't gonna be quite as smooth as taking off was.

Marcus nods toward the windshield as the Earth begins to take up more and more of their view. Small flames appear at the edges of the windshield as they rapidly enter Earth's atmosphere.

MEI

SLOW DOWN! You're going to get us killed!

MARCUS

*I'm trying!*

Marcus pulls back as hard as he can on the sticks, but they won't budge-- the pod continues to gain speed.

MARCUS(CONT.)

The sticks won't budge-- *it's not working!!*

Mei cradles Benson's head in her hands as Quinn's trembling hand grabs hold of Artemis' next to it-- *somehow steady as a rock*. They lock eyes as Artemis smiles blissfully again.

ARTEMIS

*WHHEEEEE!!*

Quinn squeezes her hand tighter and closes her eyes.

QUINN

PULL UP, MARCUS-- PULL UP!!

Teddy unbuckles his seat belt, moves over toward Marcus and grabs hold of the flight sticks with him.

MARCUS

What are you doing?! You gotta stay strapped in! I can do it!!

TEDDY

*You can't do it alone! I owe you.*

(Beat) I'll be fine-- trust me.

JUST PULL!!

The two boys pull back hard on the sticks-- and to their surprise, the pod actually gains some altitude-- *but it's too late*. Their screams grow louder as the dark, desert terrain gets bigger and bigger in their view until... BOOM.

28

I/E. DESERT/SUV - SIMULTANEOUS

28

The pod hits the ground HARD but stays mostly intact-- skidding along the desert ground and leaving fiery wreckage in its wake. It finally comes to an abrupt stop in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but dirt and rocks in sight-- *except for a small homestead on the horizon...*

CUT TO:

**MILES AWAY ALONG A NEARBY DESERT ROAD.**

The SUV continues to speed along the road as Redlum glances in the rear-view mirror-- *he spots a sudden FLASH that lights up the sky behind them.*

VALDEZ

You might wanna try giving the Director a call soon--

She's interrupted by a loud BOOM that shakes the car. Redlum SLAMS on the brakes until the vehicle screeches to a halt.

VALDEZ

--THE HELL WAS THAT!?

Redlum gets out to look back at the horizon and she does the same-- *a large plume of smoke is rising from the barren landscape below*. Redlum whips out his phone and brings it to his ear.

REDLUM

Madam Director, it's Agent Redlum--  
*I think we might've found something...*

Valdez smiles at him-- then goes back to staring at the smoke in awe.

REDLUM(CONT.)

*Yes, Ma'am-- sending you the location details now. We'll wait here for your arrival.*

(CONTINUED)

Redlum hangs up the phone and joins Valdez in her staring as we...

CUT TO:

29 INT. MAJESTIC XII HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

29

CLOSE UP on a woman's hand slamming a phone into its receiver on a large desk-- Director EVANGELINE KLASS (60's, cruel & uncompromising) stands up from behind the desk. She takes a deep breath and sternly exits her office-- now standing on a balcony, she looks out into the distance with a determined expression.

KLASS  
ATTENTION ALL MAJESTIC TWELVE  
PERSONNEL! BEGIN PREPARATIONS FOR  
FULL SCALE DEPLOYMENT IMMEDIATELY!!

We quickly FLIP TO THE REVERSE to show the MAJESTIC XII HQ in its frightening entirety-- *dozens of fully-armed agents, technicians, and soldiers, plus just as many armored vehicles, helicopters, and even a few tanks.* They all stand frozen-- listening intently to their Director's instructions.

KLASS(CONT.)  
WE DEPART AT APPROXIMATELY  
OH-EIGHT-HUNDRED-HOURS-- *GET TO  
WORK!!*

All of the MAJESTIC XII personnel jump into action and start scurrying around frantically as they prepare. A small grin grows on Klass' face.

CUT TO BLACK.

**ROLL CREDITS.**