

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND: THE RETURN

Written by

Barry Briggs

With the greatest respect for,
and admiration of, the cast and crew
of one of the greatest movies ever made

Second draft
Mercer Island, WA 98040
Barry - at -- barrybriggs.com

FADE IN:

EXT. ESTABLISHING OUTSIDE THE FOREST PARK NURSING HOME - DAY

We see a contemporary, brick nursing home with white shutters on a rainy day. Ominously, we see bars on some of the windows. A sign outside reads, "Forest Park Nursing Home, 211 Elm Street, Muncie, Indiana. Elder Care Services."

INT. FOREST PARK NURSING HOME - DAY

We follow NURSE ADAMS as she enters the secure corridor of the nursing home. She types in a code to open the door. We hear soft, but slightly alarming music -- a single, high note, very slowly increasing in volume.

NURSE 1

Hi, Vivian. Early today.

NURSE ADAMS

Yeah. Kids have a new schedule for choir practice. Anything cooking?

NURSE 1

Same o', same o'.

NURSE 2

Hey Vivian! That boy of yours going to Juilliard?

NURSE ADAMS

He's in third grade, Joy.

She picks up a clipboard with a stack of papers on it. After adjusting her reading glasses, she starts flipping through them.

NURSE ADAMS (CONT'D)

I'm going to do a quick walkaround before Dr. Jackson gets here. Be prepared for all his just-out-of-med-school questions. Want to come with?

NURSE 1

Sure, I've got ten minutes left in my shift. I'll tell you how much my worthless husband drank last night.

NURSE 2

He cry again?

NURSE 1

Oh, yeah.

NURSE 2

Could be worse, I guess. He doesn't hit you.

NURSE 1

Not yet, anyway.

NURSE ADAMS

At least you have a man at home. No clue where Andrew's father is.

NURSE 1

Sorry.

They pass a room with the name URSULA SANDERS on it.

NURSE ADAMS

And how is Mrs. Sanders? Blood pressure under control?

NURSE 1

125/80, last check about an hour ago.

NURSE ADAMS

Good, the atenolol seems to be working.

NURSE ADAMS stares at chart for a moment, then they continue on to the next room: it is JILLIAN GUILER's.

NURSE 1

No change for Mrs. Guiler.

We see JILLIAN for the first time. Elderly, unkempt, in a dirty bathrobe, she is sitting in a chair. Her eyes are closed and her head is tilted unnaturally to one side.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Can't imagine she's got much longer.

NURSE ADAMS

Lousy goddam way to go.

NURSE 1

There's a bet going, which is going to get her first, the Alzheimer's or the cancer.

NURSE ADAMS

(sternly)

Keep it to yourselves. If the family were to find out ...

NURSE 2

Something to keep us entertained in this place, Vivian.

They continue to the next room, but the camera stays on JILLIAN. The music begins to rise. Suddenly the room is flooded with red, flickering light, and as the music grows to a crescendo:

BOOM! Jillian's eyes open! And they are not the eyes of a patient near death from dementia and cancer: she is alert!

And on screen we see MAIN TITLE:

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND
THE RETURN

EXT. AERIAL SHOT ESTABLISHING. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

We see a bunch of dusty buildings and an equally dusty runway from above. On screen: SECRET DRONE BASE AFGHANISTAN. We watch as a heavily armed drone taxis and takes off.

INT. DRONE GROUND CONTROL STATION, HOLLOMAN AFB - NIGHT.

On screen: DRONE GROUND CONTROL STATION, HOLLOMAN AIR FORCE BASE, ARIZONA.

We are inside a large warehouse-like building. At regular intervals we see shipping container-like enclosures with cables running across the floor to each. We see USAF personnel entering and exiting the containers, stopping to chat quietly and compare clipboard notes.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

We are inside one of the containers, where in two leather seats sit the UAV (drone) pilot, CAPTAIN JUDY TORRES on the left, sensor operator LIEUTENANT MICHAEL PAPPAS. Around each are what seems like a myriad of computer displays. TORRES has her hand on a joystick from which she controls the UAV.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS

3 minutes to target. Maintain course.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Pilot, roger, 3 minutes.

The camera zooms to one of the displays and we see a small Afghan village come into view.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

We are in the main UAV control room. Screens are everywhere. MAJOR WOODRUFF, commanding, is watching the video feed from CAPTAIN TORRES' drone.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Pilot 317.

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Pilot 317.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
You see that larger building, the one with the cars around it?

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Roger.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
That's your target.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

TORRES and PAPPAS are getting ready to fire. They are both staring intently at the building that WOODRUFF has called out.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Sensor, roger.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Pre-launch checklist.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
PRF code.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Entered.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
AEA power.

CAPTAIN TORRES
On.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
AEA BIT.

CAPTAIN TORRES
In progress... Pass.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Weapon power.

CAPTAIN TORRES
On.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Weapon BIT.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Passed.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Weapon code.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Coded.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Weapons status.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Ready.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Pre-launch checklist complete.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Permission to engage?

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

The camera is behind the AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ, who is behind a radar console.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
What the -- hey, Sam?

SAM
Yeah, man, what's up?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
What the hell is this?

They stare at the screen together for a moment.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Major Woodruff? Sir?

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(slightly annoyed)
Tail 317, wait one.
(to RODRIGUEZ)
What is it?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
A new target, sir. Following Tail
317.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What do you mean, following?

WOODRUFF walks quickly over to the radar station and stares
at the radar.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
You see, sir? There's something
following it, about 100 meters
above and behind, designate GHOST-
1.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
One of ours?

SAM
Checking with Bagram right now,
sir, but pretty sure they got
nothing near us right now.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
You forget to run diagnostics
again, Rodriguez?

RADAR OPERATOR
No, sir. Every night, sir. Sir,
it's not an echo.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Yeah right.
(to TORRES, urgently)
Tail 317, execute immediate course
change, come to course zero-nine-
zero, right now and descend to
flight level two-zero-zero.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

TORRES and PAPPAS exchange glances.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Tail 317 roger. Zero-niner-zero.
Flight level two-zero-zero.

He turns the aircraft and starts the descent.

CAPTAIN TORRES (CONT'D)
May I ask reason for course change?

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

Several others are coming to look at Rodriguez' radar screen.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(staring at the radar)
Tail 317, say if you see any
traffic your area.

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Negative, no traffic. We're all
alone up here.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Stand by one, Tail 317. Radar has a
target at your six o'clock.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
It's following them, sir. It's
right on them.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Tail 317, execute immediate three
sixty and see if you see anything.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

CAPTAIN TORRES
(under her breath)
Damn radar echoes.

She turns the drone around and she and PAPPAS both look at
their monitors.

(BEAT)
Executing.

We watch the drone's video feed. Nothing.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Nothing up here but us birds,
control.

MAJOR WOODRUFF (O.S.)
OK, I guess it's just a glitch.
Proceed to target and execute.

TORRES executes some maneuvers to get the drone back on course.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Sensor, visual on target
reacquired.

MAJOR WOODRUFF (O.S.)
You are cleared to engage.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Launch checklist. MPS auto track.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Established.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Laser.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Laser selected.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Arm laser.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Laser is armed.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Master arm. Fire laser.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Lasing. Video feed from weapon
onscreen.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Within range. 3, 2, 1, missile
away.

EXT. MISSILE CAMERA - DAY.

We see the world from the missile's POV as it is launched from the drone. It approaches the target building ... and then ... the screen goes black.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Pilot, missile telemetry lost.
Attempting to re-acquire.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Control, missile telemetry lost.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

RODRIGUEZ is having trouble believing his eyes.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
We've lost more than that! The
missile is gone!

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What do you mean gone?

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Sensor, have a visual on the
weapon?

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Negative, pilot. No visual, no
telemetry.

Suddenly, right in front of the drone, is a bright object,
vaguely round in shape, so bright it's hard to make out,
lights flashing.

CAPTAIN TORRES
What the hell ...

And then it's gone.

CAPTAIN TORRES (CONT'D)
You see that?

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Yeah.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Good.
(to WOODRUFF)
Control, we're seeing something ...
unusual ...

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What the hell was that?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
(loudly, to get attention
RIGHT NOW)
Sir, I'm seeing some very
novelistic movement from the ghost!

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What do you mean, novelistic?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
New course one seven five degrees!
It's headed ... right for 317!

Several of the personnel in the room stand and walk over to AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ' station.

INT. UAV GCS-14B - NIGHT.

Meanwhile TORRES's eyes have returned to the video feed from the drone.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Oh, my God. It's a wedding. Oh, my
God.

On screen we see a wedding party emerge from one of the buildings below, and can clearly make out small children, boys and girls, in the wedding party.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Tail 317! Target on collision
course!

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
317, roger ... what ... in ... the
... world?

Everybody looks to the video feed from the drone. Visible is a clearly a SPACESHIP. Its lights are bright but they do not obscure numerous threatening-looking probes extending from its body ... it appears to be station-keeping directly in front of the drone.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
What ... the ...

Everybody looks at each other.

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Tail 317, taking evasive action.

From the video, we can see that the drone is turning sharply. The UFO stays with it.

Suddenly there is a loud, piercing, high-pitched screech over the speakers! Everybody grabs their ears! RODRIGUEZ however keeps his cool.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
(shouting)
Coming from the object, sir!

After several seconds it stops. The object accelerates away from the drone. Silence. Nobody speaks.

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Control, 317. Requesting orders.

WOODRUFF is frozen.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
Sir?

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(recovering, to TORRES)
Tail 317, return to base for full
equipment check.

CAPTAIN TORRES (O.S.)
Tail 317, returning to base. ETA
... seven zero minutes.

The room is dead silent. Finally RODRIGUEZ screws up enough courage to ask:

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
What do I write in my after-action
report, sir?

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(to RODRIGUEZ)
Nothing. Computer error.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
But sir?

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What do you want to say, Airman?
That's not going to make you -- and
me -- look crazy?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ

(BEAT)

Computer error, yes sir.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. MERRILL LYNCH OFFICE, MUNCIE, INDIANA. - NIGHT

An ordinary enough looking small office building perhaps 2-3 stories tall. Outside is a sign listing the occupants which include INDIANA POWER & LIGHT MUNCIE OFFICE and MERRILL LYNCH FINANCIAL PLANNERS.

INT. MERRILL LYNCH OFFICE - NIGHT

We see an ordinary enough looking suite of offices with 10-12 cubicles on the inside and a few window offices. We are following BETTY THOMPSON into her boss BARRY GUILER'S office. On his credenza is are photos of JILLIAN and one of BARRY at 3 years old and JILLIAN. Nearby is another photo of a woman, who is BARRY'S ex-wife. BARRY is forty-ish, with glasses and slightly overweight. He is staring out the window into the night.

BETTY

Barry, it's six-thirty on a Friday night, you should be heading home.

BARRY

Yeah, I know.

BETTY

Something wrong? I mean, besides --

She reflexively glances at the photo of BARRY'S ex.

BARRY

No. No, I know she's not coming back.

BETTY

No, she's not. Heard she's marrying that guy.

BARRY spins around.

BARRY

What?

BETTY

Oh! I'm -- so, so sorry, so insensitive, just -- Barbara Jordan heard it from Jolene and -- oh, I'm sorry. I thought you would know --

BARRY's shoulders slump, and he looks away.

BARRY

Thought there was a chance.

BETTY

You know, you should really take a vacation. What with Alice leaving you, your Mom wasting away -- God, I'm sorry.

BARRY

It's OK. Really. It's -- closure, I guess. I -- I just don't have a clue what I'm going to do this weekend.

BETTY

You're a decent man, Barry. She didn't know what she had. But you need to move on. Go out tonight ... hit a few bars ... you deserve someone nice.

BARRY

Thanks Betty ... not ready yet ...

Just then BARRY's cell phone rings.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Barry Guiler.

He listens.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What?

(suddenly visibly angry)

Son of a -- ! What the hell, I thought she was locked in! Secure facility!

(sarcastically)

OK. OK. OK, well, good, you called the cops, that's one smart thing you did. I'm coming over there.

(beat)

No, you listen to me! I'm coming over, and you better have found her by the time I get there!

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (hangs up)
 (to BETTY)
 Mom's gone.

BETTY
 Oh, no! Can I call somebody?

BARRY
 Cops are on their way. Gotta go.
 (half-smile)
 Well, I know what I'm doing
 tonight, anyway.

EXT. STELLAFANE, VERMONT. A FIELD. - NIGHT

Onscreen we see: STELLAFANE, VERMONT. It is dusk, and across a large field see amateur telescope after telescope, hobbyists talking everywhere, comparing notes. Some are inspecting each others' work, others looking at eyepieces, camera rigs, clock drives. We catch up with two young (college-age) amateur astronomers walking.

ASHISH
 Well, of course it's cool, it's the largest convention of amateur telescope makers in the world.

RAJ
 Where exactly are we going, anyway?

ASHISH
 So I heard George Williams is here, he's like the god of telescope mirrors, once ground a 36-inch Schmidt-Cassegrain primary in his garage with like, precision in the *nanometers*!

In the distance someone starts a car, and for a moment the area is bathed in headlights, drawing annoyance and anger from many. We hear "hey!"'s in protest from all around.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)
 Turn off the freakin' lights!

We hear a muffled "sorry!" and the car is switched off, the area is dark again.

RAJ
 OK.
 (he looks up)
 Nice night.

ASHISH

Yeah, man, some good seeing tonight. If he lets us try his 36-inch we'll be able to resolve individual stars in M31.

RAJ

(still looking up, very quietly)
What's that?

EXT. STELLAFANE, VERMONT. SKY VIEW - NIGHT

We see a brilliant field of stars, but several ... are moving!

ASHISH (O.S.)

I don't know. Maybe some military, like in formation or something.

Suddenly the field is again flooded in light! But this time it is VERY different! Colors splash about! Many however think it's another car.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)

Shut your goddam lights off, asshole!

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

How many times --

EXT. STELLAFANE, VERMONT. A FIELD. - NIGHT

We see ASHISH and RAJ again. Their mouths -- and those of everyone around them -- are agape, for a FLYING SAUCER is moving slowly, silently over them, perhaps 50 feet up. RAJ has the presence of mind -- as do a few others -- to pull out his cell phone and starts taking pictures. As the SAUCER passes overhead gravity gets a little weird -- papers and small objects float into the air.

EXT. LAUGHLIN'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

An official-looking car screeches to a stop in front of a quiet brownstone in Georgetown, in Washington, D.C. Several US AIR FORCE OFFICERS fairly leap out, slamming car doors behind them and approach a door. One (who appears quite young and is wearing LIEUTENANT's rank) knocks vigorously. Of the other two, one is also young, and a Lieutenant, the other, the SENIOR OFFICER is a COLONEL.

There is no answer, and they look at one another. The YOUNG LIEUTENANT knocks again. After a moment the door opens to reveal an older, scruffy, unshaven man with thick glasses in his bathrobe.

LAUGHLIN

Yes?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Dr. David Laughlin?

LAUGHLIN

Yes?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

(holds up his ID)

Will you come with us, sir?

LAUGHLIN

No, I don't think so, I'm retired, and it's Saturday morning, and I always have coffee with my fellow retirees at Starbuck's on Wisconsin Ave on Saturday morning.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Sir, we have our orders --

LAUGHLIN

And I have several signed letters from a whole bunch of Generals, a Secretary of Defense, and the United Nations Secretary-General thanking me for my service and discharging me from any further duty. Good morning.

LAUGHLIN'S WIFE (O.S.)

David, who is it?

SENIOR OFFICER

(quietly)

We're from ... the dark side of the moon.

LAUGHLIN

(stunned)

What?

(beat)

But Mr. Lacombe's dead! What's going on?

SENIOR OFFICER
 We don't know. But we think it
 means something. We think it is
 important.

LAUGHLIN
 (still reeling from the
 news)
 They're back?

SENIOR OFFICER nods slowly.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
 (thinks about it)
 No. No, I'm done.

SENIOR OFFICER
 Dr. Laughlin ... don't you want to
know?

LAUGHLIN pauses, a nerve has been struck.

LAUGHLIN
 Know ... what?

SENIOR OFFICER
 Well ... everything ... it could
 change ...

LAUGHLIN is clearly torn.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
 ... human history.

LAUGHLIN
 Shit. Let me get dressed first?

SENIOR OFFICER
 We'll be right here, sir.

EXT. A FOREST NEAR THE NURSING HOME - NIGHT

BARRY, flashlight in hand, and others are searching the
 forest for JILLIAN.

BARRY
 (simultaneously worried
 and annoyed)
 Mom! MOM!

Other voices in the distance: "JILLIAN! JILLIAN!"

BARRY (CONT'D)

MOM!

(pause)

Shit.

He stops to take a breath. He hears a DOG BARK, and turns to look, and backs into a POLICE SERGEANT, startling him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

POLICE SERGEANT

You've been at this for hours, Mr. Guiler. Why don't you go home and get some rest, we'll call you when we find her.

BARRY

What if --

POLICE SERGEANT

If we haven't found her by morning we'll call for volunteers, and get more dogs. She's probably just walking along some street with no idea where she is. Seen it before.

BARRY

It's my mother!

POLICE SERGEANT

There's really nothing more you can do.

NURSE ADAMS approaches.

NURSE ADAMS

I'm so sorry, Mr. Guiler. I just can't imagine --

BARRY

(angry and frustrated)

When this is over I want an investigation!

POLICE SERGEANT

Go home, Mr. Guiler. We'll call you.

BARRY shakes head, muttering to himself.

EXT. NURSING HOME PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

BARRY gets in his minivan and starts the engine.

JILLIAN
(in the back seat)
Hello, Barry.

BARRY
(jumps)
JEEZUS CHRIST!

JILLIAN puts her hand on BARRY's shoulder.

JILLIAN
It's all right, Barry. I'm fine.
Let's get out of here.

BARRY
(tears welling up)
How -- how -- you haven't talked in
months!

JILLIAN
It's all right! I don't know -- I'm
better.

BARRY
You can't be. You have to go back.

JILLIAN
(sighs)
All right. 100, 97, 94, 91, 88,
85... That's one of the tests,
right? Count back from 100 by 3's.
Funny ... I remember the first time
I couldn't do that.

BARRY
But -

JILLIAN
Your wife's -- your ex-wife's name
is Alice, she's been gone -- what --
a year and a half now. I never
liked her. You work at Merrill
Lynch and I've always thought you
weren't ambitious enough.

BARRY
Well, thanks for that, Mom.

JILLIAN
 (more urgently)
 It's OK, Barry. I love you for who
 you are! And I always will! But ...
 we have to get out of here.

BARRY
 You should go back.

JILLIAN
 I don't want to. I shouldn't have
 to. I'm fine. If they find me
 they'll lock me up and do all kinds
 of tests. I just want to go home.
 (smiles)
 And I want to change...I don't want
 to wear these hospital gowns any
 more. And take a shower.

BARRY
 OK. OK. But you call them tomorrow.
 Or call somebody.

JILLIAN sees the light from a distant flashlight.

JILLIAN
 Maybe. Maybe. But Barry?

BARRY
 Yes.

JILLIAN
 Move your ASS!

EXT. ESTABLISHING. A LARGE GOVERNMENT BUILDING. - DAY

We see a large building with multiple radars and satellite
 dishes on the roof and nearby. There are other sorts of weird-
 looking antennae and other strange-looking high-tech gadgets.

EXT. LARGE GOVERNMENT BUILDING. - DAY

LAUGHLIN and the AIR FORCE OFFICERS arrive. As he climbs out
 of the car, he looks around.

LAUGHLIN
 What is this place?

SENIOR OFFICER
 This way, sir.

LAUGHLIN

Figures.

INT. NATIONAL PROJECTS OFFICE. - DAY

As they enter a nondescript door, LAUGHLIN sees a sign indicating it is the "National Projects Office."

LAUGHLIN

"National Projects Office?"

YOUNG OFFICER

Yes, sir.

LAUGHLIN

Like, what kind of projects?

(there is no answer)

Oh, good.

They enter the NERVE CENTER.

INT. NATIONAL PROJECTS OFFICE NERVE CENTER. - DAY

Looking a bit like a space program control room, with perhaps 20-ish Air Force personnel sitting behind consoles, the NPO's Nerve Center, also has several huge screens on the wall. Every few seconds we see a new TWEET, most with photos, showing UFO's in various parts of the world. A young enlisted woman approaches the man obviously in charge, GENERAL FRANKLIN.

NPO ENLISTED WOMAN

(handing FRANKLIN a sheet
of paper)

More coming in sir.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

(shaking his head)

Good God, how're we supposed to
keep a lid on this?

SENIOR OFFICER

General.

(FRANKLIN looks up.)

Dr. David Laughlin, sir.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

(he walks over to Laughlin
and looks him in the eye)

Dr. Laughlin, I need you to tell me
everything that happened at Devil's
Tower, Wyoming, forty years ago.

Laughlin shrinks slightly, and pushes his glasses up on his nose.

LAUGHLIN

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Why the hell not?

LAUGHLIN

Sorry, General, but you're not cleared. Uh, none of you are.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Not cleared! Laughlin, I've got every clearance in the book.

LAUGHLIN

Not this one.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

I'll call the President.

LAUGHLIN

Not high enough.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Not -- what?

(realizes)

Dr. Laughlin, you do know Claude Lacombe is dead.

LAUGHLIN

I know.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

And everyone else from that time with any authority is also gone. Doctor, I'm afraid the only one alive who can clear me for the "dark side of the moon" is you.

LAUGHLIN

And why should I?

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Why? Good God, look!

(he points to the social media on screen))

They're back! And they're not making a secret of it this time! Who knows what they're up to?

(MORE)

GENERAL FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Who knows what other governments will do, maybe take a potshot at them, or what all those crackpots out there with guns will do? And if they'll fight back? This is an *existential* crisis, Dr. Laughlin.

(to room)

Somebody leak to the press it was a hoax, that the Air Force has a lead on the prankster in Vermont.

(to LAUGHLIN)

Maybe sow a little confusion.

A voice in the back of the room shouts, "On it!"

LAUGHLIN

(pause)

They're all dead?

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Yeah. Sorry.

LAUGHLIN looks away for a few moments, trying to decide what/if he should say. Finally, with an air of some resignation:

LAUGHLIN

What do you want to know?

GENERAL FRANKLIN

I want to know where to start.

LAUGHLIN

(thinks for a moment)

I'd start by contacting the invitees.

GENERAL FRANKLIN

Who?

LAUGHLIN

The ones who were invited. Last time.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. BRAD NEARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a relatively ordinary middle class home in a subdivision. BRAD NEARY is returning home from work.

INT. BRAD NEARY'S HOUSE. - NIGHT

BRAD enters the front door and takes off his sport jacket. From his badge on his belt we see that he is a police officer -- more accurately a plain-clothes detective. He unstraps his gun and hangs it up nonchalantly.

BRAD

I'm home.

BRAD's daughter RHONDA, about eight, comes running out to greet him, and gives him a huge hug.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hi, sweetie. How are you feeling today?

RHONDA

Pretty good! You know it's always the day after I don't feel so good.

BRAD

OK, OK. Where's Mom?

RHONDA

In the kitchen, making dinner of course.

INT. BRAD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small kitchen with a small kitchen table with four chairs. The table is neatly set. On the wall are pictures of BRAD's parents, ROY NEARY and RONNIE NEARY, along with photos of COLLEEN's parents and assorted family photos.

BRAD

Hi honey. How was the doctor today.

COLLEEN

It was good, good, I guess. Ronnie was very brave, we got ice cream afterwards, didn't you?

RHONDA

I'm all done with this round, Daddy! No more medicine for a couple of months.

BRAD

Good, honey, good. Why don't you go back and play now?

COLLEEN
Well, now the waiting.

BRAD
Yeah. 50-50 it works. Helluva
thing.

COLLEEN
(sobs)
She's so brave, honey. Giving an
eight-year-old chemo! It's so
cruel!
(beat)
Sorry.

BRAD
(embraces her)
It's OK. She's a fighter. She's
going to win.

He looks at the pictures of his parents on the wall.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I wish they were here. Mom's been
gone for five years now ... Dad ...
forty years since he disappeared.

COLLEEN
I would have liked to have met him.

BRAD
Yeah.

COLLEEN
(recovering, wipes her
eyes)
Yeah. So how was your day?

BRAD
Oh, the usual. Coupla drunks. Home
invasion we had to look into. Some
weirdos reporting lights in the
sky.

COLLEEN
Lights in the sky?

BRAD
Like I said, weirdos. Drunks.

COLLEEN
 (looking at the stove,
 where something is
 boiling over)
 Oh -- it's ready. Ronnie!

RHONDA returns to the kitchen.

RHONDA
 Mommy, I'm starting to not feel so
 good.

COLLEEN
 It's ok, honey, if you don't want
 to eat yet.

The lights in the home go out!

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 (reflexively, to RHONDA)
 Nothing to worry about, just a
 power outage.

BRAD
 Everybody's got their air
 conditioners on...
 (looks out the window)
 Yep, the whole neighborhood.

As he looks out the window, he is bathed in an incredibly
 bright light from above! He has to shield his eyes ... and
 then ... his cell phone rings!

He pulls his head back in the house and fumbles with his old-
 style flip phone.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Detective Brad Neary.

The voice on the other end has a strange, otherworldly
 quality about it, and there is a very odd ringing background
 noise.

STRANGE VOICE
 Brad?

BRAD
 Who's this?

STRANGE VOICE
 Are you still lousy at fractions?

BRAD
 What?

STRANGE VOICE
What's sixty divided by twenty?

BRAD
Who is this?

STRANGE VOICE
I remember you were terrible at fractions.

BRAD
I'm hanging up.

STRANGE VOICE
No, no, no, no, no! Brad, this is your Dad! It's me.

BRAD
No - my father's dead.

STRANGE VOICE
No, he's -- I'm -- not. It's me, ROY NEARY. Listen, I don't know what they told you forty years ago, but I'm alive and well.

BRAD
Bullshit.

STRANGE VOICE
Listen to me, Brad. BRAD! I'm coming home. Tell --
(breaks up)
-- sister. Be there.

BRAD
What? Be where? Who the HELL IS THIS?

The phone clicks.

The lights return. BRAD's face is badly sunburned.

COLLEEN
Honey? Look at you! Who was that?

RHONDA
Daddy's red!

BRAD looks back out the window to see a brightly lit object zooming into the sky.

BRAD
This is nuts.

INT. NATIONAL PROJECTS OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM. - DAY

A conference room at the NPO. LAUGHLIN and a bunch of enlisted personnel are huddled around the table, on which we see stacks of papers. There are several landline phones and several of the military are making calls. There is a TELEVISION on the wall tuned to CNN, where a reporter is interviewing ASHISH and RAJ.

FRANKLIN enters the room.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
 (to LAUGHLIN, and pointing
 to the TV)
 Look at this! This crap is popping
 up everywhere.

LAUGHLIN
 We should go.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
 Yeah, we should, but please tell me
 after all this --
 (points to the mess on the
 table)
 -- you have something.

LAUGHLIN
 No, not really. Of the seventy-two
 invitees we know about -- and there
 may be more we never knew of -- 55
 are dead.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
 Dead?

LAUGHLIN
 It's been forty years.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
 And the rest?

LAUGHLIN
 We're sending teams out to talk to
 them now.

Behind them, CNN switches to Muncie, where a reporter is talking to residents of BRAD's street. BRAD can be seen in the background.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
 And?

LAUGHLIN
Nothing remarkable. No unusual
activity so far.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
None of them have been drawing
pictures? Sculpting? No artists?

LAUGHLIN
No. Not so far.

In the background, BRAD is being interviewed on TV. The
"lower third" reads "OFF. BRAD NEARY, MUNCIE PD; Eyewitness."

BRAD
(indistinctly)
... a bright light, directly
overhead. Really bright. Then it
was gone, and the lights came back
on.

REPORTER
Quite a sunburn, Detective Neary.

BRAD
Yeah...well...

The television catches LAUGHLIN's eye.

GENERAL FRANKLIN
What I'm wondering is, since you
got nothing here, we're going to
Vermont.
(to aide)
I want radiation detectors,
spectrographs, anything to get
physical evidence.

LAUGHLIN is captivated by the TV, not listening to FRANKLIN
at all. The REPORTER thanks BRAD, who starts chatting with a
neighbor ... and his voice is still (just) audible.

BRAD
... damndest thing, got a crank
phone call right in the middle of
it all ... said it was Dad ...

LAUGHLIN is electrified!

GENERAL FRANKLIN
(to LAUGHLIN)
Are you listening to me?

LAUGHLIN
Forget Vermont, General. We're
going to Indiana.

EXT. NIGHT. BARRY GUILER'S HOUSE.

BARRY GUILER's home, a basic Gambrel-style house in the suburbs. His minivan is parked along the curb. There is a thick fog.

INT. NIGHT. BARRY GUILER'S HOUSE.

JILLIAN is looking through BARRY's ex-wife's clothes for something to wear. BARRY comes down from the attic with a box.

BARRY
Mom, what are you doing?

JILLIAN
Why do you keep your ex-wife's
clothes?

BARRY
I always thought ... she might come
back ... God, I'd forgotten, guess
that's not going to happen.

JILLIAN
What do you mean?

BARRY
Betty -- you remember, she works in
Accounting --

JILLIAN
I remember Betty.

BARRY
Right. Right. Yeah, well, she told
me Alice is getting married.

JILLIAN
Oh, Barry.

BARRY
For the best, I suppose. Take
anything you want. But I still had
some of your clothes in the attic.
Probably fit better. Here.
(hands her the box)
More upstairs.

JILLIAN
 (eyebrows slightly raised,
 a small smile)
 Thought I was coming back?

BARRY just shrugs and goes back in the attic. We follow him up. He is wrestling a box when out of the corner of his eye he sees a police car pulling up out front. Two OFFICERS emerge. They talk into their microphones for a moment.

BARRY
 Shit! Mom! Get dressed! NOW!

He watches the OFFICERS come to the door, and then he scrambles down the stairs.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 (in a loud whisper)
 Are you decent?

JILLIAN
 What's the matter?

BARRY
 There are two cops at the door. And I don't think they're here to tell me they found you.

JILLIAN
 Shit! Give me just a minute!

EXT. NIGHT. BARRY GUILER'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR.

The two officers ring the doorbell. There is no answer.

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1
 Try again.

The other OFFICER rings the doorbell again. After a few seconds, he knocks hard on the door.

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 Mr. Guiler, Muncie Police. Just have a few questions for you, sir.
 (to OFFICER 2)
 Tell me why we're here again?

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 2
 Dunno. Sarge just told us to check this guy out.

Then they see BARRY and JILLIAN running from out back! They jump in the minivan!

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1
Oh, fer cryin' out loud. Let's go!

The minivan speeds off.

INT. NIGHT. BARRY'S CAR.

BARRY has the pedal to the metal! He makes sharp, squealing turn one after the other -- in a subdivision.

He looks in the mirror and sees the POLICE CAR, headset flashing, siren blaring, behind him.

BARRY
We can't outrun them.

INT. MUNCIE POLICE CRUISER. - NIGHT

The officers have given chase.

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1
(into radio)
One Bravo two, in pursuit, suspect Guiler, Barry, in the company of elderly female, blue Chevy minivan, license ...
(to other officer)
Can you make it out?

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 2
(shaking his head)
Not in this fog.

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1
Heading south on Pine ... wait, hard left on ... Echo Grove ...

RADIO DISPATCH
One Bravo two, in pursuit. All units in area render assistance.

RADIO
One Bravo fiver, can't see any damn thing in this fog, he could go right by us, we'd never know.

INT. BARRY'S CAR. - NIGHT

JILLIAN

Maybe we better stop. We'll never
get away.

BARRY

No. I have a better way.

He turns off the car's lights and immediately turns right.

JILLIAN

You can't see!

BARRY

I've got GPS. And I've lived in
this area my whole life. Don't
worry.

They narrowly miss an oncoming car.

JILLIAN

Barry!

BARRY looks at JILLIAN.

BARRY

Don't worry.

INT. NIGHT. MUNCIE POLICE CRUISER.

The two officers are craning their necks looking for the
minivan.

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 1

See anything?

MUNCIE PD OFFICER 2

Nothing.

They proceed slowly, looking for any sign. They go right past
AL'S USED CARS, where BARRY has pulled in and just turned off
the engine. BARRY and JILLIAN duck as the cruiser drives
past.

EXT. C-130 AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

We see an executive jet with US Air Force markings. Not far
behind are several C-130's flying in the night.

INT. AIR FORCE JET - NIGHT

Inside the relatively plush Gulfstream G-5 are FRANKLIN, LAUGHLIN, and several other officers and enlisted.

FRANKLIN
Christ, Indiana.

LAUGHLIN
You don't like hoosiers?

FRANKLIN
No -- too many people! You told me forty years ago they did this out west in the middle of nowhere. You could keep things in control there. Here ... so who the hell is this Neary guy anyway?

LAUGHLIN
(takes a deep breath)
Forty years ago ... he was one of the invitees. He and a woman were the only two who made it to Devil's Tower, they saw everything.

FRANKLIN
What happened?

LAUGHLIN
Neary went with them.

FRANKLIN
Jesus.

LAUGHLIN
The woman didn't. She had a little boy who was abducted, and returned. We made her sign a secrecy pledge ... we tracked her for five years or so, but she had a pretty normal life. Last we heard she had Alzheimer's.

FRANKLIN
He was taken?

LAUGHLIN
Went. Wanted to go.

FRANKLIN
You suppose?

LAUGHLIN

It really was Roy Neary calling his son?

(pause)

Yeah, I think so.

FRANKLIN

(whistles)

Jesus.

The PILOT comes on the intercom.

PILOT (O.S.)

One hour to Wright-Patterson.

LAUGHLIN

Yeah. Listen. Why do you care so much about this?

FRANKLIN

(surprised by the very idea of the question)

Look ... David. We've got a helluva situation here. I mean ... extraterrestrials in the heartland! We have no idea what their intentions are. My job is to protect the American people.

LAUGHLIN

They're not here to harm us.

FRANKLIN

We don't know that. Almost knocked one our UAV's out of the sky.

LAUGHLIN

Saved some innocent civilian lives, by the look of it.

FRANKLIN

Yeah, maybe. But like I said before, you get some evangelical yahoo, thinks it's a message from God, or the Devil, whips out his AR-15 which he has a God-given, 2nd Amendment right to have ... who the hell knows what they'll do then? What if they fight back, if only in self-defense? No, we gotta keep the lid on.

(pause)

It's ... existential.

LAUGHLIN

And the only way to do that is to find out why they're here.

An enlisted picks up a phone.

FRANKLIN

And I think this Neary guy just might know.

ENLISTED PERSON 1

Sir? Sir? You have to hear this.

FRANKLIN gets up and takes the phone. He listens for a moment.

FRANKLIN

(to LAUGHLIN)

The name JILLIAN GUILER ring a bell?

LAUGHLIN

Yeah, that was the woman, and her son Barry ...

FRANKLIN

Jillian Guiler broke out of her nursing home last night. Barry Guiler and a woman matching her description were pursued by the local PD, and got away.

(to phone)

You find them. And get Brad Neary into custody asap. I want to speak to both of them when we land.

(to LAUGHLIN)

The dots are about to connect.

EXT. A DARK CROSSROADS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

We see a dark crossroads in the middle of nowhere. There are drainage ditches on either side of the roads. The fog is still thick. We see BARRY'S minivan. His lights are still off.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - NIGHT.

BARRY is still driving, but not as fast as he was. JILLIAN is humming a tune -- a repeated sequence of seven or eight notes, that have an odd poignancy about them.

As they cross the intersection, another car comes barreling out of the fog!

It narrowly misses BARRY's minivan!

The driver slams on the brakes, and after some skidding, it lands in a drainage ditch.

BARRY
Oh! Oh! Shit!

He too slams on the brakes, stops, and gets out of the car, and runs over to the car in the ditch.

EXT. A DARK CROSSROADS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

BRAD is just clambering out of his car and helping his family out.

BARRY
Are you all right? Is everybody all right?

BRAD
(very angry)
You stupid son of a bitch! You didn't even have your lights on!

BARRY
Sorry. But you ran the stop sign!

BRAD
So that makes us even? What the hell?
(to COLLEEN and RHONDA,
who is whimpering)
You guys OK?

COLLEEN
Yeah. Yeah, we're okay.
(to RHONDA)
It's okay, baby. We're fine.

BARRY
(seeing COLLEEN and the
little girl)
Oh, God, I'm sorry ... so sorry.

COLLEEN glares at him but says nothing.

BARRY (CONT'D)
You gotta rope or something? I can try to pull you out.

But BRAD has been looking at the car.

BRAD
No point, axle's broke, look. Nice
job, asshole.

They hear a siren in the distance.

BARRY
You call 911 already?

BRAD
No ... no, I, uh ...

BARRY
They're chasing you? What did you
do?

Another siren!

This time from the direction from which BARRY came.

BRAD
What did YOU do?
(pause)
Look, I can't explain, we gotta get
outahere ...

BARRY
Funny thing, we do too. My car's
fine, let's go.

(BEAT)
Wait. You're not some kind of
serial killer, going to kidnap us
and kill us?

BRAD
Nah. I'm a cop.

BARRY
(shaking his head)
Oh. OK, this all makes sense now.

BRAD
Save the explanations. Come on!

They all climb into BARRY's minivan and speed off away from
the police cars.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

BARRY's driving, and BRAD is riding shotgun. JILLIAN, COLLEEN are sitting in back, with RHONDA between them, snuggled hard against her mother.

BRAD
Who's got cell phones?

BARRY
I do. Got somebody to call?

BRAD
Yeah, I got somebody to call.

He takes the cell phone and throws it out the window.

BARRY
What the --

BRAD
They can track it. GPS. Even when the phone's turned off.

BARRY
That was brand new! I paid \$800 for that!

Pause.

BRAD
(extending his hand)
Sorry I ran the stop sign. Brad Neary.

BARRY
Sorry I had my lights off. Barry Guiler.

THAT gets JILLIAN's attention!

JILLIAN
What -- what did you say?

BRAD
I said, my name. It's Brad.

JILLIAN
And -- and -- your last name?

BRAD
Brad Neary.

JILLIAN audibly gasps.

JILLIAN
It can't be.

BARRY
What, Mom?

JILLIAN
Roy Neary.

BRAD
(visibly jumps,
electrified)
How do you know that name?

JILLIAN
How do you?

BRAD
Roy Neary wss -- or is -- my
father. He's dead ... I think ...

JILLIAN
He disappeared forty years ago.

BRAD
How do you know that?

JILLIAN
I was with him. In Wyoming. When he
left ...

BRAD
(suspicion creeping into
his voice)
Wait ... you ... and Dad?

JILLIAN
It wasn't like that. I was
searching for Barry.

BARRY
Searching for me? In Wyoming? What
was I doing in Wyoming? I don't
remember any of this!

JILLIAN
You were just three. They ... they
abducted you ...

BARRY
WHAT?

JILLIAN
Umm ...I never told you ... you
were taken when you were little ...

BARRY
Who? Who abducted me?

JILLIAN
Oh my ... aliens ...
(realizing what she just
said)
Oh, dear ...

BARRY
Mom!

JILLIAN
(to BARRY)
I wanted to tell you ... but I've
been locked up in that nursing home
(to COLLEEN)
... advanced Alzheimer's. But I'm
better now.

COLLEEN
This isn't crazy. Not crazy at all.

EXT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB - DAY

We see FRANKLIN's jet and the two C-130's, which are being
unloaded -- large unmarked containers of equipment are being
loaded aboard BEST BUY and AMAZON trucks.

As LAUGHLIN and FRANKLIN deplane, they are met by an AIRMAN
with a walkie-talkie and a clipboard.

FRANKLIN
Where are they?

AIRMAN 1
Building 42.

He hands FRANKLIN a headset.

AIRMAN 1 (CONT'D)
Sir, SANDMAN for you on secure
channel.

FRANKLIN dons the headset.

FRANKLIN
Yes?

He listens for a moment and his facial expression changes from serious to frustrated to outright anger.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(to radio)

Well, goddamit, you call in the state police, the FBI, the ATF, Treasury, the goddam Girl Scouts if you have to!

He hands the headset back to the AIRMAN.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(to LAUGHLIN)

They found the Neary's car in a ditch. No trace of him or his family. And they lost Barry Guiler. GodDAMit!

They climb into an Air Force JEEP.

AIRMAN 1

(to radio)

QUONSET, QUONSET, come in.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

QUONSET.

AIRMAN 1

(to radio)

BUSHMASTER and STARLIGHT arriving 5 minutes.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Roger, five.

The JEEP starts up.

LAUGHLIN

(to FRANKLIN)

Which one of us is STARLIGHT?

FRANKLIN

Not me.

INT. BUILDING 42 - DAY

FRANKLIN and LAUGHLIN enter a small "observation" room overlooking a much larger one. Below them, through what is apparently a one-way mirror, is a much larger, dimly lit room with a circular table. Around it are seated about a dozen INVITEES from the last visit. They are all old, even elderly; some are in wheelchairs. An ENLISTED man sits at the door.

CAPTAIN LEE, an attractive Asian-American officer stands as FRANKLIN and LAUGHLIN join her at the table.

CAPTAIN LEE
Welcome to Wright-Patterson, sirs.

They shake hands.

FRANKLIN
These are them?

CAPTAIN LEE
Yes, sir. All we could find. Three are unable to travel because of their age, we have them under surveillance.

FRANKLIN
All right. David, you're better at this sort of thing, why don't you go down there and talk to them?

LAUGHLIN
On my way.

He goes up to the glass and stares at them for a good few seconds. They all seem content, even happy, perhaps even -- delighted. None are speaking, exactly, but several are moving their lips.

FRANKLIN
They seem awfully happy.

CAPTAIN LEE
Yes, sir.

FRANKLIN
What are they --

CAPTAIN LEE
They're not speaking, sir. But we had a professional lip reader analyze their expressions.

FRANKLIN
And what are they --

The camera zooms into one of the INVITEES' face, to her mouth, and as she mouths the words LEE speaks.

CAPTAIN LEE (O.S.)
"They're coming back."

INT. BUILDING 42 - - DAY

From the vantage point of the observation room, we see LAUGHLIN enter the weird conference room. We hear him mutter some "Hello's" as he takes a seat.

INT. BUILDING 42 - WEIRD CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On the table before LAUGHLIN is a manila folder containing the files each of the INVITEES. He quickly thumbs through it before looking up.

LAUGHLIN

My name is David Laughlin. Thank you all for being here.

INVITEE MARJORY

(pleasantly)

Well, we didn't have much choice in the matter, did we?

Several chuckle pleasantly, but -- oddly -- there is no malice or cynicism.

LAUGHLIN

All of you were involved in an ... incident ... forty years ago.

INVITEE JOHNNY

You mean, when we all had visions and the aliens came to Wyoming?

LAUGHLIN

Uh, yes, that incident.

INVITEE JOSEPHINE

I'm 85 years old, but my memory is still perfect. I remember you! You were with that Frenchman!

LAUGHLIN

Uh, yes, yes, I was.

INVITEE MARJORY

Will you take us to them this time?

LAUGHLIN

(leaning forward)

Perhaps. Tell me ... where should we take you?

INVITEE JOSEPHINE
Oh, we don't know. We hoped you
did.

LAUGHLIN
Have you had any visions or images
this time?

Heads shake around the table.

INVITEE JOSEPHINE
No.

LAUGHLIN
We don't know either.

INVITEE MARJORY
(smiling broadly)
Something ... something tells me
... you've already been told.

EXT. A DINER SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY - NIGHT

It's late at night and we see a DINER in the middle of
nowhere in Kentucky. Outside the diner is BARRY's minivan.
The fog is still thick, and the diffuse light from the diner
and a single streetlight give a mysterious feel to the
location.

INT. A DINER SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY - NIGHT

The GUILERS and the NEARYS have stopped for a bite to eat,
and to regroup. As they approach a table, BRAD is whistling
the seven-note tune.

JILLIAN
Hey ... I know that!

She hums it too, as they sit.

BRAD
(doesn't think anything of
it)
Hmm.

WAITRESS
Coffee?

BRAD
Uh, yeah.

BARRY

I say we keep driving south.

JILLIAN

Maybe we should turn around and head to Canada.

COLLEEN

Wait a minute! Just wait!

BRAD

Honey?

COLLEEN

All I know is we get up in the middle of the night, and you say we gotta get out of here. No warning, no plan, no destination.

BRAD

Something -- I just know --

JILLIAN

There was something inside you that said the most important thing you had to do in your life was this.

BRAD

Yeah. Yeah. Crazy.

JILLIAN

Same thing. Forty years ago.

COLLEEN

Well, I don't have any "feeling" like that!

(to JILLIAN)

I'm sorry --

(to BRAD)

But look, she just escaped from a mental institution, and you're listening to her?

JILLIAN

Nursing home ...

COLLEEN

Whatever. Detective Brad Wilbur Neary, you are the most planful man I've ever known. What the HELL is going on?

RHONDA

Are you fighting?

COLLEEN

No, honey, everything's ... fine
... I think.

BRAD

(looking down)
You're right. This is ...
irrational. But ... there's
something inside me ... telling me
I gotta do this ... I've never felt
anything like this before.

COLLEEN

(tenderly)
Even when you asked me to marry
you?

BRAD

(looks up, smiles)
Well, yeah, that was another time.

They smile affectionately at one another; it is clear that
they are very much in love.

BRAD (CONT'D)

But listen. You don't need to be
here. You shouldn't be here. I'll
call you an Uber, you and Ronnie
should go home. I ... I gotta ...

BARRY

Yeah. That's a good idea. You
should go home. Who knows where
this is all going?

RHONDA

I don't feel so good.

COLLEEN

What's the matter, honey?

RHONDA

I'm ... sick ...

COLLEEN fumbles in her purse.

COLLEEN

It's the chemo. Surprised it took
this long.

She takes out some pills.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 Here you go, these'll make you feel
 better.
 (to BARRY and JILLIAN)
 Anti-nausea.

BRAD
 Go home and take care of our little
 girl.

COLLEEN nods. But RHONDA has other ideas!

RHONDA
 I don't want to go home! I want an
 adventure! Before I die from this
 leukemia!

Shocked, COLLEEN chokes up. Tears come down her face.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 You think I didn't know? Of course
 I heard you talking to the doctors.
 And I looked it all up in
 Wikipedia.

COLLEEN is full-fledged weeping. She holds her daughter
 tight. BRAD is blinking hard. BARRY and JILLIAN are silent.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 It's ok, Mom. It's really ok.

COLLEEN
 (stammers)
 The treatments ... you're going to
 be fine.

RHONDA
 Maybe. Maybe. But ... Mom ... if
 I'm not going to here much longer I
 want to live a little!

COLLEEN
 (barely able to talk)
 You'll ... be ... fine!

RHONDA
 (calmly)
 So can I have just one crazy
 adventure? Some *living*? Please?

COLLEEN
 Baby...

RHONDA
Please?

COLLEEN
(wiping her tears, looking
at BRAD)
OK.

Silence.

BARRY
We still don't know where we're
going.

INT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB FRANKLIN'S HQ - DAY

LAUGHLIN, looking over some dossiers, is in a room filled with personnel and computers. Several people are on phones. He is preparing to interview the INVITEES individually. FRANKLIN accosts him.

FRANKLIN
Get what you can. We still don't
know anything.

LAUGHLIN
Right.

FRANKLIN
You find out something -- you come
right to me. We need to FIND OUT
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LAUGHLIN takes his seat across from INVITEE MARJORY, who seems happy to see him.

LAUGHLIN
Hello, Marjory.

INVITEE MARJORY
Hello. It's good to see you again.

LAUGHLIN
Thank you. You too.

INVITEE MARJORY
You've gotten older, though. Ah, I
suppose I have, too.

LAUGHLIN
Marjory, I just have a few more
questions for you.

INVITEE MARJORY
Of course.

LAUGHLIN
You remember the last time.

INVITEE MARJORY
Oh, yes.

LAUGHLIN
But no visions this time.

INVITEE MARJORY
No.

LAUGHLIN
You haven't felt the need to draw
anything?

INVITEE MARJORY
No.

LAUGHLIN
Go anywhere?

INVITEE MARJORY
No.

LAUGHLIN
And you don't seem to mind that
we've brought you here.

INVITEE MARJORY
No, of course not.

LAUGHLIN
Why?

INVITEE MARJORY
(smiles)
Because you're going to tell us
where they'll be.

LAUGHLIN
We don't know that yet.

INVITEE MARJORY
You will.

LAUGHLIN
Why are you so sure?

MARJORY doesn't answer.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Please, Marjory.

MARJORY just shrugs.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Marjory.

As he stands to leave, MARJOY looks to the side. Just as LAUGHLIN is opening the door, she starts to hum a tune ...seven or eight notes. It's not the same as the "five notes" from before; it's a little longer, and there's a touch of emotion, poignancy, maybe even -- yearning? -- in the melody. LAUGHLIN freezes in his tracks.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Excuse me, what's that you're humming? I don't recognize it.

INVITEE MARJORY
Oh, I don't know. A little tune that just came into my head. I've always been very musical, you know.

LAUGHLIN
Thank you again.

LAUGHLIN exits the interrogation room, and notices INVITEE JOHNNY, accompanied by an ENLISTED, approaching. INVITEE JOHNNY is humming the same notes!

EXT. A DESERTED ROAD IN KENTUCKY - NIGHT

In the middle of nowhere. Still foggy.

INT. BARRY'S CAR

Barry stops the car.

BARRY
(gestures outside)
See, I can stop at a stop sign.

BRAD
So we're agreed. Canada.

BARRY

Agreed. Too bad you threw out our phones, Google Maps would really help here.

COLLEEN

Are we lost?

BRAD

(quickly)

No.

BARRY

Maybe...

JILLIAN

We'll stop and get a map somewhere.

COLLEEN

Who has maps any more?

The car suddenly stalls. BARRY tries to start it, to no avail.

BARRY

Shit.

BRAD

Oh, Christ, just what we need.

BARRY

I just replaced the goddam alternator...Can't even call Triple-A, thanks to you.

Before BRAD can respond, the car is flooded with light! RHONDA screams, and the women are terrified. In a moment, they can see an ALIEN SPACECRAFT floating overhead, and past them.

RHONDA

Awesome.

BRAD

Holy shit, I wasn't dreaming.

The SPACECRAFT slow flies to about a hundreds in front of the car. It hovers for a moment, then it seems to land!

BRAD (CONT'D)

(getting out of the car)

You all stay here.

Which nobody does: EVERYBODY gets out of the car. Very cautiously, they walk forward. The lights from the SPACECRAFT are blindingly bright.

But then they see a shadow in the light! It is small -- short -- and as it moves closer they can make out -- an ALIEN!

The NEARYS and the GUILERS are standing in a row in front of the car, not moving.

BARRY looks down, and there is a light on his chest! It moves around a bit, then -- the light appears on JILLIAN's! Then BRAD's. Then COLLEEN's.

Nobody notices while this is going on that RHONDA has been slowly approaching the ALIEN.

The ALIEN steps back. RHONDA is only a few yards away.

RHONDA
(to ALIEN)
Don't go!

And RHONDA takes off after the ALIEN and disappears into the light ... and then ... the SPACECRAFT flies away!

COLLEEN
(screaming)
RONNIE! RONNIE!

The car restarts. Its lights illuminate, which startles everyone. Both COLLEEN and BRAD chase after the SPACECRAFT, which is by now long gone.

COLLEEN is sobbing on BRAD's shoulder.

But it's not over yet.

Where the SPACECRAFT was, there's now someone standing in the middle of the road!

And another car is approaching!

BARRY and BRAD both run toward the person in the road. BARRY gets to her first and shoves her off the road just in the nick of time, as the car speeds past!

OTHER DRIVER
Asshole!

BARRY is lying on top of the woman on the shoulder.

BARRY
Oh, ah, sorry.

He gets up. BRAD can hardly believe his eyes.

BRAD
Silvia?

SILVIA, helped by BARRY, gets up. She is shaky, dazed and pale. COLLEEN keeps yelling for RHONDA.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh my God, it's my sister.

SILVIA
(dazed)
Brad ... Dad's alive.

BRAD
I know.

SILVIA
We need to go to South America.

INT. UAV CONTROL ROOM - DAY

MAJOR WOODRUFF is talking with TORRES and PAPPAS.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
I got your reports. I thought we agreed.

CAPTAIN TORRES
I'm sorry, sir. The aircraft and all its electronics checked out fine. There was something out there.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
And you want to report a UFO?

CAPTAIN TORRES
It's what we saw.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(to PAPPAS)
And you agree with this?

LIEUTENANT PAPPAS
Yes, sir.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
(reluctantly)
All right.

(MORE)

MAJOR WOODRUFF (CONT'D)
But I'll tell you, I've seen this
before, you're going to have all
kinds of investigative hell rain
down on you, you'll be lucky to
keep your certifications when it's
over.

CAPTAIN TORRES
We can handle it ...

But she is interrupted from across the room ...

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
Sir?

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What, Rodriguez?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
Sir, I've been analyzing that audio
emission.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
The what?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
The noise we all heard, sir.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Why?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
(caught off-guard)
Well ... it's interesting ...

MAJOR WOODRUFF
What did you find?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
Yes, look, sir. I slowed it down,
by a factor of a 1000.

They peer at an oscilloscope-like screen in front of
RODRIGUEZ. They see electronic waves.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
That's a square wave, sir. Look,
some are high, some are low. Ones
and zeroes.

CAPTAIN TORRES
Bits and bytes.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
They're trying to communicate with
us.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
Holy shit.
(to TORRES and PAPPAS)
I guess we're filing your reports
after all.
(to RODRIGUEZ)
Send it in. One of those geniuses
at CIA or whatever will know what
to do with it. Goddam.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
Yes, sir.

MAJOR WOODRUFF
And nobody says a goddam word about
this to anyone! Got that? Not a
goddam word!

INT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB FRANKLIN'S HQ - DAY

FRANKLIN, LAUGHLIN and others are sitting around a table all
listening to the INVITEES' humming. They are all humming the
same seven-ish notes. FRANKLIN himself starts to whistle it.

LAUGHLIN
Catchy, isn't it?

FRANKLIN
(catching himself)
Well, yes, but what does it mean?

FRANKLIN eyes CAPTAIN LEE, sitting in front of a laptop
opposite him.

CAPTAIN LEE
I'm sorry, sir, no idea.

FRANKLIN
Well, does it relate at all to
those five tones from forty years
ago? You know --

He hums the famous tones.

CAPTAIN LEE
We don't know.

FRANKLIN
Well, what do you know?

LAUGHLIN

We actually got very little useful information from the first encounter.

FRANKLIN

What?

LAUGHLIN

Computers then were very limited. Your cell phone has a hundred times more power than the largest computer of the day back then.

FRANKLIN

Well, didn't somebody back then ... take it all down?

LAUGHLIN

Yes, but the recording devices ...

FRANKLIN

Sucked back then too.

CAPTAIN LEE

We've run the most sophisticated convolutional and recurrent neural networks against the available data, but the quality of the recording ... high-pass filters cut off some of the spectrum ...

FRANKLIN

(waving his hand)

Whatever, I get it. We got nothing.

An AIDE accompanied by AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ carrying a laptop enters the room and whispers in FRANKLIN's ear.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

What? When? Can you put it on the screen?

AIDE pushes some buttons on the laptop, and on the conference room screen we see the waveforms that RODRIGUEZ detected.

CAPTAIN LEE

What is this?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ

These were emitted by some sort of ... uh ...

(MORE)

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
 flying object that harassed one of
 our drones in Afghanistan, ma'am. I
 slowed down the original emission
 ...

CAPTAIN LEE
 These are ... not natural, these
 are man-made.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
 I'm not sure, ma'am.

He hits another button on his laptop and we see a photo of
 the SPACECRAFT from Afghanistan.

LAUGHLIN
 Jesus.

FRANKLIN
 You're saying that transmission
 came from ... that?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ
 Yes, sir.

FRANKLIN
 Put it back on screen.

The waveforms are back on screen.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 (to LEE)
 Captain, can you and your modern
 computers do something with that?

CAPTAIN LEE
 Oh, yes, sir.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. CHICAGO. HIGHWAY. - DAY

We see BARRY's car from above.

INT. BARRY'S CAR - DAY

BRAD is driving. BARRY is next to him, asleep, as are all the
 others. COLLEEN is quietly weeping.

BARRY awakes with a start.

BARRY
 Where - where are we?

BRAD

Chicago.

BARRY

What -- what the hell are we doing
in Chicago?

BRAD

The question is, what are YOU going
to do in Chicago.

BARRY

Wha- what do you mean?

Others in the back are starting to stir.

BRAD

You have much money in the bank?

BARRY

Why?

BRAD

We all think there are answers in
South America. Maybe even Ronnie.
Means we gotta get there. To do
that without alerting every
federal, state and local cop in the
country we're going to need money,
and lots of it. How much can you
get?

BARRY

I can get about five thousand.

BRAD

(grunts)

I don't know if that's going to be
enough. I've got about three grand
in the bank.

JILLIAN

(sleepily)

I've got money ...

BARRY

What?

JILLIAN

I haven't touched my account in
years ... was about twenty thousand
before ... with interest ...

BARRY

Mom, why didn't you tell me? I could've invested it for you, it's what I do, and by the way, I'm good at it.

JILLIAN just taps her finger on her head, as if to say, "Alzheimer's, remember?"

BRAD

OK. Let's make some withdrawals. Then we're going to see someone I know.

JILLIAN

For what?

BRAD

Passports. We want to go to South America, we'll need passports, and ones with different names on them.

COLLEEN

How do you know someone like that?

BRAD

Did a big drug bust a few years. We let this guy go in exchange for testimony. He'll help us.

INT. FORGER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They are inside GUS's house. GUS is a very shifty looking fellow, with torn jeans, a plaid shirt, unshaven. GUS' girlfriend, high on opioids, sits on a ratty old couch, a completely blank stare on her face.

GUS

No way, man, no way am I helping you.

BRAD

Ten thousand, Gus. It's a good deal. They just have to work once.

GUS

Man, they're all electronic now, they're like smart, like, they validate with computers 'n shit.

BRAD

You can do it or not?

GUS

Ah, I don't think so, man.

BRAD shoves GUS up against a wall.

BRAD

Listen, douchebag. You want I should call Siedel and let his boys know where you live? You ratted on the biggest drug dealer in Chicagoland. I figure you last what, maybe, a day at most, before they cut you up.

GUS

(gasping)

OK. OK. Maybe. I can get some blanks.

BRAD lets go.

GUS (CONT'D)

You give me half now, go get your pictures taken, come back at six o'clock, give me the rest.

BRAD

Bullshit. You'll be gone.

GUS

OK, you gotta give me at least a grand for the blanks, he ain't gonna just give 'em to me.

BRAD

(stares at GUS hard)

OK.

(takes out his wallet and hands him cash)

You're not here at six, I call Harvey Siedel, and you can kiss yours and your sweetie's asses bye bye. We'll pull you out of Lake Michigan ... sometime.

GUS

Yeah, ok, well...

BRAD

(to everyone else)

Let's go get our pictures taken.

(to GUS)

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Oh, and get some stamps in them, I don't want 'em all looking like they're brand new.

They exit the house and get back in the car.

INT. WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB FRANKLIN'S HQ - - DAY

In another room, LEE and a bunch of technicians are huddled around a display. It is a HEX DUMP -- computer numbers -- row after row of them.

CAPTAIN LEE

Damn. No idea what the hell it is. Is it encrypted?

TECHNICIAN 1

I don't think so

TECHNICIAN 2

Look at this ...

Points to the screen ..

TECHNICIAN 1

I got it! It's a compression algorithm!

TECHNICIAN 2

Yeah! Simple run length encoding!

CAPTAIN LEE

What you got?

TECHNICIAN 1

Look, Captain, a number -- the count -- followed another number. This one says 24 -- see? -- zeroes follow.

CAPTAIN LEE

Decompress it! Let's see the message!

TECHNICIAN 1

On it.

He types furiously. On screen we see more hex numbers.

CAPTAIN LEE

OK, so this is the decompressed message.

TECHNICIAN 1

Yes, ma'am.

They stare at it for a few seconds.

CAPTAIN LEE

What does it mean?

TECHNICIAN 1

No clue.

LEE stares at it some more.

CAPTAIN LEE

Wait a minute. These are triplets.
Numbers between zero and two
hundred fifty five. Every third
number looks like the previous
third, give or take.

TECHNICIAN 1

Holy shit. RGB values?

TECHNICIAN 2

It's a picture!

CAPTAIN LEE

Project it!

The two technicians type furiously. Then, on screen, we see an enormous plateau/mountain, taken from space. It is surrounded by jungle, and numerous waterfalls spectacularly fall from the summit into the heavily wooded land below.

CAPTAIN LEE (CONT'D)

Where is that?

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ appears in the doorway.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ

I know that place.

Everyone turns to look at him.

AIRMAN RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

My parents came from Venezuela.
That's Mount Roraira, on the border
with Brazil.

CAPTAIN LEE

And that's where they're going to
be.

TECHNICIAN 1
But ... when?

CAPTAIN LEE
(puzzled)
When?

TECHNICIAN 1
I mean, we know where, but when,
could be years from now. Or could
have already happened.

LEE stares at the photo.

CAPTAIN LEE
I have an idea. Look at the sun
angle, the angle of the shadows on
the ground. Can we tell --

TECHNICIAN 1
Yeah! Yeah, let me see ... angle of
shadows ... maturity of vegetation,
normalize true north ...

The photo spins on screen, various grid lines appear over it.

TECHNICIAN 1 (CONT'D)
Captain, this picture was -- will
be -- taken next week.

CAPTAIN LEE
Holy shit.

INT. FORGER'S HOUSE - DAY

They are collecting their forged passports. GUS's TV is on in the background. The news is on. GUS is gluing their passport photos in. BRAD is examining the completed ones.

BRAD
This is actually pretty good work.

GUS
Shit, the strings I had to pull,
you owe me one.

BRAD
We're even.

Just then photos of BARRY and JILLIAN pop up on the television.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Police are searching for an elderly woman and her son, in connection with a car crash hit and run in Indiana. If you see them, please contact the FBI or call 9-1-1.

GUS

Well, shit, price just went up.

COLLEEN

You don't understand, it was us in the hit and run. We're ok, just a misunderstanding. Please, my daughter ...

GUS

Then why don't you go to the cops?

BRAD

(pulls out wallet)
Coupla grand?

SILVIA, who has been quiet up to now, approaches GUS and places her hand on his shoulder. He seems to relax instantly.

SILVIA

Oh, poor Gus. You should relax.

GUS

Yeah, yeah, relax.

SILVIA

In a few moments we'll be gone.

GUS

Yeah.

SILVIA

And you should go, too. You've always wanted to move to Florida, someplace warmer.

GUS

Ya think?

SILVIA

(she rubs her hand on his arm)
So much talent! You should go to Florida, start your life over, go to art school, become a painter.

GUS

Really?

SILVIA

You'll do well as a painter. Your talent...

GUS

How do you know?

SILVIA

(smiles)

I just know. And I know that when you're old, you'll look back on this moment, you'll remember us, and you'll think, 'this was the moment my life changed.'

(to BRAD)

Give him the money.

(touches GUS's face)

You'll remember what I look like. Maybe you'll do a portrait of me.

GUS

(utterly dazed)

Yeah. Yeah, I will.

SILVIA

Come on, everyone, let's go.

BARRY

(sotto voce)

What the hell was that?

INT. BARRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They get in the car and everyone is looking at SILVIA.

BRAD

You wanna tell us what that was?

SILVIA

What?

BRAD

That guy's a real hard case, a wise guy. Served two terms for forgery. We couldn't get him for a couple of aggravated assaults, but we know he did 'em.

SILVIA

Oh, I didn't know that.

BRAD

Silvia!

SILVIA

Funny, sorta had this feeling, like ... I kinda knew that he was at a point in his life, he could make a wrong turn or a right one ... I just wanted to help him make the right choice. He really will make a great artist.

BRAD

HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?

SILVIA

Oh, I don't know.

COLLEEN

Not crazy.

BARRY

(to SILVIA)

So ... are we going to make it to South America?

SILVIA

(thinks for a second)

Yes.

COLLEEN

Is Ronnie there?

SILVIA nods.

JILLIAN

Do you know everything about the future?

SILVIA

Umm, no. Sometimes ... just pops in my head. I guess it seems kinda weird.

Everybody shakes their head.

BARRY, BRAD, COLLEEN

Oh, no, no ..

Pause.

BARRY

So what else do you know?

SILVIA
(smiles gently)
You're going to fall in love.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

From an overhead shot we see the minivan pulling into O'Hare.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

They are entering the international terminal. They're looking at the monitors for the first flight to Venezuela.

BRAD
Shit, what's the capital of
Venezuela?

Nobody knows for a moment.

COLLEEN
It's Caracas.

BARRY
There!

He points to AirEast Flight 12, departing in a few hours.

BARRY (CONT'D)
We can just make that one...should
we, umm, buy our tickets separately
or all together?

JILLIAN
What if they run out of seats?

COLLEEN
We're all or nothing. Together.

As they walk to the counter, they see various people with earphones. Some appear to be talking into their lapels.

BARRY
(whispers)
Are they ... here ... for us?

SILVIA
(in a normal voice)
Yes.

BRAD
What?

SILVIA

But they're not going to stop us.

They approach the TICKET SALES counter.

BARRY

We need to get to Caracas on the next flight, please. Umm, family emergency, didn't have time to buy tickets online.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT

I'm so sorry.

BARRY

Yeah, our mother died.

JILLIAN gives him a dirty look.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I mean, my aunt.

(looks at BRAD)

His mother.

(looks at JILLIAN)

Her, um, sister.

The ticket agent looks at them quizzically.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT

Yes, sir. How many tickets?

BARRY

(counts)

Five.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT

Passports?

They hand over their (fake) passports.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT (CONT'D)

You're in luck, sir. We have five seats. How will you be paying?

BARRY

Cash.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

From above, we see BARRY handing over a wad of cash and getting boarding tickets. We also see several people talking into their lapels.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

Back at the counter.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT
Any luggage?

COLLEEN and the others grimace.

BARRY
No.

COLLEEN
We're in a hurry, you see, we have
clothes at Aunt's ... Mom's ...

But the AIREAST AGENT doesn't bat an eyelash.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT
Here are you passports ... MR. And
Mrs. Wang ...

WANG? Nobody moves. The agent indicates BARRY and SILVIA.

BARRY
Oh, right. Yeah. Distant
ancestor...uh...from, uh ... China.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT
Jones family?

BRAD
Us ...

AIREAST TICKET AGENT
And Mrs. Kardashian ...

JILLIAN
(almost laughs out loud)
What?

But the AGENT doesn't miss a beat.

AIREAST TICKET AGENT
And your tickets and your boarding
passes. You'll be departing from
Gate I-19, security is on your
left.

All -- with relief -- thank the TICKET AGENT and walk quickly
toward the security line.

BRAD
 Guess we shoulda looked at the
 passports first.

BARRY
 Mighta been an idea.
 (as they approach Security
 he thinks of something)
 Brad.

BRAD
 Yeah.

BARRY
 (glances in the direction
 of BRAD's service
 revolver)
 Ditch the gun.

BRAD
 Oh, right.

As they go by a TRASH CAN BRAD discreetly dumps his weapon.

Back to the ticket desk.

We see the TICKET AGENT look down at her desk, where there
 are photos of BARRY, BRAD, COLLEEN, JILLIAN, RHONDA and
 SILVIA. She picks up her phone and makes a call.

EXT. CARACAS - DAY

A HANGAR at CARACAS airport. A C-130 is in the foreground but
 it has civilian markings. In the background we see a large
 transport helicopter with Venezuelan Air Force markings
 coming in for a landing near the C-130.

LAUGHLIN and LEE, in civilian clothes, are talking with a
 Venezuelan OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL
 (with accent)
 You have come well prepared, Senor
 and Senora.

CAPTAIN LEE
 This is the most expensive nature
 documentary that PBS has ever shot.

LAUGHLIN
 (sounding somewhat
 rehearsed)
 (MORE)

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Full virtual reality, 360-degree, a
whole new experience. We thank you
for your cooperation.

OFFICIAL
OK, OK. Hopefully will bring
tourists, yes?

He signs some papers.

EXT. CARACAS - MOMENTS LATER

LEE and LAUGHLIN are walking back together to the rear of the
C-130, where the cargo bay is open and obviously military
personnel (in civilian clothes) are unloading.

LAUGHLIN
How much did we have to pay?

LEE
Senor Guzman back there or the
Venezuelan government?

LAUGHLIN
Both.

LEE
You don't want to know.

They meet up with FRANKLIN, also in civvies, at the base of
the loading bay. It's very loud from the helicopter landing a
few yards away.

FRANKLIN
I just got word our friends have
boarded their flight.
(to LAUGHLIN)
I hope you're right about this.

LAUGHLIN
Better they're here than back home
on television.

CAPTAIN LEE
Or Twitter.

LAUGHLIN
You should bring the rest of them.

FRANKLIN
All those geriatrics? No way. Way
too much risk. All the damn
lawyers!

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 What if one of 'em breaks a hip?
 Croaks? Liability!
 (loudly, and to no one in
 particular)
 Let's get this stuff moved out. I
 want the first run to Moon Base
 Alpha in one hour!

EXT. ESTABLISHING. CARACAS AIRPORT - DAY

A shot of the terminal.

INT. CARACAS AIRPORT RENTAL CAR OFFICE - DAY

They are all bedraggled and tired as they approach the rental car. BRAD is carrying RHONDA who is asleep.

RENTAL CAR PERSON
 Buenos dias, senors y senoras.

BARRY
 Uh...hi. We want a big car, an SUV
 or a minivan.

RENTAL CAR PERSON
 Que?

BARRY
 Se habla english?
 (to others)
 Anybody speak Spanish?

SILVIA steps forward.

SILVIA
 Buenas dias --
 (she looks at the AGENT's
 name tag)
 Teresa. Nos gustaría alquilar una
 minivan o SUV o camioneta.

RENTAL CAR PERSON
 Para todos?

SILVIA
 Si, todos... cingo ... et por
 favor, a que distancia esta Monte
 Roraima?

RENTAL CAR PERSON
 (surprised)
 Monte Roraima? Oh, no ...

BARRY and BRAD are nervously watching the conversation.

BARRY
What are they saying?

BRAD
No idea.

COLLEEN
(to BRAD)
I didn't know your sister spoke
Spanish.

SILVIA and the AGENT appear to be arguing. In the background
we see JILLIAN at a kiosk buying a book.

BRAD
I didn't either.

After a minute or so, the argument ends.

SILVIA
I'm sorry.

JILLIAN
(returning to the group)
What?

SILVIA
They won't rent cars driving to the
mountain. Too far and the terrain
is too rough.

BARRY
We'll try another company. There's
Hertz just down the way.

SILVIA
None of them will rent to us.

BRAD
Well, we won't tell them where
we're going.

SILVIA
Wait. She did tell me there's a bus
that goes to Canaima National Park
every day from here.

BRAD
Where?

SILVIA
Where we want to go --

BRAD
When's the next departure?

SILVIA
In about 30 minutes.

BARRY
Where?

SILVIA
Door twelve.

They look. They're a long way away.

BARRY
Mom, can you run a bit?

JILLIAN
Oh, yeah.

BRAD
Let's go!

They start running.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. VENEZUELAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We see a dilapidated old school bus driving a two-lane highway deep in the Venezuelan countryside. It's going about 30 mph.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The bus is packed with poor Venezuelan peasants in traditional garb. It's a bumpy ride. The driver has a several-day-old beard growing, probably hasn't bathed in as long, and smokes. The NEARYS and the GUILERS stand out like sore thumbs.

SILVIA is asleep next to BARRY; her head is resting on his arm, and one hand is on his chest. JILLIAN, reading a TOURIST GUIDE BOOK is sitting on the other side. She looks over at BARRY and SILVIA and smiles approvingly.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. VENEZUELAN COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

As it grows dark, we watch the bus continue on its journey. Then, unexpectedly, it turns into a dirt parking lot by an old building.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The Americans are wondering what's going on.

COLLEEN
Why are we stopping?

JILLIAN
What's going on?

SILVIA has been listening to some of the other passengers' conversations.

SILVIA
We're stopping for the night. We'll
be sleeping over there --
(gesturing at the
building, which does not
look terribly inviting)
I guess it's like a hostel or
something.

BARRY
We can't stop!

SILVIA
It'll be OK.

BRAD
Shit.

COLLEEN
D'ya suppose the bathrooms are
clean?

JILLIAN
(standing to leave the
bus)
I doubt it.

INT. HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

They disembark from the bus. As they do, COLLEEN trips.

COLLEEN
(in pain)
Shit!

BRAD
(helping her up)
You OK?

She is limping around; obviously sprained an ankle.

COLLEEN

Dammit!

BRAD

See if you can walk it off.

COLLEEN

Yeah. Go on inside, I'll be in in a sec.

They enter the building. There an OLD WOMAN is dispensing blankets for a fee. We see several of the passengers taking out small Venezuelan coins.

BARRY

When are we leaving?

(to DRIVER)

How long will we be here?

The DRIVER, uncomprehending, waves him away. Another passenger in very broken English answers.

PASSENGER

Morning. We go morning. You sleep.

PASSENGER 2

Locos Americanos.

Others nod. BRAD looks around. It is a dirty room with worn, dirty mattresses on the floor.

BRAD

Morning! We're supposed to sleep ... here?

BARRY

Anybody got any Venezuelan money?
All I got is dollars! Shit!

He hands the OLD WOMAN a twenty. Seeing the US currency she squeals with delight and hands over blankets.

SILVIA

Probably worth more than all the others combined.

BARRY

Whatever.

COLLEEN comes in, still limping but mobile.

BRAD

You OK?

COLLEEN

Yeah, fine.

EXT. MOUNT RORAIMA - NIGHT

On screen we see "MT RORAIMA, ON THE BORDER OF VENEZUELA, GUYANA AND BRAZIL."

We are at the summit of Mt Roraima, but we cannot see how spectacular it is as it is night. We do see several temporary buildings being set up, as well as satellite dishes, various gadgets with fancy antennas, and all sorts of electronics.

FRANKLIN is sitting at a table outside with a laptop in front of him. He is approached by several VENEZUELAN ARMY OFFICERS, one of whom is clearly in charge.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

All of your equipment has been unloaded, Mister Franklin.

FRANKLIN stands to shake his hand.

FRANKLIN

Thank you for your cooperation.
It's very much appreciated.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

You're welcome.

FRANKLIN

Have a safe flight back to Caracas.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

No, I don't think so.

FRANKLIN

What?

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

I've decided to stay here and watch you film your documentary. I'm a big nature lover too, you know.

FRANKLIN

I don't recommend that.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

Why not?

FRANKLIN

Well, uh, we don't have enough food and supplies ...

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

No problem. We don't eat much.
We'll be fine ... General.

(smiles broadly)

So, listen, I'm not interested in
money. I'm just interested in why
you're really here.

INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

On the floor, BRAD, COLLEEN, and JILLIAN are asleep. SILVIA
and BARRY are awake, and chatting quietly.

BARRY

So what was it like?

SILVIA

What was what like?

BARRY

(gently scoffs, as if to
say "what else could I be
talking about)

On the spaceship ... UFO ...
whatever.

SILVIA

I really don't remember. One minute
I was in my garden, the next I was
standing in the middle of the road.

BARRY

And you don't remember anything?

SILVIA

I just remember feeling a little
dazed, I guess. But safe. I felt
safe. What was it like for you?

BARRY

Well, I was three, you know? I
mean, that's if you believe my
mother.

SILVIA

Don't remember anything?

He takes a while to respond, trying to decide if he should
say anything.

BARRY

I've ... had dreams. Never really thought anything about them ... Never told anyone about them.

SILVIA

(puts her hand on his arm)
Tell me.

BARRY

It's really just one dream. One recurring dream. I'm up in the sky, looking down, I can see Mom chasing me, yelling for me. And I want to tell her that I'm ok, I'm safe, I'm in a nice place.

SILVIA

Nightmare?

BARRY

No...In the dream I'm just sad because I know how much she loves me. But there's somebody -- something -- next to me telling me not to worry, everything will be fine. I never thought much -- do you suppose it really happened?

SILVIA

I felt that too ... that strange sense of security. Warm.

BARRY

Yeah.

SILVIA

Thanks for telling me.

BARRY

You don't think I'm crazy.

SILVIA

(smiles)
At this point I'm not sure that word has any meaning.

BARRY

(chuckling)
Yeah.

SILVIA

Two people, both abducted by aliens.

BARRY
(smiles)
I like you.

SILVIA
You, too.

JILLIAN wakes up.

JILLIAN
What time is it?

BARRY
Sunrise pretty soon.

JILLIAN
Oh. I don't imagine there's a
Starbucks anywhere nearby.

SILVIA
Mrs. Guiler --

JILLIAN
Oh, Jillian, please --

SILVIA
Can I ask you a question?

JILLIAN
Of course, Silvia.

SILVIA
What happened to my father?

At that BRAD's eyes open, and he slowly sits up. COLLEEN slowly wakes as well.

JILLIAN
He ... he went with them. When they
came to Wyoming.
(indicating BARRY)
You came back, that was all I
wanted. Roy ... He wanted more.

SILVIA
So he really could still be alive.

JILLIAN nods. Her expression says, "It's why I'm here."

BRAD
He left us ... Mom said he went
crazy, something he saw after some
power failure ...

JILLIAN

You don't understand, we couldn't
... couldn't really resist, it was
like ... a calling ...

A deep, old wound is opening up for BRAD. He is a big tough
guy stifling back tears. COLLEEN takes his arm.

BRAD

We were just kids. He was our
father. He shouldn't have left. He
should've come home. Mom had to
raise us herself.

SILVIA

She never knew what happened. No
one ever told her. It's very sad.

BRAD

One day we were going to play Goofy
Golf, the next day he and Mom were
fighting, screaming at each other
... and then he was gone.

JILLIAN

Don't be angry at him. I don't
think he really had any choice.

BARRY

Well ... maybe we'll find out what
really happened ...
(stands)
I'm going outside, get some air.

EXT. HOSTEL - DAWN

The sun is just starting to rise. BARRY walks over to the
bus, and sees the DRIVER snoring hard a few feet away. A
bottle of cheap tequila lies empty nearby. BARRY shakes the
DRIVER, who only responds with a grunt -- it's clear he's
still very, very drunk.

BARRY looks up, and in the distance he can just make out the
outlines of MT RORAIMA. A large military helicopter flies
over, in the direction of the mountain.

He is awestruck, and runs back inside.

INT. HOSTEL - DAWN

BARRY rushes to the two families.

JILLIAN
Will we be going soon?

BARRY
(in an urgent whisper, to
ALL)
Right now. Listen -- the driver's
bombed out of his mind. He's not
driving anywhere for at least six
or seven hours.

BRAD
Shit!

BARRY
(holds up the keys)
We're not that far.

BRAD
What are we waiting for?

They rush out. Several of the PASSENGERS sit up and watch them but make no move to either join them or stop them.

EXT. HOSTEL - MORNING

We see them climb into the bus which drives away with BRAD at the wheel.

EXT. MOUNT RORAIMA - DAY

Majestic aerial shot of MT RORAIMA, slowly approaching the makeshift base at the summit. We see feverish activity as workers are setting up more equipment, recording devices, lights, and so on. Unusually, the sky is clear. There is a public-address system over which we occasionally hear announcements.

PA SYSTEM
(chatty)
Well, good morning, everybody.
Let's do a status check. Compute
cluster?

STATUS VOICE 1
Systems booted, diagnostics run,
machine learning applications
loaded. Ready.

PA SYSTEM
Recording?

STATUS VOICE 2

All audio, visual, E-M frequencies tested, ready. SSD storage fully redundant, all checks complete.

PA SYSTEM

Network.

STATUS VOICE 3

All subnets functional at 100 gigabits.

Close-up FRANKLIN, LAUGHLIN, and LEE

FRANKLIN

(to LEE)

You sure tonight's the night?

CAPTAIN LEE

Based on the image they sent, today is the highest probability. But it could be any time in the next few days.

FRANKLIN

That's the best you can do?

CAPTAIN LEE

I'm afraid so, sir.

FRANKLIN

Well, I hope we're ready.

PA SYSTEM

Well, we couldn't have asked for a more beautiful day, could we?

EXT. TRAILHEAD AT BASE OF MT RORAIMA - - DAY

They park and get out the bus. Before them is the trailhead to the summit. COLLEEN still has an obvious limp. They are all stunned at the height of the mountain, and by the steepness of the trail before them.

BARRY

Oh, my God.

COLLEEN

We'll never be able to climb that.

JILLIAN

According to the guidebook, it takes two and a half days to climb to the summit.

BARRY

Now you tell me ... we shoulda stolen a helicopter.

(to JILLIAN)

Mom, you have to stay here. You'll never make it.

JILLIAN

But --

BARRY

Mom, I'm not sure I can make it. I know you can't. I promise -- I'll tell you all about it. If Roy's there --

JILLIAN

Don't you go with them! I lost you once!

BARRY

I won't.

BRAD

Yeah, Colleen, you need to stay here too. You can't climb on that ankle. Somebody has to stay with Mrs. Guiler.

COLLEEN

(firmly)

I'm coming with you!

BRAD

No. No, Barry and I will go.

(looking up at the path,
which seems increasingly
perilous)

I'll bring our little girl back, I promise. You find some food, sleep in the bus. We'll be back in a couple of days.

COLLEEN

Dammit! We come all this way only to miss the end!

BRAD kisses COLLEEN on the forehead.

BRAD
We'll be back.

COLLEEN
(reaches in her purse)
Here.
(hands BRAD a bottle of
pills)
It's her medicine. Give her two to
start, then one every six hours.

BRAD
Right.

BARRY
(to JILLIAN)
Yeah. We'll be back.

They start up the trail.

COLLEEN
(to JILLIAN)
Now what do we do?

JILLIAN
I saw a cooler in the back. Maybe
there's some food.

COLLEEN
I could use a beer.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - LATER

The three -- COLLEEN, JILLIAN, and RHONDA are in the back of
the bus gnawing on some sort of jerky-like food.

JILLIAN
Your daughter is sick?

COLLEEN
Yeah. Leukemia.

JILLIAN
I've heard they can work wonders
these days.

COLLEEN
Yeah. She's got a 50/50 chance they
say. If it goes the wrong way ...
she's got less than a year left.
She just had chemo before we left.

JILLIAN
Yeah. You told us.

COLLEEN
(sniffles)
She must be so sick by now.

COLLEEN cries. JILLIAN comforts her, and with some effort, she regains control.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
(looks at food)
God, this is awful.

JILLIAN
Yeah ...

COLLEEN smiles and starts to hand over another piece, but suddenly several Venezuelan military vehicles come speeding up to them. And a helicopter lands in the parking lot! Several tough-looking armed SOLDIERS burst into the bus and with their drawn weapons motion the women out.

COLLEEN
No! No!

JILLIAN
Please don't ... hurt us! Where are you taking us?

COLLEEN
I have to stay ... for my daughter!
Don't you understand?

The SOLDIERS, who clearly do not speak English (or don't want to) put the two older women in the back seat of the helicopter.

The women are still loudly protesting. The CO-PILOT, holding a .45, turns around and, menacingly, puts his fingers to his lips.

The SOLDIERS slam the helicopter doors shut, and motion the pilot to take off.

And off it goes!

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

It's the middle of the day. The wind is blowing, and it's cold. BARRY, BRAD and SILVIA are trudging up. At this rate it's obvious it will take them a week to get to the top -- if they ever do. BARRY is holding the shivering SILVIA.

BARRY
I thought it was supposed to warm
in South America.

BRAD
A little further, let's get out of
the wind and we'll take a break.

As they round a corner, they encounter three VENEZUELAN
SOLDIERS with weapons drawn.

EXT. MOUNT RORAIMA - LATE AFTERNOON

We see BARRY, SILVIA, and BRAD, all handcuffed, taken out the
back of a military lorry, and roughly taken to a makeshift
building. They can't help but look around as they are marched
across the "base."

BARRY
You see all this?

BRAD
Yeah.

BARRY
Good.

INT. RORAIMA JAIL

The SOLDIERS remove the cuffs before pushing BARRY and SILVIA
into a small windowless room and locking them in. JILLIAN is
placed by herself in another. And in another, BRAD is thrown
in, where COLLEEN is tearfully waiting. He embraces her.

JILLIAN
(shouting)
Barry?

BARRY
I'm here, Mom. Are you all right?

JILLIAN
Yeah. Yeah. You?

BARRY
Yeah, I'm ok.
(muttering)
Compared to what, I don't know.

EXT. MOUNT RORAIMA - EVENING

FRANKLIN is on the phone as the VENEZUELAN GENERAL approaches. LAUGHLIN is near by.

FRANKLIN

(to phone)

Yes, sir. We're extending them full cooperation. Yes, sir.

(to GENERAL)

OK, you got what you want.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

Gracias, General. My men are maintaining security around the base and the mountain.

FRANKLIN

Anything?

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

Just a few strays and stragglers.

FRANKLIN

(almost as an
afterthought)

Any Americans?

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

As a matter of fact, yes. Two families it would seem, traveling under false passports.

FRANKLIN

(whistles)

Well, I'll be damned. They made it. Can you bring them to me?

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

Technically, they are under my jurisdiction. They should be tried and sentenced to many years in prison.

FRANKLIN

We're extending you full cooperation.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL

I have my orders too, General Franklin.

LAUGHLIN
These people have a right to be
here.

FRANKLIN
Excuse me?

LAUGHLIN
(pleading)
These families were broken by what
happened forty years ago. Maybe now
it can be fixed.

VENEZUELAN GENERAL
(unmoved)
I have my orders.

LAUGHLIN is clearly furious.

LAUGHLIN
I'm going to make some calls.

INT. RORAIMA JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

LAUGHLIN bursts into the detention center. Through windows
they can all see him, and we hear muffled shouts of "Let us
out of here!"

LAUGHLIN
(to GUARD)
Release them, please.

GUARD shakes his head.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
I said, release them. Immediately.

GUARD
No. You have no authority.

LAUGHLIN holds up an ID.

LAUGHLIN
I am the highest authority here.
Call General Vega and General
Franklin right now, if you want.
(picks up a phone and
starts to dial)
I'll call them for you, I'm in a
hurry.

GUARD
 (intimidated)
 Yes, sir.

GUARD opens the door. They rush out.

BARRY
 Thanks.

OUTSIDE.

JILLIAN
 (somewhat incredulously)
 You're in charge?

LAUGHLIN
 (putting away his ID)
 That was my American Express card.

He kneels down beside the building and plugs something in.

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
 Plugging his phone back in.
 (smiles)
 Just in case he actually called.
 Come on, let's get you some coats
 so you don't freeze up here. Just
 try to stay out of the way, OK?

EXT. MOUNT RORAIMA - NIGHT

Central area of the base. It is dark, but clear. FRANKLIN is with LAUGHLIN and LEE, and they are talking with the two families. They are standing in a roped-off area (which is not at all secure). It is not far from what appears to be a large, well-lit LANDING AREA.

SILVIA is holding BARRY's arm. They are wearing official-looking coats.

FRANKLIN
 David here tells me you'll behave
 and stay here no matter what
 happens. Because if you don't
 there's a General Vega over there
 who's really pissed at me right
 now, and if you interfere I might
 have to give you back.

BARRY
 Yeah ... thanks ... we just want to
 know ...

BRAD

Yeah, we just want to know ... it's all really happening.

FRANKLIN

And then we're going to have you sign the most goddam impressive secrecy document lawyers can devise.

FRANKLIN leaves the area.

LAUGHLIN

(to JILLIAN)

You OK?

JILLIAN

Yeah. A little cold.

LAUGHLIN

Why'd you come? All this way?

JILLIAN

I just thought -- I just thought --

LAUGHLIN

Roy.

JILLIAN

Yeah.

PA SYSTEM

Showing uncorrelated targets. Stand by, everyone.

A formal "procession" of UFO's flies overhead -- not at all chaotic, or entertaining, but almost like a parade. Three medium-sized ships land in the field opposite where the teams are.

LAUGHLIN

(walking swiftly to ORGANIST)

Play.

The ORGANIST plays the seven tones. There is no response. He plays them again, and still no response. And then there is a deep bass blast!

LAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Hold. I'm not sure this is what they want.

All is quiet for a moment. Then, as if on cue, all three ships open, and for a moment we are blinded in the night.

Shadows...then figures...

FRANKLIN

It's them.

LAUGHLIN

(smiling)

It is.

It is the dozen or so team members that boarded the mother ship forty years ago. They look as young as they did back then.

FRANKLIN

They haven't aged.

LAUGHLIN

I didn't think they would.

A PROJECT LEADER is waiting to check them off, but one goes up to LAUGHLIN.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)

Captain JT Edwards, US Air Force.

(pause)

Major Marilyn O'Rourke, US Air Force.

TRAVELER 1

Are we home?

LAUGHLIN

Yes, you are. Welcome back.

TRAVELER 1

Good.

(pause)

We learned so much. So much to teach you.

LAUGHLIN

I can't wait.

TRAVELER O'ROURKE (O.C.)

... it was so beautiful ...

LAUGHLIN

How I envy you.

TRAVELER 1

You should.

LAUGHLIN helps him over to the check-off station.

JILLIAN
I don't seem him.

The three ships alight. COLLEEN is visibly panicking: WHERE'S RHONDA?

COLLEEN
Oh, God. Oh, God.

BRAD cranes his neck skyward.

BRAD
Look!

There are several bright lights in the sky. As they get closer, it is apparent that each one is MUCH bigger than the mothership from forty years ago.

Three of them hover while one comes in for a landing. LAUGHLIN runs up to the ORGANIST.

LAUGHLIN
Play it, play it!

ORGANIST plays the tones. No response at first. After the third try the SHIP responds. But this time the "melody" is so fast and complex that ...

STATUS VOICE 1
Systems overflow. We're being overwhelmed.

FRANKLIN
What does that mean?

LAUGHLIN
They're talking too fast.

FRANKLIN
Is someone taking all this down?

LAUGHLIN nods.

The "melody" concludes and the door opens. We see the outline of an alien ... and it is holding the hand of ... Roy NEARY! At his side is RHONDA!

Both families rush forward, knocking the rope barrier down in the process. FRANKLIN starts to try to stop them, but LAUGHLIN waves him back. COLLEEN rushes to embrace RHONDA.

BRAD

Dad!

COLLEEN

(tearfully)

Baby!

RHONDA

Mommy! I'm not sick any more!

COLLEEN

What? What?

RHONDA

I'm not sick! They made me better!

BRAD confronts ROY.

BRAD

It's me, Dad. Brad.

ROY

(tearfully embracing)

Brad!

SILVIA

And me, little Silvia!

ROY

Look how you've grown! You were so small when ...

SILVIA

Yeah. It's good to see you, Dad.

More hugs.

BRAD

You've met your granddaughter.

ROY

Yeah. She's wonderful ...
wonderful!

(takes BRAD's full
measure)

You look good, son.

BRAD

I missed you, Dad.

ROY

(sniffles)

I'm ... so sorry. I ...

BRAD

I hated you for years ... but in
the last few days ... I understand
... kinda.

ROY

I -- I'm just so sorry, if I had to
do it over again ...

There is a pause, BRAD is waiting for ROY to finish the
sentence. But he does not.

COLLEEN

Brad!

He turns away from ROY to face her.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I really think she's better!

Unbelieving, BRAD kneels to hug RHONDA and talk to her.

Jillian makes her way to ROY.

JILLIAN

Roy.

ROY

Jillian.

They embrace.

JILLIAN

You've ... aged.

ROY

Yeah. My choice. I wanted to be ...
like you.

The ALIEN approaches COLLEEN, BRAD and RHONDA. It leans over
RHONDA and touches her forehead. It smiles, and appears to
whisper something in her ear.

RHONDA

(quietly)
I will.

COLLEEN

(to RHONDA)
What did he say, honey?

RHONDA

He told me to be good.

LAUGHLIN and the others from the government team approach.

LAUGHLIN
Hello, Mr. Neary. It's good to see
you again.

ROY
I remember you!

LAUGHLIN
Where, um, have you been?

ROY just laughs.

FRANKLIN
We have a lot of questions for you.

ROY
(gestures to the other
TRAVELERS)
They'll tell you everything you
want to know.

JILLIAN
You're not coming back.

ROY
No.

BRAD
Dad!

ROY
I...can't.

He takes a long look at JILLIAN.

JILLIAN
I'm coming with you.

ROY
OK.

BARRY
Mom.

JILLIAN
(embraces BARRY)
Barry ... I've only got a little
time left ...

BARRY
Good-bye, Mom.

JILLIAN goes to ROY.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to SILVIA)
I suppose you're going too.

SILVIA
(holding his arm)
I'm not going anywhere. Like I
promised ...

BARRY
What?

SILVIA
You fell in love.

ROY and JILLIAN board the spacecraft.

The ALIEN beckons to LAUGHLIN, who slowly approaches. LAUGHLIN looks at all the people, smiles broadly, and then follows the ALIEN aboard the ship, when then departs. The music swells as the CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT: