

Saucertown  
by  
Graham Morris

1 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

We fade in from black to a clear night sky. Stars twinkle, some shoot, and in the middle of the frame sits a classic, 1950s-style flying saucer, hanging in space. The usual cheesy flying saucer warbling sound plays over this, possibly even backed by X-Files-esque mysterious music. The camera begins to pull back, slowly.

A gust of wind is heard, and the flying saucer moves a bit. But it moves strangely, whisked to the right and up a little, in an arc, before settling back into its original position, swaying back and forth slightly.

As the camera continues to pull back, the frame of a bedroom window becomes visible on both sides. It becomes clear we're inside a bedroom, looking out at the saucer. Another gust of wind is heard, and the saucer moves once again, in a similar way. The camera pulls deeper into the bedroom, and we soon see that the flying saucer is not real, but a model hanging on a length of fishing wire attached to the top of the window.

A third gust of wind, and the illusion is completely broken. Now the camera swivels to the right, revealing a bed occupied by a form covered in heavy blankets. Above the bed there's probably an "I WANT TO BELIEVE" poster or parody thereof. Next to it a telescope. The form moves slightly, wriggling under the covers.

At this point the sound effects/music that has been playing since the beginning audibly stops and loops from the beginning again.

BED-FORM  
(groaning)  
Mnnn... dun wa...

A hand reaches out from under the covers, pawing around at the nightstand. It finally lands on the alarm clock, which says "6:00", and the music stops suddenly.

The form sits up in bed, rubbing its eyes. It's a boy, around 14 or 15. He reaches over to the nightstand once again, grabbing a pair of neatly folded glasses and putting them on. He stretches and yawns, before swinging his feet over the side of the bed and standing up. Dressed in rather adorable pajamas he probably got from his grandmother or something, he walks over to the window. He flicks the model flying saucer, causing it to swing back and forth on its string.

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(CONTINUED)

BOY

Huh, keep dreamin' pal.

He looks wistfully out into the starry sky.

2

INT. DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

2

The boy, now dressed in a t-shirt and pants, sits at the dinner table eating a bowl of cereal. A woman, middle-aged, comes down the stairs into the room.

BOY

Hey mom.

MOM

You're up early Harrison.

BOY (HARRISON)

(Through a mouthful of cereal)  
Wanted to practice my report a bit  
before school.

MOM

Oh, that's today, isn't it?

HARRISON

Yeah. Dad already at work?

MOM

They've been calling him in earlier  
and earlier lately. He told me to  
say "good morning."

HARRISON

(smiling)  
Thanks.

MOM

So, you still haven't enlightened  
us on what exactly this report is  
on.

HARRISON

(Chewing again)  
Make a wild guess.

MOM

Well, your father and I were hoping  
it was on an event important to the  
history of this town.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON  
 (Nodding)  
 Mh-hm.

MOM  
 (Somewhat accusatory)  
 The *real* history of this town.

HARRISON  
 (Continuing to nod)  
 Mh-hm.

Harrison brings the cereal bowl to his mouth, drinking the leftover milk. He checks his watch.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
 Gotta go, Mom.

He stands up and grabs his blue hoodie and his backpack, putting them on as he heads toward the front door.

MOM  
 Weren't you going to practice?

Harrison opens the front door.

HARRISON  
 I'll practice at the bus stop.

He exits. Mom shakes her head and smiles resignedly.

MOM  
 Good luck!

The door closes.

3 EXT. BUS STOP - EARLY MORNING

3

Harrison stands at a corner near a "bus stop" sign, looking through flash cards. He spends a few seconds on each, mouthing words silently.

Another boy sidles up behind him, glancing over his shoulder.

BOY  
 Whatcha got there?

HARRISON  
 What? Oh, nothing. Y'know.  
 Assignment stuff.

He quickly shoves the cards in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

BOY

It's your turn to present today,  
isn't it?

HARRISON

Yeah. Y'know, last day and all.

BOY

And I'm sure Miss Friedsten will  
love what you have to say.

Harrison leans forward, searching for the bus.

HARRISON

(Not really paying attention)

Yup.

BOY

Just like she did your last  
presentation.

Harrison sighs.

HARRISON

Shove off, Bobby. Can't you save  
your ridicule for after I present?

BOY (BOBBY)

Gladly.

Bobby steps back a bit, and around the corner comes the  
yellow school bus.

4 EXT. TOWN - MORNING

4

We follow the bus through a desert town, somewhere in what  
looks to be California or Nevada. It passes by storefronts,  
houses, etc. One dilapidated looking building has an old,  
falling apart facade of a flying saucer attached to its  
roof.

The bus arrives at the high school, which has a sign out  
front. Warm Springs High School.

5 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

5

Some time has passed, and now it looks to be the last period  
of the day. Children fill a small classroom, the walls of  
which are lined with maps and newspapers of important local  
events.

The teacher, Miss Friedsten, sits behind a desk at the front  
of class. A student stands next to a cardboard poster, in  
front of all of her classmates.

(CONTINUED)

MISS FRIEDSTEN

Thank you Nancy, I don't think any  
of us will forget the memorabilia  
crash of '87 any time soon.

Nancy takes her poster and returns to her seat.

MISS FRIEDSTEN

And that just leaves us with...  
Harrison Stanton to finish up.  
(She looks to his seat)  
This should be... interesting.

Harrison stands up from his seat, pulls his laptop out of his backpack, and carries it to the front of the class. He plugs a cord into its side, opens it, and presses a button on the wall.

The projector whirs on, the lights dim, and on the pull-down screen at the front of the classroom now bears a black-and-white picture of what appears to be some sort of spacecraft, floating in the distance.

The class groans.

HARRISON

The first sighting of an  
unidentified flying object in Warm  
Springs happened on April 13th,  
1947. A full two months before both  
the Kenneth Arnold sighting in  
Washington and the famed Roswell  
incident in New Mexico.

He taps a button on his laptop. The projected image changes to a black and white photograph of a man, wearing a sweater-vest and tie.

HARRISON (cont'd)

It was seen by local professional  
accountant and amateur weatherman  
Frank Washington, who took the  
picture seen previously, and  
brought it to the attention of the  
local newspaper.

He taps a button again. The image changes to a page from a local newspaper, the *Warm Springs Report*. The previously seen image is printed on the page, and the headline says "Alien Allies? Or Extraterrestrial Enemies?"

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON (cont'd)

The local paper sat on the story until the previously mentioned Kenneth Arnold sighting made the rounds in newspapers around the country. Cashing in on the new interest in what were now called "flying saucers", Frank Washington's account was printed a full two months after he reported it.

A student a few rows in raises his hand.

HARRISON (cont'd)

No questions yet, please.

The student lowers their hand.

HARRISON (cont'd)

In the report, he described the movement of the object as 'unearthly' and 'definitely not a cloud.' Most took his word for it, as he was the most accomplished amateur weatherman in the area at the time.

He taps the button. The picture changes, but again to a newspaper. The headline reads "Several Saucers Seen: Some Say Space Stopover"

HARRISON (cont'd)

What soon followed was a frenzy of sightings, unprecedented anywhere else in the United States. From town drunks to town mayors, it seems everyone living in Warm Springs had their own personal experience with flying objects of some kind.

He taps the button. The picture is now of a sign posted on the side of the road. It says "Welcome to Warm Springs, UFO Capital of the World"

HARRISON (cont'd)

Soon enough the higher than usual number of sightings was capitalized on.

(CONTINUED)

Taps the button. We see a picture, in black and white, of the building with the flying saucer facade we saw when the bus was driving through town. It looks brand new, families seem gathered around the entrance.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Things were good for a while.  
Tourists came, hoping to have their own glimpse at the wonders of the universe. Some did, many didn't. Of course, the fervor died down eventually, and with it so did our UFO based economy.

Taps button. Image is of the same building, in color. The saucer is falling apart, the building is empty.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Of course, as Nancy just recently informed us, the memorabilia crash of 1987 was the last straw. Warm Springs fell into a deep economic depression that it took almost ten years to start crawling its way out of. Now, the days of saucer-mania are actively forgotten, the only remnants of that time being the dilapidated Unidentified Grounded Museum in town. The official stance of the town is now that the sightings were caused by a fungal growth in the water supply.

Taps button. Now a color picture of a bright light in the dark sky.

HARRISON (cont'd)

However, the sightings haven't stopped. Though they may no longer be acknowledged, there's still something out there. And we don't know who or what it is.

(Getting impassioned)

Yet we're all so scared of our past that no one seems to care anymore! Where'd our curiosity go?

There's a bit of an awkward silence.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Anyways that's all I remember from the cards.

(CONTINUED)

The projector dims and the lights turn on. There's a very light smattering of applause. The hand from earlier raises. It's Bobby.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
(He sighs)  
Yes, Bobby?

BOBBY  
Why are you such a moron?

MISS FRIEDSTEN  
(Chastising)  
Bobby!

HARRISON  
Thanks Bobby.

Another hand raises.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Yes, uh,  
(He squints)  
you?

CLASSMATE WHOSE NAME HARRISON FORGETS  
If you're so convinced these things  
exist, why haven't you seen one?

HARRISON  
I don't know. But there's enough  
evidence out there to keep me  
going.

Another hand. Harrison nods, not even trying to remember their name.

THAT OTHER CLASSMATE  
(In a robotic voice)  
BEEP-BOOP BOP BOOP HARRISON WE HAVE  
COME FOR YOU!

The class laughs.

HARRISON  
Very original.

MISS FRIEDSTEN  
Alright class, settle down settle  
down. We've got-

The bell rings, signalling the end of the school day.



MISS FRIEDSTEN (cont'd)  
 Have a good break! Bobby, Reginald,  
 wait outside. Harrison, stay in  
 here.

The class files out. Miss Friedsten sits behind her desk,  
 Harrison stands near the front of the class with his  
 backpack.

MISS FRIEDSTEN (cont'd)  
 So.

HARRISON  
 Yeah.

MISS FRIEDSTEN  
 We talked about this.

HARRISON  
 Yeah, I know but-

MISS FRIEDSTEN  
 You at least addressed the economic  
 element, so I can give you some  
 credit. But Harrison, you're going  
 to have to grow up some time.

HARRISON  
 (Sadly)  
 I know.

MISS FRIEDSTEN  
 Alright Harrison. Have a nice  
 Spring Break.  
 (Loudly)  
 Bobby! Reginald!

6 EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

6

Harrison walks the sunny sidewalks, wearing his rather large  
 backpack. He looks pretty downcast.

From behind him comes a voice.

VOICE  
 Harrison!

He turns to look behind him. There's a girl about his age  
 hurrying to catch up with him.

HARRISON  
 (He smiles a bit, but the  
 smile you make when you're  
 still sad)

(CONTINUED)

Oh, hey Dana. How's it?

DANA  
Didn't catch the bus today?

HARRISON  
Didn't want to.

She thinks for a little bit.

DANA  
Guess I don't need to ask how your presentation went.

HARRISON  
(Morose)  
You're right about that.

DANA  
Not gonna say I didn't warn you.

HARRISON  
Yeah.

She looks at her distraught friend for a bit. Thinking.

DANA  
You know what?

HARRISON  
What?

DANA  
Here, I know what you need today.

HARRISON  
What?

DANA  
Just follow me.

Harrison sighs. Exasperated, but already cheered up a bit.

Dana leads him through the streets of the town, passing storefronts and through alleys and such. As they round the final corner-

HARRISON  
Wait, I know where this is.

-they are confronted with the giant flying saucer facade of the Unidentified Grounded Museum.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Ta-da! Feel any better?

HARRISON

Yeah. Kinda sad to see it all run down like this, though.

DANA

Oh-ho-ho, you are a *tough* nut to crack today. Here, come on.

She heads closer to the fence around the museum.

HARRISON

Wait, where are you going?

DANA

(Calling back)

I said *come on!*

Harrison nervously glances to the side before following.

Dana stands at the fence, looking up.

DANA (cont'd)

Gimme a leg up.

HARRISON

What? You know we're not sup-

DANA

(Blows a raspberry)

Gimme a leg up. Ya doof.

HARRISON

(Nervously)

I don't know if we should be doing this.

DANA

I do. Gimme a leg up.

Harrison hesitates, but gives in. He boosts Dana to the top of the fence. She perches on top, and pulls Harrison over.

7

EXT. INSIDE THE FENCE - AFTERNOON

7

The two fall in a heap on the other side of the fence.

HARRISON

Oof.

Dana stands up and dusts herself off.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Ha-ha!

(In an exaggerated gruff  
voice)

We're in.

HARRISON

So we are. Now what?

She pulls him up.

DANA

Looting!

8

INT. UNIDENTIFIED GROUNDED MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

8

The inside of the museum is just as dilapidated as the outside. Grainy pictures of flying saucers and UFOs line the walls. Small models of weather balloons and stuff like that are just around.

HARRISON

Wow, I never thought I'd ever get  
inside.

He points.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Look! There's the  
(air-quotes)  
"Weather Balloon" that crashed at  
Roswell!

He points and runs over.

HARRISON (cont'd)

(Excited)

The fabled probe of the Missoula  
abduction! Ah-ha ha this is so  
cool!

Dana leans on a display case.

DANA

How ya feelin' pal?

HARRISON

Ah, thank you so much! It's all  
still here!

DANA

Remember to look up.

(CONTINUED)

Harrison does. Above him is the bottom of the large flying saucer facade that sits atop the museum. God-rays radiate from it, and the angelic choir sings.

Harrison stares in wonder for a few seconds. He points at a ladder that leads from a catwalk to a hole in the bottom of the saucer.

HARRISON  
There's an entrance!

He looks back at Dana. She nods.

Harrison runs to the catwalk, which shakes somewhat unnervingly, and begins to climb up the ladder. A rung snaps off and tumbles to the floor.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Woah-

DANA  
(From a distance)  
Careful up there!

HARRISON  
I know!

He scampers up the rest of the ladder, pulling himself into the interior of the saucer.

9

INT. SAUCER - AFTERNOON

9

Harrison stands up, dusting himself off. He looks forward.

HARRISON  
Whoa...

His jaw drops open. He takes a few tentative steps forward.

DANA  
(From down the ladder)  
You okay up there?

Harrison steps forward some more.

HARRISON  
Yeah. You should get up here.

Dana pulls herself into the room. Harrison points forward.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Look at that.

Dana's eyes narrow.

(CONTINUED)

DANA

What *is* it?

We now see what they're looking at. Sitting in a display case in the middle of the room is a bizarre, smooth-metal-looking device. Parts of it glow light blue.

HARRISON

The crowning jewel. A device of unknown origin recovered in the nearby desert in 1964. The month after it was found holds the record for the largest amount of sightings in a 100 mile radius.

DANA

So... what *is* it?

Harrison approaches the case. He stares through the glass intently.

HARRISON

No one knows for sure. Theories range from an experimental Air Force jamming device to an extraterrestrial homing beacon.

DANA

What do you think it is?

HARRISON

Personally, I think it's just an alien waste-disposal container. It's, eh, not a popular theory.

DANA

Eugh. Want it?

HARRISON

Huh?

DANA

Do you want it?

HARRISON

I mean of course, but-

DANA

Okay.

Dana smashes in the glass case with a nearby stanchion.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON  
Gah! Why did you do that? What if  
they have alarms!

DANA  
Look at this place.

She tosses the stanchion away.  
Do you think they've kept up on  
alarm payments?

Harrison glances over his shoulder, then grabs the device.

HARRISON  
Ha! Haha! I'm touching it!

DANA  
(Amused)  
Oh yeah, touch that possible space  
urinal.

Harrison looks at Dana, still smiling, hands still holding  
the device.

HARRISON  
(Semi-maniacally)  
Does it look like that bothers me?

He turns it in his hands.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
It feels... funky.

DANA  
Good word choice.

HARRISON  
Come on, feel it.

He offers it over.

DANA  
I'd rather not touch fifty-year-old  
alien feces.

HARRISON  
Oh don't be a wuss.

He tosses it to her.

DANA  
Agh!

She catches it.

HARRISON

See? Funky.

DANA

Yeah, yep, I feel it. Definitely funky.

She hands it back.

DANA (cont'd)

Want to see the rest?

HARRISON

Ah-ha, do you think?

10

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FENCE - LATER AFTERNOON

10

The pair drops from the fence onto the street.

DANA

That help?

HARRISON

Thank you so much. I always wanted to see all that, I just figured it was too dangerous.

DANA

Hey, all you needed was a leg up.

*Beat.*

They point at each other-

DANA AND HARRISON

Eyyyyyyyy.

HARRISON

Well, I probably oughta get home.

DANA

Me too.

HARRISON

Hang out over break?

DANA

Of course.

They give each other a quick hug, and part ways.

(CONTINUED)



DANA (cont'd)

See ya!

Harrison waves back at her.

He walks home, noticeably happier.

11 INT. DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

11

Harrison sits at the dinner table with his mother and father. They're eating some sort of microwave dinner.

DAD

How'd your presentation go today,  
Harrison?

HARRISON

About as well as I expected.

MOM

And what did you end up presenting  
on?

HARRISON

The history of unidentified flying  
objects in Warm Springs.

His parents share a glance.

MOM

Harrison, that may have flown in  
middle school, but it's different  
now.

DAD

High school's a different beast,  
son. Now we're not saying you need  
to stop caring about that stuff,  
but in school, well, you're going  
to need to grow up a bit.

HARRISON

Yeah, I know.

The parents share another meaningful look.

12 INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

12

Harrison sits on his bed, looking out the window. He pulls open his backpack, and takes out the strange device. He looks it over a bit. He moves over to his desk and clears everything off, pulling out a variety of diagnostic instruments.

13 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

Harrison's head lies on his desk, drooling, asleep. The device begins to glow. A low humming emanates from it, slowly getting louder and higher pitched. Harrison stirs.

HARRISON  
(Dazed)  
Huh?

He sits up quickly, noticing what's happening to the device.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
What's happening?

He scrambles for his phone, quickly taking pictures of the glowing thing. As he takes pictures, it begins to float above his desk, and slowly starts to move towards the window.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Uh-

He keeps his phone trained on it. When it reaches the threshold of the window, it begins to speed up, zooming out into the night sky.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Wait!

Harrison quickly grabs his blue hoodie from the bed-post.

14 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

14

Harrison swings his flashlight back and forth across the desert dirt, illuminating cactus and various other supplements.

HARRISON  
It came this way... ugh, I probably  
lost it.

He looks at his compass and takes a drink of water.

He continues to move forward, passing a large rock formation. As he turns his light to the backside of the formation, something reflects.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Augh!

(CONTINUED)

He hides himself behind the rock. Slowly, he inches his head around the corner, bringing with it the flashlight's beam. The beam lands on an old fender of an old abandoned car, reflecting light.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Ugh.

He sits down, back against the rock.

HARRISON (cont'd)

The closest you've ever got, and you still managed to screw it up. Great job, buddy.

He pulls his hood tight around his head.

HARRISON (cont'd)

It's getting pretty chilly out here, I should probably head back.

He stands up and turns toward home. Suddenly, he sees his shadow cast clearly on the ground, as something lights him from behind.

HARRISON (cont'd)

...What?

He turns around.

HARRISON (cont'd)

WHAT?!

Above him in the sky sits an indistinguishable orb of white light.

HARRISON (cont'd)

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

He jumps in the air, pumping his fist victoriously.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Finally! A-ha! YES!

He looks at the orb and wipes tears from his eyes. The orb starts to move.

HARRISON (cont'd)

(Realization dawning)

Oh no, oh no-

He scrambles frantically for his phone.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Come on... come on... stupid  
camera, load!

The orb is speeding up, heading away from him. Harrison starts to run, chasing after it, but it's too fast. It shoots off ahead of him, cresting a hill in the distance.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Oh please pleasepleaseplease-

As Harrison crests the hill himself, he drops instantly to his chest. The orb is making small circles in what appears to be a caldera or crater of some sort that Harrison is on the edge of. He takes out his phone, muttering to himself as the video app loads.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Oh just load already.

A flash to the left catches his eye, he turns to see another seemingly identical orb move into the caldera. It joins the original in making small circles. A flash to the right, the same thing.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
What is even going on here?

The three orbs circle around the caldera, getting faster and faster. With this comes a whirring noise that increases in pitch and loudness with the speed. Soon they're going so fast the eye can't distinguish them, forming what looks to be a glowing white disc in the center of the caldera.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Huh?

This disc gradually turns silver. The noise reaches a crescendo, and cuts out immediately as the silver disc solidifies. At the moment of hardening, a shockwave extends from the disc, blowing the hood from Harrison's head. His phone crackles with electricity.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
What?

He fiddles with it to no avail.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Oh, come on.

Now solid, the disc floats about 10 feet above the bottom of the crater. Struts extend from the bottom of the silver disc, finding purchase in the dry ground.

(CONTINUED)

Harrison waits, watching the thing for any sort of movement. After a short amount of time, he slowly creeps forward, unable to resist the urge to approach the whatever it is.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Just a little bit closer...

Harrison stops just short of the disc's edge, hiding behind a small rock.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
(Somewhat fearful, but  
curious)  
What are you?

He peers over the rock at the disc. Suddenly, a hole opens in the bottom of the silvery object, and a ramp extends from it to the ground. It ends directly in front of the rock Harrison is hiding behind. Smoke obscures a dark form standing in the new opening. A voice booms down.

VOICE  
(Robotic)  
BEEP-BOOP BOP BOOP HARRISON WE HAVE  
COME FOR YOU!

Harrison stumbles back from the rock.

HARRISON  
*What?*

VOICE  
(No longer robotic, now  
sounding normal)  
Hey, hey don't freak out man. Don't  
worry-

The form emerges from the smoke, a man looking to be in his mid-twenties, wearing a blue hoodie.

MAN  
It's me.  
(Beat)  
Well, it's you.  
(Beat)  
This could get confusing.

HARRISON  
Wh- who- what are you?

Harrison continues to scramble back.

MAN

I'm you. You're me. *We're, uh, us.*

Harrison grabs a nearby rock and wields it, standing up.

HARRISON

Ah-ha! You're a growth-accelerated clone grown from DNA harvested during my sleep, aren't you!?

The man squints his eyes.

MAN

(Confused)

Uh. No.

HARRISON

A holographic illusion psychically pulled from my subconscious brainwaves?

MAN

(Smiling)

Nope.

Harrison lowers the rock slightly.

HARRISON

A denizen of some planet whose development mirrors Earth exactly except for being roughly ten years ahead?

MAN

Come on, man, it's staring you in the face. Here, listen, ask me something only we would know.

Harrison thinks for a bit.

HARRISON

What do you think about Episode One?

MAN

Best prequel.

HARRISON

Even with Jar Jar?

MAN

Even with Jar Jar.

Harrison relaxes, dropping the rock.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON

So... you're me, huh?

He looks around.

HARRISON (cont'd)

(To self)

Your dreams are getting weirder and weirder.

(He sighs)

Okay, so say you are me: Why are you here? What's

(He gestures wildly at the saucer)

all this?

The older Harrison kneels a bit, reaching Harrison's eye-level.

MAN (OLDER HARRISON)

Well, first things first: you're right. Well, you're mostly right.

He stands and spreads his arms wide, facing the saucer.

OLDER HARRISON

UFOs are in Warm Springs! And they have plans, *big* plans.

He turns back to Harrison.

HARRISON

I *knew* it!

OLDER HARRISON

You knew it. Or at least highly suspected it. But you, *I* grew up, stopped caring about things like that.

(*Darkly*)

So when they came, we were completely unprepared.

Harrison turns to face himself, looking worried.

HARRISON

When they came?

OLDER HARRISON

Things got bad fast, real fast. I tried to fight, but we lost too much, eventually there wasn't enough worth saving.

(CONTINUED)

OLDER HARRISON (cont'd)  
                  (A bit brighter)  
So! I stole one of their  
time-ships, and went back to find  
the only person I knew I could  
trust.

He places his hand on Harrison's shoulder.

                  OLDER HARRISON (cont'd)  
Me.

Harrison smiles, then a confused look comes over his face.  
He backs away.

                  HARRISON  
Wait- wait a second, Doc. If you're  
me, shouldn't space-time be  
imploding now that we've met?

He begins pacing back and forth.

                  HARRISON (cont'd)  
Or-or, shouldn't you be fading out  
of existence? Or-or-or some sort of  
matter anti-matter explosion?

He stops and turns to Older Harrison.

                  HARRISON (cont'd)  
How are we both here?

                  OLDER HARRISON  
Well, I'm not one hundred percent  
clear on it, but as far as I can  
tell I've functionally erased  
everything that's happened between  
now and when I stole this bad boy.

He points over his shoulder at the ship.

                  OLDER HARRISON (cont'd)  
Good riddance. It also means they  
have no idea I'm back here, because  
technically stealing this ship  
never happened. I think.  
                  (Beat)  
I hope.  
                  (Beat)  
Anyways, I don't think we'll have  
to deal with any sort of space-time  
wedgies.



HARRISON

Okay. Okay. So, what's the plan here? There's just two of us, how are we supposed to stop... *whatever it is* that happens?

Older Harrison sits down.

OLDER HARRISON

I... I don't know. When they came it was a surprise- no one saw it coming, knew anything about it. I figured, we find out what's going on *now*, maybe it gives us a better chance *then*.

Harrison looks eagerly at the ship door.

HARRISON

Hey, can I-?

OLDER HARRISON

No.

HARRISON

(Annoyed)

Oh come on, why not?

OLDER HARRISON

Because in a couple seconds it's gonna-

The ships crumples in on itself, folding into nothing.

OLDER HARRISON (cont'd)

That.

HARRISON

Oh.

Older Harrison shivers a bit, looks around.

OLDER HARRISON

It's freezing out here, can we...?

HARRISON

Fine.

15 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

15

The two Harrison's walk side-by-side. Harrison the younger still keeps his distance, eyeing the older one suspiciously.

HARRISON

So, why now? Of all the points in history to go back to?

OLDER HARRISON

Well, the ship I stole only had enough juice to go back about 10 years.

HARRISON

Then why tonight?

He hesitates for a little.

OLDER HARRISON

Tonight's the night it all changed. You woke up tomorrow, toss that thing into a drawer and start to stop caring. Oh, speaking of which:

He pulls out the mysterious device from a pocket.

OLDER HARRISON (cont'd)

Here you go!

He tosses it to his younger self, who catches it.

HARRISON

I've been meaning to ask, what is this? Some kind of homing beacon, or tracker?

OLDER HARRISON

Oh, no we were right. Sort of the space equivalent of blue ice.

Harrison regards the device.

HARRISON

Pleasant.

OLDER HARRISON

I was able to configure the ship to pull it in. I knew myself well enough to know I wouldn't be far behind.

Harrison thinks for a few seconds.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON

Okay, so, say you are me... what's the plan? People are going to notice if there's two of us walking around.

OLDER HARRISON

I'll have to go by a different name, how's Ford sound?

HARRISON

Ford? Too on-the-nose, way too on-the-nose. How about Lucas? Got at least a degree of separation there.

OLDER HARRISON (LUCAS)

Fine.

HARRISON

I know exactly where you can stay.

16 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

16

Harrison spreads his arms wide, presenting the UFO-adorned abandoned museum in an imitation of Dana earlier that day.

HARRISON

Your new home!

Lucas laughs a bit.

LUCAS

What were you saying earlier about being on-the-nose?

Harrison lowers his arms.

HARRISON

Don't even pretend you don't want to live in there.

LUCAS

Oh no, I do. I'm a big fan of tetanus. And rats.

Harrison scoffs, walking over to the fence.

HARRISON

Ya wuss, I was in here earlier today and it wasn't that bad. Come on, give me a leg up.

17 INT. UNIDENTIFIED GROUNDED MUSEUM - NIGHT

17

Harrison swings his flashlight back and forth, X-Files style, through the dark interior of the museum.

HARRISON  
See, look there's-

The light lands on a group of rats, that quickly scamper away.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
(Wincing)  
Only a few rats.

LUCAS  
(Sarcastically)  
Oh, wonderful.

He elbows himself lightly.

HARRISON  
Just sleep on a table or something.  
Most rats can't climb. I think.

LUCAS  
You're so reassuring.

Harrison gives Lucas the flashlight.

HARRISON  
I've got to get some sleep, I'll  
bring you what I can in the  
morning. Stay out of trouble.

LUCAS  
No promises.

18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

We see the shot from the beginning of the episode, with the UFO hanging in space in the window. We pull back into the room again, and as we do we see Harrison awkwardly pull himself through the window from the outside. He knocks the UFO out of the way, and as he slumps onto the floor it bounces crazily on its string in the background.

HARRISON  
Hup...

Harrison sits up from the slump, rubbing his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON (cont'd)

Blurgh.

He looks at the clock in the room. It's 4:23 in the morning.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Blah.

He slowly crawls over to his bed, pulling himself onto it. He doesn't even attempt to get under the covers before just closing his eyes and accepting sleep.

19 EXT. HOUSE - MIDDAY 19

Establishing shot of Harrison's house, now daytime. None of the cars are in the driveway.

20 INT. BEDROOM - MIDDAY 20

Harrison lies on his bed, in the same position as we last saw him. He slowly opens his eyes and turns over to look at the clock. It says 12:46.

He yawns.

21 INT. DINING ROOM - MIDDAY 21

Harrison, dressed in a new shirt and pants but the same hoodie, walks down the stairs into the dining room. He sees a note lying on the table. He grabs it and reads it aloud.

HARRISON

"Your mother and I didn't want to wake you, but we were both called in to work today. Happy Spring Break buddy, wish we could spend your first day with you!"

He looks around, as if double-checking that his parents aren't around.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Perfect.

22 INT. ATTIC - MIDDAY 22

The attic is dark and dusty, only a little bit of light streaming in from a small, dirty window. Boxes are piled up all around. There's a trap-door on the floor, which opens after a few seconds of silence. The light from the trap door illuminates the room somewhat, and Harrison pulls himself in.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON

Dark in here...

He pulls out his flashlight and swings it around.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Okay, sleeping bag, sleeping bag,  
where's the sleeping bag...

He walks through the attic, focusing his flashlight on box after box. It lands on one labeled "sleeping bags", which sits on a shelf above him.

HARRISON (cont'd)

A-ha!

He reaches up for the box, but can't quite reach it. He grabs another, ground-level box, and scoots it over. Using that box as a step-stool, he reaches up and pulls the sleeping bag box from the shelf, but it puts him off balance and he starts to tip backwards, holding the box above his head.

HARRISON (cont'd)

AAAH!

Harrison steps back to try and steady himself, but ends up putting his weight onto the edge of the box he's standing on. This causes the step-stool-box to flip onto its side, sending Harrison flying into the ground with a thump, still holding the box of sleeping bags over his head.

HARRISON (cont'd)

(Sarcastically)

Ta-da!

He sets the box down and stands up. Harrison sees the step-stool-box, now on its side, and notices that some of its contents have spilled out onto the floor.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Should probably clean that up...

He goes to move the junk back in, but one piece catches his eye.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Huh?

He clears junk out of the way, grabbing a dusty old photo-frame. He uses his sleeve to clean the glass.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON (cont'd)

Oh...

In his hand he holds a framed, clear photo of a silver flying saucer hanging in the sky. He quickly turns it over, opening the back. On the back of the picture, written in cursive, is the date "August 3, 1983", beneath that "Second Sighting".

HARRISON (cont'd)

(Reading aloud)

"August third, 1983, second sighting"?

He ruffles through the rest of the box, finding nothing else. He sits back, somewhat disappointed, but he takes the framed photo and stares at it.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Huh.

23 EXT. MUSEUM - MIDDAY

23

Harrison, with a box under one arm and a sleeping bag under the other, approaches the fence to the museum. He sets the box down, and pulls out a rope with a small loop on the end. He hoists the rope over the fence, the loop catching on to one of the fence-posts. He tugs it a few times and smiles.

HARRISON

Nice.

24 INT. UNIDENTIFIED GROUNDED MUSEUM - MIDDAY

24

Harrison searches the ground floor of the museum.

HARRISON

(Hesitantly)

Lucas!? Uh, Me!? Harrison!

A voice echoes down from up above.

LUCAS

Up here!

25 INT. SAUCER - MIDDAY

25

Harrison pulls himself into the saucer. Lucas is sitting on a display case in the back.

HARRISON

Pent-house suite, huh?

(CONTINUED)

LUCAS

Figured it was farthest from the rats.

Harrison tosses the sleeping bag to the floor, and sets down the box.

HARRISON

Brought you some stuff.

Lucas drops down from the display case.

LUCAS

What've you got?

HARRISON

Food, water, deodorant, toothbrush.  
General supplies. Also-

He ruffles in the box, pulling out the framed picture from earlier.

HARRISON (cont'd)

I found this. Know anything about it?

Lucas approaches, and takes the picture from Harrison. He peers at it closely.

LUCAS

Where'd you find this?

HARRISON

It fell out of a box in the attic.  
Think it's real?

LUCAS

I recognize the design, this definitely isn't a fake... The attic? But Mom and Dad never believed, not until they arrived. Did they?

HARRISON

They sure don't seem to. Lately it's been all "Harrison write about the *real world*."

Lucas looks at the picture some more, deep in thought.

LUCAS

Huh.

He places it on a display case.

(CONTINUED)



LUCAS (cont'd)  
Anyways thanks me, this'll-

Suddenly a voice from below.

DANA  
(Distant, echo-y)  
Harrison!? HAAAARISON! You here?

HARRISON  
(Worried)  
Oh no, it's Dana. Just, uh, just be  
quiet. I'll handle this.  
(Louder)  
Yeah, I'm coming, gimme a sec!

26 INT. UNIDENTIFIED GROUNDED MUSEUM - MIDDAY

26

Harrison descends from the saucer to the ground floor. Dana is wandering around down there. She stops and turns to him.

DANA  
Hey Harrison! I've been trying to  
call you all day, but it kept going  
to message.

HARRISON  
Huh? I didn't-

Harrison pulls his phone out of his pocket. It sparks, and then smokes.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Oh. Right.

DANA  
Anyways, I was just passing by and  
noticed the rope tied to the fence.  
You know, it's a bit dangerous to  
be wandering around here all alone.

She points to his smoking phone.

DANA (cont'd)  
Especially with your phone in that  
condition.

HARRISON  
(Nervous)  
Huh, yeah. Good advice. Just me  
being dumb, wandering around  
abandoned buildings all alone. Just  
by my lonesome.

(CONTINUED)

She squints her eyes.

DANA  
You okay?

HARRISON  
What me? Yeah, no I'm-

A thump from above.

LUCAS  
(From above)  
Ow!

DANA  
Is there someone else in here with  
you?

HARRISON  
What? No! Just me. All alone. In an  
abandoned building. Like you said,  
dumb.

DANA  
I'm pretty sure I heard someone up  
there.

HARRISON  
Oh that? I heard that too. Just the  
rats, I think.

DANA  
We'd better go check.

HARRISON  
Should we? I don't- I don't think  
we should.

DANA  
I do.

She starts to climb her way up.

27

INT. SAUCER - MIDDAY

27

We hear Dana and Harrison as they make their way up.

HARRISON  
(Outside)  
I mean what if- what if there is a  
person? What if it's a murderer or  
something? We can't fight a  
murderer!

DANA  
It's not a murderer.

HARRISON  
You don't know!

Dana pulls herself into the saucer, Harrison follows shortly after. She sees Lucas, who seems to be trapped in his sleeping bag, lying on the floor.

DANA  
It's a burrito. Or caterpillar,  
depending on what school of thought  
you subscribe to.

HARRISON  
Woah! We should, uh, we should go.

DANA  
No.  
(To Lucas)  
Who are you?  
(To Harrison)  
And why are you acting so weird?

Lucas wriggles into a position where he can see the two of them. His face lights up.

LUCAS  
Oh hi Dana!

He immediately regrets this.

LUCAS (cont'd)  
I mean person.

DANA  
(Worried, to Harrison)  
And how does he know my name?

HARRISON  
I- uh-

He starts backing away from Dana, towards Lucas.

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Uh.  
(Whispering to Lucas)  
Is she safe?

LUCAS  
As far as I know.

Harrison gulps and looks at Dana.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON

It's a, uh, it's a long story.

28

INT. SAUCER - AFTERNOON

28

Establishing shot that some time has passed. Lucas, now removed from the sleeping bag, stands in the back of the room. Harrison stands between him and Dana, who is pacing back and forth.

DANA

Oh-ho-ho I am *not* falling for it this time Harrison. Usually your little tricks are at least *remotely* believable.

HARRISON

(Earnest)

I swear it's true this time.

Dana plants her feet and turns to Harrison.

DANA

Oh, I'm sure it's not just your older cousin who's come to town and has a coincidentally similar sense of humor. The only possible explanation is that it's you from the future! Duh! And you-

She points to Lucas.

DANA (cont'd)

How old are you? 25? Shouldn't you be past jokes like this.

LUCAS

Nah. I mean, if it were a joke, nah.

DANA

Smooth.

HARRISON

Come on, Dana. I could just let you believe it is my cousin, but I *want* you to know the truth. I trust you.

He thinks for a second.

(CONTINUED)

HARRISON (cont'd)  
Here, ask him something only you  
and I know. Something I would never  
tell my cousin.

DANA  
Hm. I can think of quite a few  
things. Sure, I'm game.

She approaches Lucas.

DANA (cont'd)  
Now don't listen in on this,  
Harrison.

Harrison plugs his ears. Dana whispers something in Lucas'  
ear. Lucas whispers something back. Dana giggles a bit.

DANA (cont'd)  
Okay, okay. I find your claim  
slightly more believable.

HARRISON  
What'd you ask him?

DANA  
Oh, no. That's not for you to know.

HARRISON  
Oh, come on!

She giggles conspiratorially. Lucas gives Harrison a  
sheepish look.

LUCAS  
She made me promise, little me.

DANA  
I still don't believe you, of  
course. I'm not stupid. Of course,  
there's conveniently nothing left  
of the magical spacecraft he came  
in.

LUCAS  
It's actually not magical. Also  
timecraft would be the accurate  
term.

DANA  
Okay maybe he is you.

LUCAS

Wait, I have-

He ruffles in his back pocket,

LUCAS (cont'd)

-this.

He pulls out a small, metallic orb, engraved with designs.

HARRISON

What is it?

Lucas looks closely at it.

LUCAS

I forgot to mention it last night. It's something we whipped up from bits of their technology. It's a sensor, it'll locate any alien artifacts or activity in a 40 mile radius.

DANA

Or it's, more plausibly, a large ball-bearing. Nice prop, though.

LUCAS

We're pretty early on in the timeline, so I doubt we'll find much right now.

HARRISON

Worth a shot, though, right.

LUCAS

Yeah, might as well.

He lightly lobs it into the air, where it floats. It spins, faster and faster, before sending out bright ripple of green light.

HARRISON

Whoa...

DANA

What?

Seconds later, it projects a monochrome three dimensional map of the town onto a nearby table. Certain spots in the map glow with small balls of bright green light, symbolizing alien artifacts or activity. The camera zooms out, upwards, through the top of the saucer everyone is standing in. It

(CONTINUED)

reaches the point where the entire town can be seen, in exactly the same way we saw the map projected seconds earlier. Scattered all around the town and nearby area, balls of green light glow in certain spots, countless spread all throughout.

We cut to Lucas' face. He looks surprised, and somewhat unhappy.

LUCAS  
(Dismayed)  
Oh...

Now to intro, then credits.