

THE VISITORS
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE: "11 Years Ago"

The dead of night. Moonlight illuminates a modern house. Huge. Envy of neighbors for miles around. Thick trees surround the property.

Crickets CHIRP happily.

A mean wind moves the trees.

The crickets stop chirping.

It's quiet. So quiet.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMMA, 4, sleeps in a bedroom built for a princess... or the daughter of someone with a shitload of money. Teddy bears everywhere. A soft, orange glow comes from a night-light plugged into the wall.

The night-light flickers. Dies.

Ghostly blue light appears in the crack under the bedroom door. It builds in intensity.

Emma sits up and stares at the light under the door. She grabs a nearby teddy bear and holds it like a shield.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma sneaks out of her room armed with teddy bear shield. The blue light shines from somewhere beyond the end of the hallway.

She creeps toward the source.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Emma exits the house and stares in wonder at the light floating above the backyard. It doesn't move. Studying her?

Emma smiles. Holds out her teddy bear in an offering of friendship.

Blue light hits Emma in the chest like a spotlight, paralyzing her instantly. She floats into the air, toward the light, her tiny face frozen in terror.

The teddy bear falls to the ground.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

TITLE: "Present Day"

EMMA, now 15, stares right at us. Looks like she hasn't slept in years. She sits on a giant leather couch that threatens to swallow her up.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
You're holding out on me.

EMMA
(every word is a struggle)
I told you everything.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
You told me what I wanted to hear.

EMMA
I'd tell you I had super powers if
it would get me out of here faster.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
We have... twelve minutes left. In
twelve minutes, you are free to
leave.

EMMA
Fine.

Emma stares for several seconds as uncomfortable silence fills the room. In the background, a clock TICKS way too loudly.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
Why don't you tell me about the
first time they visited you?

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA
Yeah, right.

Emma's head twitches. Nervous tic... or something more?

THERAPIST (O.S.)
What are you afraid of?

EMMA
Please...

THERAPIST (O.S.)
You've told me before. Let's just
go over the details again. It'll
help. I promise. You were four...

EMMA
Can I go now?

Emma scratches the inside of her arm.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
...You lived just outside Boston...

Emma wipes a tear away.

EMMA
Please...

EXT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma exits the office flanked by her parents, WALTER and SOPHIA, 40's. They keep concerned, loving arms around her as they walk to their Lexus.

Despite the affection, Emma seems a million miles away.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Walter drives. Sophia and Emma in the back seat. Conservative TALK RADIO at a low volume.

Sophia lovingly fixes Emma's hair. Emma is a zombie.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The bell RINGS.

Classes empty. Yacky TEENS fill the hallway. A noisy, boisterous crowd, most of them with cell phones to their ears.

Emma shuffles forward with caution, textbook over her chest like a shield, desperately trying to avoid physical contact.

A gaggle of MEAN GIRLS float past. They send scornful glances her direction.

She moves away, only to run into a wall of muscle and letterman jackets: the JOCKS. They high-five about their latest sexual conquests as Emma tries to squeeze past.

The NOISE builds to an uncomfortable level. Emma winces.

Someone shoves her. An accident, but her book flies.

She searches for it, desperate, as another student shoves her again. The noise builds to an ear-splitting ROAR. Emma puts her hands over her ears and closes her eyes.

EMMA

Stop it... please... be quiet...

The world ignores her.

EMMA

Stop it! Stop it!

(holy shit)

STOP IT!!

The hallway freezes. She opens her eyes to find everyone staring.

EMMA

(barely audible)

Please...

DOUCHEBAG JOCK

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Emma's eyes roll back. She begins to shake. Blood trickles from her nose as she loses consciousness.

A female student SCREAMS.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

THWACK! GARCIA, 30, takes a glove to the face. Arms and chest covered in tattoos. Loads of muscle from years in the ring... broken nose from one too many.

A cut bursts open above his eye. He doesn't give a shit. Grins. Loves this. He dodges. Weaves. Not enough to avoid quick jabs from--

--the younger, faster black fighter, JAY.

But Garcia presses on. Lumbers around the ring in the center of a gym that's seen better days. Garcia connects with a right hook. Slow, but brutal.

Jay shakes it off. Lands a quick left.

Garcia's lip splits. No matter. The bull keeps charging.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Garcia tosses gloves into a locker. Eyebrow bandaged. Lip sealed with Crazy Glue.

Jay walks by, equipment bag over one shoulder.

JAY

Same time next week?

They clasp hands. Macho. Muscles bulge.

GARCIA

Jesus. Look at you, pretty boy. Not a scratch on ya.

JAY

I'm wounded on the inside.

GARCIA

You kicked my ass.

JAY

You hung in there, old man.

GARCIA

Old man?

JAY

A few of those punches nearly took
my head off.

GARCIA

What are ya... like, five years
younger than me?

JAY

Wear your dentures next time,
muchacho.

Garcia throws a roll of medical tape at his head... but Jay
dodges with a LAUGH.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Garcia jogs to catch up with JIMMY, 70's.

GARCIA

Jimmy? Hey, Jimmy... hold up.

Jimmy picks up towels. Can't be bothered.

JIMMY

I ain't got time for you, Garcia,
unless you got my money.

GARCIA

You know I'm good for it.

JIMMY

Yeah?

GARCIA

I'm a man of my word.

JIMMY

Sure you are.

GARCIA

Three days... please.

JIMMY

You don't pay, you don't step in my
ring.

GARCIA

How am I s'pposed to train?

JIMMY
Ain't my problem.

GARCIA
I know that. It's just... my ex,
she won't let me see my kid and--

Jimmy pushes Garcia to the door.

JIMMY
--Good idea. Save your money for
that kid of yours... and stop
wasting it getting beat up every
week.

GARCIA
Jimmy--

JIMMY
--Enough.

It wounds him to say it. Must.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Pay up... or you're gonna find your
gloves out on the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Garcia hustles from the exit to the parking lot.

An OLD WOMAN approaches on the sidewalk. Gives a terrified
look at his wounded face.

GARCIA
I'm Batman.

She shuffles away, double time.

Garcia laughs.

INT. GARCIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Garcia climbs in. Turns the key. The ignition WHINES.

GARCIA
Come on come on... don't do this to
me.

A mournful SHIMMY... and it starts.

GARCIA (cont'd)
That's it, baby. Good girl.

INT. GARCIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garcia sits on the edge of a bed inside the sparse room of a man behind on his rent. He's on the phone.

GARCIA
...I already told you I was sorry.
I should have the money in a few
days... I was thinking of coming up
there tomorrow, maybe see him for a
few hours... please Maria, you
can't keep me from my own son... I
told you I'd get you the money!...
dammit Maria, let me see him!...
Let me see him!...FUUUCCKK!

Garcia throws the phone. Clenches fists. Grits teeth. About to explode.

He looks at the bedside table. An open Bible is next to a handgun. An impossible choice.

He takes a deep breath. Retrieves the phone. Dials.

GARCIA
(calm)
Hey. It's me. I'm in... Yeah, I'm
sure.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A large, modern house set on several acres surrounded by thick forest. (NOTE: a different house than the opening scenes) Plenty of space from one ritzy house to the next. Kardashian money.

Garcia parks across the street. KELSEY, 40, in the passenger seat. Giant black man. Level of intimidation: Ving Rhames.

TIMMS, 30, in the back. Skinny. Tweaked. Level of intimidation: Gary Oldman.

TIMMS

That it?

GARCIA

Twelve-forty-two--

Everything Kelsey says makes him sound like the bass player in the world's coolest jazz band.

KELSEY

That's it.

Timms goes for the door handle.

KELSEY

Calm yourself, brother. Take a breath.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma sits on the couch, blanket wrapped around her, knees up to her chest. Mesmerized by the fire CRACKLING in the fireplace.

Sophia approaches with a pill and glass of water.

SOPHIA

We're headed out to lunch with Richard and Hillary. Take your pill before we go.

EMMA

No.

Emma scratches the inside of her right arm. Sophia notices and pulls her hand away in a firm but loving gesture.

SOPHIA

I'm not leaving until you do.

Emma sighs, takes the pill and swallows it with a swig of water and look of resentment.

EMMA

Happy?

SOPHIA

I might do a cartwheel.

Emma returns to her staring contest with the fireplace.
Sophia plants a kiss on her forehead.

Emma twitches... but keeps it under control.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

One day I'll make you laugh
again... like I used to.

Emma's mind slips once again. Sophia kneels before her, takes
her hand and speaks through eyes filled with sadness.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I wish you would talk to me, Emma.
Maybe... maybe I could help you. If
you'd only tell me what's wrong.

Flames reflect off Emma's nearly catatonic eyes.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I love you.

Another kiss and hug that aren't returned. Sophia departs,
almost in tears.

Emma pulls the blanket tighter around her.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Walter and Sophia exit, climb in their Lexus and drive away.

Kelsey watches their tail-lights turn a corner... and opens
his car door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma watches the fire. Over her shoulder, we can see a glass
door leading out to the backyard.

Timms steps into view.

The doorbell RINGS. Emma breaks from her trance, gets up, and
walks to the--

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

--where she opens the door to find no one there. She looks out, both directions, puzzled.

EMMA

Hello?

She shrugs. Closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back to the couch. Back to her blanket. Back to the staring contest with the fire.

She fails to notice the patio door is wide open and Timms is now inside, watching her.

Timms tip-toes toward her. Closer and closer... and she still doesn't notice. Ten feet. Eight. Five. He's right behind the couch.

Emma YAWNS.

Timms clasps a hand over her mouth. She tries to scream but it's too late.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Rain falls. Thick trees choke the narrow road on both sides. Garcia's car crests a hill at high-- but legal-- speed.

INT. CAR - DAY

Windshield wipers make a rhythmic THWAP... THWAP... THWAP...

Garcia drives but keeps one eye on the rearview mirror where he sees--

--Emma, wrists bound with duct tape, her head covered with a canvas bag. Timms is next to her, licking his lips and checking out her cleavage.

She WHIMPERS. Timms presses his gun against her head.

TIMMS

Shhh...

Timms makes eye contact with Garcia in the mirror and blows him a kiss.

Kelsey sleeps in the passenger seat. Just another everyday kidnapping. Rain streaks make eerie patterns across his face.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The two-lane road becomes a single lane of mud. Car tires struggle for traction but keep going.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

They park in front of a two-story cabin. Rustic, but with all the modern comforts. The car SHUTS OFF.

Beside the cabin is a rustic-looking barn.

INT. CAR - DAY

Garcia looks out through the rainy windshield.

GARCIA

Nicer than my place.

TIMMS

We got HBO?

KELSEY

No TV, but my man said it's got power and water.

TIMMS

Shit, man... I'm gonna miss the game.

KELSEY

Be cool, brother.

Emma SOBS.

KELSEY

Cry all you want, darlin'. Ain't no one gonna hear you but the trees.

Timms pulls the bag off her head. Emma glances around, panicked. Eyes red from crying. Duct tape over her mouth.

TIMMS

Hey, baby.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

They climb out. Timms drags Emma out of the car with a vice grip on her arm.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sparse, but cozy. Perfect for a weekend fishing getaway. A hallway leads to the back of the cabin with the bathroom and kitchen. Stairs lead up to two small bedrooms.

Emma sits in a chair in the middle of the room. Timms stands over her, staring like a fucked-up pervert. She looks away.

Garcia and Kelsey analyze a cell phone.

KELSEY

How long?

GARCIA

Forty-five seconds. Sixty, tops.
Any longer and they'll make the
trace.

KELSEY

Got it. Emma... shall we see how
much your mommy and daddy love you?

Kelsey goes outside with a LAUGH. Emma WEEPS.

Emma makes eye contact with Garcia. Pleading. He looks away.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Kelsey holds the phone to his ear.

KELSEY

Mr. Freeman, we have your
daughter...

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Timms joins Garcia at the bookcase. Emma keeps an eye on them.

TIMMS
Anything good?

GARCIA
Check it out.

TIMMS
You read a lot of--
(reads)
--Charles Dickens down in South
Central?

GARCIA
A classic's a classic. Why you
gotta hate?

TIMMS
Any Playboy's?

Garcia ignores him. Pulls out "A Christmas Carol" and starts thumbing through. Timms wiggles his eyebrows at Emma.

TIMMS
Maybe me and the spoiled little
rich girl will make our own
Playboy. If you're good, I'll let
you watch.

EXT. CABIN - SAME

Kelsey hangs up. Big smile. This is gonna be perfect.

He spies the barn. Saunters over. Slips inside--

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

--and finds himself face-to-face with a beautiful HORSE.

KELSEY
Hey. How you doing, horse?

The horse WHINNIES. Stares right at him with big brown eyes.

Kelsey stares back. Mesmerized.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
You friendly? Yeah?

Kelsey puts his hand out. The horse sniffs his palm. HUFFS with disappointment.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Shit. Sorry.

Kelsey grabs a handful of oats from a nearby barrel. Hand out again. The horse greedily gobbles them up.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
My boy left you out here all alone for the weekend? That shit don't fly, horse. I'll take care of you.

Kelsey strokes the horse as it eats.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Beautiful... beautiful...

INT. CABIN - SAME

Garcia and Timms are toe-to-toe. Garcia looks ready to pop him.

GARCIA
Cool it with that perverted shit.

With lightning fast reflexes, Timms shoves his .45 into Garcia's neck.

TIMMS
Come again, Rocky?

Garcia freezes. Drops the book.

GARCIA
Calm down, man.

TIMMS
Yeah? You giving orders now? How 'bout I tell the big man you wanna be in charge?

No one moves.

Kelsey opens the door.

KELSEY

We cool?

Timms lowers the gun. Garcia breathes again.

TIMMS

As a goddamn glacier. We rich yet?

KELSEY

Soon. Parents are a tearful, angry mess but they'll pay up.

(to Emma)

Stop crying, baby doll. You'll be back home, all warm and snuggly, this time tomorrow.

Kelsey brushes hair away from her face in a gesture both fatherly and sinister.

KELSEY

Isn't it nice to have people in your life that love you so damn much?

He strokes her head in a familiar gesture.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Beautiful... beautiful...

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER

Timms unpacks a canvas duffel full of guns. Lots of guns. Schwarzenegger in Commando level of guns. The room is empty except for a bed and dresser.

KELSEY (O.S.)

Noon tomorrow.

Timms finds Kelsey standing in the doorway.

TIMMS

The place?

KELSEY

Just like we discussed.

TIMMS
Right on, brother.

They clasp hands in a macho gesture. Kelsey notices the doubt in his eyes.

KELSEY
You don't like him.

Timms shrugs.

TIMMS
I don't like you.

KELSEY
You know what I mean.

TIMMS
I don't know him, is all. I know you.

KELSEY
We agreed this is three-man job.
Garcia makes three.

TIMMS
Mexico's your boy. That's good
enough for me.

KELSEY
Is it?

TIMMS
As long as the wetback holds up his
end, I'm golden.

Timms removes a vicious-looking shotgun from the duffel.

Kelsey leaves.

KELSEY (O.S.)
There's a horse in the barn.

Timms looks around. Was that meant for him?

TIMMS
Whoop-de-fucking-do.

LIVING ROOM

Garcia offers Emma a glass of water. He grabs one edge of the duct tape over her mouth and pauses.

GARCIA

Please don't scream.

Emma nods. Garcia peels back the tape. He holds the glass to her lips. She drinks like she's been lost in the Sahara.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Leave some for the fish.

Kelsey comes down the stairs. Doesn't give them a passing glance... just heads for the kitchen.

Emma finishes the glass. Garcia kneels in front of her. Tries to meet her gaze but she looks away. He looks toward the kitchen... makes sure Kelsey is out of earshot.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Hey. Nothing's gonna happen to you.
You hear me? We'll take you back to
your mom and dad tomorrow. OK?

He smiles at her, but she's too terrified for it to matter.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

They fail to notice Timms looking down at them.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The forest is dark. Impenetrable. The cabin looks eerie, alone in blackness, with a single light coming from the living room. Horror movie time.

Crickets CHIRP.

In the barn, the horse WHINNIES.

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timms sleeps, SNORING like a chainsaw. His arms are wrapped around his shotgun like they just made love.

OTHER BEDROOM

Garcia sleeps.

LIVING ROOM

Kelsey sits on the couch, mouth stuffed with sandwich. Emma remains in the chair, duct tape over her mouth.

She glances at the SHOTGUN in his lap. He notices.

KELSEY

Don't want you running off into the woods.

Kelsey runs his fingers up and down the barrel in a gesture normal men shouldn't make to 15-year-old girls.

Kelsey finishes the sandwich. Reaches for a nearby book.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

(reading)

...The God of the Old Testament is arguably the most unpleasant character in all fiction: jealous and proud of it; a petty, unjust, unforgiving control freak; a vindictive, bloodthirsty ethnic cleanser; a misogynistic, homophobic, racist, genocidal, sadomasochistic, malevolent bully.

(big with sarcasm)

Well, then... that was pleasant reading.

He throws the book. It slams against the wall with an unholy CRACK, startling Emma.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Don't know if I approve of my boy's reading selection. I'm a church-going man, myself. Might not think so, but just ignore the gun in my lap. You go to church, Emma?

Emma mumbles something, but we can't make it out.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I bet you do. I bet Mommy and Daddy drag you to church as they thank God for all their blessings. I bet they're praying now... about you. You feel their prayers?

Kelsey leans back. Closes his eyes. Breathes deep.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

You ever been shot, Emma? Wait... that was a stupid question. Of course you haven't. Perfect little princess like you? Worst you ever had was that nose job your daddy gotcha when you turned fourteen.
(off her look)
Oops. Sorry. Deviated septum.

He LAUGHS. Emma fights back tears.

Kelsey rises. Looms over her. She flinches, waiting to be punched... but he RIPS the tape off her mouth.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I'm bored. Talk to me.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP.

Suddenly... the CHIRPING stops.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The horse freezes. Stares straight ahead.

Something is coming.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The staring contest continues.

KELSEY

Jesus. You're a teenaged girl. Your kind ain't exactly known for your silence.

EMMA

(small)

I've got nothing to say to you.

She twitches.

KELSEY

What's wrong with you? You sick?

EMMA

No.

KELSEY

I'm gonna catch it, aren't I?

EMMA

It's not like that.

KELSEY

Well, if you're gonna die, just do it quietly. No one likes a long, drawn-out death scene.

(laughs)

Come on... make with the witty banter. Tell me all about Sponge Bob or Justin Bieber or whatever the hell you kids are into these days.

EMMA

I hope you die.

KELSEY

Now we're talking! You're not still sore about the whole kidnapping thing, are ya?

The look on her face suggests she'd leap out of the chair and strangle him... if she could.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Look... you gotta understand something. This ain't personal. It ain't about you or your mommy or your daddy. It's about your daddy's money. The ninety-nine percent are pissed... and we have guns.

EMMA

You're just a thief.

KELSEY

A thief breaks in and steals your mom's diamonds. I stole their most valuable possession: you.

EMMA

Your parents must be proud.

KELSEY

There's my teenaged girl, with all the drama and heartache of a thousand soap operas! Try and look on the bright side, Emma. A night away from home, in the great outdoors, with three handsome gentlemen.

A single TEAR rolls down her cheek.

KELSEY

You have my word... as long as Daddy pays up, you have nothing to worry about. And you'll have one hell of a cool story to tell your friends on Facebook.

EMMA

I... don't have any friends.

Her comment gives Kelsey pause, but the tough brute facade takes over and he smirks.

KELSEY

Cry me a freakin' river.

Something outside the window grabs Emma's attention. Her mouth hangs open. She doesn't blink. Mesmerized by something... familiar.

Kelsey looks.

There... beyond the trees... a ghostly blue light shines toward the cabin. It doesn't move. Frozen and eerie, like something from another world, behind the tree line.

KELSEY
What the hell?

Kelsey jumps up, shotgun in hand. He races for the door.

EMMA
Wait--

KELSEY
--Shit. They found us.

OTHER BEDROOM

The light shines in like a spotlight.

Garcia wakes up. He stares out with the mother of all puzzled expressions.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Kelsey aims the shotgun at the light. Waiting... but there's no movement. No sound.

KELSEY
Who's there?! Show yourself!

He COCKS the shotgun.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma stares at the light, frozen in fear.

EMMA
No... no... no... no...

Her eyes roll back, in a trance.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Garcia and Timms rush out, armed. They join Kelsey at the tree line. All eyes on the light.

GARCIA
Cops?

KELSEY

Impossible.

TIMMS

It's too damn quiet.

GARCIA

What is it?

A low RUMBLE emanates from the light. It flows over the trees, building to a DEAFENING HUM.

Garcia SCREAMS SOMETHING but can't be heard.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The horse thrashes around, clearly agitated.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma breaks from her trance. Panicked. She looks behind her at the hallway leading to the kitchen.

One more glance outside at the guys... and she jumps from the chair and makes a run for it.

KITCHEN

Emma sprints in. She fumbles with the BACK DOOR, her wrists still bound.

Finally, she opens it... and runs into darkness.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The HUM stops. The light disappears. The guys stare into darkness once again.

TIMMS

What. The. Hell?

KELSEY

No idea.

Garcia makes the Sign of the Cross.

GARCIA
Holy Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee...

EXT. ABOVE THE FOREST - NIGHT

We float over the trees looking down at the cabin. The three guys are far below.

In the trees behind the cabin, Emma runs for her freedom.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Kelsey leads them back to the cabin.

Overhead, they fail to notice a MASSIVE BLACK OBJECT float over the cabin, cover the stars, then disappear.

Kelsey freezes, pissed.

KELSEY
Where's the girl?

They look through the open front door and see: Emma's empty chair, tipped over.

TIMMS
You were watching her!

KELSEY
Shit.

GARCIA
She ain't jogging all the way home
with her wrists tied up.

KELSEY
I'll check the cabin. You two check
the woods.

TIMMS
Hell with that. YOU check the
fucking woods.

Kelsey gives him a look that says "I don't need a gun to kill you." Timms seethes. Garcia holds him back with a firm hand on his arm.

GARCIA
Woods. We're on it.

Garcia and Timms split, racing around opposite sides of the cabin.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Emma leaps over fallen logs. The light from the cabin now far behind.

TIMMS

...tears through the woods like a bear.

TIMMS
Come out come out wherever you are!

GARCIA

...searches carefully. Slower steps. Methodical.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey searches like a madman. Tosses things aside. Tilts chairs over. He rushes into the--

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--and finds the back door wide open.

KELSEY
Perfect.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The horse backs up from the barn door, wary of the commotion outside.

Suddenly, a creepy CLICKING noise from the barn's roof.

The horse freezes.

The CLICKING descends, inside the barn, headed for the horse.

The horse stomps his feet. WHINNIES with panic. Tries to get loose but the rope around its neck won't give.

The CLICKING gets closer. Small, hideous shadows dance in the corners of the barn. We can't get a clear view but it sure as hell ain't raccoons.

The horse NEIGHS with fear.

Something leaps from the shadows. Attacks the horse. Blood flies.

The horse drops.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Emma stops behind a tree. Face covered in sweat. Breathing heavy. She peeks out.

Garcia stalks her. Still far, but headed her way.

She picks up a branch and readies it like a baseball bat. She doesn't breathe.

GARCIA

...looks ahead. Sees the tree. Walks toward it, gun out.

EMMA

...hears him approaching. She closes her eyes. Holds the branch closer.

TIMMS (O.S.)

Hi...

Her eyes snap open. Timms stands three feet away.

TIMMS

Found you.

Emma tries to scream... but Timms NAILS her in the head with the butt of his gun.

She drops. Timms pounces.

GARCIA

...hears the commotion. Runs toward it.

TIMMS

...sits on top of her, grinning like a lion.

Emma is dazed. Eyes rolled back. Fighting for consciousness.

Timms traces the muzzle of his gun along her cheek... down her neck... over her chest.

TIMMS

Shouldn't have run, pretty girl...
shouldn't have run.

EMMA

(woozy)
No... please...

TIMMS

What say me and you have a little
fun?

Emma MOANS in protest.

Timms pulls up her tank-top, exposing her stomach. He runs his fingers along the waistband of her pajama bottoms--

--when Garcia flies in and tackles Timms! They tumble to the ground.

Garcia attacks like a man possessed. Vicious hits. Timms takes a beating. But Timms is quicker. He blocks the attack and pushes Garcia off.

They clamor to their feet. Guns out. Point-blank, at the other's head. Mothafucking stand-off time.

GARCIA

Stay away from her.

TIMMS

Or what?

GARCIA

I'll empty my clip in your head.

TIMMS

Mexico's got balls. I like it!

KELSEY (O.S.)

Hey!

Timms and Garcia lower their guns. Kelsey appears from the darkness.

KELSEY

What the hell is going on?

TIMMS

Nothing, man. It's fine. We got her. I had to bring her down.

Kelsey inspects the bloody wound on the side of her head.

KELSEY

Jesus. Everything ain't fine. The girl's bleeding out of her fucking skull!

(to Garcia)

Get her back and clean her up.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. Crickets start CHIRPING again. Light shines from the living room.

The barn is silent.

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey sleeps.

OTHER BEDROOM

Timms sleeps. SNORES. Cuddled up with the shotgun again.

LIVING ROOM

Emma lies on the couch. She stares into nothing as Garcia wipes blood from her forehead.

Emma winces.

GARCIA

Sorry.

Garcia glances out the window.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

So... theories? Ideas?

EMMA

About what?

GARCIA

The light.

Emma's expression turns grim. She clearly doesn't want to talk about it.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what I think. I think some punk kids were out for a joyride. Maybe they came up the road and saw the lights from the cabin, so they stopped.

EMMA

Those weren't headlights.

GARCIA

True. But you a white girl that don't know a whole lot about ghetto cars and their many accessories. You can get these monster bright lights for the top of your ride. Not exactly street legal but hella fun when you're nose to nose with a cop.

EMMA

And the noise?

GARCIA

You ever hear a banger's stereo? Fucking rap music could blow windows out across town.

(off her look)

Sorry. Language.

EMMA

I hear worse at school.

GARCIA

They probably shut off the lights and stereo, then high-tailed it outta here.

Emma twitches, scratches the inside of her right arm.
Garcia notices.

GARCIA
So... what do YOU think it was?

EMMA
Punks with a loud stereo. Sounds
good.

GARCIA
You cool?

EMMA
I'm fine.
(beat)
What's your name?

GARCIA
Now now. Bad enough you seen my
face. I sure as hell ain't telling
you my name.

EMMA
Can I make up a name for you?

GARCIA
Please don't.

EMMA
John.

Garcia laughs. An expression of emotion he quickly pulls back
from.

GARCIA
John? I look like a John to you?

EMMA
My second choice was Sebastian.

GARCIA
Yikes. John is fine.
(beat)
You sure you okay?

Garcia nods at her arm. Emma looks... she's peeled away the
first few layers of skin. Blood under her fingernails.

Emma covers the arm with a blanket.

EMMA

I'm fine.

GARCIA

Did you fall on poison ivy or something?

EMMA

It's nothing.

GARCIA

Let me clean it.

He reaches for the blanket. She pulls away.

EMMA

Please...

Garcia sulks. Moves the chair. Takes a seat across the room.

GARCIA

'Scuse me for trying to help.

Emma spies the large combat knife hanging from his belt loop.

EMMA

You steal that?

Garcia unsheathes the knife and spins it around with practiced skill.

GARCIA

You always assume a Mexican guy with tattoos is a criminal?

EMMA

He asked his kidnapping victim, not seeing the irony.

GARCIA

My dad gave me this. He was in Special Ops.

EMMA

He must love your career choice.

GARCIA

I wouldn't know. He died when I was ten. This was the last thing he gave to me.

Garcia spins the blade around. For the first time, he looks truly happy. Emma is mesmerized by his technique.

GARCIA

Times are tough. That don't excuse what we're doing to ya... but I need you to understand why I'm rolling with these guys.

EMMA

Let me guess... you're going to donate the ransom money to a church?

GARCIA

(deadly serious)

I've got a kid... a son. I'm gonna buy us a better life.

Emma almost laughs, but the look on his face tells her she better not.

She stares out the window for a moment. Does she sense something?

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Crickets stop CHIRPING.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma watches in horror as the trees outside begin to move as if pushed by a powerful wind.

EMMA

John... we should go.

GARCIA

We're not going till the morning.
We swap you for the money at noon.

Garcia sheathes the blade.

EMMA

We should go. NOW.

GARCIA

How 'bout the kidnapping victim
doesn't tell the kidnappers what to
do?

EMMA

(whispers)

Me and you... we can get in the car
and just go. Just leave the other
two here. They'll be fine.

GARCIA

What are you talking about?

EMMA

It's not safe. Please... we should
get back to city where there's more
people. More lights.

GARCIA

You know something, don't you?

She goes into full panic mode. For the first time, Garcia
looks scared.

EMMA

If we leave now we can be back to
the city in a few hours.

GARCIA

We're not going anywhere. What's
wrong with you?

Tears fall.

EMMA

Please... we can't stay... THEY'RE
COMING.

GARCIA

Who's coming? What are you talking
about?

Emma and Garcia freeze as they hear a strange CLICKING sound
on the roof... like several creatures moving over wood with
razor-sharp claws.

Garcia hops up, gun out, not sure where to aim. He instinctively goes to Emma, protecting her.

EMMA

They're here... they're here...
they're here...

GARCIA

What the hell is that?!

EMMA

No one is safe... they'll never
stop...

GARCIA

ANSWER ME!

KELSEY (O.S.)

Hey! Some of us are trying to
sleep!

Kelsey lumbers down the stairs, wiping sleep from his eyes. Timms at his heels. Both armed.

TIMMS

What's that noise?

GARCIA

Shh! They're on the roof.

KELSEY

What's on the roof?

GARCIA

I dunno... but I'm guessing they
ain't friendly.

The CLAW NOISES radiate from the center of the roof out to the edge where they start CLAWING down the outside walls. Impossible to tell how many creatures. Four? Ten?

Kelsey calmly raises his shotgun.

KELSEY

(to Timms)

Lock the door.

Timms SCOFFS.

TIMMS
For a bunch of squirrels?

GARCIA
They ain't squirrels.

KELSEY
LOCK! THE! DOOR!

TIMMS
Jesus! OK. Hell, man. You all a
bunch of paranoid freaks.

Timms locks the front door with a bemused smile.

TIMMS
Happy? Oh no, the squirrels are
gonna get us.

Emma rocks back and forth, knees to her chest, nearly
catatonic.

The CLAWING sounds move down the walls, reach the bottom, and
fall silent.

EMMA
(mumbling)
Not enough... need to board up the
windows... no one is safe...

KELSEY
What's she going on about?

Timms backs up against a window.

TIMMS
She's probably scared some guy in a
hockey mask is gonna cut us all up.

Emma looks at Timms-- at the window behind him-- just as a
horrifying alien creature sniffs at the glass. Only a glimpse
of a gray head with a hideous mouth and no eyes!-- just
enough for the audience to piss their pants.

Emma SCREAMS! Garcia runs to her aid. Emma pulls the blanket
over her face.

GARCIA
What is it? What did you see?

Timms looks out the window. Nothing.

Garcia confronts Emma. On his knees, hands on her arms.

GARCIA

Emma! Talk to me! What did you see?

EMMA

A gun... please...

KELSEY

What did she say?

EMMA

Give me a gun!

TIMMS

Yeah, right.

GARCIA

Why not?

TIMMS

Let's just hand a gun to our kidnapping victim! Great plan!

GARCIA

Look, I think she knows what's going on. If she says she needs a gun, I'd give it to her.

TIMMS

Hell, no.

Timms and Garcia both look to Kelsey for an answer. Kelsey weighs the insanity of the moment and the terror in Emma's face.

KELSEY

No.

EMMA

Please...

KELSEY

Bottom line: we have no fucking idea what we're dealing with. I don't wanna have to worry about our little princess gettin' all trigger happy.

The world lights up. They all shield their eyes. As our eyes adjust to the brightness we realize the strange light is back and it's directly above the cabin.

The HUMMING SOUND returns. The windows VIBRATE. Emma covers her ears.

EMMA

No! No! No no no no!

KELSEY

Hell with this!

Kelsey COCKS his shotgun.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Kelsey rushes out. Blinded by the light from above. No matter... he points his gun straight up and OPENS FIRE! BOOM! BOOM!

Timms and Garcia join him. Take aim. BANG BANG BANG! They unload countless bullets at the dark craft floating above the cabin.

CLICK CLICK! Kelsey runs out of ammo. He reloads.

GARCIA

What are we doing?

KELSEY

Don't stop!

Garcia empties his clip. Timms too. They pause to reload.

Kelsey keeps firing. BOOM! BOOM!

The HUMMING stops. The lights go off.

The guys stop firing.

The dark, circular craft continues to float above the cabin, blocking out the stars. Details are impossible to make out. It appears as a hole in the sky.

The guys stand vigilant, guns pointed at the sky. After a long, awkward beat...

GARCIA
Should we... keep shooting?

KELSEY
Save your ammo.

TIMMS
We just fired a hundred rounds at a
GODDAMN SPACESHIP!

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma huddles in a corner, the blanket tight around her. She shuts her eyes and MUMBLES to herself.

INSERT FLASHBACK, SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Emma is back at home, sound asleep. Ghostly blue light shines in the window.

--The window slowly opens on its own.

--Emma wakes up, paralyzed. She struggles against an unseen force holding her down. She tries to scream but no sound comes out.

--A frightening alien shadow crawls in the open window.

--Emma's frozen body floats two feet above the bed.

--The blue light builds in intensity.

--Emma is carried down a strange, alien hallway. Bizarre CHATTERING sounds all around her. She fights to move but can't.

--Emma is bound to a table. Eyes filled with tears. Bright lights overhead. Unseen alien creatures observe from the shadows.

--Alien instruments tear at her clothes, leaving her naked on the table. Exposed.

--A terribly long needle is inserted into her belly.

--Emma screams, although she can't make a sound. An instrument descends. The claws, like hands, hold her mouth open. A needle plunges in the back of her throat.

END SERIES OF SHOTS: BACK TO THE CABIN

Emma remains in the corner. Catatonic. Crying.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Garcia makes a quick Sign of the Cross.

TIMMS

And YOU, with your secret Catholic handshake... you still think God exists after seeing THAT?!

GARCIA

More than ever.

Kelsey storms toward the cabin. The others follow.

KELSEY

Garcia, start the car. We're moving this operation back to the city.

TIMMS

Hell, yeah. Good idea, man.

KELSEY

Timms, grab the guns. I'll grab the girl.

Kelsey looks at the barn... and the pool of blood leaking from under the doors.

KELSEY

No...

Kelsey runs to the barn. The others follow.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey pulls the door open, gun ready. He takes one look... his eyes go wide... and he drops to his knees.

KELSEY

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God--

TIMMS

--What is it?

Timms and Garcia arrive a second later to find--

THE HORSE

--lying on its side, body torn apart in a bloody mess. Guts everywhere. Looks like the animal stumbled into a zombie movie.

TIMMS

Fuck. Me.

Garcia throws up.

The forest suddenly comes alive with a CHATTERING sound.

The dead horse is just a memory as the guys spin around and watch as bushes shake violently. Trees whip back and forth. Strange, gray-colored creatures move through the darkness.

Kelsey stands, calmly levels his shotgun at the tree-line.

KELSEY

(epic level of angry)

Gruesome sons of bitches killed the horse.

Timms backs him up, gun out. They advance toward the forest. The CHATTERING sound gets closer.

Garcia runs for the car, opens the door, and jumps into the driver's seat.

Something emerges from the tree-line, in shadows, glances at Kelsey and Timms about thirty feet away.

The creature moves toward the car. It sniffs the ground, moving to the car with lightning speed, CHATTERING with excitement.

The creature crawls under the car.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma rocks back and forth, her mind gone to madness. She digs into the wooden floor with her fingernails.

We can see she's carved four weird alien symbols.

Above her-- out the living room window-- a gray figure moves along the outer wall. Hard to tell what it looks like as the image is dark and blurred behind the glass.

It sniffs the glass. Uses its fingers carefully to feel the texture of the wood and glass. These creatures are blind, but they clearly use smell, touch and hearing to find their way.

Emma is oblivious.

The creature approaches the still open front door.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Garcia tries the key in the ignition. Nothing.

GARCIA
Seriously? SERIOUSLY?!

REVEAL: UNDER THE CAR

Pieces of the engine lie on the ground.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma continues carving into the floor. The creature's shadow falls across the open front door.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Garcia pumps the brakes. Tries the key again. Nothing.

GARCIA
PIECE OF SHIT!

Garcia punches the horn. HONK!

KELSEY

--is startled by the car HORN and fires his gun. BOOM!

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The GUN SHOT startles the creature and it retreats, skittering away from the front door.

Emma remains oblivious, obsessed with her carving.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Timms and Kelsey stand back-to-back, guns out, as unseen creatures SKITTER around them.

TIMMS
Shoulda brought flashlights.

KELSEY
Focus.

TIMMS
Focus on what? I can't see a damn thing.

A creature leaps from one tree to another. Timms catches a glimpse in the moonlight and fires! BANG!

KELSEY
Did you get it?

TIMMS
Don't think so... but they're staying back. I think they know our guns'll hurt 'em.

GARCIA (O.S.)
She's dead.

Kelsey and Timms jump with fright and point their guns.

Garcia appears out of the darkness, hands up in surrender.

GARCIA
Don't shoot! Human.

TIMMS
Who's dead? The girl?

GARCIA
The car, pendejo. Engine's ripped to hell. One of 'em musta got underneath and tore it up.

TIMMS
Well, fix it! I ain't staying here two more minutes!

GARCIA

Why do you assume every Mexican's
an auto mechanic?

The CHATTERING builds around them. The creatures have them
pinned on all sides.

Garcia draws his weapon and backs up with them.

TIMMS

We're fucked, man.

GARCIA

Let's grab the girl and make a run
for it.

(off Timms' look)

It's better than staying here.

Kelsey throws the shotgun strap over his shoulder and takes
out his cell phone.

TIMMS

What are you doing?

KELSEY

Calling for some mothafucking back-
up. I know people. With rocket
launchers.

Kelsey dials. The CHATTERING sound builds.

KELSEY

Cover me.

GARCIA

Hurry!

Overhead, through a break in the trees, the guys fail to
notice the ALIEN CRAFT float over above their position. It
comes to life, with LIGHTS pulsating around the outer rim.

They look. The sight is beautiful, but terrifying. The
DEAFENING HUM begins again.

Kelsey hangs up the phone, pockets it, and aims his gun--

--as a BEAM OF LIGHT shoots from the ship and nails him
square in the chest. He is paralyzed, his mouth and eyes wide
open in a look of pain and terror. His arms and hands go
rigid, dropping the shotgun.

TIMMS

Kelsey!

Garcia grabs Timms and pulls him back.

GARCIA

No! Stay back!

Kelsey suddenly lifts into the air as if pulled by an invisible string.

Timms breaks free from Garcia. He jumps, grabbing for Kelsey's feet, but misses by THAT MUCH.

TIMMS

No!

Kelsey ascends through the trees and disappears into the light.

Timms grabs Kelsey's shotgun from the ground. COCKS it.

TIMMS

Give him back!

BOOM! BOOM! Timms' shots bounce harmlessly off the craft as it moves away.

The alien CHATTERING increases.

They're surrounded.

Garcia takes terrified aim at the forest while Timms continues FIRING at the night sky.

GARCIA

We need to go.

TIMMS

Not without him!

GARCIA

What should we do? Ask nicely if they'll give him back?

CLICK! CLICK! Timms runs out of shells. He moves to reload and notices the alien SOUNDS around them.

TIMMS
(oh shit)
You're right. We should go.

Timms draws a handgun he had stuffed in the back of his pants and FIRES in the direction of the cabin. The aliens SKITTER away, opening a path.

TIMMS (CONT'D)
Move!

Timms runs, FIRING recklessly into the darkness.

Garcia follows, BLASTING off a few rounds himself.

The cabin lies just ahead.

They break from the tree line, the cabin like a shining beacon in the darkness. Timms and Garcia stop firing and make a run for it.

The CHATTERING sound fades as the aliens fall back.

TIMMS
Are they coming?!

GARCIA
Who cares?! Go!

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys leap in, now in full-blown holy shit panic mode. Timms SLAMS the door and locks it. Garcia searches, frantic.

GARCIA
Emma? EMMA!?

TIMMS
Here.

Timms finds her behind the couch, curled up in the corner under the window.

She looks at them in confusion. There are several more alien symbols carved into the floor. Emma stares at her fingernails, all bloody and torn up.

TIMMS

Thank you for not trying to escape
again--

Timms yanks her off the floor. She SCREAMS at his grip on her
arm.

TIMMS

--but we need to have a little
talk.

GARCIA

Hey, man! Come on!

Timms tosses her onto the couch.

TIMMS

Little girl's gonna spill it or I'm
gonna get feisty.

GARCIA

Can't you see she's scared
shitless?

TIMMS

You know what? I'm a little
shitless myself! We've got strange
lights in the sky. Vicious fuckers
turned that horse into ground beef.
And our friend just got sucked up
into a beam of light.

Emma reacts in horror.

EMMA

No! Oh, no no...

TIMMS

Let's not forget the candle on the
crazy cake: princess here, mumbling
in the corner while she carves
alien symbols in the goddamn floor!

GARCIA

Just calm down... we need to think.

EMMA

(almost inaudible)
They're here.

TIMMS

Who's here? Who the fuck is "they"?
Huh?!

Emma clams up. Timms levels the shotgun right between her eyes.

TIMMS

You fucking answer me or I swear
I'll put a hole the size of Lake
Michigan in your pretty head.

Garcia steps in, blocks the shot. Timms shoves him aside.

GARCIA

Back off!

TIMMS

(to Emma)

You know what we're dealing with.
You wanna see sixteen? Huh? You say
"they're here"--

He COCKS the shotgun.

TIMMS

--I wanna know who.

Garcia kneels at Emma's side. Ignores the angry man with the gun.

GARCIA

Who's here? What are those things?
Come on. You can tell me. I'm not
gonna hurt you.

She looks at him with hopeful, trusting eyes.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Emma... ignore him. Look at me.
Your friend John.

TIMMS

John? Your name ain't John.

GARCIA

You know what they are, don't you?
Please... you have to tell us.
Then, maybe, we can protect you.

She looks at him, pleading. Then glances at the shotgun in her face.

Garcia gently pushes the shotgun away.

GARCIA

(to Timms)

Please.

(to Emma)

What are they?

EMMA

I don't know.

TIMMS

That was helpful.

EMMA

No one does. Demons. Aliens. They haven't exactly introduced themselves.

TIMMS

I knew it. She's a homing beacon for those fucking things.

EMMA

Yes. They come for me. They always have. As long as I can remember. Everyone-- my parents-- they all think I'm crazy. But they find me... those things. In the city. On vacation. It doesn't matter. They always find me.

Garcia holds her right arm and tenderly touches the scratch marks from earlier.

GARCIA

They put something in you... to track you.

EMMA

I dunno. I think so. It always itches when they're near.

TIMMS

Jesus fuck me Christ. They've been tracking us. She's a big red dot on their alien GPS.

GARCIA

What do they want with you?

Emma stares off, a million miles away.

EMMA

I don't know. Curiosity? Maybe I'm an interesting specimen to them. Something to put in a jar and study.

TIMMS

(with a snicker)

What'd they do? Probe ya?

EMMA

I don't remember. Just flashes. Like a memory that I just can't bring to the surface.

GARCIA

That's probably a good thing.

EMMA

I always remember waking up, not knowing where I am, not knowing how much time had passed. And the nightmares...

GARCIA

How often?

EMMA

Every time I close my eyes.

Garcia holds her hand tight.

TIMMS

So aliens are after ya and we're into some serious National Enquirer shit here. That still don't explain why they took Kelsey.

EMMA

I don't know.
(vicious stare at Timms)
Maybe they found him a threat when
he pointed a gun at them.

Timms erupts, SLAPPING her across the face. Garcia pulls him back.

TIMMS

He was my friend, bitch!

GARCIA

Hey!

TIMMS

They only came here because of you!

EMMA

(in tears)
I'm sorry!

TIMMS

I say we throw ya to the wolves,
little lady. They grab ya, take ya
back to Venus, and give us our
friend back. Fair trade, right?

GARCIA

Don't even think about it.

TIMMS

Oh, I'm thinking about it, Mexico.
I say these things are here because
of her skinny ass. Why don't we
just give her to 'em?

GARCIA

You're sick!

TIMMS

Why am I the only one thinking with
some goddamn common sense!?

Garcia steps up and invades Timms' personal space. Timms is quick on the draw and the Mexican finds a gun barrel between his eyes.

TIMMS

Back. The fuck. Off.

Garcia does as he's told, his urge to kick Timms' ass rising into the red.

TIMMS

I'm not sick... I just wanna live.
Nothing wrong with a little sense
of self preservation.

GARCIA

They took Kelsey, and maybe they'll
just take her next and leave us
alone, but that's a pretty huge
maybe. We're all in danger... and
we need to work together to
survive.

EMMA

Can't we just drive out of here?

GARCIA

Car's dead. Those things ripped out
the damn engine.

EMMA

Does anyone a phone?

TIMMS

Kelsey had the only phone. He was,
you know--

He makes a SUCKING noise and points at the ceiling.

GARCIA

Any suggestions? Emma?

TIMMS

Chick knows these Star Trek
mothafuckers.

EMMA

(small)

I... don't know.

TIMMS

Here's the plan. We stay here
tonight. Fight those bastards off.

(MORE)

TIMMS(cont'd)

(off Garcia's protest)

We got plenty of ammo. First thing in the morning we hike outta here, steal the first car we see, and get to the swap point in time. Trade the girl for the money-- BINGO-- we're sipping umbrella drinks before you can say "E.T. phone home."

Garcia GROANS with frustration.

GARCIA

That's really the road we're gonna take? Fighting off those things with a couple of guns?

TIMMS

I don't see you coming up with a plan.

GARCIA

(to Emma)

Will it work?

Emma shrugs.

EMMA

We should board up the doors and windows. Locking the door won't be enough.

Timms is reluctant to give her any credit. Finally, must.

TIMMS

Alright. Fair enough.

EMMA

Can I have a gun now?

TIMMS

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

GARCIA

I saw a hammer and some nails under the kitchen sink.

EMMA

We can pull up some boards from the floor.

TIMMS

Yay. We're just one big happy
fucking family.

KITCHEN

Garcia goes to the space under the sink. He digs through,
finding a hammer and nails.

Above the sink is the kitchen window that looks out at the
dark forest. Garcia is busy under the sink as an alien sniffs
at the window. The creature opens its mouth to expose rows of
vicious teeth.

As fast as we register the horrifying vision, it's gone.

Garcia keeps gathering items. Oblivious.

LIVING ROOM

Timms has the rest of their arsenal laid out on the floor.
Four handguns, a couple shotguns, several cases of ammo. He
counts bullets quietly to himself.

Emma watches him warily from the couch, blanket wrapped
around her.

TIMMS

Think this'll be enough?

EMMA

No.

TIMMS

Well, gee. I left my ray gun at
home.

EMMA

Keep joking. I tried joking as a
coping mechanism. Never worked.

TIMMS

Joking's all I got, missy. Once I
lose that, I'm liable to piss my
pants.

He pauses. Looks at her. We see an ounce of feeling in his
eyes.

TIMMS

They've been coming for you all
your life?

EMMA

As long as I can remember.

TIMMS

Why? I mean... why you?

Emma closes her eyes. Forces painful memories to the surface.

EMMA

They need to know how we grow.
That's why they took me when I was
young... and kept on taking me.
Whenever I was on their ship... and
they were studying me... I could
almost hear their thoughts. We
develop differently than them.
Slower. They would measure me...
take samples... like some alien
version of tracking my growth on
the kitchen wall.

TIMMS

And they had no problem finding
you?

Emma holds her arm.

EMMA

They put something in me. They're
blind... these things. I guess they
don't need to see, wherever they're
from. But they need a way to track
me.

TIMMS

It's inside you?

EMMA

I think so.

TIMMS

Jesus...
(back to jerk)
...sucks to be you.

Timms smirks and gets back to work. Emma tightens the blanket around her.

BATHROOM

Garcia brings water from the sink to his face. Rubs his eyes. He stares at his reflection, impossible to look away.

A VOICE fades in from the past.

GARCIA'S DAD (V.O.)

This knife is more than just a weapon, son. It's a symbol. It means I consider you a man... and I trust you.

YOUNG GARCIA (V.O.)

What do I do with it?

GARCIA'S DAD (V.O.)

Keep it with you... it will always protect you.

YOUNG GARCIA (V.O.)

(doubtful)

OK.

GARCIA'S DAD (V.O.)

Just be good, son. That's all I ask. Do good for other people. Make me proud.

Garcia wipes water from his chin.

GARCIA

I'll try.

LIVING ROOM

Timms fills a handgun clip while Emma watches.

EMMA

Can I help?

TIMMS

I said "no guns." That means loading them too.

EMMA

Fine.

Timms nods towards the kitchen.

TIMMS

You're lucky Mexico's still here.

Timms loads the clip with an audible SLAP.

TIMMS

He's the only thing standing in the way of me and you having a little fun.

EMMA

You don't scare me. Lifetime of being abducted... remember?

He aims the gun at her head. She flinches.

TIMMS

Bang. I can have fun with your corpse... if you'd prefer.

Timms lowers the gun as Garcia enters, hands filled with hammer and nails.

GARCIA

Ready?

EMMA

Can I help?

Garcia tosses her a hammer. She smiles.

Timms rolls his eyes.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS

--Garcia pulls boards off the wall by the kitchen.

--Emma holds the board over a window as Garcia hammers nails into place.

--Timms nails boards over the front door.

--Garcia locks the back door. Peers out the window as he places a board to be nailed.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Trees RUSTLE. Bushes sway. The CHATTERING sound builds in intensity until it surrounds the cabin.

The aliens are coming, and they're getting impatient.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Timms heads upstairs, bundle of boards under one arm. Garcia and Emma put the finishing touches on a boarded-up window.

TIMMS

I'm gonna board-up the upstairs windows.

GARCIA

Fine.

Emma watches him disappear upstairs. Garcia brings the hammer down to tear out another floorboard. This time, the board with Emma's CARVED ALIEN SYMBOLS.

He stops. Runs his finger over the symbols.

GARCIA

What do they mean?

EMMA

I don't know.

GARCIA

You remembered 'em from somewhere.

EMMA

It's like the memories from when they take me. Flashes of images. Sounds. Smells.

Her finger joins his, tracing the symbols.

EMMA

I was in a trance. Like I was back on the ship. I think I saw these symbols above me when they--

GARCIA
--It's okay. I get it.

EMMA
Pull it.

GARCIA
What?

EMMA
(agitated)
Pull the board. Face the symbols
out the window so those monsters
will know I'm here... but they
can't get to me.

GARCIA
Are you sure?

EMMA
Let me do it.

Emma tears into the board, prying it loose with rage and vicious anger.

Garcia puts a gentle hand on her shoulder but she shoves him away.

EMMA
All my life! ALL MY LIFE! They
won't get me this time! I'm not a
little girl anymore!

GARCIA
Emma...

Emma SCREAMS, throws the hammer aside, and pries the board up with her bare hands. She throws it aside then collapses to the floor, a sobbing mess.

Garcia goes to comfort her, then pulls away. He grabs the board and the hammer.

GARCIA
(softly)
I'll just nail this up.

He goes to work as Emma WEEPS in the background.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Emma curls up on the couch. Garcia leans against the fireplace. Timms plays bad-ass soldier by the front door.

TIMMS

The waiting is making me crazy.

GARCIA

You'd rather be running for your life?

TIMMS

They should do something. A dance number, come to the front door and ask to borrow some sugar... I don't give a fuck.

Garcia checks his watch.

GARCIA

Still four hours til the sun comes up.

(to Emma)

You should try and sleep.

EMMA

I haven't slept in years.

Emma gently traces one finger over the inside of her right arm.

The lights inside the cabin flicker, then die.

TIMMS

Darkness. Fun.

GARCIA

Quiet!

The alien CHATTERING builds, coming from the forest. Vicious CLAW SOUNDS crawl up the outside walls of the cabin.

The outside world lights up with ghostly blue. Terrifying light bleeds through the cracks in the boarded-up windows.

The ship must be right over the cabin.

Timms and Garcia go back-to-back, guns pointed, as the SOUNDS come from every direction.

TIMMS
(Carol Ann from
Poltergeist)
They're heeere...

GARCIA
If you see anything that ain't
human--

TIMMS
--Fire until your clip is empty.

Emma rocks back and forth, hands over her ears.

EMMA
No no no... go away...

A tiny piece of ash falls from inside the chimney onto the fireplace. Emma notices.

Seconds later, another piece.

Emma's eyes go wide with panic.

EMMA
(whispering)
John... John...!

Garcia looks.

EMMA
The fireplace!

Everyone freezes... as more ash falls from inside the chimney.

GARCIA
The chimney.
(to Timms)
Did you...

TIMMS
...No. Did you?

More ash falls.

INT. CHIMNEY - SAME

LOOKING UP THE CHIMNEY, silhouetted in blue light from the ship, a single alien crawls down towards us. Vicious claws grab the brick as it descends.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Garcia takes a careful step toward the fireplace.

EMMA

What are you doing?

Garcia puts his finger to his lips, shushing her.

The CLAW sounds descend inside the chimney. Close to the bottom now.

Garcia crouches like a lion ready to pounce.

Emma and Timms hold their breath.

Garcia jumps, grabs the switch for the chimney flue and pulls! The flue SLAMS SHUT.

Claws SCRAPE against the metal gate as the alien lets out an ANGRY SCREAM.

Timms runs for the fireplace, gun out, macho Bruce Willis style. Garcia holds him back.

GARCIA

What are you doing?!

TIMMS

I'm gonna blow its fucking head off!

GARCIA

No! You'll damage the flue and those things will come pouring in.

The wheels in Timms' head start turning. Mexico's got a point.

Emma SOBS in the background, hidden behind the couch.

TIMMS
Just let me shoot it. One bullet.

GARCIA
Save your ammo.

TIMMS
GODDAMMIT I HATE THIS!

The alien stops thrashing against the flue. It SKITTERS back up the chimney.

Timms confronts Emma with anger and spittle.

TIMMS
Thank you, very much! Because of YOU I am seventeen different kinds of terrified. Do you know what it's like to be a grown man THIS CLOSE to bursting into tears?

GARCIA
Leave her alone.

He turns the spittle towards Garcia.

TIMMS
And I am sick and tired of you taking her side. She's nothing to you, man! She's a fucking payday!

His comment cuts Garcia like a knife.

TIMMS
Don't forget why those things are out there. Their pet is inside... and they want her back!

GARCIA
She's just a kid. She don't deserve this.

TIMMS
Neither do I, muchacho. Neither do I.

Timms and Garcia stare each other down, three seconds away from kung-fu fighting.

They fail to notice Emma stand up and move toward the door.

EMMA

He's right.

GARCIA

What the hell are you doing?

EMMA

(softly)

I should go. Once they have me...
they'll let you leave.

GARCIA

No!

TIMMS

Yes! If she wants to leave, I ain't
gonna stop her!

EMMA

It's the only way to be sure you'll
make it out alive.

She backs up against the boarded-up window next to the door.

EMMA

Pull the boards from the door.
Please.

GARCIA

You can't do this. You can't give
up.

TIMMS

I say good luck, and have a nice
ride to Planet Zorp.

A single tear falls down Emma's cheek but she's a defiant
Joan of Arc.

EMMA

Open the door.

WHISTLING like a happy dwarf, Timms grabs the hammer and
starts prying the boards from the door.

Garcia goes to her at the window. They stand inches apart,
speaking in whispers only they can hear.

GARCIA

If you're going out there... at
least give 'em hell.

He shoves a .45 into her hand.

EMMA

What are you doing?

GARCIA

They may take you... but you've got
enough bullets in that clip to give
some of 'em a really bad day.

Despite the tears, she smiles. Her tenderness and
vulnerability hits Garcia like a truck. He sees the terrified
little girl staring up at him and puts a gentle hand on the
side of her face like a father would.

She places the gun back into his hand.

GARCIA

No, please...

EMMA

I won't fight them. I give myself
to them willingly in order to save
you...

(looks at Timms)

...both of you.

Timms wrenches the first board loose.

TIMMS

If you two are done making me puke,
I could use some help.

Garcia steps away from Emma--

--as the window behind her SHATTERS INWARD! Emma SCREAMS!

An alien arm reaches in through the broken window, through
the space between the boards, and grabs Emma's hair! (This is
another "Everyone in the audience screams" moment.)

Timms and Garcia leap back, scared shitless.

Emma tries to pull away but the alien has a vicious grip on
her. She CRIES OUT, looking to Garcia for help.

Garcia takes careful aim.

TIMMS
Are you crazy?

BANG! One shot-- right past Emma's head-- finds the alien's arm. Green blood flies!

Emma falls forward, free from its grip, as the alien arm retreats with a PAINFUL SHRIEK.

Garcia helps her up. Emma checks the back of her head, still in major panic mode.

GARCIA
You're okay. It's gone.

EMMA
Ohmygod... you almost shot me...

GARCIA
Almost.
(with a smirk)
You sure you don't want that gun?

Timms back up against the broken window, shotgun ready. He peeks out. Light from the craft outside reflects off his face like it's moving.

TIMMS
Uh... guys?

GARCIA
What?

TIMMS
Their ship has moved off. It's still out there... but it's over the car.

Garcia joins him in the peeking. Emma smartly stays back.

TIMMS
Think they're leaving?

GARCIA
We're not that lucky.

Green blood drips from the broken window.

TIMMS

Nice shot. At least we know they bleed.

GARCIA

I'm marking today on my calendar.

TIMMS

What are you talking about?

GARCIA

Today's the first day you've given me a compliment.

TIMMS

Don't get cocky. I still hate you.

GARCIA

Likewise.

The light over the car flickers. The HUMMING sound builds, then subsides.

GARCIA

What are they doing?

The lights inside the cabin flicker back on.

TIMMS

Yay. I can see my own death more clearly now.

They hear something strange from outside. At first it sounds like an alien SCREECH... until it becomes the unmistakable sound of HUMAN SCREAMING.

TIMMS

What... what is that?!

GARCIA

No...

TIMMS

Come on! What is that?!

The sound is definitely a MAN and he's screaming at the top of his lungs.

EMMA
(creepy calm)
They're done with him.

The screaming comes from behind the car from their vantage point. It stops... and a large naked black man staggers into view.

TIMMS
Kelsey!

Kelsey takes two steps toward the cabin. He MOANS and reaches out like a zombie before collapsing to the ground, passed out.

Timms runs to the front door and tears at the boards like a man possessed. Garcia joins him.

EMMA
It's a trap.

TIMMS
I don't care! That's Kelsey out there!

EMMA
Please... don't open the door.

GARCIA
He's right. That's our man out there. We have to try.

Emma crawls up on the couch like a frightened kitten.

EMMA
Bad idea... bad idea...

TIMMS
Help us with the door, or keep quiet!

Hammers in hand, they rip through the boards like wild animals. Garcia goes for the boards at the top of the door.

TIMMS
Leave it!

Timms opens the door.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Timms leaps onto the porch. Garcia right behind.

An alien SCREECHES from the darkness at the end of the porch. Details are hard to make out but they can see the shape of the creature.

TIMMS
(to Garcia)
Stay back! Don't let 'em inside!

Timms FIRES at the alien in shadows. The right arm goes flying in a spectacular green spray. He jumps from the porch and sprints to Kelsey.

The forest comes alive as a dozen aliens step from the bushes.

Timms steps over Kelsey's body-- protecting it-- and opens fire. BOOM! BOOM!

Two aliens take shell, but that doesn't deter the others. With a horrific SCREAM, they advance on Timms.

A second alien steps onto the porch. It crouches like a cat, sniffing at Garcia from the darkness.

GARCIA
Come on! What are you waiting for?!

The alien HISSES... takes a step towards him.

Garcia aims his .45-- POP!-- and blows the alien's skull to high heaven.

Timms flips Kelsey over and gently slaps him on the cheek.

TIMMS
Kelsey! KELSEY!

Kelsey fights for consciousness through bloodshot eyes.

In the background, the aliens step closer.

TIMMS
Are you there, man? We gotta move!

KELSEY
(weak as hell)
...water...

TIMMS
Can you walk?

Still dazed, Kelsey takes in his surroundings. Timms FIRES off a few more shells at the approaching alien horde.

KELSEY
Need... water...

TIMMS
Forget water... I'll get you some
mothafucking Cristal. But we really
need to go!

Timms pulls naked Kelsey to his feet. BOOM! Another round in an alien's gut. Timms throws Kelsey's arm around his shoulder and they stagger toward the cabin.

Garcia FIRES off round after round, covering their approach.

CLICK! CLICK! Garcia's out of bullets!

GARCIA
I'm out! Hurry!

Timms and Kelsey make it onto the porch and quickly disappear inside. Garcia follows as--

--an alien leaps for the door. Garcia pulls out his combat knife with amazing speed... as the alien impales his own head on the blade all the way to the hilt. Garcia's hand is sprayed with gooey green blood.

GARCIA
SHIT!

Garcia pulls the knife-- letting the dead alien fall to the porch-- and jumps inside.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma SLAMS the door and locks it. Timms and Garcia help Kelsey to the couch.

Emma removes the blanket from her shoulders and places it over Kelsey's body.

GARCIA

Thanks.

TIMMS

Kelsey? KELSEY! What happened to you, man?

Kelsey is a catatonic mess. He MUMBLES. Eyes dart back and forth. Trickle of drool falls down his chin.

KELSEY

...water...

TIMMS

(to Emma)

Get him some water! Now!

Emma runs to the kitchen.

GARCIA

It's okay, hermano... you're back now. You're safe.

TIMMS

What'd they do to you?

KELSEY

The lights... I could see them...

GARCIA

See what? Those things?

KELSEY

Hell... I saw hell...

Timms and Garcia glance at each other.

Emma returns with the water. Timms snatches it and holds it up for Kelsey. He drinks with enthusiasm, half of it spilling onto his chest.

EMMA

Did he say anything?

TIMMS

Doesn't matter. He was only gone
for a couple hours. What's the
worst they coulda done?

Emma shoots him a look like "you have no idea, jackass."

GARCIA

He said... he said he saw hell.

Emma takes a step back. Her look of compassion turns to one
of fear.

EMMA

What?

TIMMS

What does it matter what he saw?
Who gives a shit? He's back. He's
alive.

Emma pushes Timms aside. The first aggressive move we've seen
from her. She kneels before Kelsey and takes his hand.

EMMA

Mr. Kelsey... it's Emma... can you
hear me?

Kelsey blinks. Manages to look at his hand in her's.

EMMA

It's okay. You're back among
friends. We're not gonna hurt you.
The monsters are gone.

KELSEY

The monsters... the monsters...

EMMA

What did they do to you?

Kelsey looks at the scratch marks on the inside of Emma's
right arm. His heart starts racing. Breathing faster. Panic
builds.

TIMMS

What did you do?

EMMA

Nothing!

Timms pulls her away.

TIMMS
Get back!

Kelsey thrashes about, knocking the others away. He lays back on the couch and begins to shake uncontrollably.

Emma cries. Looks away.

Kelsey opens his mouth and lets go with the most HORRIFIC SCREAM we've ever heard. The others stay back, not sure what to do.

Glass BREAKS! Another alien shoves its claws through the space between the boards. Emma SCREAMS. Claws SCRATCH against the front door. Then THUMP THUMP THUMP as creatures try and get through.

Garcia grabs a spare clip from the ammo reserve and reloads the .45. He OPENS FIRE through the window and forces the aliens to back off.

Kelsey is still SCREAMING.

Timms jumps on top of the big man. Holds him down.

TIMMS
Come on, Kelsey! You're safe now,
man. Come back to us.

Kelsey's screaming subsides. He looks at Timms.

TIMMS
That's it. You're among friends. We
got guns and shit.

Kelsey glances around. Blinks. For the first time, he seems almost normal.

KELSEY
I'm... back in the cabin.

TIMMS
That's right, man.

Kelsey stares at Emma with a look of sympathy.

KELSEY

And you... I'm sorry... I'm so
sorry... because I know now... I've
seen it too...

Emma nods as she gets all weepy.

KELSEY

And...
(quietly to Timms)
...I'm naked, aren't I?

TIMMS

It's cool.

KELSEY

I'm naked... and you're on top of
me.

TIMMS

Yes, I am.

Timms climbs off. Kelsey sits up. Adjusts the blanket back
over his privates.

The others wait patiently for him to say something profound.

KELSEY

I... really need to use the
bathroom.

Timms helps him up.

TIMMS

Anything you need, buddy.

Timms helps Kelsey take careful steps out of the living room.

Emma sits in the chair, visibly exhausted.

Garcia peeks out through the slats. All dark and quiet
outside.

GARCIA

They gave him back. That mean
they're moving on?

EMMA

They're regrouping.

Garcia cocks his gun.

KITCHEN

Timms waits outside the closed bathroom door just off the kitchen. Kelsey speaks to him from inside.

TIMMS

You OK?

KELSEY (O.S.)

I'll be hella better when I've blasted a few of those fuckers straight to hell. How's the ammo situation?

TIMMS

A couple of clips left for Garcia's .45. Box of shells for the shotgun.

KELSEY (O.S.)

Think we'll make it til morning?

TIMMS

Fuck, yeah. Especially now that you're back.

Timms leans, face-first, on the bathroom door. Cradles the shotgun to his chest.

TIMMS (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're back, man. I ain't a leader. I try, but I was always your number two. And I love it, man, cuz you got the skills to lead this kind of thing. I'm happy beating people up when you tell me to. It's been tough, you know. Garcia doesn't wanna listen... and the girl's about as useful as nipples on a man.

(beat)

I ain't one to get all emotional... and I ain't gay for you, man. But I'm really glad you're back is all. I feel safe knowing you're gonna tell me what to do.

Timms stares down at the light coming from under the bathroom door. Suddenly, blood oozes out from under the door.

TIMMS

Kelsey! KELSEY!! No, man... NO!

He tries the door. Locked!

TIMMS

No! No! No!

Timms SLAMS the butt of his shotgun into the doorknob.

Garcia and Emma rush in.

Timms breaks the doorknob off... and pushes the door open.

BATHROOM

Kelsey lies in a pool of blood on the bathroom floor. Throat cut deep on one side, right through his artery. Straight razor in his left hand.

On the bathroom mirror, drawn in blood, is one of Emma's alien symbols.

Emma puts her hand over her mouth to muffle her scream. Garcia holds her shoulders, comforting her.

Timms flies to Kelsey's body, cradling him, not giving a shit about the blood everywhere.

TIMMS

No! What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO?!

Timms sees the bloody symbol on the mirror.

TIMMS

Why-- what-- what the FUCK!?!??

He can barely contain himself. His sorrow turns to anger as he turns his gaze... to Emma.

TIMMS

YOU...

Emma and Garcia back up. Timms rises, hands covered in Kelsey's blood.

TIMMS

You did this. If those things weren't after you, he'd still be alive.

GARCIA

Calm down, man. It's not her fault.

KITCHEN

Timms points a bloody finger, dotting Emma's face with specks of red.

TIMMS

It's high-time we gave those sons of bitches what they came for.

GARCIA

Back off!

TIMMS

I'm warning you, Mexico... you get in my way I'll drop you like a fucking rock.

Garcia steps in front of Emma, protecting her. Timms spits with rage.

GARCIA

You don't wanna do this.

TIMMS

Oh... I really do. You should thank me. That little bitch is our ticket out of here.

GARCIA

Touch her and we're gonna have a problem.

They back up into the--

LIVING ROOM

--The CLAWING sounds from outside build in intensity. Alien claws reach in through the slats.

TIMMS
Open the door!

GARCIA
Like hell.

TIMMS
Open the door, and maybe I won't
kill you.

GARCIA
Not. Gonna. Happen.

Timms SLAMS the butt of his shotgun right in Garcia's stomach. He goes down in pain.

Emma screams. Timms grabs her, heads for the door.

TIMMS
Nice knowing ya.

EMMA
No! Please...

Garcia staggers to his feet. Grits his teeth.

Timms reaches the door. Puts his hand on the lock.

With a YELL, Garcia tackles Timms. Emma flies free. Timms's shotgun slides across the floor.

Timms and Garcia face off like warriors. This is it.

It's on til the break of dawn.

Alien hands reach in, grabbing for them.

Timms flies at Garcia with a scream of rage. They fight, smashing the fuck out of the living room.

Timms lifts Garcia into the air and SMASHES him through the chair. Garcia responds with a kick to his face, splitting his lip, and sending him reeling back into the fireplace.

Emma crouches in a corner, hands over her eyes. She peeks out... and spots the shotgun six feet away.

The battle continues. Both men give and take punches in equal measure. Garcia's punches pack a hell of a whallop, but Timms keeps the quick jabs coming like a machine gun.

TIMMS
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

Timms gets the upper hand. A vicious punch sends Garcia into the fireplace, hitting his head on the mantle. THUD! Garcia drops, his eyes rolling back.

Timms looms over him, holding him up with a fistful of shirt.

Timms cocks his fist as the aliens outside SCREAM, still trying to get in.

TIMMS
You fucked up my lip... that wasn't nice.

GARCIA
(barely with it)
Leave... her... alone...

TIMMS
Look at you. A palooka with a sense of honor. Pathetic.

Someone COCKS the shotgun.

Timms eyes go wide. He slowly turns his head to find--

--Emma holding the shotgun, point-blank, at his head. This is her Kill Bill hero moment.

EMMA
Let. Him. Go.

Timms drops Garcia who just lies there, barely conscious.

Timms stands, hands up, grinning like a jester.

TIMMS
You hear that? Those fucking things are almost through. You're going with them, sooner or later.

EMMA
Maybe. But you'll still be dead.

TIMMS
You sure about that?

Emma pulls the trigger. CLICK! Empty!

TIMMS

I never had a chance to reload.

Timms snatches the gun from her hands. He very calmly reaches in his pocket and pulls out a couple of shells.

TIMMS

See these? These make it go boom.

He chuckles as he loads the shotgun.

Emma backs away. Reaches the stairs. Takes the first step.

TIMMS

Where are you going?

Emma scrambles up the stairs.

TIMMS

Oooh. A chase. How fun.

SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM

Emma runs in. Panicked. The windows are boarded up. No way out.

She slams the door. Grabs the dresser and pushes it to make a barricade.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS trudge up the stairs.

TIMMS (O.S.)

Where oh where have you gone?

She gets behind the dresser and makes a final push with all her might.

Outside, Timms tries the doorknob.

TIMMS (O.S.)

Gee. How will I ever get through?

The alien ship descends outside the windows. Piercing light shines in.

They know she's here.

Emma can hear aliens SKITTERING across the roof and down the walls on the outside of the bedroom.

She spins in the center of the room, face filled with panic. Nowhere to go.

No escape.

BOOM! The doorknob disintegrates from a shotgun blast.

Emma SCREAMS! Falls to her knees.

Timms shoves the door open. Harder. He puts his shoulder into it... and pushes the dresser back.

Silhouetted in the light from the hallway, he looks positively evil as he points the shotgun at her.

TIMMS

Hey, baby.

Emma closes her eyes--

--as a tall shadow appears behind Timms. It's Garcia! This is the Holy Shit Hero Moment as Garcia brings the butt of his .45 down on Timms' skull.

CRACK!

Timms drops, out cold. Shotgun slides away.

GARCIA

I said... leave her alone.

Emma's face lights up. So happy to see him she could cry.

He flies to her. They embrace.

The walls VIBRATE, windows SHAKE, boards RATTLE, aliens claw at the outside of the cabin but it doesn't matter. In this one fleeting moment she feels safe in his arms.

EMMA

They're almost here.

GARCIA

I know.

EMMA

They'll take me.

GARCIA

I know.

EMMA

(smile through tears)
They always put me back... after
they're done with me. I'll come
back...

GARCIA

...and I'll find you.

Windows BREAK! A dozen alien hands reach in through the
boarded-up windows. They SCRATCH at the wooden boards
blocking their way.

EMMA

They want me... only me... you have
to let me go.

Garcia shakes his head no.

EMMA

Please... it has to be this way.

The manly Mexican thug gets all teary-eyed as Emma cradles
his face with her right hand. The scratch marks on her arm
get her attention. She gets an idea.

EMMA

What if...

GARCIA

What?

Excitement builds in her as she snatches the combat knife
from Garcia's belt. She positions the knife over her arm.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

What are you-- NO!

Without hesitation, Emma stabs her arm with the knife. She
SCREAMS... but digs deeper.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

Garcia tries to grab the knife but Emma pushes him away.

EMMA

No! Let me do it... it's gonna
work! It has to!

The aliens BREAK THROUGH the boards. More glass SHATTERS. They're coming through.

Emma keeps digging. Tears pour but she grits her teeth and makes another slice. She's James Franco in 127 Hours.

She tosses the knife aside and digs into the wounded arm with bare fingers. She grimaces... CRIES... and suddenly pulls a tiny alien chip from her arm.

EMMA

They're blind... this is the key...
this is how they find me... this IS
me.

Three more boards SNAP inward. Aliens push through. They get one foot inside the room!

Emma acts fast. She runs to Timms' unconscious body and slides the alien chip into his front pocket.

EMMA

Not me... not anymore!

The window BREAKS completely, raining glass and wood into the room. An ALIEN steps in and scans the room with its terrifying eyeless face.

Emma and Garcia back up into a corner. They hold each other close, terrified, as several more aliens enter the room. They ignore our heroes and go right for Timms, surrounding him.

This is our first true glimpse of the aliens. Most of them are small, angry little fucks. Claws, sharp teeth, giant heads and gray skin on bodies barely over four feet tall.

They are commanded by a graceful alien well over six feet. She glides on thin, insect-like legs and has the look and attitude of royalty.

She points at Timms and her small army responds, lifting his body into the air. They carry him across the room to the hole in the wall where the alien craft awaits.

The tall alien sniffs the air, then turns toward Emma.

Emma holds her breath.

The alien seems to sense her... but moves past.

The light from the craft builds in intensity. Emma and Garcia shield their eyes.

Timms suddenly wakes up.

TIMMS

Wait... what... what are you doing?
No! NO! NOOOOOOO!

And POOF, they're gone, disappearing into the alien craft.

The ship lifts into the air as the lights go dim. It makes no sound as it moves off, slowly, over the cabin.

Emma and Garcia hold each other in the quiet darkness. Emma rests her head on his shoulder and closes her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

The first light of morning filters through the trees and finds the kitchen window. Garcia puts the final touches on Emma's bandaged arm.

GARCIA

You'll definitely need stitches.

EMMA

It doesn't itch anymore. Hurts like hell, though.

GARCIA

Next time you feel like digging into yourself... don't.

EMMA

Yes, sir, Dr. John.

Garcia LAUGHS.

EMMA

Sorry. Guess I should stop calling you that.

He looks at her. This is the moment.

GARCIA

Everyone calls me Garcia.

EMMA

Garcia. Now THAT suits you.

GARCIA

John wasn't too far off.

EMMA

John sounds nothing like Garcia.

GARCIA

My first name is Juan.

She still doesn't get it.

GARCIA

Spanish for John?

She LAUGHS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Garcia and Emma walk together on the edge of the remote highway. She is wearing his coat. His arm is wrapped around her... refusing to let her go.

A truck crests the hill up ahead. Garcia waves it down.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A dirty, bloody finger rings the doorbell. DING DONG.

Commotion from inside. Sophia answers the door with puffy eyes from a day of non-stop crying. She can't believe what she finds at the front door: Emma, looking like shit, but alive.

EMMA

Hi, Mom.

SOPHIA

Emma!

Sophia grabs her in the tightest hug in the history of the world. Emma is uncomfortable at first, then collapses in her mother's embrace.

WALTER

Emma! Oh my God, baby!

EMMA

Daddy.

Walter joins the family hug. Tears all around. A small group of FBI AGENTS join them at the door. Happy smiles for everyone.

WALTER

How... how did you escape? What happened?

EMMA

It's a long story. Don't worry... I'll tell you everything.

Emma can't stop smiling. Sophia cradles her face in her hands and looks into her eyes. Emma truly is a different person from the first moment we saw her. She's... alive.

SOPHIA

That smile... it's you... isn't it?

EMMA

I'm back, Mom. It's me.

SOPHIA

It is you. My daughter... my little girl...

EMMA

Everything's gonna be alright now.
I'M gonna be alright.

They pull her inside. She glances back--

--at the end of the driveway where Garcia stands, partly hidden, watching her.

Their eyes meet. He nods and smiles.

She returns the favor with a look that cements their bond.

Garcia strolls off down the street, jacket tight around him. Shielded from the cold... ready to start over, as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END