

CELL/MATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON

A hand, reaching out into space, like the finger of God stretching out to Adam in Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel -- the finger almost touching something, but not quite.

The finger on this hand, our hero's hand, reaches out, out, as if trying to find some kind of connection.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - NIGHT

MITCH is a free spirit, his movements fluid, always in motion. He's in his 20's and is the definition of a spoiled brat.

He's riding in a bright red Porsche 911 Turbo Cabriolet convertible.

And his hand reaches for the touch-screen controls, hits a command.

He lets go of the steering wheel with his left hand to take a swig from a monogrammed silver flask. He takes a deep swig as over the speaker-phone sounds a PHONE RINGING. A VOICE answers.

SARA (O.S.)

What have you gotten into this time?

MITCH

I'm all alone! I need you here. I was forced to drive myself. That's unspeakably selfish of you not to take care of me.

CAR

Your hands are not on the wheel.

MITCH

Shut up, you nagging mechanical thingum!

SARA (O.S.)

What did you call me?

MITCH

No, the damn car is pestering me!

SARA (O.S.)
 Maybe you need pestering. Some day
 you'll have to take care of
 yourself, Mitch.

EXT. MITCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car rockets down a mountainous road, veering precariously
 from side to side, getting very close to the precipice.

MITCH
 Never. Not when I have Daddy's
 money and your, your, um,
 everything.

SARA (O.S.)
 But what if...

INT. SARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara's room is lace and lightness, no shadows, no sharp
 lines.

SARA is like a painting of the perfect subordinate girl
 friend. She's blonde and cherubic.

But there's now a spark in her eyes -- she has an idea of her
 own that conflicts with her demeanor and her surroundings.

SARA
 What if I'm not around?

MITCH (O.S.)
 What are you talking about?

INT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch takes another swig from his flask.

MITCH
 You've always been around, ever
 since we were little. I'm very used
 to having you around.

SARAH IN HER ROOM

Hesitates a moment and her voice catches a bit.

SARA
 Yes. Used. I feel used sometimes.

EXT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch barrels down the end of a long mountainous area onto what looks like California desert -- very barren, very deserted.

He's all over the road as his attention wanders from his driving.

MITCH

Oh, Sara, Sally, don't be like that.

CAR

Stay in your lane. Danger!

MITCH

Shut the eff up!

SARA (O.S.)

Mitch!

MITCH

It's the computer! The computer that runs our lives! Damn it! Sara, you know how I feel.

SARA (O.S.)

Do I? Have you ever said anything?

MITCH

Well, I thought it was understood, you know, like a pact, a secret pact we always had.

SARA'S EYES

Have tears in them as she talks now.

SARA

Why does it have to be secret?

MITCH'S EYES

Are unfocused -- he can't concentrate on either the conversation or the car.

MITCH

I'm not the expressive type. You know that.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I thought we had an understanding that you accepted me as I was, as I am, you know what I mean. I'll never really change, you said so yourself.

EXT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch swerves to avoid a possum crossing the road, nicks a boulder on one side, careens over to smack a cactus on the other side.

CAR

You have hit a foreign object.

MITCH

State the obvious, digital-dummy!
Not you, Sara!

SARA (O.S.)

Maybe you'd be better off on your own. Without me.

IN SARA'S ROOM

She cradles her cell phone as if she's holding something small and breakable.

SARA (CONT'D)

Then you'd grow up. Maybe.

INT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch yanks on the wheel after hitting the cactus.

MITCH

Wait! What! What did you say?

OVERHEAD

Just at that moment, a blindingly bright light swoops down from the sky. It's something as big as a car, but seems made of brilliance, like diamonds with lasers pumped through them.

It grazes the back of Mitch's car as it descends, then ricochets down to the road in front of him, hovers right in his path.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Car, what in the hell is that in front of us?

CAR

Nothing. Nothing known.

SARA (O.S.)

Mitch -- what's happening?

MITCH

I wish I knew.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The object moves erratically, smacks the ground, bounces up over a boulder -- and after a lengthy silence, there's a large CRASH and EXPLOSION in the distant desert way off the road.

Mitch's eyes are on the explosion and he doesn't see CRAZY JOE and his shopping cart walking by the side of the road.

Crazy Joe has long dreadlocks with a different tiny item tied on the end of each one: a little hatchet, a doll's shoe, a mini-book, a rodent skull, a rattler's tail. He's got the dirt of the world on his face and body -- and he seems like something from the earth. His shopping cart is piled high with all his worldly possessions, which look like trash.

He sees Mitch's car heading right for him and looks to the stars.

CRAZY JOE

Thought I'd finally divined the hidden pattern of my existence -- and it didn't involve being roadkill!

MITCH

Jerks the wheel at the last minute, just clips Crazy Joe but takes the shopping cart out, smashing it into a boulder at the side of the road.

The car hits hard, the air bags deploy and Mitch is smothered by one.

SARA (O.S.)

Mitch!

Mitch fights with the airbag, tries to find the cellphone which he's dropped.

MITCH

Sara! I'm engorged, engulfed! I've impacted!

Finally he finds the phone, frees himself and gets out of the car.

CAR

You have been in an accident. I am summoning assistance.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mitch rushes out of the car right to Crazy Joe. He speaks on the phone as he runs.

MITCH

(to Sara)

I saw it and I hit him and what was it?

SARA (O.S.)

Mitch, are you drunk?

MITCH

(to Sara)

I have to see who's dead, if he's alive, call you back.

He shoves the cell phone in his pocket.

Crazy Joe lies by the side of the road. Mitch leans down to him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Did I kill you? I didn't mean to kill you. Did you see it? Are you OK? Please be OK, I've never hurt anything in my life, except maybe my mother when I wouldn't let her kiss me in public but that doesn't count.

Crazy Joe opens his eyes.

CRAZY JOE

Afflicted by a diarrhetic vocality, are you?

MITCH

Thank God I didn't kill you! You're not going to die now, are you? Like one of those stories on the news where you look fine and then you bleed in your brain and poof, you're gone.

Mitch lifts Crazy Joe to a sitting position and Crazy Joe smells the liquor on Mitch's breath.

CRAZY JOE

I have surmised the origin of your torrent of words.

Mitch gets it.

MITCH

Oh, booze! You need a drink! Stay right there.

He lets Crazy Joe go and gets up. Crazy Joe starts to fall back down on the ground, but rolls on his side at the last minute.

CRAZY JOE

Brain connections a bit redundant, are they?

Mitch digs around in the crashed car and pulls out his flask.

CAR

Your accident has been assigned as major. I have summoned the authorities.

MITCH

Authorities? No, I can't have another DUI! How do you turn this thing off?

He presses all sorts of buttons as he leans inside, starting up music, getting the 3D TV going.

CRAZY JOE (O.S.)

Can't see it from here.

Mitch pulls himself out of the car and turns to look at Crazy Joe.

HIS POV

Crazy Joe is now perched on a roadside boulder, staring out into the desert where the UFO disappeared.

CRAZY JOE (CONT'D)

That was one singular singularity
we witnessed, eh?

NEAR THE CAR

Mitch stops messing with the car and walks towards Crazy Joe, takes a swig from his flask as he does so.

MITCH

So you did see it? I wasn't
imagining it? Sometimes when it's
late and I needed a little of this
to subdue the stress, well, you
know how it is when your family
pressures you to succeed...

He gets to the base of the boulder and looks up.

HIS POV

No Crazy Joe. Nothing.

BACK TO HIM

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Did I imagine you, too?

He takes another swig and climbs awkwardly up the boulder.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Where are you, Mr. Shopping Cart
Man? Mr. Skull In Your Hair Man?

He gets to the top and surveys the horizon.

CAR

The authorities are en route.

Mitch throws his hands to the heavens.

MITCH

Why? Why am I the one that always
has problems with authority? Was I
born under a bad sign?

Then he freezes -- he saw something out there.

HIS POV

A shadow flits across the landscape near one flat area lit by the moon.

ON THE BOULDER

Mitch scrambles down.

MITCH (CONT'D)

There you are! Mr. Desert Man, Mr.
Ten-Dollar-Word Man, thank God,
there you are!

As he rushes, he trips and takes a header off the rock, smacking into the ground pretty hard.

There's a CRACK as he hits.

He groans and gets up. First he retrieves his fallen flask, shakes it, and is happy to find there's still a lot of liquor left.

Then he feels in his pocket and takes out his phone -- that's what cracked when he fell. The screen is smashed and he can't power it up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Not the phone! Hope Mr. Dreads has
a cell provider.

He runs off across the desert towards the area where he saw the shadow.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Mitch runs across the barren, scary landscape. There's a little light from the moon, but not much. Every boulder, every plant seems like a creature ready to attack.

MITCH

Mr. Man? Sir?

He cringes at every sound, every shadow.

Then he stops.

HIS POV

There's a GLOW ahead of him. The color is light greenish but not like anything that occurs in nature.

BACK TO MITCH

He walks forward tentatively.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hellooo...?

He creeps up to the glow -- and screams as he almost slides down the side of an enormous crater right in front of him, which was hidden by the landscape.

EXT. CRATER AREA - CONTINUOUS

The hole is a good forty feet deep and is pretty steep. At the bottom is wreckage of some kind.

The greenish fire burns in patches around and in the crater.

Mitch stares down at it all.

MITCH
What...?

CRAZY JOE (O.S.)
The most incredible combustion I
have ever been affiliated with.

Mitch starts, then sees that Crazy Joe is way down the crater, very close to the bottom.

MITCH
You're there! You're OK! But don't
go down there. I need you OK. Up
here and OK. Come back up!

CRAZY JOE
How can you identify yourself as
part of the collective called
people and not be curious about
this conflagration?

MITCH
But it's not safe. Is it?

CRAZY JOE

That translucent fire has no temperature and this machine looks like nothing I've ever encountered.

MITCH

So don't encounter it!

Mitch kind of reaches forward as if to stop him, and loses his balance.

He slides forward, slipping all the way, then tumbling, right down to the bottom of the crater.

AT THE BOTTOM

He lands in a heap near the wreckage and actually bumps into it pretty hard as he stops.

The diamond-white substance glows even brighter -- and the greenish glow grows stronger around it.

Crazy Joe comes down the rest of the way and helps Mitch up.

Mitch feels for his flask and has a drink. He offers it to Crazy Joe.

CRAZY JOE

Never touch the firewater. Ruins a man for life is my understanding. Haven't had a yen for it myself.

Mitch takes a deep drink.

CRAZY JOE (CONT'D)

Lost your equilibrium, did ya? You're not the archetype of an explorer or adventurer, are you?

MITCH

If you mean, am I stupid enough to poke my nose into dangerous things, no I'm not. And you ask too damn many questions.

CRAZY JOE

Only way to educate oneself is the interrogative, don't you think?

MITCH

What is this? It was flying, not even flying, kind of floating-flying...

And a SOUND stops them both. A creaking, squeaking, grinding sound.

Coming from the wreckage.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's alive!

CRAZY JOE

Life covers a broad spectrum of possibilities...

The whiteness at the bottom of the crater starts to turn -- and kind of unscrews itself with a POP.

A circular part of the whiteness moves aside and the green light inside kind of flows out.

Then something else flows out. It seems like a green liquid, but it has form -- yet it doesn't stay in one form. As it moves out of the wreckage, it apes the forms around it: a boulder, a cactus, a scraggly bush. It makes a squishy sound that's not friendly.

And it's big, there's a lot of liquid goo. It comes within feet of Mitch and Crazy Joe and senses them.

It forms two legs and stands before them, a pulsating mass of protoplasm.

MITCH

That doesn't look like E.T.

CRAZY JOE

What in all the profundities of the universe...?

And the thing launches right at them at top speed.

Mitch and Crazy Joe both jerk back. Mitch is in front, holds up his flask in defense -- it's all he has.

The thing heads right at Mitch but just as it's about to come into contact with his flask, it veers left and flows all over Crazy Joe.

Crazy Joe screams an unearthly howl as the thing envelops him.

MITCH

Oh my god, no!

The thing seems to absorb Joe, swallowing him whole, taking the outline of his body as it does so.

Crazy Joe's scream is cut off, but he groans and thrashes in the middle of the protoplasm.

Mitch's first instinct is to run and help him, but as he nears the creature, part of it starts to flow at him. So he backs off fast and runs hard up the crater.

The thing flows behind him, stretching itself out thinner and thinner as he stumbles up the hill. He falls once and it's almost on him, but he makes it to the top and catapults over the edge of the crater.

Behind him, the thing flows back down to what was Crazy Joe. Then it turns a very dark color and does not move.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Mitch runs back towards the road, yelling, crying. He's in terrible shape, so he sweats, pants, falls a few more times, getting himself scraped and dirty.

EXT. ROAD

Mitch finally bursts from the desert back onto the road where he crashed the car, just as a POLICE CAR pulls up.

CAR

The authorities have arrived.

MITCH

Authorities! Yes! Help! You have to help him! He's being swallowed.

Two OFFICERS get out of the police car. One is stocky and large, the other unnaturally tall and thin. The stocky one is OFFICER JOHNSTON, who likes being in command.

JOHNSTON

Stay where you are!

Mitch can never keep still anyway, but now he's a hurricane of movement. He runs to them, dances away, goes everywhere.

MITCH

You have to come now! It landed over there and it came out and ate him!

Johnston looks at the flask still in Mitch's hand and nods to his partner, WILLIS.

JOHNSTON

He's seeing everything but the pink elephant in the tutu.

WILLIS

Love that damn elephant.

Johnston steps close to Mitch.

JOHNSTON

Sir, you have been involved in an accident. It is my belief that you are intoxicated. Please step over to the car.

MITCH

Intoxi--? No, I saw it. It came out of the ground...

He re-enacts what he saw.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Came out, looked like a rock and a cactus and a tree, then it grew legs...

WILLIS

Mister, this ain't audition night at the community theater. Just calm down.

JOHNSTON

It never helps to tell someone to calm down, Willis. It just agitates them.

WILLIS

So I'm supposed to tell 'em to get more agitated? Stand still and relax, buddy.

Mitch grabs Willis by the arm.

MITCH

You have to come now. Before he's digested. He was standing right next to me and it ate him. It's out there in the desert, you can't see it from here.

WILLIS

Sir, let go of me.

JOHNSTON

Take your hands off my partner. He is a duly authorized law enforcement official.

MITCH

Please, we'll talk about authorized and duly later, but now just come with me...

WILLIS

We're warning you, sir.

JOHNSTON

You are assaulting an officer.

MITCH

No, it assaulted him and he may be all gone now. You have to help. It flew down right in front of my car.

WILLIS

Remove your hands, sir.

JOHNSTON

Last warning, sir.

Johnston goes to his car and takes out a Taser, points it at Mitch.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Release my partner immediately, sir.

MITCH

You have to listen to me!

Johnston fires and Mitch goes down, writhes on the ground and passes out.

Willis looks down at him.

WILLIS

I forget, do I read him his rights now or when he wakes up?

JOHNSTON

Just put him in the car.

WILLIS

You know my back is not a hundred percent after that fall I took. Lifting a guy who's at least a buck and a half, I dunno.

Johnston swears, puts the Taser back, goes over to Mitch's body.

JOHNSTON
Just get his feet.

WILLIS
Feet can still be pretty heavy.

JOHNSTON
Lift his damn feet! That's an order!

Willis does, but complains the whole time.

WILLIS
You are not the chief of me, you know. You're an officer, equal in rank to myself. Yes, you've been doing it longer, but you have no right to...

JOHNSTON
Just put him in the goddam car!

DARKNESS

Mitch lies in shadows -- could be anywhere. His breathing is ragged and rough.

There's movement in the shadows -- the darkness itself seems to approach him, flow towards his face, touch him.

Mitch jumps up, screaming at the top of his lungs.

MITCH
No, don't let it swallow me!

He slams his head on the roof of the patrol car.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Johnston and Willis turn and snicker at him.

JOHNSTON
Easy there, creature feature.

WILLIS
You havin' one of them Freudian-type dreams? I could try and interpret it for ya.

JOHNSTON
He's just drunk, Willis.

WILLIS
Don't mean his dreams have no
meaning. I could do a fine job o'
analysis...

JOHNSTON
I will destroy you if you keep this
up.

Mitch, confused, looks out the window.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF NATURAL - NIGHT

There's a beat-up plaque that says "Welcome to Natural, CA"
on it.

Otherwise, the main street is a gas station, a market and the
police station. That's it, that's the whole of Natural,
California.

The police station is a small building, not even a thousand
square feet. It's as nondescript a building as possible. It'd
look like a concrete bunker except for a sign that screams
"Police".

The patrol car pulls up to the front of the station, just as
the radio comes to life.

RADIO
Unit one, unit one! Come in!

The man's voice on the radio sounds like it's the most
important message in the world.

Johnston hits the radio controls.

JOHNSTON
We're right outside. I can almost
hear you yelling. Got a hot one.
He's my booking.

WILLIS
Hey, wait a minute, I was there...

RADIO
Quiet, both of you. We got a
vagrancy and trespass in progress!

JOHNSTON
But I gotta book him...

RADIO

That's a direct order. One of you goes back out now!

WILLIS

Shoot, I'll go. At least I can get a collar of my own tonight!

Johnston gets out of the car, opens the back and pulls Mitch out by his handcuffed arms.

Mitch scans the horizon as if he feels he could be attacked at any time.

MITCH

It's still out there!

JOHNSTON

And you're in here!

He pushes him into the police station as he reads him his rights.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

This is a very small police station. Most of it is one big room with two jail cells, about eight by twelve each. There are two desks set up outside the cells and a small radio set-up near one of the desks.

In one corner is a door marked "Chief of Police" with a private office behind that.

Mitch looks around.

MITCH

Yes, a cell! I'll be safe in a cell! Go ahead and lock me up till my father sends someone for me!

JOHNSTON

Oh, Daddy will send Jeeves or Wooster in the limo to retrieve you? How wondrous!

The door to the private office bursts open and CHIEF RADLEY comes in. He's a short man with a big personality, takes his job very seriously, even though he's only got two officers under him. Order must be maintained. He looks at Mitch's expensive casual wear.

CHIEF RADLEY

This the DUI? Good, another six grand for the town of Natural. Maybe eight, depending on towing fees. All for us.

MITCH

What are you talking about?
(off Radley's glare)
Sir? Chief?

JOHNSTON

The whole town of Natural is what you saw outside. We exist to nab speeders and DUI's. Fine gig we have.

MITCH

But we need more men! There's a thing out there, it's dangerous. We need the army or at least a SWAT team.

JOHNSTON

Babbling all night about something swallowing somebody.

Johnston waves Mitch's flask around in the air to show what he means.

CHIEF RADLEY

OK, book him and lock him.

A SNORE interrupts them. Mitch looks over and sees a body on a cot in the closest cell.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, don't worry, Mister, what are those shoes you're wearing? Italian?

MITCH

British. John Lobb. Three thousand a pair. That's not important...

CHIEF RADLEY

Fine, you and your Lobbs get your own cell. We have a grand total of two. Do the do, Johnston.

JOHNSTON

Aye, aye, sir. Siddown over here.

The Chief goes back to his office and shuts the door.

Johnston drags Mitch to his desk in the corner and puts him in a chair, then Johnston gets on his computer.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

License?

Mitch fumbles for it.

MITCH

Phone, my cell is dead. I get a phone call, right?

Johnston takes his license, gestures to the phone on the desk.

JOHNSTON

Chief ain't fond of long distance.

Mitch grimaces and dials.

MITCH

(into phone)

Put father on, will you, Daniels?

Johnston rolls his eyes.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Dad? You have to help me. I don't know how to explain this to you.

INT. FATHER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Mitch's father, MISTER MUNROE, is a tightly wound man with tightly wound gray hair immaculately styled.

He looks eternally unhappy, especially when talking to his son.

MISTER MUNROE

I already know, Mitchell. You've been in an accident. The car measured your blood alcohol at point oh-seven.

INTERCUT MITCH AND HIS FATHER

MITCH

You had the car monitor my blood alcohol? How can it do that?

MISTER MUNROE

Body temperature, built-in
Breathalyzer. Plus the camera in
the dash recorded everything.

MITCH

Dad, that's not important. There's
this thing in the desert, it's
eating people. I know it sounds
strange, but we have to do
something. This poor homeless man,
it just ate him. And the space-ship
is spread all over the place,
glowing like a sci fi movie...

MISTER MUNROE

That does sound vitally important.
Put the arresting officer on.

Mitch looks a bit surprised, hands the phone to Johnston.

MITCH

He, um, wants to talk to you.

Johnston looks heavenward, takes the phone.

JOHNSTON

Officer Johnston here.

MISTER MUNROE

What do you drink, officer?

JOHNSTON

Excuse me?

MISTER MUNROE

Your drink of choice. When someone
else is buying.

JOHNSTON

Glenlivet. Eighteen-year-old when I
can get it.

MISTER MUNROE

Well I can get it. A case. In your
office tomorrow.

JOHNSTON

Listen, sir, I have to book your
son and at least go through proper
procedures. He'll have to spend
tonight...

MITCH

I can't be in a jail cell all night!

MISTER MUNROE

I don't want him out. I want him in. He needs to be taught a lesson. That Daddy won't bail him out every time he screws up. Keep him for the weekend.

Johnston smiles a crocodile smile.

JOHNSTON

Yes, sir! I understand perfectly, sir!

MITCH

Daddy can be persuasive.

MISTER MUNROE

My man Daniels will get your information. A case on your desk tomorrow.

JOHNSTON

Yes, a pleasure to talk to you, sir!

Johnston puts his hand over the mouthpiece and nods to Mitch.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Your father really cares about you.

MITCH

Well he does call me his little boy.

Johnston gets back on the phone and gives Daniels his address, hangs up.

JOHNSTON

I'll need your belt. And empty your pockets.

MITCH

Oh come on, it's just a technicality till Dad sends a car for me. What, like ten minutes?

Johnston stands up menacingly.

JOHNSTON

Belt. Pockets. Now.

Mitch scrambles to obey.

MITCH

You have some kind of authority complex...

JOHNSTON

Can it, little boy. You're mine for the weekend. Daddy wants to teach you a little lesson. Hope you like cockroaches and the occasional scorpion.

Mitch turns white and slumps back in his chair.

MITCH

What?

Johnston starts putting all Mitch's belongings in an envelope, turns to a filing cabinet. Mitch snatches the phone back up and dials.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Sara! Save me! I'm in some place called Natural, California and they're locking me up. And there's a monster sucking people up out in the desert!

Johnston turns angrily.

JOHNSTON

You had your phone call!

He grabs the phone -- and Mitch struggles with him for it.

MITCH

Daniels knows the address! Get me out!

Johnston slams the phone down.

INT. SARA'S ROOM

Sara holds the phone in her hands and thinks hard about what she wants to do.

Then she slowly hangs the phone up and looks out the window at the world outside.

INT. POLICE STATION

Mitch is in the door of the cell closest to Johnston's desk. He hesitates, so Johnston uses his nightstick to knock him inside.

JOHNSTON

Nice and cozy for ya, Mr. Lobb shoes. Oh, I'll take those, too.

He comes in and forces Mitch to sit on a cot, pulls his shoes off.

MITCH

My shoes?

JOHNSTON

You can't imagine how many suicides we have from shoelaces.

MITCH

But my shoes don't have laces.

JOHNSTON

So what?

He carries the shoes outside, clangs the door shut and locks it.

Then he puts the shoes on his desk.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Hey, little boy!

Mitch looks over morosely. Johnston takes up Mitch's flask, opens it, wipes the rim and downs the rest of it.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Smooth! I think I'll just hold onto this. Pure silver, I take it.

MITCH

Sure, go ahead.

He tentatively pokes the dirty floor with his socks and grimaces.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Least I'm safe in here.

JOHNSTON

From the big bad monster? I've seen
some of those after I've knocked
back a few. What, do they fly outa
your ass?

He laughs and walks across the station.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch looks around the jail cell. It's less than a hundred square feet. Bunk bed-style cots. A small sink and toilet in the corner. That's it. His home.

The cell next door butts right up to it. He can hear whoever is in that cell snoring on a bunk just about twelve feet away.

Mitch curls up onto the bottom bunk, then sees a roach skitter across the floor, so he climbs up on the top bunk. But he tries to talk himself out of freaking out.

MITCH

I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm safe in
here.

He hears a commotion outside in the station and strains his head over to the bars to look out.

ACROSS THE POLICE STATION

The door opens and Willis comes in. Johnston meets him near the door.

JOHNSTON

Whatcha got there?

Willis opens the door wider and Crazy Joe shuffles in. At least it looks like Crazy Joe, but he moves like a zombie and has no emotion in his face.

MITCH

Goes very, very white.

MITCH

No! It can't be!

NEAR THE DOOR

Willis only touches Crazy Joe with his nightstick, but pushes him forward into the station.

WILLIS

Crazy Joe wandering around up the Cooper place. Musta been drinking. Making no sense. And smells like a manure farm or worse.

Johnston wrinkles his nose.

JOHNSTON

Whatcha been up to, Joe? Rolling in horseshit?

Crazy Joe's head rotates robotically and looks at both police officers, then rotates to look directly at Mitch.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

WILLIS

What crazy nonsense you spouting today, Joe?

JOHNSTON

Ah, he never made no sense. Let's see what the Chief wants to do with him.

WILLIS

Odd thing was he was just standing there, like he was asleep. Oh, and Mrs. Cooper said her hubby was missing again.

JOHNSTON

Was the pick-up there? Probably drove into Nevada to the LadyFingers Ranch again.

They laugh about that.

IN MITCH'S CELL

Mitch leaps down to the floor -- landing on a cockroach. But he's so intent on Crazy Joe he doesn't notice.

MITCH

That's not him!

Johnston and Willis look over at him.

JOHNSTON

We know you've been drinking. So shut up.

MITCH

You don't understand. I saw it eat him. He died. That's it pretending to be him! Or it's his zombie or something.

WILLIS

He truly needs analysis. Watch Joe and I'll go talk to the Chief.

Willis goes across to the Chief's office and enters, shutting the door behind him.

Johnston motions for Crazy Joe to move over toward the desks. Crazy Joe shuffles over and stops like a robot, facing the wall.

MITCH

I'm telling you, that's not him!

JOHNSTON

And who the heck is he? Muhammad Ali or Thomas Jefferson? Maybe he's one of those millionaires that masquerades as a poor person. Where's the camera? Are we on TV? And I haven't styled my hair!

The door to the station opens and COMBS jerks in. He's long-haired, hippie-type rolling a basket on wheels.

COMBS

Top of the evening, officer. You open for business?

JOHNSTON

Combs! Just the man I was hoping to see! No business over at the station?

Johnston goes over to Combs and starts looking through his basket of treats and drinks.

Combs reaches underneath the standard sandwiches and soda to pull out some bottles of hard liquor underneath.

COMBS

Just on a break to make a little extra do-re-mi. Got that special juice you like.

Johnston waves him to be quiet.

JOHNSTON

Ix-nay, the Chief's right over there. Just put it in a bag with a sandwich and some chips.

MITCH AND CRAZY JOE

While they talk across the room, Mitch stares in fright at Crazy Joe, who faces the wall, saying and doing nothing.

Then Crazy Joe's head moves. By itself. One-hundred-eighty-degrees.

Mitch hears muscles snap in the neck as the head rolls around, Exorcist-like, and stares right at him, eyes very wide.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

Mitch bolts and backs away from the cell door.

Crazy Joe's body now rotates so it faces the same way as his head.

He starts shuffling towards Mitch's cell.

CRAZY JOE (CONT'D)

One with us.

Mitch pushes himself against the back wall of the cell.

MITCH

Get away!

Crazy Joe gets to the cell door and stretches his arm through the bars.

The arm elongates further than any arm should, stretching out to touch Mitch.

CRAZY JOE

The witness. One with us.

ACROSS THE STATION

Johnston holds a brown paper bag, pays Combs, who gestures towards the Chief's door.

COMBS

Big guy want a snackeroni?

JOHNSTON

Big guy doesn't like you in here.
He posted your record on our
bulletin board.

That intrigues Combs and he goes over to regard his record on the bulletin board.

COMBS

You left some out...

The Chief's door starts to open.

JOHNSTON

Fade! Pronto!

Combs grabs his rolling basket and rushes out the door.

Willis and the Chief come out of the office. Johnston quickly tries to find somewhere to hide his paper bag.

WILLIS

Mrs. Cooper said Crazy Joe acted
all weird, kept trying to touch
her...

CHIEF RADLEY

He's gotta be weird to do that. She
still got that skin thing?

WILLIS

She went back inside, but Al stayed
out there with Joe -- now she can't
find him.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Crazy Joe's super-long arm stretches almost the length of the jail cell. Mitch moves as fast as he can to the other end of the wall. But the arm snaps to intercept him.

MITCH

Get him away!

CHIEF RADLEY (O.S.)
Johnston, you lose control of your
prisoner?

THE STATION

Johnston sees where Crazy Joe is and moves quickly to him.

JOHNSTON
Whatcha doing, Joe? Getting
friendly with Daddy's little boy?

He pokes Crazy Joe with his nightstick, keeping his brown
paper bag hidden behind his own back.

IN THE CELL

Crazy Joe's arm pulls back like a rubber band. Now his arm is
just as it was, like a regular human arm.

MITCH
Did you see? He's not normal. He's
an it! It tried to touch me.

IN THE STATION

Johnston forces Crazy Joe away from the cell door, back to a
spot near the desks.

JOHNSTON
I'll touch ya hard if ya don't
shaddup your mouth.

WILLIS
See, Chief, I bring him in all nice
and Johnston gets it all messy.

JOHNSTON
Hey, you shaddup now! Always
ratting me out. You really think it
matters which of us ranks higher?
In case you haven't counted,
there's only two of us besides the
Chief.

He quickly puts the paper bag on his chair and turns it so
the Chief can't see what he put there.

WILLIS

Just want the Chief to know who's got his act together and who doesn't.

CHIEF RADLEY

Both of you, chill, as the kids say. My kids speak in another language.

WILLIS

Wish I'd had time to have kids.

JOHNSTON

TMI, Willis. We don't care.

MITCH

Didn't any of you see what it was doing? Its arm stretched out like rubber...

Johnston points at Mitch with his nightstick.

JOHNSTON

Boozehound. Him and Crazy Joe both nipped a bit too much.

MITCH

He doesn't drink! Told me he never touched a drop!

JOHNSTON

Maybe he just didn't like the company.

WILLIS

Was this before or after he got et?

CHIEF RADLEY

Just put him in with Ramirez. He'll be out in the morning.

WILLIS

What about the smell?

They all notice it.

CHIEF RADLEY

Go buy some of those car fresheners at the station and put them in the cell.

WILLIS

That's why you're in charge.
Genius.

JOHNSTON

Suck-up.

Chief Radley goes back in his office. Willis pokes Crazy Joe over to the cell next to Mitch's.

WILLIS

Hey, 'Mirez. You got company.

JOHNSTON

And he stinks worse than Willis's farts.

WILLIS

I got a bowel problem! You shouldn't make fun of physical disabilities!

JOHNSTON

I'll make fun of your suck-up sucking suckface!

WILLIS

That doesn't even make grammatical sense.

There's a GROAN from the next cell.

INT. SECOND JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

RAMIREZ sits up on his upper bunk. A good-looking, husky Latin guy with a bruise on his face.

RAMIREZ

Do me a favor, let me go home now.
He really smells -- even worse than Willis's gas.

WILLIS

And after I gave ya an extra blanket and all!

JOHNSTON

Chief says you can go in the morning.

RAMIREZ

But I miss my wife! I can't stand to be away from her for even a night!

WILLIS

Then you shouldn't oughta thrown a chair at her.

RAMIREZ

She threw a table at me first! And a bottle. And a knife. Only the bottle got me.

He rubs his face.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

We drive each other crazy.

JOHNSTON

So what the hell you get married for?

They negotiate Crazy Joe into the cell.

RAMIREZ

Cause we're crazy in love. Something you'll never understand!

JOHNSTON

All the married guys I know spend their evenings in bars trying not to go home. I like going home.

Ramirez just growls and gestures for Johnston to go away.

Crazy Joe stands near the bottom bunk but doesn't sit on it.

RAMIREZ

I'm never gonna get back to sleep with that smell!

WILLIS

Leastwise he's quiet.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch has watched the whole thing, scared to death. The two cells have an adjoining wall of bars, so he's not safe from Crazy Joe at all.

MITCH

That's just it! He always liked to talk. He always asked questions! Look at him. He's not him! You have to get him out of here!

OUT IN THE STATION

Johnston and Willis look at each other and roll their eyes.

JOHNSTON

Shut up! Or I'll let Ramirez throw something at you.

WILLIS

It's eleven o'clock. Quittin' time finally.

JOHNSTON

Yah, I'll check with the Chief.

He presses a com button on his desk.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Chief! They're all locked up. Are we good to go?

CHIEF RADLEY (O.S.)

Affirmative. Turn off the overheads. I'll follow you in a few.

Johnston and Willis go to their desks and start getting their belongings together.

Johnston slides open a secret panel on his desk where he has a number of bottles of booze.

Mitch sees this, but Willis does not. Johnston winks at Mitch.

MITCH

You're not leaving?

JOHNSTON

Of course not. We're going to have a group therapy session so we can find out how come we're not privileged like you!

WILLIS

Good one. Group therapy. I tried that. The group wouldn't talk to me.

MITCH

You can't leave us in here with that thing!

JOHNSTON

Actually we can. Ramirez, have a good night! Mr. Lobb Shoes, hope you have a good case of insomnia!

He and Willis head to the door. Johnston hits the overheads, so the whole place is now only lit with a few desk lamps.

They leave and pull the door firmly shut behind them.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch now can't see much in the other cell, just dark forms.

MITCH

Hey, Ramirez!

RAMIREZ

Do I know you?

MITCH

No, but--

RAMIREZ

Then it's Mr. Ramirez to you.

MITCH

I just want to warn you that's not Crazy Joe. It's some kind of monster.

RAMIREZ

Do tell. What are you in for?

MITCH

DUI, but I'm telling you...

RAMIREZ

All you crazy white guys drink too much. Look at me, healthy as an ox and I only have one glass of wine a night, my wife and I, one romantic toast every night. I never see any monsters.

MITCH

I know it's hard to believe, but I saw it. He's not human. He'll try to touch you.

RAMIREZ

He tries to touch me and I'll rain a shitstorm down on him, and I'm not talking excrement, either.

MITCH

Call the Chief. Make him understand. He'll believe you.

RAMIREZ

Probably. But I don't believe you.

MITCH

Then why doesn't it move? Why doesn't it get on the bed?

INT. SECOND JAIL CELL

Ramirez rustles about on his top bunk, sits up to look down below.

RAMIREZ

Hey, Joe, why are you just sitting there?

Crazy Joe is just a block of flesh, unmoving, not reacting.

Ramirez hops down from his bunk.

MITCH

No, don't go near him, it!

Ramirez leans in close to Crazy Joe's face.

RAMIREZ

What you looking at, Joe? Must be intense.

He leans in even closer.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

I don't think you're even blinking.

And Crazy Joe's hand snaps up quick as a snake striking, takes Ramirez by the throat.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Joe? Don't mess with me, bro!

MITCH

What's going on? What's happening?

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

Crazy Joe's arm glows light green and Ramirez starts choking, struggling, but he can't break free.

In the light of the glow, Mitch can now see what's going on.

MITCH

No! Ramirez! Somebody come, somebody help him!

But it all happens fast. The thing that is Crazy Joe kind of melts and flows all over Ramirez. Whatever Joe's made out of, it burns. Ramirez can't scream, but he groans as he's consumed by the creature.

Then the glow becomes bright, incandescent -- and just as quickly disappears. The cell goes dark.

Mitch stares, but can only see one dark form, now slumped on the bottom bunk. It doesn't move.

ACROSS THE STATION

Chief Radley barrels out of his office.

CHIEF RADLEY

What's all this noise?

MITCH

Chief, you have to help him, help Ramirez!

CHIEF RADLEY

How much did you drink, anyway? Your father was right letting you dry out over the weekend. Best thing for you.

MITCH

Just go in the other cell and check on Ramirez. What harm could that do?

CHIEF RADLEY

The harm is I'd wake him and Crazy Joe up because you're nuts. They'd both hate me and it'd ruin their night!

The Chief starts shutting off most of the rest of the lights.

MITCH

You can't leave!

CHIEF RADLEY

Thanks for telling me what I can and can't do. I'm damn glad I'm not staying here. You'd drive me crazy!

MITCH

What if there's an emergency? You can't leave the station unmanned!

CHIEF RADLEY

There's this amazing invention called a telephone. And another one called a radio. Guess what? Got 'em both at my home. My five-year-old's probably playing with the radio right now. Kids don't know what that is anymore.

He opens the door to leave.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Just go to sleep. It'll all seem better in the morning.

He goes out, closes the door and locks it.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch stares into the darkness of the next cell, trying to figure out what the creature is doing.

SARA (O.S.)

Poor Mitch.

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

Sara stands next to Mitch's father, who is seated at his desk.

MISTER MUNROE

It's always poor Mitch. Poor Mitch crashed the car. Poor Mitch can't finish his classes. Poor Mitch ran out of money. I'm tired of Poor Mitch. He's not poor, he's never been poor.

SARA

But leaving him in jail -- he can't function like that.

MISTER MUNROE

He can't function anywhere. It's either you running to him or his mother or I have to send Daniels. No, this time he's on his own. I forbid you to go to him.

SARA

You're not my father!

MISTER MUNROE

No, but I know your father and he'll do what I say. So pretend that your father forbids you.

SARA

I'm a grown woman!

MISTER MUNROE

Still living with your parents and you can't keep a job. You're as bad as Mitch!

That enrages Sara, who stomps out of the room. Just as she reaches the door, she turns back very dramatically.

SARA

We'll prove to you that we are quite capable on our own!

MISTER MUNROE

Fine, then you can both move out and earn your own livings!

Sara slams the door shut.

Munroe picks up the phone.

MISTER MUNROE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Daniels, get me that police officer again.

(MORE)

MISTER MUNROE (CONT'D)

I know what time it is, but I
better warn him. Maybe he needs two
cases of Glenlivet.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch jumps as the phone nearby on Johnston's desk rings. The light under the extension flashes as the phone rings, brightening up the place slightly on each ring.

Mitch leans forward to the adjoining wall between the two cells, peers through the bars to get a good look at what's in there.

And he's shocked to see Crazy Joe standing inches from him, staring right at him.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

Crazy Joe moves toward the bars.

Mitch backs away to the far wall, where the bunks are.

MITCH

What did you do to him, Ramirez?

CRAZY JOE

Made him one with us.

MITCH

But you still look like Crazy Joe.

Crazy Joe stops and then his skin starts to ripple. Soon his whole face and body changes to that of Ramirez.

RAMIREZ

All one with us. Now you, the
witness.

It comes to the cell wall and reaches its arm through.

Mitch tries to keep it talking.

MITCH

What do you want? Why are you here?

RAMIREZ

All one with us, your world.

MITCH

You can't eat everyone in the
world!

RAMIREZ

Only some, to show how done. Then
the rest of us come.

MITCH

The rest of you -- from your world?

The Ramirez body nods and its face bares its teeth in what might be a grin, or might be an animal declaring dominance.

RAMIREZ

Very easy make you one with us.
Very easy.

MITCH

But why do you have to look like
them?

RAMIREZ

Cannot live in your air for much
time, must take on aspects of your
race. You will know all soon. Now.

The creature's arm stretches into Mitch's cell.

Mitch quickly pulls the mattress off the top bunk and holds it in front of him, parrying each thrust of the arm.

MITCH

Get away, get away from me!

RAMIREZ

No fear. No fear one with us.

Mitch tries pushing back against the arm, but the thing is too strong.

There's a battle between them, with the mattress as defense. But Mitch is not in great shape, the mattress is heavy.

Finally, the creature reaches back, takes a big swipe and knocks the mattress to the floor.

Mitch is defenseless.

The arm stretches towards him. He ducks out of the way, but it comes at him again.

He moves to the corner, cowers, as the hand reaches out for him... and is just about to touch him. Mitch closes his eyes.

When the OVERHEAD LIGHTS snap on!

INT. POLICE STATION

Johnston stands in the doorway -- he just turned the lights on.

JOHNSTON

You're too goddam much trouble, Mr. Lobb Shoes.

Mitch opens his eyes -- the arm is not in the cell with him.

MITCH

Did you see it? It almost got me!
Thank God you're here. It almost
got me! Look at it!

Mitch looks over at the other cell.

HIS POV

The thing that inhabits Ramirez lies on the top bunk, acting as if it's asleep.

JOHNSTON

Ignores the other cell, walks over to Mitch.

JOHNSTON

What the hell you been doing?
Mattress toss is something I did at
summer camp.

MITCH

It tried to kill me. It killed
Ramirez. Just go look.

JOHNSTON

Must have been more than booze. You
smoke crack? Meth-head? Peyote? All
of the above?

MITCH

I know. I know what it sounds like.
But if you just look at it. Don't
go near it, just look at it.

JOHNSTON

So what's she like?

MITCH

Not her. It. It's not female. It's
a thing.

Johnston goes to his desk, opens his private stash of booze and pours himself a stiff one.

JOHNSTON

Not your imaginary space alien pal.
The girl. The one who's coming
here.

MITCH

What?

JOHNSTON

Your Dad's man Saturday or whatever
woke me out of a good stiff dream,
if you know what I mean, to tell me
she's on her way and I better be
here to take care of her.

MITCH

Sara? Coming here? No!

JOHNSTON

And I'm gonna take care of her.
What's she like? Big knockers?
Tight ass. I love them tight asses.

MITCH

Stop that! Don't talk about her!
She can't come here.

JOHNSTON

Why not, Mr. Lobb Shoes? Afraid
she'll fall for a manly guy instead
of Mr. Metrosexual Pussy?

He takes Mitch's flask and holds it up.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

She only drinks out of pure silver
flasks, huh? Wait'll she gets a
load of a real guy. She'll drink
straight outa the bottle, if you
get my meaning.

MITCH

Just stop her. I'll give you her
phone number. Tell her I'm fine.
Don't let her come here.

JOHNSTON

Oh, you are afraid of some
competition, aren't you, Puss-boy?

MITCH

Shut the fuck up and listen to me!

He surprises himself with his venom. Johnston slams the flask down on his desk.

JOHNSTON

Your father said you needed a lesson and I'm gonna give it to you.

He takes a key-ring from his desk and comes to unlock Mitch's cell.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Won't bruise your face, but I'm gonna teach you a thing or two.

He yells over to the other cell.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Ramirez, Joe, you didn't see this! But you'll enjoy it.

He stops before he unlocks the cell door.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

You guys gotta be awake after all this. Say something.

Mitch looks at him with some measure of triumph.

MITCH

Think something's wrong over there?

Johnston slams his nightstick along Mitch's cell door.

JOHNSTON

You calm down. Ramirez, you OK?

He goes over to the other cell and looks in.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Ramirez?

He starts to unlock the other cell.

MITCH

Don't go in there!

JOHNSTON

You tell me what to do again and I'll crack your skull.

INT. SECOND JAIL CELL

Johnston goes in, checks the top bunk, looks under the bottom bunk, then pokes the form of Ramirez on that bottom bunk.

Ramirez's eyes pop open and stare unblinking at him.

JOHNSTON

Ramirez, whatsamatter? Hey, where's
Crazy Joe? Where the fuck is Crazy
Joe?

Johnston gets agitated, pokes Ramirez harder.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Crazy Joe?
Where'd he go, Ramirez? Tell me.

Ramirez just stares at him, starts to rise.

MITCH

Get out of there!

JOHNSTON

What is with you, Ramirez?

Ramirez just silently gets up and starts pushing against Johnston's nightstick, reaches its hand out toward Johnston.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

You're screwy, too. How the hell
did Joe get out?

Johnston backs off fast, gets out of the cell and locks it back up.

Mitch breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. POLICE STATION

Johnston starts looking all over the station.

JOHNSTON

Where the hell is he? How did he
get out of a locked cell? Did the
Chief let him out?

MITCH

No. The Chief definitely did not
let him out. Call him and ask him.

Johnston looks at him.

JOHNSTON

I will, smart guy, I will. First
I'll check his office.

Johnston goes into the Chief's office, leaves the door
partway open.

Mitch can hear him get on the phone.

JOHNSTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Chief, sorry, I know it's late.
Chief, it's important. I'm at the
station. Crazy Joe's gone. I swear,
I was just in his cell.

As Johnston speaks, Mitch looks over at the thing that looks
like Ramirez.

The thing stands in the center of the second jail cell and
closes its eyes.

Then it starts to glow.

MITCH

Johnston! Get in here! Johnston!

The glowing gets brighter and brighter, then Ramirez starts
to bulge out, get bigger.

Mitch watches in disbelief.

JOHNSTON (O.S.)

No, just Ramirez is in there.
Willis did not come by. OK, I'll
call him.

MITCH

Johnston!

The thing gets larger -- and then melts into two figures. The
form of Crazy Joe comes out of the body of Ramirez.

Both glow bright green and make a weird sizzling sound.

Mitch wrinkles his nose -- this process stinks.

Then the glow disappears and two separate bodies stand in the
second cell: Ramirez and Crazy Joe, or things that look just
like them.

JOHNSTON (O.S.)

Willis, sorry to wake you. Yeah, I
know how hard it is for you to get
back to sleep. I know, I know.

(MORE)

JOHNSTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look, listen, did you come back to the station after we left? What do you mean what do I mean? I mean, did you come back here. Just answer the question.

Mitch watches both bodies take their places on the top and bottom bunks in the second cell and pretend to sleep.

MITCH

Oh holy shit.

Johnston hangs up and comes back in the room.

JOHNSTON

Weirdest thing him disappearing like that.

MITCH

It gets weirder.

He points into the other cell. Johnston looks over.

JOHNSTON

No freaking way. Hey Joe! Crazy Joe, where the hell were you?

He goes over to the cell with Joe and Ramirez.

MITCH

Don't go in there, please don't go in there.

Johnston doesn't listen, unlocks the cell and goes inside, pokes Crazy Joe on the bottom bunk with his nightstick.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You're not gonna believe a word of this, but please listen. That thing ate Crazy Joe and ate Ramirez. Then it split in two and became both of them. Somehow it can't take us all at once so it's hiding its powers. But trust me, they will eat you if they touch you.

Johnston keeps poking Crazy Joe till the body turns around.

JOHNSTON

Crazy Joe, how the hell did you get in and out of this cell? There's nowhere to hide.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

And Crazy Joe lunges quickly for Johnston, hand outstretched.

Johnston evades his touch, whacks his hand with the nightstick hard, moves back to the cell door and locks it.

MITCH

Thank God.

JOHNSTON

I'll give you this: Crazy Joe ain't acting like himself. And Ramirez is strange, too.

He walks over to Mitch's cell and bangs on the bars with his nightstick.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

But that don't mean they've been eaten by aliens. Could be some kind of virus.

MITCH

So then you really don't want to touch them, right?

Mitch and Johnston both jump as the front door opens -- and Chief Radley and Willis come in.

CHIEF RADLEY

Search the perimeter. I want to find out how he escaped.

WILLIS

I will, Chief. But there's a chill in the air, so I was hoping to get my heavier coat.

Johnston sighs and lowers his head -- he knows what's coming.

JOHNSTON

Chief?

CHIEF RADLEY

Put out an APB on him. I need to know how he got out...

JOHNSTON

Chief!

CHIEF RADLEY

What?

JOHNSTON

He's back. He's in there.

The Chief turns a deep shade of red. He walks over and gets his face very close to Johnston's.

CHIEF RADLEY

You woke me up and I drove all the way over here...

WILLIS

Well you only live down the road...

CHIEF RADLEY

Shut up! I'm making a point. I got up, got dressed, came all the way here because you've been drinking again and you can't see straight?

JOHNSTON

He was gone, I swear, Chief, ask this prisoner...

CHIEF RADLEY

I smell the booze on your breath. And this prisoner has been ranting about an alien invasion. So suddenly he's a reliable witness? Have dogs sprouted wings and started flying now?

WILLIS

I seen a dog fly...

CHIEF RADLEY

Shut up! He dragged you out of bed, too!

WILLIS

Yeah and once I wake up, I get all nervous and trembly and I never get back to sleep. I'll be up pacing and cursing, so I figured I'd come in here.

CHIEF RADLEY

Plus you have no life.

WILLIS

Aw, now that's not fair to say something like that, Chief. I got lots of friends online...

JOHNSTON

If you'd installed that security camera, you'd see I was telling the truth.

CHIEF RADLEY

Oh, so telling me how to do my job? Well, Mr. Smarty-Shit, suppose I take your paychecks for the next few months and use them for the security camera, how would you like that? Go home.

JOHNSTON

I was just...

MITCH

No, let him stay. He was starting to believe...

CHIEF RADLEY

You've been drinking and you've been seeing things. You're no good to me. Go home.

Johnston gets his stuff and heads to the door.

JOHNSTON

He's got a girlfriend showing up going to try to get him out...

CHIEF RADLEY

Then I'll lock her up, too! Go!

Johnston grumbles and leaves. Radley goes over to the cell and looks in at Crazy Joe and Ramirez.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Ramirez gets out when his wife comes for him. Crazy Joe stays the weekend since he can't post any bail.

WILLIS

Got it, sir! Does this mean I'm the current second in command, sir?

Radley looks at him like he's crazy.

CHIEF RADLEY

There's only three of us, what does it matter?

WILLIS

Matters to me, sir!

CHIEF RADLEY

Well then you are second in command and you're gonna be first because I'm going back to bed!

WILLIS

Yes, sir! I'd never be able to get back to sleep anyway, like I was telling you, I just get so worked up once something gets me awake, I can't think straight, it's like my nervous system short-circuits...

Radley can't stand the stream of nonsense and goes to the door.

CHIEF RADLEY

Good night, Willis! I'll be back around nine to relieve you.

WILLIS

You won't regret this, sir!

CHIEF RADLEY

I may, I just may.

He leaves and shuts the door. Willis surveys the cells.

WILLIS

You prisoners are under my jurisdiction and you will abide by all legal rules and precedents hereby!

Mitch shakes his head and goes to sit on his bunk.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? I want an answer!

MITCH

Aye, aye, commander. But those two aren't talking.

Willis goes up to their cell and looks inside.

WILLIS

What's the matter with you two? Are you sick?

He starts to unlock the cell.

MITCH

Don't, just don't go in there, please!

WILLIS

Do not interfere with a duly authorized officer in the performance of his duty!

MITCH

Willis, listen, I know it sounds crazy...

As Willis starts to open the door, Mitch sees that both Crazy Joe and Ramirez turn their heads and gaze with unblinking eyes at him.

WILLIS

What's up with you guys?

Willis begins to enter the cell.

ACROSS THE STATION

The front door bursts open and a woman rushes in.

MITCH

Sara...?

But it's not Sara. It's a smaller, dark-haired woman with a heavy sunburn and a loud mouth -- this is BABS.

BABS

Where is he? Where's my Rammy?

WILLIS

Babs! What are you doing here? It's the middle of the night!

BABS

It's morning. They said I could have my Rammy in the morning. I didn't press no charges on him, so he's mine all mine.

Willis leaves the cell to confront Babs, but he does not lock it.

Both Crazy Joe and Ramirez get up and go near the cell door.

WILLIS

Aw, Babs, you know we meant business hours. The usual definition of business hours is 0h-nine-hundred in the ayem. You know that.

BABS

Don't be an obstructionist! I can't live without my Rammy!

Crazy Joe and Ramirez have opened the cell door, but no one, not even Mitch, has noticed.

WILLIS

He threw a chair at you, Babs! Don't you care that he might hurt you?

BABS

We throw things, that's what we do. That moment when something leaves your hand and shoots across the air like a comet, it's magical. We don't mean to hurt. We just like to launch things.

WILLIS

I think you're making excuses for abuse. You both need couples therapy.

BABS

The only therapy I need is my Rammy up against my body.

MITCH

No! You don't want that! You can't have that, ma'am.

BABS

And just who in helltown is this psycho-nut? You don't like it when couples show affection? You got emotional problems, like maybe your Mom was cold and distant?

WILLIS

He's been spouting off all night. First saying Crazy Joe was some alien, now it's Ramirez.

(MORE)

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Although I will say they've both
been acting weird.

She gets in Willis's face. Behind them, both Crazy Joe and Ramirez have come out of the cell and stand, staring with unblinking eyes at the scene in front of them.

BABS

You try sleeping on one o' them bug-
infested cells, you see what it
does to your brain. Cut off from
the world, just like your arms been
lopped right off. You can't touch
nothing, feel nothing. It's
inhumane.

WILLIS

You break the law, you gotta go in
a cell.

BABS

Well Rammy didn't break a law, did
he? I didn't file a damn thing. Let
him out!

MITCH

No, don't let him out!

Babs reaches in her purse and takes out a can of mace.

BABS

You shut your pie-hole or I will
make you drink this!

MITCH

You don't understand...

She walks over to his cell, holding up the can.

BABS

I understand, you're a joy-hater.
Hate to see others happy. Well, Mr.
Hater of Joy, I will unload this in
your kisser in one more moment.

WILLIS

Calm down, Babs.

Ramirez and Crazy Joe are on either side of Willis, but he hasn't seen them yet.

MITCH

I'm telling you...

BABS

Three-two...

WILLIS

What the hell, what are you two
doing out here!

Willis jumps back, pulls out his nightstick, waves it at both
of them, connecting with Crazy Joe's ribs.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

As second in command, I demand you
both go back into your cell.

BABS

Rammy, my Rammy!

Babs starts to run towards Ramirez.

MITCH

No! Don't!

Willis turns to face her.

WILLIS

Back, Babs! These two have left
their cell without permission and I
won't have it!

BABS

Don't you hit my Rammy!

She jumps at him, and Willis pushes her aside. Then he pokes
Crazy Joe hard in the ribs, forcing him back to the cell.

Crazy Joe pushes back and begins to glow a little but Willis
manages to get him back through the door and lock it.

Then he turns to Ramirez.

WILLIS

You're out and you might as well
stay out. But I want you to know
that your actions are going in my
report!

BABS

Oh, leave him, you and your report.

She starts to run over.

BABS (CONT'D)

My man is free! My man is free!

MITCH

No, no, no!

WILLIS

Well if you're gonna get all emotional and sloppy, I'll leave you two be.

He heads towards the Chief's office.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

As second in command, I believe I have the authority to make use of the Chief's office area and equipment.

MITCH

No, don't leave. Don't let her near him!

BABS

Joy hater!

Willis speaks as he closes the office door behind him.

WILLIS

Shut the door firmly when you leave, make sure the latch catches.

And he's gone.

Babs rushes right up to Ramirez and looks at him.

BABS

Whatsamatter, baby? You feel bad? You traumatized? You smell funny.

MITCH

No, no, no, no!

BABS

Nothing a good hug from your woman won't cure!

And she throws her arms around him and hugs him close.

Ramirez's eyes begin to glow green.

MITCH

No! Stop hugging! Let him go!

BABS

Joy Hater! You can't stand to see true love in action!

Then Ramirez's whole body begins to glow.

BABS (CONT'D)
Say something, honey, speak to your
baby doll!

RAMIREZ
One with us.

MITCH
Oh, no, god no! Willis!

Ramirez's body begins to melt over her. In the cell nearby, Crazy Joe's body comes close to the bars to witness the absorption.

Then Babs feels something's wrong.

BABS
Wait a minute, what is that? What
are you doing?

But she can't extricate herself.

BABS (CONT'D)
Rammy, what are you doing? Rammy?

RAMIREZ
One with us.

And just as quickly as last time, Ramirez flows all over Babs and consumes her. They become one big glowing green mass, fiery bright.

Mitch has to shade his eyes.

MITCH
WILLIS!

Then only Ramirez is left. But the thing that is Ramirez just stands, eyes now closed, inert.

Mitch notices this, looks at the clock on Johnston's desk.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's not moving.

He looks in the next cell at Crazy Joe. Also eyes closed, standing unmoving, inert.

MITCH (CONT'D)
After it eats, it gets comatose!
But for how long? WILLIS!

Finally the door to the chief's office opens across the room and Willis stalks out.

WILLIS

I was on an official phone call --
and you making all that noise, it's
just not professional.

He stops when he sees Ramirez standing there.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Where's Babs? Why ain't he gone?

MITCH

It ate... no, it doesn't matter.
Just get him back into his cell
now.

Willis pushes Ramirez with his hand. Mitch jumps at that, but nothing happens.

WILLIS

What's wrong, Ramirez? Are you
sick? Did Babs go for a doctor?

MITCH

That's it, he's sick! He had some
kind of attack! Put him back in his
cell quick.

WILLIS

He's free to go, he don't need to
go back in his cell.

MITCH

He needs to lie down. On the bunk.
In his cell.

WILLIS

He could lie down out here...

He surveys the room -- no sofas, only desk chairs.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

But maybe he'd be more comfortable
on the bunk.

He prods Ramirez with his nightstick.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Ramirez? Let's go back into your
cell for just a little smidgen till
Babs gets back, huh?

The Ramirez thing doesn't respond. Mitch looks over at the clock on Johnston's desk.

MITCH

Minute thirty. You'll have to drag him in -- he can't move. Do it fast!

Willis pushes Ramirez with both hands.

WILLIS

Come on, Ramirez! Did you have a stroke? Standing up?

MITCH

Just drag him in there now. Before... something happens.

WILLIS

You hold your horses, you instigator. I am in command and I will do my job with no assistance from you!

He puts his nightstick down on a desk and takes Ramirez with both arms around the chest.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

(to Ramirez)

Can't you help a little?

He manages to drag Ramirez over to the cell door, then tries to unhook his key-ring from his belt.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

No funny stuff, Crazy Joe. You gotta help me get Ramirez on his bunk.

He unlocks the cell. Mitch looks at the clock.

MITCH

Two minutes. How long? How long?

WILLIS

You're crazier than a bedbug, you are.

Willis gets the cell door open and drags Ramirez into the cell, shuts the door behind him and locks it.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Come on, Joe, give me a hand.

Then he notices that Crazy Joe isn't moving either.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

What the hell? You sick, too, Joe?
Is this thing contagious?

MITCH

Don't worry about him. Just get out
of there now.

WILLIS

But Ramirez ain't on his bunk yet.
And if both these men are sick,
it's my duty to make them
comfortable and ease their
suffering.

He puts Ramirez on his bunk.

MITCH

Two-fifteen. It can't be much
longer. GET OUT OF THERE, WILLIS!

WILLIS

Stop yer squawlin'! Geez, what has
the big city done to your social
skills?

Both Crazy Joe and Ramirez OPEN THEIR EYES at the same time.

MITCH

Oh my god, Willis, just leave. Get
out of the cell now!

WILLIS

Now just a darn minute -- oh, you
OK now Joe?

He walks nearer to Crazy Joe and looks him in the eyes.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

You like to sleep standing up? I
have an uncle who can do that,
strangest thing, right at my
cousin's wedding, snoring like a
train engine right up there during
the ceremony.

Crazy Joe and Ramirez start twitching their fingers.

MITCH

Move, Willis -- they're going to
kill you or worse. GET OUT!

WILLIS

What in tarnation are you all fired
up about...

Then he sees both men are now awake and moving.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Well that's good. Ramirez, you
feeling better?

But then both bodies lunge for him and Willis jumps back out
of their reach -- they're still slow and sluggish.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

What the heck are you up to?

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

RAMIREZ

One with us.

MITCH

Move as fast as you can, Willis!
Get out of that cell!

Willis obeys now. He doesn't know what's going on, but he
doesn't like it.

He moves around Ramirez and gets to the cell door, fishes for
his key-ring ... and drops it on the ground.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Get it! Get it fast and get out of
there!

Willis bends down -- but Crazy Joe and Ramirez are almost on
him. He feels for his nightstick to push them away, but he
left it on the desk out in the office.

WILLIS

Oh...

And they're on him. Both Crazy Joe and Ramirez touch a
shoulder, then grasp it hard. Willis starts to twitch as
their hands glow and heat up.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

No! No!

MITCH

Oh no, not you, not you.

Both creatures glow like fire and pour over Willis. He manages a scream, that's cut off quickly.

Then silence. A long moment of silence.

Mitch stands near the bars that separate him from the other cell and stares.

Only one form remains in the next room -- just Crazy Joe. And he's inert and stone still.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I've got to get out of here.

And then he sees it: Willis's key-ring is on the floor of the second cell, near the cell door.

Mitch looks around his cell for something that could reach over there and get it. He takes the mattress off the bunks and tries to pull apart the legs on the frame -- but he's not strong enough.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Then he hears the door open.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Chief, Johnston, you've got to help me!

He turns.

HIS POV

Sara stands in the doorway, a pink scarf around her neck, a chic but casual designer gown beneath her coat.

SARA

Mitch?

MITCH

Sara. You should go. No, wait.

SARA

Even for you that's indecisive. Good to see you, too. And thanks, Sara, for coming all this way to help me.

MITCH

No, it's great that you came. It means so much to me. But it's not safe here.

She looks around the station.

SARA

You're locked up and one other guy is in that cell. How exactly is this unsafe?

Mitch runs everything through his head for a moment.

MITCH

I know this will sound crazy. But that guy in the other cell is incredibly dangerous. Right now he's not moving. So if you could get those keys near the door of his cell and unlock my cell, you would be saving my life.

SARA

But he's locked up.

Mitch exhales noisily.

MITCH

Please, just get the keys. We only have...

(looks at clock)

Maybe a minute-forty-five.

SARA

Till what?

MITCH

Please just get the keys.

SARA

Why are the keys on the floor? Where are the police? And what's wrong with you?

Mitch explodes.

MITCH

OK, OK, if that's how you want it. That guy in there is not human. I saw it crash in some kind of space ship. I've seen it eat three people. After it eats a person, it can look just like them.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

But for two minutes after it eats, it just stands there. Maybe it's digesting, I don't know. It can also split into more than one person, but I think that weakens it, so I think it prefers to be in only one form. It just ate one of the officers and it's digesting him. It will wake up in about a minute and a half. Then it will try to reach through the bars and eat me. OK?

Sara walks over to his cell and puts her hands on the bars.

SARA

Oh, Mitch, I thought we weren't going to do this anymore.

MITCH

Do what? Get attacked by some kind of succubus from another galaxy?

SARA

Drink. And get high. And do all that stuff you promised me you were going to stop.

He hits the bars near her, startling her.

MITCH

Everyone thinks I'm drunk. Look at me, Sara. Look me in the eyes. We've known each other for fifteen years. You've seen me shitfaced and you've seen me after rehab. So tell me what you see now.

He presses his face against the bars and stares at her, not blinking.

She looks for a long time.

SARA

I don't understand, but I'll get the keys.

He sighs and leans his head against the bars.

MITCH

Thank you. I love you.

SARA

We'll discuss our relationship later. How illegal is what I'm about to do?

She walks to the other cell, crouches down, pushes her arm through the bars for the keys. But they're just out of reach.

MITCH

Saving my life is always legal.

SARA

Says you.

She pulls her arm back and looks around for something to use to get the keys, sees Willis's nightstick and gets it.

MITCH

Hurry!

SARA

I've been meaning to tell you: you're too damn bossy. Always have to have your way.

MITCH

This isn't the time...

SARA

Have you ever, just once, done something for someone else? What have you ever done for me in the past year?

She fumbles with the nightstick, touches the keys, but pushes them further away.

Mitch looks nervously over at Crazy Joe. Crazy Joe stands with eyes closed, unmoving.

MITCH

This past year?

SARA

All right, three years.

MITCH

I threw you a birthday party. Please hurry.

SARA

You told everyone to come to a bar and then made them pay. You didn't even buy me a gift.

MITCH

Well you always say you have
everything you need...

SARA

That's just what girls say! We mean
the opposite!

MITCH

You do? Always? Get the damn keys!

SARA

I'm trying!

She's so angry she thrusts forward more than she was able to
before -- and snags the keys.

She starts to draw them back to her.

And Crazy Joe's eyes snap open.

Mitch sees Crazy Joe's hand start to twitch.

MITCH

Look out! He's awake!

Sara looks over, sees Crazy Joe and gasps.

With her attention gone, she accidentally lets go of the
keys. But they're within her arm's reach so she puts her arm
into the cell.

MITCH (CONT'D)

No, get out of there!

SARA

I've got them, I've got them...

She strains and reaches the keys...

Just as Crazy Joe moves, at first jerkily, but then more
quickly as he jumps for her arm.

She screams and falls backwards. Crazy Joe's hands almost
touch her arm as it exits the cell. He grabs both ends of her
scarf and holds her there.

MITCH

Sara!

Sara struggles, spies Babs's can of mace on the floor, picks
it up and shoots it right in Crazy Joe's face.

He lets go and she scrambles back. But he never shuts his eyes, which become very red and inflamed but do not blink.

She crawls back as far as she can get, all the way to Willis's desk.

SARA
I'm OK, I think.

She looks down -- and she's got the keys in her hand!

SARA (CONT'D)
I've got them!

MITCH
You've got them!

IN THE SECOND CELL

Crazy Joe sees what's going on and moves to the bars nearest Mitch's cell.

Mitch is so caught up in his chance at freedom that he doesn't see Joe at first.

Crazy Joe reaches his arms through the bars.

CRAZY JOE
One with us.

ACROSS THE STATION

Sara sees what's happening.

SARA
Mitch! Jump!

IN MITCH'S CELL

He leaps back toward the bunks at the last moment.

Crazy Joe's arms miss him, but then start elongating.

SARA

Stares in horror, can't believe what she's seeing. She scrambles forward with the keys and tries to find the key that unlocks his cell.

Mitch joins her -- but Crazy Joe's very long arms start coming their way.

MITCH

Hurry!

SARA

You're not helping!

She keeps changing keys as each one doesn't work.

MITCH

Let me do it!

He grabs for the keys.

SARA

Will you just leave me alone...

And the keys drop to the floor. They both reach for them -- and Crazy Joe's stretching arms reach for both of them.

They don't see each of his hands reaching for each of them till the last moment -- both jump backwards.

MITCH

It was liquid when I first saw it.
Why can't it just flow through the
bars? Not that I want it to.

SARA

Maybe it's limited by the mass of
the body it's in. And how the hell
should I know?

She rushes over, picks the keys up from the floor, tries one -
- and it works.

SARA (CONT'D)

Yay! Come on, big boy!

Mitch runs to the cell door.

CHIEF RADLEY (O.S.)

Just what are you doing, young
lady? You realize you're breaking
the law right now?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Chief Radley stands in the doorway with two people, a couple. OLIVER is a former TV actor who looks like a beach bum gone to seed in his 50's and ALICIA is his powerhouse manager of a wife.

ALICIA

Here? Really? You can't expect Oliver Abel to sit in one of these grimy jail cells.

OLIVER

You do know who I am, don't you?

CHIEF RADLEY

Cool your jets, dynamic duo. Sure, I used to watch your beach private eye show twenty years ago. And if you were driving two-five over the speed limit then, I'd still lock you up.

He leaves them for a moment and walks over to Sara, puts his hand out.

She hesitates.

SARA

You don't understand...

MITCH

Really, Chief, you have to let me out. Sara can pay my bail. Let this nice couple have my cell.

The Chief moves faster than their eyes can see, pulling out his nightstick, hitting Mitch in the chest to force him back in his cell, clanging the door shut, twisting Sara around by one arm, making her drop the keys into his other hand.

With a flourish, he locks the cell door.

CHIEF RADLEY

I'll deal with you in a minute, girl.

IN THE OTHER CELL

Crazy Joe sits on his bunk, looking normal. He stares over at Mitch, unblinking but cunning.

MITCH

Looks back and goes white.

IN THE STATION

The Chief goes back to Oliver and Alice, gestures to the other cell.

Then another person crashes in the front door, a wiry reality-show cameraman, GARY. He's got his HD camera on his shoulder and he's rolling .

GARY

Shoot, I didn't get your entrance.
Go out and do it again.

Chief Radley pushes him out the door.

CHIEF RADLEY

You go out and stay out. You don't
have permission to shoot here.

ALICIA

He's our personal cameraman, you
have to let him in.

OLIVER

Don't you know I have my own
reality show now?

CHIEF RADLEY

Seen it. Has-Beens and Wannabes.
Disgusting.

ALICIA

Yet you still watch.

CHIEF RADLEY

It's like a train wreck.

OLIVER

Gonna get my own cable talk show
after this. Tons of has-beens I can
interview deeply and relatably.

ALICIA

He's gonna be so big again, you'll
see.

CHIEF RADLEY

Whyn't you just call your show's lawyer and I'll give you a comfy place to wait. Oughta get a nice chunk o' change outa this.

ALICIA

Already texted him. He's on his way.

Cameraman Gary rushes in again, rolling his camera.

GARY

So you are denying Mr. Able his due rights. Why won't you face our cameras?

In a flash, Chief Radley pulls the camera from Gary, puts it on Willis's desk, whirls Gary around and cuffs him.

CHIEF RADLEY

Assaulting an officer. You can join your friends. Sorry there are only two bunks.

He looks over at Sara, hoping for a sympathetic audience.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Didn't nary get back to my house when my radar alarms went wild. See what my life is like?

SARA

I weep for the hell that you're going through.

She sits at Johnston's desk, looking around for something that might be a weapon in case of the next attack.

She whispers to Mitch.

SARA (CONT'D)

Why doesn't it just attack us all?

MITCH

Too many, I guess. It likes to pick us off, one at a time.

THE OTHERS

All head to the second cell. The Chief uses the keys he got from Sara to unlock the door.

MITCH AND SARA

Stare in alarm.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You can't put them in with him!

SARA
They're not safe if he's in there!

THE CHIEF

Rolls his eyes.

CHIEF RADLEY
OK, tell ya what.

He opens the cell, gestures for Alicia, Oliver and Gary to go inside. Then he goes over to Crazy Joe, who sits on the bottom bunk.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)
Come on out, Joe.

Crazy Joe stands jerkily and moves to the door.

SARA

Stands up.

SARA
You can't let him go!

CHIEF RADLEY
I do appreciate you telling me my job. Next I'll tell you where to buy your next expensive designer handbag.

IN THE STATION

The Chief follows Crazy Joe out of the cell, locks the door behind him.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)
Make yourselves at home.

IN THE NEXT CELL

Oliver sits on the bunk, Alicia sits next to him. Gary stands.

GARY
Damn, I need the shot through the
cell bars!

He looks over at his camera.

HIS POV

The camera's red light is on -- it's still taping, pointed right at Mitch's cell.

BACK TO HIM

Gary bangs on the bars, waves over to Chief Radley.

GARY (CONT'D)
Hey, my camera's still running.
Battery's gonna run down. Either
point it at us or turn it off.

OUT IN THE STATION

The Chief pauses, looks over at the camera.

CHIEF RADLEY
Oh, so now you want me to work for
you? It stays where it is and if it
runs down, so what? You're not
shooting anything in here. Let's
go, Joe.

The Chief and Crazy Joe don't go towards the front door. Instead they veer left past Willis's desk, towards Johnston's desk where Sara sits.

SARA
Where are you taking him?

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch begins to figure it out.

MITCH

Chief, you can't do this! Listen to me, I know you don't believe me, but Sarah's seen the creature, too.

THE CHIEF AND CRAZY JOE

Walk along the front of Mitch's cell. Crazy Joe's unblinking eyes stare at Mitch with what looks like triumph.

CHIEF RADLEY

Right, your girl friend who drove a hundred-plus miles to get you out. Yeah, I'll believe her, Mr. Lobb Shoes.

AT JOHNSTON'S DESK

Sara nervously searches through the desk, pulls something out of a drawer.

OUTSIDE MITCH'S CELL

The Chief unlocks the door.

Mitch rushes up to the bars of the cell.

MITCH

Please, I'll do anything. I'll be good. I won't talk about aliens. Whatever you want. Just don't, don't put him in here.

IN THE NEXT CELL

Alicia, Oliver and Gary exchange looks.

OLIVER

Sounds like one o' them SyFy reality shows.

ALICIA

Great, we get to spend the night next to a raving drunk lunatic.

GARY

I thought that's what you called me?

ALICIA

OK, I get one lunatic over there
and another one in here. From Luna,
the moon, you know. So it all fits.
That's why I'm a producer.

AT MITCH'S CELL

The Chief opens the door, gestures for Crazy Joe to go in.

Crazy Joe begins to shuffle inside.

At that moment, Mitch rushes forward and leaps onto the Chief.

While Sara comes up right behind them holding something in her hand.

Mitch is no fighter, so he has no clue how to subdue Chief Radley. And the Chief is a trained police officer and former military, so he doesn't break a sweat.

The Chief uses one hand to get a grip on Mitch's throat. With the other, he unhooks his night-stick. He's about to bludgeon Mitch into oblivion.

SARA

Let him go.

Sara has a gun, a black, efficient-looking 40-caliber Smith & Wesson, standard police issue.

Everyone holds their position, even Crazy Joe -- who seems to realize she has a weapon. He actually backs up a few steps.

CHIEF RADLEY

Young lady, you are about to get in
even more trouble than your friend
here.

SARA

I'll worry about that later. Let
him go.

The Chief slowly lets go of Mitch's throat and carefully steps back a bit.

IN THE NEXT CELL

All three watch the showdown at Mitch's cell.

GARY

I think my camera's getting all this! We can make an episode out of it!

OLIVER

Damn sight more exciting than anything we've shot so far.

Alicia hits him in the shoulder.

ALICIA

It's all in the editing. You'll be a hit. But we can use this, too.

AT MITCH'S CELL

Sara gestures with the gun for the Chief to go back across the room.

SARA

You and him, over there. Mitch, come out behind me.

CHIEF RADLEY

Have you ever handled a firearm, little girl?

Then, just as the Chief steps forward, he swings the nightstick out fast, knocking the gun away from her. Quick as lightning, he pushes her backward with his other hand, jumps over and steps on the gun. He picks it up and looks at it.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Figured Johnston wouldn't leave a loaded weapon.

He pockets the gun, moves forward at Mitch and pushes him back inside the cell.

Within seconds, he has Mitch's hands behind him. There's a click, and he steps back.

Mitch is handcuffed to the bed.

MITCH

No, Chief. You can't do this!

CHIEF RADLEY

Then just make believe I didn't. Joe, your new home.

The thing that is Crazy Joe shuffles into the cell, its eyes holding on Mitch the entire time.

The Chief steps out of the cell.

SARA

Please, Chief, just let us leave.
Call my parents, they'll vouch for
me.

CHIEF RADLEY

Oh, I'll call them all right.

He walks over, takes Sara by the arm and drags her to the cell, pushes her inside, shuts and locks the door.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

They're gonna love to know what
you've been up to.

SARA

No!

MITCH

Oh no!

CHIEF RADLEY

Oh yes!

He walks away from the cell, wiping his hands.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

Got all you nuts in one place. Now
if the alien eats everybody, it'll
still all be nice and neat.

Mitch struggles with his handcuff. Sara tries to help him. Crazy Joe just stands and stares at them.

MITCH

Chief, listen to me. Whatever
happens, you can't leave us in here
with him. Do you want to be
responsible for our deaths?

CHIEF RADLEY

I don't believe you get the full
picture of the situation here. You
are prisoners in my cell. I will
provide you with food, water and a
place to sleep. Beyond that, your
survival is entirely up to you.

Chief Radley goes across the station and into his office, shuts the door.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch and Sara can't do anything with the handcuffs.

SARA

Oh, god.

MITCH

Get the mattresses.

Sara takes the mattresses off both bunks, puts one in front of Mitch and holds the other up in front of her.

IN THE NEXT CELL

Alicia, Oliver and Gary are quite intrigued by all this.

ALICIA

He does smell, I'll give you that, but really?

GARY

What's this about aliens?

OLIVER

Aren't you the least bit interested in me? I suppose you're not the target audience.

They crowd close to the bars separating the cells -- very close to Crazy Joe.

IN MITCH'S CELL

Mitch peeks out past the mattress.

MITCH

Please, just stay away from him.

SARA

Do you think he'd take them all at once?

MITCH

No, too many. On second thought then, stay just where you are and keep watching us. Watch us all day and night if you can.

IN THE NEXT CELL

Alicia, Oliver and Gary give each other knowing looks.

ALICIA
So you've both seen aliens, huh?
Spend a lot of time out in the
desert?

GARY
Seen Bigfoot? He's got his own
reality show now. He's big ratings.

OLIVER
Bigfoot's not in the desert.

ALICIA
And he's an alien, huh?

She pokes her hand through the bars, just inches from Crazy Joe's face.

Crazy Joe stares at her hand and seems to be considering some action.

MITCH AND SARA

Both react to that.

SARA
Not so close!

MITCH
Please keep your hands behind the
bars!

BOTH CELLS

Alicia laughs.

ALICIA
Like in a zoo?

OLIVER
Oh, he's gonna bite!

MITCH
He might. Just, stay back.

Alicia leers and wiggles her fingers.

ALICIA
Not until you tell us what you saw.

GARY
Was it like an army of aliens, real
tiny like?

OLIVER
Were there probes involved?

Mitch sighs.

MITCH
Look, it sounds crazy, but I saw a
UFO and a thing came out of it and
inhabited that body. I watched the
whole thing. I was just a few feet
away.

ALICIA
Oh yeah, smart boy, then why didn't
it get you?

Realization hits Sara.

SARA
Why didn't it get you?

Mitch thinks hard.

MITCH
I, I don't know. I was standing
right there and it came out of the
ship right at me. I put my hands
up...

ALICIA
So it should have eaten you, right?
Your story's full of holes. Never
make it on TV.

GARY
They think if they have some wacky
special effects, people will buy
anything.

OLIVER
My viewers are far more
discriminating.

They back away from the bars and go sit on their bunks.

IN MITCH'S CELL

Mitch and Sara both hold the mattresses in front of them and have a private conversation.

SARA

What happened, Mitch? Why did it take him and not you?

MITCH

I saw it coming and I held my arms like this... and...

SARA

You made this all up? For the attention? Just like you.

MITCH

But you saw him, you saw what he does.

SARA

So he's some kind of circus freak that stretches. You used that and made up this whole alien story.

MITCH

No, Sara, you have to believe me, I saw it coming and I held my hands up...

ACROSS THE STATION

The Chief comes out of his office.

CHIEF RADLEY

(to Alicia, Oliver, Gary)

Your boy is almost here. Sorry you couldn't stay longer.

The front door opens -- but it's just Combs with a large and heavy box.

COMBS

Something for Johnston. They left it with me. They always leave your crap with me.

CHIEF RADLEY

He ordering more weaponry? The only thing he ever shoots is jackrabbits and the occasional coyote.

Combs huffs and puffs, plops it on Johnston's desk.

COMBS
From a Mr. Munroe.

MITCH'S CELL

Mitch hears that.

MITCH
From Dad? What did he...?

He looks over at Johnston's desk and remembers.

MITCH (CONT'D)
The flask! I was holding the flask!

WIDE: THE STATION

The Chief nods to the three in the other cell.

CHIEF RADLEY
Oh, you were holding the flask all
right! And emptying it over and
over!

GARY
I see aliens when I drink that one
kind of tequila, which one is it?

ALICIA
We wouldn't know. Chief, can we go
now?

CHIEF RADLEY
In two shakes, once your guy brings
the bail and signs the forms.

Combs is still near Johnston's desk. He picks up the flask.

IN MITCH'S CELL

Mitch turns to Sara, still holding up the mattresses.

MITCH
I held the flask up when it came at
me, so it veered over and took him.
Don't you get it?

Sara doesn't, just shakes her head as if she's very
disappointed.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Silver! The flask is silver! It hates silver, just like those old monsters in the movies, werewolves or something. We need silver!

He stretches forward -- his one arm still cuffed strongly to the bunk -- and presses his face against the bars.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Chief, please let me have the flask. I don't care if it's empty, just let me have it.

WIDE: THE STATION

The front door opens and LEVY comes in, a leather-jacket-wearing, motorcycle-riding lawyer. He holds his helmet in one hand and some documents in the other.

LEVY

My television peoples, you are free, free at last!

CHIEF RADLEY

Well, after some formalities. Step over here, Mr. Levy and let's get your John Hancock.

LEVY

Brisk ride down here. Invigorating. Which of you wants to ride back with me?

Alicia, Oliver and Gary look at each other.

ALICIA

I'm the only one who can drive our SUV, all the special controls. It's the top of the line.

OLIVER

And I don't think my contract lets me on a motorcycle.

Gary's stuck.

GARY

But I have to shoot them, getting out of jail and all. Chief, I need my camera!

CHIEF RADLEY

Sorry, son, but I'm keeping that camera for evidence in my case against that young lady in the other cell. Attacking an officer.

LEVY

We've got cameras galore back at base camp. You'll ride with me. Shoot the exit with my smartphone, give it that down and dirty look.

GARY

OK, but I'm not holding onto you.

LEVY

Your loss.

He finishes the paperwork. The Chief unlocks the second cell -
- Alicia, Oliver and Gary come out.

ALICIA

Those cells are a pig sty.

OLIVER

Be surprised if I don't have a staph infection.

CHIEF RADLEY

You Los Angelenos are major pussies. Whatcha riding, counselor?

LEVY

Harley Custom Road King. Come check out my chariot.

CHIEF RADLEY

I tried to get the county to spring for some bikes but they're close-minded.

They all go out the front door.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch and Sara look over their mattresses with dismay.

SARA

They're leaving.

MITCH

We'll be alone with it.

COMBS (O.S.)
What's it worth to ya?

They look over at Johnston's desk.

THEIR POV

Combs holds the flask, sitting on the corner of Johnston's desk.

COMBS (CONT'D)
You want this so bad, it's gotta be worth something.

WIDE: COMBS AND MITCH'S CELL

MITCH
I'm not in a position to pay much.

SARA
That's my purse behind you. I have about a hundred in cash.

Combs wastes no time digging into her Gucci bag.

COMBS
Sixty-four fifty. Women can't count. Lady, I can't use your plastic. That would be fraudulent.

MITCH
Just give me the flask, please, it's a matter of life and death.

COMBS
I surely don't want to come between life and death. But sixty bucks is chump change.

MITCH
Wait! You like those shoes over there?

Combs sees the John Lobb shoes sitting next to Johnston's desk. He picks them up.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I paid three thousand dollars for those.

SARA
You didn't.

MITCH

Well Dad did. Anyway, they've gotta
be worth a thousand.

Combs kicks off his dirty cowboy boots and tries them on.

COMBS

Too small.

He squeezes his feet into them -- a tearing sound is heard.
Mitch cringes.

COMBS (CONT'D)

But they'll be a nifty conversation
piece and a sign of my stature.
It's a deal.

He limps over to the cell door and holds out the flask.

Mitch can't reach through the cell bars because of his
handcuffs.

Combs holds it just out of reach.

COMBS (CONT'D)

Fill it up for ya if I can have a
bottle o' that.

He gestures back to the crate.

MITCH

I don't need it filled. But feel
free to take whatever the hell you
want.

The ROAR of the Harley engine sounds from outside.

Combs throws the flask. It hits the bars and falls to the
floor just outside the cell.

COMBS

Sheesh, I gotta run. If the Chief
finds me in here in these shoes,
he'll take 'em back.

SARA

Wait, just give us the flask.

COMBS

You got arms, lady, use 'em!

He picks up his cowboy boots and rushes out the front door.

INT. MITCH'S CELL

Mitch and Sara hold up their mattresses and eye the flask on the floor outside the cell.

Mitch stretches forward but the handcuffs won't let him reach it.

They peek around the mattresses.

ACROSS FROM THEM

Crazy Joe stares at them, the little hatchet and skull in his dreadlocks wavering back and forth in front of his eyes.

There's an unholy smile on his face.

MITCH AND SARA

Both gulp in unison and look at each other.

MITCH

You'll have to get it. Stay behind
my mattress.

Sara leans her mattress so it's against the lower bunk, then crawls behind it and behind Mitch.

She reaches her hand from behind Mitch's mattress through the bars.

CRAZY JOE

Turns his head about a hundred-twenty degrees to watch her. Things snap in his neck but he just keeps that smile frozen on his face.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

His right arm shoots out and elongates towards Sara's hand.

WIDE: THE CELL AND THE DOOR

At the last minute, Sara pulls her hand back -- just as Joe's hand shoots in. He almost grazes her.

She screams and cowers behind Mitch.

SARA

What do you want? What is it you want?

MITCH

Don't talk to it!

CRAZY JOE

When you are one with us, you will know. All is good.

Crazy Joe shoots both arms out and takes the top and bottom of Mitch's mattress, pulls hard.

The mattress jerks out of his grasp and goes flying across the cell.

Mitch and Sara are now totally exposed.

CRAZY JOE (CONT'D)

No fear one with us.

Crazy Joe's arms let go of Mitch's mattress and move towards Mitch and Sara.

Sara screams. Mitch dives for the other mattress and pulls it over them - blocking Joe's arms. As he does that, Sara dives for the cell door, grabs the flask and pulls it behind the mattress with them.

Joe's arms grab the corners of the second mattress and pull. Mitch holds on to the other side, but in the struggle, his feet poke out underneath -- his socks are filthy and now have some holes worn in them.

MITCH

You can't have us! We like being our own people here, not one big group thing.

CRAZY JOE

You will know. One with us.

And Joe goes for Mitch's feet.

SARA

Your feet!

At the last moment, Mitch pulls them under the mattress, but he's thrown off balance, pitches forward and knocks the mattress down.

He scrambles to get it back, but one of Joe's hands has it and pulls it away.

The other hand goes for Sara. Mitch pushes her aside, reaches under the bunk and grabs the blankets he'd taken off the mattresses.

Quick as lightning he throws the blankets over Crazy Joe's head, blinding him.

Then Mitch strains over to the toilet, just at his outermost reach, with his hand cuffed to the bunk.

But he gets hold of the metal toilet and wrenches it out of the wall, throws it at Joe's head -- and it nails him point blank.

A stream of water shoots out of the wall from where the toilet was, drenching everyone.

Sara screams again, but gets up and rushes over, grabs the toilet and hits Joe again in the head with it. Joe's hands grasp for her but don't get her.

CHIEF RADLEY (O.S.)
What the frigging hell are you
doing? Wrecking my jail?

WIDE: THE STATION

Chief Radley has returned and stands in the doorway, shocked. Then he moves with purpose to the cell, unlocks the door and rushes in, locks the door behind him.

He goes over to the running water and finds the knob to turn it off.

Then he faces Mitch and Sara.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)
You nuts are gonna pay for this.
Your rich old man will reimburse me
for all this damage. And you'll do
time for assault. I don't know what
the hell you've done to poor Crazy
Joe.

He starts to go over to uncover Crazy Joe.

MITCH
Wait, Chief, please, listen to me.
Don't go over there. Just let us
leave this cell now. You can't
leave us soaking wet like this.

CHIEF RADLEY

I can do what I want. My jail, my rules. And I want to see if you've killed this poor bastard.

SARA

Then take this at least.

She picks up and holds out the flask which she'd left on the floor.

MITCH

Yes, silver! It's silver -- the creature doesn't like silver. Just take it with you for protection.

Sara forces the flask into the Chief's hand. The Chief pushes her away hard, but holds onto the flask.

CHIEF RADLEY

Stupid drunks. I gave it up fourteen years ago. Best move I ever made.

He pulls the blankets from Crazy Joe's head.

CLOSE ON:

Crazy Joe. His head is gashed and bruised, but no blood flows.

His eyes are wide open and he still smiles.

MITCH (O.S.)

Please get away from him.

WIDE: THE CELL

It's a tableau -- Mitch and Sara huddled near the cots, Crazy Joe near the bars of the cell, Chief Radley between them.

For a beat, no one moves

CHIEF RADLEY

You don't look good, Joe...

He leans forward -- and Crazy Joe's arms shoot out towards him.

Instinctively, the Chief holds up the flask...

And Crazy Joe's arms flow right over the flask, up around it onto the Chief's own arms, then around the Chief's torso.

CHIEF RADLEY (CONT'D)

No, Joe, no!

MITCH

Oh, shit no! The flask, it didn't work!

Crazy Joe's arms glow green and very bright. The Chief screams, Sara screams and Mitch hides his face in his hands -- he doesn't want to see it happen again.

But something catches his eye.

CLOSE ON:

The key-ring on the Chief's belt.

MITCH'S EYES

Go wide. He lunges forward for the key-ring -- but can't reach it.

WIDE: THE CELL

The creature has half-consumed the Chief, who twitches and groans as he's absorbed.

Sara has run to the corner of the cell, white with fear and shock.

Mitch yells to her.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You have to get his keys!

He points to the key-ring.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Before they're absorbed -- get them!

Sara shakes her head 'no'.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Then we're next! You have to, Sara! You have to save us.

Sara screams at the top of her lungs and rushes forward her hand out -- as the green glow envelopes the Chief entirely.

Mitch watches -- hoping against hope that she'll be safe.

Sara keeps screaming -- and Mitch thinks that means she's gone.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Sara! No, not Sara!

But Sara also keeps moving, slamming into the door of the cell and dropping to the ground.

She sobs.

But in her hand is the key-ring.

ACROSS THE CELL

Only the form of Crazy Joe remains, inert, eyes closed. The absorption is complete.

WIDE: THE CELL

Mitch struggles to get up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I can't understand why the flask didn't stop it. We have two minutes, tops. Open the cell door, Sara, then you can find the one for my handcuffs.

SARA

No, you first, just in case...

MITCH

No, Sara. Open the door. If something happens, you can get help.

She smiles a bitter smile.

SARA

And who's going to believe me? You first.

MITCH

The camera -- it taped the whole thing. Just take the camera with you.

Sara comes towards him.

SARA
Not without you.

MITCH
I'll be there but just get the door open in case he wakes up. You know it's the right thing to do.

She glares but goes and starts trying keys in the cell door.

SARA
You know I was coming here to tell you I was leaving you.

MITCH
What?

SARA
I'm tired, Mitch. Tired of having to come out and save you all the time. You get yourself in trouble, you expect your father and me to save you. You need to grow up.

MITCH
Who exactly is saving who right now?

SARA
I got the keys and I'm saving you. Again. Firstly, I wouldn't even be in this mess if it wasn't for you. Secondly, you got yourself into this because you have no sense of responsibility. Thirdly, that thing latched onto you. You always manage to attract the worst people and situations possible.

She keeps trying keys but none of them work.

MITCH
Firstly, you wouldn't have known to get the keys if it wasn't for me. Secondly, I have been supervising this whole survival operation, in case you hadn't noticed. Thirdly... thirdly, can't you get the damn door open?

SARA

I'm trying! If you'd just stop putting pressure on me...

MITCH

No pressure, no pressure at all, but when that thing wakes up, it's gonna get me and you pretty quickly, maybe at the same time.

SARA

Shut up!

The key she's trying clicks in the lock and the cell door opens.

MITCH

Throw me the keys.

SARA

I will unlock the handcuffs.

MITCH

Throw me the keys and get out of the cell. If it wakes up, one of us better be out there.

SARA

Don't be stupid...

MITCH

I have not been stupid this entire night. I marvel at my own intelligence and the skills I've developed in the last twelve hours. Now you damn well know I'm right, but you have to play savior again, don't you? I think you like being the savior. It makes you feel some sense of worth -- which you don't get living in your Dad's house and not bothering to find a job!

She screams and throws the keys at him, rushes out of the cell. He nods and takes the keys. He got her mad, which was what he wanted.

AT THE DESK

Sara takes the camera and examines it, but she's still mad.

SARA

I should just film you getting eaten by it. Then all my problems are solved.

IN THE CELL

Mitch tries the smallest keys on the key-ring -- but they're not working.

MITCH

Mine, too. But I'd rather solve them in a less agonizing way.

ACROSS THE CELL

Crazy Joe remains still, eyes closed.

WIDE: THE STATION

Sara carries the camera over to Johnston's desk, where her purse is. She goes through it to see if anything's missing, notices the box on the desk.

SARA

Scotch. Your father shipped this cop a full case of scotch.

MITCH

Generous is his middle name. When it comes to someone other than his family. Damn!

CLOSE ON: THE HANDCUFFS

Mitch has broken off a key in the handcuffs.

ACROSS THE CELL

Crazy Joe's eyes snap open.

ANGLE ON: MITCH

He pulls on the handcuffs but they won't open.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh crap in a blender, I'm stuck.

WIDE: THE STATION

Sara starts to walk to him to help him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Stay back, Sara. I may be trapped,
but you've got to stay out there.

ANGLE ON: CRAZY JOE

Crazy Joe's fingers begin to twitch.

WIDE: THE CELLS

Sara looks over and sees Crazy Joe moving.

SARA

It's waking up!

MITCH

Go, Sara, go now. Get Johnston. Get
the highway patrol, the militia,
whatever. Show them the footage.
Just go.

She comes closer to the cell.

SARA

I can't, Mitch, I can't leave you.

MITCH

You want to leave me, you said so
yourself. I'm a vain, self-
centered, semi-alcoholic good-for-
nothing. You know that. I'm no good
for you, so get the hell out of
here!

SARA

Mitch...

While they're talking, Mitch is jerking his arm as hard as he
can against the handcuffs.

MITCH

Go, go, you spoiled little brat! Do
something important for once, just
once in your life! Don't just fall
back into trying to save other
people like we're lost cats or
something. I don't want you to save
me, you stupid bitch!

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

I want you to get the fuck out of here! Do you have a brain in your thick head?

That makes Sara physically repelled -- she backs up towards the front door.

ANGLE ON: CRAZY JOE

Crazy Joe is wide awake now and that weird smile resumes its place on his face.

CRAZY JOE

The witness. Now to be one with us.

His arms shoot out at Mitch.

Sara screams and throws the camera at the cell.

It clanks on the bars and falls to the ground, but it distracts Joe enough so he looks over at it.

As he does, Mitch quickly grabs a mattress and throws it at Joe's arms, knocking them away for a moment.

Then he stands as best he can and wrenches at the handcuffs -- and they break free.

He stands a moment staring at his wrist, shocked to be free.

SARA

Move, you dumb shit!

Mitch does, runs out of the cell over to Sara.

MITCH

Thanks. I'm sorry I called you all those things. I was just trying to help.

SARA

You need to re-evaluate your concept of help. Oh no, the door...

ANGLE ON: THE CELL

The cell door is wide open.

The camera lies smashed on the ground near it.

BACK TO THEM

Hesitating.

MITCH

And the camera.

SARA

Run. Let's just run out the door.

MITCH

And then it's free to kill more people.

SARA

It's not your problem. Living is. We'll get help.

MITCH

Without the camera, no one will believe us.

And he runs back to the cell.

Sara curses and goes to the door - pulls on it, and it won't open.

The Chief locked it when he came in.

Sara starts fiddling with the lock but can't figure out which way opens it.

NEAR THE CELL

Mitch first runs to the camera, picks it up, turns to the cell door.

And Crazy Joe stands there, outside, free.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

NEAR THE FRONT DOOR

Sara turns and sees what's going on. She struggles with the lock and the door, banging on it.

ANGLE ON: CRAZY JOE

Crazy Joe turns his head, frog-like, from Mitch to Sara, then back again and smiles.

CRAZY JOE

One with us.

Crazy Joe closes its eyes and begins to glow. Parts of it start bulging outward. Its head blobs outward as if something's scrabbling to get out.

WIDE: THE STATION

Mitch takes the camera and starts to turn.

MITCH

Sara, get out now. It's splitting!

SARA

The goddam Chief locked the goddam door and this ancient lock is not fucking working.

MITCH

I've got the keys.

SARA

It doesn't need a key, it needs a sledgehammer or a bazooka.

Mitch runs over to Johnston's desk, searches for a weapon. No guns, but he does find a screwdriver. He leaves the camera on the desk and runs to Sara.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Mitch rushes up, hacks at the door jamb with the screwdriver.

MITCH

This is gonna take too long.

Sara pulls on the door with almost superhuman strength.

SARA

Not if we work together. You hit it and I'll pull on three! One-two-THREE!

They do it and the jamb splinters a bit, but doesn't open.

MITCH

One more time. One-two...

A shadow falls on their backs. Mitch doesn't want to look, but he turns.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh god no.

Sara turns and gasps.

HIS POV: THE ROOM BEHIND THEM

Crazy Joe has split into every single person the alien has consumed so far: Ramirez, Babs, Willis, Chief Radley, someone who must be COOPER (a grizzled guy in overalls), and Crazy Joe himself.

They're spread out around them so there's nowhere for them to run if they can't get out the door. All of them speak simultaneously.

ALL THE CREATURES

One with us.

BACK TO THEM

Mitch turns around quickly.

MITCH

Three!

He slices at the door jamb, Sara pulls -- and the door opens.

They start to rush out...

THEIR POV

A gun points directly at them. A huge Smith & Wesson .44 Special.

BACK TO THEM

They stand in the doorway, trapped.

WIDE: ON THE FRONT DOOR

Johnston stands in the doorway. It's morning behind him. The sun climbs into the sky.

JOHNSTON

What in holy hell is going on here?

MITCH

Just let us out, Johnston. We'll explain outside.

JOHNSTON

In a pig's ass you will. Back in there.

SARA

I'd rather get shot.

JOHNSTON

So you're the girlfriend. Kind of undernourished, aren't you? Let me explain. The bullet won't kill you. It will enter about here and push its way through your skin, bone and cartilage, causing great damage and immense pain. Then it will exit over there in an even bigger hole, taking a big chunk o' you with it. And you'll bleed, oh how you'll bleed. Now which of you tries it first?

He looks past Mitch and Sara.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Well we got us a party goin' on! What's happening, Chief? How'd you let these two jackrabbits skip out?

ANGLE ON: THE CHIEF

Chief Radley stands unmoving and unblinking, a tiny smile on his lips.

MITCH (O.S.)

Think about it, Johnston. It doesn't make sense.

BACK TO THEM

Mitch and Sara try to inch forward, but Johnston gestures with his gun.

MITCH (CONT'D)

All those people would not just be standing there. That's not the Chief, that's not Willis, that's not Ramirez. They're all the thing I was telling you about.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

It ate every one of them and now
it's pretending to be them.

JOHNSTON

Well, creature feature, you've
gussied up your story quite a bit.
Let's step inside to discuss it.

Sara grabs his arm.

SARA

Please just let us go outside.

JOHNSTON

Little lady, you are now assaulting
an officer of the law.

SARA

(to Mitch)

If we both rush him, he can only
shoot one of us.

Mitch barely has time to think about that when Johnston
knocks Sara inside with his gun hand, steps back and kicks
Mitch backwards with his snakeskin cowboy boot. Sara falls to
the floor and Mitch follows her.

Then Johnston comes inside, slams the door shut and bolts it.

JOHNSTON

That might be called conspiracy to
assault. I'll have to look it up.

He glances at the others in the room.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Thanks for all the help, Chief,
Willis. You guys playing some kind
of game? Whew! Smells in here!

He looks over at his desk and smiles.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Shit, he sent it!

He rushes over, ignoring the groaning Sara and Mitch, to the
crate on his desk, tears it open quickly and pulls out a
bottle of Glenlivet 18.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Check it out: 18-year-old scotch.
The best of the best. Let's crack
it now!

He pulls a dirty glass off his desk, another from Willis's and starts to go over to the Chief.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

I'll let you do the honors, Chief.
I know we're on duty, but we can
break the rules just this once.

He waves his S&W .44 at Mitch and Sara.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Don't even think about trying
anything. I'll take care of you in
just a swig.

MITCH

You don't get it...

SARA

Just listen to us...

JOHNSTON

Why in hell should I listen to your
sorry asses?

Sara gets up and gets in his face.

SARA

Listen, you moronic redneck
nincompoop! You're going to be dead
in five seconds because you're not
paying any attention. Look at these
people -- do they look normal? Do
they even look human? But no, you
and your stupid asinine scotch are
all that matter. Well you can bleed
scotch for all I care. There's a
reason that some people are low
class and that's because they're
goddam stupid.

She pushes Johnston in the chest. He looks from her to Mitch.

MITCH

What she said.

Johnston waves his gun menacingly.

JOHNSTON

One little thing you both gotta
understand: the man with the big
gun is in charge. So shut the frig
up! You high class space cases!

(MORE)

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

You think a college degree and a big bank account gives you leeway to push people around.

He steps over to Chief Radley.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Whaddya say, Chief? We take a shot and then show these assholes who's boss?

He puts the gun in his holster, twists open the bottle of Glenlivet and offers the Chief a glass.

The Chief just stares at him, then slowly raises his hand.

MITCH

Oh, shit.

SARA

Oh, no.

Johnston turns his face to glare at them, not watching the Chief for a moment.

JOHNSTON

You can't stand to see us have a good time, can ya? You think all the good times are reserved for you?

And the Chief's hand lands on his shoulder and starts to glow.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

What the...?

MITCH

No!

Johnston drops the bottle and glasses, which smash on the floor. He starts to yell in pain and falls to his knees.

ANGLE ON: MITCH AND SARA

Mitch and Sara move towards him, but Willis and Crazy Joe are in their path now.

Mitch and Sara back away from them to the corner of the room, near Johnston's desk.

CLOSE ON: JOHNSTON

He's in agony on his knees -- the Chief's other hand comes down on his other shoulder.

But Johnston's bigger and tougher than any victim so far. He's not done yet.

He manages to get his Smith & Wesson .44 Special out of his holster and forces his hand upward, pointing behind and up, back at the Chief.

CLOSE ON: MITCH

Mitch sees what he's doing.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Two inches to your right!

CLOSE ON: JOHNSTON

Johnston groans and makes his hand obey while his body starts to tremble and glow green like the Chief's hands.

And he FIRES!

BEHIND HIM

The bullet smacks dead center in the Chief's forehead. Then another follows it, going into his left eye.

Lots of brain matter and blood and stuff shoot out the back of the Chief's skull.

WIDE

The force of the blast makes the Chief let go of Johnston.

Johnston screams and crawls forward, away from the Chief. He's burned through his shirt and is in very bad shape. But he's not dead yet.

All the other manifestations of the creature -- Willis, Crazy Joe, Ramirez, Babs and Cooper -- rotate their heads to look at the Chief.

Mitch and Sara rush past Willis and Crazy Joe to Johnston, pull him towards the front door. Mitch takes the gun as well.

SARA
Let's get the hell out of here!

Mitch thinks of something.

MITCH
The camera!

SARA
Leave it -- we've got our proof
right here!

She means Johnston, but he's not looking so good.

Mitch decides to run for Johnston's desk where he left the camera.

SARA (CONT'D)
Mitch, you are a space case!

ANGLE ON: THE CHIEF

Chief Radley's face is all shot up and he's missing brain matter.

But he's still moving. He turns to Sara and Johnston at the front door.

CHIEF RADLEY
One with us.

He takes a step forward.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Sara's unbolted it and is trying to pull it open, but Johnston is dead weight leaning against it and she can't move him.

Ramirez and Babs are faster -- they're moving quick right to Sara.

SARA
Mitch, goddamit!

NEAR JOHNSTON'S DESK

Mitch gets the camera, but turns to face Willis, Crazy Joe and Cooper.

He fumbles with Johnston's gun, points and fires. The recoil is so strong he screams and drops the gun.

But he hit Willis in the chest.

Willis looks down at the wound right on his heart. Blood pours out.

Mitch retrieves the gun, points it across the room, braces himself and fires the remaining bullets.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Ramirez gets a bullet right in the side of the head. Babs takes one in the leg, which makes her stumble.

They both stop, as if in shock. But they are not down.

Sara gets Johnston's body away from the door. He's more conscious now and tries to help.

SARA (CONT'D)
Mitch, come on!

ANGLE ON: MITCH

But Mitch is trapped by Crazy Joe, Willis and Cooper -- and he's out of bullets. He puts the gun in his belt.

Then a SIZZLING SOUND and a SCREECH make them all stop.

FULL SHOT: CHIEF RADLEY

Chief Radley's leg is melting. As he attempts to walk forward, something is causing him a lot of pain -- and is making him partially dissolve.

WIDE

All of the creatures look at Radley.

Sara almost has the door open, looks over to Mitch.

SARA (CONT'D)
What...?

CLOSE ON: MITCH

He figures it out.

MITCH

It wasn't the flask, it was the
liquor. The booze! The thing hates
alcohol!

He puts the gun and camera down, goes into the crate on
Johnston's desk and pulls out more bottles of scotch. Then he
opens Johnston's secret stash of booze and takes bottles from
there.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Sara helps Johnston to a standing position.

SARA

What are you talking about?

Johnston's weak, but he gets it.

JOHNSTON

Not my Glenlivet 18. And not my
stash!

WIDE

Mitch whacks the tops of two bottles and breaks off the tops.

He throws the first one right at Willis, hits him on the
chest and liquor spills all over him.

The Willis thing screeches and flames up, starts to melt. It
doesn't even try to run, just collapses in on itself.

The second one gets Cooper, who takes it in the face and his
skin melts off, revealing his skull.

But Crazy Joe is crafty and backs away behind the open cell
door of Mitch's cell, avoiding two thrown bottles.

Mitch grabs four more bottles and runs away from Crazy Joe,
over to Sara and Johnston.

He breaks a bottle over Ramirez's head, but Babs tries to
grab him. He slips and falls, smashing two bottles as he
falls.

Babs backs away from the spreading liquor, but can stretch
her arms out to touch him.

He throws the last bottle at her -- but it doesn't break and
just falls to the floor, whole.

SARA AND JOHNSTON

Are up and almost out the door.

SARA
Mitch!

JOHNSTON
Throw me the gun!

ANGLE ON: MITCH

Scrabbling to get away from Babs but slipping on the spilled scotch.

MITCH
It's empty!

JOHNSTON

Stands and is a bit wobbly.

JOHNSTON
Reload!

WIDE

Mitch pulls the gun out of his belt, throws it to Johnston, who manages to catch it. He's got more bullets in his belt and reloads like a pro, then fires into Babs several times.

The force knocks her to the floor, very near Mitch.

CLOSE ON

Bab's face, leering at Mitch, as she reaches for him.

But the scotch on the floor flows right under her and she starts shrieking and flaming up.

MITCH

Gets to his feet and runs for the door.

But they've all forgotten about Crazy Joe.

His hands stretch from where he is and grab Mitch.

Mitch groans and keeps trying to run, but he's held fast and the hands start to glow on him.

WIDE

Sara runs over to Johnston's desk, while Johnston unloads the rest of his gun into Crazy Joe.

But Crazy Joe doesn't let go.

Mitch's mouth starts to bubble with blood.

Sara gets two bottles from the case of scotch, hits them against each other so the tops crack.

Then she goes right up to Crazy Joe, looks him in the eyes and pours the scotch on his head.

SARA

None with us, motherfucker!

Crazy Joe screams, lets go of Mitch and grabs for Sara, but she's fast and gets out of his reach just in time.

CLOSE ON: CRAZY JOE

He melts into a puddle of green slime. Soon, only the little hatchet, the doll's shoe, the mini-book, the rodent skull and the rattler's tail from his hair lie there in the puddle.

WIDE

Johnston goes over to Mitch's prone body. Mitch lies face down.

JOHNSTON

Lobb shoes, you alive? Damn you,
don't die on me till I kill you
myself.

Sara runs over, sobbing.

SARA

No, Mitch, no!

She turns him over.

MITCH

Is in bad shape, but his eyes open.

MITCH

That was goddam awesome, Sara. Best
save in the known and unknown
universe!

WIDE

Sara and Johnston help Mitch to his feet. They all stumble
towards the door.

JOHNSTON

Wait a minute.

He leaves them for a moment, goes over to his desk, takes one
remaining bottle of scotch and the camera, returns to them.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

This is almost too valuable to
drink. But I say once we're out
there, we have a toast.

MITCH

Seconded.

SARA

ThirDED.

EXT. STATION - DAY

The three of them exit the station into the bright sunlight,
shading their eyes.

MITCH

Damn, the sun feels good.

SARA

It all feels good.

JOHNSTON

Well I feel like shit, but any
feeling at this point is a positive
thing.

He opens the bottle of scotch, takes a swig, passes it to
Mitch.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

You think that thing is gone for
good, or could it grow again?

MITCH

Like, regenerate? Dunno. But now we're ready for it.

SARA

So for once, alcohol is a good thing?

They laugh at that a bit.

And a LIMO pulls up in front of them. A well-dressed gentleman in an old-fashioned three-piece suit gets out of the back. This is DANIELS, the man who works for Mitch's father.

DANIELS

Mitch, Sara.

He disapprovingly looks at the messy state they're in, particularly Mitch in his ripped up socks.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Your father sent me -- just in time it seems.

Mitch looks at Sara and Johnston.

MITCH

Your place far?

JOHNSTON

Straight over that hill.

Mitch looks at Daniels and motions for him to get back in the limo.

MITCH

We'll walk.

He holds out his hand, in almost the same way as he did at the start of the film, like the finger of God reaching out to Adam. Sara's finger reaches to him and their hands close on each other.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You know what, Sara, you can save me any time.

SARA

We can save each other.

They walk hand in hand into the sun.

FADE OUT.