

JULES

Written by

Gavin Steckler

1 EXT. STREETS - LATE DAY 1

A small old man, MILTON, ambles along the streets of a rural Western Pennsylvania town. He is frail of mind and body. Clothes disheveled, face messily shaven, eyes shielded by thick glasses. Content to comprehend what he does of the world, though still capable of being roused. He clutches a notebook in his hands.

2 EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 2

He heads up to the door of the town's stately City Hall building.

3 INT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 3

Milton walks up the aisle and takes a seat across the way from SANDY. She was your favorite arts teacher. She's earnest, supportive, less sharp than in her prime but still trucking. Sandy nods in welcome. Milton nods quickly before turning away.

About ten feet down the near-empty bench is JOYCE -- has a serious oddball streak that's probably grown with age. She greets the world with perpetual grumpy suspicion. Hair for the most part untended, posture unsteady.

Milton makes perfunctory eye contact with Joyce who turns somewhat rigidly away.

These three sit near each other but not with each other. They recognize each other as the same species but it's a solitary species.

Just then, the man at the center of the curved dais (MAYOR MARTINEZ) smacks the gavel to bring the attendees to attention.

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MAYOR MARTINEZ
Alright, alright let's begin.

*
*

People stall in reacting and he bangs again. To either side of him are the six other council members and various functionaries (town clerk, town attorney, etc.) casually coming and going in the familiarity of a weekly routine. The audience is sparse, and all are cast in the soul-sucking glow of civic fluorescents.

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MAYOR MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
I call this meeting of the Boonton,
Pennsylvania City Council to order.
(MORE)

MAYOR MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We are simulcast on Public
Television 5. Please stand.
He stands up for the Pledge and
everybody follows suit.

*

MAYOR MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Alright, first item on the agenda.
An update to the construction of
the baseball field on Juniper
Street. With us is Steve Gorham,
general contractor.

A man in a polo arranges himself at the podium before the
council. Notably unpolished in his speaking, notably going
through the motions. Lots of eye contact reserved for his
notes.

STEVE GORHAM

Thank you Mayor Martinez, esteemed
council, as promised we will not be
needing an extension on
construction, we will finish by
November one, within the period
furnished by our previous
extension. Principal construction
is complete and what lies ahead is
electrical, plumbing, not including
the exterior bathrooms which were
completed in line with council's --

We jump forward to the end of Steve Gorham's presentation,
where cardboard drawing plans now sit on an easel and
COUNCILMAN NATE BOUCHARD is wrapping up a question.

COUNCILMAN BOUCHARD

-- and the bleacher padding is
included in the budget, is that
right?

STEVE GORHAM

That's right.

COUNCILMAN BOUCHARD

Thank you Mr. Gorham.

MAYOR MARTINEZ

Any more comments from Council?

The Council is silent after some looks between each other.

MAYOR MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Item number two, planned
improvements to our power grid.
Lead engineer Rudy Jonansen...

BEGIN MONTAGE. Snippets of different speakers speed us through the meeting.

ENGINEER

... we will divide it into four subsections...

FORWARD TO:

COUNCILWOMAN WU

Does the wattage, relate to the capacity, I'm unclear --

FORWARD TO:

MAYOR MARTINEZ

... so that is the proposal for the Fourth of July Festival, I'd like to open it up to debate...

Milton, Sandy and Joyce wait patiently -- the further they get into the meeting, the more a tad of restlessness creeps into their posture.

COUNCILMAN DANIELS

... there's always gonna be some congestion leaving...

FORWARD TO:

COUNCILWOMAN STRAUSS

It is a delightful show and I am looking forward to it.

END MONTAGE

Finally, we arrive at this:

MAYOR MARTINEZ

That is the end of agenda items. We now move on to the next part of the meeting, which is open public comments. The Council will hear comments but is not expected to respond, please remember to limit your comments to one and a half minutes.

Quite rehearsed, the three citizens take up their posts in line. During the following, there is a notable amount of not paying attention -- councilmembers passing notes, doing errands, sharing photos on their phones as local democracy gets its purest moment. Sandy is up first. She refers to notes in her spiral.

SANDY

Mayor Martinez, esteemed council.
First I'd like to say to
Councilwoman Wu, it is good to see
you back on your feet after your
operation.

Councilwoman Wu smiles in gratefulness.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I would also like to say what
wonderful new flowers there are
outside the police station as of
this weekend! That is what charges
the spirit of this town. Things
like that. Kudos. I return to a
familiar theme. We "old people"
may look all wrinkled and feeble,
but we are the suppository of great
lessons. And out there, you have a
generation of young people who are
getting nothing but garble all day
in their... internet and their
phones, now their phones. I'll
tell you, what a revelation it
would be to bring us together! A
senior-youth program to allow the
individuals on either end of the
life spectrum to enrich each
other's lives and share quality
time together. I think it would be
a wonderful thing for this town.

The famous dinging bell starts to sound, a chime every two
seconds, signaling her time is up.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Please consider it. We have much
to share. Thank you.

Sandy takes a seat. Joyce takes the lectern. As usual she
looks unstable. She refers to a scrap of paper for her
topics.

JOYCE

(re: what Sandy just said)
Young people talkin' to old people.
Sounds like a waste a time. Young
people just listen to young people
these days, it's what they're known
for.

SANDY
 (lightly, from pew)
 It's worth a chance.

JOYCE
 This is my time, Sandy, zip it.
 (then)
 You removed the animal show at
 midnight from public access. I
 have a twenty-two-year-old cat --

She holds up a video on a tablet computer for each council member to see, of a cat in really bad shape watching an animal show on television.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
 -- who can no longer hear, can
 barely see, hardly eats, who used
 to fall asleep to that show every
 night. Now he doesn't get a wink
 of sleep. You don't know whose
 lives you're affecting.

COUNCILWOMAN WU
 Joyce, I remind you that Council
 has no controlling stake over the
 public access --

JOYCE
 It's my time!
 (Wu shuts up)
 Our town deserves a candy store. A
 candy store lifts the spirits.
 There is nothing like walking into
 a candy store. I feel something
 missing in this town all the time.
 It's a candy store.
 (onward)
 There has to be clemency for books
 that are overdue too long, I didn't
 know it was behind the credenza.

The bell sounds.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
 I've told them that a million
 times. Lastly the public access
 travel show does too many stories
 in America.

MAYOR MARTINEZ
 Joyce, your time is up.

JOYCE

Raise the budget, so they can fly
across an ocean for once.

MAYOR MARTINEZ

Joyce, your time is up.

JOYCE

Planes exist.

Joyce takes her seat. Finally it's Milton's turn. He shuffles to the mike, orders his notebook. When he talks there isn't much enunciation between ideas nor eye contact with the board.

MILTON

I think that we ought to change our town slogan. "A Great Place To Call Home" is confusing because when somebody hears it, it can mean that it's a great place to call your home on the telephone. I suggest a clearer motto like "A Great Place to Refer to as Home", though it doesn't have to be that.

Milton vaguely notices he's not being paid much attention to. He seems used to it. He marches on.

MILTON (CONT'D)

We need a crosswalk on Trent Avenue between Frost and Allegheny. It's a very long distance to walk when you're in the middle and you need to cross and you either need to go to Frost or Allegheny. It encourages jaywalking and jaywalking is an expensive ticket, I know I've gotten three, not to mention a great way to get you killed. There's nowhere in the post office to address letters. All the counter space has been removed to fit more merchandise, so people are standing in all sorts of awkward positions to write on their envelopes. Thank you.

Mayor Martinez takes note of the absence of sound and looks up from what he was doing.

MAYOR MARTINEZ

Alright, thank you all for those comments, I hereby proclaim this meeting adjourned.

He knocks the gavel.

4 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 4

Milton once again walks along the road. He stops in the middle of a long block (presumably Trent Ave). He looks down the road -- sees that a car is coming. Looks behind it, sees a car is following not far behind that one -- gives up and keeps walking.

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 5

Now farther out of town. He stops, takes out a flashlight, and illuminates it. Then continues on his way.

6 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

He walks up the driveway of his place -- a two-story house in the country. Neighbors a hundred yards off. He extinguishes the flashlight.

7 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7

Milton turns the light on. It's a small house whose coziness is mixed with mess. A kitchen which opens on to a living room, a couch and a flatscreen TV. Milton tosses his keys on the counter.

LATER. He sits at the dinner table and saws into a pizza which he has burnt.

LATER. He washes the plate. It lands in the dish rack, still carrying evidence of the pizza.

8 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 8

Milton sits on the lounge portion of his couch watching a police drama. The cordless phone rings. He answers.

MILTON

Hello?

(listening)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Off-shore drilling?

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)

Well it's just, I'm in the middle of a program. Sure. Anytime but this hour. This hour I'm pretty busy. Okay.

He hangs up. Goes back to his police drama. *

A9 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING A9

Milton stands in the grass watering his flowers. A simple bird bath stands nearby.

9 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MORNING 9

Milton sits again watching TV while DENISE sifts through some papers at his dining room table. She is late 30s, caring, agreeable, a softy. Understatedly pretty and resolutely upbeat. She wears scrubs.

DENISE

Alright Dad, I'm ready for you.

He comes over to her slowly. She lays out three checks that have already been made out.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Here, here and here.

He signs the checks.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Your gas bill, your phone bill and your medicare supplement, in case you're interested.

His silence suggests that he's really not. She starts slipping the checks into their envelopes and squaring the papers away. She motions to a new shirt draped over a nearby chair.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Lemme know if the shirt's the right size. I think the colors will look good on you.

MILTON

Okay.

As though casual --

DENISE

Have you heard from Tim?

MILTON

No.

(off her sigh)

It costs a lot to make a long
distance call. So I understand.

Choosing not to go into it, she grimaces --

DENISE

I've gotta use the girl's room
before I go.

10 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 10

Denise is peeing when something on the linen shelf catches
her eye. She gets up, flushes. Approaches it -

A can of green beans is wedged next to the towels.

11 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 11

Milton has already taken his place back at the sofa. Denise
holds up the can.

DENISE

I found this in the bathroom
cabinet.

MILTON

Oh.

DENISE

Any idea why you put it there?

MILTON

I musta just gotten confused.
Maybe the kitchen cabinets were
full.

DENISE

There's plenty of space in 'em.

He squirms in discomfort.

MILTON

I must have been distracted.

DENISE

Are you feeling okay, Dad?

MILTON

Yeah.

DENISE
Maybe you should get a checkup.
Just to see how you're doing.

MILTON
I don't need a checkup.

DENISE
(trying to sound casual)
It can't hurt though, can it?

MILTON
(stubborn)
I don't need it.

She sighs, drops it. She glances at her cell phone.

DENISE
I'm late for work. Let me know if
you need anything else.

She puts the can on the table, kisses his forehead.

MILTON
Alright.

He watches after her blankly for a moment, then turns back to
the TV.

12 EXT. CITY HALL - LATE DAY 12

MAYOR MARTINEZ (O.S.)
I call this meeting of the Boonton
City Council to order.

13 INT. CITY HALL - LATE DAY 13

MONTAGE. Quick bursts of dialogue whiz us through the
meeting.

COUNCILMAN BOUCHARD
(looking down to attorney)
Have we run this by legal?

CITY ATTORNEY
(nodding)
We've reviewed it.

FORWARD TO:

COUNCILMAN DANIELS

... that restriction against trash burning has been on the books for a few years...

FORWARD TO:

COUNCILWOMAN STRAUSS

I didn't know we had a shortage of snowblowers but I suppose another one won't hurt.

FORWARD TO:

MAYOR MARTINEZ

We now move on to open public comments. Please remember to limit your comments to a minute and a half.

We land on Joyce staring uncertainly at the Board, and them staring uncertainly back. She suddenly holds up a used toothbrush.

JOYCE

A toothbrush! Do I recycle it? I don't know. Twist-ties!
(rifling some out of her pocket)

Do I recycle them? I don't know. A spent lightbulb. What in God's name do I do with this? I'll tell you one thing, the answer's not in here.

She waves the city recycling pamphlet in the air.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Review your recycling guidelines, they're not clear enough. There's still a cell hole on Route 42 out past Sanger Landing. You can build a baseball stadium but you can't plug a gosh-darn cell reception hole. I've been telling you about Pickle Ball for four years and you haven't done nothing. I think it's a fantastic game for those of us whose knees are not agile enough to cover a tennis court. Who's filibustering Pickle Ball. Is that you, Wu?

The bell dings in the silence.

COUNCILWOMAN WU

No it is not.

Joyce walks away from the podium. Sandy is up next.

SANDY

Good evening, council. The new cold storage facility near the highway is going to give our businesses a marvellous way to store their perishable goods. But it also gives us another thing -- a giant wall facing the highway, to express a little about who we are to passersby. I wonder if this council would consider commissioning a muralist to add a little magic to what will already be a valuable building. Thank you and blessings to you all.

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Milton moves up to the podium with his same notebook. He's wearing the new shirt from Denise. It's the right size.

MILTON

(yes, the very same speech)

I think that we ought to change our town slogan. "A Great Place To Call Home" is confusing because when somebody hears it, it can mean that it's a great place to call your home on the telephone. I suggest a clearer motto like "A Great Place to Refer to as Home", though it doesn't have to be that. We need a crosswalk on Trent Avenue between Frost and Allegheny. It's a very long distance to walk when you're in the middle and you need to cross and you either need to go to Frost or Allegheny. It encourages jaywalking and jaywalking is an expensive ticket, I know I've gotten three, not to mention a great way to get you killed. There's nowhere in the post office to address letters. All the counter space has been removed to fit more merchandise, so people are standing in all sorts of awkward positions to write on their envelopes. Thank you.

He ambles away from the lectern.

14 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 14

Milton is again walking with the flashlight.

15 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 15

He's at home watching TV. The phone rings.

MILTON (ON PHONE)

Hello?

(listening)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I don't
have an above-ground pool. Okay.
Bye.

He hangs up.

16 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

Milton is in bed asleep. Suddenly a LOUD CRASH. Milton immediately perks up.

17 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 17

He walks switching lights on toward the backdoor of the house.

18 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 18

He steps into the back porch and turns on the light. In his small fenced in back yard, a space ship has crashed and driven itself halfway into the ground. It is round, traditionally space ship-like, and steaming at the moment. Milton seems moderately distressed.

MILTON

Oh, my.

He walks around and inspects the plants crushed by the space ship.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

He notices the mangled bird bath sticking out from below the craft. Even more concerned --

MILTON (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

19 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Milton is on the phone in the dining room.

911 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

911 operator, what is your emergency? *

MILTON

There is a space ship that has crashed in my back yard. And it has crushed my azaleas.

911 OPERATOR

A space ship?

MILTON

Yes.

911 OPERATOR

Sir, we remind you that placing prank calls to 911 emergency service is considered a felony.

MILTON

It's not a prank. A space ship has crashed in my back yard and it has crushed my azaleas.

911 OPERATOR

Sir, please try lying down and going back to sleep.

There is a click. The operator is gone. Milton doesn't notice.

MILTON

I'm wide awake.

(beat)

Hello? Hello?

He puts the phone down. Pauses. Then dials again. The call goes straight to voicemail.

OPERATOR

You've reached the voicemail of
(her voice, peppy)
Denise.

(operator)

(MORE)

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Please leave a message after the tone.

He hangs up. Stares off to the side, worried.

*

20 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - MOMENTS LATER 20

Milton looks at the space ship again. Sighs deeply. With a shrug, he goes back inside and shuts off the light.

21 OMIT 21

22 INT. CITY HALL - LATE DAY 22

Milton and Sandy are walking down the aisle toward their seats.

SANDY

How are you, Milton?

MILTON

Well I'll tell you, I've got a real situation --

Just then, Mayor Martinez knocks the gavel. Milton shuts up as they both sit down.

MAYOR MARTINEZ

I call this meeting of the Boonton City Council to order.

CUT HARD TO:

23 INT. CITY HALL - LATER 23

MAYOR MARTINEZ

We now move on to public comment. The Council will hear comments but is not expected to respond. Speakers, please remember to limit your comments to one and a half minutes.

Sandy takes the podium first. As usual, the councilmembers and assistants occupy themselves with their own matters and pay fleeting attention.

SANDY

Esteemed Council members, I am delighted to speak tonight about elderly-youth connections. This idea, in my opinion, is the first step in healing the many deep rifts that exist in our society nowadays. I hope to eventually collaborate with this board on this project, but in the meantime I am launching a pilot project.

Sandy holds up a poster that reads "OLDER FOR YOUNGER" and has a phone number.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I will be placing these posters around town in order to connect with a young person who would like to learn from me, and I from them. I will keep you updated on this exciting venture. Thank you.

Sandy walks several grateful strides to her seat. Milton is up next. He opens his customary notebook.

MILTON

We should change the town motto to something clearer because "A Great Place to Call Home" can mean you're calling home. I feel there needs to be a crosswalk on Trent Avenue between Frost and Allegheny. I feel it is too far between Frost and Allegheny and it encourages people to jaywalk and they can die. The post office no longer has counter space to write and address letters and it's a problem because people need counter space and it is very uncomfortable without it. Also a UFO has crashed in my backyard and has taken out my azaleas and has destroyed my bird bath.

Mayor Martinez perks up. A couple other council members do too.

MAYOR MARTINEZ

Did you say UFO?

MILTON

Yes it has crashed in my backyard
and taken out my azaleas and
destroyed my bird bath.

A momentary beat before all of the council members including Mayor Martinez go back to their business. The bell sounds. Milton, confused by their reaction, shuffles to his seat. Joyce looks at him while she takes the podium. She begins, a little thrown off.

JOYCE

The cooking show on public access
is always showing salads. You'd
think salads were the only food
that exists.

Sandy looks concerned at Milton down the way.

24

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

24

Milton leaves the building. Joyce catches up with him, angry. Sandy's not far behind.

JOYCE

You shouldn't talk like that! When
you talk like that, you make them
take all of us less seriously.

MILTON

But it's true. A space ship
crashed in my back yard, and it
crushed my azaleas.

JOYCE

I'm dead serious! You shouldn't
talk like that. It's not good.

MILTON

What should I do, not tell anybody?

Joyce walks off in a huff.

SANDY

Goodbye, Joyce. See you next week.

Sandy continues on for a moment with Milton.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Milton, you wanna a ride?

He looks at her, confused by the suggestion.

MILTON
I can walk.

SANDY
I can give you a lift. No problem
at all.

In the corner of the parking lot, Joyce notices the exchange.
She looks a little piqued, for whatever reason.

25 INT. SANDY'S CAR - NIGHT

25

Sandy drives. She's nervously concerned.

SANDY
I tell you, life gets so stressful
sometimes, it's hard to think
straight.

MILTON
That's true.

Sandy pulls up in front of his house. There's a silence
that's filled with her worry.

SANDY
Is everything okay, Milt?

MILTON
Yeah.

Beat.

SANDY
You feeling well? Are you sure
everything's okay?

MILTON
Except for this situation with the
space ship.

She sighs.

SANDY
If there's anything I can do, you
let me know.

MILTON
I suppose.

He gets out.

MILTON (CONT'D)
See you later, Sandy.

Pained --

SANDY
You take care, Milt.

26 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 26 *

Milton stands in the dining room. Through the window he sees half the space craft, plunged sideways into the ground. He sighs.

27 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATER 27

Milton is asleep. He wakes up to a noise from outside. Something fell over?

He slips out of bed. Heads to the back of the house, where the sound came from. Turns on the light -- opens the door -- and to his bafflement, sees a thin gray creature splayed out on the patio. Its head broad, its eyes grand. A hand outstretched toward the door, its body resting sideways on the ground. By its appearance, quite classically a visitor from another planet.

Milton quickly shuts the door, retreats to his dining room. Sits on the chair, fidgety.

MILTON
Oh, my.

After a few moments, he grabs the phone. His eyes wide as it rings.

911 OPERATOR
911 emergency service, what is your emergency?

MILTON
The other day I called about a space ship that crashed in my back yard. Well a space man has emerged from the ship and is lying on my back porch --

911 OPERATOR
Sir if you call again we will press charges. This is your final warning.

The line goes dead. Milton is all the more stirred up.

He ventures to dial again.

The call goes straight to voicemail.

OPERATOR

You've reached the voicemail of

(Denise)

Denise.

(operator)

Please leave a message after the tone. Mailbox full. Please try back later.

There is a slight disconnecting sound which Milton does not take note of.

MILTON

Yeah hi Denise. I called you a few nights ago because a space ship had crashed in my backyard. Well now a space man has come out of the ship and he's lying on my back porch.

(beat)

I'm scared.

(beat)

I don't know what to do.

(beat)

Anyway, call me.

He hangs up -- probably long after the call has hung up. Sighs nervously.

He returns to the back door. Gingerly opens it. The creature is still there. This time, it creaks its head up, raises an outstretched hand at him. Looking to be in very bad shape. Milton closes the door again.

He sits down on the porch. Eyes darting about. Not sure what to do.

He once again approaches the door, opens it. The alien is still there, arm outstretched. Milton retreats inside, breathing heavily.

28

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

28

Milton's hands fill a glass with water. Then grab a blanket off the couch.

29 INT. HOUSE/EXT. PATIO - LATER 29

Milton treads onto the patio. Gingerly steps around the alien, who lies there face down, chest heaving. He places the cup down next to him. Then spreads the blanket over his scratched-up body. He carefully steps back around him into the house. This time the alien doesn't even raise its head. In the background, Milt sees a hatch is open on the space craft. With one more look at the alien, he closes and locks the door.

30 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 30

Sitting on the edge of the bed. For a moment, Milton looks preoccupied into the air. Then he shuts the light off. We see him in the dark, frightened.

31 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MORNING 31

Milton wakes up with his alarm. He goes to the kitchen, puts on a kettle of water. Is sitting there waiting for it when -- BAM -- his eyes go wide. He remembers last night.

He walks cautiously toward the back door. Unlocks it slowly. Opens the door. The alien is gone. He opens it wider... and finds that no, indeed the alien is still there... bunched up against the house, his knees pulled toward his chest in the blanket. The water glass is empty. The alien looks up at Milton with a miserable weak expression.

MILTON

Oh, my.

Milton steps back inside, closes the door to a crack, drops his back against the wall... thinking. Then, screwing up the courage, he opens the door wide. The alien is still looking his way. Milton steps aside to make way.

MILTON (CONT'D)

It's warmer inside. Do you wanna come inside?

He gestures into the house. The alien just looks at him.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Do you wanna come inside? 'Cause it's warmer in here.

With another flourish of the arm. The alien warily looks into the house. Then he begins to crawl on his hands and knees into the doorway. Milton studies his translucent gray skin as he passes underneath him, dragging the blanket.

Once in, the alien huddles against the couch and pulls the blanket around him. He seems to let out a weary sigh.

Milton stands there confused.

*

MILTON (CONT'D)
I'm not sure what to do. This
hasn't happened to me before.

Suddenly there's a strident WHISTLE -- the teapot howls in the kitchen. The alien cowers in terror.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Oh. Shoot.

Milton goes away for a moment. The kettle stops. Finally Milton comes back, carrying a glass of water.

MILTON (CONT'D)
That was just the kettle. Sorry.
(beat)
I saw you'd finished your water.
So maybe you want more.

He extends the glass. A skinny smooth-fingered hand reaches out from beneath the blanket and takes it. The alien drinks the water quietly.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Looks like I was right.
(beat)
So.

Milton stands there, not sure what to do next. Then, getting an inspiration --

KITCHEN --

With slow, unsteady hands, Milton digs through various cabinets, drawers. Uses an apple slicer to chop an apple into eight in one firm press. Spreads out bread for a sandwich. Heats something in the microwave.

He returns to the alien with a tray full of plates. There's the apples, a ham sandwich, and a steaming cup of pasta with tomato sauce. He rests the tray on the floor.

MILTON (CONT'D)
I brought you a bunch of different
things 'cause I wasn't sure what
you'd eat.

The alien casts its eyes down at the options.

MILTON (CONT'D)

You don't look good.

32 EXT. NATIONAL SECURITY CENTER - MORNING 32

A wide shot of a modest office building, a few stories tall and half a football field in length, waving the American flag and surrounded by a decent-sized parking lot. We PLUMMET INTO THE GROUND *

33 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS 33

- and pass floor after floor of subterranean structure, first two floors of parking and then offices displaying giant screens, server farms, conference rooms, high-security employees busily executing their roles in a giant hive of clandestine activity.

We STOP on a long hallway with employees passing in and out. We track down the hall and at the end pass by a security guard and through a door --

INTO a long room with low light and dozens of computers in lengthy rows. Anonymous officials with headphones listen to audio clips queued up on their systems. We quickly realize, as we scan past the shoulders of these workers, that the clips are plucked from normal telephone calls, and that all in some way make reference to UFOs, space ships, aliens, crashes. The officials snap at keys to input a degree of plausibility (in almost every case "Low") then advance to the next surveilled snippet.

A young woman speaks to a companion --

WOMAN (ON HEADPHONES)

He's been staring at the space ship all week. I can't find him, I look outside, and there he is next to it. I don't think he's gonna wanna let go of it, to be honest with you.

The agent marks "High" and proceeds to the next clip.

Their faces illuminated by their computer screens, they continue to listen.

34 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MORNING 34

Milton returns to the alien. The apples are gone, but everything else remains untouched. The alien is still kaput against the couch.

MILTON
You liked the apples.

Realizing something, he sighs.

MILTON (CONT'D)
I just ate the last one.

Milton looks toward the door. Then the alien. Then back and forth again -- seems conflicted.

35 EXT. ROAD - MORNING 35

Milton marches on down the country road.

36 EXT. CORRADO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY 36

Milton walks up to Corrado's, the town supermarket.

37 INT. CORRADO'S SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS 37

Milton fills a produce bag nearly to bursting with apples. Puts it next to another bag in his cart similarly packed.

He wheels his cart into an available check-out stand where DAVE (30s, congenial) waits on register.

DAVE
Hey Clarence!

MILTON
I'm Milt.

DAVE
Okay.

Dave sees the apples.

DAVE (CONT'D)
That's a lot of apples!

MILTON
They're for the alien that's back
in my house.

DAVE

You mean an illegal alien?

MILTON

No, like an alien from outer space. A ship crashed in my backyard a couple nights ago. And an alien came crawling out of it. And so far the only thing he eats is apples.

The cashier stares at Milton slack-jawed. He rings the rest of the transaction up in silence.

DAVE

That'll be seventeen-sixty. *

Milton rifles through his wallet.

MILTON

I've got a load of pennies.

38 EXT. CORRADO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

38

As Milton waits, a white Prius taxi pulls up, with the company name "Mr. Taxi" and a cartoon character of a chipper driver on the side. Milton gets in the back with the bags. The driver (ENID, a woman of about 50) is engaged in a phone conversation and pays little attention to Milton.

ENID

Really? Seriously? Seriously?

MILTON

I'd like to go to my house please.

The driver gives a perfunctory wave to Milton, knowing full well where he's going, and pulls out, still in the conversation.

ENID

Well for Pete's sake. Yeah. No.

39 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

39

The taxi drops Milton off in front of his house. As the door opens we hear the driver carrying on in the same conversation as before. Milton shuts the door on the conversation.

40 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

40

Milton enters cautiously. He creeps slowly to the back of the room -- nervously approaching the couch -- and finds -- the alien is exactly where he left him. Leaning up against the couch, looking a little more alert.

MILTON
I have apples.

41 INT. CORRADO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

41

Denise, in her scrubs, carries her hand basket up to Dave's station.

DAVE
Hey Denise!

DENISE
Hey Dave!

DAVE
How's the clinic going?

DENISE
So far I've had three neuters and two spays and the day's only half over.

DAVE
Busy!

As he continues to scan her items --

DAVE (CONT'D)
Your dad was in here earlier.
Martin?

DENISE
Milton?

DAVE
Right.

He's quiet for a moment.

DAVE (CONT'D)
He said some stuff which struck me
as a little strange.

DENISE
Oh?

DAVE

Yeah. I don't mean to make a mountain out of it, but he said he was buying apples for an alien staying with him.

DENISE

Like an illegal alien?

DAVE

No, like an alien from outer space.

Denise grimaces.

DENISE

You don't think maybe he was joking?

DAVE

He didn't seem to be joking.

She sighs deeply.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I just thought you should know.

DENISE

Thank you for telling me.

DAVE

Do you want a spork for your cole slaw?

42 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

42

Milton is lying on the couch flipping through channels. He lands on local news for a moment.

ANCHORMAN AARON CAMPBELL

The government is searching for pieces of a weather satellite that they say disintegrated over Western Pennsylvania. They ask anyone who comes across parts of the fallen device to not touch it and to contact the authorities as soon --

*

He flips past it. He looks to the corner of the room, sees the alien standing, and jumps/screams. The alien flinches. Milton immediately feels bad.

MILTON

I'm sorry. I'm just... used to
living alone. You're walking.
That's a good sign.

(beat)

Maybe I show you around?

43 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 43

They're standing in the bathroom. The alien (about four feet tall) listens attentively, though who knows if he understands.

MILTON

This is the bathroom.

(showing sink)

You've got hot water, cold. If the
hot doesn't come out right away,
just give it a minute.

(showing toilet)

Here's where you do your business.

(indicating a couple books
on the tank)

There's things to read, if it takes
awhile.

44 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 44

They're standing just outside in the hall.

MILTON

This is the guest bedroom. If you
need to stay the night, then this
is where you'll sleep.

The alien looks at the room, including a bedside lamp made
out of a cowboy boot.

MILTON (CONT'D)

It was a gift.

45 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 45

Passing the backyard, Milton points without looking.

MILTON

The backyard you already know.
That's where you crashed into my
azaleas. We'll have a word about
that later.

46 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

46

They arrive in the kitchen.

MILTON

The kitchen.

(points to fridge door)

Here's where I leave myself reminders.

The only notes on the fridge door are "CLOSE THE FRIDGE DOOR" and "IS THE FRIDGE DOOR CLOSED?"

Milton grabs a glass.

MILTON (CONT'D)

If you want water, you can fill it here. Right hand is cold.

He demonstrates, filling up the glass. Hands it to the alien, who drinks it. Milton takes notice of a Keurig machine.

MILTON (CONT'D)

This was also a gift. People start thinking you're losing your mind, they get you all sorts of things to make stuff easier. I still use the older one though. It works fine for me. Are you a coffee drinker?

No answer.

47 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

47

They stand near the sofa.

MILTON

And this is the living room. I mainly use it to watch TV.

(re: remote)

You use this one to control everything.

(re: other remote)

The only thing you use this one for is to change the volume. If you change anything else, then I have to call Denise over and she gets irritated with me.

He turns it up.

MILTON (CONT'D)

This channel shows the news that's happening.

(switches)

This channel's the same but the people are a little angrier.

(switches again)

This channel shows CSI three times a day. I like CSI because it always surprises me, you think it's going this way but suddenly it's this way instead. And those are the only channels I really watch.

He turns to the bookshelf, where there's a 30+ year-old family photo. His wife with their son and daughter.

MILTON (CONT'D)

And this is my family.

(re: wife)

She unfortunately has passed away. She lives in town. He lives in California. He moved there about ten years ago, for a job. I don't hear from him much. That's okay. Young people are busy. I was busy at his age.

He looks at the clock.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Ooh, it's seven o'clock. I forgot to tell you about the dance show.

Milton sits down on the couch with the remote. The alien just watches, not sure what to do.

48 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC - LATE DAY

48

A colorful private clinic. Denise sits in her back office waiting for a call to answer. Surrounded by paperwork, a half-eaten brownie, and mostly-eaten take-out Chinese. Everybody else is gone. *

TIM (early 40s, sarcastic, guarded) picks up.

TIM (ON PHONE)

Hey.

DENISE

How are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

49

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Tim sits in a cold, upscale lawyer's office, making notes on a contract as he speaks. He has a laidback air that dodges anything too serious. California daylight shines in from outside.

TIM

I'm good. What's up?

DENISE

It's about Dad. He's not doing well. He's acting strange lately.

TIM

He's been acting strange for years.

DENISE

It's getting worse. He leaves things in the wrong place. He told the check-out guy at Corrado's he was buying apples for an alien living in his house.

Tim considers this.

TIM

Was it an illegal alien?

DENISE

He said it was an alien from outer space, he was very clear on that.

Tim chews on this.

TIM

Well, I suppose you should take him to a doctor.

DENISE

He doesn't want to go.

TIM

Then maybe you should insist.

DENISE

Can you help? Can you call him and back me up?

TIM

You and him have a better relationship than he and I do. I doubt it'll make an impact.

DENISE

Maybe, because he doesn't hear from you much, it'll make a bigger impact than you think.

TIM

I think it's better if you do it.

Denise suppresses her frustration.

DENISE

He's old. If you're gonna reconcile, you ought to do it soon.

TIM

He and I have an agreement. I don't bother him, he doesn't bother me.

The usual disappointment.

TIM (CONT'D)

Keep me posted.

DENISE

(perfunctory)

Yeah, okay. Take care.

END INTERCUT. She takes a long, irritated breath.

50 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

Milton is conked out asleep. The alien is sitting quietly next to him. The audio tells us the dance show is reaching its climactic conclusion. Milton lets fly a whistling snore. The alien looks at him, then gets up and heads to the backyard.

51 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS 51

He walks up the lowered gangway.

52 INT. SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS 52

He surveys the damage inside. Taking his position at the controls, he pushes a series of buttons on a translucent board to try to get the ship started. The ship hums and whirs to life, a window opens to the side, a murmur of energy builds... and then shuts down. He tries a different series of buttons. Again the machine purrs into motion, lights illuminating, a growing vibration... and then it quits again.

To his right, there is a flashing red button surrounded by an illuminated white ring. He slides over to it. Considers it intensely. He runs a single finger clockwise through the ring. The red light turns to solid -- we get the sense he's initiating some sort of protocol. His finger hovers over the red button.

It seems he's considering something quite drastic -- rescue invasion? giant self-destruct explosion? We don't understand him so we don't understand it. But we do sense he's hesitating.

He looks through the window toward the house.

Then finally he looks back at the board and runs his finger in the opposite direction through the white ring, reversing the protocol he started. He's changed his mind. The red button is once again flashing. He sighs.

53 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER 53

The alien returns seemingly preoccupied to the house. Behind him, the hatch goes up and the window closes.

54 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 54

Milton stirs awake on the couch. It takes him a minute to get his bearings.

On the couch beside him, he finds a piece of paper with a small sketch. He looks at it. It appears to show a cat face, drawn with a simple child's stroke.

He hears an odd sizzling sound in the backyard.

55 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS 55

Milton finds the alien standing by the beat-up craft working on the ship with a set of odd-looking tools. It appears progress is being made.

MILTON

Good morning.

The alien looks up. Peers at him politely.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Repairs have begun. That's good. I hope you can fix it. Must not be easy, to be stuck on a different planet.

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)

(holds up picture)

Thank you for the picture. It's very beautiful. I'm gonna put some coffee on.

He heads for the house. The alien stares after him.

56 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

56

As Milton is trekking through the house there's a knock on the door. He opens it and Denise is standing there, revved up for a fight.

MILTON

Hi Denise.

DENISE

Listen Dad, I don't want to argue. You're seventy-eight and you haven't seen the doctor in three years. Please let me schedule you a check-up. I'll take you, they'll check you out, and that'll be that. *

MILTON

But I'm fine, Denise. I don't need a doctor.

DENISE

If you're fine, then they'll tell you you're fine, and that'll be that. And I'm not taking no for an answer. *

It must be the most confrontational she's been in ages. Milton grumbles --

MILTON

Well I'd rather say no but in that case I guess yes.

DENISE

Thank you.

She lets down a bit of her guard.

MILTON

Did you get my message last night?

DENISE

No. Did it say my mailbox was full? Remember, when my mailbox is full I'm not gonna get the message.

The phone rings.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 You should get that, and I'm late
 for work.
 (kisses his cheek)
 Talk to you soon.

MILTON
 Okay.

She's off. After a beat, Milton shuffles to the phone.

MILTON (CONT'D)
 Hello?

SANDY (ON PHONE)
 Hi Milt it's Sandy.

MILTON
 Hi Sandy.

SANDY
 I found your number in the phone
 book. I hope you don't mind I'm
 calling.

MILTON
 (a bit odd, but...)
 No.

SANDY
 Milton, do you happen to have a
 printer?

MILTON
 A printer?

SANDY
 For printing things.

MILTON
 Lemme see. Denise set me up with a
 lot of things when she stopped
 using them.

He scans the desk with the computer stuff.

MILTON (CONT'D)
 Yeah I have a printer.

SANDY
 (with glee)
 Ahhh.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

Mine stopped working long ago.
Computer stopped recognizing it.
Happened after one of those
automatic updates. I wish they'd
ask before they did those things.

(beat)

Anyway, do you think I could use
yours? It's the poster for the
program.

Milton hesitates.

SANDY (CONT'D)

If it's a problem --

MILTON

It isn't a problem, I guess.

SANDY

It'll just be like twenty pages.

MILTON

That's fine.

SANDY

Is now okay?

MILTON

Yep, that's fine. I'll be here.

He hangs up the phone. Heads toward the kitchen.

PRE-LAP SFX: DOORBELL

57 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MORNING

57

Milton opens the door. Sandy is waiting behind the screen.

SANDY

Hey Milt.

MILTON

Hi Sandy.

He opens the screen door and she follows him in.

SANDY

I sure wish the machines would warn
you before they screw themselves up
like that. Thanks for lettin' me.

MILTON

No problem.

SANDY

I'll probably print about twenty-two. On my way through town I thought of a couple more places to-
Good Christ what the fuck is that!

Sandy has spotted the alien sitting on the couch in front of the TV eating apple slices. The alien has spotted her and just looks at her blankly. Sandy is frozen, recoiling, unsure what to do.

MILTON

You remember the space ship that crashed in my yard? This is the little man who came out of it.

(to alien)

This is Sandy. She's an acquaintance of mine.

SANDY

(sotto)

Milton, what is this?

MILTON

This is an alien from space, I suppose.

SANDY

How long has he been here?

MILTON

For a few days. Though for the first couple days he was inside the space ship.

SANDY

And he's just sitting on your couch?

MILTON

Yeah. He's very friendly. He watches whatever I watch. He's undemanding.

SANDY

How do you know he's not dangerous?

MILTON

I guess I don't. But he hasn't done anything dangerous yet. He just sits there. And eats apples. I suppose I just assumed he wasn't dangerous because he wasn't doing anything dangerous.

SANDY

Oh my Lord I need to sit down.

Sandy finds a spot on the chaise part of the couch, uncomfortably close to the alien.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I thought you were hallucinating about the space ship business.

MILTON

Hallucinating?

SANDY

Seeing things.

MILTON

Why would I hallucinate?

It's a good question. She doesn't have an answer.

SANDY

My God, Milton. This is a very big thing.

MILTON

I suppose it is.

SANDY

This is a being from another galaxy. This has never happened before.

MILTON

I guess that's true.

SANDY

And there's a ship?

58

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

58

Milton and Sandy are looking at the space ship from the back door.

SANDY

Oh dear God.

MILTON

Yep. I think it'll be a couple seasons before they grow back.

59

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

59

They're back on the couch. Sandy can't help but look fascinated at the creature, who looks back at her.

MILTON

When he arrived he wasn't doing nearly so well. He was really banged up from the crash landing. But he's been eating apples ever since and I guess they've helped him.

SANDY

Apples?

MILTON

Yeah.

SANDY

And you wanna keep him here?

MILTON

As long as he wants to.

SANDY

I don't know about that. Maybe he's a threat -- we don't know it.

MILTON

I really doubt it.

She seems to drop that idea too. She turns to him.

SANDY

Listen, Milton. If you want to keep him, then you have to stop telling people about him. You can't just let people come over like you did with me. I've seen what people do with them kinds of guys.

MILTON

This has happened to you before?

SANDY

No. From the movies. And the movies are based on something. This has to be a secret. No more telling anyone. You know, and I know, and I won't tell anybody.

The way she says it, it sounds like she means it.

MILTON

*

Okay.

60 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATER 60

Sandy sits at the desk in the dining room printing pages out while sending a nervous sideways glance at the alien. The alien is watching TV and every once in awhile looks over at Sandy as though self-conscious she's looking.

61 INT./EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - STILL LATER 61

Sandy gathers her things with her printouts in a manila envelope.

SANDY

Thanks for letting me print.

MILTON

Not a problem.

She stops in front of the alien. Hesitates. Then extends her hand out.

SANDY

Nice to meet you.

The alien is confused. Gently, Milton takes its hand and draws it out forward toward Sandy's. Sandy shakes it. As she walks away.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Alright that was weird.

Milton accompanies her out. On the front door step, Sandy turns to him.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(just checking)

You sure it's safe?

MILTON

Far as I can tell.

(beat)

It's really far from home. Seems like it would be the scared one.

Sandy nods, for the most part satisfied.

SANDY

See you soon, Milt. And remember:
don't tell anybody.

MILTON

I won't.

He watches her go for a sec.

He crosses back into the house where the alien is watching TV. He looks at Milton like a dependent child as Milton re-enters the room. We get a snippet of the news broadcast...

ANCHORMAN AARON CAMPBELL

The government now says it was a security satellite, and not a weather satellite, that crashed somewhere in Western Pennsylvania. They are offering a reward of ten thousand dollars for anyone with information about the crashed apparatus...

*

MILTON

So that was Sandy. I think you'll like her.

62 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY CENTER - HOUR UNKNOWN

62

The technicians continue to listen to the clips. Among the scatter of different voices, we suddenly hear a familiar one -

DENISE (ON HEADPHONES)

He told the check-out guy at Corrado's he was buying apples for an alien living in his house.

TIM (ON HEADPHONES)

Was it an illegal alien?

DENISE (ON HEADPHONES)

He said it was an alien from outer space, he was very clear on that.

The technician marks the likelihood "High", then quickly moves on to the next.

63 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

A tidy, proud, but lonely bedroom. Sandy gets into bed wearing her nightgown. A photo of her deceased husband is on the nightstand. She stares out into the air with a look that says "Gracious!".

64 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING 64

CLOSE ON a shingle that reads "DR. A. NORTH Neurology".

65 INT. DOCTORS WAITING ROOM - MORNING 65

Denise sits reading a magazine, across the way from a middle-aged woman and an older man. She glances worriedly toward the innards of the office.

66 INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 66

Milton sits alongside DR. NORTH (40s) in a wood-paneled room.

DR. NORTH

I'm gonna show you four objects.

She shows him a piece of paper with four simple pictures.

DR. NORTH (CONT'D)

Do me a favor Milton and remember those objects.

She withdraws the paper.

DR. NORTH (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna show you a new paper with three of the objects. You tell me which is missing.

We cut forward to a new task. Milton looks back and forth between two similar pictures.

DR. NORTH (CONT'D)

This time we're looking for differences.

He's circled one.

In another task:

DR. NORTH (CONT'D)

The word is jumprope. Jumprope. You have that?

Milton, looking belittled:

MILTON

Yes.

DR. NORTH

I'm going to tell you a short story. A young girl went to the store to buy grapes. When she got there, she didn't have enough money so she bought milk instead. At home, her mother asked what happened and she explained. Milton, what was the word I asked you to remember?

Another task: Milton stares at a page with three drawings of school supplies along with a frog. He circles the frog, goes to the next page which shows three drawings of furniture and the fourth a house. Milton just stares at the page.

67 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

67

Sandy sits on the couch with the alien. She seems a bit uncomfortable.

SANDY

I'm sure it's quite strange to have me here and Milton gone. But he'll be back shortly. He just had an appointment he had to go to.

The alien looks at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Do you understand me? I wonder if you understand me. With those eyes it seems that you do.

(beat)

Anyway since you can't talk I guess I will. I'm not from here. Well, not like you're not from here, but I'm from Oregon. I ended up here because of my husband's line of work. I was a teacher for awhile.

The alien looks at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Been a few years since then. I retired with a small pension. And what with what my husband saved up, it's been enough. I know Milton from the council. I mean, I knew his face before then, the town's only got a few thousand people, you come to recognize most anybody.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

But we go to give our two cents about how they should run things and they listen. And sometimes they make changes, you bet, it makes a difference. That senior fitness trail in the park wouldn't be there, wadn't for us. The way I see it, it's just good to stay connected, you know?

The alien just looks at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I have a daughter. We get along pretty well, but I don't see her much. She lives out on the West Coast. I have pictures.

She opens her phone, swipes to a series in her camera roll.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Monica. That's her partner Lisa. And my grandson Philip.

She beams at the picture. The alien seems to see them.

SANDY (CONT'D)

She and her are actually together, like together together. I don't know if on your planet you have that too, where two people of the same sex end up loving each other, but anyway it's been happening a lot here the last few years. I'm fine with it. Earl wasn't so much at first, but I let her know from the beginning that didn't make a hair's difference to me.

(thinking)

And wouldn'tcha know they spend all their time sucking up to her mom, who's never accepted them? Always going to her instead of coming out here to visit me? It's like people always want the uphill battle. I haven't seen them in person in three years.

She suddenly finds herself amused. Taps the alien's leg.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I swear to God I don't usually talk this much!

68

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DR. NORTH'S OFFICE - DAY

68

Dr. North meets with Milton and Denise in the same room where Milton took his tests.

DR. NORTH

I conducted a series of tests to assess various aspects of cognition. Based on these tests, I unfortunately believe Milton is in the early stages of age-related dementia.

Denise tears up, rubs Milton's back to comfort him.

DR. NORTH (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem too advanced right now, but I would recommend an MRI to determine if there are any additional structurally-based causes, plaques, that kind of thing.

MILTON

Dementia? I don't have dementia.

Denise is emotional and can't quite speak. She smears tears out of her eyes.

DR. NORTH

Milton, do you find yourself having trouble recalling information about yourself you've known all your life? Your birthday, your middle name? Do you leave objects in places where they normally don't go, and not realize til later?

Beat.

MILTON

No.

Denise looks at him crossly.

DENISE

Dad.

MILTON

I don't.

He doesn't look at her.

DENISE

He left a can of green beans in the bathroom cabinet.

MILTON

That was just once. I was probably just confused.

DENISE

I found the newspaper in the freezer.

There's a pause.

MILTON

That was also just once.

DENISE

But Dad! That's not the point! The point is, together they're happening kinda often. He --
(she hesitates)
He told the cashier at Corrado's that there was an alien living in his house.

Milton is stunned.

DR. NORTH

Milton, do you remember saying that?

Beat.

MILTON

Yes.

DR. NORTH

Do you remember why you said that?

Longer beat.

MILTON

It was a joke.

DENISE

I don't think it was a joke when he said it, I think he meant it. I think he believed there was an alien living in his house.

The doctor takes a deep breath.

DR. NORTH

Milton, this is a sensitive subject to bring up, but at your age, and with these deficits in your thinking -- it may be time to consider options for assisted living. Such as an in-home caregiver. Or moving to an assisted living facility.

MILTON

Nope.

He gets up quickly from his chair.

DENISE

Dad, just listen to what she has to say.

MILTON

No. I'm sorry, I need to go, I've got a -- Anderson Cooper is on.

He rushes out of the room. Distressed, she follows. The doctor sits back awkwardly.

69

INT. OFFICE - DAY

69

Milton marches out in front of Denise through the office.

DENISE

Dad -- wait --

MILTON

You set me up! God dammit you set me up!

DENISE

I did it because I'm worried about you.

MILTON

You brought me here, and had her spring that test on me, without even giving me a chance to study...

DENISE

Dad, I'm trying to help.

MILTON

I don't need your help!

DENISE
How are you gonna get home?

Without turning around --

MILTON
Mr. Taxi!

70 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 70

Milton strides resolutely down the road, stern-faced. It appears he's changed his mind about Mr. Taxi.

71 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 71

Sandy is reading the alien a children's story on the couch.

SANDY
"The trees swayed as though dancing
to music, and the air smelled
lovely and sweet."

Milton barges in.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Hi Milt. I'm reading him a book I
found in Monica's baby things.

Milton walks by without answering. He storms upstairs into his room and slams the door. Tentatively, Sandy walks to the base of the stairs.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(calling up)
Milton? Is everything ok?

MILTON
I'm fine!

She pauses, concerned.

SANDY
Are you sure you're fine?

Beat.

MILTON
Yes!

SANDY
 (resigned)
 Alright. I'll talk to you later.
 He's had lunch.

She returns to the living room. The alien seems worried.
 She shrugs her shoulders, "I don't know what to tell you".

72 INT./EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

72

The alien is making repairs on the ship. Milton wanders out
 and sits down next to him. The alien stops and pays
 attention blankly.

MILTON
 Denise thinks I'm losing it. She
 wants to put me in a home. I think
 I called her too many times to fix
 the TV system.
 (beat)
 I don't talk to my son. He doesn't
 like me very much. I understand
 it. I wasn't good at being a dad.
 And so I stopped. No sense in
 keeping going with something you're
 not good at. Anyway, good night.

He gets up and goes back inside. Leaving the alien perplexed
 for a moment before he goes back to his work.

PRELAP: There's a loud KNOCK.

73 EXT./INT. HOUSE - DAY

73

We widen to show a simple suburban house with a thoughtfully
 tended front lawn. Two men in suits stand at the door.

A pretty, hippie-ish woman (late 20s) answers. She's
 concerned.

WOMAN
 Yes?

AGENT MANN
 We're from the Department of
 National Security. Do you mind if
 we have a look at the premises?

The woman clocks the gun in his holster. Worried --

WOMAN
 Sure.

She opens the door. They stalk through the house, taking notice of things, but with their aim set on the back yard --

They stop at a sliding glass door. Through the frame they see a man sanding down an edge on a beautiful and elaborate wooden sculpture of a UFO, about twenty feet wide. Decorated with all kinds of stones and dashes of color. He turns to look at them after a second.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's only gonna be back there for a couple more weeks. Then we bring it to a festival and set it on fire. Is it a code violation?

Silent beat. Then they turn abruptly and leave.

74 INT. JOYCE'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

74

Joyce sits in a sofa chair in her cluttered living room. On her lap is the blind and deaf cat, a frail, just-holding-on creature that she strokes while watching the television.

ANCHORMAN AARON CAMPBELL (O.S.)

The government continues to ask the public for help in its search for parts of a satellite they say fell out of the sky near the Pennsylvania-Ohio border recently.

*

Joyce straightens up.

75 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

75

Sandy, Milton and the alien sit in the dining room. Nearby the TV plays low with the same news report.

SANDY

I dug all through Monica's old boxes and this is the only thing I found.

She plucks a t-shirt out of her bag.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(turning to the alien)
Alright. Arms in the air.

The alien stares at her.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(gently)
May I?

She reaches for his hands and very slowly raises his arms in the air. Then she drops the shirt on top of him.

SANDY (CONT'D)
You can put your arms down now.

She helps him with that. They both inspect him with the shirt on. It reads: "I'm not a lesbian but my girlfriend is."

SANDY (CONT'D)
It's from back in the day when she couldn't shut up about it. It's not the best but it's something.

MILTON
I thought she was a lesbian.

SANDY
She is. It's some sort of joke.

MILTON
Oh.

They look at him for a moment.

SANDY
Well at least he's not naked anymore.

MILTON
I'm not sure myself if he was.

SANDY
Oh. I also thought it might be nice to give him a name. 'Stead of callng him "him" all the time.

MILTON
Do you think that's necessary?
He's just here. I don't see a need to call him anything.

SANDY
For instance, for when you and I talk about him.

MILTON
(reluctant)
Well. What do you suggest?

SANDY

I have an idea. And it just feels right. Can we call him Jules?

MILTON

Sure. Good as anything else. But I'm not gonna call him anything if he's just here, because then I don't have to call him anything.

SANDY

I suppose we can't even be sure he's a he.

MILTON

He's a he.

SANDY

I mean I kinda see him as a he too but that might be for my own built-in suppositions.

Beat -- Milton turns to her.

MILTON

Huh?

SANDY

Nevermind. Agreed. He's a he.

76 EXT./INT. JOYCE'S CAR - DUSK

76

Joyce drives slowly by the house as though casing it. She sees Sandy's car.

JOYCE

(confirming suspicions)

Mm.

She pulls off a little ways down the road.

77 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

77

They're having dinner. Jules has a plate of apples slices that he is eating slowly. They're eating pasta. It's a weirdly normal scene.

SANDY

Most of the responses have been quite profane and joking. Well, all of them. But I'm sure I'm gonna get some real calls.

MILTON
I'm sure you will.

SANDY
I just have faith that the young
people out there will wanna connect
with someone who's lived a little.
I think I'll find one.

78 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 78

Joyce manages a few bushes near the window, peers inside... gets unsteady glimpses as hushed tones of their conversation are heard... and then she sees it. Jules. She starts.

JOYCE
Whoa.

79 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 79

The doorbell rings. They perk up, suddenly on edge.

MILTON
Who is it?

Sandy peeks around the corner and sees Joyce waiting impatiently outside. She scoots back to the table. All in whisper-voices.

SANDY
It's Joyce!

MILTON
What do we do?

SANDY
Take Jules upstairs!

80 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 80

Sandy opens the door. She greets Joyce a bit too enthusiastically.

SANDY
Joyce! How are you? Milt and I
were just having a little dinner.
Would you like to join?

JOYCE
I seen the alien.

81 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

81

Joyce is seated at the table and Jules is back. She stares mystified. Milton is unnerved.

JOYCE

My goodness it's a God damn
extraterrestrial. I had a feeling
you weren't lying. You're slipping
but not that fast.

*

MILTON

Why were you spying on us?

JOYCE

(without taking her eyes
off him)

I thought something was odd. You
two hanging out together.

Partial translation: I felt left out?

MILTON

You shouldn'ta spied on us.

JOYCE

His eyes are very understanding.
(reaching out)
May I touch him.

Milton slaps her hand away.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(stung)

Hey!

MILTON

She shouldn't know! This is a
secret. She shouldn't know!

SANDY

Guys, just calm down. Everybody
calm down. You're scaring Jules.

JOYCE

He's no Jules, he's more of a Gary.
Or a Naomi.

SANDY

His name is Jules, and listen
Milton, she's in on it now, okay?
So we gotta trust her. There's
nothing else we can do.

MILTON
We could kill her.

JOYCE
(offended)
Kill me? You can't kill me. I'll
kill you, is what I'll do!

SANDY
Guys, stop! Now listen, Joyce, I
wanna make this real clear. Jules
has come to mean quite a bit to us.
And he's gotta be a secret. You've
seen the movies too. You know they
don't treat these things well when
they fall to earth.

JOYCE
How do we know he's not dangerous?

SANDY
We just know!

MILTON
We know!

Joyce considers this.

JOYCE
'Course I'm not gonna tell anybody.
But no keeping any more secrets
from me. I'm in on this, like
Sandy says.

MILTON
I think we shoulda killed her.

SANDY
Milton, hush.

Just then, Jules extends a piece of paper to Milton. Milton
inspects it. It's a drawing, of what now look like a row of
cat faces. Seven of them.

JOYCE
What's that?

MILTON
It's just pictures. He hands them
to me all the time.

CUT TO KITCHEN -- a mass of the same drawings are stuck onto
the refrigerator with magnets. CUT BACK.

JOYCE

Maybe he's trying to tell you something.

MILTON

(cranky)

He's not trying to tell me something!

(to Sandy)

This isn't gonna be fun with her.

MONTAGE

82 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 82

The alien works on his space ship. He is deeply focused but somehow we get the sense his awareness also encompasses...

83 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 83 *

Milton lathers his face with shaving cream as he looks in the mirror. *

Confused, he wets a washcloth and wipes the shaving cream off and leaves. *

84 INT. JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY 84

Joyce, feeding a specially prepared, peanut butter-covered nugget to her ailing cat.

85 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY 85

Sandy, watering plants by the window of her home.

Her phone rings. She walks over to it.

END MONTAGE

SANDY

Hello?

CALLER (ON PHONE)

Hi. I saw your poster at the library. About the senior mentoring program?

SANDY

Yes?

CALLER (ON PHONE)

I'm not super-young, I'm late-
twenties, but I wouldn't mind a
chat like that.

Running eagerly for a pen --

SANDY

Oh. Well, fantastic! To whom am I speaking?

PRE-LAP: A doorbell rings.

86 EXT./INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

86

Milton answers the door. Joyce is there.

MILTON

Hey Joyce.

JOYCE

Gary here?

MILTON

You mean the alien? Yeah. Where else would he be?

JOYCE

Came to spend some time with him.

He doesn't invite her in. She decides to do it herself, passing him for the backyard.

MILTON

He's busy. He's fixing his space ship.

JOYCE

I'm sure he can take a break.
(holding up a tupperware)
I brought apple slices.

87 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

87

Jules is crouched next to the ship working inside an open panel. Joyce walks up to him a bit unsure.

JOYCE

Hey Gary. Joyce. We met the other day. I live... well it doesn't matter where I live, I guess.

Jules stops working, just looks at her. She digs through her bag, retrieves a folded t-shirt.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I brought you a new shirt. That one you're wearing is just hardly appropriate. You'd have to speak English to know what I mean.

She shakes the tupperware container.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Brought you apple slices.

88 EXT./INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

88

Sandy opens the door to find her "young person", DANNY. Late 20s, handsome, friendly.

SANDY

Danny?

DANNY

In the flesh.

SANDY

Come on in.

As they disappear into the house --

SANDY (CONT'D)

Would you like some tea?

DANNY

Sure.

89 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

89

Joyce and the alien sit on the couch. The alien is now wearing a Spuds MacKenzie t-shirt, frozen in time from the 80s. Milton's there too.

JOYCE

Boonton is fine but it's nothing like the Big City. I made a splash in the Big City. Back in my day. Maybe you don't know it looking at me like I am now but I was an item. In the Big City you can find all types of danger or pleasure that you're looking for. That's why you gotta exercise self control. Otherwise the city'll eat you alive. I mean alive. I was lucky. I had my... my problems.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

My moments. But at least I got out
in one piece. No more Pittsburgh
for me.

The alien just looks at her.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

(looking at alien, but
talking to Milton)

He's so svelte. Like a dancer.
You think he's a dancer?

MILTON

I don't think he's a dancer.

JOYCE

I wouldn't rule it out. You don't
get that kinda body sitting on your
ass all day.

MILTON

(a bit impatient)

I think this is what they're like.

JOYCE

What they're like? You don't think
they're fat ones and small ones?
Tall ones and short ones? That's
pretty silly if ya ask me. You see
one of 'em and you think they all
look this way.

MILTON

Joyce, I think he wants to fix his
space ship.

And it does look like it. It looks like the alien is a
reluctant host. Joyce ignores it.

JOYCE

(wistful)

Yeah I really blossomed in the
city. Came into my own. Had my
share of lovers. Never really
settled down with one.

(it occurs to her)

For awhile I sang. Can you believe
it? I was a singer. Yeah I can
sing. You bet I can sing! And I
still got it. Wait a minute.

She mutes the television, checks out the stereo.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
This thing have Bluetooth?

MILTON
Joyce --

JOYCE
(ignoring him)
Yeah it has Bluetooth.

She connects her phone, then pulls up something on the internet. Takes an odd performing pose. After a moment, the song "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" (Carole King version) starts playing karaoke-style through the speakers. Joyce starts singing with the verse, a bit clunky.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
*Tonight you're mine completely
You give your love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your
eyes
But will you love me tomorrow?*

The alien just stares.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
*Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
Will you still love me tomorrow?*

An old choreography comes back to her, but she has to adjust it for being hemmed in by the furniture.

90

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

90

They sit across from each other at the dining room table. They each have a steaming mug of tea.

SANDY
So how old are you, Danny?

DANNY
Twenty-seven. And you?
(beat)
Sorry. Rude to ask.

SANDY
Oh, I don't mind. I'm 72. Some people, they get real sensitive about their age. They do everything they can to look younger.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

But that's one thing I wanted to tell you, Danny. Aging is natural. Physical beauty is here for a moment and then it's gone. What causes pain, is getting too attached to it. That's what you gotta watch out for.

(then)

Look at me. I'm already starting to spout off.

DANNY

That's fine with me. I figure I could learn something from somebody who's lived a little longer.

SANDY

(excited)

That was my idea for organizing this! I've learned a lot over the years, and I figured why not share?

91 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

91

We return to Joyce mid act. This time it's "Wild Thing". Milton seems a bit weary. The alien listens politely.

JOYCE

*Wild thing, I think you move me
But I wanna know for sure
So come on and hold me tight
You move me.*

92 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LATER

92

Danny continues to listen.

SANDY

And don't buy into this idea that you do one thing your entire life and that's that. My generation, that's how we were taught. But you guys can go from one thing to the other. You can explore. You don't have to have your identity all tied up in one thing. I think it's marvellous. That way, you don't get all worried if you're not sure what you're doing is right.

DANNY

True.

(then)

You mind if I use the restroom?
This tea's gone right through me.

SANDY

Of course. Top of the stairs on
your left.

He heads down the hall.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Danny?

(he looks back)

The shells may look like shells but
they're actually soaps.

He flashes a thumbs up.

93

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATER

93

Joyce brings "Wild Thing" to a glorious finish, ending in a dramatic pose. She immediately starts looking through her smartphone music.

MILTON

He really needs to fix his space
ship.

JOYCE

Just one more.

MILTON

Okay, just one more.

JOYCE

Alright, this'll be my best one.
This was my trademark. We'll see
if I remember it.

She pulls something up on the phone. Loosens her shoulders.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Alright. Here we go.

She poses awkwardly. From the speakers come the opening karaoke notes to "Free Bird" (Wynona Judd version). She gets loose to these guitar chords. Then the lyrics kick in and she begins to croon gently, vulnerably, pouring her heart out in front of a suddenly attentive Milton and Jules. This is an extraordinary performance that blows them, and us, away.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

*If I leave here tomorrow
Would you still remember me?
For I must be traveling on now
'Cause there's too many places I've
got to see.*

*

94 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 94

As music continues over scene, Sandy enters the dining room carrying two slices of fresh-baked pie. She conscientiously sets the table.

JOYCE (V.O.)

*But if I stay here with you, boy
Things just couldn't be the same
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now*

95 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 95

Milton and the alien are transfixed. It's as though the song has aged her back forty years, to a time when she had them eating out of her hand.

JOYCE

*And this bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
Lord knows I can't change.*

96 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER 96

Sandy is sitting at the table with the slices laid out. She looks at her watch, noting it's taking awhile.

She creeps slowly down the hall -- and when she arrives at the door of her bedroom -- she finds Danny rifling through the jewelry box on her credenza.

97 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 97

The alien perks up, looks slightly to the side. Joyce passes by and gently turns his head back to the show.

98 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 98

SANDY

What are you doing?

Danny looks up only for a moment at Sandy.

DANNY

I'm taking some of your jewelry.

Sandy sinks -- she realizes what this has all been about.

SANDY

You don't have to do that.

(beat)

Come back into the kitchen, we'll talk some more about life.

DANNY

No, I think I'd rather take some of your jewelry.

Sandy hardens.

SANDY

I'm gonna call the police.

DANNY

It's probably better if you don't.

On Sandy, hesitant.

DANNY (CONT'D)

This woulda been better if you stayed in the kitchen, but now that you're here, I'd say the best thing is if you sit on the bed and not say anything.

There's a tense beat. She doesn't move. He looks up at her.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sandy?

Suddenly she darts for the other room. He races after.

As she reaches for the phone in the living room, he yanks her back and throws her on the floor. She screams. He straddles her and slaps her hard across the face.

The alien flinches. Looking off into the distance. Joyce is too immersed now to notice it. Milton is absorbed in the show.

100 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 100

Danny has got his hands around her throat. He's squeezing the life out of her. His panic has overtaken him. Sandy is batting his arms frantically, but to little effect. He's leaning all of his weight on her throat.

101 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 101

We zoom in on alien's big eyes...

102 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 102

Sandy's face is beet red. Her swats are more and more lifeless. Her body becoming limp. Danny's expression is angry, aggressive, when suddenly -- his head explodes. It goes all over. (This will be shot tastefully.) His body collapses against Sandy's chest.

Sandy begins gasping for air.

103 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 103

The alien calmly turns back to the show.

104 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 104

Sandy, covered in blood, shoves the body off of her in one stored-up burst and begins crawling for the phone.

105 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 105

The music fades out. Milton claps at the end.

JOYCE

Thank you, thank you.

She takes the alien's hands and claps them together.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Here's what we do if we like it.

Like this, like this, perfectly.

(as she's doing it)

Thank you.

(sighs)

Oof, I'm tired. That is definitely my last.

106 EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LATER 106

The house is surrounded by police cars.

107 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY 107

Sandy is being interviewed by two skeptical cops in the living room. She's newly showered and visibly shaken.

COP 1
You're saying his head just
exploded?

SANDY
That's right.

COP 2
Out of nowhere?

SANDY
Out of nowhere!

The cops exchange a look.

COP 1
Heads don't tend to just
(glancing at floor)
explode like that.

Sandy gets indignant.

SANDY
Are you suggesting I made a man's
head explode off his shoulders?
And how exactly would I do that?

COP 1
You tell us. How would something
that extraordinary happen in your
house?

And suddenly she does know -- but she quickly papers over the realization.

SANDY
A man tried to kill me and you're
focusing on who killed him? You
oughta be looking into who this
lowlife was who took advantage of
an old woman in her home. Enough
of these questions! I don't know
anything.

108 INT. SANDY'S CAR - LATE DAY 108

She drives determined down a country road.

*

109 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY 109

Milton and Joyce are both watching TV when the doorbell rings. Milton gets it. It's Sandy.

SANDY

Where is he?

MILTON

In the back, working on the ship.

110 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER 110

Sandy finds him beside the ship repairing something. For a moment they just stare at each other. Then she goes to him and hugs him deeply.

SANDY

Thank you.

His skinny arms hang by his side.

111 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE DAY 111

The three of them are gathered on the porch, talking in low voices. The alien is by his ship, fixing something, trying to act like they're not talking about him.

There are bruises on Sandy's throat.

JOYCE

I knew he had powers! These guys usually have powers.

MILTON

Does this mean he's dangerous?

SANDY

Well. Only when someone's being dangerous toward us.

JOYCE

Yeah. Only when someone's being dangerous toward us.

MILTON

That's true.

SANDY

I mean. He saved me. Can you imagine what woulda happened if he didn't get involved? I wouldn't be here.

Her eyes get glassy. Joyce pats her back comfotingly.

MILTON

Well. Is it possible he could do it to someone who wasn't bad?

SANDY

He hasn't done it yet. I don't see why we should prejudice him with our fearful thoughts.

JOYCE

Yeah. What she said.

MILTON

Alright. Just asking.

SANDY

Far as I'm concerned, Jules is on our side, and we oughta be on his.

JOYCE

I agree.

MILTON

I agree too.

There's a beat as this sinks in.

112 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

112

Sandy and Joyce walk to their cars. Then Sandy stops.

SANDY

Joyce?

Joyce turns.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Can I stay over your place? I'm scared to be alone, to be honest. And I'm not looking forward to going home to that mess.

JOYCE

Of course.

113 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 113

Milton is passing the shelf when he takes notice of the photo of his family. He stops and regards it.

114 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATER 114

He sits at the edge of the couch. Holding the phone in his lap. Finally he turns it on, dials from a list on a small piece of paper. Waits nervously.

Voicemail answers.

TIM (ON PHONE)

Hi this is Tim, I am unavailable at the moment, please leave a message.

The tone.

MILTON

Hey Tim. It's Dad. Hope things are good there. Fall's starting to show up here. Denise's clinic has moved next to that new car wash on Lincoln. Was that here when you were here? I don't know. We'll see how she deals with the noise. Maybe the dogs'll get riled up. I know I wasn't there for you in ways I shoulda been. You deserved better.

(hesitantly)

But enough's enough, don'tcha think?

(beat)

Looks like I got your machine.

He hangs up. He lies down on his usual spot on the couch, turns on the TV, and with a shiver of emotion, immerses himself in his programs.

*
*
*
*
*
*

115 INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING 115

Officers check in with their CHIEF. Boy-faced, but seasoned.

CHIEF

There was no weapon found at the scene? No explosive material?

COP 1

Nothing.

CHIEF

Heads do not just blow off people's bodies.

COP 2

No they do not.

CHIEF

Forensics has no explanation?

COP 1

Not a one.

He sighs, baffled.

CHIEF

Maybe Sandy's protecting someone. She has a big heart.

(then)

Let's put a tail on her. See if she gets up to anything unusual.

116 EXT. CORRADO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

116

Milton exits the store with Sandy carrying bags of apples. *

DENISE (O.S.)

Dad.

Denise trots up to them from the side. Milton starts walking faster. *

DENISE (CONT'D)

Dad. *

(exasperated)

Since when have you been... hanging out with Sandy? *

He keeps walking. Sandy, surprised by his speed, tries to keep up. *

DENISE (CONT'D)

Dad. Please. *

Finally Denise manages to get in front of him and block his path. *

DENISE (CONT'D)

Just for a moment. *

*

Sandy and Milton look at each other. Sandy steps away to give them space. *

Denise looks in the bag. *

DENISE (CONT'D)
More apples for the alien?

He starts walking again. *

DENISE (CONT'D)
No, wait, wait. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for surprising you the other day.
(as he listens)
I'm just worried, okay? What you've said, has not been normal. And I know you value your independence. But there comes a time, Dad. There comes a time. And maybe that time is now.

MILTON
Denise. I swear to you. I'm okay.

DENISE
How can you say that when you're buying apples for an alien?

MILTON
The apples aren't for an alien. They're for me.

DENISE
Twenty of them.

He's stumped.

MILTON
I can't talk right now.

He starts walking. *

DENISE
Dad!

MILTON
Good to see you. Try not to worry.

DENISE
Dad, that's impossible!

She follows him to the car, where Sandy's waiting.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Why are you encouraging him? Why
are you letting him do this??

*

They get quickly into the car and rush off.

From the corner of the parking lot, a cop car pulls out.

117 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY

117

The four of them are having lunch. The humans eating a roast
and Jules with his customary dish.

SANDY

So I said to the doctor, I think
this medicine is giving me sexual
feelings.

JOYCE

And what'd he say?

SANDY

First he said nothing. The he went
and researched it and he said --
you're darn right. That happens to
be one of the side effects. A rare
one but it's one of 'em. He
switched me to another medication.

MILTON

Do you have any of the old pills
left?

Pause -- then she slaps his arm.

SANDY

Milton!

He smiles -- a naughty smile we haven't seen from him before.
Sandy sniffs the air.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Do you guys smell that?

MILTON

What?

SANDY

It's sort of a... rotting smell.

JOYCE

I didn't want to say anything. I thought it was maybe how your house usually smelled.

Sandy gets up, goes to the window, smelling... heads toward the porch.

117A EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

117A

She steps into the backyard, still sniffing... and suddenly she jolts back in surprise.

SANDY

Oh my.

*

She picks up a rake and manipulates a thing on the ground as the others look on (including Jules, who is a few steps back). We see it is a comically flattened and partially decomposed cat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's a... cat.

MILTON

He killed a cat and brought it here?

SANDY

(pointing to carcass)

That is a tire mark. Unless he stole a car too, he didn't kill this animal.

(turning to them)

He found it.

JOYCE

He needs cats. I told you! He was sending us a message. You guys oughta listen to me more.

At that very moment, Jules hands Milton another piece of paper. On it are six cat faces. And a new figure which looks, well... like the outline of his ship.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Lemme see that.

Joyce takes it and looks at it.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

That's his ship.

She heads for the house.

117B INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 117B

In front of the fridge, Joyce holds the paper up next to the previous drawings. The others are there.

JOYCE

I think he needs six more cats to get his ship working! Before he needed seven.

(pointing to previous drawing)

Now, with that one, he just needs six. I get this guy, I'm telling you. I get him more than you do.

SANDY

I think she might be right.

MILTON

Seven cats? What makes his ship run is seven cats?

SANDY

The only thing he eats is apples. You kinda got to take him on his own terms, you know?

MILTON

So what are we supposed to do, kill six cats?

SANDY

Well he didn't kill anything.

There's a beat, then:

118 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATER 118

Sandy pulls out of the driveway with Milton riding shotgun. The police officers pull out at a cautious distance.

119 EXT./INT. SANDY'S CAR - DAY 119

They drive with the windows down. Quite slowly. Not much talking. Very, very long stretches between their words.

MILTON

Raccoon.

They keep driving.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Possum.

Driving for awhile.

SANDY

Another possum.

A car holds down its horn and then swings around impatiently.

DRIVER

Wake up, grandma!

The car speeds off. There's silence. Then:

SANDY

Squirrel.

120 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 120

Officer follows from a huge distance, speaking on CB.

COP 1

Car is going extremely slow out on
22. Makes following them
undetected almost impossible.

CHIEF

Any idea what they're doing?

COP 1

Seems like they're looking for
something.

121 INT. SANDY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 121

They both scan quietly out their windows.

SANDY

Cats. I wonder what it is about
cats.

MILTON

You know.

(beat)

There's things we don't understand.

SANDY

Lots of them.

MILTON

Slow down.

She pulls alongside something.

MILTON (CONT'D)

I believe that's a beagle.

With a sigh, she picks up speed again.

SANDY

Might be the Turner's beagle.
Carter. He's been missing a couple
weeks. I suppose someone'll have
to tell them.

122 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DAY 122

Joyce is sitting on the sofa scatting freestyle, jazz-like,
to a patient Jules sitting beside her.

123 INT. SANDY'S CAR - DAY 123

Milton and Sandy scan. They speak even less.

MILTON

Possum.

A long stretch.

SANDY

Possum.

There's silence. Then:

MILTON

Sandy. How'd it start?

SANDY

What?

MILTON

With Earl. How'd it start out?

Sandy turns forward. Does a deep sigh.

SANDY

He was generally forgetful at
first. Not as quick as he used to
be. Then he started leaving
things in weird places. I'd find
silverware in the bedroom.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

One time he pooped in the bidet.
He was very embarrassed about that.
(beat)
Why? Did the doctor say something
that worried you?

Milton doesn't answer.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Do you forget things, sometimes?

He still doesn't answer.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Do you forget things sometimes,
Milton?

After a beat --

MILTON

I don't mean to.

SANDY

That's what the doctor's
appointment was about?

Milton's silence kinda answers that.

Sandy exhales again.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna worry you, Milton. I
promise you, it was years before it
got bad.
(beat)
Don't go down that rabbit hole.
You gotta enjoy life, not worry it
away.

MILTON

Stop!

SANDY

Okay, I won't say another thing.

MILTON

(looking in the car's
wake)
No, I mean stop!

The car skids to a stop.

124 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 124

From the cops' perspective, the two of them inspect something on the shoulder and then break out in cheers and hug each other. Then they take a shovel out of the car and scrape it off the ground and into a trash bag.

COP 2

The fuck...

They high-five.

125 EXT./INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LATE DAY 125

They arrive home carrying the bags. Joyce greets them eagerly at the door.

JOYCE

How many'd you get?

As Milton heads for the porch --

SANDY

We got two.

CUT TO: Milton places the bags in the backyard. CUT BACK.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Well... one and three quarters.

MILTON

(coming back in)

It's not easy. What's out there is mostly possums.

CUT TO KITCHEN -- Sandy crosses out two of the six cat faces in the drawing. The others are there too.

SANDY

We need four more. Well -- three and... four and... aw, heck. I was never good at fractions.

JOYCE

I'll find 'em.

SANDY

How will you find 'em?

JOYCE

I don't care if I have to spend all night scouring the streets of this town. I'll find 'em.

126 INT. JOYCE'S CAR - NIGHT 126

Joyce drives down a dark road perched above her steering wheel like a hawk, scanning the ground on both sides. She points a flashlight out of the driver's window. A huge thermos of coffee is stationed on the console. On her iPhone she's cued a playlist "Roadkill Search 2022".

127 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/BEDROOM - NIGHT 127 *

Milton walks out of his bedroom, fully dressed for the day. As he steps into the hallway he realizes it's the middle of the night. He goes back into the bedroom and takes off his clothes. *

128 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - MORNING 128

Milton, Sandy and the alien are having breakfast when Joyce gets home carrying a big bag. Jules is now wearing a shirt with a pink triangle and the message "silence=death".

JOYCE

I got three. Well, three and a third.

She passes out the back door, comes back a moment later.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

That'll more than make up for your missing quarter.

She heads to the kitchen with the others in tow. Crosses three more cat faces off the picture. One remains.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I've always been decent with fractions.

SANDY

We'll circle later today.

Joyce heads to the dining room as the others again follow.

JOYCE

I tried every God damn road in the county. Ain't no more out there, unless they got hit after I passed.

SANDY

We could take a pass, though.

JOYCE

Ain't no more out there.

They sit down, think a moment.

SANDY

How about Denise?! She's a vet.
Maybe she knows where to get one?

MILTON

Denise?

SANDY

Yeah. Maybe she knows what happens
to the ones they put down.

(off Milton's hesitation)

You can ask.

MILTON

Don't you think she might think
it's a weird question?

SANDY

What else are we gonna do?

JOYCE

Yeah, what else are we gonna do?

Milton pauses for a moment. Then, not entirely at peace with
this idea, he picks up the phone and calls.

RECEPTIONIST (ON PHONE)

Green Turtle Veterinary Clinic.

MILTON

Hi is Doctor Robinson there? This
is her father.

RECEPTIONIST (ON PHONE)

Hang on a sec.

There's a pause. Milton looks apprehensive.

DENISE

Hi Dad. What's up?

MILTON

Not much. How are you doing?

DENISE

I'm fine.

Milton looks at Sandy and Joyce.

MILTON

What happens to the cats that die
in your office?

DENISE

What?

MILTON

What happens to the cats that die
in your office?

INTERCUT WITH:

129 INT. ANIMAL CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

129

Denise stands off to the side on the phone as her assistant
keeps tabs on a schnauzer on the exam table.

DENISE

(disturbed)

Why do you ask?

Beat.

MILTON

Just trying to make conversation.

DENISE

(fed up)

Dad, what is going on?

MILTON

Nothing.

DENISE

Then why are you asking me that?

Beat.

MILTON

Do they incinerate them or do they
just throw them in a dumpster out
back?

DENISE

I'm not saying another word until
you tell me why you're asking. Do
you even know why you're asking?
And you wonder why I'm worried.

MILTON

You know what, forget it.

Sandy and Joyce are gesturing "abort mission, abort mission".

DENISE
Forget it? How am I supposed to
forget it?

MILTON
I was just curious, that was it.

DENISE
You don't even have a cat.

MILTON
I've got to go. Love you.

He hangs up. END INTERCUT.

MILTON (CONT'D)
She didn't give me a straight
answer.

Suddenly the doorbell rings.

All their heads pivot in that direction.

Joyce peers around the corner. She sees the agents waiting
patiently on the doorstep.

JOYCE
It looks like agents.

SANDY
Like government agents?

JOYCE
Yeah, like from the movies.

MILTON
Act like nothing's wrong.

JOYCE
You guys suck at that.

SANDY
I'll take Jules upstairs.

They look around. He's nowhere to be seen.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Where is he?

There's another knock. They look at each other.

130 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 130

One cop is on the radio as they watch the agents at the door.

COP 1
Chief, they've got visitors.

131 EXT./INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 131

Milton greets the men at the door.

MILTON
Hello.

AGENT MANN
Milton Robinson?

MILTON
Yes.

AGENT MANN
We're from the Department of
National Security. We have reason
to believe there may be material on
these premises related to a federal
investigation. We'd like to take a
quick look.

MILTON
I'm sorry, now is not a good time.

AGENT MANN
I'm sorry, sir. We do need to
search the premises.

MILTON
We're in the middle of breakfast.

He looks toward the table where all the plates are empty.

AGENT MANN
This will only take a few minutes.

Joyce steps up in front of them, and says emphatically,
inexplicably --

JOYCE
We've got everything under control
here.

AGENT MANN
I'm sure you do, but we still need
to take a look around.

JOYCE

We've got everything -- under control here.

AGENT MANN

(confused)

Ma'am, I'm gonna have to ask you to step aside.

The agent starts heading forward, but Sandy now sidles in the way.

SANDY

I am a former teacher and have been a polling place volunteer seventeen times. I can promise you that everything is good here. I mean A-okay. This place is lawful.

The agent looks back at his partner.

AGENT SHU

(taking control)

You all need to stay right where you are.

Agent Mann tries to move forward but Sandy and Joyce attempt to block his path and all shout at once. Milton trails and Agent Shu grabs him by the arms.

SANDY

You're not allowed in here without a search warrant! Show us a search warrant or get outta here!

JOYCE

I swear I will lose it, I will lose it on you, don't go back there, I am starting to lose it, I am this close to losing it!

And at the same time Milton:

MILTON

Don't go back there. You can't go back there without my permission. That's not right.

Amid the chaos, Agent Mann disappears through the back door. A moment later he comes filing back.

AGENT MANN

Let's go.

His partner releases Milton and follows.

AGENT SHU

Nothing?

AGENT MANN

Nothing.

AGENT SHU

These people are crazy.

The trio look at each other, confused.

132 INT./EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 132

The three of them shuffle curiously to the backyard. There, they stare in astonishment at -- nothing. No space ship, no hole in the ground, no alien. Everything looks as it did before.

There's a slight disturbance in the image, a ripple, and then it evaporates into small points, and there once again is the ship, plunged into the ground at its usual angle. The gangway drops and the alien walks out.

JOYCE

Whoa.

133 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 133

The agents back out of the driveway and race away.

COP 1

Should we pursue?

CHIEF (ON RADIO)

Come back to the station, we'll run the plates. Let's not tip them off we're watching.

134 INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 134

JOYCE

We need to act. Quick. Every moment we wait is a moment they can discover him.

SANDY

We can both go out driving.

JOYCE

It'll take too long, and I told you I looked everywhere.

SANDY

Well short of killing a cat, I'm
not sure how we're gonna do it.

*

MILTON

(to Joyce)

Well what about yours?

JOYCE

Henry? The hell are you talking
about.

MILTON

You said, he doesn't hear, he
doesn't see. He can't walk. He's
pretty much dead.

Her eyes well up with tears.

JOYCE

He's not dead. He's like my child.
(off his continued look)
You can go fuck yourself!

She marches out the front door. Sandy turns to Milton.

SANDY

(admonishing)

Milton. You can't ask her to give
up her companion. That's not fair.

135

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE/INT. JOYCE'S CAR - LATER

135

Joyce sits in her car with her arms crossed. It seems she's
been thinking for awhile.

In the background we hear the front door open, close.

After a moment Sandy appears at the passenger window. Knocks
gently. Joyce unlocks.

Sandy gets in.

SANDY

We thought you'd taken off. Then
we didn't hear your engine start.

Joyce stares forward. Seems she's in another world.

Sandy turns toward her, heartfelt.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what Milton said.
He spoke out of turn.

Joyce takes a moment. Then:

JOYCE

Henry's been there every time I got home. No one else has.

SANDY

Of course. Pets may just be pets but they're part of the family.

JOYCE

And I've watched him get worse but I haven't done anything because I'm too afraid of what it'll be like when he's gone.

SANDY

Oh, I'm sure that's scary --

JOYCE

Quiet Sandy, I'm being real here.

(then)

He's... all I have. But you know it's been a year since he was able to walk up to me on his own.

Joyce looks up at Sandy.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Milton's right. Henry's not all I have. He's all I had.

Sandy's face transforms into a look of moved pity.

136 INT. JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

136

Joyce sits on the couch cradling Henry. Her face is sticky with tears. Surrounding her are Milton and Sandy.

JOYCE

(whispering to cat)

I am so so grateful to you. You're my sweetheart, and you'll always be. But it's time for you to rest.

Joyce holds him, crying. Jules stands on the other side of the coffee table, witnessing it. Joyce regains her composure.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
 Alright, let's do this. Go ahead
 and explode his head.

SANDY
 Wait.

She places a large plastic mixing bowl over Henry's head.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Better to cut down on the mess.

Joyce kisses Henry's back.

JOYCE
 Goodbye, sweetpea.

Jules taking this all in, seeing Joyce, seeing Henry's sleepy eyes. He focuses on the head -- it is reminiscent of his look when he helped Sandy. There is an intensity. The cat seems tired. He yawns. Jules concentrates more. The cat lays its head down.

Joyce is crying. Then suddenly she realizes something. The cat is still. She takes the bowl off and confirms he's already passed. Not all is heads exploding; this time Jules eased death in.

Joyce sobs, rocking the cat back and forth. Both Milton and Sandy have a hand on her shoulder.

137 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

137

All three stand with their arms around each other as Jules places his device on the ground, and with a few strokes expands it to the size of a bath towel. We vaguely get the idea he's placing the cats on top of it. He turns to Joyce, who walks over and places Henry in the spot Jules has left open. She walks back to the others.

Jules places a thin metallic film over them and takes a few steps back. The device begins to emit a calming hazel light. The film on top begins to bubble, and the bubbles flow toward the middle. There, they amalgamate one by one into a single smooth hemisphere. The bubbles stream inward, faster, turning darker colors, and as they do the rest of the film seems to sink toward the device and stiffen... until it crumbles into many tiny flakes. Jules approaches. As he watches, the central bubble crumbles too. He reaches in and removes a glowing mass almost the color of amber.

He blows on it. Dust sheers off.

As the three of them watch holding their breaths, Jules opens a panel on the side of the ship and, apprehensively, drops the ball in. He closes it. *

He steps back. Waiting. At first nothing. And then an imperceptible vibration, which touches each one through the ground. The ship gently rises out of its hole. Its exterior glimmers with a visible light, especially from below. They instinctively step back, but Jules doesn't move. The ship hovers in the air. For once we see it for the triumph of technology that it is, a grace beyond anything man's created.

Joyce, moved by what Henry's contributed to, cries as she beholds it.

It traverses to a flat spot in the backyard and makes a more proper, gentle landing. And turns off.

MILTON
(who'd a thought)
Cats.

138 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

138

The second officer is on the phone at her desk, leaning over her legal pad. A male voice, mundane, matter-of-fact, answers.

FBI OFFICER (ON PHONE)
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

COP 2
Yeah hi this is Officer Hester,
Boonton PA police department.
We're trying to track a federal
plate that showed up in one of our
homicide investigations.

FBI OFFICER (ON PHONE)
What's the plate number?

COP 2
DU5901.
(beat)
Looks like a government issue but I
don't recognize the department.

FBI OFFICER (ON PHONE)
Lemme take a look at that.

139 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS 139

In the same underground space as before, the bank of officials work busily on their computers. A monitor on the wall suddenly lights up with a message: "HIGH PRIORITY. IMMEDIATE ACTION REQUIRED." Several of the workers notice.

140 INT. AGENTS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER 140 *

The agents are parked at a fast food restaurant eating. A call comes through. Agent Mann answers. *

AGENT MANN *

Yes? *

NSC AGENT (O.S.) *

(shouting) *

Go back! Go back to 870 Elmore! *

140A EXT. AGENTS' CAR - CONTINUOUS 140A *

Their car roars to life and swerves out. *

141 EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE 141

Jules turns toward them. The gangway comes down.

SANDY

Congratulations, Jules. I'm very happy for you.

There's an awkwardness as they all kinda realize what this means.

Joyce digs into her jacket pocket and retrieves something. She approaches the alien.

JOYCE

I brought you something.

She extends a snowglobe with the skyline of Pittsburgh.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

It's a snow globe. Of the city. This is a, kinda typical gift for when you visit a place. But it means a lot to me, reminds me of my time in the City, so I wanted you to have it.

Jules looks at the gift, not quite sure, then holds it close to him, indicating he'll take it.

SANDY

I, uh, brought something too.

Sandy ducks into the house, comes out with a used shopping bag from which she withdraws a grandma-type sweater.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I knitted it for you. I'm not sure if it's cold where you're from, but maybe you can get some use out of it.

He raises his arms automatically.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Oh, you don't have to put it on now. Later.

He puts his arms down.

MILTON

I didn't know we were giving gifts.

Milton fumbles through his wallet, pulls out his drivers license (with a hole punch through it to cancel it out). Hands it to Jules.

MILTON (CONT'D)

So you don't forget what I look like.

Milton's eyes go glassy. Sandy pats his back.

The alien walks to the gangway. Then, looking at them, he does a gesture.

SANDY

What was that?

JOYCE

Did he do something?

MILTON

I think he did something.

Jules does it again. It's the very same gesture Milton did at the threshold of the back door a week before. Milton recognizes it. He fills with emotion.

MILTON (CONT'D)

I... I think he's inviting us.

They look at each other. They're floored.

Sandy is the first one to find her voice. She steps forward to the alien, kneels to his level.

SANDY

Jules -- that is -- so kind. But I can't. I've got a daughter here and a grandson and they may not pay that much attention to me, but I'm not ready to throw in the towel. But I so appreciate it.

She hugs him again. He again doesn't quite know what to do.

JOYCE

I got the Council, and my message boards. I couldn't possibly just up and leave.

MILTON

I'll go.

They're shocked.

MILTON (CONT'D)

I'd like to go with you.

SANDY

Milton. You can't. You've got Denise.

MILTON

I, I'm ready to go.

(then)

Jules has been nice company to me here.

(beat)

And I prefer not to have her see me get worse and worse every year.

Sandy shifts.

SANDY

Milton. It's a part of life. People get sick, and their loved ones --

MILTON

I said I'll go! It's my choice, and I've made it! I don't want the last years of my life to be spent falling apart. I'd rather go now, and spare them that.

Milton moves toward the ship. Sandy steps in his way.

SANDY

Don't do this, Milton. You have
people here who love you. *

He makes for the gangway again and Sandy grabs his shoulders.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna let you go.

MILTON

Let me go!

She pulls him back. He begins grappling with her. They spin in slow circles for a moment, until somebody trips and they land on the ground.

As they roll around on the ground, tossing each other over and getting dirty:

SANDY

You have connections, Milton!
Don't just disappear because it
gets hard!

MILTON

Let me go! I wanna go!

SANDY

Don't leave us, Milton! Don't just
leave!

MILTON

It's my life. I can do what I
want.

Joyce and the alien exchange a look as Sandy and Milton plop around in a pathetic wrestling match. Eventually they get tired and sit up, their clothes soiled by the dirt and the grass. Milton coughs, Sandy catches her breath.

Milton glances at Sandy -- this is because she wanted him around. He looks down.

Suddenly the phone rings inside.

After a couple rings, Milton gets up.

Milton answers the land line.

MILTON

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

142A EXT. ANIMAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

142A *

Denise is standing outside of her veterinary practice. Leaning against the wall. She's calm. She wants peace.

DENISE

Dad. I'm not calling about the alien. I'm not calling about any of that. It's time for your hair cut. I could come by Saturday, we could have lunch, and I could take care of it. And I'll bring apples. No I'm kidding. Maybe I shouldn'ta said that. But we've been fighting and I just wanna hang out. Will you be around Saturday?

*
*

Milton is frozen.

MILTON

Don't you work Saturdays?

DENISE

I'll get Heather to cover for me. Will you be around?

Silence.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Dad?

He still doesn't answer. His eyes get glassy. His lip quivers.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Dad, are you there?

MILTON

Yeah.

His voice is breaking a bit.

MILTON (CONT'D)

I have to check my schedule.

DENISE

Your schedule? I can't imagine you'd have a busy schedule. The thing about the apples was a joke.

MILTON

I'll check and I'll get back to you.

DENISE

Is everything okay?

More silence. He tries to pull it together.

MILTON

Yes. It is.

She takes a deep breath, for the umpteenth time dropping it.

DENISE

(at a loss)

Alright. Well, I'll wait to hear. I love you, Dad.

MILTON

Yeah you too. Bye.

He hangs up. Just stands there. Staring into space.

His stupor is broken by a knock at the front door.

He looks toward it. Confused.

There's another knock. He looks toward the backyard.

A hand jiggers the doorknob from the other side.

Then a flat-footed kick jolts the door on its hinges. Milton rushes for the yard -- Joyce helps Sandy off the ground. More kicks rain down on the door outside. Feeling exposed, they see the alien on the gangway and impulsively follow him into the ship.

A last kick bursts the front door open as the gangway closes up. The ship's resources begin charging, that growing hum which quit in the earlier attempt but this time builds into a potent, hair-raising reverberation as the agents burst into the backyard with their guns drawn.

But to no avail. Because quite suddenly -- the ship rockets into the air in a remarkably silent launch. The take-off is so astounding that it leaves the agents staring up in wonder.

143 EXT. ROCKY PLAIN - DAY

143

A barren gray landscape, rimmed by mountains. Some dirt is whipped up on the ground, along with a deep thrumming sound, and then the ship's invisibility drops and the ship appears on the ground. The gangway drops.

The three of them stumble down apprehensively and in wonder.

JOYCE

Whoa. Whoa!
(getting her bearings)
That. Was. Awesome.

MILTON

Are we on his planet already? That didn't feel like very long.

JOYCE

Couldn'ta been more than a few seconds.

Sandy looks at her phone.

SANDY

I've got four bars and a text message welcoming me to sign up for Bell Canada. I think we're still on earth. I think he just stopped to drop us off.

Jules is there with them. Joyce spots a dirt road going by. And some litter next to it. It's a Slim Jim wrapper.

JOYCE

Yeah, I think we're on our planet.

They look up. Sandy and Joyce stand next to each other, facing Milton and Jules. The arrangement is poignant. Sandy and Milton still have the marks of their fight.

The wind whips gently between them.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Well Jules... I guess it's time for your intergalactic journey. If they didn't need me to keep this town on the rails, I'd go with you.

She wouldn't.

SANDY

And Milton... ?

Milton stands there, thinking. He hesitates.

Then he kneels in front of Jules.

*

MILTON

I am so thankful for your
invitation to join you. And I know
I would have enjoyed very much
journeying with you through the
heavens and seeing your home. But
I've lived on this planet all my
life. It's my home.

A smile alights on Sandy's face.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Doesn't stop being that just 'cause
I'm getting ready to... leave it.

(beat)

What's coming probably won't be
fun. But I ought to do it here.

Now he leans into Jules so the women can't hear --

MILTON (CONT'D)

(whispering slowly)

I'll be okay.

He shakes the alien's hand in both of his hands, tears in his eyes.

He stands up. Joyce pats his shoulder.

Sandy kneels by Jules.

SANDY

What an honor it was to have you
here. I wish you a safe journey
back.

She hugs him. His arms still hang by his sides.

Joyce shuffles to him and bends down.

JOYCE

I'm not so good with goodbyes. But
anyway. Thanks for listening.

She hugs him too.

She stands next to the others. They watch Jules go up the ramp. He turns back one more time at the top. They wave at him. Then he goes in his ship and the gangway goes up.

They back away, giving room for the ship as its charging sounds crank up. They put their arms around each other. The ship rises and hovers about twenty feet off the ground.

144 INT. SPACE SHIP - CONTINUOUS 144

Through the window, Jules sees the three of them looking up at him.

144A EXT. ROCKY PLAIN - DAY 144A

We rejoin them, their arms linked, the ship revving in front of them, and then suddenly it shoots off -- a quick, gentle whistle. They stare up to follow its path.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

A145 INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY A145

A homey, attractive common room of an assisted living facility. Various residents hang alone or with relatives. A worker is putting away serving trays from lunch. Sandy walks in with a plate of cookies. *

*
*

145 INT. ASSISTED LIVING - APARTMENT - DAY 145

Milton sits in a warmly decorated one bedroom apartment within the facility. This is his new home. Surrounding him are the familiar items of his life before, but condensed into a cozy, simple living space.

His expression and slumping posture suggests he's... different. Not as aware. Not as engaged.

Sandy and Joyce are seated by him. Denise is leaning against the kitchen counter nearby.

DENISE

His name's Brant. He's forty-seven. Sells Hondas in Carterville.

SANDY

(cautious)
A car salesman?

DENISE

He tries to be real straight-forward. That's why people go back to him, they feel he's different.

SANDY

Well that's good.

JOYCE

Yeah that's good.

DENISE

I'm taking it day by day. But this is the most optimistic I've been about this sort of thing in awhile. He's real kind to Dad.

There's a beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(re: dad)

I think he's been comfortable here. They treat him real well.

SANDY

Earl liked it too. It's a good place.

DENISE

Thank you guys for visiting him so often.

SANDY

Of course.

JOYCE

That's what friends are for.

Denise checks her watch.

DENISE

I gotta get back to work. The cookies are amazing.

SANDY

Take some.

DENISE

The problem is, I'll eat them.

SANDY

For the office.

DENISE
 Okay. See you guys soon.
 (kisses Milton)
 Dad, I'm going. I'll see you soon.

Milton seems a little confused, but accepts the kiss.

MILTON
 See you.

Denise leaves. There's a long pause, full of reflection.

JOYCE
 (sighing)
 I wonder if he remembers us.

SANDY
 Who?

JOYCE
 Gary.

SANDY
 'Course he remembers us.

JOYCE
 Maybe he visits a lot of planets.
 Maybe he meets a lot of life forms.
 Three years is a long time.

SANDY
 He remembers us. I'm sure of it.

JOYCE
 Milt, you think Gary remembers us?

Milton looks up.

MILTON
 Gary? Who's Gary?

SANDY
 Jules.

JOYCE
 The alien.

MILTON
 (surprised)
 Alien?

SANDY

Don't worry about it, Milt. I think he does. I really think he does.

Fade to black.

146 Fade up. Milton is still in the same spot.

146

The door opens. A man enters. It's Tim. Wearing a long overcoat. As the door closes he beholds Milton for a few moments. Seeming surprised. Taking it in.

He eventually sits down a few feet from Milton.

TIM

Hi Dad. Denise told me I'd waited too long. Guess she was right.

(pausing)

Tracey says hi. The boys don't. They don't really remember you.

(more pauses)

I saw Denise's office. I'm proud of her. She's done well for herself. I guess she always had the potential but I didn't see it coming.

(beat)

Impressive new baseball stadium.

Tim lets out a long, shaky sigh.

TIM (CONT'D)

(bluntly)

I don't really know what else to say.

A long pause. Then, Tim stands, approaches Milton, and gives him a hug from above. Kisses the top of his head, looks at him a second more, then walks out of the room.

147 On Milton, sitting alone throughout the rest of the day. 147
The light changes, passing shades of evening over his face.

At once, there's a humming sound from outside the window. Much like the space ship landing on the plain. After a few moments... Milton's neck goes limp. He tilts over slightly to the side.

148 LATER.

148

Sandy enters with a polite knock. The only lights in the room are now the lamp lights.

SANDY

Hi Milton. I brought you some --

She sees.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Awww, Milton.

She rights him up, sits next to him, and hugs him, sobbing quietly.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Aww, Milton. Thanks for staying.

Outside the window, we hear the humming sound again. Then a whistle -- much like the space ship taking off.

As Sandy turns toward the window, the first hints of a smile on her face, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END