

The Meteorite

©2016 by Denis Mortenson

(104 pages)

FADE IN

EXT. NEAR EARTH IN OUTER SPACE — JUNE, 1964 — FRIDAY — NIGHT

CG: ROLL CAST

Small meteorites pass by camera POV. There is a FLASH OF LIGHT and a larger metallic meteorite appears. It passes the full moon and green crystals sparkle on its surface. It tumbles silently toward Earth and the southwest United States.

CG: TITLE CENTERED ON SCREEN:

THE METEORITE

EXT. PASTURE BY WEATHERALL'S HOUSE — SANTA FE, NM — NIGHT

All seems calm; the sound of crickets; horses sleep.

SUDDENLY, THE METEORITE CRASHES and skids for a hundred yards. It busts through a wire fence, and comes to rest against the foundation of Weatherall's house. The horses trot off.

INT. WEATHERALL'S LIVINGROOM — AT THAT SAME MOMENT

THE HOUSE SHUDDERS from the impact. DUKE, a Labrador, goes to the window nearest where the meteor has hit and barks.

TOM WEATHERALL, 30-something, sleeps in an armchair. He still wears his glasses, and is dressed in a sweater, slacks, dress shirt, and bow tie. An open newspaper, THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, sits in his lap. The TV shows a station sign off screen.

HEADLINES ON NEWSPAPER: "Barry Goldwater Wins California Republican Presidential Primary!" Secondary headlines: "Cassius Clay flamboyant as Muhammad Ali," and "B.A.R.T. opens in S.F." On a coffee table, Tom's business cards reads: Thomas R. Weatherall, Certified Public Accountant, Santa Fe, NM.

DUKE'S BARKING WAKES TOM. Tom rubs his eyes and sits up.

TOM

Hey, settle down, Duke.

Tom stands and shuts off the TV with the remote. He looks out the window. From his POV show the full moon.

TOM (CONT'D)

There's nothing out there.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM — SATURDAY MORNING

Tom gets up and puts on his glasses. He squints; his vision has improved. Muddled, he puts the glasses in his pajama pocket.

EXT. WEATHERALL'S FRONT YARD — MORNING

A paperboy rides by on a bicycle and tosses a newspaper on the front walk of Tom's house. Show the front page of THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, with the headlines: 'Mantle dismantles Red Socks, 8-4,' and 'Meteor shower lights up night sky over Santa Fe.'

EXT. WEATHERALL'S FRONT YARD — A HALF HOUR LATER

Tom, dressed in pajamas, his hair askew, picks up the newspaper and sips a cup of coffee as he reads the front page without wearing his glasses.

A carload of COLLEGE GIRLS, in a red Thunderbird convertible, slowly passes Tom's house. They smile and wave at Tom.

COLLEGE GIRLS

(in unison)

GOOD MORNING, SEXY! WHOO-HOO!

Tom looks up from the paper, lifts his coffee cup to salute the girls. Tom looks puzzled as the car drives out of sight.

Duke runs around the side of the house and begins barking. Tom follows, and finds Duke digging in a flowerbed.

Tom notices the hole in the pasture fence, and the plowed ground leading from the pasture. He sets the newspaper and coffee cup on the lawn, pulls Duke out of the flowerbed.

TOM

DUKE! HEY! GET OUT OF THERE! (MORE)

Tom pulls Duke out of the flowerbed, by the dog's collar. Tom stares at the meteorite and is mesmerized.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

Tom runs his hands over its crystal-studded surface. His blue eyes glow. Show CLOSE UP OF TOM'S HANDS, and a microscopic framing of Tom's skin.

Green crystalline nanobots enter Tom's bloodstream. Tom pulls his hands off the meteorite and stares blankly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Alright, boy. . .I'll dig it out.

EXT. BY THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE – MINUTES LATER

Tom has dug out the meteorite and is surprised he is easily able to pick up the meteorite, though it is very heavy. He sets it in the wheelbarrow. Horses lean over the fence, watching Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (to the horses)  
 Ah, so now you guys like me? I've lived here ten years and you've never cared what I'm doing. You're as crazy as those girls.

A light seems to go off in Tom's head, as he realizes there might be a connection between the two reactions.

EXT. WEATHERALL'S FRONT LAWN – MINUTES LATER

Tom pushes the wheelbarrow inside the garage beside his white, 1961 Chrysler Imperial.

INT. WEATHERALL'S GARAGE

Tom shrugs his shoulders; something is going on inside his body. He glances up at a wall and sees a pin-up of a girl in a bikini. He smiles, and his eyebrows arch. His libido has increased.

TOM  
 (to himself)  
 Must be the full moon.

Tom pours dog food in Duke's bowl, then fills a plastic bucket with dish soap and water at a sink to clean the meteorite.

Many types of birds land on the driveway. Tom doesn't notice but Duke charges the birds, and the birds fly off.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Wow, look at these crystals, Duke!  
 This baby is worth some money!

Tom is about to shut the garage door, when he sees the birds.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 What the heck is going on?

From Tom's POV, PHIL AND JUDY CONKLIN, walk up his driveway, smiling as if Tom is their best friend. Judy carries a plate of cinnamon rolls. Tom and Duke step onto the driveway.

PHIL

Good morning, neighbor! What's that  
in your wheelbarrow?

Tom steps sideways to block their view of the meteorite.

TOM

Oh. . .uh, nothing; just a rock  
I pulled out of a flowerbed.

PHIL.

Judy acted like you had a body in  
your wheelbarrow.

JUDY

No, Phil, I was just curious. Um, here  
Tom, I made you cinnamon rolls.

She hands the paper plate with cinnamon rolls to Tom.

TOM

Oh, thanks.

PHIL

She never bakes anything for anyone.  
But this morning, she's Betty Crocker!

Phil and Judy stare at Tom, perceiving he looks different. Tom brushes back the hair from his forehead with his hand, and smiles nervously at Phil and Judy.

TOM

What?

PHIL

You look taller today. Hey,  
Judy, doesn't Tom look taller?

JUDY

Oh yes; much taller. Have you been  
working out, Tom?

TOM

No; but accounting sometimes gives  
my brain a workout.

PHIL

Well, something about you is different.  
Uh, hey, how are you set for wheels?  
You should swing by my dealership.  
Conklin will make you a heck of a deal.

TOM

Thanks, but I've got my Chrysler.

PHIL

Oh, suit yourself. Hey, did you hear about the  
meteorite shower last night? It was a doozy.

TOM

Yeah, I just read about it in the paper.

Judy leans to see the meteorite, but Tom shifts in front of her.

JUDY

What's that sparkly rock in there?

TOM

Nothing; just a rock Duke dug up.

PHIL

C'mon honey, let's quit pestering Tom.  
See you Tom!

Phil takes Judy by the arm, they turn, but Judy looks back.

JUDY

But there's something weird about it.

Phil and Judy walk down Tom's driveway and cross the street to  
their house. Tom waves goodbye to them in a slow fashion.

TOM

(to himself)

They don't talk to me for years and  
now it's like we're best friends.

INT. TOM WEATHERALL'S GARAGE — NOON

Tom opens the back door of his Chrysler, and Duke gets in the  
back seat. Tom puts the meteorite in the passenger seat. He gets  
behind the wheel, puts on his glasses but they bother his eyes  
so he lays them on the dashboard, starts the car, and backs out  
of the garage. The radio is on. We hear a RADIO ANNOUNCER.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In local news, a farmer in Albuquerque reports that a small, metallic meteorite made a hole in his barn roof. And in international news, Queen Elizabeth has invited the Beatles to her birthday party on June 11th. They say they'll attend. . . .

EXT. THE HIGHWAY — MINUTES LATER

POV alongside the Chrysler as it glides towards Santa Fe. Sunlight glints off its chrome bumpers and long tailfins.

TOM (V.O.)

(to Duke)

What should we do with this meteorite?  
It's like owning part of a UFO!

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA FE — EARLY AFTERNOON

Tom drives the Chrysler on a quiet, tree-lined, residential street. The local newspaper, the Santa Fe New Mexican, is across the street from the Chamber of Commerce, the courthouse, and the police station. He drives past the tallest building in Santa Fe, The Cathedral of St. Francis of Assisi.

INT. THE CHRYSLER

TOM

(to Duke)

I'm gonna sell this meteorite to the museum on Monday and buy you the best doghouse money can buy.

EXT. A GROCERY PARKING LOT — A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tom parks, gets out of his car. He is about to go into the store, but suddenly feels the pull of the meteorite. He gets a shopping cart and puts the meteorite in a sports bag he has in the back seat. He sets the bag in the bottom of the cart. He rolls a back window partly down, and locks Duke in the car.

TOM

Stay, Duke; I'll be right back.

INT. THE GROCERY

As soon as Tom enters the store, checkout ladies, and customers turn their heads in his direction. Tom smiles nervously.

TOM  
(to himself)  
Weird.

Tom begins shopping in an aisle. He puts boxes of cereal, a jug of milk, a jumbo bag of dog food, and a loaf of bread in his cart. As he passes other shoppers he notices them smiling at him. He tosses cans of soup in his cart.

A DELI LADY calls out to him as he passes the deli counter.

DELI LADY  
HEY, WANT TO TRY MY PEPPER JACK?

Tom rushes past. He hears noises and glances back. Shoppers follow him. They stop moving when Tom stops moving. They smile in a dreamy sort of way. Tom stops and turns to them.

TOM  
(to the shoppers)  
Are you people following me?

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE, with a baby in her cart, approaches Tom. She thrusts a handful of coupons at Tom.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE  
Do you want my coupons?

TOM  
Uh, no thanks, lady.

A HUSBAND and WIFE rush forward with items and coupons, and Tom holds up his hands to stop their advance.

HUSBAND  
Want our coupons for Tang and Ovaltine?

TOM  
NO THANKS! I DON'T NEED ANYBODY'S COUPONS!  
SERIOUSLY, I'm good.

Tom takes a sharp turn down an aisle and jogs with the cart, grabbing items from shelves as he goes. He puts distance between himself and the group, and rushes to a checkout register. JANE, a middle-aged checkout lady, is starry-eyed. Tom looks antsy to get out of the store.

JANE  
Do you need help with your bags, today?



TOM

No, I can handle them. Thanks.

Jane grins in a flirtatious way. She fluffs out her hair with her fingers. She winks at Tom as she packs his grocery bag.

JANE

I'll bet you can handle it, mister.  
Hey, you look familiar.

TOM

I'm a regular here, Jane. I'm Tom —  
Tom Weatherall? I do your uncle's taxes?

JANE

Oh yeah. You look different. More  
handsome. Don't you wear glasses?

TOM

Yeah, normally, but for some reason my  
vision improved. Uh, can you hurry?

JANE

What's the rush? Do you have a hot date?

TOM

(points)

No, see those people right over there?  
They've been following me around the store  
like zombies! It's bizarre.

JANE

Really? Those people?

TOM

YEAH! They're acting like ZOMBIES!  
It's FREAKY.

JANE

(laughs)

Zombies? Right. Do you need a ride home?

TOM

WHAT? No. . .why would I?

JANE

I get off in ten minutes. You could  
come over. I have a swimming pool.  
We could swoosh around in it.

TOM

Ah. . .I don't think so, Jane.

JANE

Ed Sullivan is on tonight. . .and that new show, The Adams Family.

TOM

Um, I'll take a rain-check, Jane.

JANE

(writes on receipt)

Here's my phone number. Call me tonight, okay?

Jane hands Tom the receipt.

TOM

Um, I have plans tonight, Jane. How much do I owe you?

JANE

That'll be eight ninety-nine, sweetie.

Tom hands Jane a ten-dollar bill. She tries to hand him his change, but he's rushing towards the exit with the cart.

At the door, FRED, the store manager, is waiting.

FRED

Do you need help with your cart, sir?

TOM

NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT

Tom arrives at his car. Three customers approach. He unlocks the Chrysler passenger door and puts the groceries and meteorite inside. He gets behind the wheel, starts the car, and peels out.

TOM

JEEZ! WHAT A MADHOUSE!

Duke is going back and forth in the back seat, barking.

INT. THE CHRYSLER — MINUTES LATER IN DOWNTOWN

Tom drives home, and rolls down his window. Kids with Hula Hoops on lawns, and adults on sidewalks, smile and wave at Tom. At a stoplight, STUART, a mailman in a mail truck, smiles at Tom.

STUART  
HOW ARE YOU DOING, TOM?

TOM  
JUST FINE, THANKS! DO I KNOW YOU?

STUART  
I'M STUART — DO YOU WANT YOUR MAIL?

TOM  
UH, NO; JUST PUT IT IN MY BOX!

The stoplight turns to green.

STUART  
OKAY! HEY — WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME FOR  
DINNER? MY WIFE IS MAKING MEATLOAF!

A car behind Tom honks its horn. Tom drives off.

TOM  
NO THANKS!

Tom glances in his rearview mirror at the mail truck.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
What the heck is going on today?

EXT. ON WILDFLOWER WAY

The Chrysler speeds past us down the long, straight road. On the right is a billboard for DOUBLE-MINT GUM. BILL MACK, a motorcycle cop, is parked behind the billboard, eating a sandwich for lunch. The Chrysler speeds past. Bill starts his motorcycle, and tears off in pursuit.

THE SOUND OF THE MOTORCYCLE SIREN

TOM (CONT'D)  
Ah, for the love of Pete!

Tom sees the motorcycle with its lights flashing, in the rear-view mirror, and pulls to the side of the road. Bill gets off his motorcycle and walks to the Chrysler's driver side window.

Tom rolls his window down. Bill bends to check Tom out.

BILL

Good afternoon, sir. Where's the fire?

TOM

I'm sorry, officer. I'm having a strange day. You see, ever since I found this. . .

BILL

Uh-huh. Let's see your license and registration, sir.

Tom hands Bill his license and registration. He glances in the rearview mirror and notices his blue eyes are unusually bright. Bill returns Tom's license and registration.

BILL (CONT'D)

Sir, do you have any idea how fast you were going?

TOM

Not a clue. Maybe seventy-five? Eighty?

There is a flash in Tom's eyes, and Bill's demeanor suddenly changes. Bill grins as if he's connected with an old friend.

BILL

Eighty-six miles an hour, sir, in a forty-mile-per-hour speed zone! Which is pretty darn impressive!

TOM

WHAT?

BILL

Gosh, I love these Chrysler Imperials. So incredibly roomy! They've got serious horses under the hood, eh? Man, I love the giant fins! Wow! I bet she slices the air like butter! What year is she?

TOM

Uh, this is a 1961 model.

BILL

Sweet. And hey, it's got a push button transmission! Gotta love that, right? So futuristic, like a rocket ship!

TOM

Uh, are you going to give me a ticket?

BILL

(laughs)

A ticket? Nah. Are you kiddin' me?  
Why would I possibly do that?

Bill tucks the citation pad in his breast pocket.

TOM

Because I was speeding, and you're a cop?

BILL

Ah, heck no. I'm sure you had your reasons. It's a beautiful day for a drive! Who am I to judge you? But maybe ease off the pedal a bit, eh? Just kidding. Drive as fast as you want. It's a free country, right? Lump it or leave it is what I say. My name's Bill, by the way. Bill Mack. My friends call me Big Mack.

Bill offers his hand and Tom shakes it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Gosh, what a fine-looking dog! I need to get me a big dog like that. Must be a purebred, huh?

TOM

Not really. Can I go now?

BILL

Oh, sure. Sorry I held you up.  
Hah, that's a good joke, huh? You, being a civilian, and me, being a cop. Have a good day!

Tom starts the car, and pushes a button on the transmission to put the car in gear. He pulls back onto the road. He can see Bill waving to him in his rearview mirror.

TOM

THE WHOLE TOWN HAS GONE BONKERS!

INT. WEATHERALL'S LIVINGROOM — SATURDAY — AFTERNOON

Tom carries the meteorite into the room, and sets it on the floor. He unlocks a safe that sits by a bookcase. He opens the safe door, slides the meteorite into it, and shuts the door. Duke watches Tom with curiosity.

TOM

(to Duke)

What? This thing is dangerous! I'm getting rid of it on Monday morning.

Tom turns, and as he enters the kitchen he shudders a bit, and stops. He turns around. The nanobots in his head are directing him towards the safe. He walks back to the safe, opens it and removes the meteorite.

INT. TOM'S GARAGE

Tom puts the meteorite in the trunk of his car.

TOM SNAPS OUT OF HIS TRANCE-LIKE STATE. He is dazed.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What did I come out here for? That's weird. I must be losing my marbles.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Tom enters via the kitchen door, gets a glass of water from the kitchen faucet, takes a drink, and stares at the phone on the wall as if he knows it's going to ring, and sets the glass down.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Tom slowly brings the phone receiver to his ear. It is a journalist named NANCY REED.

TOM

Hello?

NANCY (V.O.)

Hello, is this Thomas Weatherall?

TOM

This is he.

NANCY (V.O.)

This is Nancy Reed, of The Santa Fe New Mexican newspaper. Do you have a minute?

TOM

Uh. . .I dunno.

NANCY (V.O.)

We received a tip you might have had a meteorite hit your house. Did you?

TOM

Where'd you get an idea like that?

NANCY (V.O.)

Your neighbor, Sam Wilcox. He found a long skid mark in his pasture. We took photos of the skid mark, and saw where something went through the fence.

TOM

I don't know anything about that.

NANCY (V.O.)

Could you show me what you found?

TOM

I didn't find anything. And this is private property, ma'am.

NANCY (V.O.)

We didn't come onto your property. I could come over this evening if possible, to interview you.

TOM

You'd be wasting your time about something I don't have. Goodbye!

Tom stands and hangs up the phone. He stares at the safe.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I have to get rid of that rock.  
Oh, yeah. . .I put it in the car.

INT. THE GARAGE

Tom opens the trunk of his car and stares at the meteorite. He shuts the trunk. He opens the garage door and Duke and Tom get in the car.

EXT. TOM WEATHERALL'S DRIVEWAY

Tom backs the car out, pushes a remote to close the garage door. He drives to the stop sign at Wildflower Way, turns left, and the car goes out of view.

INT. TOM'S CHRYSLER — ON WILDFLOWER WAY

TOM

(to himself)

They can send the army to my house  
for all I care. If this thing came from  
outer space it has to be destroyed!

Tom sees a sign for the CITY DUMP. Tom's face suddenly goes blank. Tom pulls to the side of the road, and does a U-turn, and drives back home.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE

Tom steers the car into his driveway, pushes the garage door opener on the car visor, and pulls the car into the garage.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN — MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Duke enter the house and Tom hangs his keys up on a key hook by the door. He appears robotic, but pleased with himself. Tom takes a beer from the fridge, opens it, and take a long drink. When he brings it down from his lips his face shows his realization that he did not get rid of the meteorite.

INT. WEATHERALL'S GARAGE

Tom opens the trunk, and stares at the meteorite. He walks backwards out of his garage, raises his hands in the air.

TOM

(to the meteorite)

WHAT DO YOU WANT? GET OUT OF MY HEAD!  
LEAVE ME ALONE! I JUST WANT A QUIET LIFE!  
GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

INT. THE CONKLIN KITCHEN

Judy is at the kitchen sink washing dishes. She sees Tom yelling in his driveway, and that the trunk of his Chrysler is open.

JUDY

Hey, Phil, come here! PHIL?



Phil, lying on a living room couch, sits up. Judy goes to the couch and leads Phil to the kitchen window.

PHIL

(sleepy)

WHAT? I was taking a nap!

JUDY

Mr. Weatherall is talking to himself.

Phil and Judy Conklin stand at the kitchen window watching Tom. Tom is waving his hands in the air. He shuts the trunk of the Chrysler, and the garage door, and goes in his house.

PHIL

Ah, you're imagining things.

JUDY

I think he killed someone! The body must be in his car's trunk!

PHIL

You watch too much Perry Mason.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM — SATURDAY — NIGHT

Tom lies in bed unable to sleep. He sees the alarm clock displays it is almost midnight. Duke is sound asleep.

TOM

This is ridiculous.

Tom gets out of bed, slips jeans over his pajamas, and puts his slippers on. Duke sits up, but Tom leaves Duke in the bedroom.

EXT. JIM-DANDY'S LIQUOR STORE — SANTA FE — TEN MINUTES LATER

Tom parks his car and goes into the store.

INT. JIM-DANDY'S LIQUOR STORE

Tom grabs a bottle of vodka, a bottle of gin, and goes to the checkout counter. He's the only customer. The owner, JIM DANDY, a tall, 40-something guy, rings up Tom's purchase. Tom stares at a magazine about welding, in a magazine rack.

JIM

We close in ten minutes, sir. (MORE)

Tom doesn't hear him; and continues staring at the magazine.

JIM (CONT'D)

That'll be twelve-fifty, sir. Did you want that welding magazine too?

TOM

No, I don't. . .yeah. . .sure.

Tom hands Jim the cash. Jim bags the booze and magazine, and hands Tom his change. Tom clutches the bag under his arm, and turns towards the door.

JIM

Do you do much welding? Because my cousin, Lou, has a junkyard.

Tom stops, turns around, and faces Jim.

TOM

I haven't welded since high school.

JIM

He might loan you his equipment, if you have a project you're working on.

TOM

Why would I have a welding project?

JIM

Beats me, mister. He's probably still awake. Want me to phone him?

TOM

Uh, but it's after midnight, and. . .

JIM

Tell you what, I'll drop the stuff off at your house tomorrow, and you can start welding. Will you be home tomorrow morning? What's your address?

TOM

Um, I'm at 1186 Wildflower Way.

Tom turns, his face showing his confusion about the turn of events. He walks out the entrance door to the parking lot.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN — SUNDAY MORNING

It is a quiet morning in Santa Fe, the sky is blue and birds are singing. Tom stands in his pajamas, sipping his coffee by the kitchen sink. As he looks out the window, Jim pulls up in a truck, and begins unloading the arc welding equipment. The supplies include leather boots, overalls, a flame-resistant long sleeve jacket, leather gloves, a welding helmet, safety glasses, the arc-welding gun, and tanks of gas. Tom sets down his coffee cup and goes out his kitchen door.

EXT. TOM'S DRIVEWAY

Tom comes from his house to the end of the driveway, where Jim has just finished stacking the arc welding equipment.

TOM

HEY! HEY! You can't just put that  
junk there! What am I gonna do with  
it? I don't know how to weld!

Jim smiles, and turns toward his truck. He gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

JIM

I'll sure you'll figure it out!

Tom jogs toward Jim's truck, as Jim turns his truck around.

TOM

HEY! WAIT! HEY!

JIM

(calling)  
HAVE FUN! I'll drop off metal tomorrow!  
See you later!

Jim drives off and turns onto Wildflower Way toward town.

TOM

(yelling)  
HEY, COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THIS  
JUNK HERE! HEY! (MORE)

Tom stares at the welding equipment. He gets an odd look on his face, as if he is excited about welding, and goes to his garage.

He lifts the garage door, opens the trunk of the Chrysler, and stares at the meteorite. Duke stands beside Tom, wagging his tail, sensing Tom's agitation.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to the Meteorite)

There, are you happy? I suppose you think it's fun making me do stuff for you. Let me tell you, it's no picnic! And I've got news for you, mister, I'M NOT WELDING ANYTHING!

NANCY REED, age twenty-eight, editor of the Santa Fe New Mexican newspaper, parks her red Corvair. She walks up the driveway while Tom rants. She is a pretty woman, with honey-blond hair. She carries a 35mm camera, which has a flash attachment.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to the meteorite)

Besides, I don't know the first darn thing about welding! And even if I did I wouldn't weld junk for you for all the tea in China! WE'RE THROUGH!

NANCY SNAPS A PHOTO AS TOM TURNS AROUND. Tom squints his eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

WHUH? JEEZ!

NANCY

SORRY, MISTER WEATHERALL!

Tom rubs his eyes. From his POV, Nancy is blurry, surrounded by a glow, as if she is angelic. Tom's vision clears.

TOM

What's the big idea, sneaking up on me?

NANCY

Sorry, I'm Nancy Reed. I'm from the Santa Fe New Mexican. I phoned yesterday, about the meteorite.

TOM

RIGHT, and I said forget about it!

NANCY

Gosh, I'm sorry. For some reason I felt I should just come out to see you. Uh, I couldn't help hearing you talking to yourself. Is that a meteorite in your trunk? Could I take a photo of it?

TOM

NO, THERE'S NOTHING IN MY TRUNK! Mind your own beeswax! I was having a rhetorical conversation. It's a free country!

Tom closes the garage door, turns, and stares at Nancy's shapely figure because the nanobots are making him attracted to her.

NANCY

A rhetorical conversation with yourself?

TOM

Huh? Uh, right. Thus the term, 'rhetorical.'

NANCY

I know what rhetorical means.

TOM

Ah. . .well, fine. So what are you doing in my driveway, snapping photos without my permission?

NANCY

I really want to run the story about the meteor shower on the front page. Do you have a meteorite, Mr. Weatherall?

TOM

There's no meteorite. CASE CLOSED! CIAO!

NANCY

Show me what's in your car's trunk, and I'll pay you twenty dollars.

TOM

I don't need your twenty dollars! And I don't need a noisy reporter snooping around, asking me a hundred questions, and taking photos.

Tom walks towards the kitchen door of his house.

NANCY

HEY! WHAT'S THIS WELDING EQUIPMENT FOR?

Tom stops walking. He looks like he is about to lose control. He turns to face Nancy. He is sweating, his hair is stuck out like he's a mad scientist, and he walks back to Nancy.

TOM

Obviously, Miss Reed, I'm making a space ship because little green men are controlling my brain! Now, adios!

Tom turns and walks toward his house on the sidewalk that leads from the driveway. Nancy looks concerned and watches Tom walking away from her, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

NANCY

Are you okay, Mr. Weatherall?

TOM

I'M COMPLETELY FINE! I'M HUNKY-DORY!

Tom, sweating, enters the house and slams the door shut.

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN — MOMENTS LATER

Tom peeks out the curtains and watches Nancy drive away.

TOM

(to himself)

That ought to shut her up.

(to the nanobots)

NO! I'm not going to chase her!

NO, I WON'T! And you can't make me!

OH? We'll see about that! HAH!

EXT. WEATHERALL'S HOUSE — SANTA FE — MONDAY MORNING

The paperboy rides by on his bicycle, and tosses The Santa Fe New Mexican newspaper on Tom's front entrance sidewalk. A minute later, Tom comes from his front door in pajamas. He picks up the newspaper. The headline reads: METEORITE HITS HOUSE OF LOCAL MAN. The main photo shows Tom. He looks like a mad scientist.

Tom is agitated from reading the headline. He reaches into his pajama pocket and puts on his glasses, and then remembers his vision is now 20/20. He is chagrined at what he's reading.

TOM

(to himself)

WHAT? SHE RAN THE STORY! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL SUE THEM!

EXT. THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN NEWSPAPER OFFICE — MORNING

Tom pulls the Chrysler to the curb and walks to the entrance.

INT. THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICO NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Tom comes to the front desk, where HOLLY sits. She is a homely young woman with horn-rimmed glasses and beehive style hairdo.

HOLLY

Good morning! May I help you, sir?

Tom holds up the newspaper to show the front page.

TOM

I'm here to see Nancy Reed, about THIS!  
My name is Tom Weatherall.

HOLLY

Yes sir, let me ring her.

Holly punches Nancy's extension and smiles in a nervous way.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Nancy? Tom Weatherall is here to see  
you. Yes, he's right here.

Holly hangs up the phone. She winks and smiles at Tom.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

You can go back now, sir. Walk down  
this hallway. Last office on your right.

Tom is annoyed Holly is being flirty. He walks towards Nancy's office, past the desks of five male newspaper reporters.

Two office girls, BETTY and JUNE, a blonde and brunette, stand by a water cooler. Betty and June smile at Tom.

BETTY

Oh. . .hi! My name is Betty! You're  
that guy from the front page! Look  
June, it's that guy!

Betty and June act like star-struck teenagers.

JUNE

Wow! Hi, can I help you with anything?  
Do you need a cup of coffee?

TOM

No, I'm just here to see Nancy Reed.

The reporters stop typing on their typewriters, and all eyes are on Tom. BOB, a reporter, gets up and shakes Tom's hand. The other reporters stand and gawk at Tom.

BOB

(to the men)

Gosh, look fellas! It's Tom Weatherall!

(to Tom)

Is Nancy doing a follow-up story?

Do you need a cup of Joe? We've got donuts in the kitchen. . .I. . .

TOM

No. . .thanks anyway.

The other reporters pat Tom on the back as he walks to Nancy's office, as if he's the town hero. Tom is an unwilling celebrity.

BETTY

HEY BOB! June and I can get him some coffee. How do you like your coffee, Tom? Black, or with cream or sugar?

TOM

I'm fine; no thank you.

Tom is almost to Nancy's office when Nancy suddenly appears in the doorway, and leans with her back against the doorframe in a seductive way, her eyes fixed on him. She runs one hand through her hair to poof it up, and smiles nervously.

When the office staff sees Nancy they go back to their desks. Tom walks up to Nancy, and she shakes his hand. She shakes Tom's hand for too long, and Tom finally pulls his hand away.

NANCY

Oh. . .sorry Tom! It's so nice to see you again! PLEASE. . .COME IN!

Nancy escorts Tom by his left upper arm, into her office. She glares at the office staff as if to tell them to mind their own business, and shuts the door behind her.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE

Nancy smiles with her back against the closed door, and touches up her lipstick. She smiles at Tom in a flirty way. TOM STARES,



muddled by her behavior. Nancy quickly gathers up a stack of paper from a swivel chair, and sets them on a shelf.

NANCY

Forgive the mess, Tom. I mean, Mister Weatherall, I didn't expect to see you. We're always swamped with advertisers wanting to place ads at the last minute.

Nancy pushes a swivel chair to Tom.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Please. . .have a seat.

Tom reluctantly sits, and Nancy goes behind her cluttered desk and sits in her chair. Tom holds up the newspaper.

TOM

This isn't a social call. I'm here to object to this. . .FABRICATION! What's the big idea? YOU PUT ME ON THE FRONT PAGE!

NANCY

I'm so SORRY, Tom, er, Mr. Weatherall. I shouldn't have run that photo. You're much better looking than that! Can I make it up to you? Do you have dinner plans?

TOM

YEAH! I want you to print a RETRACTION or whatever you call it when you've defamed and slandered someone. I have every reason to be upset. I ought to sue you, shouldn't I?

(beat)

Gosh Nancy, you've got the prettiest eyes. They're sort of aquamarine like a tropical sea with little bits of sparkly sea foam.

Nancy blushes, smiles, and plays with one of her earrings. Tom has lost his train of thought. He glances at the paper to make his point again, but then puts the paper in his lap and smiles at Nancy. The nanobots are making them fall in love.

NANCY

Thank you Mr. Weatherall. I mean, Tom.

TOM

Yes, please call me Tom. (MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

It's the darndest thing. I came down here fuming mad and now, well, I can't explain it, but now I'm not mad at all. Actually, you seem familiar to me.

NANCY

Yes. You seem familiar to me too. Look, let me make it up to you. We'll do a follow-up story, and Louis, our staff photographer, can take a better picture. Can you come for dinner at six-thirty?

TOM

That would be swell. Six-thirty. Where?

They stand. They can't their eyes off one another.

NANCY

At 954 Oleander Terrace. It's a white two-story house with a red tile roof.

They walk to the door. Nancy opens the door and Tom hesitates, as if he will kiss her goodbye, and then snaps out of the nanobots' power for a moment. He smiles awkwardly.

TOM

I don't know what's got into me.

NANCY

What?

TOM

It's like I'm thirteen years old.

NANCY

It's kind of refreshing. I'm used to guys wanting to get their paws all over me. I don't normally go for guys like you. I mean, it's strange, isn't it? You've got a certain animal magnetism.

TOM

No, I'll tell you what it is. . .it's SPOOKY, and sort of wonderful and strange. Because a woman who looks like you would never go for a guy like me. It's the crazy voodoo from that. . . .

NANCY

Voodoo from what?

TOM

Uh. . .never mind. It's not important.  
I mean. . .well, I'll see you tonight  
then. Good afternoon, or good morning,  
or whatever time it is. Goodbye.

Tom walks IN A DAZE toward the front entrance.

The reporters continue typing, but they turn their heads to watch Tom walk by. Betty and June, who work at a large desk doing ad layouts, smile as Tom passes, and then turn towards Nancy, and see her standing by her office door with a love-struck look on her face. Nancy sees Betty and June staring.

NANCY

(to Betty and June)

WHAT?

BETTY AND JUNE

(in tandem)

Nothing! Sorry!

EXT. SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN NEWSPAPER BUILDING — MOMENTS LATER

Tom grins broadly as he walks to his car. He still has the newspaper in his hand. He glances at it, and drops it into a garbage can by the curb. He gets behind the wheel of the Chrysler, starts the car, and drives off.

INT. THE CHRYSLER — WILDFLOWER WAY — TEN MINUTES LATER

As Tom drives he suddenly realizes how preposterous it is to be the slave of the nanobots, and his happy demeanor fades into the realization he is doing things against his will.

TOM

(to himself)

Huh. I went down there to give her  
a piece of my mind, and now she's  
doing a follow-up story.

(to the nanobots)

So that's your game, is it? You want  
me to fall for Nancy! HAH! Well, I  
won't do it! Do you hear me? I will  
drive this car off a cliff and that  
will be the end of this charade!

Tom tries to steer the car to the left but his arms won't cooperate. He strains to turn the steering wheel.

EXT. WILDFLOWER WAY

From a POV in front of the Chrysler, we see it swerving slightly over the centerline, but it veers back into the right lane.

TOM (V.O.)  
 I . . .CAN . . .WRECK . . .THIS . . .CAR . . .  
 AND . . .YOU . . .CAN'T STOP ME! UGH!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF WILDFLOWER WAY

POV rises and the Chrysler drives away from us down the road.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 FINE! YOU WIN! BUT THIS ISN'T OVER.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DUSK

Tom is tying his tie, talking to himself. Duke watches him, and cocks his head as if he is trying to understand Tom's odd behavior. Tom notices Duke watching him, and smiles.

TOM  
 I'm nuttier than a fruitcake, right?  
 I should phone my psychiatrist, but  
 Dr. Feldman would have me locked up.

EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE ON OLEANDER STREET - SANTA FE - DUSK

The sunset tints the two-story Craftsman style house yellow-pink. Tom clears his throat and walks to the front door. He holds a bouquet of roses and is dressed in a suit and tie.

Tom clears his throat and is about to knock on the front door when Nancy suddenly opens the door. Nancy, dressed seductively in a low-cut red dress, and wearing a short kitchen apron, smiles brightly at Tom. She opens the door wide.

NANCY  
 Hi, I saw you pull up. Come in. (MORE)

INT. THE FOYER OF NANCY'S HOUSE

Nancy notices Tom has a bouquet of roses in his hand, but Tom has forgotten them. They are standing on the hardwood floor near the arched entry that separates the dining room from the foyer.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, those are pretty flowers.

TOM  
Flowers?

NANCY  
Yes, the roses you're holding?

Tom looks at the bouquet in his hand and offers it to Nancy.

TOM  
Oh, yeah, these are for you. I  
cut them from my rosebushes.

NANCY  
They're lovely, thank you.

Nancy takes the flowers and puts the roses in a vase, and sets the vase on the center of the dining table. Tom notices a Navaho sand painting, and pauses to study it.

TOM  
You have a nice place. I like this  
sand painting. Navaho, isn't it?

NANCY  
Yes, they were my mom's.

TOM  
Oh, is your mom deceased?

NANCY  
No, my parents live in Florida. They  
retired. My dad owned radio stations.

TOM  
Um. My folks died when I was twenty-two.

NANCY  
I'm sorry.

TOM  
A drunk driver hit them. WHAM! That was it.

NANCY  
How awful! (MORE)

Nancy goes to the oven, puts on oven mitts, and takes out a casserole tray. She sets it on the top of the stove. Tom ogles her as she faces away from him. She turns and sees his amorous expression, and smiles shyly.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I made chicken enchiladas. Do you like Mexican food? Whew, it's sure hot in here. Are you hot? I'm burning up.

She fans herself with her hand, and opens a window above the sink. Tom cannot take his eyes off her.

TOM

Well, I'm maybe a little warm.

Nancy comes and reaches out to Tom to take his jacket.

NANCY

Here, let me take your jacket. Oh, gosh, you're sweating, Tom.

TOM

Am I?

Tom takes off his sports jacket and hands it to Nancy.

NANCY

Yes, look. . .

She daubs the sweat on his forehead with a napkin. Their faces are close and they almost kiss. Nancy steps back and pulls out a chair from the dining table. She appears flustered.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Uh, sorry. Here, sit down, Tom.

Tom sits, obediently, never taking his eyes off Nancy. She goes to the refrigerator and takes out a ceramic bowl containing salad, and sets it on the table. She goes back to the stove to dish up enchiladas for each of them.

She brings the plates and sets one for Tom and one for herself on the opposite sides of the table. Tom picks up a cloth napkin and puts it in his lap. She unties her apron and sets it on a counter, then picks it up and puts it back on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I can't think straight. (MORE)

Nancy puts salad on Tom's plate. She goes to the refrigerator, opens it and looks for an avocado.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I had an avocado for the enchilada,  
somewhere. Do you like sour cream?

She gets up and gets a small bowl containing slices of avocado, and a bowl containing sour cream and sets them in front of Tom.

TOM

Are you okay? You seem a bit jumpy.

NANCY

ME? JUMPY? Whatever do you mean?

She drops her fork on the floor and picks it up.

TOM

You should sit down and relax.

NANCY

Why? I'm fine. Are you okay?

TOM

I'm very okay. It looks delicious.

They begin eating. She takes a couple of bites and then jumps up again. Tom is not sure what is going on, but suspects her behavior is due to the effects of the meteorite.

Nancy slides a cake tray in the oven, shuts the oven door, and stands by the stove with a muddled look on her face. She turns and faces Tom, and undoes her apron and wipes her brow.

NANCY

I should turn the stove on for the  
short cake. Or should I? I'm not sure.  
I feel like I'm going to pass out.

She leans against a kitchen counter and wipes her face with a dishtowel. Tom gets up and goes up to Nancy.

TOM

Jeez, Nancy, c'mere, sit down.

Tom leads Nancy to the table, but she goes to the adjacent living room and lies on a couch. Tom stares at her. She drapes her left arm over her face and looks up at Tom.

NANCY

I don't know what's gotten into me.  
I never act this way, but somehow, with  
you I feel like, I don't know. . . .

Tom kneels by her.

TOM

I know, it's like we're under a spell.

NANCY

YES, THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT! I honestly  
just wanted to do a follow-up story, not  
you know. . .try to. . .

TOM

What?

Nancy reaches out to take Tom's hand. Tom leans toward her.

NANCY

SLEEP WITH YOU! Ugh, there, I said it!  
Now I've ruined EVERYTHING!

TOM

It's not you or me. It's THEM. They're the  
ones that are doing this stuff to us.

NANCY

THEM? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

TOM

Never mind. You wouldn't believe me if  
I told you. You'd think I was imagining  
all of it, and phone those scientists  
over at Los Alamos to have me examined.

NANCY

I'd believe anything you told me, Tom.

Tom sits on the couch beside Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I've never met anyone like you before.

TOM

You mean a nerdy CPA who thinks that  
excitement is making strawberry Jell-O  
on a Friday night? (MORE)



TOM (CONT'D)

A man who can tell you tax law trivia?  
A man who has a terrible secret he can't  
tell anyone or they'll lock him up?

NANCY

What terrible secret?

She leans back and looks Tom in the eyes.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You mean, about the meteorite?

TOM

YES! That's why you're. . .LIKE THIS!

NANCY

Because of a DUMB ROCK? Oh c'mon Tom. . .

TOM

(interrupts)

It's not a dumb rock. IT'S FROM OUTER  
SPACE! Something happened when I touched it.  
It wants me to make love to you, right now.

NANCY

(laughs nervously)

The ROCK wants you to make love to me?  
Well, now I KNOW I need a drink.

TOM

But what about the enchiladas you've  
made? They're probably getting cold!

NANCY

WHO CARES ABOUT ENCHILADAS? NOT ME!

Nancy stands and goes to a liquor cabinet and pours two glasses  
of brandy. She downs her glass and pours herself a second glass.  
She pours Tom a glass and hands it to him.

TOM

I'm not much of a drinker. I don't  
feel getting drunk isn't the best  
way to get to know somebody.

NANCY

HAH! That's what you know! That's very  
expensive brandy! Here, give it to me.

Nancy takes Tom's glass and drinks it in one gulp.

TOM

I should probably go home. I hate to make you do something you don't want to do. It's just not my style to. . .

Suddenly, Nancy kisses him.

TOM (CONT'D)

WAIT! There's something you should know. I'm not who you think I am, or should be.

NANCY

WHAT? You mean you're GAY. . .right?

TOM

GAY? NO! It's just that everyone in my family is either an accountant or a lawyer. As a boy I used to estimate the number of blossoms on fruit trees, and I knew the ERAs of baseball players. I'm obsessed with numbers! I'm a nut-job!

NANCY

That's funny. . .shhhhhh. I don't care if you crawled out from under a rock. HAH! A rock, get it?

Nancy kisses him some more. He looks panicked, entangled with her, pinned to the couch, and he gasps for air.

TOM

But, ugh. . .I don't know if I can. . . you know. . .DO IT! The odds are very, VERY small, and they probably will remain small. Too small for you I'm sure.

Suddenly the nanobots take over Tom and he gets a wild look in his eyes. He rolls Nancy over and she senses his sudden change.

TOM (CONT'D)

On the other hand. . .MAYBE I CAN!

NANCY

OH? TOM? OH! OH. . .TOMMY! YES!

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - TUESDAY MORNING

Sunlight backlights the bedroom curtains. Nancy lays with her head on Tom's chest and one arm draped over him. Tom has a satisfied smile, as he stares at the ceiling. They have spent a wild night of lovemaking; their hair is in disarray.

Tom looks down at Nancy and gently brushes a strand of her golden hair from her face. Nancy blinks her eyes and wakes. Suddenly she looks panicked, having realized what they have done. She swallows hard and stares up at Tom.

Tom is still blissfully unaware that Nancy is flustered.

TOM  
Good morning, darling.

Nancy rolls onto her pillow. She sits up, scoots with her back against the headboard, and rubs her forehead with her hand.

NANCY  
Oh Jeez. . .I feel lousy. I never do this. I mean, I don't sleep around.

TOM  
Me either. That was my first time.

NANCY  
Your FIRST TIME? EVER? SERIOUSLY?

TOM  
(smiles)  
Yeah. It's a miracle. I didn't know I had it in me. WOW!

NANCY  
You were like a machine. . .like an Italian stallion. Like, some kind of gigolo.

Nancy gets the idea that Tom has used her.

TOM  
Yeah; like a gigolo. I like that.

NANCY  
WHAT AN IDIOT I WAS! NOW I GET IT!  
You're one of those Casanova types.

TOM  
Me? What do you mean?

NANCY

You really fooled me. I thought you were a nerd. Wow, I am so naïve. I fell for you hook, line, and sinker!

TOM

What? What was that, honey?

NANCY

You got me drunk and then you had your way with me. Nobody could be as good as you the first time!

TOM

But that's the truth! You're my first!

Nancy waves her hands around to get him to stop talking.

NANCY

HAH! Fine, we had a one-night stand and ooh. . .I've got a splitting headache. What time is it?

Tom glances at his watch. He is confused by Nancy's behavior.

TOM

Only a quarter past ten.

Nancy springs up, and wraps the sheets around herself. Tom's eyes widen with the realization of how late it is.

NANCY

TEN? TEN IN THE MORNING?

Nancy springs out of bed with a sheet around her body, and rushes to the bathroom to put on a robe.

NANCY (CONT'D)

GET UP! YOU HAVE TO GO! I'M LATE!

Tom realizes Nancy's upset, and begins to dress. Nancy grabs clothes from her closet and runs in the bathroom. Moments later she comes from the bathroom and puts on her shoes.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Swear you won't tell anyone about this!  
This never happened, okay? (MORE)

Tom nods 'yes' and then 'no,' because he is confused.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I slept with you because of that cockamamie story about A ROCK!

TOM

BUT IT'S TRUE! I SWEAR!

NANCY

YEAH, RIGHT! HURRY! GET DRESSED!

Tom slips on his loafers and zips his fly. Nancy pulls Tom from her bedroom by his upper arm, through the house to the foyer. Nancy opens the front door and pushes him out. He turns to her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And don't worry, I won't write that dumb story! And don't go bragging around town to your pals about how you nailed me on our first date! I'm such a tramp!

TOM

NO IT WASN'T LIKE THAT! I'd never. . .

NANCY SLAMS THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. NANCY'S FRONT PORCH

Tom, befuddled, hesitates on the front porch and then turns and walks slowly down the front steps to the entrance walk. Nancy suddenly opens the front door and tosses Tom's sports jacket to him. He turns and picks it up off the front steps.

NANCY SLAMS THE FRONT DOOR AGAIN.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE — A HALF AN HOUR LATER

Tom pulls into his driveway and sees a six-foot-tall pile of scrap steel lying next to the driveway. He is agog. He stops the Chrysler momentarily, and then pulls into his garage.

EXT. TOM'S OFFICE IN DOWNTOWN SANTA FE — THURSDAY AFTERNOON

We see the gold foil lettering on the picture window of Tom's small adobe style office: WEATHERALL ACCOUNTING — "WHERE EVERYTHING ADDS UP!" TOM WEATHERALL, CPA.

Tom, depressed, unshaven, and wearing a gray sweatshirt and sweat pants, is doing the books for one of his clients. He looks like a man on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

## THE PHONE RINGS

Tom picks up the phone. It is MR. JEFFERS, of Jeffers Department Store, calling to ask about his taxes.

TOM

Weatherall Accounting, Tom speaking.

MR. JEFFERS (V.O.)

Tom? What the devil is going on?  
We need those tax forms mailed!  
You got our check, didn't you?

TOM

Yes. . .yes, Mister Jeffers, I  
uh. . .mailed it. . .uh, yesterday. . .

Tom searches the clutter of papers and folders on his desk. He knocks a coffee cup off the desk and the cups shatters. He is on his hands and knees wiping up the mess.

MR. JEFFERS (V.O.)

What's that noise? Tom? TOM?

Tom stands and tosses the broken shards in a trashcan. He sees Jeffers tax folder in the trash, takes it out and wipes it off with a paper towel. Duke, who was sleeping, sits up.

TOM

Not to worry, sir! It's in the mail.

Tom licks several stamps and puts them on Jeffer's envelope.

MR. JEFFERS (V.O.)

Okay. . .well, we heard your house  
had been hit by a meteorite and we. . . .

TOM

What? No, they're just silly rumors. You  
know how newspaper people are, always making  
up stories out of thin air. Well, goodbye  
sir. . .don't worry. GOTTA GO! BYE!

Tom slams down the phone. Duke comes over to Tom's desk.

## THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

Tom lifts the receiver. Duke sits by Tom's desk and watches.

TOM

Tom Weatherall speaking.

AGENT MORRIS (V.O.)

Hello sir. This is Agent Morris. I am a CIA agent employed by Project Sigma. We would like to inspect the meteorite that hit your house.

TOM

NOTHING HIT MY HOUSE, AGENT MORRIS!

AGENT MORRIS (V.O.)

We tracked the meteorite, Mr. Weatherall. It steered to your house. That denotes alien intelligence. We'd like to come. . .

TOM

FORGET IT! YOU MADE A MISTAKE! GOODBYE!

He hangs up the phone and sits in his chair. There are many papers and folders on the floor. He rests his head on his forearms, and Duke gets up and barks. Tom pats Duke's head.

THE PHONE RINGS THREE TIMES

Tom puts a leash on Duke and races out of the office.

EXT. A STREET IN DOWNTOWN SANTE FE — MORNING

Tom jogs down the sidewalk with Duke. His face shows the stress is lifting off his narrow shoulders. Nancy suddenly pulls alongside him in her red Corvair. Tom keeps jogging, and Nancy keeps pace with him. She leans her head out the open window.

NANCY

TOM? THANK GOD I FOUND YOU! I PHONED YOUR HOUSE BUT YOU WEREN'T HOME!

TOM

OH? I'M NOT SO HARD TO GET A HOLD OF. I'M RIGHT IN THE YELLOW PAGES!

NANCY

TOM. . .WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM!

TOM

WE? YOU MAYBE, BUT NOT ME, SISTER!

NANCY

YES. . .WE! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP?

Tom stops and bends over to catch his breath.

TOM

So. . .what's the problem? Did you not humiliate me enough? Have you circled back like a shark to finish me off? What are you, some kind of man-eater?

NANCY

NO, get in. I have something important to tell you.

TOM

With my dog? Don't you hate him too?

NANCY

I don't hate either of you! JUST GET IN!

Tom and Duke get in the car. Duke hops onto the back seat. Nancy is agitated, and drives down random streets in downtown.

TOM

Well?

NANCY

It started Tuesday night.

TOM

What? Your conscience?

She pulls to the curb, puts the car in park, and lifts her blouse. Her belly shows a bulge like she is pregnant.

NANCY

THIS!

TOM

WHAT'S THAT?

NANCY

MY DOCTOR SAYS I'M PREGNANT!

TOM

HAH! You need a new doctor! Maybe he fell off the turnip truck! Or maybe you've lived too long in the Land of Enchantment!



NANCY  
IT HAS TO BE, TOM! LOOK AT ME!

TOM  
IT'S NOT MINE! NO WAY!

NANCY  
BUT TOM, YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I'VE  
SLEPT WITH IN FIVE YEARS!

Nancy pulls a tissue from her purse and dabs at her teary eyes.  
Tom's resolve is weakening. He leans toward her.

TOM  
Then it's an immaculate conception.  
You should be in National Geographic.  
I'm no expert about gestational stuff,  
but you couldn't possibly be showing  
a couple of days after we. . . .

Tom suddenly realizes the awful truth.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh no.

NANCY  
WHAT?

TOM  
THEY did it! It's THEM!

NANCY  
WHO?

TOM  
The things from the meteorite.

NANCY  
You're not serious?

TOM  
I'm telling you. . .THEY DID IT!

Tom and Nancy look at her belly as if it is an alien.

NANCY  
But. . .WHY? Why me? I don't want  
some alien blob thing in me. You  
can't be serious!

TOM

I know, it's insane. IT'S CRAZY!

NANCY

It's impossible, Tom. Look at me!  
My doctor says I'm three or four months  
pregnant. How can I be THAT pregnant?  
What am I supposed to do?

TOM

Well, you could have an abortion.

NANCY

AN ABORTION? I CAN'T HAVE AN ABORTION!  
For one thing. I'm a Catholic!

TOM

I never wanted to be an alien's father!

NANCY

What are we going to do?

TOM

I guess I had better do the right thing.

NANCY

What are you saying?

TOM

Nancy, will you marry me?

NANCY

NO, I won't. I barely know you! After  
all, I only met you a few days ago.  
People don't get married after just a  
couple of days, do they?

TOM

And women don't get four months  
pregnant in just a couple of days.  
Don't you understand? It's because of  
that darn meteorite! THEY WANT US TO  
HAVE THEIR BABY!

NANCY

STOP IT, TOM! STOP TALKING CRAZY!  
THAT DUMB ROCK HAS NOTHING TO DO  
WITH THIS! AND I'M NOT MARRYING YOU!

TOM

WHY NOT?

NANCY

IT'S RIDICULOUS, TOM! For one thing it's a pretty lousy reason to get married. I'll raise this baby on my own, and if it's green and has weird antennae things and has gills, and looks like a cockroach, that'll be my problem, not yours!

She puts the car in gear and continues driving, toward Tom's office. They don't say anything to one another because they are shell-shocked by the development. Nancy pulls to the curb by Tom's office. She pulls a tissue from her purse.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to have to marry me.  
It would be wrong to force you.

TOM

It's the right thing to do, Nancy.  
You know it and I know it.

NANCY

First comes love, then comes marriage,  
then comes baby in the baby carriage.  
That's the way I was raised. Now  
everything's all SUCKY!

They sit side by side, lost for words. Nancy wipes her eyes.

TOM

I think I love you, Nancy. No, I'm  
sure I love you. Wow. I really do.

NANCY

You LOVE ME? We only went out on one date,  
and it wasn't even a date!

TOM

YES. I love you. And Duke loves you,  
don't you boy?

Duke nuzzles Nancy's shoulder, and she pets him. Nancy uses a tissue to wipe her teary eyes.

NANCY

Well. . .okay. I love you too. (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

There, now we've said it. Not that it matters. I flubbed up, so don't worry about it. I'll raise this kid.

TOM

When you fall in love with someone aren't you supposed to get married?

Nancy thinks about it for a couple of seconds.

NANCY

Yeah. . .that's what they say. But anyway, if what you're saying is true about our baby, what does it mean? I mean, what are you saying, Tom? Are you saying you think our baby is The Creature from the Black Lagoon?

TOM

I don't know. Maybe.

NANCY

Okay. But it's just a baby, right? So if I say yes, everything will be okay, and we don't ever have to talk about the space rock again. And no one has to know I'm pregnant. Right? You have to promise me to never tell my parents or anyone. Okay?

TOM

Okay, it's our secret. Besides, maybe I imagined the whole darn thing about the meteorite. Maybe it's all in my head. Maybe it will be like any other baby, with ten fingers and ten toes. . . .

NANCY

And it will have poopy diapers, and be smart in math like you. So. . . if we get married it will be okay?

TOM

Sure. Our baby will be normal. She will be a writer and editor like you and have a perfectly normal life.

They stare at one another. Nancy wipes her nose, and smiles.

NANCY

Okay, fine; let's get married.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI — A WEEK LATER — DAY

Tom and Nancy, in wedding clothes, come from the old historic cathedral, which is located in downtown Santa Fe. The staff of the Santa Fe New Mexican newspaper, Tom's and Nancy's friends and neighbors, toss rice as Tom and Nancy come from the church and cross the front courtyard. They get into Tom's Chrysler Imperial, which has cans tied to the rear bumper, and soap written words on the back window: "JUST MARRIED!"

EXT. TOM AND NANCY'S HOUSE — SEPTEMBER — NIGHT

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: SEPTEMBER

Show the flashing light of Tom welding in the garage.

INT. TOM AND NANCY'S GARAGE

Tom wears a welder's outfit. He's arc-welding metal into the shape of a seven-foot-tall ring. He finishes welding and flips his helmet visor up. The ring is futuristic looking, and alien in appearance. The nanobots have taught Tom how to weld.

INT. TOM AND NANCY'S BEDROOM — MIDNIGHT

Tom washes his hands in the bathroom. He comes out and sees Nancy stroking her stomach. She looks six months pregnant.

TOM

You're still awake, honey?

NANCY

The baby kicked again.

Tom takes off his clothes, gets into bed, and puts his hand on Nancy's stomach. The baby kicks and Tom smiles.

TOM

WOW! He's got quite a kick. He could be a field goal kicker in the NFL.

NANCY

The doctor said he's about six months old. How is that possible? He should only be three months old.

TOM

I don't know. Maybe he's one of those genius babies that'll get bumped up a grade when they start school.

NANCY

If the doctor is right, our baby will be born when it's six months old.

TOM

That's not so strange, honey.

NANCY

Are you still welding? What are you welding, Tom? I wish you'd stop.

TOM

I can't stop. They won't let me.

NANCY

Maybe you should see a psychiatrist. I mean, if you were welding artwork, okay, but welding because someone invisible is telling you to, is crazy. Maybe medications would help you to. . .

TOM

(interrupts)

I'm not crazy, Nancy. I see things in my head, but I'm not crazy.

NANCY

What kind of things?

TOM

Like, blueprints, with some weird hieroglyphic writing.

NANCY

I thought we were done with the meteorite.

TOM

I thought so too. I'm sorry.

EXT. A SIDEWALK BY THE WEATHERALL'S HOUSE — OCTOBER — DAY

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: OCTOBER

The leaves on the maples that line the street near Tom and

Nancy's house are turning red and yellow. The sky is deep blue with traces of wispy cirrus clouds. In the distance, we see the purple-hued Sangre de Cristo Mountain range.

Tom is pushing their baby, MICAH, in a baby stroller. Nancy walks beside Tom. They look blissfully happy. Duke walks alongside the stroller. He licks Micah's hand. From the POV of Tom and Nancy, we see Micah is a blonde-haired boy with blue eyes. He appears to be perfect in every way, except for a one-quarter-inch-long birthmark on the left side of his neck that looks like an Egyptian hieroglyphic.

Tom and Nancy have almost forgotten their fears about what their baby would turn out to be. They smile at one another and walk away from us down the peaceful street.

EXT. TOM AND NANCY'S HOUSE - NOVEMBER

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: NOVEMBER

We see the flashing light of welding in the garage.

INT. TOM AND NANCY'S BEDROOM

Nancy sleeps peacefully, unaware that Tom is welding.

INT. MICAH'S ROOM

Duke sleeps in Micah's room. The periodic white flash of Tom's arc-welding lights Micah's bedroom window, but Duke doesn't wake. Micah lies on his back, looking at the bright backlit window curtains. HE SMILES.

EXT. THE WEATHERALL HOUSE - DECEMBER - AFTERNOON

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: DECEMBER

Six inches of freshly fallen snow covers everything, and there is a peaceful stillness to the scene. Smoke drifts serenely from the Weatherall's chimney, with a backdrop of deep blue sky.

INT. THE WEATHERALL HOUSE

We follow Nancy through the living room. She wears a stylish dress, and her hair gives the impression she's just come from a beauty parlor. A Christmas tree is up and decorated with lights, strings of popcorn, and tinsel, with perfectly wrapped gifts laid beneath it. A Christmas themed song plays on the radio.

Nancy enters Micah's room to check on him. She walks up to his crib, and stops. Micah is asleep. She smiles, but then her expression changes as she realizes he has grown to the size of a one-year-old.

NANCY GASPS, but then she sees the telltale birthmark on Micah's neck. IT IS MICAH, BUT HE HAS DOUBLED IN SIZE.

NANCY BACKS OUT OF THE ROOM, confused by what she's seen.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Nancy picks up the rotary dial phone and quickly dials Tom's work number. The rotation of the phone's round dial is the only sound in the house.

TOM (V.O.)

Weatherall Accounting; Tom speaking.

NANCY

Tom. . .can you PLEASE come home?  
Something's wrong with Micah.

INT. WEATHERALL ACCOUNTING OFFICE — SANTA FE

TOM

What do you mean, honey?

NANCY (V.O.)

I went into his room and he's. . .

TOM

Is Micah okay?

NANCY (V.O.)

At first I thought someone had  
taken Micah, but then. . .

TOM

WHAT?

INT. WEATHERALL LIVING ROOM

Nancy is seated on the couch. We are at eye level with her as she talks. She looks towards Micah's room.

NANCY

He was BIGGER. Really big.  
It's not normal, Tom!



TOM (V.O.)

(laughs)

Honey. . .gosh, you had me scared.  
It's normal for him to grow.

NANCY

NO, TOM. He's only a couple of months  
months old, but he's much bigger. During  
his nap, Micah GREW TO THE SIZE OF A  
TODDLER! TOM, WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

Tom puts his feet up on his desk, relieved that everything is  
fine, and it's Nancy who has the problem.

TOM

Sweetie. . .you should lie down, or  
go for a short walk. You're imagining  
things. Micah is just a little baby!  
Let's all go to dinner tonight.

NANCY (V.O.)

(frustrated)

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO DINNER, TOM!  
I WANT YOU TO COME HOME! I'M TELLING  
YOU, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO MICAH!  
LITTLE BABIES DON'T TAKE NAPS AND  
TURN INTO TODDLERS! THEY TAKE NAPS  
AND THEY STAY THE SAME SIZE! PRETTY  
SOON THE GOVERNMENT WILL FIND US!

TOM

No, the government doesn't know about  
Micah! Relax, honey. Want me to phone Doctor  
Feldman? I'm sure he could prescribe you  
drugs. I've read that women get depressed  
after having a baby. Post-partum depression  
what they call it. Maybe you could work  
part-time. We could get a sitter.

INT. THE WEATHERALL LIVING ROOM

Nancy is standing now, in front of the couch. She can't believe  
Tom isn't getting what she is saying. She is calmer now.

NANCY

(interrupts)

TOM, LISTEN, I don't need drugs. (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
If you don't come home, Micah is  
going to be SHAVING!

TOM (V.O.)  
SHAVING? That's a good one.

NANCY  
TOM! I'M SERIOUS! PLEASE COME HOME!

INT. THE WEATHERALL LIVING ROOM — A HALF AN HOUR LATER

Tom enters the house and finds Nancy holding Micah on her lap,  
on the couch. Duke lies on the floor by Nancy. Tom stares at  
Micah, who appears to be the size of a one-year-old.

TOM  
Nancy? Are you sure it's Micah?

NANCY  
It's Micah. See?

Nancy turns Micah around and shows Tom the birthmark on the back  
of Micah's neck.

TOM  
Oh yeah. Well, he's going to a big  
kid. It's perfectly normal.

NANCY  
Tom, it's not NORMAL. It's ABNORMAL.  
LOOK AT HIM! HE'S HUGE!

TOM  
What is normal, honey? One kid's big,  
and another is small. I was a runt  
until my junior year of high school. . .

NANCY  
(interrupts)  
THEY'RE DOING IT! THE METEORITE IS  
DOING IT! DON'T YOU GET IT?

TOM  
(laughs nervously)  
Ah, c'mon, honey. The meteorite has  
nothing to do with Micah. Look, we'll  
get a lady to watch Micah and you can  
go back to work at the paper.

Nancy pats the couch cushion by her, and Tom sits.

NANCY

Don't you get it, Tom? We've been CHOSEN.

TOM

What do you mean, CHOSEN?

NANCY

Remember how attracted we were to each other? THEY wanted it, Tom. The meteorite landed by this house for a reason. They CHOSE YOU.

TOM

I thought you didn't believe my meteorite story. It's so ludicrous! Trust me, there are millions of smarter, better looking people.

NANCY

TOM. . .they're STILL controlling YOU. Why are you welding that thing in the garage? WHAT IS IT? You can't tell me, because you don't know.

TOM

That doesn't prove anything. It's just a hobby. Maybe it's art.

NANCY

Haven't you wondered why all of a sudden you want to weld something? You said you barely learned how to weld in high school. Tom, they they moved from your body to my body, and made Micah.

TOM

That's crazy. Micah's not an alien!

NANCY

HE'S PART ALIEN, TOM!

TOM

You're acting crazy, Nancy. Micah is a normal little boy. He's going to grow up and play little league and. . .

NANCY  
 (interrupts)  
 YOU JUST DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?

Micah slides off Nancy's lap and runs toward the piano. Tom jogs after him, swoops him up, and brings him back to the couch.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 BIG DEAL! He can walk at THREE MONTHS!  
 THAT'S NOT ABNORMAL! HE'S OUR BOY!  
 (to the ceiling)  
 DO YOU HEAR THAT? HE'S OURS!

INT. WEATHERALL LIVING ROOM — MARCH, 1965 — AFTERNOON

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: MARCH — 1965

Nancy plays *Avant-dernières pensées*, by Satie, on her baby grand piano. Micah comes from his room. He wears jeans, a tee-shirt, and tennis shoes. He looks like a three-year-old.

Micah pulls himself onto the piano bench and sits beside Nancy and watches her finish playing the song.

NANCY  
 Do you like music, Micah?

Micah smiles. He gets on Nancy's lap, and looks at the keyboard.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 This is a piano. You just put your  
 fingers on the keys like this.

She positions Micah's fingers on the keyboard.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Good. Now you just press them down.

Micah presses some of the keys down. He smiles.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 The song I played is by a man named Satie.  
 He lived in the country of France.

MICAH  
 Mmmm.

Micah plays a few tentative notes, and then he slowly begins

playing Avant-dernières pensées EXACTLY as Nancy played it. Nancy is speechless. Her eyes well up with tears. She snuffles, but she can't hold back the tears and they roll down her cheeks.

MICAH STOPS PLAYING when he hears Nancy sobbing. He turns, takes her face in his hands, and wipes the tears from her cheeks.

MICAH

Momma? No cry, Momma, no cry.

THESE ARE THE FIRST WORDS MICAH HAS SPOKEN. Nancy kisses him.

NANCY

OH MICAH! YOU TALKED!

INT. CONKLIN HOUSE KITCHEN — APRIL — SUNDAY — AFTERNOON

TYPE ON SCREEN: APRIL

Judy pours Phil a beer. Phil watches a baseball game on their TV, in the living room. Judy sees Tom, Nancy, and Micah in their yard, using hula-hoops. The beer overflows the glass.

JUDY

PHIL!

PHIL

WHAT?

She turns and walks to the edge of the linoleum floor of the kitchen and leans on the archway to the living room.

JUDY

You know Nancy from next door?

PHIL

I'M WATCHING A GAME, JUDY!

JUDY

Nancy had her baby just a little over four months ago, right?

PHIL

For this you interrupt my game?

JUDY

Well, their son looks about four years old! Isn't that STRANGE? I think it's very strange.

Phil shakes his head, and then turns the TV volume up.

PHIL  
So maybe the kid is Nancy's nephew!

JUDY  
Tom Weatherall put fabric over his garage windows! HE COULD BE MAKING AN ATOMIC BOMB!

PHIL  
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT,  
JUDY, CALL THE ARMY OR SOMETHING?  
TAKE A TRANQUILIZER AND RELAX!

Judy goes back to the kitchen sink window and sees Tom, Nancy, and Micah go in their house.

JUDY  
(to herself)  
Something strange is going on.

EXT. BY THE CONKLIN HOUSE — AFTER MIDNIGHT

Phil puts a garbage bag in their garbage cans and carries the can to the curb. He sees a nuance of light flashing in Tom's garage. He looks around and then walks across the street.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

BY THE WEATHERALL'S GARAGE DOOR

Phil tries to see in one of the garage door windows. The fabric blocks a clear view. From Phil's POV we see a slice of Tom welding on the metal ring-shaped structure.

TOM TURNS OFF HIS ARC-WELDER AND LIFTS THE VISOR OF HIS MASK. He sits at a worktable, and takes off his welding equipment. On the table are metal parts for something, ready to be assembled. Phil can only see Tom's back. Tom shuts off the garage light. Phil steps back from the garage door and is about to go back home. When he turns, Tom is standing beside him.

PHIL  
OH! Jeez, you scared the living  
daylights out of me!

TOM  
What are you doing here, Phil?

PHIL

ME? Nothing. I was, just, I mean, I saw lights flashing in your garage. I thought it was a fire. I didn't figure you would weld in the middle of the night.

TOM

Well, you shouldn't tell anyone. I'm making a swing-set for my son.

PHIL

A swing-set? Oh, okay. Isn't he a little young for a swing-set?

TOM

He's growing really fast. The swing-set is a surprise. Don't mention it to anyone, okay?

PHIL

Uh. . .sure. SCOUTS HONOR!

TOM

Good; I'd hate to ruin my son's birthday. Goodnight.

Tom smiles in a plastic sort of way. Phil turns and begins walking back to his house. Tom watches Phil walk away.

TOM (CONT'D)

HAVE A GOOD EVENING! REMEMBER. . .  
MUM'S THE WORD!

PHIL

(pantomimes zipping lips)  
RIGHT. . .GOODNIGHT, TOM!

INT. WEATHERALL'S HOUSE — MONDAY MORNING

Tom feeds Micah breakfast. Nancy is brewing coffee. Micah wears a bib, and holds out his hand for the spoon.

TOM

Look, honey, he wants to use the spoon!

NANCY

Let him, Tom!

Tom hands Micah the spoon. He is a bit sloppy then masters it.

TOM

How about that? He can feed himself!

NANCY

It doesn't surprise me. He can play anything on the piano if he hears the music just one time. He's a genius!

MICAH

Mozart! Mozart!

TOM

Son, what am I making in the garage?

MICAH

Mmm, a portal.

TOM

A portal? To where?

MICAH

Home.

Nancy stops what she is doing, and stands behind Tom.

NANCY

This is your home, Micah.

MICAH

No.

TOM

Micah, where is your home?

MICAH

(points to ceiling)

There.

NANCY

In space?

MICAH

Yes. Momma plays Satie.

NANCY

Yes, Micah. You like Satie. But, you're our boy; we need you.



MICAH

Help me; I help you.

TOM

You need a portal to go home?

MICAH

YES, MAKE PORTAL!

TOM

How does the portal work, son?

MICAH

I grow BIG now.

NANCY

Tom, that tie is all wrong. It's a strange color. Come on, let's go find a better one in our closet.

Tom looks at his tie. He doesn't get what she means.

TOM

But blue is my favorite color, honey.

NANCY

NO TOM. . .you need ANOTHER tie.

Micah eats his oatmeal. Nancy signals to Tom so Micah doesn't see, to come with her. Tom finally gets what Nancy is saying.

TOM

Oh. . .okay. Son, you stay here and eat, and mommy and daddy will be right back.

MICAH

Yes. Micah eats.

Nancy and Tom go to their bedroom, into a walk-in closet.

INT. THE CLOSET

NANCY

Tom, the ladies at work want me to bring Micah to work. How can I? I can't take him out in public. What if one of our neighbors gets suspicious? What am I supposed to tell them - that he's an alien?

TOM

NO. . .DON'T TELL ANYONE ANYTHING.  
Don't leave the house until we  
figure out what's wrong with him.

NANCY

I HAVE TO! I'm out of excuses! First  
I said Micah was sick. Then I said  
we all were sick. And yesterday, my  
parents phoned and asked if they  
could visit us! They don't even know  
I had a baby! They want to fly up  
here from Florida. Tom, what am I  
supposed to tell them? Should I say  
we adopted Micah?

TOM

That's a good idea. Tell them that.

NANCY

I'm not a good liar, Tom. If I tell  
one lie I'll have to tell more lies  
to cover up the lies.

The doorknob jiggles. Micah is trying to open the door. Nancy  
unlocks the door and opens it. Micah smiles at them.

MICAH

Why is door locked, momma?

NANCY

We were just talking about ties.

MICAH

Daddy's tie is the same.

Nancy grabs a tie from a hanger and tosses it to Tom.

NANCY

There, Tom. This is a better tie.

Tom nods compliantly, though the tie is garish and doesn't  
go with his shirt. He ties it. Nancy picks up Micah, and they  
walk back to the kitchen.

INT. THE HALLWAY

MICAH

Show me portal, now, momma?

TOM

Go ahead. I've got to leave for work.

NANCY

Oh come on, Tom. Micah hasn't seen it yet.

Tom glances at his wristwatch.

TOM

Okay, just for a minute.

INT. THE GARAGE

Tom opens the side door and flips on the light. Duke enters. Nancy still carries Micah. They stand a few feet away from the structure. It's shaped like a ring. There is a console on its front, and two round holes on either side.

NANCY

You MADE this, Tom? Is it art?

TOM

I guess it's art. Strange, huh?

Micah squirms in Nancy's arms to get down.

MICAH

Down, down.

Nancy sets Micah down. He touches the ring and smiles.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Good. I finish my portal now.

TOM

Now, Micah, you're too little to do anything on whatever this is.

Micah points at their wedding rings.

MICAH

I need those.

Tom and Nancy look at their rings.

TOM

Our wedding rings?

MICAH

I need gold.

NANCY

No way I'm giving you my ring, son. Your father gave this to me on our wedding day.

TOM

You can't have our rings, son.

MICAH

I must complete the portal.

Nancy and Tom are perplexed. Tom looks at his watch.

TOM

Uh, I gotta go. We'll talk later, son.

EXT. WEATHERALL'S DRIVEWAY — MONDAY — MORNING

Tom, followed by Nancy, Micah, and Duke walk to the Chrysler. Tom opens the door and turns to Nancy, who carries Micah.

TOM

Have a good day.

Nancy and Micah stand by the kitchen door and watch Tom get in his car and drive away. Nancy waves to Tom.

NANCY

Bye honey, we love you!

EXT. FRONT YARD — AN HOUR LATER

Nancy is clipping roses. Micah sits on the lawn beside Duke. The neighbor's horses come to the fence and whinny. Micah stands and goes to see the horses, and Duke follows.

Nancy has cut a dozen roses and lays them on the lawn. She turns to check on Micah, and is frightened when she sees him by the horses. She runs to Micah.

NANCY

MICAH! GET AWAY FROM THOSE HORSES!

Micah calmly turns his head towards Nancy and smiles.

MICAH

Do not fear. They are my friends.

Nancy stops and sees that the horses are friendly to Micah.

NANCY

Well, I'll be. . . .

A lizard is on a nearby rock. Micah picks it up, and rubs its blue belly. The lizard falls asleep, and Micah sets it down.

MICAH

I mean them no harm, mother.

EXT. BY THE WEATHERALL'S MAILBOX — TWO HOURS LATER

Nancy goes to her mailbox, and holds Micah's hand. Judy Conklin comes from her house and crosses the street to Nancy and Micah.

JUDY

Hi Nancy! I've meant to come over to say hello for months! I'm Judy Conklin. My husband is Phil Conklin, the owner of Conklin Motors. You've probably seen our ads on TV, with the pink flamingoes?

NANCY

Uh, yes, I've seen them.

JUDY

And this must be your little boy. Didn't you just have him a couple of months ago? What's his name?

Micah looks up at Judy, and smiles.

NANCY

This is Micah. He has a growth disorder.

JUDY

Oh? I'm sorry. He does look big.

NANCY

Micah's doctors are amazed.

JUDY

YES. . .I imagine they would be. What is his condition called?

NANCY

Um. . .it's um, Progeria. It's a very rare mutation, probably from my breast feeding him.

JUDY

Really? I never heard of it.

NANCY

It's uh, new, and extremely rare. Well, it was nice to see you. It's time for Micah's nap. See you later!

Nancy abruptly carries Micah inside their house.

INT. THE CONKLIN BEDROOM – MONDAY – NIGHT

Judy sits up in bed, reading a medical dictionary. Phil is trying to sleep, and is annoyed that she is still up.

PHIL

Can you turn out that light? I'm beat.

JUDY

Ah, here it is: 'There are several forms of Progeria. It is known as Hutchinson-Gilford Progeria Syndrome, an extremely rare genetic disorder, where aspects of aging are manifested at an early age.' That's weird, it doesn't mention milk.

PHIL

Big deal. Now go to sleep.

JUDY

Nancy said her son got Progeria from milk. Why would she lie?

PHIL

Who knows? She's a journalist, not a doctor.

JUDY

No, she lied. I can tell.

PHIL

People lie every day. I DO!

JUDY

No, they lie when they're hiding something.

PHIL

I don't care if they're Russian spies  
and wear red commie underwear! TURN  
OUT THE GOSH-DARN LIGHT, OKAY?

Judy turns out the light, and settles under the covers.

JUDY

YOU'RE SO GRUMPY, PHIL! I have a right  
to investigate our neighbors! This is  
America, the land of the free, and the  
home of the brave! It's 1965!

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: MAY

INT. MICAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Nancy comes into Micah's bedroom and sees his bed is empty. She  
looks in the closet. Duke is also gone.

NANCY

MICAH?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Nancy looks in the living room but Micah isn't there.

EXT. THE FRONT YARD OF THE WEATHERALL HOUSE

Nancy comes out of the house and frantically looks around.

NANCY (CONT'D)

MICAH? MICAH?

INT. WEATHERALL GARAGE

Nancy enters the garage. She gasps when she sees Micah because  
he looks like an eight-year-old. Micah sits at Tom's worktable.  
Duke lays on the cement floor next to him. Micah wears one of  
Tom's tee shirts. He's making two spherical parts.

A disassembled radio is on the worktable. Micah has melted some  
of Nancy's jewelry to obtain gold. He has also melted the  
meteorite and cast it into two hollow spheres.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Micah. . .what are doing out here?  
I've been looking all over for you.

MICAH  
Good morning, mother.

NANCY  
You just stop whatever you're doing  
and march back in the house right  
now, young man. Micah?

Micah doesn't answer and keeps working. Nancy comes up to him.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
You've changed again.

MICAH  
Mother, where can I obtain plutonium?

NANCY  
What? Plutonium?

MICAH  
For my portal.

NANCY  
Plutonium is radioactive, son.

MICAH  
I need plutonium.

NANCY  
Well you can't have plutonium. Did you  
take my jewelry? It's wrong to steal.  
Do you understand? Don't ever steal.  
Now, you're going to take my hand  
and we're going inside the house. Did  
you hear me? Let's go.

MICAH  
Will you take me to a library?

NANCY  
Did you hear what I just said?

MICAH  
Yes. Do they have books at a library?

NANCY  
You're going to have a time out. I'm  
sorry, but you have to be punished  
for ruining my jewelry.



MICAH

I want to read library books.

NANCY

You can forget about it, Micah.  
Besides, how can you possibly know  
how to read? You're six months old!

MICAH

I learned how to read this morning.  
I read Einstein's Theory of Relativity.  
I like his mathematics. I read about  
him in a dictionary in the living room.  
I like Oppenheimer too. Do you know  
Oppenheimer, and about Los Alamos?

NANCY

Oh? Well, no, I don't know Mister  
Oppenheimer. Los Alamos won't give you  
plutonium. So forget about that. If you  
say you're sorry, I'll take you to the  
library. But you need new clothes. Are  
you going to say you're sorry?

MICAH

Yes, mother, I'm sorry. I don't require  
new clothes. On Zylax 5 we wear no clothes.

NANCY

Well this isn't Zylax 5. This is Earth.  
On Earth, little boys wear clothes.

EXT. THE STREET BY TOM'S OFFICE - SANTA FE

Nancy parks in front of Tom's office and goes inside.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NOON

NANCY ENTERS, obviously upset. Tom is eating a sandwich.

TOM

Oh, hi honey!

NANCY

MICAH CHANGED! He's HUGE now!

TOM

WHAT? Where is he?

NANCY

He's waiting in the car. He looks old enough to be in elementary school.

TOM

Wow. Should we take him to a doctor?

NANCY

No; I'm taking him to the library.

TOM

That won't make him smaller, honey.

NANCY

I know that, Tom. Be serious.

TOM

Sorry. Are you saying he can read?

NANCY

YES! He wants to read Einstein's Theory of Relativity. He says he's from a planet named Zylax 5.

TOM

Oh? He sure has an imagination. He'll probably become a writer, like you.

NANCY

Tom, he's grown so much I had to buy him new clothes. Doesn't this bother you? He asked me to get him plutonium!

TOM

Plutonium? What in the world for?

NANCY

It's on Micah's list of things he needs to complete his portal.

She hands Tom the list. Tom reads the list.

TOM

Why does he need plutonium?

NANCY

And he wants to talk to Oppenheimer. He melted the meteorite and made two shiny balls with it.

TOM

He melted the meteorite? Jeez! And why does he want to meet Oppenheimer? I think he moved to the Virgin Islands.

NANCY

That's not the point! HE THINKS THE PEOPLE AT LOS ALAMOS WILL GIVE HIM PLUTONIUM! IS HE MAKING A BOMB?

TOM

I don't know but I'll put a stop to it.

NANCY

The police are going to notice Micah, and ask questions. He's scaring me, Tom.

Tom takes Nancy's hand and kisses her forehead.

TOM

YOU? A woman who has conquered so many impossible newspaper deadlines?

NANCY

I'm not as tough as you think I am.

INT. MAIN LIBRARY — SANTA FE — NOON

Nancy and Micah sit at a reading table. Micah wears a tee-shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes. He is speed-reading a stack of books. Nancy watches him as she reads a magazine.

NANCY

You know, I used to read a lot when I looked about your age.

MICAH

In Earth years I am still a baby.

NANCY

I know. That's what makes it so dangerous for your father and me.

MICAH

I am ten thousand years old, mother.

NANCY

Oh, I know it seems like that. But how could you be that old? (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

People are going to notice you're not a baby. You should be in school. Your dad and I will get in trouble, and they'll lock us up. So no more talk about your portal and blasting into space.

MICAH

I am not blasting off, mother. I am constructing a traversable wormhole.

NANCY

A wormhole? Okay. Where does it go, to 'Bird-Land?'

MICAH

Zylax 5, of course.

NANCY

We need to put you in school. You can't be pretending you can walk through that ring thingy to another world. I mean, who is going to fix you lunch over there? You have to go to school like a normal boy.

MICAH

If I go to school, will that make you happy, mother?

NANCY

Yes, very happy, son.

MICAH

Do they have plutonium in school?

NANCY

Los Alamos is the only place with any plutonium. The soldiers at Los Alamos will shoot you if you steal plutonium.

MICAH

They cannot destroy me, mother. I will regenerate this body.

NANCY

No you won't, Micah. You have a medical condition. You're a very sick little boy, and we're going to get you well.

MICAH

I am needed on Zylax 5, mother. The Zylaxian Counsel needs my help to regain control of the planet. There is a war.

NANCY

(whispers tersely)

STOP IT. That ring is just metal from a junkyard. It used to be part of a Chevy Nova, or Ford Galaxie 500. Besides, what's so important about this imaginary planet? Why isn't Earth good enough for you?

MICAH

It was my home before I was disassembled.

NANCY

Disassembled? You came out of me looking like a baby boy. You were perfect, sweetie.

MICAH

The Zylons disassembled me to punish me for terraforming Zylax 5.

NANCY

Terra-what? And who are the Zylons?

MICAH

They are THE MAKERS. They used to be good, but now they are evil.

NANCY

Uh huh. So did you look like us then? Or did you have big green flippers?

MICAH

Like you, but I was also part machine.

NANCY

You mean like Tinker Toys or something?

MICAH

I was a living machine, more advanced than your primitive science can create.

NANCY

Okay, fine. Let's not talk about this anymore because it's making me crazy, and giving me a headache. (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

You just have an overactive imagination. We'll take you to a doctor and find out how to heal you. While you live under our roof you have to obey our rules. So whether you're six months old or ten thousand years old, I'm your mom, and Tom's your dad.

INT. THE CONKLIN BEDROOM - SATURDAY - MORNING

Judy Conklin watches Nancy, Tom, and Micah, in their front yard, through binoculars. A government car parks at their house. A child welfare investigator, MRS. WELLS, and two government agents, AGENT KNOWLES and AGENT MORRIS get out.

EXT. THE WEATHERALL FRONT YARD

Agent Knowles and Agent Morris show Tom and Nancy their badges.

AGENT KNOWLES

Good afternoon. I'm Agent Knowles, and this is Agent Morris, from the CIA. And this is Mrs. Wells from the child welfare department of the State of New Mexico.

TOM

Oh? What seems to be the problem?

AGENT KNOWLES

We received an anonymous tip you have a school aged child not attending school, and reports you are welding at night.

TOM

That's none of your business. And, my son will be attending school very soon.

MISS WELLS

This is your son? What's his name?

NANCY

Yes, this is Micah.

MISS WELLS

Ah. Hello Micah. How old are you?

MICAH

Hello Miss Wells. I am ten thousand. . .

Nancy cups her hand over Micah's mouth.

TOM  
HE'S EIGHT YEARS OLD!

AGENT KNOWLES  
We'll need to see his birth certificate  
and inspect your garage. Here's our  
search warrant.

Agent Knowles shows Tom and Nancy a search warrant.

TOM  
You had better go get Micah's birth  
certificate, honey.

Nancy goes in the house. Agent Morris walks to the garage.

MISS WELLS  
I checked the hospital records, sir.  
According to them, your son is only  
six months old. Who is this boy?

TOM  
I don't have to tell you anything,  
until I talk to a lawyer.

Agent Morris comes back. He whispers in Agent Knowles ear.

AGENT KNOWLES  
Mr. Weatherall, we have to take you  
to the police station for questioning  
until we sort out what's going on.

Nancy returns with the birth certificate and hands it to Wells.

MRS. WELLS  
Just as I thought. Your real son is  
only six months old.

Agent Knowles is about to handcuff Tom and Nancy.

NANCY  
Micah has a medical condition! He's  
very sick! Please don't take him!

MICAH  
(to Knowles, Morris, and Mrs. Wells)  
We cannot go with you. (MORE)

Everyone turns toward Micah. Micah waves his hand at Knowles, Morris, and Mrs. Wells. Their faces go blank.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

MICAH (CONT'D)

You were mistaken. You will go now.

AGENT KNOWLES    AGENT MORRIS    MRS. WELLS

We were mistaken. We will go now.

Mrs. Wells drops the birth certificate. They walk to their cars, and drive away. Micah turns and stares at Judy Conklin.

INT. CONKLIN HOUSE BEDROOM

Judy Conklin's face goes blank, affected by Micah's power.

EXT. THE WEATHERALL FRONT YARD

TOM

What just happened?

NANCY

What did you do to them, Micah?

Micah smiles and pets Duke. Tom and Nancy watch Micah.

MICAH

They won't bother us now.

EXT. SALAZAR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL — WEDNESDAY — MORNING

Nancy parks her Corvair. She and Micah go in the school.

INT. THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE — FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Nancy and Micah sit facing MANNY LOPEZ, the school principal. Nancy wears sunglasses, and a scarf to hide her identity.

NANCY

Thank you for meeting with us, Principal Lopez. My husband and I travel a lot and we thought Micah should go to school until the summer break.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

We're glad to have Micah at Salazar. What school did he previously attend?



Before Nancy can answer, Micah addresses Principal Lopez.

MICAH

I have read many books, Principal Lopez. I would be happy to take tests to place me in the right class.

NANCY

Uh, yes, he was homeschooled, overseas.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Ah, you mean in Europe?

NANCY

YES! In far eastern Europe.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Oh. You mean in Russia?

NANCY

No, uh. . .in eastern France.

MICAH

I speak languages of this planet.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

(laughs)

Of this planet? What do you mean?

MICAH

Spanish, French, Italian, German. . .

NANCY

Now Micah, don't show off.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

That's impressive. Well, miss. . .what did you say your last name was?

NANCY

Carnelian. Mrs. Francois Carnelian.

Principal Lopez smiles, not sure what to make of her name.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

You mean, like the gemstone?

NANCY

Yes, like the uh, gemstone. (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

It's a French Arcadian name. Goes way, way back to the Middle Ages.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Oh? Well, Micah, welcome to Salazar Elementary. What grade would you say you're supposed to be in? I mean, how old are you, son?

MICAH

Ten thousand of your. . .

NANCY

He's eight.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Oh, very good. How about we start with third grade and see how Micah does?

NANCY

GREAT! That would be PERFECT!

Principal Lopez stands, and shakes Nancy's and Micah's hands.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

I think Micah's going to fit in here just fine, Mrs. Carnelian.

NANCY

Okay, Micah, I'm going to leave you now. I'll be back after school. Be a good boy. I love you.

MICAH

Goodbye, mother. I love you too.

INT. MS. THOMAS'S THIRD GRADE CLASS - TEN MINUTES LATER

MS. RACHEL THOMAS is a thirty something year old teacher, with black hair, and glasses. Twenty students are seated at desks. She has written, MATH REVIEW - PAGE 61, on the chalkboard.

Principal Lopez and Micah arrive at the open doorway to the classroom. Principal Lopez knocks on the open door.

MS. THOMAS

Oh, Principal Lopez! What a nice surprise! Have you brought us a new student?

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Yes, this is Micah Carnelian. He's just moved to Santa Fe from Europe.

MS. THOMAS

How exciting! From what country?

MICAH

From France.

MS. THOMAS

Wonderful! Bonjour Micah. Do you speak French?

MICAH

(speaks in French)

Bien sûr. J'habite à Nice.

MS. THOMAS

Oh, I've been to Nice. It's pretty.

MICAH

Yes. The average temperature for March is thirteen degrees centigrade. In the Greek Empire, in 500 B.C., the hill above the town was named Nike, which is Greek for 'victory'. The Greek culture was assimilated into the Roman Empire.

MS. THOMAS

I didn't know that. That's interesting,  
(to Principal Lopez)  
Is Micah joining our class today?

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

If it's not too much trouble, Ms. Thomas.

MS. THOMAS

It's no trouble at all. Micah, you may sit at that empty desk by the windows. We were just doing our math.

Principal Lopez leaves. Micah takes a seat by a husky boy named JASPER GRANT, and a pretty, blonde girl named AMBER BELMONT. Ms. Thomas begins passing out a math worksheet. She has a textbook.

MS. THOMAS

Micah, we were just about to do a math quiz. But you don't have to. (MORE)

MS. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Amber, can you give this math textbook,  
to Micah?

AMBER

Yes, Miss Thomas.

Amber gets up and takes the math textbook from Ms. Thomas and hands it to Micah. He opens the book to page sixty-one and smiles at the simple math problems.

Ms. Thomas hands out a math practice sheet. She comes to Micah and hesitates to give him the sheet.

MS. THOMAS

Micah, you don't have to do this test.

MICAH

I can solve the equations Ms. Thomas.

She hands him the sheet and he fills it in immediately.

MS. THOMAS

Now, Micah, slow down. Take your time  
or you'll make mistakes.

MICAH

I do not make mistakes, Ms. Thomas.

He hands Ms. Thomas the math sheet, and she stares at it.

MS. THOMAS

Micah, you can't possibly have finished.  
How did you. . .um, how did you do that?

MICAH

I am good at math, Ms. Thomas.

MS. THOMAS

How old are you?

MICAH

Ten thousand of your. . .um, I am eight.

JASPER

He was going to say he's ten thousand  
years old, Ms. Thomas!

THE KIDS IN THE CLASS LAUGH. MS. THOMAS WAVES HER HAND to get

her students to be quiet.

MS. THOMAS

Shush everyone, be nice to Micah.  
He's very good at math, Jasper.  
You could learn a lot from him.

JASPER

Yes, Ms. Thomas.

EXT. ON THE SCHOOL GROUNDS – RECESS – NOON

Micah stands under a tree covered with butterflies. Amber comes and stands by him.

AMBER

Hi, my name is Amber Belmont.

Micah turns to her and smiles. He shakes her hand and the nanobots affect her. She smiles at Micah in a dazed way.

MICAH

Hello, Amber.

AMBER

What is France like?

MICAH

France?

AMBER

Yes. You're from France, right?  
I don't know anything about France.  
I know about French fries though.

MICAH

France is a nation of nearly fifty-  
million people. Its present leader is  
Charles de Gaulle. The French gave the  
American people the Statue of Liberty  
in 1886. It is composed of copper.  
Copper's Atomic Number is twenty-nine.

AMBER

Ms. Thomas said you were a math genius.

MICAH

Mathematics interests me. Mostly,  
I am interested in quantum mechanics.

AMBER

Oh. My father is a mechanic at Los Alamos.

He lets a butterfly climb onto his index finger. He lifts his hand and the butterfly flies away. Amber stares in wonder at Micah because she is under his power.

MICAH

Does your father have plutonium?

AMBER

Plutonium? What's that?

MICAH

Would your father take me to Los Alamos?

AMBER

I don't know. I'll ask him. Gosh, butterflies sure like you.

Jasper throws a baseball at them. MICAH HOLDS UP HIS HAND AND MAKES THE BALL STOP IN MIDAIR AND IT DROPS TO THE GROUND. Amber is shocked by Micah's power. LARRY and Jasper watch them.

JASPER

(to Larry)

WOW, DID YOU SEE THAT?

LARRY

YEAH!

MICAH

(to Amber)

Recess is over. We should go.

Micah takes Amber's hand and they walk toward the school.

JASPER

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND?

INT. THE WEATHERALL HOUSE — NIGHT

Tom, Nancy, and Micah eat dinner.

TOM

So, Micah, how was your first school day?

MICAH

Good. I met a girl, and did math.

NANCY

Oh? What is the girl's name?

MICAH

Amber Belmont.

NANCY

That's a pretty name.

MICAH

Yes. Her father works at Los Alamos.  
He will help me finish the portal.

TOM

Son, no one will give you plutonium.  
And another thing; I don't want you to  
weld anything in the garage. It's dangerous.  
We don't want any G-MEN coming around.

MICAH

They won't remember us, father.

NANCY

That's not the point. You can't go  
zapping people's minds.

TOM

Um. . .do you like your new teacher?

MICAH

Yes; Ms. Thomas says I'm a math genius.  
I changed the trajectory of a spherical  
object to protect Amber.

TOM

A spherical object? You mean, a ball?  
Now, son, no one can move things with  
their mind.

MICAH

I did.

TOM

I bought you something today, since  
tomorrow's your birthday. I'll go  
go get it. Your mom baked a cake.

Tom leaves the kitchen and returns with a present. Micah opens

it and finds a Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots toy.

MICAH  
What is this device?

TOM  
It's a toy. I'll show you.

Tom pushes a button and one robot punches the other robot.

MICAH  
Zylax 5 is a world made by robots.

Nancy brings a cake with Micah's name on it. She lights the candles on the cake. Micah watches the candles burn.

NANCY  
Zylax 5 is a long ways from here, son.  
On this planet, little boys have birthdays  
and we sing songs about it.

TOM AND NANCY  
Happy birthday to you, happy birthday  
to you. Happy birthday dear Micah, happy  
birthday to you!

NANCY  
Now blow out the candles, Micah.

MICAH  
Why is this circular object on fire?

NANCY  
This is a cake, Micah. You're supposed  
to make a wish and blow out the candles.

MICAH  
What do I wish for?

TOM  
Wish for anything you want, son.

Micah thinks for a moment and blows out the candles.

NANCY  
What did you wish for?

MICAH  
Plutonium, of course.



EXT. SALAZAR ELEMENTARY SIDEWALK — THURSDAY — MORNING

Micah walks to the entrance. Jasper and Larry come beside him.

JASPER (V.O.)

Hey, Micah, tell us how you made that  
baseball fall on the ground.

MICAH (V.O.)

You would not comprehend it.

INT. SALAZAR ELEMENTARY — A HALLWAY

Micah walks to Ms. Thomas's classroom. He carries a lunchbox with The Jetsons TV show cartoon on it. Jasper and Larry walk on either side of Micah. Jasper is upset that Micah won't tell him, and he keeps tapping Micah on his shoulder.

JASPER

Come on Micah, spill the beans!

MICAH

I cannot tell you anything.

Jasper grabs the lunchbox out of Micah's hand. Micah stops, and the Jasper and Larry run to a door at the end of the hall.

JASPER

TELL US, OR KISS YOUR LUNCHBOX GOODBYE!

LARRY

YEAH, WE'RE GONNA THROW IT IN THE DUMPSTER!

MICAH

Please return my lunch box, Jasper.

JASPER

FORGET IT, YOU WEIRDO!

MICAH

I am unsure of your meaning.

JASPER

Where are you from, MARS? Talk Martian!

MICAH

I am unfamiliar with the language of Mars.

Jasper waves the lunchbox in the air and laughs. He and Larry

turn to go out the double doors. Micah holds up his hand and the lunch box flies out of Jasper's hand.

Jasper and Larry turn and stare as the lunchbox flies in the air fifty feet into Micah's hand. Micah turns and calmly continues walking to class. Jasper and Larry hesitate for a moment, and then chase after Micah. They do not catch up to him in time, and Micah enters Ms. Thomas's classroom.

Jasper and Larry rush up to Ms. Thomas. She is at the blackboard writing an English lesson. She has written: THE PARTS OF A SENTENCE ARE NOUNS, ADVERBS, VERBS, AND PRONOUNS. UNDERSTANDING ANTONYMNS, SYNONYMS, AND HOMONYMS, on the blackboard.

JASPER  
MS. THOMAS, MS. THOMAS!

MS. THOMAS  
Yes, Jasper, what is it?

JASPER  
Micah made his lunchbox fly by waving his hand! And on recess he made a baseball stop in the air. You should phone the police!

MS. THOMAS  
Now, now, Jasper. Take a seat, and quit joking around. And leave Micah alone. You boys go sit down and be nice to Micah.

JASPER  
But, Ms. Thomas, Larry and I saw it!

LARRY  
YEAH, WE SAW IT, MS. THOMAS!

MS. THOMAS  
Oh, hush. Go sit down.

The boys go to their seats. Jasper sneers at Micah.

JASPER  
FREAK!

Micah ignores Jasper. He's busy writing advanced math equations.

INT. MS. THOMAS'S CLASSROOM — LATE MORNING

Ms. Thomas is teaching math. She writes the number twenty-eight,

and an equation from the math quiz homework, on the blackboard.

MS. THOMAS

Everyone but Micah Carnelian got number twenty-eight wrong on the math quiz. Micah, will you show the class how you solved it?

Micah goes to the blackboard, takes the chalk and writes how he solved the problem, and then he writes a long math equation next to it. Ms. Thomas stares at the strange equation.

MS. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Uh. . .Micah, that is correct, but what is this other equation you've written?

MICAH

This is about the number twenty-eight.

MS. THOMAS

Oh? Well, what about it?

MICAH

Twenty-eight is the natural spiral of evolution, unfolding the perpetual cycles of nature, and the permanent oscillations of the universe. It is also the number of animals in the Chinese zodiac, the number of heartbeats necessary for a red globule to travel the body, and the number of days in a human female's menstrual cycle. The whole of existence is summed up in the number twenty-eight, Ms. Thomas.

THE KIDS IN THE CLASS LAUGH.

Ms. Thomas turns to the class, and taps her ruler on her desk.

MS. THOMAS

HUSH, CLASS. Micah, we don't talk like that at Salazar Elementary. Now go take a seat.

MICAH

Forgive me, Ms. Thomas. I was not precise. I am sorry.

MS. THOMAS

You were too precise. Sit down. Now is there anyone who doesn't understand how Micah solved the problem? (MORE)

Amber holds up her hand.

MS. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yes, Amber?

AMBER

I like Micah's answer. I think he  
is the smartest boy in this school.

Amber smiles as Micah passes her desk. All the kids in the class watch Micah return to his seat, in awe of his intelligence. Jasper and Larry frown at Micah. Jasper holds up his hand.

MS. THOMAS

Yes, Jasper?

JASPER

What's he doing in third grade, Ms. Thomas?  
He should be working at Los Alamos!

THE KIDS IN THE CLASS LAUGH.

INT. THE LUNCH ROOM — NOON

Micah eats alone at a lunch table. Amber comes with a tray of food, and stands by him. She smiles shyly.

AMBER

May I eat lunch with you?

Micah looks up and nods. Amber sits across from him.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell my father about you,  
because you are so smart, and nice.

MICAH

I would like to meet your father.

AMBER

He's not really a mechanic. I only  
told you that because it's a secret.

MICAH

What is his function?

AMBER

He's a scientist, and smart, like you. He  
was a student of Professor Oppenheimer.

MICAH

Good. When are we going to Los Alamos?

AMBER

Sometimes he takes me on Saturdays. I'll ask permission for you to go with us.

INT. MS. THOMAS'S CLASSROOM — AFTER LUNCH

Ms. Thomas signals for Micah to come to her desk.

MS. THOMAS

Micah, I want you to talk to Principal Lopez.

Amber watches Micah with concern. Micah nods and leaves.

INT. PRINCIPAL LOPEZ'S OFFICE — MOMENTS LATER

Micah sits facing Principal Lopez. Lopez smiles at Micah.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Micah, Ms. Thomas tells me you're a bit too advanced for third grade. She thinks you should be in college.

MICAH

Yes, that would be good. Do they have plutonium at college?

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

No, son. I called you here because Ms. Thomas said you talked about the menstrual cycle. Sex Ed isn't taught until sixth grade.

MICAH

You mean about the number twenty-eight?

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Yes, Micah. You can't just talk about sex. Only grownups get to talk about sex.

MICAH

My answer was incomplete, sir.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Oh? How so?

MICAH

Twenty-eight is a hexagonal tessellation. (MORE)

## MICAH (CONT'D)

It is a positive integer related to the rotation time of the sun as observed at the sun's equator, and a perfect number. It is also a triangular number, named after Marin Mersenne, a 17th Century French friar. It is also Object M28, a globular cluster in the constellation Sagittarius, which has an eight-point-five magnitude.

## PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Huh. . .I. . .uh. . .didn't know that. Okay, Micah, I'm uh. . .glad we had this little talk. Um, Micah, would you mind if we give you a few tests this afternoon, to see what grade level you are at?

## MICAH

Yes, that would be acceptable.

## INT. NANCY'S CORVAIR - THURSDAY AFTERNOON

From Nancy's POV inside her car, we see Principal Lopez and Micah approach. Principal Lopez opens the passenger door, and Micah gets in the car. Principal Lopez leans on the car door and speaks to Nancy through the open window.

## PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Hello, Mrs. Carnelian. How are you?

## NANCY

I'm fine. Is something wrong?

## PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

No. . .everything is fine, but. . . I had your son take aptitude tests today. Micah is smarter than a college graduate. He might be the smartest kid in America.

## NANCY

Really?

## PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Yes, he's a genius.

## NANCY

Well, don't worry, Micah can be as normal as he needs to be. Right, Micah?

MICAH

Yes, mother.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

We don't want him to be normal. I took the liberty of phoning a friend of mine at Los Alamos. They want to meet Micah.

NANCY

No thank you. Micah is just a normal boy.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

Ma'am, Micah isn't a normal kid, he. . .

NANCY

(interrupts)

Principal Lopez, Micah doesn't need plutonium.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

(laughs)

Uh, I'm sure they wouldn't give a third grader plutonium. He needs to meet people who understand him. He could work at M.I.T.!

Nancy starts the car, and puts the car in gear. She begins to slowly pull from the curb. Principal Lopez steps back.

NANCY

SORRY! MICAH CAN'T GO! BYE!

Nancy drives away. Principal Lopez watches her leave.

PRINCIPAL LOPEZ

(calling)

BUT. . .MICAH'S A GENIUS!

INT. THE CORVAIR

Nancy doesn't say anything to Micah for a few minutes. She and Micah look straight ahead. Finally, Nancy speaks.

NANCY

Micah, you can't make trouble. Your father and I are proud of you but if you make trouble, they'll lock you up. They will take away your portal and you won't have a normal life. They might put us in jail. Is that what you want?

MICAH

No, mother.

NANCY

Principal Lopez wants you to be like a zoo animal. Can you please pretend to be dumb for a few weeks? After the summer we'll try another school in Florida, by my parents.

MICAH

Mother, I have to go to Los Alamos.

NANCY

Well, you're not going, so that's that. Your dad and I have talked about it. He has promised me he will get rid of that portal in the garage. From now on you are going to be a normal little boy.

MICAH

I will never be a normal boy, mother.

NANCY

PLEASE STOP PRETENDING. You've just got some kind of disease. It's nothing to be ashamed of. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

MICAH

Yes, mother, I understand.

INT. MICAH'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Tom knocks on Micah's bedroom door, and peeks in. Micah is lying on a bed, reading a book by Einstein.

TOM

Micah?

MICAH

Yes, hello father.

Tom sits on Micah's bed. Micah smiles at Tom.

TOM

Your mother said you took a few tests and they think you're a genius. I think that's swell. We're both very proud of you.



MICAH

Yes, it's swell, father.

TOM

Micah, I didn't throw the portal away.  
I tried to, but they wouldn't let me.

MICAH

They aren't in you anymore, father.  
They are in me.

TOM

What do you mean? I felt them telling  
me what to do while I was welding.

MICAH

That was me controlling you, father.

TOM

Now, son; that's just plain silly.

MICAH

I told you where to put the portal.

TOM

Oh yeah? So, where is it?

MICAH

You took it to your office. You moved  
it this morning. You borrowed a forklift  
and a truck from Mr. Dandy, the liquor  
store owner. Then I made you tell mother  
you took the portal to the dump.

TOM

But. . .that's impossible, son. You  
were at school.

MICAH

Don't be afraid. You won't remember  
any of this after I am gone. You  
just need to go to sleep, now.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

Tom rubs his forehead, and yawns.

TOM

I am tired. I had better go to bed.

MICAH  
Yes, go to bed, father.

Tom leans over and kisses Micah on the forehead.

TOM  
Well, good night, son. I love you.

MICAH  
Good night, father. I love you, too.

Tom stands, and walks to the door. He shuts it behind him.

MICAH CLOSES HIS EYES TO FOCUS ON AMBER.

INT. AMBER BELMONT'S HOUSE — SANTA FE — NIGHT

Amber, her mom, SHELLY, and dad, TIM, watch Red Skelton on TV.

AMBER SUDDENLY GETS A FAR AWAY LOOK IN HER EYES. She gets up from the carpet, and sits next to her dad.

AMBER  
Daddy?

TIM  
Yes, sweetie?

AMBER  
Can I bring a friend to your work?

TIM  
A friend? One of your girlfriends?

AMBER  
No, he's a BOY FRIEND, daddy.

TIM  
I thought I was your boyfriend.

AMBER  
He's a BOY, and a FRIEND, daddy.

SHELLY  
How old is this boy, honey?

AMBER  
He's in my class at school. His name is Micah Carnelian.

SHELLY

Is he cute?

AMBER

He's just a boy, mom!

Tim puts his arm around Amber and kisses the top of her head.

TIM

Sure, honey. He can come. I'll have to make a name badge to get him in the lab.

AMBER

Ms. Thomas told the class that Micah is a genius. He speaks a lot of languages. They tested him at school, and Ms. Thomas said he could be in college.

TIM

WOW! Sure, I'd like to meet Micah.

AMBER

Thanks, daddy.

SHELLY

Micah sounds amazing, honey.

AMBER

He knows all about the number twenty-eight. He said it is the unfolding of the perpetual cycles of nature, and the permanent oscillations of the universe. Well, goodnight, daddy; goodnight mommy.

Tim and Shelly watch Amber go up the stairs.

TIM

Yes, goodnight, honey.

SHELLY

Tim, did you understand what she said about the oscillations of the universe?

TIM

Yeah, I did, but I never heard of a third grader knowing about stuff like that. It reminds me of how my professor at Berkeley talked. It's pretty impressive.

SHELLY  
You mean, Oppenheimer?

TIM  
Yeah, good old Doctor Oppenheimer.

EXT. WEATHERALL'S HOUSE — SATURDAY — MORNING

Micah comes out the front door. He wears a backpack he's borrowed from the garage. He crosses the yard and goes out the front gate to the area beside the road.

EXT. BY WILDFLOWER WAY — MINUTES LATER

The Belmont's car pulls up. Micah gets in the back seat, and Mr. Belmont drives toward downtown Santa Fe.

INT. TOM AND NANCY'S BEDROOM — AN HOUR LATER

Tom is awake, lying on his back. Nancy rolls next to him.

TOM  
Good morning, Nancy.

NANCY  
Good morning, Tom.

TOM  
Hey, I was thinking maybe we could drive up to the lake and go fishing.

NANCY  
That would be nice. We haven't gone anywhere as a family.

TOM  
(laughs)  
I know. And he's almost six months old.

NANCY  
Going on eight years old.

TOM  
Yeah. It's weird.

NANCY  
He's probably awake by now, reading his calculus books. You know, he read over two hundred books last week.

TOM

I haven't read that many my whole life.

NANCY

Me either. I'll go see if he's awake,  
and wants to go fishing.

Nancy gets out of bed, and puts on her pink robe.

INT. A HALLWAY

Nancy walks down the hall to Micah's room. Duke follows her.

TOM

TELL MICAH I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO CAST!  
WE'LL RENT A BOAT!

Nancy goes in Micah's room and comes out in a few seconds. She rushes to their bedroom door.

NANCY

Micah's not in his room, honey.

TOM

He's probably out in the garage.

NANCY

Oh. . .yeah. I'll go fix some coffee.

Tom pulls on his jeans, and a sweatshirt, and puts on his slippers. Nancy goes to the kitchen.

TOM

HEY HONEY, CAN YOU MAKE US PANCAKES  
WITH BLUEBERRIES? I LOVE THOSE KIND!

NANCY (O.C.)

OKAY. TELL MICAH TO COME HAVE BREAKFAST!

Tom walks down the hall towards the kitchen.

INT. THE BELMONT'S CAR — AT THAT MOMENT

Tim looks in his rearview mirror, and glances at Micah. Micah is watching the clouds, as if calculating how they form. He senses Tim watching him, and smiles.

TIM

So, Micah, Amber tells me you're a genius.

MICAH

Yes, I enjoy higher math.

TIM

You mean, higher than third grade?

AMBER

Daddy, Micah understands Einstein!  
He reads a lot of books!

TIM

(laughs)

Oh, honey, nobody understands Einstein.

INT. WEATHERALL'S KITCHEN – TEN MINUTES LATER

Nancy, wearing an apron over her robe, is flipping pancakes on a griddle. Suddenly, Tom rushes into the kitchen.

TOM

MICAH'S NOT IN THE GARAGE! HE'S NOT  
IN THE YARD! HE'S GONE, HONEY!

NANCY

WHAT?

TOM

MICAH IS GONE!

NANCY

He's just a little boy. Where on Earth  
would a little boy go?

TOM

LOS ALAMOS!

NANCY

OH! No, he wouldn't. HE COULDN'T!

She turns off the stove, and undoes her apron.

NANCY (CONT'D)

LET ME GET CHANGED!

Nancy rushes down the hall to their bedroom. Tom watches her and then realizes he's in his pajamas, and he follows her.

INT. THE CHRYSLER – HIGHWAY 84 – HALF AN HOUR LATER

Tom and Nancy are driving to Los Alamos.

TOM

He's probably just over at a friend's house, watching cartoons, honey.

NANCY

Yeah, someone with a lot of plutonium.

TOM

Stop it! He's not from outer space!

NANCY

Oh? Then where is he from?

TOM

He's not from Zylax 5 or wherever! He's just a kid with a major medical condition, and some super powers.

NANCY

With the I.Q. of Einstein? HAH! Micah could take over the world!

INT. LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY — SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Tim, Amber, and Micah pass through a metal detector. Amber and Micah wear temporary I.D. badges. Tim wears a white lab jacket.

INT. A HALLWAY

Tim, Amber, and Micah arrive at Tim's laboratory. As Tim unlocks the door, one of Tim's colleagues, DR. JESSICA WILSON passes.

DR. WILSON

Good morning, Tim. I see you have two new lab assistants, today!

TIM

Good morning, Jessica. Yes, they're my little helpers.

AMBER

Hello Doctor Wilson! This is Micah. He wants some plutonium. Do you have any?

DR. WILSON

(laughs)

Oh, hello Micah. Sorry, I don't.

Dr. Wilson continues walking down the hall, and giggles.

DR. WILSON (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Plutonium. . .how funny.

INT. LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY — DR. BELMONT'S LABORATORY

Tim reads a computer printout at his desk. Amber and Micah stand by a rat enclosure. Micah watches the rats.

MICAH  
(to Amber)  
They want to get out.

AMBER  
Daddy won't let them out. He tests them.

TIM  
They wouldn't know where to go if I let them out. They're safe in their cage, Micah. If they went outside a hawk or coyote would eat them because their fur is white, and easy to see.

Micah puts his hand on the glass of the rat enclosure. The white rats become brown in color. Amber smiles. She turns to tell Tim but Micah touches her arm and shakes his head to say 'no'.

MICAH  
It's our secret.

SHE NODS. Micah and Amber stand by Tim's desk. Micah looks at the computer printout and immediately understands it.

MICAH (CONT'D)  
These numbers represent fusion, but you have not mastered the usefulness of that technology. But one day you will use it to explore the universe.

TIM  
Fusion? You know about fusion?

MICAH  
Of course. But we are running out of time. I need the things on my list so I can be ready for the optimum time to travel across the universe.



Micah hands a list of materials to Tim. Tim reads it with interest. There is a mathematical formula written on the back.

TIM

What are all these things for, Micah?

MICAH

My portal. But you won't remember this.

TIM

(laughs nervously)

Your what? And why won't I remember it?

MICAH

We must go now.

AMBER

Micah needs those things, daddy.

TIM

Honey, I can't give him these things.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

Micah touches Tim's arm and nanobots go inside him. Tim sits upright, grabs his head and then smiles at Micah.

TIM (CONT'D)

I understand. Sure, let's go.

Micah reaches into his pocket and pulls out the two black spheres he made in the garage. He passes his hand over one and it opens. It has a hollow area for Plutonium 240.

MICAH

You will put Plutonium 240 in these.  
Then you will give me the other things.

Tim smiles, and nods. The three of them leave the laboratory.

INT. A HALLWAY IN A RESTRICTED AREA – MINUTES LATER

Tim, Amber, and Micah approach a metal door at the end of the hallway. A military GUARD stands in front of the door. Dr. Belmont holds up his security clearance card.

GUARD

I'm sorry, sir, this is a restricted area.  
Children aren't allowed.

TIM

You don't understand. You must let us in.

Tim starts to walk forward but the guard stands in the way.

GUARD

You can enter, sir, but these two children must remain here.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

Micah holds up his hand to the guard.

MICAH

Sleep.

The guard yawns, sits against the wall, and goes to sleep.

Tim takes the keys from the guard and unlocks the door. They walk down a long hallway.

EXT. LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY — ENTRANCE — NOON

Tom pulls the Chrysler up to the entrance guardhouse and leans his head out the window to speak to the GUARD.

TOM

Hi, can we just go in for a second?  
Our son was kidnapped and. . .

GUARD

No sir, turn your car around.

NANCY

WE HAVE TO SAVE THE PLANET, SIR!

GUARD

Turn you car around, sir.  
(speaks on walkie-talkie)  
Security? We have a problem, Gate One.

TOM

There's no problem; we're leaving.

A military jeep pulls up to block the road past the checkpoint. Tom turns the Chrysler around. They drive down the hill.

NANCY

Do you think they'll dissect him?

TOM

They're not going to dissect him! Jeez!  
They'll probably send him to a shrink.  
And they'll send us to a federal prison.

EXT. A QUARTER-MILE DOWN THE ROAD FROM LOS ALAMOS

Tom suddenly accelerates.

NANCY

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TOM

I know where Micah will go. To my office.

NANCY

Why?

TOM

That's where he made me hide the portal.

NANCY

What do you mean, he MADE you?

TOM

He has some kind of power over everybody.  
Even over YOU! Look what he did to those CIA  
agents and that lady. He can't be stopped!

NANCY

Okay. But if he can go into Los Alamos  
to get plutonium, WHY WOULD YOU THINK  
WE COULD STOP HIM?

TOM

BECAUSE HE'S OUR SON!

INT. LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY — REACTOR AREA

Amber, and Micah look through a small window watching Tim in a radiation suit. Tim places a small amount of plutonium in the sphere, and the sphere automatically closes.

INT. THE RESTRICTED AREA ENTRY

Amber, Micah, and Tim, walk past the sleeping guard.

AMBER

Will this man wake up?

MICAH

Yes, when we leave. But he won't remember anything.

INT. TIM BELMONT'S CAR — TEN MINUTES LATER

Micah and Amber sit in the back seat. Tim shows no emotion as he drives. Amber turns to Micah and holds Micah's hand.

AMBER

Can I go wherever you're going?

MICAH

No, it's not possible. You must stay with your parents.

AMBER

Will you come back? I'll miss you.

MICAH

Perhaps.

EXT. TOM'S OFFICE — DOWNTOWN SANTA FE — AFTERNOON

Mr. Belmont pulls up to Tom's office. Micah touches Tim's shoulder and the nanobots come out of him and enter Micah. Micah gets out and stands by the car door. Amber hugs Micah.

AMBER

I love you Micah. If you come back, I'll be your girlfriend, and we can go steady and go on dates.

MICAH

I am too old for you, Amber.

AMBER

But you're only eight years old!

MICAH

Yes. Only eight years old. Goodbye.

Amber kisses Micah on the cheek.

AMBER

Will my dad remember this?

MICAH

No. He'll be fine when you get home.

AMBER

Goodbye, Micah. I won't forget you.

Amber gets in the car and Tim drives away. Micah goes to the door of Tom's office and finds it is unlocked, and enters.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

Micah goes to the back room where the portal is stored.

INT. THE STORAGE ROOM

The lights come on. Tom and Nancy sit in chairs facing Micah.

TOM

Hello, son.

MICAH

I'm glad you are here.

NANCY

Did you go to Los Alamos?

MICAH

Yes, mother.

NANCY

That upsets me, Micah. Now we're going home and you're going straight to your room. You'll be grounded for two weeks.

TOM

And that goes double for me, son!

MICAH

I needed materials, mother.

TOM

Why do you need to go through the portal? Just tell me the truth, son.

MICAH

I have to save my planet.

NANCY

ENOUGH ABOUT THE ZYLONS! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD ABOUT IT! (MORE)

Micah waves his hand and Tom and Nancy are unable to move.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I CAN'T MOVE MY FEET!

TOM  
MINE EITHER! MICAH, WHAT'S GOING ON?

MICAH  
Don't worry; you won't be damaged.  
I don't have much time. It's the optimum  
distortion perigee of the Zylax System.

TOM  
You really think you're a spaceman?  
And this portal thing is going to work?

MICAH  
Of course; I'm from Zylax 5.

TOM  
So you just used your mother and me  
to get back to your planet?

MICAH  
It was logical. And you found love.  
I never meant you any harm.

TOM  
Yeah, but now I'll need a psychiatrist.

NANCY  
MICAH, WE LOVE YOU! DON'T GO!

MICAH  
You will have another child, mother.  
It is already forming inside you.

NANCY  
IT IS?

MICAH  
Don't worry, you won't remember me.

Micah waves his hand and Tom and Nancy fall asleep.

MUSIC: Theremin instrument.

EXT. THE STREET — AFTERNOON

Micah waves his hand and an electrical power line comes

unattached from a utility pole. It twists in the air like a snake, sending sparks everywhere. It goes in an open clerestory window in the storage room.

INT. THE STORAGE ROOM

Micah directs the cable into an opening in the side of the portal frame. Nanobots seal up the connection. Micah assembles parts for the portal. He touches the portal and nanobots go from his hand into the structure to build the final connections. He places the two black spheres in the hollows on either side of the frame. Glowing green hieroglyphics show around the rim of the device. The frame of the portal is crusted with ice. Fog rolls off it and begins filling the room. The nanobots finish their work and enter Micah's hand.

EXT. A VIEW OF SANTA FE — DUSK

The lights of the city suddenly go out. The device is drawing energy from the electrical grid.

INT. THE STORAGE ROOM

Micah has a control panel on a pedestal. He waves his hand and adjusts the coordinates. There are glowing green hieroglyphics on the control panel that are like the ones on the portal. The portal makes an oscillating sound like a UFO. A rippling image appears, that shows a view of the desert landscape of Zylax 5. The sky is blue like on Earth, but there are two suns. Micah steps into the portal and disappears in a burst of light.

THE PORTAL POWERS DOWN AND TURNS OFF.

EXT. TOM'S OFFICE — AN HOUR LATER — NIGHT

A fire truck, six police cars, a utility truck, and a government car are parked in front of Tom's office. The utility truck crew is reattaching the electrical cable on the pole.

Agent Knowles and Agent Morris stand in the street, directing soldiers in loading the portal into a military truck. A soldier shuts the rear door. There is a stenciled sign on the door that reads: PROPERTY OF LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY — TOP SECRET — DO NOT OPEN. The truck drives away from us down the street.

AGENT KNOWLES

I've had a belly full of these bug-eyed aliens. You don't see us on their planet, causing power outages, or abducting people.

AGENT MORRIS

I hear you. The Weatherall's say they don't know anything about the ring, the power outage, or the boy named Micah. The lady who gave us the tip, Mrs. Conklin, is also drawing a blank. That extraterrestrial kid outsmarted us all. God help us all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WEATHERALL HOUSE - SEPTEMBER - 1975 - DUSK

TYPE CENTERED ON SCREEN: September, 1975

Tom and Nancy, ten years older, dressed in 70s style clothes, sit on a front porch swing of their house. The maples by their house are shades of orange, yellow, and red.

It is a perfect fall day in Santa Fe. In the front yard are two children, TOM JR., AGE 9, and SALLY, AGE 8, playing catch with a Frisbee. A new Ford Mustang is parked in the driveway. Duke, now an old dog, sits on the lawn watching the children.

PULL BACK to reveal the Chrysler is being washed by a young man and woman, in front of the house. The young man is Micah. He looks eighteen years old. Amber, his girlfriend, smiles at Micah, and tosses a soapy sponge at him.

NANCY

Remember Mrs. Conklin? She got out of the mental hospital yesterday. She had this crazy idea we were invaders from another planet, trying to take over the Earth.

TOM

Where'd she get a screwball idea like that?

NANCY

Beats me. Thank god she's on medication.

Tom nods. He waves at Micah and Amber. They wave back and smile.

TOM

Yeah. We don't need fruitcake neighbors. Amber's boyfriend seems nice.

NANCY

He just moved here, and he's dating our babysitter. He's so handsome.



TOM

He looks familiar. Where is he from?

NANCY

Somewhere far away. I forget where.  
Somewhere out of the country. He's a  
physics professor at the university. He  
helps the scientists at Los Alamos.

TOM

Really? Wow. He's a professor? He looks  
about eighteen years old. What's his name?

NANCY

Kelvin. That's a funny name, huh? Amber  
says he's a genius. They're getting  
married next May. They remind me of us.

Nancy takes hold of Tom's hand, and they smile at one another.

A shooting star streaks past. Micah looks at us and offers a  
knowing smile. There is a flash of green light in his eyes.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Show series of still images of strange, beautiful, and exotic  
star systems.

MUSIC: "Hey, Mr. Spaceman" by The Byrds.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT

THE END