

PAUL

BY

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EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Caption: Bethlehem Creek, Wyoming 10:19pm 28/07/47

The air is filled with the sounds of a warm, summer night. A light comes on in a FARMHOUSE window. The door opens, a small dog and a young girl emerge.

GIRL

Go on now Paul, don't be long.

The dog trots out across the property. It stops to scratch. The sounds of night cease. The dog stops scratching, sniffing the air, cocking its head, sensing something. We hear a low humming sounds. The dog looks up. We see a soft orange glow reflected in its eyes. The dog whimpers

Back at the farmhouse, a deep, dull thud shakes the ground, bringing the small girl back out onto the veranda. An orange glow pulsates somewhere out in the darkness.

GIRL

Paul... Paul?

The girl draws near, illuminated by the orange glow.

GIRL

Paul?!

The glow fades again.

MUSIC: "The Boy In The Bubble" by Paul Simon.

Title: PAUL

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET. PRESENT - DAY

GRAHAM WILLY (32) and CLIVE GOLLINGS (33) stand in the blazing San Diego sunshine, waiting to cross the road. GRAHAM is thin but his clothes seem too small. He has long greasy hair, buck teeth and thick glasses. CLIVE is bigger and wears a long black leather coat, Red Dwarf T-shirt and boots. His hair is densely curly and shaped like a pyramid.

Four people dressed as BORG from Star Trek pass by. GRAHAM and CLIVE shrug derisively. The cross-walk beeps.

As the music kicks in, GRAHAM and CLIVE set off across the road towards the San Diego Convention Centre. They make their way through a throng of costumed Comic-Con attendees.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE. CONVENTION FLOOR - LATER

GRAHAM and CLIVE are at a fantasy weapons stand. CLIVE is brandishing a KATANA SWORD. He test the balance, the weight, the sharpness. He closes one eye and looks down the length of the blade. He nods appreciatively.

CLIVE
Beautiful piece.

VENDER
Damn straight. Practical
performance. 100% Japanese, folded
steel. Real hero shit.

CLIVE
How much?

VENDER
\$1,349.99.

CLIVE nods, puts the sword down and walks away.

GRAHAM
Aren't you gonna get it?

CLIVE
No, it's rubbish.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE. SIGNING PAVILLION - DAY

We see them on an escalator, walking down a wide corridor,
passing people in a variety of costumes. Finally, they join a
line of people waiting to meet the actor, MICHAEL BIEHN.

GRAHAM
What are you going to ask?

CLIVE
Do you feel that the killing of
Hicks and Newt in Alien 3,
invalidates Ripley's struggle at
the closed of the previous
installment?

GRAHAM
I was going to ask that!

CLIVE
(in Klingon)
Tough tits four eyes.

SECURITY
Alright, next!

Suddenly nervous, GRAHAM approaches. MICHAEL BIEHN is signing
pictures. He is pleasant, if business like.

MICHAEL BIEHN
Hey there. Who's it to?

GRAHAM
Graham.

MICHAEL BIEHN
Graham.

GRAHAM
Uh... are you... did you?

MICHAEL BIEHN
There you go.

SECURITY moves GRAHAM on. CLIVE approaches.

MICHAEL BIEHN
Hey there. Who's it to?

CLIVE
Clive.

MICHAEL BIEHN
Clive.

CLIVE
Uh... are you... did you?

MICHAEL BIEHN
There you go.

SECURITY moves CLIVE on. CLIVE scrambles for his camera.

CLIVE
I... I need to photograph him.

SECURITY
You can take it from there.

CLIVE and GRAHAM huddle together and try to position themselves with MICHAEL BIEHN in the background. CLIVE takes the shot. We see a frozen image of CLIVE and GRAHAM, with MICHAEL BIEHN barely visible in the background. The pair move off, looking at their spoils.

GRAHAM/CLIVE
(high fiving)
YES!

GRAHAM
That was amazing. I was actually a bit nervous.

CLIVE
Really? I wasn't.

GRAHAM
Good egg, wasn't he?

CLIVE
Yes, very unaffected. Damn, I forgot to give him my card.

CLIVE points at SECURITY.

GRAHAM
Give it to Colossus.

CLIVE
Nah. Hey, Rosario Dawson's here!

GRAHAM
She NEEDS to call me.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE. SIGNING PAVILLION - LATER

GRAHAM and CLIVE sit at a table fiddling nervously with pens. On either side of them are stacks of their new book; JELVA - ALIEN QUEEN OF THE VARVAK. A banner hangs behind, displaying the tome's cover, a muscular green woman in a gold bikini rides a blue rhino. She lashes at the beast with a laser whip. She has three tits. A lanky publicist paces up and down, making sure everything is in order.

PUBLICIST
Looks good, right?

CLIVE
Yes, it's very impressive.

PUBLICIST
It really does the image justice. I never noticed the third tit.

CLIVE
That was Graham's idea.

PUBLICIST
Ladies man, huh? You guys happy?
You got enough pens? You wanna
Snapple? You wanna a Diet Coke?

CLIVE
I'll have a fat Coke please?

PUBLICIST
A fat what?

CLIVE
Coke.

PUBLICIST
Oh you man a FAT Coke.

CLIVE
A what?

PUBLICIST
Fat coke.

CLIVE
Yes please.

GRAHAM
When do we start?

PUBLICIST
Ten minutes ago.

CLIVE
Why is it so quiet?

PUBLICIST
Sylar's doing a Q and A in the main pavillion.

CLIVE
Oh man! I wanted to go to that . I wanted to find out if he actually eats the brains.

PUBLICIST
I can make a call.

CLIVE
Please.

PUBLICIST
It'll pick up when he's done.

GRAHAM
I'm nervous.

CLIVE
Don't be. The hard work's done, we have a great story and as usual your renderings jump from the page.

PUBLICIST
Yeah man. Three tits. Awesome.

GRAHAM
Thank you.

CLIVE
All we have to do now is sit back and enjoy.

A child approaches.

CLIVE
Queen Jelva welcomes thee.

CHILD
Do you know where Sylar's on?

CLIVE
Main pavillion.

CHILD
Thanks. Hey, three tits. Awesome.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE. SIGNING PAVILLION - LATER

Caption: 50 MINUTES LATER

They are sat in exactly the same position as before. CLIVE looks a little downbeat, GRAHAM fidgets with his pens.

PUBLICIST

Okay, that's the hour. How'd we do?

CLIVE

Three copies.

PUBLICIST

Hey, one for each tit. Maybe you should have given her four.

GRAHAM

That's sick.

PUBLICIST

Don't sweat it. It's a sleeper.

CLIVE

Yeah, but three copies?

PUBLICIST

Better than Carl Weathers.

CLIVE

YES!

GRAHAM

Would you like a copy?

PUBLICIST

Are you nuts? My office is full of junk.

The PUBLICIST walks away chuckling.

CLIVE

Graham, I need a drink.

INT. HOTEL. BAR - NIGHT

GRAHAM and CLIVE are stood against the wall in a bar. GRAHAM drinks and elaborate blue cocktail through a straw. CLIVE sips from a Jack Daniels and Coke. Everyone else in the bar is dressed as a HOBBIT. CLIVE winks at a girl.

INT. HOTEL. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GRAHAM and CLIVE's hotel room is filled with bags of stuff from the convention, a laptop computer and a games console plugged into the TV. GRAHAM lies on his bed. He is looking at a map. Other maps are scattered about.

CLIVE (O.S.)
It was like the Prancing Pony in there.

GRAHAM
Nasty Hobbitses.

CLIVE emerges from the bathroom. He is naked but for a black towel wrapped around his waist. His hair is wet and suddenly incredibly long. Around his neck, a large animal tooth hangs on a black leather cord.

CLIVE
They think they're so cool.

GRAHAM
Hey, are you excited about going to Area 51?

CLIVE
Hell yes.

GRAHAM
06.30 check out?

CLIVE
A-ffirmative.

GRAHAM and CLIVE both look at their watches.

CLIVE
Three, two, one...

GRAHAM
Beep.

CLIVE
Beep.

CLIVE
Good night, Graham.

GRAHAM
Good night, Clive.

They switch off their respective bedside lights. The room is plunged into pitch darkness. A few seconds pass.

GRAHAM
Are you asleep?

CLIVE
No.

GRAHAM

Shall we try and storm the Citadel
before we nod off?

CLIVE

Couldn't hurt could it?

We hear some movement then the room is illuminated by the TV.
The boys lie on their beds holding games controllers.

CLIVE

Cover me.

INT. HOTEL. RECEPTION - MORNING

GRAHAM and CLIVE stand at reception. Both look extremely
sleepy. CLIVE's eyes close. GRAHAM lolls forward onto the
reception desk. His head hits the bell.

DING!

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

The boys stand, waiting for their transport. We see them from
across the road. A tiny old car splutters up to the curb. A
valet gets out and hands the keys to CLIVE.

VALET

There you go.

GRAHAM

That's not ours.

VALET

No?

CLIVE

No, that's ours.

A large RV pulls up. A 1985 Holiday Rambler, Imperial. Top of
the range in its day. Still looks good.

VALET

Oh.

GRAHAM and CLIVE run off toward the RV. The four BORG from
the previous day approach the VALET and exchange the key to
the car for some small change. The BORG drive off.

VALET

Fucking Borg.
(giving the finger)
Assimilate this!

The RV speeds past the disgruntled VALET. GRAHAM and CLIVE
can be heard whooping within.

INT. RV - MORNING

CLIVE is seated behind the wheel of their RV, he now wears black wrap-around shades. In the back of the RV, GRAHAM fusses with maps and provisions.

GRAHAM
Breakfast?

CLIVE
Java. Straight up.

GRAHAM
Any solids?

CLIVE
No, let's punch through. Miles make the eggs taste sweeter.

GRAHAM
I love eggs!

CLIVE
I hear that. Now, get that 'Joe' on the go and jump in the Chewie seat. I need your map skills.

GRAHAM
Good job I pre-pared.

GRAHAM flicks on the coffee and jumps into the co-pilot's (Chewie) seat.

GRAHAM
It's a shame I don't have some controls on this side. That way, I could take over if you needed the loo.

CLIVE
Yeah, I could say "take the helm."

GRAHAM
"Take the helm, number one."

CLIVE
Yeah, "take the helm, number one, I need a number two."

They laugh heartily. Through this, GRAHAM has been taking out his laptop and setting it up on the dash board.

GRAHAM
'Least I've got Cerebro, eh?

CLIVE
Absolutely. Real-time sat-nav multi
map and advanced geo-tagging with
continual info stream?

GRAHAM
Impressive.

CLIVE
Most impressive.

GRAHAM
And let's not forget, we've always
got Analogue.

GRAHAM pulls a map down. Obscuring the entire windshield.

CLIVE
Not when we're driving Graham.

GRAHAM
Sorry.

GRAHAM sends the map back up into the roller. The coffee
percolator gurgles in the galley.

GRAHAM
Sounds like coffee o'clock.

CLIVE
Thank god. I'm a wreck until I've
had my first cup of J.

GRAHAM high fives CLIVE and heads back into the kitchen.

INT. DINER - DAY

GRAHAM and CLIVE eat lunch. GRAHAM has finished a plate of
prawns. He inspects the shells.

GRAHAM
Looks like a pile of dead droids.

A perky waitress approaches. GRAHAM and CLIVE become shy and
awkward.

WAITRESS
You boys all set? Can I get you
anything else?

GRAHAM spills his drink. CLIVE appears very uneasy.

INT/EXT. RV - DAY

They drive in silence, surveying the landscape.

CLIVE

Amazing, isn't it? There are
295,734,134 people in this country
and we haven't seen a soul for a
hundred miles. Where is everybody?

GRAHAM

What about that old woman on
crutches we saw hitchhiking?

CLIVE

Apart from her. I suppose that's
why they established the Dreamland
facility out here.

GRAHAM

Far from prying eyes.

CLIVE

Did you know the site was selected
in the mid-1950s for testing of the
U-2 spyplane, due to its
remoteness, proximity to existing
facilities and presence of a dry
lake bed for landings?

GRAHAM

Yes.

CLIVE

Oh.

GRAHAM

Shall we have a bite before or
after we hit the Black Mailbox?

CLIVE

Before.

INT. THE LITTLE A'LE'INN. BAR - EVENING

GRAHAM and CLIVE tuck into burgers. They are the only
customers. The interior is replete with various Area 51
related memorabilia. PAT, (female, 50s) the proprietor,
speaks to them from behind the counter. She holds up two
bumper stickers.

PAT

"Watch The Skies" or "Alien
Onboard?"

GRAHAM and CLIVE look at each other for a few seconds before
looking back at PAT.

GRAHAM/CLIVE

"Alien Onboard."

PAT
Nice choice. So, where have you
boys come from?

GRAHAM
(mumbly)
San Diego.

PAT
Comic-Con?

CLIVE
How could you tell?

We see GRAHAM and CLIVE looking back at PAT. They look like
the most painfully obvious Comic-Con attendees ever.

PAT
Just a guess. My nephew launched a
comic down there a couple of years
ago. Sort of dramatized the
accounts of some of the folk we've
had in here.

CLIVE
Encounter Briefs?

PAT
That's it. You heard of it, huh?

CLIVE
I've got all six.

PAT
Well whaddya know? Small world.

CLIVE
Do you get a lot of UFO types round
here?

We see PAT looking back at CLIVE, surrounded by UFO and alien
paraphernalia, a slight smile on her face.

PAT
Some.

GRAHAM
Have you ever seen one?

PAT
A UFO? Oh, I've seen plenty.

GRAHAM
Really?! You've seen more than one
UFOs?

PAT

Well, I don't know what they were.
So as far as I'm concerned they're
unidentified and they were
definitely flying.

CLIVE

And objects.

PAT

Damn straight. Whether or not they
were spaceships, I can't say.
Probably not, but I'd like to think
they were. Be a shame if we were
the only souls in the universe.

CLIVE

Did you now, it's estimated that
there are as many as 200 billion
galaxies in the observable universe
and each of those has approximately
40 billion stars, around which
orbit countless planets and moons?

PAT

Yes.

CLIVE

Oh.

PAT

Makes you think though, don't it?

CLIVE

What?

PAT

Where is everybody?

GRAHAM and CLIVE ponder this.

PAT

You boys all set?

CLIVE

I'd like a cup of coffee please.

PAT

Sure thing. How about you, sugar?

GRAHAM

Can I have an E.T. malt please?

PAT

You wanna sparkler in that?

GRAHAM smiles coyly.

PAT
I'll take that as a yes.

She beams at the boys and disappears into the kitchen. GRAHAM and CLIVE are left alone. They take it all in.

CLIVE
It's nice here, isn't it?

GRAHAM
Absolutely.

CLIVE
I think I might use the loo.

CLIVE walks through a door marked 'Maliens'. The adjacent toilet door (GUS and JAKE) enter. GRAHAM becomes uneasy.

PAT
Yes dear, what can I get you?

JAKE
Two beers.

PAT
Coming right up.

INT. THE LITTLE A'LE'INN. TOILET - EVENING

CLIVE washes his hands. He pumps soap from a dispenser which is shaped like an alien's head, the soap squirts out of its mouth. CLIVE is quite taken with this.

CLIVE
That is absolutely amazing!

INT. THE LITTLE A'LE'INN. BAR - EVENING

CLIVE appears out of the toilet with his hands in the air.

CLIVE
Hey Graham, an alien just sicked up
into my palms.

CLIVE doesn't see the two men sat up at the counter. He strides over to GRAHAM, full of excitement.

CLIVE
I'm joking, of course. They have a
soap dispenser, shaped like an
alien's head. When you pump his
jaw, soap comes out of his mouth.

GRAHAM
(mumbling)
Clive...

CLIVE
It's hilarious.

GRAHAM flicks his eyes to the counter.

CLIVE
What?

CLIVE looks over and sees the two men. They are glaring back. CLIVE immediately loses his confident air.

PAT (O.S.)
Here it comes!

GRAHAM closes his eyes, remembering what he ordered. The two men turn to see PAT emerge from the kitchen with a tray of drinks. Two bottles of beer, one cup of coffee and an absurd looking milkshake in a tall glass with a sparkler.

PAT
Okay then, beers for you gentleman.
A cup of Joe and a extra thick malt
with a sparkler for the boys from
outer space.

The man snigger derisively. PAT senses the tension.

PAT
So, where you boys headed?

JAKE
We're heading into Utah. Do
ourselves some hunting.

GUS
Deer, coon, beaver, whatever steps
in front of the bangstick, right
Jake?

They throw a look back at GRAHAM and CLIVE.

JAKE
You got that right, Gus.

PAT
Well now, I heard Utah beaver puts
up quite a fight.

GUS
That's what we're counting on.

They nudge each other and laugh.

PAT
I better make you something good
and hot. Long way to The Beehive.

PAT give GRAHAM and CLIVE a look. CLIVE understands and fumbles for hi wallet.

He places a number of bills on the table. They leave. GRAHAM comes back in and retrieves the bumper sticker. PAT gives him a wink. He leaves.

INT/EXT. RV - EVENING

GRAHAM boards the RV. CLIVE is in the driver's seat. The engine is running.

CLIVE
What took you so long?

GRAHAM
I was putting the sticker on.

CLIVE
They were an odd pair, weren't they?

GRAHAM
Definitely didn't speak Bocci.

CLIVE fires up the engine and jams it into reverse. CRUNCH.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
That wasn't their truck was it?

CLIVE
No.

EXT. THE LITTLE A'LE'INN - EVENING

The RV roars off, leaving the car park and the black Lincoln Escalade, shiny, mean, dented.

INT/EXT. RV - NIGHT

GRAHAM looks at a map. CLIVE drives, continually checking his rear view.

GRAHAM
What's the matter?

CLIVE
Nothing. How we doing?

GRAHAM
We should be just about there.

They scan the roadside for a few seconds.

CLIVE
I've found it.

GRAHAM
Where?

CLIVE
THERE!!!

EXT. THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The RV comes to a screeching halt. It sits in the road for a moment, before it trundles onto the hard shoulder. The door opens, GRAHAM and CLIVE appear wearing head mounted torches. They wander over to a WHITE mailbox.

GRAHAM/CLIVE
(reverentially)
The Black Mailbox.

GRAHAM and CLIVE marvel at it. The silence of the night and the size of the landscape dawns on them. They look up.

CLIVE
It's amazing, isn't it? We're
actually here.

GRAHAM
Area 51.

CLIVE
Dreamland.

GRAHAM
The Groom Lake Military Test
Facility.

CLIVE
MacArthur's Black Mile.

GRAHAM
Is that a real one?

CLIVE
No, I made it up myself.

GRAHAM
I like it.

CLIVE
Be great if we saw something.

GRAHAM
Yes, imagine if we got buzzed up by
a craft.

CLIVE
That would be incredible. It just
sort of stops in the air and hovers
then just goes up really fast.
Whoosh.

GRAHAM

What would you do if they actually landed?

CLIVE

Keep it together. First contact is a big responsibility. They come in peace, we go to pieces? That's not how I roll.

CLIVE looks at GRAHAM who is staring off, wide eyed.

CLIVE

What's wrong?

GRAHAM points off into the distance. HEADLIGHTS.

GRAHAM

It's them. They found us. I don't know how but they found us.

CLIVE

Who? Who's found us?

GRAHAM

The Libyans!

CLIVE

Run for it Marty!

GRAHAM and CLIVE scramble for the RV.

INT. RV - NIGHT

CLIVE drives, GRAHAM looks nervous. In the dashboard of the RV is a rear view monitor. They look at it intently.

GRAHAM

Perhaps it's not them. Perhaps whoever it was turned doff.

CLIVE

Of course it's them. We're dead. It's like Deliverance. They're going to rape us and break our arms.

GRAHAM

I don't want my arms broken!

CLIVE

There's only one thing for it.

GRAHAM

What?

CLIVE

I'm gonna have to fly blind.

CLIVE kills the headlights. They are plunged into darkness, still travelling at 65mph. The headlights come back on.

CLIVE
Probably best not to do that. I
couldn't really see anything.

They stare at the monitor. Suddenly, creeping up the rear of the RV, headlights. The front of a car becomes visible.

CLIVE
Oh God, oh God, oh God.

GRAHAM
I need the toilet.

CLIVE
Me too.

The vehicle behind pulls out to overtake.

CLIVE
They're trying to overtake.

GRAHAM
Don't let them get past.

CLIVE
Should I ram them?

GRAHAM
What about the deposit?

CLIVE gingerly jerks the wheel, causing the RV to swerve. A BLACK SEDAN car appears next to them, manoeuvring wildly to avoid the RV. GRAHAM and CLIVE stare in horror, their eyes widen as the car flips over and tumbles several times, bouncing across the asphalt and sliding to a smoking stop on its roof. GRAHAM's mouth hangs open. CLIVE blinks.

CLIVE
It wasn't them.

The RV pulls up to the crashed vehicle and stops. GRAHAM and CLIVE peer out of the window.

CLIVE
We should see if they're okay.

GRAHAM
I still need a wee.

CLIVE
I can hold mine.

GRAHAM goes to the back of the RV and into the toilet. CLIVE remains in the driving seat, staring out at the mangled Sedan. The toilet flushes and GRAHAM reappears.

GRAHAM

The bulb's gone in there.

EXT. THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

GRAHAM and CLIVE step out of the RV and approach the car. Inside are three unconscious men. One door is open.

CLIVE

Hello?

They wait for a few seconds. Nothing.

GRAHAM

Maybe you should call for help.

GRAHAM pulls out a cell phone and starts to dial.

VOICE (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

GRAHAM and CLIVE spin round to see an indistinct figure sitting on a rock in the nearby darkness. The glow of a cigarette briefly lights up what appear to be two large, black eyes. GRAHAM and CLIVE gawp.

CLIVE

I rather think these men need help.
Graham, give me the phone.

GRAHAM passes the phone over.

VOICE

Seriously, I wouldn't do that.

GRAHAM's mouth falls open, CLIVE continues to hold the phone to his ear. We hear the operator.

OPERATOR

911 Emergency. How may I direct
your call? Hello? Hello?

GRAHAM and CLIVE continue to gawp. The shape stand and steps into the light. GRAHAM and CLIVE go slack. Standing in front of them, clad only in cut-off shorts and flip-flops... is an ALIEN.

ALIEN

Put - the phone - down.

Without the slightest change of expression CLIVE rocks backwards in a dead faint. He hits the ground with a bump. GRAHAM looks at CLIVE then back at the ALIEN. When GRAHAM speaks his voice quivers with hysterical panic.

GRAHAM

What have you done to him?

ALIEN

I didn't do anything. He fainted.

GRAHAM

Yes but you made him faint.

ALIEN

I did not. Okay I did, but it's not like i set my phaser to 'Faint'.

GRAHAM

You've got a phaser!?

ALIEN

No! Look, I need you to help. Can you get this guy back onto your wagon?

GRAHAM

Are you going to probe us?

ALIEN

No! Where does that come from? Why do people always assume we want to stick something up their ass?

GRAHAM

Don't you?

ALIEN

No. There's certainly nothing about it in the encounter manual. As a rule, we don't even abduct. Maybe people find it easier to deal with earthly transgressions if they suppress it with absurd fantasies about alien probing.

GRAHAM

What?

ALIEN

It's just a theory. Listen, focus okay? I promise you I won't hurt you, I just need your help.

GRAHAM

You need my help?

ALIEN

Yes.

GRAHAM

How come I can understand you? Are you using some sort of neural language router?

ALIEN

No, I'm speaking English you prick.
(off GRAHAM's expression)
Sorry, I'm tense. Look, what's your name?

GRAHAM

Graham Willy.

ALIEN

What about him?

GRAHAM

That's the writer, Clive Gollings.

ALIEN

Well, let's get Clive into the RV
and get going. I'll explain
everything on the way. Please.

GRAHAM

Where are we going?

ALIEN

North.

GRAHAM

The RV's gotta be back in 2 days.

ALIEN

Well, then we're gonna have to
hustle, aren't we?

GRAHAM

But-

ALIEN

Look Graham, you're just gonna have
to trust me, okay?

GRAHAM looks at the ALIEN. It stands at roughly 3 feet tall. His black almond shaped eye glint. His large head tilts to one side, his small mouth opens slightly, his long fingers clasp together, pleading.

ALIEN

Please man, I need you.

GRAHAM considers the ALIEN for a moment.

GRAHAM

Okay then.

ALIEN

Great. Thank you.

GRAHAM

What's your name?

ALIEN
I'm Paul.

GRAHAM
Paul?

PAUL
Yeah. Now let's get Cloverfield
onto the recreational vehicle and
get the fuck off MacArthur's Black
Mile.

They attempt to move CLIVE. PAUL senses something.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh man, has he...?

GRAHAM
I told him he should have gone.

PAUL
Could have been worse. Know what
I'm saying?

They drag him into the RV. The door shuts, a few seconds later, GRAHAM appears and runs round to the back of the RV. He rips the bumper sticker off and gets back on board. The RV starts up and drives off.

INT/EXT. RV - NIGHT

GRAHAM drives, agitated. He looks behind him a couple of times. PAUL is hunting around in the fridge.

PAUL
Can I have this ham?

GRAHAM
Uh... yes.

PAUL
Great!

PAUL starts to dangle strips of sandwich ham into his mouth, wolfing it down hungrily.

GRAHAM
Paul? Where am I going again?

PAUL
I told you, North. Do you have a
map?

GRAHAM pulls the map. It obscures the wind shield.

PAUL
Not when we're driving, Graham.

The map disappears back up into the roller.

GRAHAM

Sorry.

PAUL

Just head North. We need to get as much distance as we can between us and them.

GRAHAM

Them? Who's them?

EXT. THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

We hear the noise of engines, then boots on concrete as a dozen soldiers rush the area, attending the crash. A suited man gets out of a Sedan car. We don't see his face at first. The shot remains at his hip. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Twinkie. He unwraps it and brings it up to his mouth. We follow and see his face for the first time. Chiselled, focused, confident. This is SPECIAL AGENT ZOIL. A SOLDIER approaches.

CAPTAIN

Sir?

ZOIL

Talk to me.

CAPTAIN

Three survivors, company men, hurt but alive.

ZOIL

Anyone else?

CAPTAIN

No sir.

ZOIL looks into the sky and breathes in the night air.

CAPTAIN

What's this?

The CAPTAIN motions to a patch of moisture near his feet. ZOIL touches the wet patch and licks his finger.

CAPTAIN

What is it sir? Brake fluid? Gas?

ZOIL

No. It's neither of those things.

He looks around, then notices tire tracks in the dust by the side of the road. ZOIL stands, full of purpose. He returns to his car and hits a button on the dash.

VOICE

What's the situation?

ZOIL

We have a guest who's left the hotel without paying, sir.

VOICE

Damn it! Do you think he's 'left' left?

ZOIL

Doubtful. NORAD would have picked up a bogie. Those guys can track Santa. No sir, he's still here. Question is, for how long?

VOICE

Don't you think this is all a bit of a coincidence?

ZOIL

How so?

VOICE

I signed the red document this morning, Zoil. Don't you think it's odd that he chooses today to go AWOL? How did he know?

ZOIL

Are you suggesting he has someone on the inside.

VOICE

Maybe.

ZOIL

Well he's definitely got someone on the outside.

VOICE

What?

ZOIL

Tire tracks, sir. Tire tracks... among other things. I'd bet my left nut that little bastard's hitched a ride.

VOICE

Lock down the area. Road blocks, spot checks, the whole nine yards. You're going to handle this personally, Zoil. I want this wrapped up before Letterman.

EXT/INT. RV. NIGHT - A FEW HOURS LATER

Close on the wheel. Pull out to reveal the RV.

Inside, CLIVE's eyes open. From the bathroom, CLIVE can hear the sound of someone noisily emptying their bladder. He notices his jeans have been pegged up to dry. He leans out to see GRAHAM in the driving seat, then looks back at the bathroom door. The toilet flushes.

CLIVE pretends to be asleep as the door opens. A pair of skinny grey legs in cut-off shorts pass the bunk.

PAUL

The bulb's gone in there.

CLIVE gets up silently and wraps his black towel around his middle. He creeps toward the front of the RV. GRAHAM drives, PAUL sits in the Chewie seat eating pistachios.

PAUL

I hate it when you get the closed ones, right?

GRAHAM

I usually bite them open.

PAUL

Are you fucking insane? You gotta tap 'em and if they don't open you throw them away.

GRAHAM

That's molluscs.

PAUL

Shut up.

GRAHAM

It's true.
(notices CLIVE)
Hello Clive! How are you feeling?

CLIVE

I'm feeling like I've gone MENTAL MAD, Graham. If that is your name? You're happily sitting there chatting to... to... that, like it's the most natural thing in the world. The two of you laughing away like you haven't seen each other since 1990.

PAUL spits a shell out into a cup.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

So forgive me if I seem a little rattled but from where I'm standing it would appear you are trading nut knowledge with an alien life form.

GRAHAM

His name is Paul.

CLIVE

Oh, Paul is it? Paul what? Paul Verhoven? Paul Freeman? Paul Reiser?

PAUL

Just Paul. You know, like Madonna or Dracula.

GRAHAM

Paul's from a small planet in the northern spiral arm of the Andromeda Galaxy.

CLIVE

No he is not!

PAUL

I am man, seriously.

CLIVE

How could he possibly have travelled that distance?

PAUL

Wormhole.

CLIVE

Balls! Graham, this isn't what it seems. What about Ockham's Razor?

GRAHAM

The hairdressers?

CLIVE

Yes, the old man who owns it told me that, in unbelievable circumstances, the most plausible explanation is usually the truth.

PAUL

And what's the most plausible explanation, Clive?

CLIVE

That you're a thin midget in an alien costume.

PAUL

There's no such thing as a thin midget? Those guys are built. Have you not seen The Station Agent?

GRAHAM

He's right. I think that's less believable than Paul being from a planet in the norther spiral arm of the Andromeda Galaxy.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh really?

With this CLIVE grabs at PAUL. He pulls at the alien's skin, trying to gain a hold of a mask.

PAUL

Ow! Get off me!

CLIVE

You're not real. You're not real!

GRAHAM

Excuse me.

PAUL

Get off me, you fucking psycho!

GRAHAM

EXCUSE ME!

CLIVE releases PAUL and looks out of the RV to see the flashing lights of a road block. GRAHAM slows down.

CLIVE

Oh shit!

CLIVE looks round to discover that PAUL has vanished. GRAHAM pulls the RV onto the hard shoulder.

CLIVE

Where's he gone?

GRAHAM

Maybe he beamed up.

CLIVE

As if. We would have seen the classic shimmer and hum.

GRAHAM

Good point.

BANG, BANG, BANG!

GRAHAM and CLIVE look to the door. Both terrified.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

GRAHAM and CLIVE stand outside the RV being questioned by an AGENT dressed like ZOIL. We can hear noise and activity from the RV. Another AGENT is aboard the RV.

AGENT 1
Where you boys from? Australia?

CLIVE
Britain.

AGENT 1
Ah. G'day mate.

The AGENT smiles. GRAHAM and CLIVE look terrified.

AGENT 1
Whatcha doin' in the US fellas?

CLIVE/GRAHAM
Comic-con.

AGENT 1
You're a long way from San Diego.

CLIVE
We were having a little drive.

AGENT 1
Is that right?

AGENT 2 (O.S.)
Hey Haggard?!

HAGGARD
Yeah?

O'REILLY appears at the door waving a 10x8" photograph.

O'REILLY
These guys have met Michael Biehn.

HAGGARD
No shit! How was he?

CLIVE
He was a good egg.

GRAHAM
Very unaffected.

HAGGARD
That's nice to hear.
(to AGENT 2)
O'Reilly? Anything else?

O'REILLY
Just some pissy jeans.

HAGGARD looks down at the towel wrapped around CLIVE's waists.
CLIVE look embarrassed.

HAGGARD
Okay, you guys can go.

CLIVE
Thank you. May I ask what you're
searching for?

HAGGARD
Of course you may.

There is a slight pause. GRAHAM and CLIVE board the RV.

INT/EXT. RV - NIGHT

GRAHAM and CLIVE pull away in silence. They are both confused
and shaken.

CLIVE
Well, it's pretty obvious what
happened there, isn't it?

GRAHAM
Is it?

CLIVE
Yes, the government used some sort
of neurotoxic paint on the Black
Mailbox, which was white by the
way, and it caused us to suffer a
shared hallucination about an
alien. I mean, it's what we've
always wanted, isn't it?

GRAHAM
I suppose so.

CLIVE
Than that's what happened.

PAUL materializes from thin air behind them.

PAUL
WRONG!

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The sound of screeching tires draws the attention of the two
AGENTS. They see the RV swerve across the road in the
distance before righting itself and continuing on its way.

INT. RV - NIGHT

CLIVE
Where the hell did you go?

PAUL
Nowhere.

GRAHAM
What, you went invisible?

PAUL
It's not invisibility per se. It's more like what a chameleon does with a little light blending thrown in for good measure.

GRAHAM
Like Predator?

PAUL
Exactly.

GRAHAM
Can you do it whenever you want?

PAUL
(Predator voice)
Anytime...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We hear GRAHAM squeal with delight. The RV guns up the road into the night.

INT. RV - DAYBREAK

CLIVE drives in silence. PAUL sits in the passenger seat eating nuts. Day is breaking over the horizon. GRAHAM snoozes on the sofa. PAUL offers CLIVE a nut.

CLIVE
No thank you.

PAUL
You sure? How about a cup of coffee?
(sees he's tempted)
Come on Hulk, I'll get you a nice cuppa J.

PAUL goes back to the galley, flicking GRAHAM on the nose as he passes. GRAHAM wakes up with a start.

PAUL
Hey, look who's up!

GRAHAM
Hello Paul.

GRAHAM approaches CLIVE who ignores him.

GRAHAM
What's the matter?

CLIVE
Graham, there is a Grey in the galley, making me coffee.

GRAHAM
Did you want tea?

CLIVE
No, I don't want tea.

GRAHAM
Tea's a bit weird in America, isn't it?

CLIVE
No, what's wried, Graham, is that we have picked up an extra terrestrial hitch hiker and you seem completely fine with it!

GRAHAM
He needs our help, Clive.

PAUL returns with the coffee. GRAHAM and CLIVE curtail their conversation. PAUL hand CLIVE his coffee.

PAUL	CLIVE
You got it?	Yes I've got it.

PAUL	CLIVE
It's hot.	(slightly testy)
	Thank you.

GRAHAM looks at Paul and nods toward CLIVE. PAUL sighs and sits in the Chewie seat. GRAHAM hangs back...

PAUL
Look Clive, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say this is probably the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you. Am i right?

CLIVE doesn't deny it.

PAUL
And I appreciate the fact that I have somewhat gate-crashed the party here but, truth be told, I'm in a hell of a pickle. I really need your help.

CLIVE
Why us?

PAUL
Why not?

CLIVE glances back at an expectant GRAHAM.

CLIVE
What about the RV? It has to be
back in two days.

GRAHAM
Clive, he's an alien. A living,
breathing, alien.

CLIVE look at PAUL who makes a sad face and does the hand
gesture from Close Encounters. CLIVE wilts.

CLIVE
I suppose we could phone the hire
company and get an extension.

PAUL looks super-pleased.

CLIVE
How did you get here?

PAUL
Crashed in '47. Anti-grav failure.

GRAHAM
Happens to the best of us.

PAUL
Also, I'm a shit driver.

CLIVE
Oh my God! Roswell?! That was you?!

PAUL
Roswell was a smoke-screen man,
designed to distract from the
truth.

CLIVE
They invented a fake alien crash to
distract from an actual alien
crash?

PAUL
I know, fucking stupid, isn't it?

CLIVE
What have you been doing here all
this time?

PAUL

Oh you know, kickin' back, shooting the shit. Advising the government.

GRAHAM

Not just the government.

INT. ROOM - DAY

CAPTION: 1980

A room lit by a single bulb, furnished with a table and chair. PAUL sits with his back to us, he is smoking a cigarette, whilst talking on the phone. We hear the voice on the other end of the line. It is strangely familiar.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

...I want him to have some kind of special power, you know? Something sort of messianic...

PAUL

How about molecular revivification.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

I don't know what that is.

PAUL

Restoration of damaged tissue through telepathic manipulation of cellular intrinsic field memory.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

I...uh...

PAUL

Healing, Steven.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

Oh right yeah. Like by touch sort of thing? His little finger could light up at the end and-

PAUL

You know what? Sometimes, less is more.

The line beeps.

STEVEN SPIELBERG

You got another call?

PAUL

Yeah I gotta take this man. It's the fucking V guys again.

INT. RV - DAY

PAUL
Right.

GRAHAM
You'd be surprised how much he's
influenced popular culture
generally over the last 60 years.

CLIVE
(to GRAHAM)
How come you know so much?

GRAHAM
We had quite a long chat while you
were unconscious.

CLIVE looks miffed.

GRAHAM
...while you were asleep.

PAUL
You want a bagel Clive?

CLIVE
No thanks.

PAUL
Graham?

GRAHAM
Yes please.

CLIVE
Go on then, I'll have half.

PAUL (O.S.)
You want anything on it?

CLIVE
Jam.

PAUL (O.S.)
What?

CLIVE
Jelly.

PAUL
Gotcha.

PAUL heads to the kitchen. The boys drive in silence.

GRAHAM
I gave your jeans a swill and hung
them up.

CLIVE

Thank you. So, do you know where we're going?

GRAHAM

Just North. He said we had to make a right at Utah.

CLIVE

Why can't he tell us?

GRAHAM

He said it was a surprise.

CLIVE

Do you trust him, Graham? I mean, is he Strider or Black Rider?

GRAHAM

Strider, definitely.

CLIVE

You'd better be right. I don't want to wake up and find him inserting a probe into my anus.

GRAHAM

It's okay, he doesn't do that.

PAUL returns with three bagels on one long finger.

PAUL

Bagel time!

The dashboard beeps. PAUL jumps throwing them into the air.

GRAHAM

Fuel level's critical.

PAUL

Sorry, I had a warning light just like that on my ship.

GRAHAM

For fuel?

PAUL

Anti-grav failure.

CLIVE is looking at the sat-nav on the computer.

CLIVE

There's a place called Ely five miles from here. It's small but there should be a gas station.

GRAHAM

Roger that, number one.

CLIVE smiles at GRAHAM and flashes PAUL a triumphant look. PAUL coughs loudly, barely disguising the word "Geeks".

INT. RV - MORNING

GRAHAM and CLIVE peer out at the gas station. It appears deserted. PAUL has his head in the fridge, he cracks open a V8, strolls to the front of the RV and honks the horn. An OLD MAN peers out of the gas station window and waves.

CLIVE
Paul, don't do that!

PAUL
Here's what I need. Some organic beef mince, organic pork, some veal, red onions, pine nuts, pecorino cheese, plum tomatoes, a fistful of fresh basil and 3 war ciabattas.

CLIVE
You know this is a gas station?

PAUL looks disappointed.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The door to the RV opens, CLIVE and GRAHAM step out onto the forecourt, trying to look as casual as they can.

CLIVE
Ready?

GRAHAM
Ready.

HOOOONNNNNKKKK! GRAHAM and CLIVE jump.

PAUL (O.S.)
Get me some more peanut M&Ms.

GRAHAM goes into the store, CLIVE to the pumps. A POLICE CRUISER pulls onto the forecourt. CLIVE goes pale and fumbles the nozzle back into the pump. He walks toward the checkout as a STATE TROOPER exits his car. No matter how hard he tries, CLIVE cannot avoid reaching the door at the same time as the STATE TROOPER. He is tall, wide and bald.

STATE TROOPER
After you.

CLIVE
Thanks.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

Close up on O'REILLY. He covers his face with his hands.

O'REILLY
Coming... ready or not!

O'REILLY uncovers his eyes and comes face to face with ZOIL. ZOIL is eating an orange, he offers a segment to O'REILLY.

ZOIL
Orange?

O'REILLY
No thanks.

ZOIL
Nice and juicy.

O'REILLY
I don't want to spoil breakfast.

ZOIL
Do you mind telling me what's going on, Agent?

O'REILLY
Just keeping ourselves occupied sir. Things are pretty slow.

ZOIL
Where's the other one?

O'REILLY
I don't know, let's see. Haggard?

HAGGARD steps out from behind the only man shaped cactus on the entire desert plain. O'REILLY can't help but let out a snort of delighted surprise. HAGGARD hurries over.

HAGGARD
Sorry, I was just... hiding.

ZOIL
I see. You fellas had much traffic through here?

HAGGARD
Just a big RV driven by a couple of nerds.

ZOIL
Nerds, huh?

HAGGARD
Yeah, they'd been to Comic-Con and met Michael Biehn.

ZOIL
I've heard he's nice.

HAGGARD
Good egg.

O'REILLY
Very unaffected.

ZOIL
Did you search the vehicle
thoroughly?

O'REILLY
Yes sir.

ZOIL
Find anything?

O'REILLY
Not really. Just Michael Biehn's
autograph and some pissy jeans.

Close in on ZOIL. He seems suddenly motivated.

ZOIL
Did you get the license plate?

HAGGARD and O'REILLY look sheepish.

ZOIL
Make?

More sheepishness.

HAGGARD
It was big.

ZOIL
I want everything you can remember.
Descriptions of the occupants,
height, hair, distinguishing
features. We can do it on the way.

HAGGARD
On the way?

ZOIL
You're coming with me.

O'REILLY
What about the road block sir?

ZOIL
It didn't work.

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

GRAHAM joins CLIVE at the check out, clutching a bag of jerky, a bottle of chocolate milk, a burrito, a Coke, some mini doughnuts and a massive bag of peanut M&Ms.

CLIVE

Don't you think that's a bit much?
Put it all back. Except the
burrito... and the doughnuts... and
the chocolate milk. Let's just pay
for it and leave.

GRAHAM

We need bulb for the toilet.

CLIVE

Essential only, Graham!

They head to the counter. So does the STATE TROOPER.

STATE TROOPER

Morning Chris!

CHRIS

Hey Dean.

STATE TROOPER

Who do you think I had in my office
this morning?

CHRIS

Jeremy Piven?

STATE TROOPER

No. The Secret Service.

GRAHAM bumps into a display of sunglasses and just stops it tumbling. CHRIS and the STATE TROOPER glance over.

CHRIS

They find out how you can afford a
Dodge Viper on troopers pay?

STATE TROOPER

Not yet. They're all over this
crash on the road up to Rachel.

CHRIS

What you think's going on?

STATE TROOPER

Don't know, could be Muslims.

CHRIS

Jesus Cheeerist!

CLIVE and GRAHAM sidle up to the check-out.

STATE TROOPER
You go right ahead.

CLIVE
Thank you very much, officer.

STATE TROOPER
Where're you guys from?

GRAHAM
Britain.

STATE TROOPER
Britain, huh? Nice place. No guns!

CHRIS
No guns? Jesus Cheeerist.

CHRIS take the money and the boys leave. The STATE TROOPER and CHRIS watch them go.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The boys hurry across the forecourt past the cop car, we hear the radio spring to life as they pass.

POLICE CONTROLLER
All units, be on the lookout for a cream and brown Recreational Vehicle, no plate number at this time. Officers are advised to contain but not board. Dean, if you still at Gas and Go, bring back a quart a milk and a box of doughnut holes? Dean?

GRAHAM and CLIVE stop and stare, listening intently.

HOOOOOONNNNNNKKKKK!

INT. RV - SOMETIME LATER

PAUL sit on the sofa catching M&Ms in his mouth. GRAHAM drives, CLIVE sits in the Chewie seat.

CLIVE
It's find for you. You'll get whisked back to whatever lab they kept you in and we'll be arrested for harbouring a fugitive and sent to Guantanamo Bay.

PAUL laughs.

CLIVE
Why's everything so funny? They think we're Muslims.

PAUL

That's their excuse for everything. There are worse things you can be. We had a Muslim guy at the base. Systems analyst called Yusef. We used to do karaoke on Tuesday nights. You should'a heard him do Matthew and Son. Shame I didn't get a chance to say salam alaikum.

CLIVE

Paul, the authorities know we're in an RV.

PAUL

We're hardly the only RV on the road. Trust me, if we stay off the highways, keep to the back routes, we'll have a nice uneventful journey.

BANG!!! Something strikes the windshield. Everyone jumps. GRAHAM bring the RV to a halt. Silence.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The door to the RV swings open, CLIVE and GRAHAM step out. The desert road is silent. We can see for miles. On the road lies a yellow and black bird, it is very dead.

PAUL

Fuck, that made me jump.

CLIVE

Ah yes, the waspish markings of a Scott's Oriole. Unmistakable.

PAUL

What a waste.

GRAHAM

Poor thing.

CLIVE

Nothing anyone could've done.

PAUL looks at them, then scoops the bird up in his hands.

GRAHAM

What are you doing?

PAUL closes his eyes. His skin ripples with color as he sways slightly. The bird's eyes flicker, its head lifts, it opens its beak and tweets. GRAHAM and CLIVE are astounded by what they are seeing.

GRAHAM

It's a miracle!

PAUL stuff the bird in his mouth with a grotesque crunch.

PAUL
I'll miss these.

CLIVE
Why would you do that?

PAUL
I'm not gonna eat a dead bird, am I?

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

ZOIL and his men are parked on the forecourt of the gas station. ZOIL is talking to the STATE TROOPER and CHRIS.

STATE TROOPER
By the time I got the bulletin, they were long gone. Seemed like nice fellas to me.

CHRIS
Is it true they was Muslims?

STATE TROOPER
They said they were British.

ZOIL
I think you can be both.

CHRIS
Jesus Cheeeeerist!

HAGGARD
Agent Zoil?

ZOIL
Excuse me gentlemen.

ZOIL leaves with the two men and returns to his vehicle. The voice of ZOIL's superior cuts the air.

VOICE
Report.

ZOIL
We've tracked them down to a gas station in Ely.

VOICE
So why am I not witting with my feet up, smoking a jay, watching Erin Brockovich?

ZOIL
We think he may be travelling in an RV with two British men sir.

VOICE

Goddamnit, I knew we should have gone ahead with invasion in '44. What are they, MI6?

ZOIL

No, sir. Just a couple of nerds on the lamb from Comic-Con.

VOICE

Shit. My sister's kid went to that. Little Manga faggot.

ZOIL

I still think this stinks, sir.

VOICE

Like fat man doo-doo. It's too much of a coincidence. He sits tight for 60 years and then suddenly now he decides to take off. If he wanted to go home so bad, he could've just given us the slip when he was playing golf with J. Edgar Hoover.

ZOIL

Someone must have told him. We need to find the rat.

VOICE

Leave that to me. In the meantime, if E.T. is still M.I.A. in the P.M. then F.Y.I. I'm tearing someone a new A. O.K.?

ZOIL

Yes sir.

INT. RV - DUSK

GRAHAM is sat in the Chewie seat, PAUL is reading Jelva, Queen Of The Varvak. CLIVE drives.

GRAHAM

What do you think?

PAUL

Ask me when I've finished it.

CLIVE rubs his yes.

GRAHAM

You tired, Sausage?

CLIVE

(whispering)
Don't call me Sausage in front of him.

GRAHAM
Sorry. Are you tired though?

CLIVE
Mummy, I am bushed.

GRAHAM
What do you need?

CLIVE
Best case, I'd like a cold flannel
on my neck and an honest meal.

GRAHAM
I hear that, Big-Rig. I can still
call you Big-Rig can't I?

CLIVE
Sure. Just not Sausage. Any luck
with an RV park? We need somewhere
off the beaten track, n'est pas?

GRAHAM
Roger that. Cup of Joe?

CLIVE
You read my mind.

GRAHAM head to the galley, ignoring PAUL, who jumps into the
Chewie seat and stares at CLIVE.

CLIVE
Can I help you?

PAUL
You want a cigarette?

CLIVE
No, thank you. I don't smoke.

PAUL lights a cigarette, the smoke wafts into CLIVE's face.

PAUL
Look, I'm sorry okay? About eating
the bird.

CLIVE continues to ignore PAUL. GRAHAM arrives with the
coffee and a Honey Bun cake.

GRAHAM
Honey Bun?

CLIVE
Could you unwrap it for me?

GRAHAM
By your command.

GRAHAM unwraps the cake and pops it into CLIVE's gob. PAUL watches. GRAHAM disappears to the back of the RV.

PAUL

Let me ask you something. Are you to...?

CLIVE

What?

PAUL

You know...

PAUL does a very weird, very long charade, demonstrating various 'group' and 'one on one' homosexual practices.

CLIVE

No!

PAUL

Okay, that's great. I just wondered. I'm cool with it. Everyone's 'bi' where I'm from. It's all about the pleasure thing, you know? We've evolved beyond paranoid notions of gender identity. I mean, procreation is only the functional aspect of sexual congress right? The human race is fairly advanced but most males still act like a cornered tiger if you imply the like 'smoking the bone' and let's face it they probably do. Look at single sex, empirical institutions, boarding schools, prisons, pirate ships, places where the choice has been removed, everyone's banging everyone else and there isn't a whiff of socio-cultural angst. Get out into the real world and guys are getting smacked int he chops for wearing pink socks. You think you're so sophisticated because you can distinguish yourself from your own reflection but ultimately you're part of a deeply neurotic species and you'd all be a lot better off if you stopped worrying and learned to love the bum.

CLIVE

What are you trying to say?

PAUL

Maybe you should start smoking.

INT. RV - EVENING

Later, the RV pulls up to gate at the front of an RV park. GRAHAM is now in the Chewie seat, PAUL stands behind, steadying himself on the backs of their chairs.

CLIVE
Great find, Graham.

GRAHAM
I sourced a website listing off the beaten track, North American RV parks.

PAUL
I really lucked out with you nerds, didn't I?

GRAHAM and CLIVE look proud. CLIVE drives the RV over a speed hump into the park. PAUL loses his balance and falls over. GRAHAM and CLIVE laugh. They pull up to a gate.

GRAHAM
It's awfully quiet.

CLIVE
Just the way we like it.

PAUL scrambles to his feet, reaches across CLIVE and rest on the horn.

HOOOOOONNNNK!

CLIVE
Stop doing that!

GRAHAM
Someone's coming.

PAUL shimmers and disappears. GRAHAM and CLIVE yelp.

VOICE
Hello?

CLIVE
(quietly to Graham)
We're just a couple of regular guys on a tour of the less touristy side of the American midwest.

GRAHAM
I don't think she heard you.

CLIVE
I was talking to you.

GRAHAM
Oh, sorry.

VOICE

Hello?

GRAHAM opens the door. RUTH BEHE, a young woman in her mid-twenties stands outside. She is pretty but has no idea. She wears glasses, one eye of which is blacked out. GRAHAM stares at her. We hear the slide guitar moment from Olivia Newton John's "Hopelessly Devoted To You".

RUTH

Good evening, I'm Ruth Behe.

CLIVE

Hello Ruth. Do you mind if we come in?

RUTH

Sure. Park in Bay 9. The charge is \$50 for the night, plus \$10 for hook ups and I'll need to hang onto an ID too.

CLIVE disappears, leaving GRAHAM and RUTH alone.

GRAHAM

We're just a couple of regular guys on tour of the less touristy side of the American midwest.

RUTH

Where you heading next?

GRAHAM

Uh, east... apparently.

CLIVE returns with his passport. RUTH looks at it.

RUTH

England?

CLIVE

Yes. London.

RUTH

I love London.

CLIVE

Have you been?

RUTH

No. Did you know it was founded by the Romans in AD 43 as Londinium?

GRAHAM/CLIVE

Yes.

RUTH

Oh. I'd love to go someday.

GRAHAM

You should.

RUTH

There's lots a places I wanna go.
Europe. Asia. The Antipodes. The
world's a big place. I need one of
these though.

CLIVE

You don't have a passport?

RUTH shakes her head forlornly. GRAHAM and CLIVE stare.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

RUTH! RUTH! Get in here! I'm hungry

RUTH

That's my father. I'll come over
and take your money in the morning.
Have a pleasant night now, won't
you?

RUTH opens the gate to allow CLIVE to drive through. GRAHAM
watches RUTH intently as they pass.

CLIVE

Doors to manual and cross check.
Graham? Graham?

GRAHAM

Hmmm?

PAUL re-materializes next to GRAHAM and CLIVE.

PAUL

BOO!

EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT

RUTH is walking back to a static mobile home. From the RV we
hear GRAHAM and CLIVE yelp. RUTH furrows her brow, turns
back, and goes inside.

INT. BEHE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

RUTH enters a static mobile home and heads for kitchenette.
From the ad-joining room we hear the sound of someone using a
police radio scanner. Garbled reports fade in and out. We
perhaps even hear ZOIL's voice briefly amid the static.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)

What took you so long?

RUTH

I was just talking.

RUTH stirs a pot on the stove. She surreptitiously retrieves an atlas from a drawer and starts to read.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
You talk to much.

RUTH
Sorry Papa.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
How long they staying?

RUTH
Just the night I think

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
Hook ups?

RUTH
Uh-huh.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
Where they headed?

RUTH
East.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
Them California plates I saw?

RUTH
Yes, but they're from London.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
London, Ohio?

RUTH
No, London, England.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
Where?!

RUTH
England, Papa. It's in North
Western Europe.

The atlas is snatched out of RUTH's hands. Behind her stands the towering figure of MOSES BEHE. Almost as wide as he is tall, his eyes glitter with fury and menace.

MOSES BEHE
Europe? I'll give you Europe,
missy. Now, get and make my supper.

MOSES lumbers off with the atlas. RUTH looks dejected.

EXT. RV PARK - LATER

QUICK CUTS as GRAHAM and CLIVE hook up power and water to the RV and prepare a small BBQ.

INT. RV - MOMENTS LATER

The door to the RV opens, GRAHAM and CLIVE jump in. PAUL lowers his book and is blinded by their headlamps.

PAUL
Arrghh, what the fuck?!

GRAHAM
Hungry?

PAUL
I ate already.

GRAHAM and CLIVE look suddenly sad.

PAUL
Too soon?

They nod.

PAUL
Hey, I'm sorry. I'd love to break bread with you guys. What are we having?

GRAHAM waves a foot long hot dog around.

GRAHAM
Willies!

PAUL gives CLIVE a 'see what I mean?' look.

CLIVE
I'll flame up the BBQ pit. Fire's my forte.

CLIVE sparks up his lighter and waves it around looking mysterious. He then turns and jumps down all three steps and slams the door of the RV behind him.

EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT

CLIVE is squirting lighter fluid over a fire. He flicks his tongue out, summoning the flames higher. PAUL materializes nearby, making CLIVE jump. He composes himself.

PAUL

Hello Clive. From the squirting of the gas and the flicking of the tongue, am I do assume you're a Hendrix fan?

CLIVE

I am actually, yes.

PAUL

I met him once.

CLIVE

Really?

PAUL

Yeah. Nice man, really soft, He thought I was a hallucination. Shame what happened to him.

CLIVE

All the good ones die.

PAUL

Meanwhile Bryan Adams releases album seventeen.

PAUL and CLIVE share a laugh.

CLIVE

So you've been here for 60 years?

PAUL

I know, right? Time flies when you're confined to a U.S. military installation.

CLIVE

Why did you come to earth?

PAUL

I'm the vanguard of a highly aggressive invading force.

CLIVE

What?!

PAUL

I'm fucking with you, man. I was on a science mission actually. Meteorological reconnaissance. We were surveying atmospheric conditions on CO2 spiking, M-Class planets. My specialist subject is tornadoes right? So I'm buzzing around the mid-west, looking for twisters and all of a sudden my A.G.G. goes offline and I crash in the middle of some field.

(MORE)

PAUL (cont'd)

Next thing I know, this little girl is pulling me out of the wreck and then a bunch of army guys come along and cart me off to Area 52.

CLIVE

51.

PAUL

No, it's 52. Area 51 is just full of old Pan Am jets and mini disc players and shit. It's another "clever subterfuge."

GRAHAM joins them with the food.

PAUL

Just telling him about Area 52.

GRAHAM

Ha ha yeah.

PAUL

So, with my cover blown and the natives cautious but friendly, I figured we might as well indulge in a little file sharing.

CLIVE

Mulder was right!

PAUL

Mulder was my idea.

They chuckle. CLIVE gives PAUL the bottle of gas.

CLIVE

Would you like a go?

PAUL takes the bottle and squirts it on the fire, making the Hendrix face. They laugh loudly.

EXT. BEHE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

RUTH watches through her window. GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL are on the other side of the RV. Nevertheless, RUTH can see three pairs of dancing legs underneath the vehicle, silhouetted against the campfire. She frowns.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)

RUTH!

RUTH backs away into the shadows.

INT. RV - MORNING

It is very early in the morning. PAUL is asleep on the sofa. There is a knock at the door. PAUL vanishes. GRAHAM and CLIVE emerge from the bedroom in dressing gowns.

CLIVE
Who is it?

RUTH (O.S.)
It's Ruth.

GRAHAM and CLIVE look at each other nervously. CLIVE opens the door, as GRAHAM straightens his hair.

RUTH
Good morning.

CLIVE
Good morning.

RUTH
May I come in?

GRAHAM
Yes.

CLIVE give GRAHAM a 'what the hell are you thinking?' Look as RUTH comes aboard. RUTH surveys the interior of the RV.

RUTH
Was everything to your liking?

CLIVE
Yes, thank you.

RUTH
Where's the other one?

CLIVE
The other one?

RUTH
It's okay, we don't charge by the person. That was three pairs of legs I saw last night cavorting round the camp fire, right?

CLIVE
Oh the other one. Um...

PAUL
I'm in the can. I ate a closed mollusc.

PAUL blows a massive raspberry to prove his point. GRAHAM and CLIVE look embarrassed. GRAHAM changes the subject.

GRAHAM

I like your shirt.

The shirt has a picture of Jesus shooting Charles Darwin in the head. Underneath it reads, "Evolve this!"

RUTH

Thanks. I got it at my church.

GRAHAM

Why would Jesus want to shoot Charles Darwin?

RUTH

(brightly)
Because of his theories. Are you men of God?

GRAHAM

Would you like a coffee?

CLIVE

I suppose we're men of science.

GRAHAM

Clive-

RUTH narrow her eye.

CLIVE

If we believe in anything it would be macro evolution. Cause and effect. The establishment of a biological order from the maelstrom of physical and chemical chaos.

RUTH looks scandalized.

GRAHAM

Or it could be God. You just don't know do you?

RUTH

God created the earth in six days and on the seventh he rested.

PAUL emits another huge raspberry from the toilet.

CLIVE

Did you know that the universe has been dated as being 13.5 billion years old and that the release of neutral hydrogen at the moment of the big bang has enabled scientists to do this with categorical accuracy?

GRAHAM

Yes.

CLIVE
Not you!

RUTH
The world is 4000 years old.

PAUL (O.S.)
Oh come on!

GRAHAM
Paul-

PAUL (O.S.)
Horseshit!

RUTH approaches the toilet door, taking up her fight with the unseen third passenger. She bangs on the door. GRAHAM and CLIVE are bewildered by this sudden turn of events.

RUTH
Explain to me how something as complicated as the human eye simply comes into being.

PAUL (O.S.)
Oh, don't give me that old irreducible complexity crap-

RUTH
The eye is comprised of three interacting parts. Remove any one of them and it ceases to exist. It has the precision and delicacy of a pocket watch and, when the good Lord permits, it works in perfect harmony with its environment. Something as functionally perfect as that doesn't just occur without the intervention of a guiding hand.

PAUL (O.S.)
But it didn't just occur did it? It is the culmination of millions of years of development across countless species.

RUTH
What are you talking about?

PAUL (O.S.)
Evolution baby.

RUTH screams and bangs the door.

RUTH
It'd design!

PAUL (O.S.)

If He designed it, why didn't He just make it one part and take the whole weekend off?

RUTH

Nothing you can so or do can shake my belief, or faith in the sure and certain knowledge that God made Heaven and earth and created us all in His own image.

PAUL

Oh yeah?
(stepping out of the toilet)
Well then how do you explain me?

RUTH's mouth hangs agape in a soundless scream, her eye rolls up, her hair turns white. She collapses.

PAUL

And that's Jenga.

CLIVE

What did you do that for?

PAUL

I didn't do anything, she fainted.

CLIVE

She saw you!

PAUL

Oh come on. Who's gonna believe anything she says?

CLIVE

The authorities will be on the look out for exactly this sort of thing.

PAUL

What, a delusional, one-eyed God botherer?

CLIVE

Paul, right now they're going to follow any lead they can get.

PAUL

I didn't think of that.

GRAHAM

We could take her with us.

PAUL/CLIVE

What?

GRAHAM

We're only going to be a couple of days. We could let her go once Paul's gone home. I'm sure she'll be fine once she gets to know us.

PAUL and CLIVE consider this.

CLIVE

How am I going to get my passport back?

PAUL vanishes.

PAUL (O.S.)

Leave it to me.

INT. BEHE RESIDENCE - DAY

The door opens, seemingly by itself. PAUL materializes in the kitchenette and starts looking around for CLIVE's passport. He roots around noisily in drawers and cupboards, until he spies his quarry on the work-top. He checks the passport and finds CLIVE's absurd picture. He laughs.

PAUL

Hallelujah.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)

Ruth, what in the Lord's name-

MOSES and PAUL come face to face. They regard each other for a second.

PAUL

Boo?

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

PAUL burst out of the BEHE RESIDENCE, pursued by MOSES who is loading a shotgun.

PAUL

GO! GO! GO!

The RV start to move forward. The door swings open and GRAHAM appears, beckoning to PAUL. PAUL reaches the door, just as MOSES levels the gun at his target. PAUL leaps into GRAHAM's arms, disappearing inside the RV, as MOSES fires off a booming shot. The BEHE mailbox explodes into pieces, as the RV careens off out of the trailer park.

INT. RV - DAY

Blackness. RUTH wakes up. Panic in her eyes. CLIVE drives, GRAHAM sits on the sofa, biting his nails.

GRAHAM

Hi.

RUTH

Where am I?

PAUL leans round from the Chewie seat and smile.

PAUL

Hey, look who's up.

RUTH

DEMON!

GRAHAM

Would you like a cup of tea?

RUTH starts to pray furiously.

GRAHAM

I'm so sorry it had to be this way Ruth. We're definitely not going to hurt you and we'll let you go as soon as we can. We were just a little concerned that you might call the police.

RUTH

You have been deceived. Deceived by an agent of Satan himself.

PAUL (O.S.)

You know I'm sitting right here?

GRAHAM

He's not a demon Ruth, he's from another world and we're helping him get home. He's not evil. He's just very rude.

RUTH

How can he be from another world? There is only one world. Our world, created by God the Father.

PAUL sits down next to GRAHAM. RUTH whimpers.

PAUL

Look, if it makes you feel any better, my existence only disproves the notion of the Abrahamic, Judeo-Christian God, as well as all single earth theologies. Science still hasn't categorically rule out the notion of divinity, even though evolutionary biology suggest the non-existence of a creator by probability alone.

RUTH
How could that possibly make me
feel any better?

PAUL
Jesus Christ, I was just trying to
be nice!

GRAHAM
I think what Paul's trying to say
is, just because there are other
inhabited planets, it's not the end
of the world.

RUTH
This isn't happening! You're a
hallucination. You're not real.
You're a test. A test from God.

PAUL
You can't win can you?

RUTH starts to pray furiously, speaking in tongues, making an
awful noise.

CLIVE
I can't drive like this. We'll have
to drop her off and take our
chances.

GRAHAM
No!

PAUL
Oh, for God's sake.

PAUL walks over to RUTH and places his hand across her
forehead. He appears to go into a trance. RUTH's eyes roll up
into her head. We see a lightening montage of images. The
cosmos, the surface of a planet, others like PAUL, PAUL's
ship crashing into the ground. The images speed up as PAUL
telepathically send his knowledge into RUTH's mind. They
collapse in a heap on the floor. PAUL sparks up a cigarette.

GRAHAM
What did you do to her?!

PAUL
I broadened her horizons.

GRAHAM
Can you broaden mine?

PAUL
No, it's tiring.

GRAHAM goes over to where PAUL is lying.

GRAHAM

Oh please.

PAUL

Come here then.

PAUL puts his hand on GRAHAM's head. GRAHAM's eyes go all fluttery. We don't see the images this time. GRAHAM falls.

CLIVE

Oh great! Everyone knows the secrets of the universe apart from me. He always knew what was going on in Buffy before me because his mum had cable.

PAUL

Can't I just tell you?

CLIVE

No spoilers!

PAUL sighs, then with enormous effort, reaches up and zaps CLIVE who falls to the floor. Everyone lays inert.

GRAHAM

(weakly)
Maybe I should make that tea?

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

THREE BLACK SEDANS are parked in the BEHE RV park.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)

I didn't call the government. I called the po-lice.

INT. BEHE RESIDENCE - DAY

ZOIL

Given your description of the intruder, the police felt your call was perhaps better directed to us.

MOSES BEHE

And who are you?

ZOIL

Secret Service, sir.

MOSES BEHE

I knew it. You know that devil took my Ruth.

ZOIL

And Ruth's your daughter?

MOSES BEHE

That's right. Her Mama died when she was born. I good as brought her up by myself. Wasn't easy either. Two mouths to feed and this place to run.

ZOIL

I understand. Do you have a photograph of Ruth, Mr. Behe?

MOSES retrieves an old cigar box and produces a tattered photograph of Ruth. She appears younger, with both eyes intact and with dark hair.

ZOIL

She's pretty.

MOSES snorts.

ZOIL

Do you have a phone Mr. Behe? In case she tries to contact you.

MOSES BEHE

I do...

ZOIL nods at HAGGARD who immediately starts dialling on his satellite phone, moving into a different room.

MOSES BEHE

...and she'll call me if she can. Ruth's never really been outta Carbon County.

ZOIL

You say they went East?

MOSES BEHE

Uh-huh. They'll have to get off the 191 after Flaming Gorge if they ain't using the interstate, there's been a rig spill just South of Dutch John.

ZOIL

So?

MOSES BEHE

So that means they'll be on the 44. Only way to go.

ZOIL looks at O'REILLY.

ZOIL

Let's go. Haggard!

MOSES BEHE

Tell me you're gonna kill that thing, Mr. Zoil. Kill it for what it is.

ZOIL

We'll do our best, Mr. Behe.

MOSES BEHE

Watch yourself now. I seen its eyes. It's evil.

ZOIL, HAGGARD and O'REILLY leave. MOSES watches them.

MOSES BEHE

God's speed, Mr. Zoil.

EXT. RV PARK - DAY

ZOIL's radio crackles to life.

HAGGARD (O.S.)

Man, that way was one fat freak!

O'REILLY (O.S.)

If I was that girl, I think I'd rather take my chances with the alien.

HAGGARD and O'REILLY hoot with laughter.

ZOIL

Can it, you two! How many times do I have to tell you?

INT. BEHE RESIDENCE - DAY

MOSES is sat at his kitchen table listening to his police scanner. HAGGARD and O'REILLY's laughter rattles loudly over the radio.

ZOIL (O.S.)

We do not refer to the target as 'The Alien'.

MOSES's expression is mixture of fury and disbelief. He glances at something nearby. Pull focus to the shotgun, lying in the foreground on the kitchen table.

We hear an engine splutter into life, revving furiously.

EXT. BEHE RESIDENCE - DAY

MOSES in his pick up truck, screams off in pursuit.

INT. RV - DAY

CLOSE on PAUL. He is staring at something in wonder.

PAUL

Wow.

Pull out to reveal him sitting next to GRAHAM and CLIVE, looking out through the RV's windshield.

We see their POV. A breathtaking panorama of natural beauty. They are parked up at the summit of a mountain road, looking out across the vista.

PAUL

There it is, boys. Wyoming.

CLIVE

Is that where we're going?

PAUL

Maybe. I gotta tell ya. It's at times like these you wonder if the intelligent design crowd aren't onto something. I mean look at it. Hey Ruth, get up here.

They look round, the door of the RV is open, RUTH is gone.

PAUL

Ruth!?

CLIVE

Someone should go after her. Graham?

CLIVE looks round to see GRAHAM gone.

CLIVE

Graham!?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

RUTH is storming up the road.

GRAHAM

Ruth!

RUTH

Leave me alone!

GRAHAM

Ruth, please stop, I've got shin splints.

RUTH stops. GRAHAM catches up to her.

GRAHAM
Are you alright?

RUTH
He can't be from space. It's not possible.

GRAHAM
Ruth, you saw for yourself. It's not just possible, it's probably. There's probably millions of intelligent civilizations.

RUTH
So, where is everybody?

GRAHAM
Well, one of them is right there.

RUTH and GRAHAM look back at the RV. PAUL is stood on the dashboard with his bare buttocks pressed against the window. CLIVE is trying not to laugh.

RUTH
Everything I've ever been told is a lie. My purpose. My truth. All false. DO you know how that feels? To suddenly have nothing?

GRAHAM
Just because your truth wasn't the truth, it doesn't mean there is no truth, Ruth.

RUTH
Huh?

GRAHAM
I understand you're probably feeling very confused right now. Religious belief systems are devised to give us context and security. To stop us feeling lonely and unimportant.

RUTH
I do feel lonely and unimportant! How can this all be an accident? It doesn't make sense. Did you know the reason we have solar eclipses is because the sun is exactly 400 times bigger than the moon and the moon is exactly 400 times closer to the earth?

GRAHAM considers saying 'yes' but decides against it.

RUTH
How can that be an accident.

GRAHAM

It isn't, it's a coincidence. Or it probably is. That's the beauty of the universe.

RUTH

But what's the point? If there's nothing afterwards, what's the point in living?

GRAHAM

This is the point, Ruth. Right now. This conversation. That tree, your next cheeseburger. Life is a miracle. People spend so much time focusing on rescuing the princess, they forget how much fun it is to fight the dragon.

RUTH

Huh?

GRAHAM

Carl Sagan said 'A religion, old or new, that stressed the magnificence of the universe as revealed by modern science might be able to draw forth reserves of reverence and awe hardly tapped by the conventional faiths.'

RUTH

Huh?

GRAHAM

It's okay not to know, Ruth. It's wonderful because it means we still have things to learn. We still have life to live.

RUTH

I'm frightened.

GRAHAM

So am I, but it passes, sort of. Ruth, we're on an amazing adventure and I think you should come with us. I know you feel confused and lost but if you get back on board that RV, you might just find the very thing you're looking for.

RUTH

I... I'm not sure.

GRAHAM

I'm sure Ruth. I'm sure because I can honestly say, I have never talked to a woman for this long without blushing.

RUTH

That's so sweet.

GRAHAM blushes, deep, dark, red.

INT. RV - DAY

GRAHAM and RUTH get back onto the RV. GRAHAM looks pleased with himself.

GRAHAM

She's going to be fine. I think your hair looks good by the way. You look like Storm.

RUTH

Who's Storm?

PAUL

From X-Men.

GRAHAM

Exactly.

RUTH goes to the bathroom.

RUTH (O.S.)

AAARRRRGGGHHHHH! MY FREAKIN' HAIR!

EXT/INT. RV - DAY

The RV drives across the rugged countryside. GRAHAM, CLIVE, RUTH and PAUL appear in various combinations.

GRAHAM drives with PAUL in the Chewie seat, CLIVE sleeps on the sofa, RUTH can be seen sitting on the bed at the back.

CLIVE drives with GRAHAM in the Chewie seat. PAUL just behind, RUTH on the sofa. She is staring at PAUL. PAUL turns round, she looks away.

PAUL drives, CLIVE sits in the Chewie seat, GRAHAM and RUTH just behind. The RV weaves from side to side.

CLIVE

Small corrections! Small corrections!

RUTH drives. Everyone else is asleep.

EXT/INT. ZOIL'S CAR/HAGGARD'S CAR/O'REILLY'S CAR - DAY

We see ZOIL's convoy. ZOIL drives, his eyes intent on the road, searching. He reaches down out of shot, then brings a taco to hi mouth and takes a bit. A truck passes. We see HAGGARD in his car, talking animatedly on his cell phone. The truck passes. We see O'REILLY in his car, he is asleep at the wheel. The truck passes, horn blaring. O'REILLY wakes up suddenly, looking rattled.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV is parked up. It is a little speck on an enormous landscape. Next to the highway is a sign which reads 'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING UTAH.' Underneath this a separate sign reads 'LEAVING PACIFIC TIME ZONE ENTERING MOUNTAIN TIME ZONE.' PAUL leaps back and forth over the line.

PAUL

11 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 11 o'clock,
12 o'clock, 11 o'clock. Come on!
It's fun.

We see CLIVE, GRAHAM and RUTH standing in the middle of the road watching PAUL.

RUTH

This is the furthest I've ever
been.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ZOIL's convoy pulls into an Arby's. The three AGENTS leap out of their cars and run in. After a short pause MOSES BEHE's pick up truck passes through shout; 'Onward Christian Soldiers' blares from the radio.

INT. RV - NIGHT

GRAHAM drives, CLIVE sits in the Chewie seat. PAUL hangs back. RUTH emerges from the bedroom. She has swapped her Darwin T-shirt for one of GRAHAM's. It's an X-files T-shirt emblazoned with a UFO and the legend, I WANT TO BELIEVE.

RUTH

You don't mind, do you, Graham?

GRAHAM

It looks nice.

PAUL

Hey, we should stop for something
to eat. Are you hungry, Ruth?

RUTH
What?

CLIVE
I'm hungry.

PAUL
What's new, fatty?

CLIVE
Hey, it's not fat, it's power. I
happen to be very strong.

PAUL summons a phlegm ball with a grotesque snort and spits
it onto the floor of the RV.

PAUL
Pick that up then.

CLIVE
So childish.

RUTH
Maybe I should call Papa.

PAUL/GRAHAM/CLIVE
What?!

RUTH
Look, I've been missing for a whole
day. If he's called the police,
they'll be looking for us and if
they find us, this 'amazing
adventure' is going to come to an
end real quick. I just need to tell
him I'm fine and that I'll be back
soon, okay?

PAUL offers up a high five to RUTH.

PAUL
Right up top!

RUTH yelps, terrified that PAUL is going to zap her again.

PAUL
Too soon?

CLIVE reaches down and picks up PAUL's phlegm ball.

CLIVE
I did it!

EXT. BAR. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

GRAHAM, CLIVE and RUTH step out of the RV.

CLIVE
 Okay, in and out, yes? Don't talk
 to anyone unless you have to and
 try to look inconspicuous.

Angle on the most conspicuous threesome in America.

HOOOOOOOONNNK.

CLIVE
 I wish he'd stop doing that!

They enter the bar. Parked nearby, is a black Lincoln
 Escalade, shiny, mean, dented.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is very busy. Scantly clad waitresses serve a
 variety of customers. People play pool, other people dance to
 a small band. RUTH spies a pay phone at the back.

RUTH
 I won't be long.

CLIVE
 We'll order food and wait for you
 at the bar.

RUTH
 Okay.

CLIVE
 Be careful.

RUTH walks through to the back, past the toilets. As she
 passes, MOSES BEHE steps out of the Men's, they miss each
 other by moments. He walks up to the bar, next to GRAHAM and
 CLIVE who are looking at a menu. MOSES orders.

MOSES BEHE
 Tap water.

INT. BAR. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

RUTH dials. She listens nervously. Click.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Ruth Behe?

RUTH
 Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Please hold, your call is being
 diverted.

RUTH
Wait, I...

ZOIL (O.S.)
Ruth Behe?

RUTH
Yes?

ZOIL (O.S.)
Agent Zoil, Secret Service. Listen
very carefully. You're in great
danger.

RUTH
How did you...?

ZOIL (O.S.)
We know who you're travelling with
Ruth. I need you and your friend to
turn yourselves in.

RUTH
What if we don't want to turn
ourselves in?

INT. HIGHWAY. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

ZOIL talks on a satellite phone. HAGGARD works on a laptop
nearby. O'REILLY listens in.

ZOIL
Where are you? Where are you
headed?

RUTH (O.S.)
I don't know.

ZOIL
Look, I know you think you're doing
the right thing but I promise you,
I'm only thinking about you. And
Paul. You care about Paul, don't
you?

RUTH (O.S.)
I don't know how I feel about him.
He's weird and also, rude.

ZOIL
Yes he is.

RUTH (O.S.)
I asked him why he wore shorts and
he said if he didn't I'd see his
big spaceman balls.

INT. BAR. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Loud giggles, followed by angry shushing from ZOIL.

RUTH
Who's there with you?

ZOIL (O.S.)
Ruth, please listen to me. Your father is worried about you. We want to get you home. I need you to tell me where you are.

RUTH
He showed me things.

ZOIL
You're not still talking about his balls, are you?

RUTH
I... i just want to know what's real. I'm confused. I... I...

RUTH struggles. Her expression shows great conflict.

HAGGARD (O.S.)
WE GOT HER!

ZOIL (O.S.)
Damn it, Haggard!

RUTH panics and slams down the phone. She realizes what she may have done and rushes back toward the bar, slamming into two men. The MEATHEADS, drunk, look down at her, amused.

JAKE
Hey, slow down there cyclops.

RUTH
I need to get to my friends.

GUS
Why the hurry? You know I got a friend with one eye who'd love to meet you.

RUTH
I happen to have two eyes actually. I just have a severe stigmatism.

JAKE
You should get that fixed up. Reckon you'd be kinda pretty in the right light.

GUS
Yeah, the dark.

RUTH
Papa said the Lord would fix it.

GUS
The Lord ain't gonna fix nothing
sweetheart.

RUTH
No shit.

RUTH plants her knee firmly into the groin of GUS. He doubles up knocking his friend over. RUTH bolts.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

GRAHAM and CLIVE are clutching brown paper bags full of food, RUTH returns from the Phone.

GRAHAM
How's your dad?

RUTH
We need to leave now.

CLIVE
We're still waiting on a wet fries.

The two MEATHEADS emerge from the pay phone. Angry.

JAKE
Holy shit! It's the space faggots
that dinged the fuck-mobile!

CLIVE
Look, I'm terribly sorry. Perhaps
we can exchange insurance details?

JAKE
I'm sorry I don't speak 'nerd'.

GRAHAM and CLIVE look terribly offended.

GUS
These the 'friends' you told us
about, baby?

RUTH
Yes, they are.

JAKE
Well whaddya know? Small world.

RUTH
We were just leaving.

GUS
I don't think so.

JAKE grabs RUTH. GRAHAM pushes him hard in the chest.

GRAHAM
Leave her alone!

JAKE
What did you say?

CLIVE
(timid but resolute)
He said, leave her alone.

At this, JAKE pulls his fist back to hit CLIVE, knocking a tray of drinks all over a table full of men. They immediately spring up and lunge after the MEATHEADS who turn their attention to the attack. The fight spreads like fire. GRAHAM grabs RUTH's hand and follows CLIVE as he scrambles through the fracas. As they reach the door RUTH is yanked back and comes face to face with her father.

MOSES BEHE
RUTH?!

RUTH
PAPA?!

CLIVE
Graham?

MOSES BEHE
I'm taking you home.

RUTH
I... I can't.

MOSES BEHE
Don't talk back to me, girl!

RUTH
Papa I-

A chair smashes across MOSES's head, knocking him out. Behind him, bloodied and angry are the two MEATHEADS.

EXT. BAR. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CLIVE, GRAHAM and RUTH explode out of the bar and run toward the RV. The MEATHEADS crash out after them.

RUTH
What about Papa?!

JAKE
Hey, we ain't finished with you.

CLIVE

Graham, take Ruth into the RV and lock the door. I don't want either of you to see this.

CLIVE turns back to the MEATHEADS. BANG! CLIVE is struck in the face, he falls, nose bleeding.

They turn to RUTH and GRAHAM, who back up against the RV. The MEATHEADS approach ominously. The RV door bursts open. PAUL stands silhouetted against the interior lights.

PAUL

Yo fucknuts!

The MEATHEADS freeze. PAUL vanishes, then reappears a few feet from them, their eyes bulge.

PAUL

So, who wants to get probed first?

The MEATHEADS swoon and simultaneously hit the deck.

GRAHAM

Ha! Only one of us fainted!

PAUL

Tell me you got the food?

CLIVE gets up and opens his coat revealing bags of food. Sirens wail in distance. RUTH turns white.

RUTH

It's them.

GRAHAM

Who?

RUTH

It wasn't my fault. They answered the phone. He knew all about us.

CLIVE

Who? Who are you talking about?

PAUL

Get in the RV!

SMASH CUT. The RV roars to life, backing up at speed into the MEATHEAD's vehicle. MOSES BEHE bursts out of the bar, just as the RV passes. RUTH sees him out of the window. MOSES locks eye with his daughter. He runs to his pick up but realises he doesn't have his keys. The RV tears off into the night, leaving MOSES BEHE bellowing with anger and the Lincoln Escalade, shiny, mean, fucked.

INT. RV - NIGHT

The RV pulls off the road into a secluded lay-by. The gang sit in silence for a while.

GRAHAM
Was that your dad, Ruth?

RUTH nods.

CLIVE
He was so angry.

RUTH
He's always angry.

GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL all exchange looks.

GRAHAM
Are you alright, Ruth?

RUTH nods, still distant.

PAUL
I'm feeling pretty amped up. Anyone
wanna take a walk?

CLIVE
I'm game.

GRAHAM
You want to come for a walk, Ruth?

RUTH
Thanks, but I think I'm going to
turn in. It's been a long day what
with meeting you guys, being
abducted by an alien and having my
whole belief system called into
question.

PAUL
Sorry about that.

GRAHAM
It was amazing though, wasn't it?
Remember when Paul said 'Yo
fucknuts'? That was brilliant.

PAUL
You gotta talk the talk, right?

CLIVE
What about when I got smacked in
the nose?

PAUL
Yeah yeah Snorlax, you're a real
hero. Come on. Let's skedaddle. You
want anything Ruth?

RUTH
No, you go, I'll be fine. Here
Clive.

RUTH hands CLIVE her handkerchief. It is embroidered with the
words 'JESUS SAVES'.

CLIVE
Thank you.

He mops his nose as they leave the RV. GRAHAM lingers.

GRAHAM
You can sleep in my bunk if you'd
like.

She smiles at him. He goes to leave but turns back.

GRAHAM
I'd use a pen to push the tissues
off the bed. I've had a cold.

EXT. DESERTED TOWN - NIGHT

GRAHAM and PAUL stand outside a liquor store on the main drag
of a quiet town. Next door is a Western themed clothing
store. PAUL looks in the window.

PAUL
Hey Graham. Check this out. What
d'ya think?

PAUL indicates to a small cowboy outfit, big enough for a
child, displayed in the window.

PAUL
I'd look pretty hot, right?

GRAHAM
Space cowboy.

PAUL
Steve Miller Band. I love that
song. Speaking of midnight tokers,
I got a littler herbal refreshment
in my pants. Do you guys partake?

GRAHAM
No.

PAUL
Shame. I get it from the military.
This is the shit that killed Dylan.

GRAHAM
Bob Dylan's still alive.

PAUL
Is he?

CLIVE comes out of the liquor store clutching bags of beer.

CLIVE
Let's party!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL have made a camp fire in a woodland clearing on the other side of town. They sit round drinking beers and chatting. PAUL rolls a joint.

GRAHAM
So why 'Paul'? It's not very, you know, alien.

CLIVE
Is it spelt like, P--a-w-l-l or something?

PAUL
No.

GRAHAM
P-o-o-u-r-l?

PAUL
No, it's Paul. Like Paul Newman or the little guy from Simon and Garfunkel.

CLIVE
Paul Simon.

PAUL
Paul Simon. Paul's not my real name. It's a name I got given.

GRAHAM
What's your real name?

PAUL
You won't be able to pronounce it.

CLIVE
I can speak Klingon.

PAUL
What a geek.

CLIVE
Hey!

GRAHAM

Come on, what's your real name.

PAUL opens his mouth and screeches.

PAUL

Roooooootttchaaaaaaaaaaaa.

CLIVE

Rooooooottttttttccchhaaaa.

PAUL

That's pretty good.

GRAHAM

Rootchaa? That sounds like Roger.

PAUL

Fuck you!

CLIVE

Calm down, Rog.

More laughter. Even PAUL. He lights his joint.

GRAHAM

You look like a poster on a student's wall.

PAUL

That was my gag! 'Take me to your dealer' right? Yeah, that was mine. Never saw a dime.

GRAHAM

You never answered my question. Why Paul? Who called you Paul?

PAUL

The little girl who found me when I crashed. It was terrible actually. I killed her dog. I didn't mean to! My ship sort of landed on it. When the military arrived I was delirious; I kept saying "Paul? Paul?" It was the only English I knew, because I'd heard the little girl saying it over and over. Spooks thought it was my name.

CLIVE

She called her dog Paul?

PAUL

Least it wasn't Mr. Muggles.

GRAHAM

What happened to the little girl?

PAUL

Who knows? Never saw her again.
Think about her everyday though.

PAUL offers the joint round. CLIVE and GRAHAM decline. PAUL takes a deep drag. During the following exchange, GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL start to move simultaneously as though governed by some kind of psychic link.

CLIVE

It's strange, isn't it? Ordinarily in this situation Graham and I would be looking up at the stars, wondering about life on other planets but we know now, don't we? It's a bit of an anti-climax.

PAUL

Thanks a bunch, Hurley.

CLIVE

I don't mean that in a bad way.

They all scratch their noses.

GRAHAM

Paul, can I ask you something?

PAUL

Shoot.

GRAHAM

Why are you in such a hurry to leave?

PAUL

I've outlived my usefulness.

CLIVE

How so?

PAUL

There's only so much knowledge I can share about the universe and quantum theory and how to make a really nice meatball sandwich. The only thing I have to offer them now are my abilities.

GRAHAM

So?

PAUL

So the only way they're going to get hold of them is by obtaining some of somatic stem cells.

GRAHAM
So what, do they take a swab from
your cheek?

PAUL
Negative.

CLIVE
Stool?

PAUL
Sadly, not that simple.

GRAHAM
Blood?! Oh my god, I hate needles.

PAUL
Believe me, a needle would be a
picnic compared to what they had in
store for me.

CLIVE
I don't follow.

PAUL
Stem cells are multipotent.

GRAHAM and CLIVE look blank.

PAUL
Lineage defined?

GRAHAM and CLIVE still look blank.

PAUL (CONT'D)
The camouflage response, the memory
transfer, the revivification, they
all originate in my cerebellum. In
order to cultivate them in a
laboratory they would have to...

GRAHAM/CLIVE
Cut your brain out.

PAUL
Bingo! Fortunately, someone was
kind enough to give me the heads
up, if you'll pardon the pun. So,
when they were transferring me to
the medical facility and I noticed
the bumper sticker on your RV, I
figured you might be sympathetic
types. I zapped the spooks, grabbed
the wheel and took my chance.

CLIVE
I thought the crash was our fault.

PAUL
Well it was, kinda.

GRAHAM
So, you're saying if they catch
you...

PAUL draws his thumb across his neck. GRAHAM and CLIVE look
at PAUL in horror. All three scratch their heads.

PAUL
So tell me, are you guys virgins or
what?

GRAHAM/CLIVE
No.

They all cough.

PAUL
Alright then, Clive, when was the
last time you got laid.

CLIVE
Comic-Con 2005. Ewok chick.

PAUL
Three years ago you had sex with a
midget?

CLIVE
She was an Ewok!

Sniff.

PAUL
There are only two types of person
small enough to fit inside an Ewok
costume.

CLIVE
She was a midget.

PAUL
I can't believe you thought boning
a space bear sounded less
embarrassing than a person of short
stature.

CLIVE
I know. I'm sorry.

PAUL
Was it nice?

CLIVE
Wonderful

PAUL
You sly dog!

PAUL rolls onto his back, clapping. GRAHAM snorts into his beer, laughing. CLIVE joins in. Before long, the three friends are rolling around in hysterics, utterly out of control. After about thirty seconds of this, they pass out.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

The sun has just risen. GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL lie round the smoldering camp fire sleeping soundly. PAUL is very white. His eyes open. He looks around.

PAUL
Oh shit! Hey, wake up. Wake up. We fell asleep.

CLIVE
How did that happen?

PAUL
Sorry, I get this thing when I get high. It's called 'projective empathy'. You feel what I feel.

GRAHAM
Like in E.T.?

PAUL
Exactly.

CLIVE
Oh, thank God. For a second there I thought I'd got drunk on Lite beer.

The guys gather their stuff and walk to the edge of the wood. Looking through the tree line they realize that the quiet town of last night has become very busy indeed.

GRAHAM
Oh dear!

PAUL
I can't walk through there.

CLIVE
How are we going to get back?

Close in on GRAHAM having the best idea of his life.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

GRAHAM and CLIVE walk down the busy main street, between them is PAUL. He is dressed in the little cowboy suit from the shop window, his hat pulled down low over his face.

GRAHAM

Maybe we should hold hands, so that we look like a family.

PAUL

That's great! Two grown men who look like sex offenders holding hands with a child cowboy.

CLIVE

You could be a midget.

PAUL

You're obsessed with midgets!

They continue on, trying to look as if nothing is strange.

GRAHAM

Seem to be working, Clive. Clive?

GRAHAM notices that CLIVE is no longer with them. He looks back to see CLIVE, gawping through the window of a COMIC SHOP, at a sword resembling the one they saw at Comic-Con. The tag reads 'Genuine 'BLADE' Katana'. \$299.99.

GRAHAM

Clive, no.

CLIVE walks into the shop. GRAHAM and PAUL follow quickly behind. As they enter the COMIC SHOP, MOSES BEHE emerges from the adjacent Drug Store. He takes a couple of pain killers and flexes his sore shoulders. He wanders up the road, scanning the passers by.

INT. COMIC SHOP - DAY

GRAHAM approaches CLIVE who is at the counter.

GRAHAM

Now's not really the time, Sausage.

CLIVE

I must have it.

GRAHAM

It's very cheap. Are you sure you don't want to save up and get a proper one?

CLIVE

Oh, come on, we've got time.

INT/EXT. RV - DAY

Close on RUTH's watch. She paces, worried.

KNOCK KNOCK.

RUTH

Where have you been? I was worried.

She opens the door. AGENT ZOIL flashes his badge.

ZOIL

Good morning, Ma'am. Sorry to trouble you. Agent Zoil, Secret Service. Your wagon here matches the description of a recreational vehicle we're currently looking for. May I ask, are you alone?

RUTH pauses a second.

RUTH

Yes, I'm alone.

ZOIL

Do you mind taking a look at these pictures?

ZOIL pulls out three pictures and hands them to RUTH. CCTV shots of GRAHAM and CLIVE at the gas station and MOSES's pic of RUTH, looking younger, with dark hair and no glasses.

ZOIL

Do you recognise any of these people, Miss?

She lingers on the picture of herself.

ZOIL

Miss?

RUTH

No, sorry I don't.

ZOIL

Where are you coming from, Ma'am?

RUTH

Christian ministry in Seattle. I've been driving for 5 days.

ZOIL

Going far?

RUTH

Austin.

ZOIL

Great town.

RUTH

Oh yes. It has an impressive bat population you know?

(MORE)

RUTH (cont'd)
Folks gather by the rive in the evening to watch them fly out. Turn the sky black. Quite a sight.

ZOIL
Is that so?

RUTH
Uh-huh. Well, I really should be getting along.

ZOIL
Of course. Thanks for your time, Miss...?

Beat.

RUTH
Darwin, Charlotte Darwin.

ZOIL smiles and nods. He laves.

INT. COMIC SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

GRAHAM and CLIVE are at the counter. CLIVE is trying out the blade. PAUL, in cowboy guise browses the racks of comics. He picks one up. The cover features an alien that looks a lot like him. The comic is called 'Encounter Briefs: Tales From the Dreamland'. PAUL smiles and shakes his head. He suddenly realises he is being watched. Next to him is a child, (8) small enough to see under PAUL's hat. He is looking at the cover of the comic and back at PAUL.

PAUL
How's it going?

CHILD
Is that you?

PAUL
No.

CHILD
It looks like you.

PAUL
Suppose it does. What's your name?

CHILD
Keith Nash.

PAUL
I'm Paul. Pleased to meet you.

They shake hands.

PAUL
You on your own here, Keith Nash?

KEITH NASH
My Mom's shopping for some new
jeans. She lets me wait in here.

PAUL
Sounds like a good Mum.

KEITH NASH
Yes and no. What're you doing here?

PAUL
My friend's buying a sword. He's a
grown man.

KEITH NASH
What a nerd.

PAUL laughs. So does KEITH NASH.

PAUL
You an M&Ms man, Keith?

PAUL produces his M&Ms. He offers one to KEITH.

KEITH NASH
I am but I shouldn't.

PAUL
Strangers with candy, right?

KEITH NASH
Right.

PAUL
Well, we've got a lot in common. We
both like comics and M&Ms. Guess
that makes us pals.

KEITH NASH
Guess so.

KEITH beams at PAUL and takes a few M&Ms. They turn their attention back to the racks of comics. PAUL pulls one out called 'G-Men'. On the cover it shows an agent, not unlike ZOIL, shooting an alien not unlike PAUL.

PAUL
You read this one?

KEITH NASH
No.

PAUL
It's a good one. Take it. Go on.
It's a gift.

KEITH NASH
Thanks Paul.

KEITH stuffs it down his trousers. PAUL laughs. We hear MRS. NASH calling from the street.

KEITH NASH
I gotta go.

PAUL
Catch you later, Keith Nash.

GRAHAM and CLIVE approach. CLIVE has a long sword shaped box under his arm and a big grin on his face.

CLIVE
Who was that?

PAUL
Keith Nash. How much was that?

CLIVE
\$299.99. It's made of a low grade Turkish alloy.

PAUL
What did you get, speccy?

GRAHAM
X-Men action figure.

PAUL
Jesus Cheeeerist.

EXT. COMIC SHOP - DAY

GRAHAM, CLIVE and PAUL exit the comic shop. PAUL waves to KEITH NASH, who now sits outside, on a bench, with his MOTHER. The boys walk up the street, seconds later, HAGGARD and O'REILLY step out of a store, eating bags of candy.

MRS. NASH
Don't lie, Keith.

KEITH NASH
I'm not lying.

MRS. NASH
Oh, come on now, Keith. If you carry on like this, you'll have to come with me to Dress Barn.

KEITH NASH
Honestly Mommy, he was an alien and his name was Paul!

MRS. NASH
Whoever heard of an alien called Paul?

HAGGARD is suddenly kneeling at KEITH NASH's side. O'REILLY stands nearby.

HAGGARD
What did you say, kid?

MRS. NASH
Excuse me. Who are you?

HAGGARD
Agent Haggard Ma'am, Secret Service.

MRS. NASH
Secret Service?!

HAGGARD
Kid?

KEITH NASH
He was in the shop.

HAGGARD
Is he still in there?

KEITH shakes his head.

O'REILLY
Did he say where he was going?

KEITH looks at his comic. The ZOIL style agent, shooting the PAUL style alien. He looks back at HAGGARD and points him in the entirely wrong direction.

HAGGARD
South. Toward New Mexico, huh?

KEITH nods. HAGGARD stands, his mind racing. He looks meaningfully at O'REILLY not noticing the RV rumbling up the street behind him with CLIVE at the wheel.

O'REILLY
We've got him man! We're going to get a fucking promotion.

HAGGARD
You did good kid. Want a candy?

KEITH NASH
No thanks.

HAGGARD
Let's go.

The two agents rush off.

O'REILLY
What about Zoil?

HAGGARD
Screw Zoil!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

MOSES BEHE kicks at the remains of the campfire. He bends down and picks something up. It is Ruth's handkerchief, now stained with dirt and blood. He screws it into his shaking hand. An engine roars. He looks up to see the RV rumbling up the road. It turns onto the Eastbound Highway. MOSES' pick up is parked about 200 yards away. MOSES starts to lumber towards it as fast as he can, which isn't very fast.

EXT. STREET - DAY

HAGGARD and O'REILLY sprint up to their vehicles.

ZOIL (O.S.)
Where the hell do you think you're going?

HAGGARD can't hide his frustration.

HAGGARD
We picked up a lead, sir. Little kid in the town said he saw an alien. Said he was heading toward New Mexico.

ZOIL
And you were just gonna take off?

HAGGARD
Thought it best to take the initiative, sir. We were going to radio you.

ZOIL
Well now, that's mighty civil of you. We have a chain of command. I expect you to abide by it. Where d'you say he was headed?

HAGGARD
New Mexico sir.

ZOIL
Well, then let's move it.

They scramble.

ZOIL
Oh, and Haggard? Don't go getting ideas about your station again.

ZOIL gets into his car leaving HAGGARD looking pissed.

INT. MOSES'S PICK UP - DAY

MOSES drives, Ruth's bloody handkerchief gripped between his hands and the wheel. He listens to his police scanner.

VOICE (O.S.)

Zoil, what the hell's going on?

ZOIL (O.S.)

They've double back sir. They're heading toward New Mexico.

VOICE (O.S.)

You better be right about this, Zoil. I'm getting a little tired of this shit. I want that little fucker's brain in a jar by sundown.

MOSES smiles darkly.

MOSES BEHE

Looks like you're going the wrong way, Agent Zoil. That's what happens when you don't got the Lord on your side.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

MOSES BEHE's pick up roars through shot, revealing a large roadside sign proclaiming LUCIFER'S CUT PRICE FIREWORK WAREHOUSE. Creep in on the sign.

INT. RV - DAYBREAK

The RV is parked outside the firework warehouse. RUTH and PAUL sit opposite each other at the dining table. RUTH is holding the X-Men action figure, Storm. PAUL watches her.

PAUL

He likes you, y'know?

RUTH

Graham? D'you think?

PAUL

What are you, blind?

Beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Beat.

PAUL

What you got there, a stigmatism?

RUTH nods.

PAUL

You know you can get on operation for that, right?

RUTH

Papa said the Lord would fix it. Guess that's not gonna happen, seeing as we're living in a gigantic godless universe, with no hope of salvation.

PAUL

Hey, I don't know categorically that it's godless. I just said 'probably'.

RUTH

Oh, that's a relief.

PAUL

Look, the way you're feeling now, that's why religion appeared in the first place. It's like existential Prozac. Imagine being five year old and having no adults around to tell you why it snows or what trees are for. That's how it is for much of humanity. Faith is a night-light. It illuminates the scary corners, fills the gaps, makes the universe easier to comprehend. Thing is, it's okay not to know everything. I mean, who knows what's really out there? Did you know astrophysicists recently identified the equation for the creation of matter?

RUTH

Yes.

PAUL

Oh. Well, then you get it, right? If they have the theory, who's to say at some point in the future they won't put it into practice and who's to say someone else didn't do that 13.5 Billion years ago and that's how the universe came to be? Course, then we get the eternal problem of who created the creator but that's a whole other car park. I think Shakespeare said it best. "There's more in Heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your philosophy Horatio".

RUTH
What did you call me?

PAUL
Horatio. It's from Hamlet. You know, the Prince of Denmark?

RUTH
Denmark has a municipal population of 508,691.

PAUL blinks.

PAUL
Anyway, if there is a God, didn't he create doctors and hospitals and scalpels and shit, so he wouldn't have to go round fixing people's lazy eyeballs?

RUTH
I suppose so.

PAUL
The eye is a delicate and complex thing, Ruth. You should get it taken care of.

RUTH smiles. PAUL smiles back. RUTH looks out of the window, just as PAUL reaches out to touch her face.

RUTH
They're back.

PAUL withdraws his hand. GRAHAM and CLIVE are approaching the RV clutching a large firework. They climb aboard.

PAUL
Perfect.

CLIVE
What are you going to do with this?

PAUL
Phone home.

INT. ZOIL'S CAR - DAY

VOICE
ZOIL!

ZOIL jumps but gathers his composure quickly.

ZOIL
Yes, sir?

VOICE

Satellite's come up with a data analysis on all the traffic coming out of Prospect in the last 5 hours. There was only one RV, and guess what, nimrod?

ZOIL

It wasn't going to New Mexico?

VOICE

That's a three pointer Agent Zoil. You better spin your ass around. You got some serious catching up to do. Don't make me come out there.

ZOIL

No, sir. Where are they headed? If we gun it, maybe we can get the drop on their destination.

VOICE

They're on the 50, heading towards Gillette.

ZOIL

What else is around there?

VOICE

Not much. Thunder Basis, Bethlehem Creek.

ZOIL

Bethlehem Creek?

VOICE

Holy shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ZOIL's motorcade pulls a spectacular U-turn and heads back up the highway in the opposite direction.

INT. MOSES'S PICK UP - DAYBREAK

MOSES listens intently to his scanner.

VOICE (O.S.)

You don't think she's still there, do you?

MOSES smiles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

MOSES BEHE's pick-up truck pulls a similarly spectacular turn and heads in a different direction.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Caption: Bethlehem Creek, Wyoming

GRAHAM, CLIVE, RUTH and PAUL stare through the window of the RV at the farmhouse glimpsed in the first scene.

GRAHAM
You don't think she's still there
do you?

PAUL
That's what you're going to find
out for me.

CLIVE
Us?

PAUL
I can't just knock can I? What if
she's moved on and someone else
answers? I'm sick of people
fainting on me. I'll hang back with
my buddy Ruth, you two make first
contact. Just enjoy it.

CLIVE
What shall we say if it's her?
We're here with the alien that
killed your dog sixty years ago?

PAUL
Yes. Hurry up, there's going to be
a really big storm in exactly 34
minutes.

RUTH
How do you know?

PAUL
It's my job to know.

EXT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

GRAHAM knocks on the door.

GRAHAM
Hello?

CLIVE
Knock again.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who's there?

CLIVE
Tara Walton?

VOICE (O.S.)
Leave me alone!

GRAHAM
Okay.

GRAHAM goes to leave. CLIVE stops him.

CLIVE
Miss Walton, I'm the writer, Clive Gollings and this is my friend and colleague, Graham Willy. We're from England and we're here with the alien that killed your dog 60 years ago.

Silence. The sound of multiple locks. The door opens to reveal a woman (68). Grey, dishevelled but with fire in her eyes. She scowls at GRAHAM and CLIVE.

TARA
What is this, some kind of joke?

CLIVE
It's no joke.

PAUL materializes between GRAHAM and CLIVE.

PAUL
Hello Tara.

TARA's faces sickens. She falls backwards into the house.

PAUL
Aw nuts.

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY

GRAHAM, CLIVE, RUTH and PAUL all sit on a sofa. TARA sits opposite, staring at PAUL.

RUTH
Maybe I should make some tea.

TARA
Where are my manners? I never really have guests. Nobody comes up here. I go whole weeks without seeing a soul.

TARA goes to the kitchen. She can be seen from where they are sitting. She turns the gas on and strikes a cooking match. PAUL looks pained, struggling for something to say.

PAUL

Can I do anything to help?

TARA stand in the kitchen doorway, the lit match in her hand. PAUL stands and walks toward her, she watches him.

TARA

I've only just stopped believing in you, y'know? Spent a very long time trying to convince folk about what happened that night. My parents, my friends. Everyone thought I was mad. They told me it was a meteor that squashed little Paul. Took me away and did tests they did, said it was for cosmic radiation. They said I was concussed, hallucinating, but I knew you were real. I pulled you from that spaceship myself. Sat with you till the men came and took you away. If Pop hadn't had to go to Casper, he would have seen you too. They kept telling me I'd imagined it but I knew different. Pop tried to understand but they filled his head with 'delayed this' and 'post-traumatic that'. He just used to smile and say 'there, there Tara'. He got sick when I was seventeen and died a few years later. I inherited this place. Word got out about my story not long after it happened, so I didn't really have any friends. Kids used to throw stones at the house and call me names. I just kinda retreated into myself. I'd spend whole nights up on the roof, staring at the sky, hoping to catch a glimpse of you again. I always believed that one day you'd come back and here you are.

The match flame reaches her fingers, she shakes it out.

TARA

Listen to me gabbing. Milk and sugar?

PAUL

I'm so sorry.

TARA

What for?

PAUL

For killing your dog and ruining
your life.

TARA

That doesn't matter. Don't you see?
You're real. I was right and all
those folk that said I was crazy?
Well, they can all go fuck
themselves.

PAUL

It's good to see you, Tara.

The tinkle of glass. Something hits the floor. A tear gas
canister spins at their feet, spewing thick fog.

TARA

Now, where do you suppose that came
from?

PAUL

Fuck a duck! Get out!

GRAHAM/CLIVE

Shit!

PAUL

Tara, where's the back door?

TARA

In back.

The gang bustle out of the room just as the front door
splinters inward, revealing O'REILLY in a gas mask.

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. BACK ROOM - DAY

The gang quickly barricade the door of the next room and
continue on toward the back of the house. They find the back
door, just as it is opened by ZOIL. The gang freeze. PAUL
vanishes, then reappears right next to ZOIL, putting his hand
across ZOIL's forehead.

ZOIL

Paul, wait-

A burst of psychic images explode into ZOIL's head. The agent
and the alien fall on the ground in an exhausted heap.

PAUL

Clive?

CLIVE

Yes?

PAUL

A little help?

CLIVE picks PAUL up. HAGGARD approaches, gun drawn.

HAGGARD
Freeze, space monkey!

GRAHAM
We're cut off.

TARA
Storm cellar!

TARA opens a nearby door and motions them down some stairs, as HAGGARD fires wildly. Crockery explodes around them.

ZOIL
Godammit Haggard!

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. CELLAR - DAY

The gang descend into a dim room. It is full of UFO paraphernalia. Models, toys, books, souvenirs from every UFO hot spot in the land. One the wall is the 'Take Me To Your Dealer' poster. PAUL sees it.

PAUL
Not a fucking cent.

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. BACK ROOM - DAY

ZOIL comes to. He sees HAGGARD at the cellar door. Screeching brakes draw his attention as MOSES BEHE's truck skids up. He gets out, shotgun in hand.

ZOIL
Oh great!

EXT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

TEAM PAUL climb out of the cellar and start to run towards the RV, PAUL still in CLIVE's arms. It starts to rain.

PAUL
Come on!

GRAHAM
Ow, my shins!

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. BACK ROOM - DAY

ZOIL sees MOSES run round to the front of the farmhouse.

ZOIL
Help me up!

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY

O'REILLY sees TEAM PAUL running toward the RV from the front room. He levels his pistol at PAUL and squints.

EXT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

TEAM PAUL reach the RV and start to board, just as MOSES BEHE lumbers into view.

 MOSES BEHE
RUTH!

 RUTH
Papa?

PAUL grabs RUTH's hand.

 PAUL
Come on.

 MOSES BEHE
(levelling his shotgun)
Take your hands off her, devil!

INT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE. FRONT ROOM - DAY

O'REILLY find his mark. Pull back to reveal he is stood by the kitchen door, through which we see the cooker, the simmer of gas in the air.

 O'REILLY
Ready or not.

He fires.

KA-BOOM!!!

O'REILLY is vaporized in a ball of orange fire.

EXT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

The farmhouse explodes. ZOIL and HAGGARD who are only just clear, hit the deck, covering their heads. MOSES is knocked off his feet as flaming wood and debris rain down.

INT. RV - DAY

 CLIVE
I'll drive!

 GRAHAM
Punch it!

The RV roars into life, reversing out onto the road. CLIVE pulls a spectacular U-turn, sending the passengers flying. GRAHAM lands in TARA's arms, RUTH in PAUL's. RUTH and GRAHAM exchange glances. Dumb luck. TARA straightens herself and looks out of the RV at her destroyed home.

TARA
My weed!

EXT. TARA'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

ZOIL is blackened and dazed, draped over HAGGARD's shoulder. His eyes focus on a figure in the near distance. MOSES BEHE picks himself up and lumbers off towards his truck. HAGGARD drops ZOIL and runs to his car.

ZOIL
Damnit Haggard, wait!

HAGGARD takes off. ZOIL staggers to his car and with great difficulty, takes off in pursuit, narrowly avoiding MOSES BEHE's truck. Lightening flashes. Loud thunder.

INT. RV - DAY

CLIVE floors it. RAIN lashes down. The sky is almost black.

GRAHAM
Your dad's persistent, isn't he?

RUTH
You have no idea.

CLIVE sees their pursuers in his wing mirror.

CLIVE
I think we have a problem.

GRAHAM
What do we do?

PAUL
Go left.

CLIVE
What?

PAUL
GO LEFT!

CLIVE hauls the wheel left. The RV leaves the road and bounces across the scrub. TEAM PAUL hang on for dear life.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

HAGGARD, ZOIL and MOSES follow the RV across the scrub.

INT. ZOIL'S CAR - EVENING

ZOIL
(to himself)
What the hell is he doing?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Zoil. Progress report!

ZOIL
Sir, I-

INT. HAGGARD'S CAR - EVENING

HAGGARD
In pursuit, sir.

VOICE
Who the hell is this?

HAGGARD
Haggard, sir. Agent Zoil has been
compromised. I'm assuming command.

ZOIL (O.S.)
Now wait a goddamn minute!

VOICE
I don't give a shit who's in
command. Where' my fucking
mooncoon?!

HAGGARD
Just ahead of me sir. We're heading
East across scrubland just North of
Mitchell Creek.

VOICE
I don't wanna hear from either of
you jokers until that little mother
fucker is under glass.

HAGGARD
Yes sir!

HAGGARD floors it. He is manic and wild eyed.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

We see the chase from above, the RV is in the lead, gaining behind them, is HAGGARD, followed by ZOIL, then MOSES. HAGGARD draws level. He looks up into CLIVE's eyes.

INT. RV - DAY

CLIVE
They're trying to overtake.

PAUL
Don't let him get past.

CLIVE
Shall I ram him?

RUTH/TARA/GRAHAM/PAUL
YES!

CLIVE wrenches the wheel hard to the left.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

The RV nudges the BLACK SEDAN which spins out of control and skids to a stop, ZOIL and MOSES scream past. HAGGARD turns the engine over. Nothing. He yells. Lightning explodes overhead, hail pings and bounces off the hood.

INT. RV - EVENING

CLIVE
What are we doing exactly?

PAUL
(to himself)
Immense pressure and temperature drop. High winds, circulating in the troposphere, two opposed fronts clashing. Oh, this is going to be a good one.

CLIVE
A GOOD WHAT?!

RUTH stares out of the window.

RUTH
Oh my God.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

A massive black funnel extends from the sky about half a mile ahead of the chase. It rakes the ground, reducing a small farm building to a million splinters.

INT. MOSES'S PICK UP - EVENING

MOSES BEHE

Holy-

INT. ZOIL'S CAR - DAY

ZOIL is sat mouth agape.

ZOIL

-Shit!

INT. RV - EVENING

CLIVE swerves to avoid a grain silo, which comes bouncing across the ground toward them.

CLIVE

Are you sure you know what you're doing?!

PAUL

Twenty seconds.

TARA

Paul, we'll get sucked right up.

PAUL

Stay on target.

A branch smacks on the windshield, cracking it.

CLIVE

Paul!

PAUL

Stay on target.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

The grain silo bounces close to ZOIL's car, he swerves to avoid it and stops. MOSES pulls up just ahead. MOSES and ZOIL get out of the vehicles, almost unable to stand against the wind and debris. They watch the RV, now a good distance in front, heading for the heart of the tornado.

ZOIL
He's insane!

MOSES BEHE
RUTH!

HAGGARD's car screams past. ZOIL grabs his radio.

ZOIL
Haggard, stand down. Stand down!

HAGGARD (O.S.)
He's mine. I can do this!

ZOIL
Haggard, it's suicide.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

CLIVE
PAUL?

PAUL
NOW!

The funnel suddenly evaporates into the sky, leaving the path ahead clear and oddly calm.

GRAHAM
It's gone!

CLIVE
Where did it go?

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

ZOIL watches amazed. He almost smiles.

ZOIL
Son of a bitch!

ZOIL looks at the sky. His face drops.

ZOIL
Haggard. Wait a minute!

An engine revs nearby. ZOIL turns to see MOSES BEHE pull off in pursuit.

ZOIL
MR. BEHE!
(into is radio)
Damn it, hang back, hang back!

HAGGARD (O.S.)
 You're not running this show any
 more Zoil. You had your chance.

ZOIL
 Haggard, he knows what he's doing.

HAGGARD (O.S.)
 So do I.

ZOIL
 It's a trap!

INT. RV - EVENING

CLIVE
 They're still coming!

RUTH
 WHAT ARE WE DOING TO DO?

PAUL
 Ruth, why don't you count back from
 10?

RUTH
 Okay. 10...9...

PAUL
 Back where I'm from, tornadoes are
 part of our daily life. We've
 learnt how to live with them, how
 to understand them.

CLIVE
 They're gaining!

PAUL
 We've learnt to anticipate their
 behavior, know their personalities,
 know when they're playing games.

RUTH
 3...

GRAHAM
 What games?

RUTH
 2...

PAUL
 Hide and seek?

RUTH
 1...

CLIVE looks into his wing mirror, just as the tornado snakes down out of the sky between them and HAGGARD.

CLIVE
Great Caesar's ghost!

RUTH
How did you do that? How did you know?

PAUL
Evolution baby.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

The tornado touches down near HAGGARD's car. He barely has time to scream before his is lifted into the vortex.

INT. MOSES'S PICK UP - EVENING

A wide eyed MOSES yanks hard on the wheel, spinning the truck round, heading back in the opposite direction.

EXT. SCRUB - EVENING

MOSES's truck hurtles past ZOIL's car.

MOSES BEHE (O.S.)
Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus!

ZOIL looks back toward the no unreachable RV.

INT. RV - DAY

CLIVE
We've lost them.

TEAM PAUL erupt into cheers. PAUL jumps in the air and whoops. He high five GRAHAM and pats CLIVE on the back. GRAHAM embraces RUTH and tries to kiss her, she pulls away.

GRAHAM
Sorry.

RUTH
Wait, what about Papa?

CLIVE
I only saw one car following us.

PAUL
Where's Tara?

TARA comes out of the toilet.

TARA

The bulb's gone in there.

GRAHAM

That was just awesome. Amazing driving Clive. It was like G.T.A. but potentially fatal. Wasn't it, Clive? Clive?

A knocking and a gurgling sound is coming from the engine.

CLIVE

Oh no.

EXT. SMALL ROAD - EVENING

The RV splutters to a halt. Steam rises from the radiator. It whines, coughs and dies. Cut to TEAM PAUL stood around surveying their fallen companion. A single bullet hold in the grill, reveals the cause of her downfall.

GRAHAM

There goes the deposit.

CLIVE

Fare thee well friend. You were a faithful and mighty steed.

TARA

She rode that storm with a bullet in her heart and didn't stop until we we're safe.

RUTH

If there is a benevolent creator watching over everything then may he, she or it bless the 1985 Holiday Rambler, Imperial.

Everyone looks to PAUL for his comment but he is not there.

GRAHAM

Paul?

PAUL (O.S.)

We're here.

PAUL is stood away from the RV at the foot of a small hill. He starts to climb. The others follow. Crane up as TEAM PAUL climb the hill to reveal a sight familiar to anyone who has seen Close Encounters Of The Third Kind...

DEVIL'S TOWER

GRAHAM/CLIVE

Of course!

INT. ZOIL'S CAR - EVENING

ZOIL drives. Scanning the landscape. Searching.

VOICE

Zoil! What the hell is going on?

ZOIL

We got hit by a twister, sir.
Haggard's dead.

VOICE

What about the other one?

ZOIL

I lost him when the ranch exploded.

VOICE

Jesus Christ, Zoil, this has been
one fuck up after another. I should
have handled it myself. I want that
little bastard dead by midnight
tonight or you'll be working
security in a convention centre.
Now where's that RV?

ZOIL's eyes widen. Parked on the roadside is the RV.

VOICE

Zoil? ZOIL?

ZOIL is staring at DEVIL'S TOWER.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER - DAY

TEAM PAUL hike towards the tower.

RUTH

What you may not know is on the
outside of the tower they bolted a
series of ladders, all the way to
the top, put there by William
Rogers in 1893. He was the first
man to climb the tower.

TARA

I climbed up there in 1976. Thought
it would make a good site for some
UFO spotting. Turns out I wasn't
the only one.

PAUL

We call them IFOs.

TARA

Cute.

PAUL
I-thank-you.

EXT. SMALL ROAD - DUSK

ZOIL opens the trunk of his car. He pulls out a large piston, spare ammo and a webbing pack which he slings around his shoulder. He sets off up the hill.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. CLEARING - NIGHT

TEAM PAUL are walking round the tower. As they round the corner the landscape changes, the trees give way to a piece of open pasture flanked by pine forest, the tower opens itself up slightly, a perfect natural amphitheatre.

PAUL
This is it.

PAUL takes out the firework, Zippo and cigarettes from his back pack. He lights his last cigarette and takes a drag.

PAUL
I'll miss these.

PAUL takes the firework a little way off and sticks it in the ground. He crouches down and lights the touch paper with the cigarette, then scampers back to the gang. Beat. The firework rises into the sky. It explodes. The star-burst is massive and bright red, it illuminates the tower.

TARA
Pretty.

GRAHAM
What now?

PAUL
We wait.

A light appears in the sky some way off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(frowning)
That was quick.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. FOREST - NIGHT

ZOIL runs through the bush, fast, like a wild animal. His face fixed with serious intent, gun in one hand, torch in the other.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. CLEARING - NIGHT

TEAM PAUL watch as the ethereal light draws nearer. Spotlights cut through the night, searching beneath.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. FOREST - NIGHT

ZOIL leaps a fallen tree. Ahead, through the trees, he sees an ethereal glow. He pulls the slide back on his pistol.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. CLEARING - NIGHT

The lights are really close now. They are accompanied by a deep rumble. A very earthly sound. Rotor blades.

PAUL
Wait a minute...

A HELICOPTER swoops in to land, kicking dust and debris into the air. TEAM PAUL turn back to the woods but are stopped by the sight of a torch getting nearer.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Behind them, the HELICOPTER powers down. The door opens.

VOICE
Well, whaddya know? Small world.

VOICE appears flanked by two faceless, heavily armed SOLDIERS. They level their weapons, just as ZOIL bursts through the trees behind them.

ZOIL
PAUL!

PAUL
Lorenzo?!

PAUL spins round. We go into slow motion. ZOIL fires. The bullet explodes from the gun, straight at us. Angle on the bullet as it passes in ECU. The shot moves round behind the bullet to reveal PAUL, looking shocked. The bullet whizzes past him, slamming into one of the soldiers.

ZOIL rolls, coming to rest on one knee. He fires a second shot into the leg of the other soldier who collapses. He leaves his gun at VOICE just as the PILOT bursts from the cockpit. The PILOT fires but misses ZOIL. ZOIL takes out his shoulder, spinning him off his feet. VOICE steps forward, holding a smoking gun.

VOICE
It was you! You told him. I should've known.
(MORE)

VOICE (cont'd)

You've never made a mistake in your life. That's why I put you in charge of this fucking mission.

ZOIL

He's my friend! I've known him for twenty years. He introduced me to my wife damnit!

VOICE

You stupid son of a bitch. In five years, you could have been where I am.

ZOIL

I don't want to be where you are.

VOICE

Too bad, seeing as I'm the one hold'ng all the cards and when I say "cards", I of course mean big fucking gun.

VOICE points his gun at PAUL.

PAUL

How'd you find me?

VOICE

It was pretty easy once we got a fix on the geek-mobile. Wasn't hard to figure out where you were headed. You always did have a flare for the dramatic.

PAUL nods, a sad smile creeping across his mouth.

VOICE

Let's go.

TARA stands in front of PAUL, then RUTH, then GRAHAM then CLIVE, who summons every ounce of bravery in his body.

CLIVE

He's not going anywhere.

VOICE

Be honest with yourself, two scoops. What is it that you think you can possibly bring to the table at this stage in the game?

CLIVE reaches beyond his back and produces his KATANA SWORD, he holds it like a proud Samurai.

CLIVE

Blind fury.

The blade falls off.

CLIVE
Bloody low grade Turkish alloy.

VOICE
Step aside, you fat nerd.

CLIVE
(in Klingon)
Graham, his this man.

CLIVE steps aside. GRAHAM slams his fist into the face of the unsuspecting VOICE. He staggers back but rallies quickly, blocking GRAHAM's second blow and delivering a heavy rebuke. RUTH leaps onto VOICE's back and starts pummeling his head.

RUTH
Leave him alone!

VOICE hits out at RUTH. GRAHAM renews his attack.

GRAHAM
Leave her alone!

VOICE throws them off and comes face to face with TARA.

TARA
Leave them alone.

WHAM! She whacks VOICE across the face with a large stick.

TARA
You're not taking him away again.

He staggers backwards and falls to the ground, unconscious.

PAUL
Thank you, Tara.

TARA
Don't mention it.

PAUL rushes to ZOIL who lies on the ground, wounded.

ZOIL
The things I do for you, huh?

PAUL
You know I appreciate it.

ZOIL
Do you have any idea how difficult it was to catch you guys?

PAUL
(laughs)
Let me take a look at that. Ruth, shine the torch down here?

RUTH grabs a torch and steps in behind PAUL.

BLAM! RUTH lurches forward, suddenly limp. Everyone turns to see MOSES BEHE, shotgun smoking in his hand. His face white, his eyes wide.

MOSES BEHE

Oh Lord, Ruth. My little Ruth.

GRAHAM

Nooooooooooooo!

GRAHAM gathers RUTH up in his arms. She coughs, flecks of blood around her mouth.

MOSES BEHE

I...I never meant to shoot her. I was aiming for the goblin.

CLIVE

He's not a goblin he's from another planet.

MOSES BEHE

But he can't be. He... he...

GRAHAM

He's an alien you stupid man! Oh Ruth, Ruth I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I should have never persuaded you to come with us.

RUTH focuses on GRAHAM. She smiles, weakly.

RUTH

What, and miss all this? Graham, I've lived more in the last 48 hours that I ever did in that trailer park. Isn't that what you said living was all about? Right now? This conversation? That tree? My next cheeseburger? I'm not afraid anymore Graham. I'm cold though. Hey, where is everybody?

RUTH shudders and dies. TARA and ZOIL look aghast. GRAHAM buries his head in RUTH's hair. CLIVE, his eyes are filled with tears, puts his hand on GRAHAM's shoulder.

MOSES BEHE

What have I done? I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

A shadow is cast across RUTH. Everyone looks up to see PAUL, silhouetted against the moon. His eyes glint.

PAUL

There is no way this thing isn't gonna end happy.

PAUL drops to his knee and places his hands on RUTH's chest. MOSES drops his shotgun and lumbers over, distraught.

MOSES BEHE

Get away from her! Don't you touch
my little girl.

CLIVE holds out a hand to stop MOSES. He obeys. The air hums, charged with static. PAUL's skin ripples with color. Everyone watches transfixed. RUTH's eye flickers and opens. With some difficulty, she sits up and takes off her glasses. She blinks both shining, healthy eyes.

GRAHAM

Ruth, are you okay?

RUTH

I think so. Is anyone hungry? I
really feel like a cheese burger.

Relief and joy spreads through group. MOSES falls to his knees and sobs. He feels a hand on his shoulder and looks up to see PAUL.

MOSES BEHE

Thank you.

RUTH and GRAHAM hug. She smiles at him.

RUTH

You can kiss me now.

They kiss with awkward passion. Everyone smiles then after a bit become uncomfortable and a bit grossed out.

PAUL

Looks like the geek shall inherit
the earth.

CLICK CLICK.

The group turn to see VOICE, upright, pointing his gun.

VOICE

I wouldn't say-

SPLAT.

A large spaceship lands hard on top of VOICE. Everyone looks shocked. PAUL, GRAHAM and CLIVE exchange a look.

PAUL

Happens to the best of us.

EXT. DEVIL'S TOWER. CLEARING - NIGHT

Some time has passed, a number of PAUL style aliens are now present.

One of them uses a big hose to clean the remains of VOICE from the hull of the ship. Another two help the now healed soldier to their feet, patting them on the back and shaking their hands. The atmosphere is amiable.

TEAM PAUL look at one another. ZOIL and MOSES have joined them. PAUL kisses and hugs RUTH.

PAUL
I'm sorry I frightened you so much
your hair turned white.

RUTH
You didn't frighten me. You freed
me. You helped me see the light.

PAUL
(to MOSES)
Take care of her big man.

MOSES BEHE
I will sir. God be with you.

PAUL
Whatever dude.

They high five. PAUL turns to ZOIL, whose arm is in a makeshift sling and shakes his hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Lorenzo Zoil, you're a good man.
Say bye to Karen for me.

ZOIL
Safe trip Short Round.

PAUL turns to GRAHAM and CLIVE. He pulls JELVA - ALIEN QUEEN OF THE VARVAK from his pocket and hands it to them.

CLIVE
You can keep it.

PAUL
Cool. Okay.

GRAHAM
What did you think?

PAUL
Yeah. Three tits, awesome. Although
you know what? Sometimes, less is
more.

The boys nod.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

GRAHAM
No, thank you.

CLIVE
You are, and always will be, our
friend.

PAUL
Come here you fucking geeks.

They hug. He takes in incandescent orb from his pocket.

PAUL (CONT'D)
This is a self-sustaining light
orb. Might come in handy, you know,
if a bulb goes.

TARA is waiting for her goodbye but PAUL ignores her. He face
drops as he walks to his ship. He turns to her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You coming?

TARA
What?

PAUL
I ruined your life Tara. Think I
owe you a new one.

TARA takes PAUL's hand.

TARA
I don't have my toothbrush.

PAUL
Baby, where we're going, you won't
need teeth.

TARA frowns then follows PAUL aboard. PAUL and TARA stand in
the doorway. One of the other ALIENS comes out of a small
room behind them, speaking in a strange tongue.

Subtitle: THE BULB'S GONE IN THERE.

As the door slowly closes, GRAHAM and CLIVE give PAUL the
CE3K salute. PAUL gives them the finger. The boys laugh,
tears in their eyes. The ship lifts off into the sky. GRAHAM,
CLIVE, RUTH, MOSES and ZOIL watch them go. The light from the
ship gradually fades, leaving them in darkness. Pause.

GRAHAM
That was good, wasn't it?

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE. SIGNING PAVILLION - DAY

We are at Comic-Con the following year. We come to rest on a
long line of people. Sat behind a table are GRAHAM and CLIVE.
They look more confident, cooler. CLIVE is talking to a short
woman in an EWOK costume. He pats her on the ass as she walks
away. All around them are stacks of their new novel: PAUL.

A banner hangs behind, displaying the cover, GRAHAM's own rendering of their alien friend. They sign copies. The PUBLICIST mills around, looking very pleased.

PUBLICIST

Just one item per person please.

He winks at the boys. RUTH rushes up to GRAHAM, she is dressed as Storm from X-Men and pushes a customized buggy, in which sits a baby dressed as Professor X.

RUTH

Hey.

GRAHAM

Hey babe. You okay?

RUTH

I'm just taking Tara over to the autograph pavilion. Michael Biehn's here!

CLIVE

Oh, say hi from us, won't you?

RUTH kisses GRAHAM. Two nerds approach.

MAJOR NERD 1

Uh... were you... did you?

GRAHAM/CLIVE

There you go.

SECURITY MAN (O.S.)

Next in line please.

MAJOR NERD 2

Uh... were you... did you?

GRAHAM/CLIVE

There you go.

SECURITY MAN

Guys, if you've had your book signed please move on.

Tilt up to reveal the security man. It is none other than former Special Agent LORENZO ZOIL. CRANE up to reveal the whole convention floor.

THE END.