

Lynch's Wish Upon A Star

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHEFFIELD RANCH - EVENING

FARMHANDS are hard at work in the field, driving dull pick-axes into the stubborn clay topsoil. They look like turn-of-the-century railroad workers breaking ground to lay some track.

The SUPERVISOR, 30s, built like an ox, stops his horse. He counts the men then whistles to get their attention.

SUPERVISOR

Alright, it's closing time. Return your tools and enjoy your night. We'll see y'all back here tomorrow, bright and early.

EXT. LYNCH'S SHACK - NIGHT

MR. LYNCH, 40s, who's grungy overalls and muddy boots suggest he carries most of the workload, leans against his shack and stares up at the twinkling stars.

He fishes a cigarette from his pocket, lights it, then takes a drag.

He spots a shooting star.

MR. LYNCH

Shooting star, please send me a fortune so I can build me a contraption to get to the stars and live in peace. This work ain't for me.

The shooting star turns to a burning streak, then a fireball.

MR. LYNCH (CONT'D)

What in the hell?

The burning object is heading right for Mr. Lynch.

He ducks. It zooms by overhead and crashes behind him.

INT. DR. BERLINER'S PRIVATE PRACTICE - NIGHT

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

A surgical room.

DOCTOR BERLINER, 60s, shriveled and bespectacled, scrambles to read various monitors around a small Plexiglas box on a gurney.

Condensation makes it impossible to see into the case. It's like looking through the bathroom window after a steamy shower.

The doctor scribbles his findings in an old notebook.

Mr. Lynch towers over him.

He's curious about the readings but doesn't dare ask.

DOCTOR BERLINER

Heart-rate's through the roof.  
Blood-pressure's sky high...  
However... all appears to be normal  
for her. She's a fine specimen,  
indeed.

MR. LYNCH

Any tellin' what it is?

DOCTOR BERLINER

Ahh, brilliant question. The short  
answer would be 'no'. For in order  
to classify what she is, we must  
first find out where she's from.

Doctor Berliner taps the foggy glass. Nothing.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)

Now, tell me again. Where did you  
say you found her?

MR. LYNCH

Out behind the Scheffield Barn. I  
was out having a smoke when a  
fireball smacked right into the  
stable. I run on over to see what  
it was and found... Uh, *her* layin'  
there cuddled up all peaceful with  
the horses. No fire or nothin'.

DOCTOR BERLINER

Hmmm. That must've been an out of  
this world experience for you.

The doctor cackles at his joke. Lynch is stone-faced.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)

My apologies.

MR. LYNCH

Ya' know, I was figurin' I could  
fetch me... probably a million  
dollars with the eggs and all. What  
ya' think, doc? Is that fair?

DOCTOR BERLINER

Now's not the time for that, Mr.  
Lynch. Our first priority is her  
survival.

The doctor points the overhanging surgical lamp at the box.

POV OF ALIEN CREATURE

The noise of the outside world is amplified. A heart-rate  
monitor BEEPS. CHATTER is indistinct and overwhelming.

Looking up, a blinding light dangles overhead then... it  
dies.

THE CAMERA chases a large blurred figure (the doctor) moving  
around the outside of the incubator then... he disappears.

A thunderous THUMP!

BACK IN SCENE

The doctor knocks on the case with his bony knuckles.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Still not responding--

An EAR-SHATTERING SCREAM... More like a SQUEAL. A SHRILL CRY.

Doctor Berliner and Mr. Lynch drop to their knees, clutching  
their ears.

The very high-pitched CRY rises... and rises... louder,  
higher... it crescendos.

Mr. Lynch cries out in agony then...

Silence.

The two hover over the case trying to get a peek inside.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)

That was odd.

THUMP!

A black face with red beady eyes presses against the glass  
and SNARLS, exposing its multiple rows of razor-sharp teeth.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)  
 Wunderbar! At last, we've made  
 initial contact.

The creature disappears into the foggy box then... The SQUEAL returns. This time, even louder. Lynch and the doc's eyes are golfballs. Through the squealing they could swear they hear:

WOMAN IN DISTRESS (O.S.)  
 My babies! Where are my babies?

Wind whips around the interior of the case. Small sparks turn to lightning. The mini electrical storm forms a glowing orb.

POOF! FLASH! An explosion inside the box. The box is unscathed then...

A crack runs through the its walls. It multiplies. The ripples make it look veiny.

It SHATTERS. Shards fly and the creature collapses onto the gurney, faint.

Curious, Doctor Berliner and Mr. Lynch inspect it. The creature is the size of a small dog with black leathery skin and the teeth of a Great White Shark.

The creature's small heart beats through its skin as it struggles to breathe.

MR. LYNCH  
 Hey, uh Doc, is it me or did this  
 thing just talk?

The doctor nods, "yes". He's stunned.

WOMAN IN DISTRESS (O.S.)  
 Please, I'm the last of my kind...  
 There are no others.

The two stare at eachother, wide-eyed and mouths agape. The distressed voice is coming from the creature.

CREATURE (O.S.)  
 My eggs...

Mr. Lynch has seen enough. He stuffs four brightly glowing eggs into his old leather satchel. They're roughly the size of ostrich eggs.

MR. LYNCH  
 Thanks for your help, Doc. Reckon'  
 it's time I split, though. There's  
 money to be made.

The dying creature uses the last of her strength to look up at Mr. Lynch, her eyes pleading.

CREATURE (O.S.)  
I need them... They need me.

DOCTOR BERLINER  
Mr. Lynch, if you take those, you'd be responsible for the extinction of an entire alien race. You heard her. She's the last--

Mr. Lynch backs towards the door.

MR. LYNCH  
Oh, no. No, no, no, no! I earned these. I sure did. Wished on a star and everything. These here eggs are gonna' bring me a fortune... Get me off that stinkin' farm.

The closer Mr. Lynch gets to the door, the worse the creature's condition becomes.

Her eyes flutter. Doctor Berliner notices it.

DOCTOR BERLINER  
That's it. The creature's condition seems to worsen, the further she is from her eggs. If you walk out, she will die.

MR. LYNCH  
Yeah, well it's not her I need.

DOCTOR BERLINER  
Can't you see? Without her those eggs won't hatch. Just have a look for yourself. Check them.

Mr. Lynch pulls one of the eggs from the bag. It's lost its glow. Doc's right.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)  
They're worthless if they die.

BEEP..... BEEP...

The creature's heart-rate falls dramatically. Her body seizes.

DOCTOR BERLINER (CONT'D)  
Quick, Mr. Lynch! Time is of the essence.

Mr. Lynch looks down at the satchel. Looks at the door and the dying creature. He has to make a decision.

MR. LYNCH  
(to himself)  
But, what about all my money? My happiness?

DOCTOR BERLINER  
Mr. Lynch, the eggs, please.

MR. LYNCH  
Ah, to hell with it.

Mr. Lynch sets the eggs beside the creature's frail body. She glows, the eggs glow. They grow brighter... and brighter. CRACK!

MR. LYNCH (CONT'D)  
Uh, something's happening, Doc.

The eggs split. LITTLE CREATURES pull themselves from their eggs and rub against their mother.

DOCTOR BERLINER  
Remarkable!

The creature finally stands. She grows fatter, her wrinkles reverse. She bows her head to Doc and Lynch.

CREATURE (O.S.)  
I appreciate your mercy. Your kindness will be noted.

The creature starts floating then...

Erratic winds whip through the room, flinging papers and hurling furniture.

The little creatures float around their mother. Electricity strikes them. The electric bolts weave together and form an orb around them.

MR. LYNCH  
Doc, down!

Mr. Lynch tackles Doc to the floor. The orb explodes and shoots through the ceiling and flies off into the twinkling stars.

Mr. Lynch and Doc stare through the gaping hole, watching the creatures disappear.

EXT. SCHEFFIELD RANCH - LATE EVENING

Farmhands are, once again, hard at work breaking the topsoil with their dull pick-axes.

SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE MONTHS LATER

The SUPERVISOR rides up on horseback. He counts his men. Brings his fingers to his lips and just before he whistles, he realizes he's a man short.

SUPERVISOR  
Where's Lynch?

A FARMHAND wipes sweat from his brow. His eyes grow. He pulls his hat from his face and points off into the distance.

FARMHAND  
There he is, boss.

The supervisor turns.

Mr. Lynch flies over the men on the back of a MATURE ALIEN CREATURE. Fully-grown, it's now the size of a horse.

SUPERVISOR  
What in the hell?

MR. LYNCH  
Yee-haw!

He's like a god riding Pegasus. He lifts his hat and hangs onto its mane like he's riding a mechanical bull.

The creature WHINNIES. The beast is tame.

MR. LYNCH (CONT'D)  
So long, boys!

And with that, the creature and Mr. Lynch fly off to be with the stars forever.

FADE OUT: