

GREY
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The moon drops behind a desert mountain casting a shadow along a stretch of deserted highway.

Headlights flicker in the distance. A lone SUV passes a highway sign reading: "ROUTE 375."

INT. SUV - NIGHT

JAKE (18) sits in the drivers seat next to DERRICK (20), who puts the finishing touches on a joint. He's wearing a black and red "UNLV REBELS" sweater.

In the backseat, BRETT (19) runs his left hand through the brunette hair of KATIE (18) who embraces a bottle of Bacardi; his right hand finds her crevice.

KATIE

Not now.

Jake's eyes in the rearview mirror.

JAKE

You're definitely going to lose this one.

BRETT

I don't back out of a bet.

Derrick seals the blunt with a lighter.

JAKE

I can't believe you convinced me to drive all the way out here. I'll be expecting gas reimbursement when we get back to the dorms.

KATIE

(To Jake)

What, you don't believe in flying saucers?

JAKE

UFO's, seriously?

BRETT

I know what I saw. Derrick was with me, ask him.

(to Derrick)

Dude, tell him this shit's real.

DERRICK

Here.

Derrick hands the joint back to Brett.

BRETT

You don't want any?

Derrick shakes his head NO.

KATIE

Whatever, more for me. Where's the lighter?

She grabs the blunt and lighter from Derrick and sparks up.

JAKE

(To Brett)

What the fuck were you guys doing all the way out here?

BRETT

We were bored. Same reason we're here now.

JAKE

(To Derrick)

So you actually saw something?

Derrick takes a while to respond.

DERRICK

I don't know.

JAKE

Get the fuck out of here. I suppose you two believe in Santa Claus and the Tooth Fairy too.

Brett grabs the joint from Katie and takes a drag.

BRETT

Whoa, don't talk about my man Saint Nick like that. Me and him go way back.

JAKE

Shut-up.

BRETT

(Coughing)

Hey, check it out.

Jake looks into the rearview mirror. He sees Brett's ass, it needs a tan.

JAKE

Oh, fuck man you nearly blinded me.
Katie, how much does he pay you to
kiss that.

Katie flips him off, then unscrews the top of her Bacardi and takes a swig.

BRETT

Yeah babe.

KATIE

Whoo!

Derrick sits quietly in the passenger seat, his eyes fixated on the horizon.

BRETT

(To Derrick)

Hey douchebag, join the party.

Katie passes the bottle of Bacardi over the passenger seat.

DERRICK

No thanks.

Katie takes another swig.

I/E. SUV - NIGHT

Derrick's eyes glare in the side mirror. A long stretch of highway and desert extend to the sky. Something catches his eye.

A GLIMMER of blue light FLASHES in the side mirror. Derrick squints hard as the light dances in the distance, then fades.

His face goes cold.

The RADIO SKIPS a station.

DERRICK

Did you see that.

JAKE

See what. Did you change the
station?

Jake switches the radio back.

KATIE
You're tripping out.

BRETT
Derrick's butthole just puckered
up.

DERRICK
No, I'm not fucking around, you
didn't see that light?

KATIE
Probably just a trucker. Right?

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The SUV is just a bright dot on the highway. The moon is now
fully hidden behind the desert mountains.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

JAKE
How much longer till I win the bet?

BRETT
Give it an hour, just pull over.

JAKE
Here?

BRETT
Yeah, just pull over and kill the
engine. Keep the tunes on.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The SUV pulls on to the shoulder. Gravel and dirt crunch
under the tires -- headlight beams highlighted by the dust.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Jake turns the ignition to "ACC" and switches the headlights
OFF.

The SUV is enveloped in blackness.

JAKE
Wow that's dark.

BRETT
The better to see them with.

Stillness.

KATIE

See what?

JAKE

The stars, better to see the stars.

KATIE

Can you at least keep the parking
lights on.

Jake looks back at her. Eyes wide, she holds the Bacardi like a teddy bear.

He twists the headlight knob one CLICK; the parking lamps turn ON.

Derrick sits still, gazing into the night.

BRETT

Where are my tunes?

Jake turns the VOLUME knob up.

BRETT

That's what I'm talking about.

Brett takes a long drag, the burn illuminates his face in an orange glow.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

The muffled sounds of music emanate from the vehicle.

I/E. SUV - NIGHT

The four sit quietly in the darkened automobile staring out the windshield.

The music drowns the heavy breaths of Katie and Derrick when the RADIO abruptly CUTS OUT. It then turns back ON and wildy cycles through NEWS CHANNELS, COUNTRY MUSIC, JAZZ and then STATIC.

Jake quickly shuts the radio OFF.

KATIE

What the hell was that?

JAKE

I don't know...

BRETT

...Sshhh. Shut up, look. Turn the
lights off.

JAKE

What?

BRETT

Turn them off!

Across the desert a faint blurred object creates a void in the star-glazed sky. It's not disc shaped, more of a wedge, like a triangle.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

The parking lamps go dark.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The heavy breaths of four scared college students begin to fog the windows.

The joint drops from Brett's mouth and falls to the floor.

KATIE

Oh my god, start the car, start the car!

JAKE

Shut the fuck up! What the hell is that?

Derrick slowly reaches into his pocket, pulls out his CELL PHONE and starts RECORDING.

INT. SUV - NIGHT (FROM THE CELL PHONE)

JAKE

(To Derrick)

Are you getting this?

DERRICK (O.S.)

I can't see anything it's too dark.

Katie is panicking in the back. Brett rolls his window down.

KATIE

Don't roll the window down.

BRETT

I can see it.

KATIE

What does it look like?

BRETT

I don't know - ahhhhhh.

A loud ringing noise pierces the air.

JAKE

Fuck, what is that? Can you hear that? It's ringing in my head.

KATIE

(MOS)

Make it stop.

The interior of the SUV is suddenly bleached in pure white light.

I/E. SUV - NIGHT (FROM THE CELL PHONE)

Derrick's hand opens the door and he stumbles outside. The cellphone drops to the floor, landing on it's side.

JAKE (O.S.)

Get back in the car, what the hell are you doing!

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT (FROM THE CELL PHONE)

Jake, Katie and Brett are only a silhouette in the vehicle, clutching their ears and screaming at Derrick.

A multitude of sharp light beams surround Derrick. Above him is some craft, indistinguishable, and mostly light.

A faint scream and then...

...silence.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - LATER

Staring into the white headlights of a semi.

In front, a body lays lifeless on the desert floor. Closer up, the familiar face of Derrick can be seen.

The behemoth semi idles, its diesel engine protests in rumbles.

The drivers door swings open. The TRUCKER wears a red cap and a plaid shirt, he hasn't seen a gym in years.

TRUCKER

You alive kid?

Derrick's eyes open slowly.

The Trucker helps Derrick into the semi and drives off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERRICK'S CONDO - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "One year later."

The back of a computer screen. Fingers type furiously on the keyboard. Derrick's head pokes above the display.

Turning around, the side of the screen becomes visible, and then the front.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

A WEB PAGE with UFO documentary, videos and pictures.

Scroll down; more eye witness testimonials and hand sketched drawings of grey Aliens with large black eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Derrick clicks his mouse and types. Websites flash across the computer screen.

Even more disturbing is what's on the walls.

Hundreds of newspaper and magazine cut-outs cover the walls. Articles of UFO sightings and Alien abductions, all CIRCLED and HIGHLIGHTED in red and yellow.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

Heading of the article: "College students go missing on 'extraterrestrial highway'."

BACK TO SCENE

The typing stops.

Derrick winces in pain and looks at his arm. He squeezes the skin together on his forearm and a rod shape IMPLANT becomes visible underneath.

INT. DERRICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Derrick pushes POWER on the remote.

The T.V. turns ON. It's showing the CNN evening newscast.

He watches silently.

Without warning the TV begins to FLICKER and then SNOWSTORM.

Derrick grabs the remote and pushes buttons.

The T.V. turns OFF.

INSERT - TELEVISION

Derrick's placid reflection stares back at him but something else is behind him. A blurry figure, small and dark.

BACK TO SCENE

The T.V. FLASHES back to life.

Derrick turns around, sure that he saw something.

DERRICK
(to himself)
You're not crazy.

He gets up and walks toward his

BEDROOM SINK

He checks himself in the mirror, pulling his eyelids open to watch for proper dilation. His iris narrows like a shutter.

He grabs his toothbrush and squeezes toothpaste on it.

He's brushing his teeth when he stops. In the reflection of his mirror he sees his vertical bedroom blinds swaying back and forth.

He listens, silence.

He turns the faucet on and rinses his mouth.

Derrick grabs a hand towel and wipes his face clean when another figure is seen in the mirror.

It's standing behind his bed, small and dark like before.

Derrick whips around.

Nothing, nobody there.

He opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a prescription bottle that reads: "VALIUM - TAKE ONE DAILY."

He shoves three in his mouth, cups his hands, and drinks.

He stands over the sink, waiting for the drugs to take effect.

His eyes dilate like large black olives. He slowly makes his way to the

LIVING ROOM

and slumps into the couch.

Behind him, in the kitchen, all the cabinets are opened.

The sound of GLASS BREAKING comes from his bedroom.

Derrick sits, complacent.

The TV begins to channel surf on its own and then SNOWSTORM, and OFF.

A WHITE LIGHT fills the room, in the reflection of the TV we see Derrick on the couch, not alone.

Behind him a small grey alien, it's thin hands move over Derrick's head who closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.