AREA 52

"The Thing That Wouldn't Leave"

by

Chris Parrish
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(Pilot)

Written by

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EXT. AN ABANDONED K MART - DAY

SKATER PUNKS practice jumps in the parking lot.

CAPTION: AREA 52 SECRET HEADQUARTERS - VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

PSYCHIC (O.C.)
Its small. And blue I think. With little squares.

INT. AREA 52 - JOHN’S OFFICE

Wunderkind of the Weird DR. JOHN GARDNER (late 20’s) observes a PSYCHIC. John’s walls boast numerous degrees; Psychology at Stanford, Biology at Yale, Engineering at M.I.T.

The Psychic lies on a couch.

PSYCHIC
A keypad. Its under something.
Like a big chair. Couch! Under the couch. But nobody sees it.
They can’t see it! You gotta tell them. Hurry! Before its too late.

JOHN
Good. Good work. You’ve done your country a great service.

John steps away and makes a phone call.

JOHN (CONT’D)

INTERCUT:

INT. JOHN’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

John’s CLEANING LADY looks under the couch and finds a TiVo remote.

CLEANING LADY
I find it, Doctor Gardner.

JOHN
Great. Do me a favor and record the game before it starts.

CUT TO:
EXT. VAN NUYS BLVD. — THE NEXT MORNING

The "Hollyweird Tours" tour bus rolls through the Valley. A TOUR GUIDE points out supernatural sights to the Tourists.

TOUR GUIDE
And that is why Houdini’s ghost still haunts Laurel Canyon. Coming up on your left is Area 52, the secret headquarters for the Department of Paranormal and Hazardous Phenomena.

The Tourists gawk at the boarded up K Mart.

TOURIST #1
When we gonna see Ben Affleck’s house?

TOUR GUIDE
The department was established in 1978 by Jimmy Carter, the only president to ever report seeing a UFO. Did anyone know the White House is one of the most haunted homes in North America?

TOURIST #2
Is Ben Affleck’s house haunted?

TOURIST #3
What a rip off. That’s a K Mart.

TOUR GUIDE
To the naked eye, yes. But, rest assured, inside lies a top secret team dedicated to investigating and eliminating aliens, ghosts, demons, and any other paranormal threat to the Free World. Boggles the mind. Doesn’t it?

TOURISTS
We want Affleck! We want Affleck!

The Tour Guide surrenders and taps his Bus Driver’s shoulder.

TOUR GUIDE
Take 405 South to Affleck’s house.

The Hollyweird Tour Bus motors past Area 52.
LIEUTENANT LISA AARON (35) pulls up in a nondescript car and bangs into a shopping cart. She’s tough. Sexy. Think Linda Hamilton in “Terminator 2.” Lisa talks on her cell.

LISA
Area 52 is the laughing stock of the military. Major, isn’t there anything you can do?

INTERCUT:

EXT. AREA 52 / MAJOR PERRY’S OFFICE - MORNING

MAJOR FRANK PERRY (50s) talks to Lisa from his office in DC.

MAJOR PERRY
My hands are tied.

LISA
But I’ve been guarding this nut house for six months now.

MAJOR PERRY
It’s not up to me.

LISA
What if I wrote him an apology? Put it in a nice card or something.

MAJOR PERRY
“Sorry I crushed your left testicle.” Don’t think Hallmark makes one for that.

Lisa approaches a novelty photo booth.

LISA
So the Secretary of Defense gets off clean on sexual harassment and I get stuck baby-sitting a bunch of guys looking for fairies.

MAJOR PERRY
Don’t ask. Don’t tell, Lieutenant.

LISA
That’s not what I mean. Maybe I should just quit.

MAJOR PERRY
Don’t quit. You protect a top secret U.S. military installation. Someone’s bound to appreciate that.
She takes a seat in the booth and deposits some quarters.

LISA
No one around here.

MAJOR PERRY
Still not getting along with Gardner and his guys?

LISA
Camaraderie is irrelevant.

MAJOR PERRY
I take that as a "yes."

INT. HAPPY SNAP PHOTO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Lisa shuts the curtain. A computer scans her face.

LISA
Like I care.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Facial recognition confirmed. Good morning, Lieutenant Lisa Aaron.

The booth's wall slides open, revealing a secret passage.

MAJOR PERRY
You think they're all full of it?

LISA
I dunno. Since I been here, the only frightening phenomena I've seen is how big my ass has gotten.

Lisa enters.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 - SNACK ROOM - MORNING

RICKY
Alien anal probes!

Lab Assistants RICKY JAMES (30s) and GWEN SANDS (early 30s) update Lisa on all the bizarre shit they've been working on. Ricky's got the personality of a dork and the looks of an Adonis. Gwen's an awkward but cute techno-geek.
RICKY (CONT'D)
The kids got probed by aliens on their Prom Night. A police artist
did this yesterday.

Ricky shows Lisa a sketch of aliens shoving probes up two
horrified teenagers’ asses.

RICKY (CONT'D)
If this thing pans out, we could
finally top those posers at Area
51.

GWEN
Man, I thought my Prom sucked.

RICKY
I went stag to mine. Mom says I’m
a late bloomer. Anyway, we’re
bringing them in for a poly.

LISA
I didn’t authorize that! This is a
secret installation. People aren’t
supposed to know we’re here. Hence
the secret part.

GWEN
Told you.

RICKY
At least my visitors aren’t demonic
entities.

LISA
Come again?

RICKY
Gwen caught an invisible demon on
Saturday.

LISA
I see. And where exactly are
demons found nowadays?

RICKY
In the Valley? Or the Westside?

GWEN
I caught this one in the basement
of the West Hollywood Comedy Store.

Gwen places an ordinary Igloo cooler on the table.
GWEN (CONT'D)
Don't worry. It's trapped in frozen Holy Water. As long I keep the cooler sealed, it's perfectly safe.

The cooler jumps a inch off the ground.

GWEN (CONT'D)
I think.

LISA
A demon? In a beer cooler?

GWEN
You don't believe me?

LISA
I believe you believe it.

RICKY
It's been documented before. 1978. An invisible entity was frozen in liquid nitrogen at Berkeley.

GWEN
They even made a movie about it. With the other chick from "Beaches."

RICKY
I heard she gets naked in that.

LISA
This is what you guys do on the weekend?

GWEN
It was either this or stay at home and listen to my mother criticize me for not having a man.

RICKY
Actually, I was out of town. Babylon 5 Convention.

GWEN
The owner was so glad to have it gone, she says we're all "comp'd for life."

LISA
Gifts are against regulations.
An overjoyed John bursts into the room.

JOHN

GREAT NEWS! I'M GETTING FIRED!

Lisa, Ricky and Gwen are stunned for a beat.

LISA

Congratulations?

JOHN

Thank you.

It finally sinks in for Ricky and Gwen.

GWEN

That's horrible.

RICKY

Yeah. This blows, man.

JOHN

No. No. It's a miracle. You guys know how long I've been trying to get out of my contract.

LISA

When did they fire you?

JOHN

Technically, they haven't yet. But NSA's requested an official review for today. You know what that means. God, I hope they hate me!

RICKY

But you're leaving us.

JOHN

We'll still hang out. And you guys haven't heard the best part. This morning, my friend Bonnie at the Sci-Fi Channel, offers me a job as network consultant. Triple my salary. Ka-ching!!!

RICKY

Awesome!

JOHN

Since this is probably my last day, I brought some going away presents.
LISA
Gift giving is against regulations.

JOHN
Just this once. For my favorite researcher, the action figure of his dreams.

John gives Ricky a toy.

RICKY
A vintage Ben Kenobi with double-parascoping lightsaber. Thank you!

He slips two tickets to Gwen.

JOHN
For the most talented tekkie I know, Season tickets to Robot Wars!

GWEN
Thanks!

JOHN
And for you, Lieutenant--

LISA
If you give me a gift, I’ll have to report you.

JOHN
You must be a frigging hoot at Christmas.

A nondescript INTERN (20s) shows up with fresh coffee.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Thank you my good man. You the new intern?

INTERN
Yes, sir.

John tips him a one hundred dollar bill.

JOHN
Buy yourself something pretty. I’ll be in my office packing.

John walks out.

INTERN
Wow. A hundred bucks.
Lisa abruptly confiscates it.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

John talks on the phone while watching the Dodgers and taking down framed photos of himself posing with his heroes - CARL
SAGAN, DR. STEPHEN HAWKING, HOWARD STERN.

JOHN
First class tickets for you and your wife. And a luxury suite on
me. What do you say? Excellent!
I'll pick you up tonight.
Laughlin, baby! Laughlin!

He hangs up. Lisa knocks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Come on in. Just making plans to enjoy my rights as a soon-to-be
private citizen. Like my right to
take a psychic to Laughlin and make
a fortune playing craps.

Lisa dumps John's gifts on his desk.

LISA
No gifts. No exceptions.

JOHN
Don't you ever lighten up? My
buddies in Men's are more fun than
you.

LISA
It's not my job to lighten up. I'm
in charge of watching out for the
military interests of this
facility. So until you're no
longer working here, you're working
here.

Lisa turns off the TV. John turns it back on.

JOHN
Forget it. Since I took over Area
52, they've either laughed at me,
stolen my work, or forced me to
take the crap cases Area 51
wouldn't. They want to fire me?
Bring it on.
John turns the TV back on. Lisa turns it back off.

LISA
I don't wanna be here either.

JOHN
Great. Why don't you let your hair down and hang with us in Laughlin?

Lisa turns it back off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Separate rooms.

LISA
I still have a duty to my country and so do you.

JOHN
Just give me my remote.

LISA
No.

JOHN
Give it!

John and Lisa get into a tug-o-war with the remote.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You fight like a Sasquatch.

LISA
You wrestle like a girl.

JOHN
Oh, you've met one?

The remote goes flying out the open door and...

INT. AREA 52 HALLWAY

...nails NSA AGENT KENT MOTT (40s) in the face. If Frank Burns from M*A*S*H had a grandson, it would be this wussel. Agent Mott drops like a brick, off-camera. Lisa and John run out to find him on the floor.

LISA
Oh, my God.

AGENT MOTT
What the hell kind of a circus are you people running here?
John and Lisa try to help him up. He rudely refuses.

AGENT MOTT (CONT’D)
I’m Agent Mott. NSA.

LISA
(mortified)
Perfect.

JOHN
Welcome to Area 52!

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA 52 – DAY

John, Lisa and Mott watch the "Hollyweird Tours" bus pass. Agent Mott takes notes, disapprovingly shaking his head.

TOUR GUIDE
Area 52. Keeping America safe from the things that go bump in the night. Coming up next--

JOHN
It’s actually a pretty good tour.

LISA
In all fairness, Agent Mott. Area 51 gets their share of loopy-loos, too.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 – LABORATORY – CONTINUOUS

The three enter what is essentially a gutted out K Mart.

LISA
As you can see, much of what was once the K Mart showroom now serves as our labs.

AGENT MOTT
Exactly what kind of labs?

JOHN
Crystal meth mostly.

LISA
(laughs nervously)
He’s just kidding.

(MORE)
LISA (CONT'D)
(aside to John)
Cut it out.

They approach Gwen, who works on a life-sized replica of a Bigfoot.

AGENT MOTT
What is that supposed to be?

GWEN
It's a decoy for Bigfoot.

AGENT MOTT
Lieutenant?

LISA
Yes, sir.

AGENT MOTT
When was the last time you tested this woman's urine?

LISA
This is Gwen Sands, our technician. Gwen builds Area 52's weaponry and hardware.

Mott inspects a table of self-made gizmos. He reads the label on a modified Taser gun.

AGENT MOTT
Bigfoot repellant? You can't be serious. And what did that cost the government, Dr. Gardner?

JOHN
Twenty. Thirty thousand.

Agent Mott is horrified.

LISA
Which is just a drop in the bucket compared to Area 51's budget.

GWEN
Please don't point that, sir. It's very dangerous.

AGENT MOTT
How do I know this isn't just a ray gun from Toys R—

Agent Mott accidentally fires the Taser. John, Lisa, and Gwen hit the dirt.
The Taser wires shoot over their heads, nail Owen’s Bigfoot decoy, and sets it on fire. Lisa jumps to her feet and puts out the flames with a fire extinguisher.

J O H N
These babies are fun for the whole family. Aren’t they?

CUT TO:

I N T. A R E A 5 2 I N T E R R O G A T I O N R O O M – D A Y

Ricky administers a polygraph test to teenage “abductees” TREvor and M A D I S O N. The Intern records the session on a handheld camcorder als COPs.

R I C K Y
According to the Sheriff, you both failed Breathalyzers the night you say you were abducted.

M A D I S O N
We weren’t drinking.

R I C K Y
You tested over the legal limit.

T R E V O R
No. It was the aliens. They musta had like alcohol-enriched oxygen in the ship.

R I C K Y
There’s bruising around your necks. Are those hickeys?

Madison covers up her neck with her collar.

M A D I S O N
We don’t have hickeys.

T R E V O R
No, man. The aliens had like suction cups on their arms. Right? They musta given us hickeys while we were being examined.


We reveal John, Lisa, and Agent Mott have been observing through a two-way mirror.
AGENT MOTT
Civilian minors within the facility. Construction of unauthorized weaponry. Tour buses. Inexcusable.

JOHN
I hear ya. I can pound out a letter of resignation in like two minutes. Tops.

AGENT MOTT
There’s only one person to blame. And that’s you, Lieutenant.

JOHN
Her?!

AGENT MOTT (CONT’D)
A West Point graduate falling for this?

LISA
I haven’t fallen for anything.

AGENT MOTT
Then you’re conspiiring with these hucksters?

LISA
No!

JOHN
She hasn’t done anything.

AGENT MOTT
When it comes to protecting the country from fraud, I agree.

Gwen cautiously approaches with the Demon Igloo cooler.

GWEN
John, excuse me. But where did you want this?

AGENT MOTT
What’s that? Bigfoot’s semen?

GWEN
It’s a demon, sir.

AGENT MOTT
Sure, it is.
Agent Mott grabs the cooler and flips it open.

GWEN
Don’t open that!

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE / INSIDE AREA 52 SNACK ROOM – DAY

Ricky casually studies sheets of polygraph paper. Gwen blows past him into the snack room with two huge squirt guns.

RICKY
Good news and bad news. The polygraph says the kids aren’t lying. But eyewitnesses at the Dairy Queen say they are. I dunno. My mom says I’m too trusting.

Gwen frantically fills the guns with bottled water. She tosses a squirt gun to Ricky.

GWEN
Come with me.

RICKY
How’s it going with the NSA guy?

Ricky follows her out of the room and down the hall.

GWEN
Good news and bad news. Good news is nobody’s getting fired.

RICKY
What’s the bad news?

They peak around the corner to find...

INT. AREA 52 HALLWAY

Agent Mott speaking in tongues. His eyes bright red. He gives Lisa an evil grin. Agent Mott crushes the uncrushable cooler with his bare hands.

GWEN
He’s possessed.

John and Lisa block “Demon Mott” from the exits. The Intern nervously gets it all on video.

LISA
This isn’t possible.
JOHN
(in Latin w/ subtitles)
Here me Spirit! I command you to leave this body!

Demon Mott looks lustfully at Lisa.

DEMON MOTT
(in a strange harsh voice)
How about I slip into hers? The fun way.

LISA
That's disgusting.

JOHN
It's an incubus.

LISA
A what?

JOHN
A demon that seduces women.

LISA
Baloney. He's on drugs. Allergies maybe.

The entire building starts to shake.

JOHN
Allergies. Right. Most bee stings involve seismic activity.

Gwen and Ricky open fire their Holy Water guns at Demon Mott. The quake stops. *Demon Mott lets out an unholy belch!*

Gwen
I don't get it. I stocked the fridge with Holy Water last week.

Ricky
Is that what that was?

Gwen

Ricky
Nobody put their name on it.
JOHN
Guys? Excuse me. Trying to fight evil here.

Demon Mott tries putting the moves on Gwen.

DEMON MOTT
You're kind of cute. Ever think about contacts?

Lisa body slams Demon Mott from behind and puts him in cuffs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The Intern records John conversing with Demon Mott, who has a hand cuffed to the chair.

DEMON MOTT
Can't one of the girls guard me? Or both?

JOHN
Considering you've been seducing women since the dawn of time, I'd have to say no.

DEMON MOTT
I'm only human.

JOHN
Actually, you aren't. I got my people checking all over town for a good exorcist. If I was you, I'd get while the getting was good.

DEMON MOTT
You're better off. This Mott guy is a tool. Just let me go.

JOHN
Sorry. I can't just let you take over somebody's personality.

DEMON MOTT
I'm an improvement. Believe me. Did you know this guy once ran over a cat and kept driving? He never tips. And he always takes up two parking spaces at the mall.

JOHN
Okay, maybe the guy's a jerk.
DEMON MOTT
You wouldn’t want me to hurt the soldier girl? Would you?

JOHN
If you’re trying to threaten us--

DEMON MOTT
The second I leave, he’s going to throw her in the stockade.

JOHN
But she didn’t do anything.

DEMON MOTT
Except give Agent Mott’s uncle a ball-breaking shot to the shnute.

JOHN
I was never getting fired. Was I? He just came here to bust Lisa.

DEMON MOTT
Bingo! Ever been to a women’s penitentiary? Hot!

JOHN
I still can’t let you walk out of here with that body.

DEMON MOTT
Whatcha say to a little negotiation?

JOHN
I’m not making a deal with the devil either.

DEMON MOTT
(casually)
Not the devil. A devil. There’s a difference. I’ll leave and I’ll get the General to back off.

JOHN
And what do you want in return?

DEMON MOTT
A trip to a strip club.

John ponders it.
DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
Come on. One lousy strip club.
Drinks and lap dances on me.
Courtesy of Agent Mott's Visa.

JOHN
One trip to one club. But, only
for a little while.

DEMON MOTT
A little while. Agreed.

JOHN
I want a show of good faith.

Demon Mott picks up the phone and dials. John listens in.

DEMON MOTT
Uncle Bob. It's Timmy. No, sir.
The Lieutenant's clean. Can't find
a spec of dirt. Tough break. And
FYI, I ran over Mr. Snugglepuss.
My bad.

Demon Mott hangs up.

JOHN
Mr. Snugglepuss?

DEMON MOTT
His cat. Now, who's got hotter
chicks? Treasure Island or The
Spearmint Rhino?

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA 52 PARKING LOT - DAY

Trevor and Madison follow Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen as they hurry
to their cars. Lisa hands Ricky and Gwen each a list.

TREVOR
You can't close the case. Please.
Everybody thinks we're lying.

LISA
Including us.

RICKY
I'm sorry, you guys. But we don't
have time for this right now.
LISA
I’ll check the churches, temples and mosques from NoHo to Glendale. Ricky cover Van Nuys to Canoga. Gwen, Encino to Studio City.

MADISON
I thought you believed us.

RICKY
The Dairy Queen security camera has you two on video. Drinking all night in the parking lot.

TREVOR
Or maybe it was like two androids the aliens put in our place and androids were drinking?

For a long beat, Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen stare at them.

LISA
Bye kids.

They continue toward their cars.

TREVOR
Show them.

MADISON
No! It’s too embarrassing.

RICKY
Show us what?

TREVOR
Show them.

LISA
We have got to go!

MADISON
After we returned from the ship, I realized I’d been implanted with this.

Madison hands a tiny device to Ricky.

RICKY
An alien implant! I knew it!

GWEN
For God’s sake. That’s an IUD.
LISA
Go home, kids! And you may wanna
to start saying no to drugs.

INT. SPEARMINT RHINO STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

John and Demon Mott enjoy lap dances from two hot STRIPPERS.
The Intern gets it all on video.

DEMON MOTT
Lust. People claim to be so pious.
But, you're all so full of it.

Demon Mott points out several MALE CUSTOMERS in the room.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
See that man at the bar? Ordained
priest. The guy behind me? Amish.

JOHN
It's getting late.

DEMON MOTT
Not for me.

JOHN
One quick stop at one strip bar.
That was the deal.

A BOUNCER approaches.

BOUNCER
I'm sorry, gentlemen. But, cameras
aren't allowed inside the club.

Demon Mott looks into his eyes, hypnotizing the Bouncer.

DEMON MOTT
Cameras are fine.

BOUNCER
Cameras are fine.

DEMON MOTT
I'm sorry about the intrusion.

BOUNCER
Sorry about the intrusion.

DEMON MOTT
Enjoy your lap dance.
BOUNCER
Enjoy your lap dance.

The Bouncer walks off in a daze.

JOHN
My God. You’re like a horny Jedi.

DEMON MOTT
Impressed?

JOHN
Very. Now, let’s go.

John grabs Demon Mott’s arm. Demon Mott turns on him, effortlessly tossing John on the floor.

DEMON MOTT
I’m not going anywhere.

JOHN
We had a deal.

DEMON MOTT
To stay a little while. Which to a demon means around the time your great-grandchildren croak.

JOHN
You tricked me.

DEMON MOTT
Hey, it’s what I do.

Demon Mott hands John his Visa.

DEMON MOTT (CONT’D)
Now be a good talking monkey and fetch me another pitcher of Long Island iced tea.

John backpedals to the bar and bumps into the Priest.

PRIEST
Watch it.

JOHN
Sorry, Father.

PRIEST
(totally embarrassed)
You—you know me?!
JOHN
(has an epiphany)
Not if you do me a favor.

INT. AREA 52 INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

GWEN
We searched the entire Valley and
not a single exorcist.

RICKY
Or Dunkin Donuts.

Gwen and Ricky find Lisa, alone, and on the phone.

LISA
I can’t believe he actually conned
me into this snipe hunt. For a
second, I was actually starting to
believe...

(into phone)
I was holding for a credit card
trace on an Agent Kent Mott. Last
used where?

CUT TO:

INT. SPEARMINT RHINO NUDIE BAR - NIGHT

Demon Mott basks in a foot, hand and shoulder massage by
three Strippers. John approaches with a pitcher of drinks.

DEMON MOTT
Candy here says for the right price
she’ll have sex with a goat. An
underrated experience if you ask
me.

JOHN
Here’s your drink.

John pours him a glass.

DEMON MOTT
After the massage. Sorry about
pushing you like that.

JOHN
That’s okay. Nature of the beast.
DEMON MOTT
(chuckles)
Good one. I know you’re looking for a career change, Johnny. And I’d like to offer you a gig. Lots of chicks.

JOHN
As minion to a demon from hell? Gonna have to pass.

DEMON MOTT
How’d you like extreme wealth?

JOHN
I can get that in television.

DEMON MOTT
How about the ability to avenge anyone who ever screwed you?

JOHN
I can get that from my lawyer.

DEMON MOTT
Okay. Knowledge. How’d you like to know who really killed Christ? Who shot JFK? When you’ll you die and how?

JOHN
That last one would kind of ruin the surprise. Don’t you think?

DEMON MOTT
How would you like Lisa?

John’s caught off-guard.

DEMON MOTT (CONT’D)
That’s why you made a deal with me. Isn’t it? I know you lust her.

JOHN
No, I don’t.

DEMON MOTT
(laughs)
Isn’t that cute? He’s trying to deceive a demon. That’s like one-on-one between Shaq and Mini-Me.

Demon Mott stops his massage.
DEMON MOTT (CONT’D)
Consider my offer.

Demon Mott downs the glass John poured him.

DEMON MOTT (CONT’D)
Good cocktails.

JOHN
Yep. You could even say they’re blessed.

DEMON MOTT
As my minion...

A horrified look comes across his face. He starts to wheeze.

DEMON MOTT (CONT’D)
Blessed?

JOHN
(waves to Priest)
Thanks, Father.

The Priest waves back, then realizes he’s been outed and awkwardly covers his face.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Two points, bee-itch!

Demon Mott pushes past John and locks himself in the toilet.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Give up, incubus. Its traveling through your blood right now.

A half-naked Stripper puts her arm around John.

STRIPPER
Hey, baby. Wanna lap dance?

JOHN
Not right now. Thanks.

STRIPPER
I’ll let you use your hands.

Lisa appears with Gwen and Ricky.

LISA
Nice exorcism you got here.
John
Lisa!

Ricky points to off-camera.

Ricky
Hey, those girls are naked!

Lisa
A NSA agent has a mental breakdown, so you take his wallet and treat yourself to a stripper?!

Stripper
(insulted)
Excuse me?!

Lisa ignores her.

Lisa
Do you have any idea how much trouble we’re--

Lisa notices the intern videotaping.

Lisa (Cont’d)
You’re recording it? What kind of a pervert are you?

Stripper
I am an exotic dancer. Alight?!

Ricky
John, you think I can get a copy?

Stripper
She your wife? No wonder you’re here.

Lisa
Back off! I’m tired. I’m angry. And I know eleven ways to gut you.

John
Everybody, relax! The demon drank blessed liquor. Any second now, Agent Mott will come walking out of that men’s room good as new.

WHAM!!! The men’s room blasts open, sending the Stripper halfway across the room. Demon Mott storms out. AND HE IS PISSED!
JOHN (CONT'D)

Or not.

Demon Mott "levitates" several Strippers around the room, hurling them at John, Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen. Girls land on them in piles of half-naked flesh. The Bouncer rushes Demon Mott, who effortlessly hurl's him into the DJ booth.

John grabs two pool sticks and makes a giant crucifix. Demon Mott snaps them like twigs and lifts John off the ground by his neck. Lisa jumps on Demon Tim's back and dumps the blessed pitcher of Long Island iced tea on his head.

RICKY

Wicked!

Demon Mott gags and gasps and drops to the floor, unconscious. The room is silent. Gwen runs over and checks on Mott.

GWEN

Are you all right, sir?

AGENT MOTT

(back to his old self)

Last thing I remember I was touring Area 52.

(looks around; confused)

Which room is this?

LISA

It's okay, folks. Everything's fine.

BOUNCER

What the hell's wrong with that guy?

Neither Lisa nor John know quite what to say.

JOHN

Allergies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUTSIDE AREA 52 INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ricky and Gwen spy on Agent Mott through the two-way mirror. They struggle not to let him hear them laugh. Agent Mott pleads for mercy on the phone.
AGENT MOTT
Uncle Bob, please. Sir, please believe me: These freaks must have drugged me or hypnotized me into having all those lap dances. I suggest we immediately shut down this entire-- Mr. Snugglepuss?

RICKY
I think I liked the way he was before.

John and Lisa walk by.

JOHN
Good night, guys. Nice work today.

GWEN
Thanks, boss.

Lisa pulls out her Robot Wars tickets.

GWEN (CONT'D)
And thanks for the presents.

JOHN
You're welcome.

Ricky lifts up his action figure.

RICKY
And thanks for letting us keep the presents.

LISA
Just this once.

Just then, the Intern passes by with a cart full of junk. Including the IUD.

INTERN
Does that mean I can have my hundred dollars back?

LISA
No.

JOHN
See you tomorrow.

John and Lisa keep walking. The Intern shrugs and heads into the Evidence Room.
Gwen
So, Ricky? I got front row seats here for Robot Wars. Wanna go?

Ricky
Are you kidding. I've been hoping you'd ask me all day.

Gwen
Really? I had no idea.
(blushing)
To tell you the truth, I'm kind of shy about this sort of thing. But for a long time I've been wanting to ask--

Ricky
You wanna go Friday?

Gwen
I'd love to.

Ricky
Excellent. Then I'll use them on Saturday. I met this girl at the Babylon 5 convention. Huge Robot Wars fan.

Gwen
(clearly disappointed)
Oh. Great.

CUT TO:

Int. John's Office - Night
Lisa and John are in the midst of conversation, as he puts his plaques and pictures back up on the walls.

John
I suppose if you think about it, its possible to find a logical explanation for Mott's behavior. Schizophrenia. Multiple-personality disorder.

Lisa
The building shaking?

John
Aftershocks happen all the time in LA.
LISA  
But the red eyes and the weird voice?

JOHN  
You should see me in the morning.

LISA  
And the levitating strippers?

JOHN  
Some of those girls are very talented.

LISA  
Why are you suddenly agreeing with me on all this?

JOHN  
I dunno. I guess its my feeble attempt to say thanks for saving my ass today. I appreciate it.

For the first time in a long time, Lisa smiles.

LISA  
Sometimes it pays to fight like a Sasquatch.

JOHN  
I meant that in a good way.

LISA  
Since it looks like we’re both gonna be stuck here awhile, I’ll try to keep an open mind.

JOHN  
I forgot. With all the excitement. How’d it go with the alien abduction?

LISA  
Total bullshit.

JOHN  
Quite an open mind you got there.

Mott walks in, looking pale as a sheet.

LISA  
Agent Mott?
AGENT MOTT
The unspeakable has happened.

JOHN
God, the demon's back.

AGENT MOTT
My investigation has been dissolved. And I've been reassigned.

LISA
To where?

AGENT MOTT
Area 52.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Intern sorts through junk and equipment. He runs across the IUD and tosses it in a trash can.

INTERN
Anal probe. What a bunch of—

suddenly, a strange glow emits from inside the trash can. The Intern curiously walks over and peers inside. A laser strikes the Intern, sucking him into the can! The tiny IUD levitates out of the trash can, flies around the room, and blasts through the roof into outer space.

FADE OUT.