

CE-V

(CLOSE ENCOUNTER - THE FIFTH KIND)

Written by

Dr. Deb Havens & Brad Havens

CONTACT:

debhavens@att.net

616-885-2961

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FADE IN:

INT. AIR FORCE GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An unusual signal PINGS in communications.

LIEUTENANT DRAKE ARCHER (20s), checks the source, reacts with shock; dials the phone with shaking hands.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Halloween Night 1985."

INT. MAJOR JIM CLARKSON'S HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Unidentified aerial phenomena photos, hanging models and reference books all mirror a man obsessed with "UFOs."

MAJOR CLARKSON (late 30s), trim, hard-ass, at his desk with an unused glass arranged next to a liquor bottle on top of a closed file marked "TOP SECRET," all squared in front of him.

CLARKSON  
(into phone)  
Yes?

ARCHER (V.O.)  
(over phone - filtered)  
Sir, we've got something.

CLARKSON carefully replaces the receiver, SLAMS his hand on the desk.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The middle class Carter family, Mom and kids, with bulging trick-or-treat bags. All in Halloween costumes.

Brothers HENRY (10), geeky charmer with glasses dressed as Yoda. MICHAEL (8) cocky cutie, dressed as Darth Vader.

CHLOE, responsible beyond her 12 years, her "She-Ra Princess of Power" costume can't hide an air of sadness.

BARNEY, the family Golden Retriever, crowned with a unicorn horn and satin "saddle", Chloe's "noble steed" on a leash.

MARY CARTER the Mom (early 30s), a widow, she still loves Halloween dress-up, a memory of her former happy life. She's dressed as Annie Oakley, fake pistols holstered on each hip.

MICHAEL

I got more candy than you did,  
Henry.

HENRY

No, you didn't.

MICHAEL

Did, too. Toldja Darth Vader could  
take Yoda.

HENRY

(analytical)

Michael, we both went to the same  
number of houses. How could you  
have more candy than me?

MICHAEL

People are scared of Darth Vader.  
Yoda's a wimp. They didn't even  
care if you saw -- they gave me  
double pieces, even when you were  
lookin'. That's my power.

HENRY

No, they didn't, you airhead.

MICHAEL

(sing-song)

Hear me, fear me, swampy, slimy,  
Yoda.

HENRY

Yeah, right.

CHLOE

I wish Daddy was here.

MARY

I miss your daddy, too, Chloe. I  
know it's hard.

MICHAEL

Hey, what if dead people really do  
come back on Halloween?

Henry examines his name on an "Oh, Henry" candy bar.

HENRY

There's no such thing as ghosts.

MICHAEL

He'd be pretty stinky anyway.

HENRY

Hey, Butthead, don't say stuff like that.

MICHAEL

S'truth. That's what happens to dead --

Chloe clamps her hand over Michael's mouth.

MARY

(to all)

OK, no more than an hour in the tree house. I'll bring you some sandwiches.

MICHAEL

(to Henry)

Race you to Tilly!

The boys dash off to the backyard tree house.

CHLOE

(to her mother)

Do I have to?

Mary gives Chloe's shoulder an empathetic squeeze. Chloe's shoulders slump. She turns Barney toward the back yard.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - BACK YARD - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

Nailed wood pieces form ladder steps up the tree trunk to the tree house.

Henry two steps higher than his brother. Michael yanks on Henry's leg to pull him down, but Henry shakes him off, climbs to the floor trapdoor. Chloe follows.

Barney climbs onto a platform at the foot of the tree, the kids haul him up through the trap door with a pulley.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

Barney settles his head in Chloe's lap. Chloe straightens the unicorn horn on Barney's headdress. The boys dump their candy bags on the floor.

INT. AIR FORCE GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

Lieutenant Archer mans his post as COMBAT SYSTEMS OFFICERS (CSOs) scramble to their computer stations all around him.

CLARKSON

What you got?

ARCHER

Nobody's got eyes on it yet, Major, but the signal's tracking right at us.

CLARKSON

Scramble the birds.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

A latch secures the trap door, the windows without glass. A battery powered lantern hangs above.

There's just enough room for three children, sleeping bags, and curled up Barney. The kids take off their masks.

Michael sorts his candy into piles by color. Henry tosses his bag aside, rummages in a toy box in the corner marked "Henry's Property," spelled correctly, painted neatly.

MICHAEL

C'mon, Henry, I wanna see how much candy you got.

HENRY

No. Shut up.

MICHAEL

Chloe, tell him to show me.

CHLOE

Michael, who cares? Just play with your candy.

MICHAEL

I bet he's scared. Darth Vader can take Yoda anytime --

CHLOE

Michael, shut up!

Henry pulls the ARGUS Leader Robotix out of the toy box, a project he's building from scratch.

Chloe switches off the lantern, flashlight under her chin.

CHLOE  
OK, let's tell ghost stories.

MICHAEL  
Is this about Dad?

CHLOE  
No, this isn't about Dad. Stop  
being creepy about him.

HENRY  
Hey, Dad was a scientist. No way  
would he be a ghost. So knock it  
off, ya fathead.

MICHAEL  
You're fatter. And quit callin' me  
names. I'm gonna tell Mom.

CHLOE  
Oh my god, both of you shut up! Do  
you want a story or not?

MICHAEL  
(to Chloe)  
Go ahead.

EXT. BEHIND THE CARTER HOME - OPEN MEADOW - NIGHT

A beam of pale light settles over a flowering weed that  
"POOF," leaps upward. The beam moves on, the process repeats.

INT. AIR FORCE GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

An air of controlled excitement from crew in the room.

ARCHER  
Birds launched.

CLARKSON  
Open channels.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chloe amps up her story, Michael huddles in a sleeping bag.

CHLOE  
And the bloody hand grabbed his  
sleeping bag, trying to get in. The  
bag, it starts to shake, it --

MICHAEL  
I fear nothing!

Chloe nudges Henry.

CHLOE  
-- oh, god, the blood, it's  
everywhere, the bloody hand --

Henry absently tugs the sleeping bag.

CHLOE  
-- trying to get in!

MICHAEL  
(shrieks)  
No! Make it go away!

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

The beam crosses the fence, settles on the kids' tree.

The screen door SLAMS. Mary exits the kitchen, juggles a tray with sandwiches, juice boxes, small bags of chips.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids pause -- feel the tree house floor VIBRATE.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - NIGHT

The beam from above envelops and pulls the tree from the ground, roots and all. The tree, tree house, and occupants rocket skyward inside the beam.

Mary drops the sandwich tray, SCREAMS. Barney's frantic BARKING fades as the tree lifts into the sky.

INT. AIR FORCE GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

The CSOs work feverishly at computer stations surrounding Archer and Clarkson.

ARCHER  
(to Clarkson)  
Sir, this signal is running  
exceptionally long. We usually lose  
it before now.

CLARKSON  
We're going Tier III. Ready the  
Lamprey.

ARCHER  
Yessir.

Signal monitor PINGS faster, louder.

CLARKSON  
(to himself)  
Just a couple more seconds. I get a  
Lamprey on you...

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

Eerie SILENCE, kids and dog terrified, flattened by the g-force lift. The tree lurches, limbs CRACK, it coasts to halt.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - PLANT STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A chamber barely tall enough for the tree. The children peer out at plant samples labeled with strange symbols.

HENRY  
What the -- ?

CHLOE  
Where are we?

MICHAEL  
Hey, look at those cool plants.

CHLOE  
How do you know they're plants?

MICHAEL  
(wondering)  
They said so?

A plant with claws reaches through the window. Barney sniffs, it nips at his unicorn horn.

HENRY  
Barney, watch out!

INT. MOTHERSHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A small GROUP OF ALIENS gathered around a view screen of the shockingly out-of-place tree, tree house, children, and dog.

INSERT - IMAGE

A "THOUGHT-CLOUD" above the group, purple with lightning flashes, the color of group anger at the ALIEN PILOT.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids spot a door opening into the plant storage chamber. They strain to see through the tree canopy.

INT. PLANT STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The aliens enter shielded from the kids' view.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

A SCRABBLING noise, the trap door platform drops out of the tree house. Barney BARKS ferociously then... he falls SILENT.

CHLOE

Barney?

Barney WHINES, backs away. The platform rises toward them on its own power.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A police car rolls up.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

OFFICER FRANK BRADY (mid-30S), a cop out of Central Casting (later identified as FRANK after his marriage to Mary), and partner OFFICER SLATTERLY, Brady's Gomer Pyle-style sidekick, find Mary staring into a huge hole in the yard.

OFFICER BRADY

Ma'am? Are you Mary Carter?

MARY

Oh, thank god you're here! I didn't know who else to call!

Both officers notice/react to Mary's holstered "guns."

Slatterly immediately identifies himself as the bonehead of the pair. He points in the general direction of Mary's torso.

OFFICER SLATTERLY  
Are those real?

MARY  
(confused)  
I beg your pardon.

Then she gets it. He's an idiot.

MARY  
Oh, of course not. I'm Annie  
Oakley... for Halloween... oh, good  
grief! Yes, I'm Mary Carter.

OFFICER BRADY  
What seems to be the problem,  
ma'am?

MARY  
I know this sounds crazy, officer,  
but... Tilly was just here... she's  
been here for years... and my kids  
and Barney were in the tree house  
up there...

OFFICER SLATTERLY  
Who's Tilly? Your neighbor?

OFFICER BRADY  
How many kids?

MARY  
Three. Chloe, Henry and Michael.

OFFICER SLATTERLY  
Who's Barney?

MARY  
Our dog.

OFFICER BRADY  
And who's Tilly again?

MARY  
Our tree.

The officers exchange glances. Mary hears herself.

MARY  
Tilia cordata, the "little leaf  
linden"... my husband... he grew up  
here and planted Tilly... our  
tree...  
(she falters)

... when he was a little boy... he always joked that Tilly was... our "family tree"... He died... last year.

OFFICER BRADY  
Sorry to hear that, ma'am.

MARY  
We just got home from trick-or-treating... I made them sandwiches, and I came out and the next thing I knew Tilly... the tree... just... just lifted right out of the ground in front of me... and the whole thing disappeared into the sky... just like that... and Barney's gone, too.

OFFICER BRADY  
(compassionate)  
Have you been drinking this evening, Ma'am?

MARY  
I know it sounds crazy.

OFFICER SLATTERLY  
Yes, Ma'am, it does. Do you have any proof there was a tree here?

MARY  
You mean other than this giant hole?

OFFICER SLATTERLY  
We don't know how long that hole's been there, Ma'am.

MARY  
(voice rising  
hysterically)  
Well, I do, and I'm telling you my kids are missing, too!

OFFICER BRADY  
OK, let's stay calm here, Mrs. Carter. Do you have a picture of your children?

Mary sprints for the house, the officers follow her.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - PLANT STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Multiple light beams pierce the branches of the tree.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

The light stabs through the tree house cracks in the walls, floorboards, windows. The trap door CREAKS open.

The kids huddle together. A long, distorted shadow that looks like nothing on Earth falls across their frightened faces.

Henry quick slides on his Yoda mask, Michael notices, pulls on the Darth Vader face mask.

Chloe jumps in front of them, gives a small SCREAM as a HUMANOID ALIEN, NET, enters.

NET stares at the tableau of two strange masked faces, one feisty girl, confused and silent Barney. NET smiles.

NET  
Friend. NET.

HENRY  
(bravely)  
No... you're an alien!

MICHAEL  
Yeah!

NET touches Henry's Yoda mask.

HENRY  
Hey!

MICHAEL  
Hands off my brother, Alien!

NET withdraws his hand.

CHLOE  
What are you?

NET smiles again, he glows brightly. The children are suddenly relaxed, curious, no longer afraid.

Barney's tail wags slowly, the boys slip off their masks.

NET opens his arms to the children. They step into NET's embrace.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Officer Brady and Mary at the kitchen table, examine photos of the missing children. Slatterly sorts paper forms.

INSERT - PHOTOS

PHOTO #1 - Framed family photo - the kids with their parents.

PHOTO #2 - Chloe, Henry and Michael with their FATHER nail planks onto the platform of the tree house.

MARY

See, that's the tree house right there. The kids with their dad... just a year before he died.

OFFICER SLATTERLY

Could be any tree.

OFFICER BRADY

(apologetically)

Do you have a picture of the tree house and the tree in this yard?

Slatterly continues to sift through forms.

OFFICER SLATTERLY

(to himself)

Nothin' here for a missing tree.

OFFICER BRADY

(to Slatterly, impatient)

Just pull the missing person forms.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The beam appears again. The tree descends SILENTLY into the hole, drops the last few feet. The THUMP shakes the house.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The tree's rough landing prompts an even bigger

"THOUGHT-CLOUD"

purple lightning flashes move directly over the Alien Pilot, who shrinks into his seat.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary and officers hear and feel the impact of the tree "landing." Mary opens the door, they stare outside, stunned.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Mary runs out, followed by the police officers. The dirt smooths, the grass grows up around the tree base. Aside from a few bent branches, the tree looks as if it never left.

Mary climbs the tree trunk steps, SLAMS open the trap door.

INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

The children asleep. Barney snoozes curled around them, the costumes and masks neatly folded nearby.

The SOUND of jets streaking overhead seeking the mothership.

EXT. SOMEWHERE MILES ABOVE PLANET EARTH - NIGHT

"The Lamprey" fastens to the mothership.

INT. AIR FORCE GROUND CONTROL STATION - NIGHT

A loud CHEER from the crew -- but only for a moment. The tracking blip FADES as the mothership leaves Earth orbit.

ARCHER  
We lost them, sir.

CLARKSON  
(calmly)  
The Lamprey kicks on when they leave deep space. They'll notice the beacon. But we'll get their address before they cut it off.

ARCHER  
Then what, sir?

Major Clarkson doesn't answer, a faint smile on his face.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shrine to "Star Wars," the boys asleep in twin beds. Mary turns off the bedroom light. Officer Brady observes.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary and Officer Brady pause by Chloe's open door. The light in the hallway reveals her peacefully sleeping.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Slatterly REVS the cop car engine, clearly impatient to leave. Mary and Officer Brady, however, are sharing a moment.

MARY

Thank you, Officer Brady. You've been very kind.

OFFICER BRADY

I still think you need to get them to a doctor, Mrs. Carter. I wish you'd let me call an ambulance.

MARY

Not tonight.

(beat)

What kind of report are you going to file?

Brady looks away. He knows more than he's telling.

OFFICER BRADY

I don't know. "Just the facts, Ma'am"... doesn't really cover it.

Her gaze drifts past him to the stars. His gaze remains on her with more than professional interest.

TIME TRANSITION

EXT. STAR-STUDDED VASTNESS OF SPACE - DAY

A white NASA space capsule floats against the inky blackness.

SUPERIMPOSE: "25 Years Later."

INT. FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A computer-generated star chart fills a wall-size monitor, Earth in the foreground of the constellation Orion.

A running clock logs elapsed mission time. A space capsule approaches one of the stars in Orion's Belt.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER monitors, flips a switch on console.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER  
Eagle One, we have you coming up on  
Alnitak, you should start to  
register some gravitational effect.

INT. SPACE CAPSULE - DAY

The star, Alnitak, framed in the window.

HENRY (now 35, lean, intense) in a spacesuit. He flips a switch on a slave monitor with same info as Flight Control.

HENRY  
Copy that, Flight. Preparing for  
roll to 25 and re-setting for  
visual capture.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER (V.O.)  
Confirm camera re-set after 25  
roll.

HENRY  
Initiating 25 roll in 3... 2... 1.

Henry flips another switch. Alnitak drifts out of view.

INTERCUT flight control and space capsule.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER  
Looking good, Eagle. Holding nice  
and steady.

HENRY  
Roger that. Completing 25 roll, and  
moving to re-set --

Master ALARMS. Warning lights flash red across Henry's face.

The Flight Control Engineer pushes buttons on display.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER  
(to himself)  
Oh, no.

HENRY  
Flight, I have multiple warnings --

The capsule rocks, bucks Henry from his seat. He CRACKS his head against the bulkhead.

HENRY

Ow!!

The capsule spins out of control. Alnitak flickers on screen.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER

Eagle One, we are reading massive system failures --

HENRY

Roger that, Flight! Switching to manual control.

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER

Confirm manual override. Recommend firing rear stabilizers at --

A more urgent ALARM. Stars spin outside the capsule window.

HENRY

Say again, Flight? Rear stabilizers?

FLIGHT CONTROL ENGINEER

Say again Eagle One - what's happening?

HENRY

(resigned, bitter)

Failure on manual override. Auto stabilizers fail.

The Flight Control Engineer slumps as he hears Henry's tone.

HENRY

Guidance control fail. Navigation fail. Loss of back up systems -- I believe that would be a fail-safe failure.

Henry watches the monitor as his space capsule avatar falls from the trajectory ellipsis, spirals towards Alnitak.

HENRY

Yes! Gravitational pull into the star, and it's another fiery death on Alnitak. Burned alive! Nice work, fellas.

INT. OPERATIONS CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

Henry in fatigues, a bandage on his head.

Operations Control Officer, DR. HOLLY SYMMONS (late 40s, trim, intelligent) sits at her desk across from him.

DR. SYMMONS  
So, how did it go this time?

HENRY  
Fourth time approaching Alnitak.  
Fourth time burning up on an  
elliptical maneuver that should be  
a cakewalk.

DR. SYMMONS  
Diagnostics has the simulator  
running at 95 to 100 percent  
efficiency --

HENRY  
Diagnostics is obviously running at  
zero percent accuracy. The whole  
system is a joke.

DR. SYMMONS  
Nothing's changed since the last  
time we had this conversation,  
Henry. You're making this personal  
again.

HENRY  
Why wouldn't I? You promised me  
this program would be well-funded.

DR. SYMMONS  
And you promised me results. We  
still don't have an answer to the  
million-dollar question: When do we  
find a signal or anything that  
justifies the cost of the program?

Henry watches her, jaw working.

DR. SYMMONS  
Right. You work with what you have.  
Find me something -- anything --  
before the next budget review.  
(off Henry's frustration)  
Look, you know I'm on your side. I  
wish I could hand you a blank  
check.  
(beat)  
Has it occurred to you that it's  
that time of year again?

HENRY

Yeah.

DR. SYMMONS

Good. Try to enjoy it this time.  
Family is family.

Henry gives her a sardonic salute.

EXT. GENTRIFIED BROWNSTONE OFFICE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY -  
CONTINUOUS

Fashionable, funky. Sign on door reads "UFO DISCOVERIES."

INT. "UFO DISCOVERIES" PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

A space capsule mock-up takes up floor space, "flying saucer" models dangle from the ceiling; old movie posters and current show promotions decorate the walls.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

... grabbed me and I couldn't move,  
you know, uh, like I'm ina trance,  
you know? And there was this  
light?, Like, real bright, right?  
Like newk-yu-lar, ya know? Like the  
bomb, ya know? But no boom --

INT. "UFO DISCOVERIES" PRODUCTION OFFICE - EDIT BAY - DAY

Pro video tapes stored in labeled cases in open wall shelves.

INSERT - LABELS

"CIGAR SHAPED, AUGUST 23, 1987"

"ABDUCTIONS - INTERVIEWS"

"BELGIUM, 1989"

Chloe (37), wears galaxy patterned leggings and a sparkly star tee. She controls an edit console viewing videotape.

CHLOE

(sighing heavily)  
This is such crap!

She toggles the frames, stares at the playback monitor.

INSERT - IMAGE ON MONITOR SCREEN

"AN UNSHAVEN MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP"

Chloe rocks his mouth back in forth in idiot lip flap.

TYE (mid-30s), elegantly-suited, flamboyant, lounges on the inside wall of the edit bay, an air of conscious cool.

TYE

That's why special effects were invented.

CHLOE

I'm just so tired of all this phony stuff.

TYE

Girl, that's harsh. What about the suffering? You're probed by an alien and nobody cares? This show gives U-F-O victims a voice! You're like, doing a public service.

CHLOE

Idiot.

TYE

Numbers are up, contracts are signed, we booked the "Star Child" on Tuesday -- you're welcome -- now puh-leeze do not even hint you want to derail this gravy train, baby.

The phone RINGS. Chloe answers.

CHLOE

(into phone)

Hi, Mom.

(beat)

Yep. Flight's all set. I'll be there for dinner.

(beat)

I know it is.

(beat)

OK, see you tomorrow. Love you, too. Bye.

She hangs up.

TYE

You're looking grim.

CHLOE  
It's the annual alien thing.

TYE  
Uh-oh. That time of year  
already?

CHLOE  
Every Halloween. This year is the  
big one. Twenty-five years.

TYE  
Honey, that whole "close encounter"  
kind of thing is great for the show  
but you don't have to work it for  
me.

Chloe glares at him.

TYE  
OK, OK, I take it back. There  
really are space men, and you saw  
one when you still believed in  
fairy tales --

CHLOE  
I was 12 years old, Tye. And I  
actually don't remember seeing  
anyone -- or anything. Nobody does.

TYE  
C'mon, I know your brother made a  
gazillion dollars on that script --  
(a "booga-booga" gesture)  
"Alien Commando!" Scared the crap  
out of my kids.

CHLOE  
Please, don't start on that movie.  
My brothers make me crazy arguing  
about it. Did it happen, didn't it  
happen...

TYE  
(loyally)  
Seriously, sweetheart, I've known  
you too long for you to lie to me.  
If you say it's true, I gotta  
believe you.

CHLOE  
Oh, spare me.  
(beat)  
It's just -- nobody knows for sure.

Michael still thinks we were all  
hallucinating -- even my Mom, which  
is ridiculous.

TYE

Don't you think that's possible? A  
little L-S-D on the trick-or-treat  
candy? The Madre wouldn't let me  
eat anything until the local cops  
ran it under a scanner.

CHLOE

There was a police report, Tye.

TYE

Yeah, from the guy who was sweet on  
your momma.

CHLOE

That was a lot later. Anyway, give  
me a break, willya?

TYE

Hey, it's just a family reunion,  
right? Cut yourself some slack.  
Family is family. Have some fun.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

Chloe steps in, tired, snaps a number of door locks closed.

INT. ELLINGTON AIR FORCE BASE (HOUSTON) BASE HOUSING -  
HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Furnished in cheap rental accommodations. Henry is asleep.

BEGIN HENRY'S DREAM

Henry thrilled as he soars without a plane over planet Earth.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY)- BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tasteful, modern. A nightlight projector beams constellations  
on the ceiling. Chloe sleeps.

BEGIN CHLOE'S DREAM

Chloe marvels at the Earth below her. She sees Henry ahead of  
her, catches up with him. Surprised, he smiles at her.

INTERCUT HENRY'S AND CHLOE'S SHARED DREAM SEQUENCE:

They LAUGH, take each other's hands, fly even higher.

NET's ship flies above. They give chase. Eager to pursue, Henry drops Chloe's hand. She falls. He pauses, torn.

Chloe calls out in terror, but her voice is SILENCED.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT (NEW YORK CITY) - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chloe wakes, wipes tears from her face, pulls on a robe.

EXT. CHLOE'S BALCONY (MINUTES LATER)

Chloe stares up at the lightening sky.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry wide awake, vulnerable and sad. Suddenly alert, as if he knows in advance... outside his window an ALARM goes off.

EXT. ELLINGTON AIR FORCE BASE (A.F.B.) - AIRFIELD - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The line of jets waiting for pilots. Henry jogs to his.

SLEEVE PATCH

Henry's call sign "ET" emblazoned over a graphic outline of a flying saucer.

A FELLOW PILOT falls in with him.

Other PILOTS follow.

FELLOW PILOT

Hey, E-T -- you got family up there?

HENRY

(smiling happily)

I do believe he's callin' my name!

INT. HENRY'S JET - COCKPIT - DAY

Henry guns his jet on steep incline into the skies, his call sign, distinct logo, and name painted under the canopy rail.

The voice of the ON DECK OFFICER (ODO) in Henry's headset.

ODO (V.O.)  
 (over headset - filtered)  
 Same pattern as last time, coming  
 in from the west coast heading due  
 east. See if any of you can catch a  
 glimpse when she blows by us.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A UFO shoots east across the continent.

INTERCUT FLIGHT CONTROL, HENRY'S JET AND UFO.

Henry sees the radar blip on his screen, forces his jet into  
 a steep climb without hesitation.

The ODO and a TRAFFIC CONTROLLER focused on the radar  
 tracking Henry's thrust skyward.

ODO  
 E-T, be advised you are approaching  
 maximum ceiling.

Henry pushes harder, his engines SCREAM.

ALTITUDE ALARM sounds in the cockpit -- a harsh, sharp  
 SQUAWK, followed by an electronic female voice with a calm  
 BRITISH ACCENT.

ELECTRONIC VOICE ALARM (V.O.)  
 Approaching Absolute Ceiling.  
 Approaching Absolute Ceiling.

HENRY  
 Come on! Get up there! Come on!

His engines SPUTTER. An alternative PROXIMITY ALARM sounds,  
 followed by the same electronic voice.

ELECTRONIC VOICE ALARM (V.O.)  
 Traffic in sight. Traffic in sight.

THE ODO and Flight Control Engineer tense as two blips come  
 closer together on radar.

A cylindrical pod streaks past Henry, circles back.

ODO (V.O.)  
 (over headset - filtered)  
 E-T, do you have a visual?

Henry watches the UFO as it zooms past his cockpit, arcs overhead, circles. The jet rocks in the forced slipstream.

Henry tips the jet wings side to side, "waves" at the UFO.

It levels with him, then streaks off in a flash just as his engines stall. He rolls the jet into free-fall.

The Proximity Alarm replaced by the ENGINE FAIL ALARM.

ELECTRONIC VOICE ALARM (V.O.)  
Engine fail. Engine fail.

ODO (V.O.)  
(over headset - filtered)  
E-T, acknowledge --

HENRY  
(cool, fearless)  
That's affirmative.

Henry's jet pirouettes in a flat, silent spin.

ODO (V.O.)  
(over headset - filtered)  
E-T, E-T, come in --

Henry pulls back on the stick, hits the thrusters. The engines ROAR to life.

HENRY  
Whoo-Hoo!

Henry's outburst comes over the comm as unintelligible.

ODO  
E-T, what is your status? Report.

HENRY (V.O.)  
Ooohhh yeeaaahhh!!!

Henry aims for home.

HENRY  
Tower, this is E-T. Condition  
Green, all systems five by five, it  
is a beautiful morning and I'm  
coming in.

ODO (V.O.)  
(over headset - filtered)  
Roger that E-T, happy landing.

Henry kicks engines into a BOOM, corkscrews for the hell of it.

HENRY  
That's affirmative, Tower -- Whoo  
Hoo!

EXT. CHLOE'S BALCONY - DAY

Chloe sees the UFO streak the eastern sky; a shooting star? The sight comforts her. She smiles, turns back to her room.

EXT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - RUNWAY - DAY

Henry's jet taxis into home space. He climbs down triumphant. MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS "greet" him. His smile fades.

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GENERAL Clarkson (now in his late 50s, still trim, dignified, no-nonsense) sits in front of a speaker phone.

Dr. Symmons, Air Force COLONEL Drake Archer (now mid 40s, fit, in combat fatigues), other OFFICERS at the table.

CLARKSON  
(into phone)  
He must have something to do with  
it. It's the same bogie. What's  
your boy up to, Frank?

INT. CARTER HOME - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Former police officer Frank Brady, now late 50s, retired, in civilian clothes on the phone with his old buddy Clarkson.

FRANK  
(into phone)  
He's my step-son, General, and I  
haven't seen him in months. I take  
it you're sure.

INTERCUT between Clarkson's conference room and Frank's office.

CLARKSON  
We've tracked it twice. He's the  
only one it ever pays any attention  
to. You know his call sign, right?

DR. SYMMONS  
He got tagged E-T because of the  
program, not because --

ARCHER  
We have bigger problems. Our threat  
assessment suggests tactical  
responses --

DR. SYMMONS  
Really, Colonel? You want another  
Roswell? Try to blow it out of the  
sky?

CLARKSON  
We're not blowing anything out of  
the sky, Doctor. Not yet.  
(to Frank)  
You say he's due home soon?

FRANK  
Unless you throw him in the can.

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Still in flight uniform, Henry at a table, Dr. Symmons sits  
opposite, an unopened file between them.

HENRY  
Let me get this straight. We get  
all the evidence we need handed to  
us on a silver platter and now  
you're telling me they shut down  
the program?

DR. SYMMONS  
Bear in mind there's more to this  
picture than just "your" program.  
And one more thing --

HENRY  
What? What is this?

DR. SYMMONS  
Clean out your locker before you  
leave. We're all being reassigned.

HENRY  
For god's sake, tell me what's  
happening?

DR. SYMMONS

Calm down. Take advantage of time off and see your family.

HENRY

But why me? I wasn't the only pilot in the sky!

DR. SYMMONS

You were the only one with visual confirmation of the target.

HENRY

Holly, tell me the truth. What's happening? What's behind all this?

DR. SYMMONS

Military Intelligence. Until further notice, Commander, you're officially on vacation. That's all I know, but that's an order.

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - CLARKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Clarkson at his desk, hands shaking.

FRAMED PHOTO on Clarkson's desk: A young Frank Brady, in uniform - Police Academy graduate; a young Jim Clarkson in uniform - Air Force Lieutenant; both salute the camera with shot glasses, both young men with great futures ahead.

Clarkson picks up the photo. It TREMBLES in his hands.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. ROSWELL ARMY AIR FIELD (1947) - DAY

Signs show the name "Strategic Air Command" (SAC). "Home of the 393rd Bomb Squadron."

LOGOS STENCILED ON B-29 AIRCRAFT: "Enola Gay," and "Bock's Car."

SUPERIMPOSE: "Roswell Army Air Field - 1947"

EXT. ROSWELL A.A.F. - CLARKSON HOME - DAY

Jim Clarkson and Frank Brady, both young boys (8-10), shoot marbles in the dust outside military housing.

An official car pulls up, two military OFFICERS head for the door. Young Jim Clarkson runs after the officers.

SUPERIMPOSE: "July 8, 1947."

Young Frank Brady scoops up the marbles, follows after Jim.

INT. ROSWELL A.A.F. - CLARKSON HOME - DAY

Military officers, Jim, and Frank watch Jim's MOTHER WEeping.

MILITARY OFFICER #1  
Ma'am, is there anyone you'd like  
us to call?

CLARKSON'S MOTHER  
Why can't you tell me what  
happened?

MILITARY OFFICER #2  
We've told you all we can, Ma'am.  
We're very sorry for your loss.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - CLARKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Clarkson pulls a bottle of whiskey and a file marked TOP SECRET from his desk. He drinks, stares at the unopened file.

INT. JFK AIRPORT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Chloe sits at her gate in a crowded row of seats.

Across from her, an OLDER WOMAN reads a tabloid. The front page pictures an infant with an oddly shaped head and eyes.

INSERT - HEADLINE

"MY ALIEN BABY"

Chloe catches the headline, closes her eyes in pain.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Halloween decorations festoon the neighborhood where the children grew up. The rickety tree house in the back yard.

A rental car speeds up the street, into the driveway, parks. Henry exits, grabs his bag, knocks on the front door.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR

The door flies open, Mary (now mid-50s)hurls herself into Henry's embrace.

INT. THE FOYER

Frank (mid-50s)takes Henry's bag. The two men eye each other, wary.

FRANK  
(with an edge)  
Welcome home, Henry. You taking  
care of yourself?

HENRY  
(distant)  
Yeah, Frank, I'm cool.

MARY  
Chloe's on the way, and Michael  
will be here for dinner with the  
kids.

HENRY  
What about Elaine? I thought they  
were "making progress?"

MARY  
I hope she'll come. It's so great  
to get together like this!

HENRY  
(with an edge)  
Yeah, Mom. It's great to be home.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

One wall features framed news articles.

INSERT - HEADLINES

"MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS IN THE SKY"

"LOCAL HOME QUARANTINED"

"AUTHORITIES REFUSE COMMENT"

A LARGE MOVIE POSTER

TEXT reads "Alien Commando!!!"

IMAGE: A humanoid alien figure wears a bullet scarred flak jacket, an American flag bandana wrapped around a helmet cocked sideways on his head. Soldiers pose in support around him, weapons silhouetted.

With an odd berserker rage on his face, the Alien Commando clutches a baby, fires an automatic rifle at an unseen enemy.

A more fit, beautiful version of the Carter family posed at bottom of the poster.

A ROW OF FRAMED PHOTOS:

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH - A classic second wedding picture: Mary in a cocktail dress clutches a bouquet, Officer Brady in police dress uniform, teenage Chloe, 'tweens Michael and Henry, all best dressed.

THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH - Michael holds a Sci-Fi Award in one hand and an Alien Commando DOLL in the other w/ELAINE (his wife, visibly pregnant) by his side. Mary, Frank, Chloe smile behind Michael. No Henry.

THE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH - Henry in astronaut suit in front of the American flag.

FRAMED SCIENCE DEGREES from three universities surround Henry's photo.

We HEAR Michael and his daughters arrive (O.S.). A KNOCK on Henry's bedroom door.

HENRY

Yeah?

MARY

Henry, it's me.

Henry opens the door.

HENRY

What's up?

MARY

Michael's here with the girls.

HENRY

I heard.

MARY

So? Are you going to come and say  
"hi"?

HENRY

I will. I'm just... settling in,  
you know.

MARY

I know, Honey, but let's not start  
things off on the wrong foot, okay?  
If you would come say "hi," relax a  
little bit, everyone else would,  
too. Will you do that for me,  
please, Henry?

HENRY

I'll be down in a minute, all  
right?

MARY

I'm just hoping you'll make an  
effort... just try?

Henry stares at her patiently. She gives up, turns away.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael (33, fit, pretentious), sips a beer out of the  
bottle. His daughters ANNA (7) and SOPHIA (5) in HALLOWEEN  
WITCH COSTUMES, carry a small covered picnic basket to Mary.

SOPHIA

Hi, Grandma!

ANNA

Hi, Grandma!

MARY

Omigosh, you look so scary! Are you  
really Sophia and Anna?

The little girls GIGGLE at their grandmother.

MARY

(to Michael)

Where's Elaine?

SOPHIA

Mommy's mad at Daddy. She might not  
come.

ANNA

She says not to talk about his new  
movie because it will just piss off  
Uncle Henry.

SOPHIA  
But she says Daddy will anyway!

MARY  
Girls, language! And what have we  
discussed before about keeping  
family secrets?

MICHAEL  
She wouldn't even let me help with  
their make-up.

Mary shoots him a warning glance.

MARY  
Now girls, do you know why tonight  
is even more special than usual?

The girls look at each other and GIGGLE some more.

MARY  
What are you two up to?

Sophia pulls the cover off the picnic basket. Anna lifts out  
a GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY, hands it to Mary.

MARY  
Oh, he's adorable! He reminds me so  
much of --

Her voice BREAKS.

ANNA  
Daddy says he looks just like  
Barney when he was a baby.

MARY  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Not to replace Barney, Mom, but  
this is a special night.

SOPHIA  
Daddy says dogs can teach people  
lots about love.

MARY  
Your daddy is so right. We can  
always use the lesson. Thank you,  
all of you.  
(to the puppy)  
Well, do you know why tonight is so  
special? You little sweetie!

ANNA

Uncle Henry says twenty-five years ago, when he was a kid --

SOPHIA

And Daddy was a kid!

ANNA

And Auntie Chloe was a kid, they all went up in the sky in the tree house 'cuz there was a U-F-O.

SOPHIA

And all the kids came back to Earth sound asleep. Barney, too!

MICHAEL

And Daddy has told you it's just a story, right? Nothing really happened, nothing to be afraid of. Like a movie.

The girls nod, Michael "bottle salutes," Frank ignores him.

ANNA

But now Grandma and Grandpa say don't go in the tree house "just in case."

Michael flashes irritation. Mary sees Henry in the doorway. Caught in the middle, she hurries to change the subject.

MARY

(to the puppy)

That's a long time ago, isn't it, you cute little guy!

(to Henry)

Look what the girls gave me!

HENRY

(Monster Voice)

Who are these scary girls? Where are my nieces?!

Henry goes all "Frankenstein," lunges at the girls, who SCREAM in delight, the puppy BARKS, all smile together.

INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The room decorated for Halloween. Henry and the girls set the table for dinner around a paper silver "25th Anniversary" centerpiece.

Michael, his wife ELAINE (early 30s) set out pumpkins.

MICHAEL  
(to Elaine)  
I'm glad you decided to come.

ELAINE  
Don't make me regret it.

A SCREECH of brakes from the outside, a car door SLAMS.

Auntie Chloe.

ANNA

That's her.

HENRY

MARY                                          MICHAEL  
She's here.                                      Finally.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The family greets Chloe with hugs, BABBLED GREETINGS. Frank hauls in her luggage.

INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - DAY

Empty pizza boxes, soda bottles around the table.

Frank and Mary help the girls decorate small pumpkins.

Chloe, Henry, and Michael watch, sip beer from bottles.  
Elaine watches Michael.

MICHAEL  
You know -- girls -- Sophia? Hey.  
Sophia -- Anna -- what's the name  
of Daddy's new movie?

The girls look at Elaine, who shakes her head "no".

Michael ignores her, pumps his fist in the air, the girls mimic him:

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| ANNA              | SOPHIA            |
| Alien Commando 2! | Alien Commando 2! |

Everyone laughs but Henry, who pulls on his beer.

CHLOE  
You girls are the cutest!

Henry resembles a gathering thundercloud.

ELAINE  
 (off Henry's expression -  
 to Michael)  
 Honey, maybe we should save it for  
 another time.

MARY  
 (off Elaine)  
 If you're happy with it, Michael,  
 that's what matters.

MICHAEL  
 (oblivious)  
 Oh, I love it. So, picture if  
 Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee got  
 together and went into outer space  
 to kick some alien terrorist butt.  
 It's like that, only this time,  
 it's an alien buddy picture, get  
 it? They come to Earth to clean up  
 loose ends from their last visit.

ANNA  
 Alien Commando 2!

SOPHIA  
 Alien Commando 2!

MICHAEL  
 Rawr! That's right! Come on,  
 everybody!

CHLOE  
 Really, Michael?

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, c'mon!

Sheepishly, all but Henry and Chloe join the little girls.

ELAINE  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

MARY  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

FRANK  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

ANNA  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

SOPHIA  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

MICHAEL  
 Alien Commando 2!!! Rawr!!!

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, the movie poster has these  
 two alien buddies throwing gang  
 signs -- yeah, see they're leaning  
 up against the numbers 1 and 2, all  
 cool and tough looking...

ELAINE  
(to Michael)  
Honey...

MICHAEL  
... all stylized in this special  
alien font some geek made up. It's  
a brilliant marketing campaign.

HENRY  
Really? Two stupid aliens in combat  
gear against a "1" and a "2". Just  
call it "Sequel."

MICHAEL  
It's gonna make a lot of money.  
Watch.

CHLOE  
Guys...

HENRY  
Well, yeah, of course, with a name  
like "Alien Commandos 2" how could  
it fail? Much better than  
"Redundant Crap!"

MARY  
Henry! Language!

HENRY  
At least my version is catchy. And  
honest.

MICHAEL  
(to his daughters)  
What does "2" stand for?

ANNA  
Two Alien Commandos!

SOPHIA  
Two Alien Commandos!

MICHAEL  
Right! See? Even kids get it.

HENRY  
Yeah, that's my problem. I happen  
to be an educated adult. Clearly  
not your target audience.

MICHAEL  
Who wants to make a movie for  
people who won't enjoy it?

HENRY

I'm looking right at him.

MARY

Henry!

CHLOE

Oh, come on, Henry, do we really have to --

HENRY

What, now you're going to stand up for him?

CHLOE

I just don't think it's worth a family feud.

HENRY

Aw, come on, he took our life story and turned it into a joke, made millions of dollars off us. Suddenly I'm the only one who thinks this is an insult?

MICHAEL

You had your chance, Henry! You said you didn't want to be involved.

HENRY

You don't even believe it happened!

MICHAEL

Guess what, Henry? It's called "storytelling." You don't remember any more than I do. And why you think that alien was friendly, if he ever existed, only your psychiatrist knows for sure. So lighten up!

The new puppy chooses this moment to grab the top of a pizza box hanging off the table. The box hits the floor, scattering loose pizza slices. The puppy grabs a slice bigger than he is, tries to drag it away.

Everyone LAUGHS. The tension eases. Mary scoops him up, cuddles him.

MARY

Oh, you are so cute -- even when you're naughty!

MICHAEL  
Mom, he's going to have to go to  
obedience school.

ANNA  
(solemnly)  
He's got a lot to learn.

MARY  
Oh, OK, little guy. Off to school  
you go. Do you think Barney would  
mind if I named him Barney, too?

MICHAEL  
Barney 2 -- perfect!

HENRY  
Right -- another sequel.

Reproachful faces. Henry knocks back his beer, drains it.

HENRY  
You got more in the garage, right?

MARY  
Well, yes.

MICHAEL  
Good idea. Go visit the garage.

Henry throws up his hands, exits.

ELAINE  
Was that necessary?

MICHAEL  
What?

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Henry snags a bottle from the fridge, slides it across his  
forehead, cooling off. Frank enters behind Henry, gets a  
beer, nods "cheers", takes a drink.

HENRY  
(defiantly)  
So, what do you hear, Frank?

FRANK  
About what?

HENRY

Come on. We all know you've got connections. You must have heard I saw him again.

FRANK

I heard about your flight.

HENRY

Frank. I saw him. This isn't one of Michael's movie pitches. He's real and he's out there. Something's up. I've got to be part of it!

FRANK

Okay. I believe you. Actually, I envy you.

HENRY

So why did they shut me down? What do you hear on your side?

FRANK

Why do you think he came back?

HENRY

I can't even guess at this point. Anyway, your buddies back on base put me through it, Frank. I already told them everything I knew -- which was pretty much nothing.

FRANK

I'm not that connected, Henry. But OK, I hear things. I know people are being brought in.

HENRY

They're assembling a team, aren't they? Why am I sitting here? You've got to get me on that team.

FRANK

I don't have any authority to do that. Sorry, Henry, I really wish I did.

HENRY

Yeah, sure. Okay.

FRANK

Look, Henry, just because you made contact doesn't mean you're automatically the right man for the mission.

HENRY

What are you talking about? I'm the logical choice.

FRANK

The minute you made contact with that bogie, you went after it like some hotshot rookie.

HENRY

Oh, yeah, you're on the outside, but you know this?

FRANK

You can't expect command to trust you if you don't follow orders.

HENRY

Listen, they're treating him like a hostile. That's crazy. He sent us back sound asleep. He would never hurt anybody.

FRANK

Maybe that's remnants of a dream. Maybe it was planted in your memory. Maybe you made it up. Besides, we're talking about Military Intelligence, remember?

Frank grins. Against his will, Henry grins back.

FRANK

Seriously. You're an Air Force Commander, fly jets, and until yesterday, you had a government-funded program dedicated to letting you play and call it work.

HENRY

Yeah...?

FRANK

Not to mention, you may be the only man in the military who believes an Alien Life Form could be a friend.

You could be grateful for all that... or at least be a team player.

HENRY

Yeah, what's your point, Frank?

FRANK

If you're ever going to see that alien again, it's because of who you are as a man, not what you experienced as a kid -- if you did.

HENRY

(still defiant)

Can you get me on that team or not?

Frank shrugs "you're hopeless," and exits.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - BACK DECK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chloe sits watching the sunset, her deck chair next to a neat stack of firewood and smaller kindling.

Mary visible through the window behind Chloe, troubled by family conflict, slowly takes down Halloween decorations.

Doorbell RINGS distantly.

EXT. CARTER FAMILY HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Last of the daylight. PARENTS stand on the sidewalk, watch THEIR KIDS SHOUT "Trick-or-Treat." Frank hands out candy.

Michael and his girls return from walking the neighborhood. The girls stop at the front door, hold open their bags for Frank to drop in candy.

Michael walks right past the girls. He bumps against Frank in a trance and enters the house. Frank and the girls watch him, wondering.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

THE SKY DARKENS

Shadows in the yard. Chloe strains to see Henry next to Tilly's trunk, staring up at the tree house through the branches.

Michael zombie-walks out the kitchen door, right past Chloe into the garage.

CHLOE  
Michael. Michael!

Michael exits the garage, joins Henry, their heads craned back, staring into the dark tree branches, still wordless.

Henry touches a broken step on the tree trunk, reaches behind him. Michael hands him a hammer, words unnecessary.

Whatever is affecting them, Chloe catches it. She zombie-walks with an arm load of thick kindling wood, hands a piece to Henry.

Michael hands Henry a nail. Henry nails steps up the side of the tree.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The girls sit at the kitchen table sorting their candy.

Mary washes the dishes, Elaine dries. Mary catches her children's bizarre behavior through the kitchen window.

Behind the women, Frank also watches as the trio hammers on the tree. He steps silently away.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Chloe climbs the steps to the tree house, disappears inside.

Suddenly, a searchlight flashes on Henry and Michael. A helicopter hovers above, blades THRUM the brothers awake.

A SPECIAL OPS TEAM rappels from the helicopter, ignores Michael, grabs Henry, ascends into the helicopter.

The helicopter beam snaps off, it disappears into the night.

MICHAEL  
Chloe! Come down! It's okay,  
they're gone.

She's winded, GASPING for breath. She quiets...

CREAKING FLOOR BOARDS

... and comes face to face with alien NET standing on the lift as he did 25 years earlier. A moment. Is this good news or bad?

NET smiles at her. Suddenly, her memories flood back.

CHLOE

NET!

She tears up, they hug. He touches her tears.

NET

(sadly)

Help us.

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Henry, disheveled, tired, seated at a long table.

General Clarkson, Dr. Symmons, Colonel Archer, and DR. LOLA DE LUNA (30s), a Latina beauty, all focused on Henry.

A MILITARY POLICE OFFICER stands off-side.

CLARKSON

Son, what the devil has been going on tonight?

HENRY

(with an edge)

I'm sorry sir, my family wasn't aware our backyard was a Special Forces training ground.

The general SLAMS his fist on the table. Henry winces.

CLARKSON

Your butt is hanging in a real narrow sling, Commander. I have no problem sending you away for a good long time, so stop and think very carefully about what you say next. That bogie you tangoed with earlier -- you know that's not a coincidence.

HENRY

What do you mean?

CLARKSON

You know what I mean. It's the same alien, right? You try to contact him tonight?

Henry stares at him silently. Clarkson gestures to the Military Police Officer, who moves to grab Henry.

CLARKSON

Escort the Commander to lock down.

HENRY

Wait, wait. OK. What about my sister and brother?

CLARKSON

OK, that's better. Your sister hasn't turned up yet and your brother is threatening lawsuit. You better fill in the blanks, son.

HENRY

Chloe is missing?

CLARKSON

She disappeared, Commander, after your little moon dance around the tree tonight. We'll find her.

DR. SYMMONS

Commander, for the benefit of Dr. DeLuna, you claim you've had prior alien contact... a close encounter.

HENRY

Me, my brother, my sister -- with an Alien Life Form -- an ALF.

DR. SYMMONS

That would have been the 5th kind -- the rarest -- direct communication between aliens and humans.

HENRY

I can't remember anything and I've tried -- hypnosis, scans -- you did all of that on me, too.

DR. SYMMONS

And you got an edited version of the results, Commander. The point is, we feel it's time for next steps.

CLARKSON

Colonel Archer was on duty the night you were taken. He's exo-science, emphasis on bio-signature detection sensors. Took the lead on finding where our ALF comes from.

HENRY

What? You know that?

DR. SYMMONS

We simulate with the Alnitak star system for a reason, Commander. Let's move on. Dr. De Luna is a Astrobiologist from Ames over at Moffett. Her field is organic chemistry and botany.

DR. DE LUNA

Commander Carter.

HENRY

Doctor.

DR. DE LUNA

According to your file, you seem very confident the alien you have interacted with has no hostile intent toward our species.

HENRY

You read my file?

DR. DE LUNA

That's correct.

HENRY

(irritated)

If we're deciding who gets to be on an ALF team, when do I get to read yours?

CLARKSON

Watch it, Carter. You are far from out of the woods here.

DR. DE LUNA

Let me caution you, Commander. Membership on the contact team comes from a very short list, and you're not on it yet.

DR. SYMMONS

The larger point at the moment is that we believe the alien is seeking you specifically. The U-F-O responds to your presence in the air every time we've tracked it.

CLARKSON

We assume it tried to contact you again.

HENRY

Well, then, with all due respect to Dr. De Luna, it sounds like I made the contact team -- whether I'm on her list or not.

Some uncomfortable shifting in seats, but nobody disagrees.

INT. THE CARTER HOME - FOYER - DAY

An older Officer Slatterly (50s) sees Mary on his way out the door.

OFFICER SLATTERLY

You know what I said to Frank? I said, "What is with you people? You keep losing your kids -- "

MARY

Yes, yes, Officer, it's not my choice, remember? You'll call me?

Slatterly exits shaking his head. Michael enters.

MICHAEL

Anything yet?

MARY

Oh, Michael, I'm so worried.

The phone in Frank's office RINGS.

INT. UFO DISCOVERIES OFFICE - DAY

Tye on the phone with Frank, agitated, worried about Chloe.

TYE

(into phone)

I've tried her apartment, too. No answer.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

FRANK  
(into phone)  
I'll let you know as soon as we  
know more here.

INTERCUT Frank's office with Tye in UFO Discoveries office.

TYE  
(into phone)  
I'm seriously worried, Frank. This  
is not like Chloe.

FRANK  
(into phone)  
We'll find her. She didn't  
disappear into thin air.

EXT. SHUTTLE LAUNCH SITE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The doors swing open on a massive hangar.

The space shuttle *Star Journey* moves slowly on a huge  
transport platform to the launch pad for fueling.

INT. MISSION CONTROL ROOM - DAY

OFFICIALS are busy at computer control stations.

FLASH FORWARD BEGINS

CLARKSON (O.S.)  
I'll oversee operations at Mission  
Control. Dr. Symmons will observe  
events with Frank Brady in  
communications with a couple plain  
clothes officers stationed in the  
neighborhood. I don't want any  
stray aliens showing up on that  
property.

INT. COLONEL ARCHER'S QUARTERS - DAY

The Colonel packs his service pistol in his duffel bag,  
another revolver in the front zip, with a sheathed knife.

CLARKSON (O.S.)  
Colonel Archer has manned  
spaceflight experience with the  
shuttle and will co-pilot. He'll  
also monitor interactions with the  
aliens to make sure they're as  
peaceful as you think they are.

INT. DR. DE LUNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. De Luna takes a pistol from its holster and checks it.  
She transfers a portable lab kit into a lighter duffel bag  
and zips it up.

CLARKSON (O.S.)  
Dr. De Luna will serve as medical  
officer and direct first contact. I  
want an objective pair of eyes on  
this alien until we know its  
intentions.

END FLASH FORWARD

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clarkson, Henry, De Luna, Archer at the table.

CLARKSON  
If there is even the slightest  
threat to our nation or this  
planet, we will respond with  
everything we've got.

HENRY  
What if the alien doesn't  
cooperate, General?

CLARKSON  
The ALF is here for a reason. Find  
out what he wants and make the  
trade for his technology. Problem?

HENRY  
No, sir.

The General eyes him hard, then nods.

CLARKSON  
Keep your head, son. You'll be the  
pilot on this mission.

That makes you the linchpin for everything forward. Don't screw it up.

HENRY

One last thing... Where does Frank fit into this?

CLARKSON

(long beat)

Dismissed.

INT. ELLISON A.F.B - CLARKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

General Clarkson pulls a liquor bottle from a bottom desk drawer, pours a stiff one.

He opens a file on his desk marked TOP SECRET. He picks up

A PHOTO

of a jet pilot. The photo is tagged: "Lt. Brace Clarkson"

The General's hands begin to SHAKE.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE ROSWELL A.F.B. - DAY

Roswell Air Force Base air space, an Army Air Corps P-51 "Mustang" fighter plane hovers, trapped motionless as two UFOs swoop around it, dipping, taunting?

SUPERIMPOSE: "July 4, 1947."

Two other Mustang fighter planes streak onto the scene, firing. The shots ricochet off the UFOs, pierce the trapped plane.

The plane falls out of the pocket, the UFOs pull away.

BRACE CLARKSON'S FACE

clenched just before his fighter plane crashes.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FRAMED PHOTO OF PILOT BRACE CLARKSON

hangs on the wall behind his GRIEVING wife and son. Young Clarkson climbs on his mother's lap, hugs her as she CRIES.

Young Frank stares, the marbles drop to the floor.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ELLISON A.F.B - CLARKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Clarkson studies his father's picture and his SHAKING hand.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Operating at FULL STAFF. Dr. Symmons, General Clarkson confer. Frank Brady at a console, secures an earpiece.

INT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - COCKPIT - DAY

Henry, Archer, Dr. De Luna all in full gear.

HENRY  
Initiating final countdown  
sequence.

EXT. SHUTTLE PLATFORM - DAY

Engines start their pre-burn, smoke billows, moorings drop.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The shuttle lifts with the countdown.

MISSION CONTROL COUNTDOWN (O.S.)  
3, 2, 1... Liftoff...

INT. SHUTTLE LAUNCH SITE - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The family watches as the shuttle rumbles into distant sky.

ANNA  
Daddy, are they going to be OK?

Michael shrugs helplessly.

EXT. SHUTTLE LAUNCH SITE - PRESS BOX - DAY

Tye lowers binoculars, turns to FILM CREW.

TYE  
Tell me you got that.

He gets a thumbs up.

VIDEOGRAPHER #1  
We do this all the time, mister.

EXT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - OUTER SPACE - DAY

The shuttle separates from the launch rocket.

INT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - COCK PIT - DAY

Archer nudges Henry and points.

ARCHER  
One o'clock and closing.

HENRY  
It looks like they're coming right  
for us.

EXT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY

NET's mothership draws closer to the shuttle. The *Star Journey* is dwarfed, like a little kitchen magnet floating to meet a giant refrigerator door.

INTERCUT SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" WITH MOTHERSHIP AND MISSION  
CONTROL

Henry watches a seam open into a mothership portal.

HENRY  
(to Archer)  
What do you think?

ARCHER  
Looks like an ALFie open house.

HENRY  
Flight, it appears the mothership  
has opened a portal of some sort. I  
think we're being invited to dock  
inside.

CLARKSON  
You're up there for a reason,  
Commander.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR  
Roger, Star Journey. Assess and  
proceed at your discretion.

Henry pilots the shuttle towards the opening in the  
mothership.

HENRY  
Copy that, Flight. Moving to  
docking procedure with mothership.

The shuttle passes through the portal into the mothership.  
The portal closes.

At that moment, the shuttle AV feed hazes, STUTTERS. Mission  
Control monitor screens goes blank.

GROUND CREW  
Flight. We've lost all signal. No  
visual of the mothership.

FLIGHT DIRECTOR  
Flight to Star Journey, come in...  
Flight to Star Journey, respond...

CLARKSON  
Where's our visual?

GROUND CREW MEMBER  
Sir, we're picking up a huge energy  
burst.

CLARKSON  
Any other tracking stations asking  
us for clarification?

GROUND CREW MEMBER  
No, sir.

FRANK  
The mothership must be cloaked in  
some way.

His comment sparks a few raised eyebrows... who is this guy?

General Clarkson grips the console. Frank reaches a hand to  
the General's shoulder but he's shaken off. Side glances from  
the crew, but no one signals they've noticed.

Meanwhile, Henry on the controls, Archer rides the data  
stream spewing through the computers. Dr. De Luna operates  
external cameras.

The shuttle slips into a smaller chamber.

DR. DE LUNA  
Do you know where you're taking us,  
Commander?

Archer looks a question to Henry -- did you do that?

Henry lifts both hands off the stick, shakes his head, "no."

HENRY  
Something took over.

The shuttle drifts to a halt, hovers, the landing gear  
lowers, locks into place without Henry's or Archer's control.

Behind the shuttle, a door in the docking bay slides shut,  
SEALS. The NOISE of incoming atmosphere buffets the shuttle.

The crew frees harness locks, checks the window views.

HENRY  
Well. We're here.

ARCHER  
Radio's definitely dead.

DR. DE LUNA  
What about the atmosphere?

ARCHER  
Stay in the suit.

A smaller hatch slides open in the docking area. A shadow  
spills out, long and amorphous, coming closer.

DR. DE LUNA  
I don't think so. Look.

Chloe! No space suit and breathing just fine. She waves.

ARCHER  
Isn't that your sister?

HENRY  
(shocked and a bit  
jealous)  
Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

Archer, De Luna and Henry without space suits. Henry goes all  
"big brother" on Chloe.

HENRY  
Mom's been worried sick.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - COMMON ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A massive domed interior centered around a rough, woody column rooted in the floor. Crosshatched walls embedded with recessed oval pods.

Chloe leads the crew. NET glows warmly. Henry's memory returns.

NET  
(smiling)  
Henry...

HENRY  
It's you. I remember. It was you.  
(overcome by emotion)  
You're NET.

NET  
Yoda, you are so tall.

HENRY  
Yoda? Oh, right, the mask.

NET  
Henry... help us.

HENRY  
(to Chloe)  
Do you know what this is about?

CHLOE  
Some of the ALFs are sick, Henry,  
and we had something to do with it.

HENRY  
What do you mean?

CHLOE  
NET will show you.

HENRY  
(to NET)  
NET, this is my team. We're all  
here to help in every way we can.  
Colonel Drake Archer and Dr. De  
Luna.

DR. DE LUNA  
(to NET)  
You're the reason I do what I do.  
I've been searching for a new life  
form ever since I can remember.

NET

Not new.

De Luna a bit nonplussed.

FOUR MORE ADULT-SIZED ALFs enter. Each of them resembles NET, with unique body markings that differentiate between them. The four ALFs select individual pods, slide in.

CHLOE

(to the human team)

This is so cool. Just pick a pod and have a seat.

HENRY

Why? What's gonna happen?

CHLOE

You're about to get an ALF history lesson, Henry. This is the best way to understand.

DR. DE LUNA

How do you mean?

CHLOE

Trust me. It's very beautiful.

The alien bodies GLOW in their pods. The human crew members each enter a pod, appear to FALL ASLEEP.

The rough center column GLOWS, morphs into a tree rooted and growing inside the ship. The soft SOUND of rushing water underscored by a gentle HEARTBEAT immerses them.

NET touches the tree and light courses through the branches. Bands of color dance over the dome, spilling down the walls.

INSERT - IMAGES

"EVOLUTION OF LIFE FORMS"

"ALIENS EVOLVE FROM PLANT LIFE"

"ALF LIFE CYCLE - DEATH/ABSORPTION AT THE BASE OF THE TREE"

"CIVILIZATIONS RISE AND FALL"

The visuals speed to a BLUR, then slow to the recent past:

EXT. NET'S PLANET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

NET's mothership floats in space above the ALF home planet. A BRIGHT PURPLE MOON above the eerily beautiful landscape. A small missile, stenciled with the U.S. flag heads for the alien planet below.

EXT. NET'S PLANET - SURFACE

The U.S. probe streaks across the sky above an alien city.

Several ALIENS look up in surprise, watch the missile fall to ground.

U.S. PROBE LANDING SITE

ADULT ALIENS approach, push through the surrounding foliage.

Several LITTLE ALIENS play with each other in the darkness, their GLOWING bodies joyous and free.

Suddenly, adult aliens emerge staggering, panicked, grab the children, FLEE.

END NET'S SHARED VISION.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Chloe, Henry, Archer, and Dr. De Luna blink to consciousness.

CHLOE

And then everyone started getting sick.

Archer pitches forward, VOMITS. Dr. De Luna rushes to Archer.

DR. DE LUNA

Colonel, what's wrong?

ARCHER

Alien... touching my mind... Oh, god.

He shudders, RETCHES again. The mess absorbs into the floor.

DR. DE LUNA

Just breathe deeply, try not to panic.

ARCHER

This isn't panic.

DR. DE LUNA  
You're not in any pain?

ARCHER  
No.

A panel in the wall becomes transparent, opens. NET gestures them through to what appears to be a circular garden.

ARCHER  
No, we need to get back to the shuttle.

HENRY  
Hold up, Colonel.

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

Rows of grass-covered mounds circle the room, cushions for AILING ALFs, their skin dulled by a thickened, gray crust.

NET leads the crew to a LITTLE ALF in the center circle.

NET  
My son.

Chloe takes little ALF's hand. His fingers curl around hers.

CHLOE  
Oh, NET, what's wrong with him?

HENRY  
I'd say we just got a look at the fall-out from that probe.

NET  
His mother... lost.

DR. DE LUNA  
The first thing we need to do is get these patients isolated. They're just passing sickness back and forth between them.

NET  
No.

DR. DE LUNA  
We'll take very good care of --

CHLOE  
You don't understand. They always have to be together.

NET

Our ship... our body.

DR. DE LUNA

Where are the medical support systems? This looks like a garden.

CHLOE

They don't use medicine like we do.

HENRY

It's the mental connection. I get it. Strong stuff.

DR. DE LUNA

Maybe. It doesn't seem to be working.

(to NET)

How are you protecting the rest of your population? Especially the young. Human children tend to be the most vulnerable to disease.

EXT. MOTHERSHIP - NURSERY - DAY

NET, Chloe, Henry, Archer, Dr. De Luna at a closed door.

NET

Our future.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - NURSERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens from an airlock to reveal a smaller room, colorful flowered walls lined with small pods.

Dozens of YOUNG ALFs play - short, roly-poly, super cute, distinctly healthy. The little ALFs brighten to see Chloe.

ALF CHILDREN

KLO-EE! KLO-EE!

CHLOE

Hi, you little cuties!

She stoops to hug those closest to her. NET watches, pleased.

ALF CHILDREN

Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Hel-lo, Klo-ee!

HENRY

What's all this?

CHLOE  
 These are healthy ALF kids, Henry.  
 They were lifted off the home  
 planet before they got sick.  
 They're in quarantine here.

Henry kneels to pick up a little ALF who SQUEALS and kicks in  
 delight in his arms. Dr. De Luna and Archer react warily.

ALF CHILDREN  
 Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

CHLOE  
 (proudly)  
 I taught them that. They're quick  
 learners.

DR. DE LUNA  
 Hello.

ALF CHILDREN  
 Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

DR. DE LUNA  
 My name is Dr. De Luna.

ALF CHILDREN  
 (in unison)  
 Day-Looona...

She smiles back at all of them, completely charmed.

ARCHER  
 My name is Colonel Archer.

ALF CHILDREN  
 Aarr-cher. Ar-cher! Ar-cher!

Archer gives them a cautious smile, but keeps his distance.

ARCHER  
 What is this? Some kind of  
 oversized daycare?

CHLOE  
 Sort of. They live here. I don't  
 know exactly how many.

NET  
 Many.

ALF toddlers each hold a SQUIRT-GUN-SHAPED OBJECT. The kids  
 squeeze the handles, a misty pattern swirls into shapes.

HENRY

What is that?

The head and body of A GOLDEN RETRIEVER DOG, LITTLE HUMAN and ALIEN HANDS pet the dog unconnected to bodies.

HENRY

Barney?

CHLOE

Yes. They're NET's memories, Henry.  
It's that mental connection showing  
up again. It's like old home  
movies.

The Barney image runs about. The unconnected hands focus. The YOUNG HENRY CARTER and ALIEN KIDS toss Barney a stick to retrieve.

CHLOE

(deeply moved)

We played with them when we were  
here, Henry. They let their kids  
play with us. We just couldn't  
remember.

ALF CHILDREN

BAR-NEE! BARRRR-NEEEE!

Barney BARKS, the ALF children imitate as best they can.

ALF CHILDREN

(giggling)

ARF! WUF!

CHLOE

(to Henry's child-sized  
figure)

Henry, meet yourself, all grown up.

The child version of Henry pauses, looks directly at his adult self. ACE, a smart, mischievous little ALF, stares at both Henrys, eyes widening. He points at the adult Henry.

ACE

HEN-REE!

The name sends an electric current sweeping over the little ALFs. The swarm of kids moves toward Henry.

ALF CHILDREN

Hen-ree! Hen-ree! Hel-lo! Hel-lo!  
Hel-lo, Hen-ree!!

Henry accepts one of the odd squirt-guns from Little Alien toddler ACE. He turns it around, examining it.

CHLOE

I call it a "visionator."

DR. DE LUNA

Their ability to manipulate images must be far less developed than a mature ALF's. It looks like a skill booster, a training device of some sort.

CHLOE

It's like a baby toy, right NET? To help them learn how to communicate mentally?

NET

More.

NET takes the "visionator" from Henry. He aims it at the Barney image, pulls a hidden trigger. The Barney image VIBRATES, SHIMMERS, leaps from the mist as a fully alive dog.

Barney tail-wags his way over to Henry with a friendly BARK. The humans react with shock. ACE watches, nudges his FRIENDS.

CHLOE

Whoa! That's a little bit creepy!

HENRY

Will he stay this way?

NET

Not long... not needed.

Sure enough, the material Barney begins to fade.

ARCHER

Imagine the army you could put together with one of those.

CHLOE

(to Archer)

You have a real gift for spoiling a moment.

INT. CLARKSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clarkson pours from a whiskey bottle into a glass. He studies the closed "Top Secret" file on his desk, decides, opens it.

PHOTOS OF ALIEN REMAINS

dissected on an autopsy table.

Clarkson tosses back the drink, pours another as he studies the photos that resemble NET's body.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Henry, De Luna, and Archer follow Chloe to the door.

CHLOE

Wait until you see.

She opens the door. All stand awed by the spectacular view.

THE PLANET EARTH

hanging in the distance.

CHLOE

Home.

HENRY

(awestruck)

We saw this before... a long time ago.

Chloe nods, "yes." Henry reaches for her hand.

CHLOE

I've been thinking about that probe NET showed us. How did someone from Earth send a missile to his planet in the first place?

HENRY

And why? It had to travel for years to get there.

(to Archer)

You know something about this?

ARCHER

I know we should be nervous as hell around all these ALFies. That alien controlled our brains.

CHLOE

Felt very natural to me.

ARCHER

I'd call that part of the problem.  
Watch yourselves. Any breach  
affects our national security.

DR. DE LUNA

Agreed. Good observation.

HENRY

I don't buy it.

ARCHER

The point is, we don't know what's  
going on here. Or why. And those  
vision guns...

HENRY

OK, right. You're right, Archer...  
we need a plan, people. First off,  
can we deal with this disease?

DR. DE LUNA

I can try to make a diagnosis, but  
I'll need some tissue samples.

CHLOE

They might be reluctant. We're the  
ones who sent that plague.

ARCHER

They contacted us, remember? They  
want something -- maybe help like  
they say, maybe not.

DR. DE LUNA

We don't know what was in that  
probe, which means we're starting  
from zero. Whatever it is might  
only negatively effect ALFs. We  
need those tissue samples.

HENRY

I'll go talk to NET.

INT. NET'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A portal opens. NET seated on a carpet of grass. He gestures  
"welcome." Henry sits cross-legged.

HENRY

NET, we want to help. I don't know how that probe landed on your planet, or why, but I do know we're going to make it right.

NET's body GLOWS a bit in response.

HENRY

We need to find out what is making your people sick. But I think you know, we have a different kind of medicine.

NET

We need your help. Help us.

HENRY

NET, we need to cut a tiny piece of tissue from your son.

NET rears back as if struck. For a sickening moment, Henry simultaneously experiences NET's empathic memory.

INSERT - IMAGES

CAPTURED ALIENS IN CAGES

SCIENTISTS CUTTING INTO ALIENS

SILENT SCREAMS CONVEYED TO ALL ALFS TELEPATHICALLY

NET'S vision overwhelms Henry, they both relive the horrors of aliens captured, imprisoned, and tested at the hands of Roswell scientists.

HENRY

NET, it won't be like that. I promise.

NET PANTS from the impact of collective memory.

HENRY

You have to trust me. I would never hurt you or your son.

(beat)

What you showed me... your people were captured in the past? I didn't know.

NET

Once. We were vulnerable our... body broken... sick.

HENRY  
Your scout ships crashed?

NET  
Our body failed.

Henry shakes his head, not following.

HENRY  
I'm truly sorry, NET. But we're  
here to help you.

NET  
Your people are fearful and  
confused. My people died.  
(beat)  
It was not always this way.

HENRY  
NET, If we can cure your son, your  
planet will be safe.

NET  
You are just one, Henry... far away  
from your people. You cannot  
promise for them. Some are very,  
very cruel.  
(beat)  
Why did they send the sickness?

HENRY  
NET, I don't know. I want to find  
out. But for now, I promise you for  
me and my team, we're here to help.  
Let's go from there.

No reaction from NET.

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. De Luna sits next to NET's son. Her eyes slowly close and  
she falls asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. NET'S PLANET - DAY

Dr. De Luna and NET's son walk through a beautiful garden  
together, smiling. NET's son reaches out to touch a flower.

The flower leans toward his hand, wanting to be touched. When they connect, a brown scale spreads from his palm, the flower wilts, falls away, devastates the entire flower bed.

NET's son turns to Dr. De Luna terrified. She watches in horror as the little ALF and the garden render to dust.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

Henry and NET enter as Dr. De Luna awakes with a jerk. NET's son MOANS. NET, off his son's reaction, nods "yes" to Henry.

INT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - COMMUNICATIONS DECK - DAY

Henry confronts Archer huddled over a mass of twisted wire.

HENRY

I've been thinking about this probe, Colonel. Something doesn't add up.

ARCHER

Try using all ten fingers.

HENRY

Let's start with you -- "Exobiologist," exploring the universe for inhabited worlds -- I gotta say, you don't seem too pleased we found a whole new species here -- new to us, anyway.

ARCHER

Maybe I know more about Roswell than you do.

HENRY

NET showed me what happened there --

ARCHER

You mean, what he wanted you to see.

HENRY

All right. I'll give you that.

ARCHER

Let's just say ALFs weren't the only casualties. And that's more than I should say.

HENRY

You're suggesting that probe was  
retaliation for --

ARCHER

I never said that.

HENRY

OK, Archer, I'll leave it there for  
now. But I'm telling you, I'm gonna  
get down to the bottom of this...  
And when I get down there, I hope I  
don't find you looking up at me.

INT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - DR. DE LUNA'S LAB - DAY

Henry watches Dr. De Luna hunched over a microscope,  
delicately probing the little ALF tissue sample.

DR. DE LUNA

This is the strangest pathology  
I've ever seen.

HENRY

Not surprising.

DR. DE LUNA

The sample from NET's son is  
obviously diseased. Oddly enough,  
it resembles something I have seen  
before. Impedes the immune system.  
Makes the cells vulnerable.

HENRY

You mean like AIDS?

DR. DE LUNA

More like a cancer. The ALF's  
healthy skin resembles a soft,  
smooth bark. In this tissue sample,  
the normal cell production is  
mutating at an accelerated rate.  
It's extraordinary. You can watch  
it happen.

Henry looks through the eyepiece of the microscope.

THE SAMPLE

DR. DE LUNA

As it spreads, it hardens the  
epidermal layer.

You can see here -- these condensed ridges surrounded by lesions. NET's son is literally suffocating underneath his own skin. Henry, this is nasty stuff.

HENRY

Can you find a cure?

DR. DE LUNA

If it was a human cancer, I'd say chances are slim. But NET's species are plant-based. Much different. An open circulatory system, for example.

HENRY

Is that a yes?

DR. DE LUNA

It's a maybe.

INT. CARTER FAMILY HOME - HENRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mary dusts the bookcase, adjusts the Carter family figures. She picks up the figure of Chloe, holds it to her heart with a quiet prayer for her lost daughter.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY

ACE pokes his head around the corner, makes sure all is clear. He signals others. At least a dozen ALF KIDS follow. Chloe rounds an opposite corner, spots the herd.

CHLOE

Where are we going, kids?

ALF CHILDREN

Come! Come! Klo-ee! Come! Klo-ee!  
Klo-ee!

She joins them, amused and curious.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - TRANSPORT POD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A large window frames the planet Earth. A small room, a tight fit for Chloe. A dozen little ALF children huddle close to her on built in benches.

CHLOE

Is this your observatory? Look,  
that's my home. We call it "Earth."

ACE, leader of the pack, faces a mosaic inlay near the viewing window, closes his eyes and raises his arms.

A pattern of lights flickers across the mosaic.

Chloe watches in curious appreciation. The door slides shut, the room VIBRATES, there is more to this room than the view.

CLANK!

Latches release, the view of Earth tips, grows larger through the window. Chloe clings to inlaid wall grips along the length of the bench.

CHLOE

Oh, no!

EXT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY

The transport pod detaches, drops toward the Earth.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

General Clarkson, his aide, the Flight Director, Frank and Dr. Symmons watch

LARGE MONITORS

with tactical views of Earth, and most significant, the transport pod departing the mothership.

CLARKSON

What's happening?

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

A launch of some sort from the mothership --

CLARKSON

Our boys? Have you raised them?

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

No, sir. Still no contact. This craft is small and moving at high velocity.

CLARKSON

Destination?

FLIGHT DIRECTOR  
Working on it.

CLARKSON  
(to his aide)  
Scramble an intercept squad and get  
some support choppers in the air. I  
want to be there when we know where  
that thing is going.

AIDE  
Yessir.

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

Dr. De Luna and Henry sadly observe NET's son failing.

HENRY  
Are you sure?

DR. DE LUNA  
With an alien pathology, that's  
impossible. But sure as I can be.

HENRY  
How are we going to tell NET?

NET enters, approaches Henry, agitated.

NET  
Come.

HENRY  
Where to?

NET  
Chloe. Our children, Chloe --

NET dead-stops, his attention fixed on his son, whose  
condition is obviously worsened. Archer storms in.

ARCHER  
Carter! Shuttle bridge! Now!

HENRY  
What the --

Archer takes in the scene and calms a bit.

ARCHER  
Commander Carter, a craft of some  
sort launched from this ship  
minutes ago and landed on Earth.

Does your alien friend have an explanation?

NET

Chloe!

EXT. CARTER HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Mary stares at the alien transport pod under the old tree house in her back yard. The hatch opens, becomes a smooth ramp to the ground. Chloe waves.

MARY

Chloe!

CHLOE

Hi, Mom. Now don't freak out...

ACE appears at the hatch way, followed by other alien toddlers. He waves at Mary, imitating Chloe.

ACE

Hi, Mom!

Mary reflexively waves at him. More ALF children appear.

ALF CHILDREN

Hi, Mom! Hi, Mom! Hel-lo! Hel-lo  
Mom!

MARY

Chloe, what have you been up to?  
And who... what... are these?

ACE

(to Chloe)  
Bar-nee?

EXT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cars racing to parking spots, engineers leap from the vehicles, run to enter the building.

INT. ELLINGTON A.F.B. - MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The room bustles with activity. The General with his aide, Frank, Flight Director, Dr. Symmons, and flight crew.

CLARKSON

Other action from the mothership?

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

So far, just the craft descending into our atmosphere. No discernible target. We should have a visual shortly.

CLARKSON

I want Hazmat teams to establish a quarantine beginning a mile radius around the landing zone.

FRANK

General, I'm getting word from the field --

CLARKSON

We're about to move to def con red. We may be at the first stage of invasion.

(to his Aide)

Get me the President.

AIDE

Yessir!

FLIGHT DIRECTOR

Visual on the target, General!

CLARKSON

Put it up. Let's see what's happening.

The aide hands General Clarkson a red phone receiver.

AIDE

The President, sir.

CLARKSON

(to the President)

Yessir, we're getting our first look at it now.

EXT. DOWN ANGLE OF CARTER HOME - BACKYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The blurred rooftops of a few houses in the suburban neighborhood come into focus as the image tightens.

The transport pod rests next to the tree like a polished, rounder version of an Airstream camper. All is still.

FRANK

I don't believe it.

CLARKSON

What is it?

FRANK

That's my back yard... There's a space ship in my back yard!

CLARKSON

What?

(to Aide)

Get a SWAT team to that house!

(to the President)

I'm going to have to get back to you.

The General WINCES at the earpiece as the President responds.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A military barricade on the front lawn, military helicopters hover overhead, news trucks arriving on the perimeter.

Tye drives up in a rental to see a CROWD OF NEIGHBORS standing outside. He approaches VIDEOGRAPHER #2 unpacking a camera.

TYE

What happened here?

VIDEOGRAPHER #2

Dunno. Thought it was a rumor 'til I see all this.

TYE

What rumor?

A NEIGHBOR FAMILY rushes to their car carrying suitcases; a CRYING LITTLE BOY huddles in his dad's arms. They pass Tye.

NEIGHBOR

Hey, man, this is for real! U-F-O invasion!

NEIGHBOR WIFE

There's a space ship in their back yard!

TYE

(to the videographer)

A thousand dollars if you come with me now.

VIDEOGRAPHER #2  
Sorry, buddy, I've got a job.

Tye opens his wallet, pulls out the cash.

TYE  
Call in sick.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - BRIDGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Henry, Archer, and Dr. De Luna with the NET and ALF CREW, all eyes on the monitor showing the transport pod in the Carter family backyard.

HENRY  
Oh, man.

ARCHER  
Where is that?

HENRY  
My mother's house.

ARCHER  
What?

DR. DE LUNA  
Why there?

HENRY  
No idea.

ARCHER  
So, they kidnapped your sister to bring her home? That doesn't make sense.

DR. DE LUNA  
Nor does calling a bunch of ALF toddlers kidnappers --

HENRY  
Maybe Chloe had some bright idea.

Helicopters dart into view above the house.

ARCHER  
Whatever the reason, our boys are moving in.

HENRY  
Uh-oh.

DR. DE LUNA  
What's happening?

ARCHER  
Well, if I'm Clarkson, I'm setting  
up a perimeter and looking to  
contain the invasion.

DR. DE LUNA  
But it's not an invasion, this is  
just -- some kind of  
misunderstanding.

Archer looks at her with sympathy for her naiveté.

HENRY  
NET, can you establish contact with  
mission control?

NET  
No.

HENRY  
No? Why not?

BEGIN NET'S SHARED VISION

A strange crust along the mothership corridor walls that  
exhibit the same sick, thickened, gray look of NET's son.

END NET'S SHARED VISION

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Henry and Dr. De Luna look anxiously at Archer but this time  
he keeps his cookies.

HENRY  
The ship is what --? The ship is  
sick?

NET  
Our body.

DR. DE LUNA  
I get it. Look. Look around us.  
This ship is completely interactive  
with the ALFs -- connected to their  
healing. It's as much alive as the  
rest of us.

ARCHER  
Like some animal?

DR. DE LUNA  
Like some plant. This ship is connected to the ALFs through a symbiotic relationship we don't understand. It must have contracted the plague from the others on board. There would have been no way to avoid it.

HENRY  
Meaning what? The ship is dying?  
(to Archer)  
If you know anything helpful, this would be the Kum-Bah-Yah moment to share, Colonel.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A rectangular park with neatly tended trees and bushes, a small pond in the center, a picnic area, a children's playground, a dog park and obedience training class area.

Mary's mini-van parks near the entrance behind Michael's car.

A PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE OFFICER reports into a wrist mic.

PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE OFFICER  
Subject's van, two females with undetermined occupants, vehicle parked by the north entrance of Playtime Park.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Tye's rental car parked on the street, windows down. Tye directs the videographer shooting footage of the scene.

INT. TYE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

THE PORTABLE POLICE SCANNER

picks up the transmission from the plain clothes officer.

Tye catches the call.

TYE  
(to Videographer)  
That's it, that's it. Let's boogie!

They hustle into the car, head for the park.

INT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - FRONT SEAT - DAY

Mary and Chloe listen to the van radio, keeping an eye on the ALF babies in the back seats.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
*Reports have been coming in of an  
 illegal landing of some type of  
 aircraft in a residential --*

BUZZES, STATIC, suddenly Frank's VOICE comes through.

FRANK  
 (on the radio, filtered,  
 to a tech)  
 Do I have her? Did you cut in?

MARY  
 (into the radio)  
 Hello? Frank? Is that you?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Frank stands in a close huddle with Dr. Symmons and General Clarkson listening intently to the speakerphone. A tech monitors the connection.

FRANK  
 (into microphone)  
 Mary!

INTERCUT Frank at Mission Control with Mary at the park.

MARY  
 (into radio)  
 Frank? How'd you get in the --

FRANK  
 (into microphone)  
 Mary! Where are you?

MARY  
 (into radio)  
 Oh, we just went for a little  
 drive. You're on the van radio --  
 did you know that? How --

FRANK  
(into microphone)  
"We"? Who -- where are you?

MARY  
(into radio)  
Chloe's back, Frank. Isn't that  
great news?

FRANK  
(into microphone)  
What? Chloe? Yes! Is she with you?

MARY  
(into radio)  
Yes, she is!

Chloe holds a finger to her lips, points at the little ALFs,  
shakes her head "no." The little ALFS mimic her actions.

INT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - BACK SEATS - DAY

The little ALFs spot the dogs in obedience class. They open  
the van windows, Chloe scrambles to shut them.

FRANK  
(into microphone)  
Mary, this is very important.  
There's a -- uh, a transport pod --  
from space -- uh -- in our back  
yard -- and, uh -- are you all  
right?

Mary checks the churning mass of ALFs in the review mirror.

MARY  
(into radio)  
What? Frank, a "space pod"?

Mary catches Chloe's eye, winks.

MARY  
(into radio)  
In our back yard?  
(beat)  
I'm fine. We're both just fine. But  
did you know you're on the van  
radio? How are you --

Frank looks to Clarkson. The General remains unmoved.

FRANK  
 (into microphone)  
 Now, Mary, listen. Where are you --

INT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - BACK SEATS - DAY

A little ALF stretches to see out the window, loses his balance, flails his arms, grabs the latch to the side door, his momentum pulls it open.

Chloe gives a surprised YELP as the ALF hits the ground.

MARY  
 Whoops. Uh-oh --

FRANK  
 (into microphone)  
 Mary?

MARY  
 (into radio)  
 Frank, I have to call you back.

Mary leans over, switches off the radio.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

All react with concern. The tech scrambles to restore the connection.

FRANK  
 (into microphone)  
 Mary!

INT. MOTHERSHIP - DR. DE LUNA'S LAB - DAY

Dr. De Luna, Archer, Henry, NET, and SCIENTIST ALFS gathered in front of a large monitor.

HENRY  
 I'm sorry, NET, we don't have good news to share. Dr. De Luna has made an unfortunate discovery about the sickness.

DR. DE LUNA  
 Let me show you.

INSERT - IMAGES ON THE MONITOR

A FOREST ON EARTH

DR. DE LUNA  
You may be familiar with this  
forest on our planet, made up of  
individual trees.

TREE TRUNK WITH CROWN GALL INFESTATION

DR. DE LUNA  
The tissue sample from NET's son  
reminded me of a familiar disease  
that attacks all manner of plants  
on our planet. It's called Crown  
Gall.

NET and the ALF scientists all nod in agreement.

NET  
We have seen this deformity in  
samples from your planet.

HENRY  
It doesn't show up on yours?

NET  
No.

DR. DE LUNA  
Whoever sent the probe knew  
something about the biology of your  
people. Crown Gall is caused by a  
strain of bacteria known as  
*Agrobacterium tumefaciens*.

NET  
Unknown to us.

DR. DE LUNA  
And as a consequence, your people  
are extremely vulnerable.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF CROWN GALL INFESTATION

DR. DE LUNA  
Crown Gall in plants has been  
compared to a human cancer because  
of the way cells multiply out of  
control. These huge rough nodules  
form, called "galls." Earth food  
crops, wild plants... it destroys  
them all.  
(beat)

It's especially hard on young plants.

(beat)

Our Earth scientists have studied this disease extensively over the last century and... I'm sorry, NET, I might be able to slow it down, but there is no cure.

HENRY

NET, I'm so sorry.

NET absorbs the impact and sags to the floor.

BEGIN NET'S SHARED VISION

A dark cloud sweeps over the room.

END NET'S SHARED VISION

INT. DR. DE LUNA'S LAB - DAY

Once again, De Luna hunches over her microscope. Henry passes by, sees her and steps in.

HENRY

Too bad we don't have any weed-killer, huh?

DR. DE LUNA

What?

HENRY

You know, some pesticide for the fungus or whatever. You said they were plant-based.

DR. DE LUNA

(absently)

It's not a fungus.

HENRY

That was off the top of my head. I'm sorry.

DR. DE LUNA

(thoughtfully)

But you may be on to something there.

HENRY

Really?

INT. MOTHERSHIP - HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

Dr. De Luna, Henry, NET and other ALIEN SCIENTISTS gather around NET's son and other ALIENS nestled into grassy mounds.

HENRY

(to NET)

NET, Dr. De Luna has an idea. It's a long shot, but we think it might work. To be honest, it might be the only chance we have.

DR. DE LUNA

Crown Gall development stops below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. We'll move the infected into the pods and control the temperature. That should give us some time.

(gestures to the mounds)

These soils need to be heated to temps that kill the pathogenic microbes.

Nervous MUTTERS from the aliens.

DR. DE LUNA

I'm sorry. It's all I have for now.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Henry and Dr. De Luna walk back to her lab.

DR. DE LUNA

The only successful treatment back on Earth involves cutting the galls off the plant. I can't imagine --

HENRY

Please, don't even mention it, especially around NET.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - MINI-VAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The side of the mini-van wide open, ACE takes the initiative, hops out, quickly followed by other little ALFs and Chloe.

CHLOE

Hang on, guys! No, don't go too far! Wait!

ACE

Barn-ee! Hel-lo! Barn-ee!

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - PICNIC AREA - DAY

A picnicking family -- DAD and MOM (30s), and two children, MARK (12), and MOLLY (10).

MOLLY

Look!

MOLLY'S POV - THE ALFS MILLING AROUND THE MINI-VAN

MINI-VAN

The little ALFs scatter, fearless. Mary and Chloe snatch a couple slower ALFs, stuff them in the van.

CHLOE

You sure you can handle them?

MARY

Of course, Chloe. I'm a mother.

Mary CLAPS her hands. The little ALFs snap to attention.

MARY

Okay, now. Back in your seats.  
That's enough fun stuff for now.  
Come on.

CHLOE

I'll go for the rest.

Chloe runs off. Mary CLAPS again, adds a sweeping gesture. The little ALFs comply, sweeping their arms to mimic Mary.

MARY

(to herself)  
Kids are all the same.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - DR. DE LUNA'S LAB - DAY

Archer, Dr. De Luna and Henry confer alone.

HENRY

So, Archer, this plague looks like the space-age version of a small pox blanket. A great way to introduce ourselves to the rest of the Universe.

ARCHER

I'm telling you, you're only seeing part of the picture.

DR. DE LUNA

(to Archer)

The mothership is dying. You better start thinking about the impact on our planet. It's likely to crash on Earth in a matter of weeks if not days. We're talking impact with extinction force. This is way beyond what happened at Roswell. Those were two scout ships, nothing the size of this mothership.

HENRY

You know about Roswell, too?

DR. DE LUNA

We both do.

ARCHER

De Luna --

DR. DE LUNA

We have to tell him. This situation is about to get catastrophic.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

CLARKSON

I want that mini-van. Scramble ground support for a containment unit. Get me a full tactical response team ready to move on my command in ten minutes.

AIDE

Yessir.

FRANK

General, maybe you're overreacting. Mary didn't sound --

The General pays no attention. Frank forces his attention.

FRANK

Jim, hold on.

The General looks to a nearby Military Police Officer who steps to Frank's side, ready.

CLARKSON

You, Frank, your family -- you're persons of interest in this operation until I get some answers.

I want you right here in case anybody -- or any "thing" -- tries to contact you.

FRANK

But Jim, you're forcing this situation way out of hand.

CLARKSON

My hand is nothing but wild cards, Frank. I'm gonna play every one of 'em. Stay out of my way.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - POND - DAY

Little ALFs check their reflections in the pond. Molly sneaks up, grabs TOON. Chloe sees her, follows her.

INT. DR. DE LUNA'S LAB - DAY

Dr. De Luna, Henry and Archer in a "Come to Jesus" meeting.

ARCHER

The Lamprey had never had a real target before. Turns out it worked.

HENRY

You're telling me Clarkson put a tracker on NET's ship the night our tree house was taken -- let me remind you, Archer, by mistake --  
(beat)  
So then he cooks up -- what, this Roswell payback?

ARCHER

Well, obviously, he wasn't the only one. But once we had the planet coordinates --

HENRY

-- it still took the probe 25 years to get there. But Clarkson realized that, by comparison, NET's technology got him here in minutes.

ARCHER

We need that tech -- but maybe we don't need aliens that slaughtered our pilots.

HENRY  
(to Dr. De Luna)  
How are you part of this?

DR. DE LUNA  
I was assigned to study the alien  
remains shortly after getting to  
Ames. We already knew they were  
plant-based --

ARCHER  
He already knows more than --

DR. DE LUNA  
For god's sake, Archer, can't you  
get this through your head? Our  
planet faces mass destruction as  
well as theirs. We need to solve  
this problem -- if we can.

HENRY  
So you're part of this, too.

DR. DE LUNA  
No one told me about our role in  
this plague business. I don't know  
how far this goes up the chain of  
command.  
(to Archer)  
Think about saving Earth -- or your  
career -- and help us figure this  
out.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - DOG PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A NUMBER OF DOGS run around nearby, playing with their  
OWNERS.

JAZZ, a medium sized mutt, chases a thrown stick that tumbles  
its way to ACE, who grabs it.

ACE  
Barn-ee!

Jazz crouches, BARKS, grabs Ace in her mouth. Jazz's owner,  
LIAM (20s) looks closer.

LIAM  
What you got there, Jazz?

EXT. PICNIC AREA - DAY

Chloe follows Molly to her parents with her prize.

MOLLY

Daddy! Daddy! Look what I found!

Molly brings the little alien TOON to her parents.

DAD

What you got there, Princess?

MOLLY

I don't know, but he's cute!

TOON

Hel-lo!

DAD

What the --?

CHLOE

Excuse me! Excuse me! Hi. I'm sorry  
but he's mine --

DAD

Yours? What is it? Some kinda  
animal baby?

CHLOE

No.. no... it's uh, well... Could I  
have him back, please?

MOLLY

No, Daddy! He's mine!

DAD

Hang on, Princess. What are these  
things?

CHLOE

Well. Uh, OK, I'm a producer and  
we're making a movie.

DAD

Movie, huh?

CHLOE

Yeah, yeah, it's for a movie, and  
these little guys are just made up  
to look like aliens, totally  
harmless --

TOON sees Chloe, his body glows, he waves.

TOON

KLO-EE!

CHLOE

Can I have him back, please?

MOLLY

No! He's mine! I found him! He wants to be with me!

DAD

Now, Princess --

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

Liam pulls ACE away from a disappointed Jazz, holds the little ALF at arms length, like a doll found in a swamp.

LIAM

What the heck?

ACE is covered in dog spit, leaves and grass. Liam wipes his hand on his shorts. The other little ALFs suddenly appear.

LITTLE ALFS

Hel-lo! Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

ACE

Wuf! Wuf!

Liam drops ACE like a live grenade.

LIAM

Aaaah-!

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - PICNIC AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Liam's SCREAM peals across the park. Heads turn in that direction. Chloe snatches TOON from Molly.

MOLLY

Hey! Daddy!

Chloe runs away clutching TOON.

DAD

Hey! What do you think you're doing?

CHLOE

Sorry! We're making a movie! Don't worry, everything's fine!

Molly and her brother give chase to Chloe, a bizarre Pied Piper.

DAD  
Princess! Hey! The both of you!

The Mom and Dad join the chase after their kids.

Chloe heads for Mary's mini-van carrying the little ALF.  
People stare and THE CROWD behind Chloe grows.

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

NET, Dr. De Luna, Henry with alien scientists, study a  
MONITOR SCREEN

detailing a chemical diagram.

HENRY  
What are we looking at?

DR. DE LUNA  
K84 is a long shot... very. It's a  
biological control agent, but it's  
typically used as a sort of  
vaccination against Crown Gall...  
not a cure.

HENRY  
How does that help?

DR. DE LUNA  
You may remember you suggested we  
consider a weed killer...

HENRY  
I was joking.

DR. DE LUNA  
I'm adding a little bit of my  
favorite Round up...

She types in the chemical molecular design.

MONITOR SCREEN

The pattern shifts.

The aliens react with surprise. LOP, one of the alien  
scientists, gestures excitedly, exits.

HENRY

What?

Dr. De Luna shrugs, confused.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - ENTRANCE - DAY

Tye and Videographer #2 pull up in the rental car behind Mary's mini-van. The videographer gets out, pulls gear from the back seat.

Tye notes the strange cargo in the back of the mini-van.

TYE

(gestures to videographer  
#2)

I don't know what those things are  
but get me at least thirty seconds  
solid.

EXT. DOG OBEDIENCE CLASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The INSTRUCTOR demonstrates "sit" with his own dog in front of a line of dog owners, Michael and Barney 2 among them.

EXT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Mary runs toward the distant dog obedience class. Elaine, Sophia and Anna watch Michael put Barney 2 through his paces.

MARY

Michael!

INT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - BACK SEATS - DAY

The little ALFs react to hearing Michael's name.

LITTLE ALFS - CHORUS

MY-KAL! BARN-EE! WUF! WUF!

EXT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

The side door of the mini-van slides open, the previously corralled little ALFs head right for Barney 2 and Michael.

POV - MICHAEL

FLASHBACK

Michael's memories return. He sees himself, Henry and Chloe as children running and playing with similar alien toddlers.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DOG OBEDIENCE CLASS - DAY

Michael falls to his knees as the alien toddlers surround him. He embraces the little ALFs that rush into his arms.

LITTLE ALFS - CHORUS  
MY-KAL! BARN-EE! WUF! WUF!

MICHAEL  
They're real!

POV - ANNA

looks across the park to see...

ANNA  
Auntie Chloe!

In a scene reminiscent of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Chloe charges toward Mary's mini-van, clutches the little ALF in her arms. A line of kids and parents in full-tilt pursuit.

CHLOE  
(hollers)  
Mom! Get back to the van! Go!

MARY  
Oh my gosh...

ELAINE  
(off Chloe)  
Girls, take two!

Elaine holds out her arms. Two ALFS jump to her.

ELAINE  
Run for the van!

EXT. TYE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Tye notes the alien toddlers, the crowd in the distance, it looks like Chloe in the lead... Tye starts for Chloe.

TYE  
(to Videographer #2)  
Shoot everything!

EXT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Anna and Sophia delighted, scoop up the little ALFs.

LITTLE ALFS  
Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

LIAM (O.S.)  
Aaahhh!

Heads turn toward the SCREAMING. Liam runs past the group.

LIAM  
They got my dog!

Liam collides with Chloe, sees the little ALF in her arms.

LIAM  
Aaahh! They got you, too!

EXT. MARY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

Tye hears Liam SCREAM, detours from Chloe, grabs Videographer #2, points him at Liam.

The camera swings toward Liam as Tye seizes him.

TYE  
(to Liam)  
Hi, I'm Tyrone Malone, "U-F-O Discoveries". Can I get a few words from you on what's going on here?

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jazz wriggles on her back on the ground. The little ALFs scratch her ribs, giggling.

TWO ALFS arrive with "visionators." ACE takes a visionator, aims at Jazz, squeezes the handle.

The image of Jazz materializes FUZZY at first. But Jazz chases the DUPLICATE OF HERSELF until the image disappears.

Other ALF aims his visionator at the Obedience Instructor and creates an exact duplicate. The spectral Instructor gestures "sit." Jazz obeys!

The little ALFs look at each other, gleeful ideas forming.

EXT. MINI-VAN - DAY

Chloe and Michael hand off ALFs and Barney 2 to Mary and Elaine. Chloe takes the wheel, Michael faces the crowd.

MOLLY

Are you really making a movie?

MARK

Can I be in it?

GARY

Yeah! I wanna be in it!

MICHAEL

I'm sorry kids, but we won't be doing any more filming here for a while.

STEVE

Who are you?

MICHAEL

I'm the producer. I wrote "Alien Commando." Anybody see that one?

GARY

Yeah, I did. That movie sucked.

MICHAEL

Well, you're definitely not gonna be in the sequel, kid.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

Henry, LOP, NET and other alien scientists gather around NET's son.

LOP hands Dr. De Luna a flask. She shakes the bottle into a fine froth, takes the top off, replaces with a spritzer cap.

She aims the bottle at NET's son, squeezes the trigger, sprays a fine mist over him. His little body glistens, he coughs, spasms, then nothing.

DR. DE LUNA

Now we wait.

EXT. DOG OBEDIENCE CLASS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Owners and their dogs watch the Instructor. ACE and his buddies hide in surrounding shrubs, aim visionators.

Jazz trots out from the bushes with the stick dangling in her teeth. A cocker spaniel charges for the stick.

The OWNER pulls sharply on the cocker spaniel's leash only to feel her spaniel right beside her. Soon each of the dogs is "duplicated," the images romping around causing chaos.

OBEDIENCE INSTRUCTOR  
Get your dogs under control!

OWNER  
Which ones?

From the bushes, the little ALFs pass the visionator back and forth, overcome with SQUEAKY GIGGLES.

EXT. MINI-VAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael spots a patrol car rolling up. He signals Chloe.

ELAINE  
Michael, don't leave us alone.

MICHAEL  
I'm right behind you. Hey, this is  
a once in a lifetime experience!

ELAINE  
(pointedly)  
Or in your case, twice.

MICHAEL  
Yes... looks like I owe Henry a big  
apology.

CHLOE  
Later.

MICHAEL  
That's all of them, right?

CHLOE  
I hope so. I've lost count.

MICHAEL  
Get going. I'll catch up.

Tye runs up to Chloe's side of the mini-van.

CHLOE  
Tye!

TYE  
Chloe! What the -- ?

CHLOE  
No time!

Chloe floors the mini-van, peels out.

EXT. TYE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Michael and Tye catch the "baby on board" sticker on the rear window of the van; little ALF faces stare out, wave at them.

Tye and Michael automatically wave back.

MICHAEL  
(chuckles)  
I can't believe that sticker's  
still there -- must be at least  
five years old by now...

His voice trails off as he and Tye look at each other... Who the heck are you?

The gathering crowd forces Michael's attention.

MICHAEL  
Bye, folks. We'll be seeing you at  
the premiere, right? Okay...

The two men head for their respective vehicles.

EXT. TYE'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Tye and Videographer #2 take off following the mini-van.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

The plain clothes police officer waves to OFFICERS pulling into the park, gestures to the departing mini-van.

The police car flashers LIGHT UP, the police car hits the SIREN, turns to pursue.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

Michael deliberately pulls in front of the police car, stomps on the brake and the gas, stalls out; the cop car SCREECHES to a halt.

MICHAEL  
Sorry, Officer!

OFFICER (V.O.)  
(over intercom - filtered)  
Move your vehicle.

MICHAEL  
Sure thing!

Michael goes through the motions, stalls out again.

MICHAEL  
(to the police officers)  
Uh, hey, either of you know how to  
drive a stick?

The police car ROARS around him. Michael "follows that car!"

EXT. DOG OBEDIENCE CLASS - DAY

The Obedience Instructor snaps COMMANDS to a swirling sea of  
dogs. Some listen, some don't, some appear, some disappear.

ACE looks up, sees the mini-van pulling away.

EXT. PLAYTIME PARK - ENTRANCE - DAY

Jazz leads a PACK OF DOGS headed for the street. Each dog  
carries a little ALF on its back, all in hot pursuit of the  
mini-van.

ACE rides on Jazz's back, clings to her collar with one hand,  
clutches the visionator in the other.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

General Clarkson and his aide face the large monitors.

AIDE  
Sir, the local SWAT team confirms  
the first ship on the Carter  
property. No sign of the family, or  
anything else but we located the  
mini-van in transit. It appears to  
be headed back to the residence.

CLARKSON  
Good. Have our team pull back to  
the barricade. We're going to give  
that van a nice welcome party.

Frank reacts off the General. Dr. Symmons notices.

DR. SYMMONS  
General --

CLARKSON  
What, Symmons?

DR. SYMMONS  
We still do not know their  
intentions. If possible, we should  
try to avoid any misunderstandings.

CLARKSON  
(to his Aide)  
No firing without my order. Make  
sure that's clear.

AIDE  
Yessir.

Frank mouths "Thank you" to her.

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

Chloe speeding, Elaine, Mary, children sway in back with the  
van's motion. Little ALFs push to get close to Barney 2,  
wiggling in Elaine's arms.

Chloe takes another turn, SLAMS on brakes.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Parked police cars in a roadblock, police and soldiers behind  
their vehicles, all guns aimed at the trapped mini-van.

INT. MINI-VAN - FRONT SEATS - DAY

The women stare in shock.

ELAINE  
What do we do?

CHLOE  
I could floor it, maybe --

ELAINE  
Are you kidding?

MARY  
Chloe, we have kids on board --

CHLOE  
Yeah, I'm hoping they won't shoot  
us.

MARY  
Hush, Chloe. Nobody is going to  
shoot anybody. We'll just wait  
here.

CHLOE  
But Mom --

MARY  
Chloe! We are not moving!

EXT. MINI-VAN - DAY

Police close in, level guns at the mini-van.

OFFICER #1  
(shouting)  
Get out of the vehicle now!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Tension is high, everyone riveted to the monitors.

CLARKSON  
Signal Teams Two and Five to move  
in, containment procedure blue-echo  
with weapons hot. No fire without  
my command --

FRANK  
General!

CLARKSON  
Shut up, Frank.

EXT. POLICE ROAD BLOCK - DAY

Military helicopters swoop down, scaring the little ALFs.

SPECIAL FORCES OPERATIVES rappel from the choppers. Police  
officers fall back as soldiers take new positions.

ELAINE  
What do we do? What do we do?

SOLDIER #1  
(yelling)  
Get out. Get out now!

SOLDIER #2  
Get down on the ground!

Mary winds down her window.

MARY  
Really, this is just a ridiculous  
use of our tax dollars --

Soldier #1 thrusts his rifle through the window, aims  
directly at Mary.

CHLOE  
Hey! We don't have any weapons!

SOLDIER #2  
(to Chloe)  
Exit the vehicle! Do it now!

CHLOE  
No.

SOLDIER #1  
I'm not gonna say it again!

MARY  
They're just kids! You're scaring  
them!

Soldier #2 uses his rifle butt to break the window on the  
driver's side. He reaches past Chloe, grabs the keys.

CHLOE  
Give those back!

MARY  
Leave us alone! You can't do this!

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The scene at the roadblock plays out over the monitors.

FRANK  
Jim! This is out of control!

CLARKSON  
Why are they resisting if there's  
nothing to hide?

The General turns back to the monitors.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - DAY

Tye and Michael arrive. Videographer #2 records the scene.

MICHAEL  
Leave 'em alone!

Michael breaks past the police but he's tackled to ground.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY

NET, Dr. De Luna, Henry watch alien scientists lift NET's son from the recessed pod. His head and limbs sag lifeless.

DR. DE LUNA  
NET, I'm so sorry.

INT. SHUTTLE "STAR JOURNEY" - COCKPIT - DAY

Archer works under the communication console reconnecting a rat's nest of wires. One thing SNAPS into the other and lo:

MISSION CONTROL (V/O)  
-- ney, are you receiving? Respond,  
Star Journey, over.

Archer jumps, BANGS his head, curses under his breath.

ARCHER  
Mission Control, this is Star  
Journey.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Everyone's attention shifts to the new player.

CLARKSON  
This is General Clarkson, Colonel.  
Sit Rep on the double.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Archer continues to fiddle wires into adjustment.

ARCHER  
We had to finagle some work-arounds  
here, sir. Video feed will be  
online shortly. I'm checking in --

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The General leans in.

CLARKSON  
You know what's going on down here,  
Colonel?

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Archer catches the General's anxiety level.

ARCHER  
No, sir, but there's plenty to tell  
you from up here.

EXT. NEAR POLICE ROADBLOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The ALF cavalry rounds the corner, and takes in the scene.

ACE signals his fellow riders. The little ALFs in the mini-  
van see their ALF buddies. They wave.

INSERT - IMAGE

A "THOUGHT-CLOUD" above the van, a cascade of colors and gold  
flashes, as the alien toddlers share a creative strategy.

INT. MINI-VAN - BACK SEATS - DAY

SOPHIA  
Look! Look!

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - DAY

The police and military stare at the ALF cavalry, uncertain.

INT. MINI-VAN - FRONT SEATS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chloe sees the doggie cavalry coming in the mirror. The gas  
pedal sinks to the floorboard, the mini-van lurches forward.

MARY  
Chloe!

CHLOE  
It's not me!

Mary turns to the sight through the back window.

INTERCUT INT/EXT. MINI-VAN ON STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The little ALF cavalry parts to enclose the mini-van. The dogs each take a leap into the air -- and keep going!

Trotting in mid-air, the cavalry jumps over the roadblock. The mini-van sways, flies off the ground with them.

MARY  
(delighted)  
Oh my gosh!

Police and military watch dumbfounded.

The dogs hit the ground running on the other side of the barricade, followed by the mini-van headed home.

A triumphant ACE rides high on top of the van as Jazz rears up on two legs, gives a little YIPPING HOWL to the sky above.

ACE looks right at the SHERIFF and gives him a nod.

ACE  
Bye - Bye!

The Sheriff's jaw unhinges in amazement.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The room goes SILENT, a lot of jaw lines look like the sheriff's.

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - GARAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Chloe banks the mini-van into the driveway, the ALF cavalry growl, guard the van doors as military swarm to the scene.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. De Luna sprays a concoction on an infected area of the ship's "skin." Henry shows up.

HENRY  
What's this?

DR. DE LUNA  
Got a minute? Come with me.

INT. HOSPITAL GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

NET holds his son breathing easy, his skin returned to near normal, surrounded by LOP and other alien scientists.

HENRY  
How... ?

DR. DE LUNA  
It turns out that the tree that  
NET's pilot snagged from your back  
yard that night...

HENRY  
Tilly?

DR. DE LUNA  
Sorry? Oh, "Tilly"... you knew? You  
knew the tree was Genus Tilia?

HENRY  
Uh, yeah, my Dad's "family tree"  
Tilia Cordata. he planted it when  
he was a kid. What's that got to do  
with anything?

DR. DE LUNA  
Just everything. Your "little leaf  
linden"...

She shakes her head, still amazed.

HENRY  
And...?

DR. DE LUNA  
Tilia Cordata just happens to be  
resistant to Crown Gall. You didn't  
happen to know that too, did you?  
No? Well, apparently, the aliens  
took a seedling from "Tilly"... may  
I call your family tree by her  
first name... ?

Henry nods "yes."

DR. DE LUNA  
 ... years ago. It's been growing on  
 this ship ever since. We know trees  
 are very important to NET's people.

HENRY  
 But how...

DR. DE LUNA  
 The chemical signature I presented.  
 LOP recognized it. He understood my  
 idea right away. He had the insight  
 to mix in Tilly's D-N-A with my  
 spray agent. The perfect  
 antibacterial was born.  
 (to NET's son)  
 Even better -- you're going to be  
 OK, little guy!

NET'S SON  
 Hel-lo.

HENRY  
 (delighted)  
 That's the headline.

DR. DE LUNA  
 (to LOP)  
 Congratulations. You made a  
 brilliant connection.  
 (to Henry)  
 "Tilly?" You never mentioned...

HENRY  
 You never asked... and I didn't  
 know it mattered.

DR. DE LUNA  
 Oh, it matters. This marks the  
 first successful inoculation  
 program between interstellar  
 species. I can't wait to publish  
 these results!

Archer enters at a run.

ARCHER  
 There you are! Listen --

Archer does a double take at NET's son obviously recovered.

HENRY  
 What's happening?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Archer, Dr. De Luna, Henry confer.

ARCHER

(to Henry)

Clarkson's on the warpath with a SWAT team. So far he's pegged your mom, your sister, and our missing bunch of alien toddlers -- he's acting like they're all high value targets.

HENRY

We've gotta stop him. He's got everything wrong.

DR. DE LUNA

Let me remind you, we're still fighting an epidemic here. Let's keep spraying the ship corridors --

ARCHER

Wait a minute. What if we give them the cure and they turn around and kill us?

(Off their shocked looks)

Why wouldn't they if their planet is dead?

HENRY

First of all, they already have the formula -- De Luna and LOP worked it out together. They're grateful for our help.

DR. DE LUNA

We don't know the condition of their planet. But it's true, this ship could be the last hope for NET's people.

(to Archer)

Personally, I'm not willing to sign on to genocide.

HENRY

Whatever happened in the past, it's over. But there won't be a future if we can't guarantee the ship is plague-free.

DR. DE LUNA

(to Archer)

Archer, I need you here -- it'll be a massive job saving this ship.

(to Henry)

Commander, you need to show the General NET means no harm.

HENRY

Time we introduced NET to the General.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

General Clarkson with the White House red phone crooked to his ear. He looks ragged as he eyeballs the standoff.

HUGE MONITORS

show the ALF cavalry lined up between the kids still trapped in the van and wary soldiers, waiting on orders.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD AROUND THE CARTER HOME - DAY

The lawn filled with Tye, Videographer #2 and other news crews interviewing neighbors, all pushed back by a military cordon.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

The General hangs up the Washington, D.C. red phone, looks at Frank, Dr. Symmons, his Aide, shrugs off his disbelief.

CLARKSON

(baffled, perturbed)

According to our Commander in Chief, we are ordered to receive an honored envoy from the first known extra terrestrials in our universe. I'm privileged to be the Ambassador to this... diplomatic mission.

(to his Aide)

Get me transport to that location.

AIDE

Yessir!

FRANK

(relieved)

Thank god.

Clarkson rubs his face, scratches his head, straightens his uniform.

CLARKSON  
(to Frank, Dr. Symmons)  
You coming?

EXT. THE CARTER HOME - GARAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

An OFFICER dashes onto the scene, orders soldiers to stand down. He flashes a 1980s-era cell phone at Mary's window.

OFFICER  
This phone is going to ring for  
you.

MARY  
I'm not opening this door.

Just then the cellphone RINGS. The display reads: "Frank Brady." Mary opens the window to grab the phone... she pauses as a large shadow darkens the van from above.

A second transport pod drifts into the Carter back yard. Everyone cranes their heads upward.

TIME TRANSITION

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Carter family at the head of a receiving line with General Clarkson, Dr. Symmons, soldiers rearranged as an honor guard.

Press and neighbors' personal cameras record the scene.

A loud HISS from the second transport pod, a door opens, drops down to become a ramp. Henry and NET step out. A CLATTER of flashbulbs going off.

Behind them, adult ALFs poke their cautious heads out, little ALFs from the mini-van run to their parents.

NET turns to General Clarkson, glows even more brightly. And suddenly the General's memories flood back to him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

The General's father, BRACE CLARKSON (30s) and Young Jim, look through a telescope in their backyard.

BRACE

(to young Jim Clarkson)

You see Mars up there? All red from  
the sand?

(beat)

You ever think there might be  
Martians up there?

YOUNG CLARKSON

I dunno, Dad, why?

BRACE

Just something I've been thinking  
about. I can't say too much now,  
but I've seen a thing or two that  
made me wonder.

YOUNG CLARKSON

Like what?

BRACE

Things that... make me believe  
there are people from different  
planets who want to talk to us...  
maybe someday I can prove it.

YOUNG CLARKSON

Yeah, but Dad, maybe they're --  
what if they're mean?

BRACE

I don't think they are, Jim. I  
think they want to be friendly. And  
if I ever get the chance, I want to  
hear what they have to say.

YOUNG CLARKSON

OK, me, too!

Brace laughs and hugs his son.

END FLASHBACK

The General stumbles from the impact of his memory.

CLARKSON

I remember...

NET

Your father's plane...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SKY ABOVE ROSWELL A.F.F. (1947) - DAY

Brace's fighter plane hovers motionless as two UFOs swoop around it, communicating with him.

Army Air Corps P-51 "Mustang" fighter planes arrive on the scene, fire at the UFOs...

INT. BRACE'S FIGHTER PLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

BRACE

No, no, wait, you don't understand...

... but the shots ricochet off the UFOs, savage Brace's plane, and it falls out of the protective pocket.

END FLASHBACK

CLARKSON

(to NET)

You never meant... Oh, my Dad...

Mary and Frank rush to him, support him while he recovers himself. NET reaches to him, touches his shoulder.

NET

Friend.

The General straightens, gathers himself in the moment -- we know somehow he'll be OK.

CLARKSON

(to NET)

On behalf of the United States and the planet Earth, welcome. Our President conveys his best wishes and will meet with you soon.

NET's body GLOWS. Everyone relaxes, smiles.

HENRY

Mom, Frank, Michael, Elaine, this is NET.

MARY

(shyly, to NET)

Thank you for returning my children to me safely, NET -- again.

CLARKSON

(to Henry, without irony)  
You and your team've done a fine  
job, son. Your country, the world,  
is grateful that NET and his people  
are safe.

HENRY

(surprised)  
Thank you, sir.

CLARKSON

(to Frank)  
Your boy did good, Frank.

FRANK

I'm proud of him, too, sir.

CLARKSON

It's Jim, Frank.  
(to Henry)  
You bring back our team, land that  
shuttle safely. And I expect a full  
debriefing when you get back.

HENRY

Will do, sir.

CLARKSON

(positively jovial, to  
Henry and Michael)  
And you boys get a haircut. The  
President wants to meet you all.  
(to Chloe)  
It looks like we're definitely  
going to need a whole new  
diplomatic branch. How does  
Ambassador in the first Universal  
Foreign Service sound?

CHLOE

Actually, I do have some  
experience...

Tye arrives in time to hear the General's offer.

TYE

Wait, Chloe, you can't -- this is  
the story of a lifetime! The  
pictures, the soundbites -- it's  
fabulous! All real!

CHLOE

I know, I'm living it, Tye! But you get the exclusive. I'm out.

MICHAEL

Hang on, Chloe. Wait 'til I call my agent.

(to Henry)

OK with you?

Henry cocks a skeptical eyebrow.

HENRY

Another sequel?

MICHAEL

Forget sequel, Henry. This is a complete re-write.

Meanwhile, the kids are having their own moment.

SOPHIA

(crying)

I don't want them to go.

ANNA

We just got to be friends. Will they come back?

CHLOE

You know what? Anything is possible.

ELAINE

What happened today is going to change the world you grow up in, girls. I mean, the universe!

MICHAEL

(touches each girl's forehead)

No matter what happens, you'll always have them here.

ANNA

(solemnly touches her heart)

And here.

SOPHIA

'Cause they're real, huh, Dad?

MICHAEL

Yep, that's the best part. They're real.

NET herds the ALF families into the first transport pod.

Henry and NET mount the ramp into the second pod. The honor guard salutes. Henry and NET wave. The doors close.

Frank puts his arm around Mary and she snuggles close.

MARY

I hope NET can make it back for Thanksgiving.

INT. MOTHERSHIP - DOCKING BAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The human crew stand with NET outside the shuttle "STAR JOURNEY".

ARCHER

(to NET and alien crew)

Thanks to Dr. De Luna and our friend LOP your ship will be space worthy in a couple Earth rotations.

DR. DE LUNA

Everything and everyone is healing nicely, NET. It's been the greatest privilege I could ever imagine to help serve your people. And I speak for all of us.

NET

But do you speak for your planet? We have suffered great losses. How do we recover from so much sadness?

HENRY

This is the most important moment in human history, NET. We need to get things right between us. We know that. Our President has asked you to give us a chance to make up for the past.

NET GLOWS. Henry glances at Colonel Archer.

HENRY

We've all learned a lot already.

EXT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY

A portal opens, the shuttle flies into space on its trajectory back to earth. NET GLOWS - intensity grows to fill the screen.

FADE OUT.

THE END