

Beyond The Woodline

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[PITCH DECK](#)

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FADE IN:

SUPER:

INSPIRED BY REAL EVENTS

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

A vast ocean of stars. Still. Silent. Infinite.

Then -- A BRIGHT FLASH.

Something moves. Not a shooting star. Not a satellite.
Something controlled. It shimmers, distorts -- vanishes.

A moment later, a burst of STATIC CRACKLES to life.

INT. MILITARY RADIO TOWER - NIGHT

Red lights blink. A grainy transmission bleeds through
the speakers -- static-heavy, garbled, indecipherable.

Then -- a fragmented voice. Distorted. Urgent.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
...unidentified object... moving
at impossible speed... repeat, no
known aircraft matches...

More static. Then:

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
...it's gone.

Silence. A long, empty pause before --

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The sun beats down on a long, empty road. Heat shimmers.
The only sound is the distant hum of approaching engines.

Two black Chevrolet Suburbans appear over the horizon,
emerging from the heat mirage like phantoms. They move
with purpose. Precision.

Plowed fields stretch endlessly on either side.

A few lonely farmhouses sit far back.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

Inside the lead vehicle, MAJOR JOHN CARLSON (35) sits in the back seat, arms folded, his gaze locked on the blur of fields outside.

RADIO (V.O.)
-- classified briefing begins at 0-
800 --

CLICK.

Carlson turns the dial down.

He exhales, stealing a glance ahead --

Through the windshield, a weathered road sign flicks past:

"SITE OF 1955 ALIEN ATTACK - NEXT LEFT."

A second sign follows -- cartoonish, faded -- a flying saucer with a crooked arrow.

Carlson's gaze lingers.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Suburbans veer off the main road. Dust erupts behind them as they rumble onto a rugged dirt path.

Another sign, nearly hidden in overgrowth:

"INVASION HOUSE. OFFICIAL TOUR."

Underneath it, a crude flyer tacked on with rusted nails:
"SEE THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF!"

EXT. FARMHOUSE - 2019 - DAY

The vehicles roll to a stop.

The house looms ahead -- half-swallowed by time.

Its windows boarded up, though the planks have shifted, leaving thin gaps of blackness. The roof sags, patches of moss creeping along the edges.

Beside it, the barn leans dangerously, its wood scarred and splintered.

A small farm stand sits off to the side, a forgotten relic of tourism. A warped wooden sign dangles from a single rusted chain:

"INVASION HOUSE - OFFICIAL TOUR"

Colorful pamphlets flutter in the dry wind, pinned under a cheap Martian figurine paperweight.

The air is thick with stillness.

EXT. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY

A door swings open.

CAPTAIN ROGER HUMPHREY (39), steps out first, brushing off his uniform, scanning the farmhouse with focused, quiet skepticism.

Another door opens. Carlson emerges. All business. No wasted movements.

Their boots crunch over gravel.

They move towards the house, but then -- a faint CRACKLE of interference from one of their radios.

Humphrey pauses, adjusts his earpiece. Nothing.

Just silence.

Humphrey approaches the second Suburban. Its tinted rear window lowers a crack.

Humphrey leans in slightly, lowering his voice.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

Wait here, please.

He rejoins Major Carlson.

More silence.

A twig SNAPS.

They both stop. Listening.

A shadow stirs in the overgrown grass.

OLD SAM KILPER (77), as worn as the land itself, steps forward from behind the farm stand. He zips his fly, adjusts his faded flying saucer baseball cap, and squints at the two men.

OLD SAM

Funny thing. Sat here all day, not a soul around.

(grins)

Step away to take a leak, place gets crowded.

Carlson doesn't react. Humphrey barely hides his smirk.

MAJOR CARLSON

Busy place?

OLD SAM

When you're my age, this is busy.

(gestures past them)

Used to get lines all the way down to Route 44.

Humphrey raises an eyebrow.

Carlson turns toward the house. He notices something.

One of the boarded-up windows has a bullet hole in it.

The barn too -- pocked with holes.

Carlson's expression hardens.

Old Sam watches them. Sizing them up.

OLD SAM (CONT'D)

So... what's the Air Force want with this ol' ghost story?

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

We're here about an incident.

OLD SAM

An incident?

Carlson glances toward the house again. A moment.

MAJOR CARLSON

Something new's come to light. A report we weren't aware of.

Old Sam chuckles, shaking his head.

OLD SAM

Oh, sure. Blue Book, right? I know
all about your damn weather
balloons.

Carlson's expression remains unreadable. Humphrey takes a
step forward.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

We'd like to hear your account.

A long beat. Old Sam studies them.

OLD SAM

Five bucks.

Humphrey pulls a crumpled bill from his wallet. Sam
snatches it up.

He turns toward the field beyond the house.

Carlson follows his gaze -- his eyes lingering on the
barn, the house, and the window with the bullet hole.

OLD SAM (CONT'D)

This all happened before you boys
were even born.

He takes a step forward. Then another.

Carlson and Humphrey exchange a glance and follow.

Sam pauses. His expression shifts -- just a flicker --
something deeper than memory.

OLD SAM (CONT'D)

But for the rest of us... it was
like it happened last night.

The wind stirs the tall grass.

Carlson looks back at the house one last time.

The boarded-up window stares back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - 1955 - DAY

The same house and field in 1955... whole, alive,
untouched by time. The barn stands tall and red, the roof
unblemished. The fields are golden with ripe crops.

Faint laughter carries on the breeze as the scene shifts to a vibrant past.

SUPER: Hopkinsville, Kentucky - Sat. Aug. 20, 1955.

EXT. THE BARN - DAY

The sun beats down, the chorus of cicadas rising with the heat. The distant lowing of cattle drifts through the thick summer air.

The barn doors CREAK OPEN, and a man steps out -- rolling down his sleeves.

This is HANK CLEMENTS (41). His hands are thick and calloused, his face lined from years of toil beneath the Kentucky sun. He pulls a rag from his back pocket, wiping sweat from his brow.

He secures the heavy padlock on the barn doors, giving them a firm tug. Habit. Routine.

OLD SAM (V.O.)

The day started normal. But ain't that always the way?

Hank pauses, looking out at the pasture beyond the fence line, his brow tightening as faint MOOING drifts in, uneven, almost... unsettled.

OLD SAM (V.O.)

You don't see a bad day coming. Not 'til it's already got you.

He turns and strides toward the farmhouse.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Hank steps onto the porch, his hand lingering on the railing. For a moment, his eyes drift toward the horizon. Something flickers in his expression, unspoken. A fly buzzes near his ear. He waves it away and steps inside.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen hums with life. A simple, working farmhouse kitchen -- scuffed wooden floors, curtains fluttering with the warm breeze from an open window.

At the sink, AUDREY CLEMENTS (38) peels potatoes, her movements precise and practiced. She's a woman of quiet strength... no-nonsense, practical, and fiercely devoted.

Across from her at the kitchen table, OLIVE CLEMENTS (75) sits shucking corn, her gnarled hands quick and sure. There's a steeliness in her, the kind only time and hardship can carve into a person.

Steam rises from a pot on the stove, the room thick with the aroma of simmering chicken.

The screen door CREAKS open.

Hank steps in, rubbing his neck.

HANK
This August heat.

OLIVE
Seasonable.

Hank chuckles, moving toward Audrey. He leans in and kisses her cheek.

HANK
That it is, Ma.

Audrey gives him a quick smile but doesn't look up from her work.

AUDREY
Any luck fixing the hoist?

Hank moves to the sink and scrubs his hands, letting the water run cool over his skin.

HANK
Nope. Gotta make a new wood block.
Just what I need.

OLIVE
Get the hay on a pitchfork and
walk it up to the loft.

HANK
Not when there's an easier way to
do it, Ma.

Olive smirks, pausing her shucking to glance up at him.

OLIVE

That block and tackle's older than
you. I'm surprised it's lasted
this long.

Hank crosses to the stove, lifting the lid of the pot. He
inhales deeply, savoring the aroma.

HANK

Chicken.

AUDREY

Chicken what?

HANK

I guess that depends on what the
boss decides.

Audrey finally looks at him, amused.

AUDREY

Haven't decided yet.

OLIVE

Stew, fricassee, or pot pie
without the crust. We'll see which
way the wind blows.

Hank laughs softly and pulls out a chair at the table,
the warmth of the kitchen settling over them.

From outside, a faint MOOING rises again -- uneven and
almost plaintive. It filters through the open window,
just enough to catch Audrey's attention.

She glances out, her hands still busy.

AUDREY

The cows sound restless.

HANK

Probably a coyote sniffing around.
I'll check after supper.

Olive doesn't look up from her work.

OLIVE

You'd hear more noise if it was a
coyote.

Hank dismisses it with a shrug.

The faint sound of MOOING fades into the background as
the kitchen chatter continues.

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

The vast field stretches endlessly under a velvety night sky. Stars blink in clusters, tiny lanterns scattered in the cosmos.

BOBBY CLEMENTS (12) lies sprawled on the cool grass, hands behind his head. His overalls are stained from a day of play. A blade of grass bobs lazily between his teeth.

Next to him, EMMA CLEMENTS (10) stares intently at the heavens, her braided hair coiled like ropes.

LUCKY, their yellow Lab, snoozes beside them, his chest rising and falling in steady rhythm.

CRICKETS HUM in the warm Kentucky night.

EMMA
Which one is Mars?

BOBBY
(points lazily)
That one.

EMMA
Which?

BOBBY
(Jabbing his finger)
That one, Emma.

She squints, unconvinced.

Hank strides out from the house, his silhouette tall against the lantern light spilling from the kitchen window.

EMMA
Which one is Pluto?

BOBBY
You can't see it.

EMMA
Why not?

BOBBY
You need a telescope.

Hank arrives, lowering himself onto the grass beside his kids. His work shirt is untucked, dirt smudged on the sleeves.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey, Pa.

HANK

Anything new up there?

BOBBY

Nothing yet. But I don't think
I've seen it all.

EMMA

We haven't seen Pluto.

HANK

The one that matters most is the
North Star.

EMMA

Why?

HANK

Because it doesn't move. If you're
ever lost, it'll guide you home.

BOBBY

Polaris.

Hank nods, impressed.

EMMA

Where's that one?

Bobby sits up and points with authority.

BOBBY

Right there. Just above the Big
Dipper.

Emma follows his finger, her brow furrowed in
concentration.

EMMA

Oh, yeah! I see it!

Hank rises, brushing dirt from his jeans.

HANK

Alright, stargazers. Time for bed.

EMMA

Already?

HANK

Already.

Emma groans but obeys, trudging toward the house. Hank turns to Bobby.

HANK (CONT'D)

Coming in?

BOBBY

In a minute.

Hank nods, heads back to the house.

Bobby lies back down, chewing the grass blade. His eyes drift to the stars.

Suddenly, a faint, uneven MOO from beyond the woodline.

Bobby sits up. Lucky's ears perk.

He squints at the woodline, but the darkness reveals nothing. His gaze shifts back to the North Star.

And freezes.

It's gone. Or dimmer. A faint spark where there had been brilliance a moment ago.

Bobby blinks, scanning the sky, searching for it.

HEADLIGHTS approach from the driveway. Bobby watches as a car rolls to a stop, dust curling behind it.

TRAVIS CLEMENTS (17) steps out. His bomber jacket hangs loose over his shoulders. He oozes effortless charm, unaware of it.

TRAVIS

What're you looking at, Peanut?

BOBBY

The North Star. It got dim.

Travis looks up, unconcerned.

TRAVIS

Looks fine to me. Come on, it's late.

Travis heads toward the house. Bobby casts one last glance at the sky, then toward the woodline.

A shape moves in the shadows.

Lucky growls low, then bolts toward the trees.

BOBBY

Lucky!

The dog disappears into the dark.

Bobby waits, tension mounting.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Lucky...?

A sudden, high-pitched YELP breaks the silence. Bobby's breath catches.

From the blackness, Lucky hurtles out, racing toward the house, tail tucked.

Bobby stares into the trees, his heart thudding.

A distant SNAP OF A TWIG echoes from the woodline.

Bobby gasps, spinning around, and sprints after Lucky.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank reads the newspaper while Audrey sews.

Music plays softly on the radio. Olive, knitting in the chair, rocks gently.

The screen door SLAMS shut.

AUDREY

Bobby!

BOBBY

(entering with Lucky)

Yes, Ma?

AUDREY

What did I tell you about the door?

BOBBY

Not to slam it.

AUDREY

Right.

BOBBY

Sorry. But --

He hesitates, glancing at Hank for backup.

AUDREY

But what?

BOBBY

Something's out in the woods... at
the end of the field.

Hank doesn't look up from the newspaper.

HANK

Coyotes, a bear.

BOBBY

It wasn't a bear. Lucky ran in
after it, and everything went
quiet -- no growls, no rustling.
Then he came running out scared as
all heck!

AUDREY

Language.

Hank finally looks up, meeting Bobby's worried gaze.

HANK

Anything can spook a dog.

A beat.

BOBBY

I think something's watching us.

Audrey and Olive exchange a glance.

HANK

We'll take a look in the morning.
Check for tracks.

Bobby nods, uneasy.

AUDREY

Off to bed now. Big day tomorrow --
two more hours, and you're
officially thirteen.

Bobby lingers for a beat before backing into the hallway.

BOBBY

Goodnight, Ma.

AUDREY

Goodnight, sweetheart.

BOBBY
Goodnight, Pa.

HANK
Goodnight.

They listen as Bobby's footsteps creak up the stairs.

AUDREY
His stories used to be fun. Now
they're getting... darker.

HANK
I wouldn't worry.

Olive doesn't look up from her knitting.

OLIVE
I'd pay attention.

AUDREY
What's that supposed to mean?

OLIVE
He's about to turn thirteen. The
only thing he's talked about all
summer.

Another stitch.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
And you just reminded him.

She gives Audrey a pointed look.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
And he didn't hear a word you
said.

Hank's brow furrows.

HANK
Maybe I'll have a look right now.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dim glow from a small night light reflects off the wallpaper -- yellowed with age and decorated with fading cowboy motifs.

The room feels lived-in: a stack of comic books leans precariously on a cluttered dresser, and a model airplane hangs lopsided from the ceiling.

Travis leans against the wall on his bed, his "Hot Rod" magazine illuminated by the faint light. His face is relaxed, his focus sharp. The pages crinkle softly as he turns them.

Bobby enters, shadowed by Lucky, who pads silently behind him. Bobby's face is pensive as he crosses to his bed near the open window.

TRAVIS

This dragster here? One forty-four miles per hour.

Bobby flops onto his bed without a word, staring out the window toward the shadowy field and dark woodline beyond.

BOBBY

Who needs to go that fast?

TRAVIS

You do if you're racing.

Travis flips the page of his magazine. The sound is louder in the still room.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

This guy -- he takes a Cadillac engine, drops it right into a '49 Ford.

Bobby cranes his neck out the window, his small frame silhouetted against the night sky.

The faint rustle of the summer breeze drifts in, carrying the sound of crickets and the occasional lowing of distant cows.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Bet that thing could tear down a quarter-mile track in no time.

Bobby doesn't respond. His eyes scan upward, searching the vast expanse of stars. His lips tighten as though he's expecting to see something.

Travis glances up, noticing Bobby's silence.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What're you looking for?

BOBBY

Just... stars.

TRAVIS

Well, don't fall out the window
doing it.

Bobby doesn't move. Lucky lets out a soft whimper,
sensing Bobby's unease.

Outside, the faint hum of the night grows deeper,
darker... just barely perceptible.

Travis lifts his eyes from the magazine to see Bobby.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Bobby pulls back slightly, his expression serious.

BOBBY

Travis, the North Star -- earlier
tonight it was super bright. Then
it wasn't.

TRAVIS

What do you mean 'it wasn't?'

BOBBY

It was just normal, like always,
but before that it was a lot
brighter.

TRAVIS

Probably something in the
atmosphere made it seem brighter.

BOBBY

Like what?

TRAVIS

Low clouds. Moon reflection. Heat
waves, maybe. Stuff like that.

Bobby's shoulders sag. He turns back toward the window,
his hand gripping the windowsill.

For a second, he starts to roll his eyes at Travis's
logic, but then -- something catches his attention.

Bobby narrows his eyes, straining to focus.

Through the dim haze of moonlight, he spots a figure
moving in the field.

BOBBY

Pa?

Travis doesn't hear.

Outside, across the field, Hank trudges through the tall grass, shotgun in hand. His movements are deliberate, careful.

Bobby watches, breath shallow. He takes a step back from the window, eyes fixed on the field.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Travis...

Travis glances over but doesn't look concerned.

TRAVIS

What now?

BOBBY

Pa's out in the field.

Travis frowns, sitting up straighter. He tosses the magazine aside and moves to join Bobby at the window. Together, they peer out into the dark.

The hum of the night grows softer still.

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

Hank moves with measured caution, the shotgun cradled in his hands. His boots crunch on the brittle grass as he listens, his breath shallow.

Ahead, the woodline looms -- black, impenetrable.

He stops just short of the trees, tilting his head to catch the faintest sound.

INT. THE WOODLINE - NIGHT

Something watches.

Its perspective slides -- fluid and unsettling -- as it pulls back deeper into the shadows, the movement unnervingly smooth, gliding faster and faster.

Trees blur, their silhouettes streaking past.

Hank grows smaller, distant, until...

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

The woods go still. Silent.

Hank shifts his weight, his eyes narrowing. With resolve, he takes another step toward the trees.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby leans forward, his fingers gripping the window frame as if willing himself to see more.

Behind him, Travis sits up, annoyed by his brother's intensity.

TRAVIS

What are you gawking at?

Bobby doesn't answer.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Peanut?

Travis crosses to the window, squinting into the night as he nudges Bobby aside.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What, you see a ghost or something?

BOBBY

Dad. He just went into the woods.

Travis peers harder, now catching the faint outline of their father near the woodline.

TRAVIS

What's he doing out there?

BOBBY

Looking for something.

TRAVIS

Like what?

Bobby hesitates.

BOBBY

Something that scared Lucky half to death.

On the floor, Lucky perks up at the sound of his name. His tail gives a slow, uneasy THUMP.

TRAVIS
What scared him?

BOBBY
I don't know. Didn't make a sound.

TRAVIS
Then how do you know?

BOBBY
I just felt it... watching me.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Hank ventures deeper into the shadows, his footsteps muffled by the soft underbrush.

He pauses.

Listens.

The silence presses in -- too still as if the woods itself is holding its breath.

A faint CLICKING sound drifts through the trees. Insect-like. But not quite.

Hank scans the darkness.

Nothing but trees.

Yet -- his grip tightens on the shotgun. His breathing slows, his stance shifts -- something isn't right.

A branch SNAPS somewhere ahead.

A flicker of movement -- too fast, too smooth -- just beyond the brush. Gone.

He turns back toward the field, his pace quickens.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both boys remain at the window, rigid, their faces tight with concentration.

TRAVIS
It's too quiet out there.

BOBBY
I know. Ain't right.

A shadow shifts at the woodline.

Bobby leans forward -- relief washing over his face as he recognizes Hank emerging from the woods.

But just as he starts to turn away, something catches his eye -- a shape, impossibly still, just beyond the trees.

Bobby blinks.

It's gone.

Travis shrugs and heads back to his bed.

TRAVIS

Told ya. Nothing.

Bobby lingers, chin resting on the windowsill, eyes glued to the treetops.

Outside in the blackness, something watches back.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The golden sunrise spills across the farm, drenching the fields in warm, amber light. A rooster CROWS in the distance, but it feels muted, blending with the soft HUM of insects and the chirping of birds.

A gentle breeze rustles the trees.

The barn stands tall, its shadow stretching long over the dewy grass.

INT. THE STAIRCASE - DAY

Audrey stands at the base of the stairs, wiping her hands on her apron. Her voice echoes up the narrow staircase.

AUDREY

Bobby! Travis! Breakfast is ready!

No answer. She lets out an exasperated sigh.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Hank sits at the worn kitchen table, a steaming mug of coffee in one hand, a stack of bills in the other. He rubs his temple, staring at the numbers as though they might rearrange themselves.

Audrey enters, grabbing plates from a cupboard.

HANK
We're in a hole, Audrey.

AUDREY
I know.

HANK
I'm talking about Texas. Starting fresh.

Audrey freezes, her back to him.

AUDREY
Texas?

HANK
Good soil, plenty of space. Might be what we need.

AUDREY
And leave this farm? This house? Everything we've worked for?

HANK
It ain't working anymore, Audrey. This place... it's dying.

Their tense exchange is cut short by the thundering of footsteps from the staircase.

AUDREY
Not now, Hank. It's Bobby's birthday.

Hank nods reluctantly, setting the bills aside. Bobby, Travis, and Lucky burst into the kitchen. Lucky beelines for his water bowl, tail wagging.

HANK
There he is!

They hear hurried footsteps on the stairs.

AUDREY
Let's not discuss this now.

Hank playfully inspects Bobby, tipping an imaginary hat.

Emma enters and sits at the table.

HANK

Look at him, Audrey. Doesn't he
look taller? More... teenage?

Audrey smiles and pulls Bobby into a hug.

AUDREY

Happy birthday, sweetheart.

TRAVIS

Happy birthday, Peanut.

BOBBY

Hey, I'm thirteen now. Maybe it's
time to drop the "Peanut."

TRAVIS

Fair point. How about "Nut"
instead?

The brothers laugh as they sit at the table.

Olive enters from the back door, carrying a basket of
eggs. Her lined face holds a faint scowl.

OLIVE

Something's off with them hens,
Hank.

HANK

What do you mean?

She strides to the counter and dumps the basket with a
dramatic flair.

OLIVE

Forty hens, and all they gave me
were nine eggs.

AUDREY

Nine?

OLIVE

Something scared the lot of them.
It's that fox again, Hank.

HANK

I already got the fox. Last month.

OLIVE

Then it's another one.

Hank turns to the boys.

HANK
Any of you hear anything last
night?

TRAVIS
Nope.

BOBBY
Nothing.

Hank gives Bobby a sly grin.

HANK
Maybe it was our visitor from the
woodline.

BOBBY
Maybe!

Audrey places the last plate on the table.

AUDREY
Let's tend to breakfast, shall we?

Hank CLAPS his hands together, standing up abruptly.

HANK
Or... how about presents first?!

AUDREY
Hank, let him eat.

Hank tiptoes dramatically to the icebox. Hidden behind
it, he pulls out a long, wrapped package with a
theatrical flourish, and hands it to Bobby.

HANK
Happy birthday, son.

Audrey watches, her earlier frustration melting into a
warm smile.

AUDREY
Happy birthday, Bobby.

Bobby tears into the package, his face lighting up as he
reveals a .22 rifle.

BOBBY
A rifle!

HANK
You're old enough now to have one
of your own.

Bobby grips the rifle, his excitement palpable.

BOBBY

Thanks, Pa! Thanks, Ma!

She pulls him into another hug.

AUDREY

You'll always be my little boy, no matter how big you get.

BOBBY

(smiles shyly)

Thanks, Ma.

(to Hank)

Can we go coon hunting, Pa?

HANK

I think we can manage that.

EMMA

You gonna get yourself one of those Davy Crockett hats now?

Bobby laughs.

HANK

Remember, Bobby. With a rifle comes responsibility.

Bobby nods solemnly.

BOBBY

I'll be careful, Pa.

The family settles back into breakfast. Sunlight filters through the kitchen window, catching the glint of Bobby's new rifle leaning carefully against the wall.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Bobby moves carefully through the trees, his rifle cradled in his arms.

His boots barely make a sound over the thick bed of fallen leaves.

He pauses. Listens.

The forest holds its breath.

His sharp eyes scan the ground, tracking... something.

A broken branch. Scattered leaves.

He kneels, fingers brushing the dirt.

Still. Too still.

A low branch sways -- but there's no wind.

Then -- BAM!

He SLAMS into YOUNG SAM KILPER (13), his awkward best friend, always in a baseball cap and thick glasses.

Bobby YELLS. Sam YELLS back.

BOBBY
AHH!

YOUNG SAM
What!?

BOBBY
Dang, Sam! Don't go sneaking up on me like that!

YOUNG SAM
You're the one sneakin' around!

Bobby exhales, shaking it off.

BOBBY
What do you want?

YOUNG SAM
I wanna see your rifle. That's your birthday present, ain't it?

Bobby nods proudly.

The boys trudge onward, their boots crunching over twigs.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)
Damn, that's a nice one!

BOBBY
Yep.

YOUNG SAM
Better than socks.

Young Sam adjusts his glasses, kicking a rock.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)
School starts in two weeks.

BOBBY

Yeah.

YOUNG SAM

I get Miss Leiter this year.

BOBBY

Ain't that a bite.

YOUNG SAM

Everyone hates her. She's mean and must weigh five hundred pounds!

BOBBY

Four hundred. Maybe.

A sudden stop as Young Sam grabs Bobby's arm.

YOUNG SAM

You know the two kids that went missing last year? Them first graders?

Bobby nods, wary.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)

Davy Collins told me that Miss Leiter took them home and ate them. Alive.

BOBBY

Davy Collins is a jackass. Their pa kidnapped 'em after the divorce.

YOUNG SAM

If she kills me, you can have my bike.

BOBBY

Thanks, but I ain't gettin' my hopes up.

Young Sam smiles, until it registers.

YOUNG SAM

Hey, how the hell did you mean that!?

EXT. THE WELL - DAY

Bobby lowers the bucket into the dark well, waiting for the splash. Young Sam leans against the stone rim, eyes flicking toward the sky.

YOUNG SAM
Did you see it last night?

BOBBY
See what?

YOUNG SAM
The thing in the sky. Moved fast.
Real fast.

BOBBY
An airplane?

YOUNG SAM
No airplane moves that fast.

Bobby grips the rope and hauls up the dripping bucket.

His mind drifts...

BOBBY
The North Star. It was real
bright... then it wasn't.

Young Sam's face twists in confusion.

YOUNG SAM
That's kinda impossible.

BOBBY
Then the cows went crazy. Hens
hardly laid any eggs.

Young Sam pushes up his glasses.

YOUNG SAM
Like somethin' scared 'em?

Bobby nods. He glances toward the woodline, his grip tightening on the bucket handle.

Something shifts in the trees.

A trick of the light?

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)
Your Ma baking you a cake?

Bobby shifts his gaze and turns to Young Sam.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby, Young Sam, Emma, Travis, Olive, and Hank are seated in the dark room as Audrey carries a birthday cake that glows with thirteen candles, to the table.

They SING:

ALL
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
THAT NOBODY CAN DENY!

After which, Bobby blows out the candles, and everyone claps and cheers.

Audrey flicks the lights on.

Olive hands Bobby the knife to cut the cake.

TRAVIS
A big piece for me, Peanut.

Bobby smirks, cuts the tiniest slice possible, and slides it onto Travis's plate.

BOBBY
There you go!

The table erupts with laughter.

Olive pats Bobby's shoulder.

OLIVE
That cake looks wonderful, Audrey.

Bobby grins wide.

BOBBY
Sure does! Thanks, Ma!

Audrey beams, takes the knife from Bobby, and continues slicing more cake.

HANK
Sam, you all set for school?
Junior High this year, right?

YOUNG SAM

Yeah, but my birthday's right before school starts. Depressing as hell.

OLIVE

How so?

YOUNG SAM

Well, I'm happy for my birthday... then night falls, and BAM -- school's here.

TRAVIS

Why, you got Miss Leiter?

Sam grimaces.

YOUNG SAM

Yeah.

TRAVIS

I had her.

YOUNG SAM

She's not as bad as they say, right?

Beat.

TRAVIS

She's worse.

Sam's face drops. The family cracks up.

Then --

BANG!

The loud CRASH of trash cans outside.

Everyone freezes.

In the doorway -- LUCKY.

His ears pricked. His fur bristled. A low growl rumbles in his throat.

Hank and Travis exchange glances.

Hank rises, steady but alert.

He moves to the kitchen door.

He swings it open.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank bursts out the door, shotgun in hand. His boots thud against the porch as he stops short --

Two trash cans, overturned. Their lids roll, rattling to a stop under the kitchen window.

RUSTLING -- deep in the brush.

Travis, just behind him, points.

TRAVIS

Pa!

THE WOODS -- something moves fast, pushing aside branches and brush with unnatural speed, vanishing into the darkness.

HANK

Travis, get your rifle and meet me! Hurry!

THE FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN

Audrey stands there, eyes wide, one hand bracing the doorframe.

AUDREY

Hank!

He's halfway to the woods as he shouts back --

HANK

Keep everyone inside!

Lucky tears past them, barking wildly as he vanishes into the trees.

Travis squeezes past Audrey, rifle in hand, and takes off after his father.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bobby and Young Sam hurry out, scurrying to the far right of the porch.

They peer into the black woods, waiting.

Bobby lifts his eyes --

The North Star.

Dimmer than before.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Hank and Travis push through the tangled underbrush, their boots crunching dead leaves.

TRAVIS
Must have been a coyote.

Hank stops, listening.

HANK
I heard it swiping branches... but
not running.

Silence.

A faint RUSTLE off to the left.

Hank COCKS the shotgun. Travis raises his rifle.

A shape emerges from the dark.

Lucky.

Panting. No sign of a chase. No sign of pursuit.

Hank exhales, lowers the shotgun.

HANK (CONT'D)
Let's get back to the house.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The warm glow of the kitchen contrasts the unease hanging in the air.

Young Sam and Emma sit at the table, shoveling cake into their mouths, barely noticing the tension in the room.

Olive and Audrey stand near the counter, waiting.

Bobby stands at the back door, rifle in hand.

The door OPENS -- Hank and Travis step inside.

Audrey moves toward them.

AUDREY
Did you find it?

HANK
No.

Olive folds her arms.

OLIVE
Coyote?

Hank peels off his hat, wipes his forehead.

HANK
I don't know.

A beat.

HANK (CONT'D)
Sam, I think it's time you head
home.

Young Sam looks up, mouth still half-full of cake.

YOUNG SAM
Now?

Bobby frowns.

BOBBY
Pa, it's not even eight o'clock.

HANK
Travis, put Sam's bike in the
trunk. Drive him back.

YOUNG SAM
Drive me home!?! Why?

Hank doesn't answer.

Audrey studies him, sensing something in his silence.

HANK
I just think that for tonight,
it's the best thing to do.

AUDREY
Hank... what did you see out
there?

Hank looks at her, unable to answer.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits in darkness, a lone silhouette against the vast Kentucky sky.

A chorus of tree frogs and crickets hums through the thick night air.

Then -- silence.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby's eyes snap open.

Stillness.

Then -- a distant, frantic MOOING.

A clatter of hysterical CHICKENS from the henhouse.

Bobby bolts upright, peering out the window.

Beyond the pasture, at the edge of the woods -- red flashes flicker through the trees. Sporadic. Faint.

His brow furrows. Then -- he moves.

Throws off the blanket. Flings his pajama top aside. Snatches his shirt from a chair.

Lucky sits near the door, alert, ears perked.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Hank stands motionless, staring toward the distant woods.

Travis rushes up beside him, shotgun and flashlight in hand, his breath quick with anticipation.

TRAVIS

Here, Pa.

Bobby arrives with his new rifle, his eyes locked on the distant woodline.

BOBBY

What is it?

Hank takes the gun. Steps off the porch.

Travis and Bobby follow.

Lucky growls.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(soft, firm)
Stay, Lucky. Stay.

Lucky whines but doesn't move.

EXT. THE WOODS

Hank leads, shotgun forward.

Travis sweeps the flashlight over the uneven ground.

Bobby follows close -- eyes darting, breath tight.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

They step into the clearing. Stillness.

The cows shift restlessly, their unease contagious.

Travis trains the light over one of them.

Keeps his eyes locked as he steps forward --

WHAM. He goes down hard.

TRAVIS
What the hell!?

Hank kneels beside him, gripping his arm.

Sees what Travis tripped over.

A massive indentation in the earth -- five feet across,
two feet deep.

The grass is flattened, crushed in a perfect circle.

Travis climbs out, staring.

Hank swings the flashlight across the clearing -- another
darkened spot in the grass.

He moves the beam again.

A third. A fourth.

The pattern is clear.

Matted grass. A formation.

A hush hangs over them.

Then --

CRICKETS. TREE FROGS. A sudden DEAFENING CHORUS.

Hank and Travis flinch at the noise. Bobby grips his rifle tighter.

The beam of Hank's light shines on the last, distant ground impression.

One small circle of light in an ocean of dark.

EXT. HOPKINSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAY

The Clements' car sits parked beside two dusty police cruisers under the early morning sun.

SUPER: Sunday, August 21st.

INT. HOPKINSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAY

A small, stifling room.

Wanted posters. Bulletin boards cluttered with official notices. A desk fan buzzes weakly.

Behind it, two empty jail cells.

At the counter, Travis leans forward, hands braced on the edge. His voice tight with urgency.

TRAVIS

Four perfectly symmetrical
impressions in the earth, Sheriff.
Deep, like something heavy just...
landed. And the cows and chickens
were scared outta their minds!

SHERIFF OAKS (55), watches him from behind the desk, patience wearing thin. He rubs his temple, sweat glistening under thinning hair.

SHERIFF OAKS

Son, I don't know how many ways I
can say it. Dents in the ground
ain't a police matter.

Travis tightens his grip on the counter.

TRAVIS

We heard branches breaking -- like something big moving through the woods.

(a beat)

But... no footsteps.

That part lingers. For a flicker of a second, the Sheriff's expression tightens. Something about that doesn't sit right.

DEPUTY PRATT (26), young, ambitious, but green, leans against a filing cabinet.

SHERIFF OAKS

(trails off)

No footsteps...

He exhales, shakes it off, and grabs his coffee mug.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

Look, Travis, odds are you got a bear. Or a coyote. You'd be surprised how quiet they can be when they wanna be.

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS

We've heard bears before. This wasn't a bear, Sheriff. You have to come see --

Oaks waves him off, already done with the conversation.

SHERIFF OAKS

Don't need to see a hole on a Monday morning. Hell's bells, it's hot enough already.

He gestures toward Pratt, half-distracted.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

Pratt, take the car, ride up to the Clements' place. Have a look around.

TRAVIS

Sheriff -- my Pa asked for you. Not some deputy!

Oaks leans back in his chair, grips the arms, exhales. He's annoyed -- but not completely dismissive.

SHERIFF OAKS

Listen, boy. We got Labor Day
comin' up. Big town picnic. Mayor
wants everythin' just right.

A beat.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

I'll come out later. This
afternoon, maybe tonight.

Travis studies him, looking for any sign he means it.

Oaks meets his gaze for a long moment, then looks away --
not quite comfortable.

Defeat flickers across Travis' face.

Deputy Pratt straightens up, heading for the door.

TRAVIS

My Pa ain't gonna be happy.

SHERIFF OAKS

We got Labor Day coming up soon,
son, and I've got a meeting with
the Mayor in a half hour.

DEPUTY PRATT

Let's go, sport. Show me this hole
in the ground.

Travis grits his teeth, then follows.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The house sits in the sun, still and quiet.

On the porch, Audrey and Olive sit in rocking chairs,
Emma perched on the top step, watching the road.

They spot the car pulling up.

THE DRIVEWAY

Travis and the Deputy step out. Not the Sheriff.

Audrey's expression sours as she watches them approach.

THE PORCH

AUDREY

That isn't the sheriff.

Emma stands, pointing past the barn.

EMMA

Pa's on the other side of the
woodline. He's waiting for you.

Travis nods, barely looking at his mother. Too
frustrated.

Deputy Pratt tips his hat politely.

DEPUTY PRATT

Morning, Mrs. Clements, Miss
Olive.

OLIVE

Where's that sheriff we elected?

DEPUTY PRATT

Well, ma'am, he's... occupied.

OLIVE

I imagine. Couldn't come out here
but has time for a picnic.

Pratt offers a tight smile, shifting slightly.

Travis motions toward the field.

TRAVIS

This way.

The Deputy follows, his expression sharpening as he
surveys the land ahead.

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

Deputy Pratt crouches, studying the large indentation in
the grass.

He presses his hand against the flattened earth.

DEPUTY PRATT

How the hell did this get here?

HANK

There's four of 'em.
(points)

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
One there... another by the
well... two more up that way.

Pratt rises, scanning the spacing.

DEPUTY PRATT
Where's the tracks? Can't just be
these... something this heavy had
to be moved here.

HANK
No tire marks, no footprints. Just
these.

DEPUTY PRATT
This doesn't make a lick of sense.

He paces toward the next impression.

DEPUTY PRATT (CONT'D)
Did you see anything last night?

HANK
Just the animals raising hell.

DEPUTY PRATT
(to Bobby)
You?

Bobby hesitates.

DEPUTY PRATT (CONT'D)
Bobby?

BOBBY
I saw a red light from my
window... just flashes.

DEPUTY PRATT
Car headlights?

BOBBY
No, sir. Too high. And thin, like
pinpricks.

Pratt kneels again, rubbing dirt between his fingers.

DEPUTY PRATT
No tire tracks. No prints.

TRAVIS
Like they fell from the sky.

That lingers. Even Pratt doesn't have a fast answer for that one.

Hank exhales, looking out across the open field.

HANK

Whatever left these... it scared
the hell out of the animals. Why?

A beat.

Pratt mutters under his breath --

DEPUTY PRATT

Scared of what?

EXT. FLOYD'S STILL - HILLSIDE, DEEP WOODS - DAY

A hidden clearing. A tin kettle simmers over a fire, steam drifting from the edges. A makeshift system of pipes leads to a wooden barrel catching the runoff.

Nearby, FLOYD KEATON (65), overweight, slouch hat low over his brow -- fills a jug with clear hooch from a siphon hose.

A SHARP SNAP of a twig.

Floyd tenses. He yanks his shotgun up, eyes darting to the brush.

HANK (O.S.)

Floyd!?

Floyd exhales, lowering the gun.

FLOYD

Goddammit, Hank!

Hank steps out, hands up.

HANK

Put that thing down before you
shoot your own foot off.

Floyd grumbles, setting the shotgun aside.

FLOYD

You scared ten years off me!
Thought you were Oaks!

HANK

He's on his way.

That stops Floyd cold.

FLOYD
What the hell for?

HANK
Not 'bout your still. The farm.
You hear or see anything strange
last night?

FLOYD
Like what?

HANK
A disturbance. Maybe lights.

Floyd's expression shifts. Something flickers in his eyes
-- hesitation, a trace of unease.

FLOYD
Hell, Hank, I put on a new batch
last night. You know I gotta
sample it.

HANK
How bent did you get?

Floyd shrugs.

FLOYD
Enough that I didn't hear nothin'.

A beat. Hank watches him.

HANK
You sure?

A flicker of unease. Floyd scratches his jaw.

FLOYD
I -- look, I thought I saw
something. Just a glimmer up over
the ridge.

HANK
Red light?

Floyd's brow creases.

FLOYD
Maybe. But it was gone before I
could blink. Coulda been nothin'.

Hank exhales.

HANK
Keep your gun close.

He turns to leave.

FLOYD
I will!

Hank pauses, looking back.

HANK
Just make sure it ain't me before
you pull the trigger.

Floyd barks a laugh, waving him off --

FLOYD
Don't you worry none!

Hank disappears into the brush. Floyd watches him go --
his amusement fading.

He grips his shotgun. Eyes drifting to the trees.

A long, tense beat.

He lifts his jug. Takes a long, slow drink.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

Two police cruisers in the driveway.

On the porch, Audrey clutches the rail, eyes locked on
the woodline. Olive sits motionless in her rocker.

EXT. THE WELL - DAY

Bobby sits by the well, blade of grass in his mouth, eyes
locked on the distant trees.

Beside him, Young Sam absently flicks a yo-yo, watching
the same spot.

YOUNG SAM
Must be bad if Sheriff Oaks
dragged his sorry ass out here.

Bobby doesn't respond.

YOUNG SAM (CONT'D)
You said the ground was pushed in?

BOBBY

Yeah. Like something heavy was on it.

Young Sam whistles low.

YOUNG SAM

Shit. What the hell could do that?

Bobby eyes him.

BOBBY

Why're you cussin' so much?

YOUNG SAM

Hell, I'm startin' eighth grade. Gotta fit in.

BOBBY

By cussin'?

YOUNG SAM

Shit, yeah.

Bobby shakes his head.

THE FRONT PORCH

Travis steps out, keys in hand.

TRAVIS

I'm thinkin' about takin' the car over to Annie Jane's -- be back in an hour.

AUDREY

Why?

TRAVIS

To tell her I'm stayin' home tonight.

AUDREY

Stay home? Travis.

TRAVIS

I don't feel right leavin' with all this goin' on.

Audrey sighs.

AUDREY

You deserve a night out. Between school and the farm, you don't take much time for yourself.

He hesitates.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

We'll be fine. Go.

Travis nods, not quite convinced.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Where you takin' her?

TRAVIS

A movie.

Olive suddenly chimes in --

OLIVE

Proper theater, or that new passion pit?

AUDREY

Passion pit?

OLIVE

Outdoor movies you watch from the car. 'cept no one's watchin' the screen.

Audrey gives Travis a look.

TRAVIS

We're goin' to the Alhambra.

OLIVE

That's what they call it?

TRAVIS

We're not going there. We're going to the Alhambra.

Olive nods, satisfied.

OLIVE

That's nice.

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

Sheriff Oaks watches as Deputy Pratt kneels, snapping photos of the large, symmetrical impressions in the ground. He runs his fingers along the edges of the indentations -- deep, compacted, almost too perfect.

Oaks looks up as Hank trudges out of the woods.

SHERIFF OAKS

Hank.

HANK

Sheriff. So -- what do you make of it?

SHERIFF OAKS

Gotta be some kind of prank.

HANK

A prank by who?

SHERIFF OAKS

Well, it sure as hell wasn't the neighborhood giant, now was it?

He flicks his cigarette, eyes narrowed as he examines the holes.

HANK

I hope you don't think I did this.

SHERIFF OAKS

Course not. But could've been kids from over in Church Hill or Dogwood.

Hank gestures to the deep indentations.

HANK

Look at the ground. Pushed in deep, like something heavy came down hard. Four of 'em. Spread apart.

Pratt steps to another indentation, shaking his head.

DEPUTY PRATT

No tire tracks. No drag marks.

Sheriff Oaks exhales, rubbing his chin. For the first time, a flicker of uncertainty.

SHERIFF OAKS

Tell you what, Hank. I'm going to get Tom Harris to come down here and have a look.

HANK

Who's Tom Harris?

SHERIFF OAKS

Cemetery superintendent.

HANK

What the hell for?

SHERIFF OAKS

When the ground caves in like this, sometimes it's from something buried underneath. Caskets rot away, earth settles in.

A chill passes over Hank.

HANK

You think something was buried here?

SHERIFF OAKS

I don't know, Hank. It's just a theory. But I'll tell you this -- whatever made these didn't walk away from 'em.

Hank stares at the Sheriff.

HANK

That's it? That's all you got?

SHERIFF OAKS

What else you want, Hank? You want me to call the Air Force?

Hank shakes his head and walks off. The Sheriff watches him go, then turns to Pratt.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

Get those photos developed.

A beat. Oaks exhales, flicking his cigarette again.

HANK

(mocking)
Call the cemetery superintendent.

Hank shakes his head in disgust and walks away.

SHERIFF OAKS

And send one to Fort Campbell.
Just... to see what they say.

Pratt's eyes widen slightly, but he nods.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house glows warm against the vast Kentucky night. Big Band music drifts from the radio -- soft, dreamy.

IN THE YARD

Bobby and Emma lie in the cool grass, gazing up at the endless sprawl of stars. The sky twinkles, a vast, unknowable world above them.

EMMA

Which star is heaven?

BOBBY

Heaven ain't on a star.

EMMA

Then where is it?

BOBBY

It's above the stars. Bigger than everything.

A beat. Emma points.

EMMA

The Big Dipper... and the North Star at the top of the ladle handle.

Bobby nods, eyes narrowing slightly.

BOBBY

It's real bright again.

EMMA

'Cause it's the North Star, I guess.

But Bobby isn't convinced. He watches it flicker -- too bright, then normal again.

BOBBY

And remember -- if you're ever
lost, just head for the North
Star. It never moves. It's always
north.

Emma stares.

EMMA

It's moving now.

Bobby's head snaps to the sky.

The bright light drifts downward, revealing the actual
North Star behind it.

He bolts upright.

The light gets closer, steering toward their farm.

Emma SCREAMS and sprints for the house. Bobby stays
frozen, transfixed.

The bright light descends rapidly--growing, shifting.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank reads the newspaper. Audrey sews. The radio hums
softly in the background.

Then--

Emma BURSTS IN -- panting, frantic.

EMMA

Daddy! The North Star! It's
falling!

Hank drops the paper into his lap with a SCRUNCH and
bolts upright.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's falling from the sky!

He kneels, calm but firm.

HANK

All right, sweetheart. Show me.

He takes her hand, moving quickly.

HANK (CONT'D)

Audrey -- the radio.

Audrey snaps it off and follows.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby stares, unmoving.

Above the treetops -- the glowing object HOVERS.

Then -- its lights CUT OUT.

A dark shape SINKS BELOW THE WOODLINE.

The crickets and tree frogs stop.

Utter silence.

The front door FLIES OPEN.

HANK

Bobby!?

BOBBY

(calls out)

Over here!

Hank leads the others across the lawn.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It landed, Pa! On the other side
of the trees!

HANK

What did?

Audrey grips Emma, looks up -- sees the North Star still
twinkling in the sky.

AUDREY

The North Star is still there,
baby. It didn't fall.

BOBBY

Pa, the bright light last night?
It wasn't really the North Star.

Audrey shakes her head, gently dismissive.

AUDREY

It's still there, Bobby.

BOBBY

I know -- but the thing was in front of it, so it looked like the North Star.

Hank studies his son's face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That's why it was so bright. Then it came down here.

Audrey folds her arms.

AUDREY

Bobby, is this another one of your tall tales?

BOBBY

No, Ma!

AUDREY

Are you sure?

Bobby's eyes flash with frustration.

BOBBY

Ma, it's real. I promise!

Hank doesn't hesitate.

HANK

Bobby -- go get my shotgun.

Bobby nods fast and sprints for the house.

BOBBY

My rifle too, Pa!?

Hank nods. Bobby disappears inside.

Hank turns to Audrey.

HANK

Get back in the house. Take Emma.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby rips open the gun cabinet, grabs his father's shotgun and his own rifle.

He shoves two packs of ammo into his pockets.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Olive stands at the window, watching.

She hears hurried footsteps.

Bobby rushes to the door --

OLIVE

Bobby!?

Bobby pokes his head in, breathless.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Where you going with those?

BOBBY

For me and Pa! Something landed in
the clearing!

OLIVE

What do you mean?

BOBBY

Can't explain -- gotta go!

He's gone. Olive frowns, unsettled.

Then --

A SQUEAKING TURN of a doorknob.

She turns to see the back door... the knob twists --
tugging, jostling -- but doesn't open.

Olive freezes. Her breath catches.

From the front of the house, the door opens.

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

Grandma's in the kitchen.

AUDREY (O.S.)

All right.

EMMA (O.S.)

Be careful, Bobby!

The front door closes. FOOTSTEPS approach.

Audrey and Emma enter -- Audrey stops mid-step.

Olive is staring at the back door. Audrey follows her
gaze. The knob stops turning.

Then --

TAP. TAP. TAP.

A gentle knock.

Audrey and Olive GASP.

Emma clutches Olive.

Audrey grabs a knife from the counter and moves toward the door.

OLIVE

Audrey! What are you doin'?

Audrey pauses -- listens.

The silence is suffocating.

She flips the latch.

A breath.

She FLINGS the door open.

Nothing.

Still air. Empty yard.

Then --

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

Audrey's head snaps toward the barn. The barn door SWAYS slightly -- left open.

A SHADOW shifts inside.

EXT. THE WOODLINE - NIGHT

HANK and BOBBY reach the woodline, stopping just short of the shadows.

They listen.

Nothing.

BOBBY

It's too quiet again.

HANK

Same as last night. No crickets.
No tree frogs. Nothing.

A heavy silence settles over them.

BOBBY

What could make everything stop
like that?

Hank tightens his grip on the shotgun.

HANK

Something that ain't supposed to
be here.

Bobby swallows hard.

BOBBY

Like what?

Hank doesn't answer. His eyes stay locked on the trees.

A long beat.

Bobby shifts uneasily.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Pa... maybe we should head back.

HANK

I want to see if somethin's in the
clearing.

He takes a step forward --

Then --

A RAUCOUS EXPLOSION OF SOUND

From inside the barn -- COWS MOO, CHICKENS SQUAWK, PIGS
SQUEAL. A chaotic chorus.

Hank and Bobby's eyes fly wide open. They whip around --

And RUN.

EXT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Emma and Olive watch from the porch.

Audrey, knife in hand, stands by the barn door -- clearly
on edge.

HANK

What is it!?

AUDREY

Something was at the house! Trying
to get inside!

A beat.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I think it's in the barn.

Hank doesn't hesitate. He swings the barn door open.

HANK

Bobby -- watch the side.

Bobby moves to the barn's edge, eyes on the field.

Audrey watches the dark mouth of the barn.

AUDREY

Anything?

A long silence.

HANK (O.S.)

No. Everything seems normal.

Hank steps into view. The animals shuffle, uneasy--hooves
stomping, wings flapping.

HANK (CONT'D)

Nothin' in there. No sign of
anything, either.

Audrey's shoulders drop slightly, but the tension doesn't
leave her face.

HANK (CONT'D)

You said something tried to get in
through the kitchen?

She nods.

HANK (CONT'D)

What kinda animal knocks on a
door?

A long pause.

Then, Olive's voice -- quiet but firm.

OLIVE

The kind that can turn the handle.

Hank's face hardens.

A beat.

Then --

EMMA and OLIVE stand motionless, staring at the woodline.

Hank turns.

Bobby stands near the barn, frozen. His face is bathed in an eerie glow.

Hank follows his gaze --

DEEP IN THE WOODS --

Flickering colored lights pulse between the trees --
green, blue, yellow.

Hank steps forward, entranced.

HANK

They must be in the clearing...

AUDREY

Maybe so, but you ain't goin'.

Hank turns. Audrey's voice is tight, full of fear.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Hank, that ain't no truck full of
good ol' boys havin' a time.

A long beat.

Hank studies her face -- she's terrified.

His own resolve softens.

HANK

All right. Let's get inside.

They turn toward the house.

Hank glances over his shoulder.

So does Bobby.

EXT. IN THE WOODLINE - NIGHT

From the shadows, something watches them.

The colored lights flicker across the trees. A low, electric HUM vibrates through the air.

They are not alone.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Hank and Audrey stop at the stairs.

Bobby climbs up first.

EMMA

What is it, Pa?

Hank glances back at the silent trees.

HANK

I don't know, Sweetheart.

BOBBY

(quietly)
The North Star.

OLIVE

We need to get the Sheriff back here.

AUDREY

How long will Travis be at that movie?

OLIVE

Not a double feature, is it?

A rustle in the brush.

Everyone turns sharply.

HANK

Inside. Now.

Audrey and Olive usher the kids inside.

Hank remains, shotgun raised.

From the shadows -- a low rustling.

Then -- a violent BURST of movement.

Hank tenses as Lucky bolts out from the brush!

HANK (CONT'D)
Come on, Lucky!

The dog races onto the porch, panting, shaking. Hank kneels next to him.

HANK (CONT'D)
What's out there, boy?

Lucky WHINES, tail between his legs. Hank glances back at the woods.

The trees stand silent. Watching.

Slowly -- Hank lets Lucky inside. He lingers at the door, shotgun in hand.

EXT. ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

Headlights pierce the darkness as Travis' car races past.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

ANNIE JANE dabs at her tear-streaked face.

She's beautiful, (17), the kind of girl who turns heads without trying. Right now, she's on the verge of sobbing.

Travis pulls her close with one arm.

TRAVIS
Annie Jane, it's all right.

She sniffles, gesturing dramatically.

ANNIE JANE
Why did William Holden have to die? She gets the letter -- "the bad news" -- and runs to that tree and sees the butterfly and just *knows...*

She shakes her head, sniffing.

ANNIE JANE (CONT'D)
It wasn't fair.

Travis bites back a smile.

TRAVIS

Y'know, next week's movie is
lookin' better already.

Annie Jane snaps a look at him.

ANNIE JANE

"Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki?" You
can go with your football buddies
for that one.

TRAVIS

If I had to suffer through "Love
is a Many-Splendored Thing," you
can sit through Ma and Pa Kettle!

She laughs through her tears.

ANNIE JANE

Oh, shut up and let me have my
moment.

They continue down the dark highway.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank sits on the porch.

The shotgun leans against the wall. A cigarette glows
between his fingers.

His eyes stay on the woodline.

The night creatures remain silent.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey holds Emma close.

Neither speaks.

The radio is off. The house is quiet.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby ties Lucky's leash to the bedpost.

BOBBY

Sorry, boy. You always run right
into things.

Lucky whimpers.

Bobby glances to the window.

The woods loom beyond.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
They're from outer space. Just
like Sam said.

He sits on the floor, resting his hand on Lucky's back.

Lucky lies his head on Bobby's leg.

The house remains silent.

THE KITCHEN

Olive lifts the steaming kettle, carefully pouring hot water into two waiting cups.

The kitchen is quiet. Still.

A faint rustle from outside.

Olive pauses. Listens.

The sound is gone.

She continues pouring as steam swirls upward.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Hank remains vigilant, eyes scanning the dark. A faint RUSTLE from the woods.

Slowly, he descends the stairs. Careful. Measured. His boots crunch against the dirt as he steps onto the lawn.

And waits.

Another sound -- a CREAK... then a THUMP.

His gaze shifts toward the barn. The door hangs open, swaying slightly. The wooden bar meant to secure it now lies on the ground.

Hank COCKS the shotgun.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Olive steps in, carrying two cups of tea. She hands one to Audrey, who accepts with a silent, grateful smile.

Olive settles into her chair, taking a slow sip. The house is quiet, but the weight of unease lingers.

EXT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Hank emerges from inside.

He closes the door. Latches it. The sturdy wooden bar locks it shut.

He lingers, scanning the darkness.

Then turns back toward the house.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby dozes, seated on the floor, propped up against the bed. Lucky rests his head on Bobby's leg.

Moonlight spills through the open window, forming a perfect square on the floor.

Then -- a shadow rises into the frame.

A small half-circle at first.

Then -- higher.

A large head. Thin toward the chin, wider at the crown. A slender neck, narrow shoulders.

It doesn't move. Just watches.

Then --

Lucky's ears prick up. His head snaps up toward the window, eyes locked.

Suddenly - he BARKS. LOUD. UNCONTROLLABLE.

The shadow vanishes.

Bobby jerks awake, heart pounding.

BOBBY

Lucky! Hey, boy! What is it?

Lucky LEAPS onto the bed, snarling at the window. His barks echo through the room.

Bobby scrambles up, his breath quick. He peers outside --
Nothing.

His hand finds Lucky's head, fingers pressing into his fur, calming him.

A long beat.

The night remains still.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It's okay... shhh... nothing's
there.

INT. THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Audrey stands at the foot of the stairs, listening.

The barking has stopped. A pause... she steps back into the living room.

OLIVE
Anything?

AUDREY
All's quiet now.

OLIVE
That was Lucky's "get out of my
yard" bark.

AUDREY
Bobby would have yelled out if he
saw something.

The front door CREAKS open.

Audrey spins around to see Hank steps inside.

He leans against the doorframe, keeping an eye outside.

HANK
The barn door opened again.

Audrey's face tightens.

AUDREY
How? You barred it on the outside!

HANK

The bar was on the ground.

A beat.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm starting to think someone's
playin' with us.

AUDREY

Who?

HANK

I don't know.

AUDREY

What about the lights in the
woods?

HANK

Someone could rig those up.

AUDREY

With what? We'd hear a car. A
generator?

A beat.

Hank doesn't answer.

Bobby's voice cuts through the silence.

MIDWAY UP THE STAIRS

Hank and Audrey turn to see Bobby, gripping the banister.

BOBBY

It's the spaceship.

Audrey whirls on him.

AUDREY

Bobby, this isn't the time for one
of your stories.

BOBBY

It's not a story!

He descends a few steps, voice urgent.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I saw it! It hovered over the
woodline. Then the lights shut off
and it landed.

Audrey softens. Hank studies Bobby's face.

Finally -- Hank gives the faintest nod.

HANK

I know, son.

Bobby blinks.

Hank lowers his voice to Audrey.

HANK (CONT'D)

No one's sleepin' tonight. Keep everyone in the living room.

AUDREY

What are you going to do?

HANK

Keep watch. If somethin' comes back, I wanna see it.

AUDREY

Don't go into the woodline, Hank.

Hank kisses her.

HANK

I'm stayin' on the porch. Soon as Travis gets back, I'll send him for the Sheriff.

He steps outside, closing the door behind him.

Audrey turns back to Bobby, who remains at the staircase with his eyes glued to front door.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Hank sits on the top step, cigarette in hand, his gaze fixed on the woodline.

A glance toward the barn -- the door remains shut.

Then, to the driveway. No car.

Hank takes a long drag, exhales. Rising to his feet, steps off the porch, and into the field.

Behind him, perched on the roof in complete silence, a small figure with a large head and thin body, hunches down and watches.

After a moment, it disappears over the side.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucky lifts his head, ears twitching.

A soft SCRATCHING drifts from above.

He tenses -- then suddenly leaps onto the bed, BARKING wildly at the open window.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby snaps up from the couch as Lucky's BARKING echoes through the house.

Bobby bolts for the stairs.

EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

Hank halts mid-step.

Lucky's BARKING cuts through the night.

Hank whips around -- The house stands still.

His eyes narrow as he quickens his pace and heads back.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby bursts in to find Lucky barking at the open window. Snarling. Bobby hurries over, calming him.

BOBBY

Shhh... Lucky.... Shhh...

EXT. THE FRONT YARD AREA - NIGHT

Hank strides toward the house when a sharp WOOD SCRAPE echoes behind him.

He stops. Turns --

THE BARN

The heavy wooden bar lies on the ground. The door yawns open.

Hank's gut tightens. He bolts toward it.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby soothes Lucky, but the dog stays frozen -- body rigid, eyes locked on the window.

Bobby follows his gaze.

Nothing.

Suddenly --

A CREATURE POPS UP.

Face-to-face.

A smooth, bulbous head.

Two huge, black, glistening eyes.

Bobby SCREAMS -- jerks back --

THUD. He crashes to the floor.

Lucky BARKS wildly, fur bristling, teeth bared.

EXT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Hank rushes toward the house.

HANK

Bobby!?

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey, Olive, and Emma rush in.

Audrey helps Bobby up. His hands tremble as he points at the window.

BOBBY

It... it was there -- at my window
-- a man from space!

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hank rushes in, scanning the stairs.

HANK

What's going on!?

Audrey descends quickly, still rattled.

AUDREY

Bobby said... he said a spaceman
was looking in his window!

Her face goes pale.

Something MOVES BEHIND HANK.

She gasps --

Hank turns back to the open door.

THE WOODLINE

Deep in the trees -- lights. A dim blue-green glow
flickers through the branches.

Then -- five ALIEN CREATURES emerge.

Small, thin, their gray bodies hover inches above the
ground as they advance toward the house.

Large, black, featureless eyes.

Hank remains calm, but firm.

HANK

(to Audrey)
Get the guns. Now.

Audrey hesitates, transfixed.

HANK (CONT'D)

Now, Audrey!

She bolts inside.

HANK (CONT'D)

(calling)
Bobby! Get your rifle -- NOW!

From the woodline, the creatures accelerate.

Bobby scrambles down the stairs, rifle clutched tight in
his hands.

Olive follows, ushering Emma toward the living room.

THE CREATURES

Now halfway across the field.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank stands firm at the top of the porch steps.

Bobby kneels behind the railing, rifle aimed.

Hank shouts --

HANK

Stop where you are! Who are you!?

No response.

THE CREATURES

Arms still reaching. Closer.

HANK (CONT'D)

Fire over their heads.

He FIRES -- BAM!

Bobby FIRES -- BAM!

THE CREATURES DON'T STOP

One breaks formation -- lunges straight at Hank.

Hank FIRES -- PING!

The bullet RICOCHETS OFF ITS BODY.

The creature SPINS from the impact and collapses behind the others.

BOBBY

You hit it, but it didn't die!

The creatures advance.

HANK

Inside. Now.

Bobby and Hank back into the house and SLAM THE DOOR.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hank throws the deadbolt.

THE LIVING ROOM

Audrey and Olive load rifles from the gun cabinet.

A shadow moves past the window.

A CREATURE PRESSES AGAINST THE GLASS.

Its long fingers scratch. Its huge, black, unblinking eyes stare in.

Audrey SCREAMS.

Hank grabs her, pulls her back.

The creature suddenly vanishes.

Audrey rushes forward, SLAMS the shade down.

HANK

Stay here. Shoot anything that tries to break in.

AUDREY

You don't have to tell me twice.

She cocks the rifle.

Hank nods. Bobby, Olive, and Emma follow him into --

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

They gather at the table.

OLIVE

What ARE THEY?

HANK

I don't know.

They fumble with shaky hands as they sort the ammo and load the weapons.

EMMA

What do they want!?

HANK

I don't know!

A SHADOW PASSES THE KITCHEN WINDOW.

They freeze.

A creature's face appears.

Claw-like fingers scrape the glass.

Its enormous eyes blink.

BAM!

Olive FIRES THROUGH THE WINDOW. Glass SHATTERS.

The creature darts away into the dark.

EMMA

Grandma, I didn't know you could shoot!?

OLIVE

Who do you think taught your Pa?

EMMA

Grandpa.

OLIVE

Who do you think taught your Grandpa?

A METAL CLICK.

Bobby's eyes widen.

The kitchen door handle is TURNING.

BOBBY

The door! The door!

Hank lunges for it.

THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENS -- GRAY ALIEN FINGERS SLIDE AROUND THE EDGE.

Hank SLAMS the door shut -- CRACK!

A muffled, inhuman CLICKING SOUND.

The door shudders -- it PUSHES OPEN.

Hank throws his full weight against it and SHOVES it closed. His hands shake as he locks the deadbolt.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It was locked!

HANK

They found a way in.

Bobby stares at him.

Then -- Lucky's frantic barking from upstairs.

Bobby goes pale.

BOBBY

My window.

A beat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I left it open!

INT. THE STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Bobby races up the stairs, missing every other step.

He beelines for his bedroom -- window still open.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CREATURE is already inside. One foot on Bobby's bed, hunched in the window frame.

Lucky's barking escalates into a frenzy.

Bobby grabs his desk chair -- pure instinct. Lets out a furious SCREAM.

BOBBY

AHHHHHHHH!

He charges. Rams the chair into the creature -- slamming it backward through the window!

The alien catches the ledge with one spindly hand.

Bobby jumps onto the bed. He yanks the window down with a loud -- CRUNCH!

The alien shrieks soundlessly. A flurry of movement -- and it's gone.

Bobby locks the window. A beat. Heavy breathing.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Good boy, Lucky!

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Olive gazes out the window, clutching her rifle.

OLIVE

Looks like they're falling back.

EMMA

For good?

OLIVE

Just lickin' their wounds.

She steps away from the window, heading for the ammo on the table.

Outside -- something huge MOVES.

The SAUCER rises from behind the trees, bathed in an ethereal blue glow.

It hovers... then SHOOTS skyward.

Gone.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Hank steps out cautiously, shotgun in hand. Bobby right behind him.

They scan the fields. The woods.

Nothing.

The night sounds return -- crickets, tree frogs -- like the world is resetting.

Behind them, the family gathers in the doorway.

Watching. Waiting.

Total isolation.

INT. FLOYD'S TENT - HILLSIDE, DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Floyd, passed out, a jug of moonshine nestled in his arms. A tremendous SNORE-GRUNT.

Outside, a glow builds.

His tent walls slowly light up -- a surreal play of green, blue, yellow.

His eyes flicker open.

FLOYD

Sheriff Oaks... that you, ya fat slob...?

A HUM.

Floyd fumbles with the flap -- stumbles out.

EXT. FLOYD'S TENT - HILLSIDE, DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Floyd stops cold.

Three creatures stand around his still. One pokes the kettle. Another examines the pipes.

The third? Holding a cup.

It dips the cup into the barrel of hooch. Takes a sip.

A beat.

The alien lifts off the ground -- spinning, soaring, like it just found the meaning of life.

The other two follow, zipping over the tent.

Floyd's eyes bulge. His jug slips from his hands.

It CRACKS open on the ground.

The ship RISES.

Hovers... and shoots away.

Floyd stares at his still. Motionless. Empty.

FLOYD
...I need to cut back.

EXT. ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

A car parked in the dark. Headlights off. Cornfield beside it rustles in the wind.

From inside -- soft moans. The sound of a kiss breaking.

ANNIE JANE (O.S)
Travis, we should get going.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Really?

ANNIE JANE (O.S.)
Mmm-hmmm.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

They're in close. Travis kisses Annie Jane's neck.

Then -- a HUM.

The car glows green. Then yellow. Then blue.

They freeze.

ANNIE JANE

The police?

Travis peeks out the window.

And sees it.

A SAUCER. Directly overhead.

The light swells. A spotlight of pure white, brighter than anything on Earth.

EXT. ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

The saucer LOOMS.

The wind picks up -- cornstalks whip violently.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Travis fumbles for the key.

The car starts to SHAKE. Hard.

ANNIE JANE

Travis --!

EXT. ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

The saucer LIGHTS cut out -- and in an instant, it SHOOTs into the night, vanishing into the void.

Silence.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Annie Jane sobs.

Travis twists the key.

Nothing.

The car is dead.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam curls from two mugs as Olive pours coffee. Audrey enters, her arms crossed, tension heavy in her posture.

OLIVE

How are you holdin' up?

AUDREY

I'm worried sick about Travis. He should've been back by now.

OLIVE

Maybe this is bigger than we know. Could be trouble everywhere.

AUDREY

That doesn't make me feel any better.

OLIVE

Well, it should! If there's trouble, maybe they closed the roads, kept him in town -- with the police!

A small, grateful smile breaks across Audrey's face.

The lights flicker.

A shared glance. A hush falls.

Suddenly - BOOM. BLACKOUT.

The entire house shudders as a deep, vibrating HUM fills the air.

Knick-knacks RATTLE and tumble off shelves.

The kitchen window glows -- flashes of blue, green, and yellow light spill in, flickering against the walls.

Olive snatches up the rifle, eyes locked on the window, and moves toward it.

AUDREY

Oh, no.

Audrey bolts out of the room.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Hank and Bobby stand frozen.

Above them -- the saucer looms. Silent. Monolithic.

Bright light washes over the farmhouse as it drifts forward, heading for the woodline.

The front door swings open -- Audrey steps out.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Another one?

HANK

I think it's the same one.

A flicker of movement -- lights in the trees. The ship descends, hidden behind the woodline.

BOBBY

Pa, we can't hold 'em off forever.
They don't even die.

A beat.

Hank clutches the shotgun.

HANK

Audrey, best get some candles lit.

A knowing nod. She heads inside.

Light pulses through the branches, casting eerie shadows.

SUPER: Monday, August 22nd. 2AM.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Dim candlelight flickers through the windows.

Hank dozes in a chair. His shotgun rests across his lap.

Bobby sits on the porch rail, rifle in hand, gazing at the woodline.

In the distance -- flashing lights.

They flicker on. Off. On. Off.

Bobby narrows his eyes.

The lights aren't flickering.

They're being blocked.

His breath catches.

Beyond the trees -- shadows move.

THE WOODLINE

Creatures emerge. More than before.

Twenty.

They split into three groups as they glide fast across the field.

THE PORCH

Bobby ducks, takes cover at the rail.

BOBBY

Pa.

A beat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

They're on us again.

Hank's eyes snap open.

In an instant -- he's alert, rifle raised.

THE FRONT YARD AREA

Hank vaults off the porch, drops to one knee, aims.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS!

BAM! BAM! Hank and Bobby fire in succession.

The creatures don't stop.

BAM! A creature spins from the impact and SLAMS HARD into a tree.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Olive steadies her aim through the window.

BAM! She fires.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma huddles on the sofa.

Audrey lifts her rifle -- BAM! -- a shot through the front window.

A creature ducks out of sight.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Hank fires - BAM!

HANK

Bobby! Open the door!

Bobby swings the door open.

One more shot -- BAM!

A creature takes the hit -- PING! The bullet ricochets off. It spins like a top, thrown backward.

Hank leaps inside.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Bobby slams the door shut, slides the deadbolt in place.

Hank rushes to the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Emma sits frozen.

Behind her -- A CREATURE PRESSED TO THE WINDOW. Black fingers scratch the glass.

Audrey snaps her rifle up -- BAM!

The glass SHATTERS! The creature vanishes.

Hank nods to her.

HANK

Good shot.

She reloads.

AUDREY

They're everywhere.

A new sound -- THUD! THUD! THUD!

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bobby rushes in, Emma close behind.

Olive stands at the window, rifle tight in her grip.

Bobby checks the back door -- still locked.

A SCREECH -- Emma SHRIEKS!

A CREATURE SQUEEZES THROUGH THE WINDOW ABOVE THE SINK.

BLAM! Olive fires!

It keeps coming.

OLIVE

You spindly little son of a --

She fires again -- BLAM! The creature retreats.

A loud BANG! The kitchen door shudders.

THUD! THUD! THUD! Bobby raises his rifle to the door.

HANK (O.S.)

Don't, Bobby!

Hank rushes in. He examines the door.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

HANK (CONT'D)

It'll hold.

Lucky growls, barking wildly.

Hank drags a wooden dry sink in front of the door.

HANK (CONT'D)

Insurance.

Silence.

Suddenly - BOOM!

THUD! THUD! THUD!

BOBBY whips around, pulse spiking.

BOBBY

The front door!

HANK

Stronger than the kitchen. It'll hold.

Olive pulls Hank aside, voice low, urgent.

OLIVE

Why are they attacking? They don't even have weapons.

Hank hesitates -- then, almost to himself:

HANK

I know.

OLIVE

Then what do they want?

Hank exhales, finally admitting:

HANK

I think they want us.

A pregnant silence. The THUDDING STOPS.

AUDREY appears in the doorway, rifle at the ready.

AUDREY

They pulled back towards the woodline. I need some ammo.

She sees the boxes on the table and helps herself.

HANK

Bobby, cover the living room windows for your Ma.

BOBBY

Yes, Pa.

Bobby and Lucky hurry out.

AUDREY

So, is this what it was like fighting the Germans at the Bulge?

HANK

The Bulge was a lot colder, and the Germans stayed dead after we shot them.

EMMA
Ma, can I get Henrietta?

Audrey hesitates.

AUDREY
Where is she?

EMMA
In my room.

Audrey thinks a moment.

AUDREY
All right. All right. But you come
right back.

EMMA
I will.

Emma starts for the stairs --

AUDREY
Wait.

Audrey lifts the ammo box toward Hank.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Is this the right kind?

Hank nods.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I'll go with you.

They move for the stairs.

OLIVE
Be careful!

Hank reloads, stuffing ammo into his pockets.

HANK
What's it look like out there, Ma?

Olive scans through the window, frowning.

OLIVE
I can't see any of 'em.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Audrey and Emma reach the top of the stairs. Shadows flicker from the dim hallway light.

AUDREY

Get Henrietta and meet me back here.

Emma nods and scurries toward her room. Audrey heads the other way.

INT. AUDREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The window is half-open. A night breeze rustles the curtains. Audrey steps forward -- stops.

Her fingers tighten around the rifle.

She listens. Nothing.

Audrey inches toward the window, every step measured. Peeks out. Darkness. She slides it shut. CLICK. Locks it.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Audrey steps back into the hallway.

AUDREY

Emma?

She glances toward Emma's room -- sees the door slightly ajar. No response.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Emma?

Audrey moves forward, slowly, rifle poised.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey steps inside -- freezes.

Emma stands against the wall, clutching Henrietta tight. A CREATURE looms over her.

Its long, bony fingers spread across Emma's face -- palm pressed to her forehead like it's reading her.

The creature's dead, black eyes lock onto Audrey's.

A long, tense beat.

Emma WHIMPERS. The creature's grip tightens. Its large head tilts, its black eyes study Audrey.

Audrey doesn't breathe. Doesn't blink.

AUDREY

Do you know I'm the only girl in Christian County to ever win first prize in the Annual Coon Hunt?

The creature stops.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

That's when you go out at night with dogs. First one to tree a coon wins.

The creature blinks.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

But I'm so good I don't even need dogs.

BANG!

A perfect shot -- right between the eyes.

The creature SCREECHES, jerking backward, its grip on Emma breaking.

Emma BOLTS into Audrey's arms.

It scrambles back out the window -- gone.

Audrey SLAMS the window shut. Locks it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Hank! They're on the roof!

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hank moves fast, unlocking the deadbolt with practiced hands. Click. He grips the doorknob -- stops just before turning it all the way.

He glances into the living room. Bobby stands at the ready, rifle in hand, face set.

HANK

Bobby!

Bobby jumps in beside him, heart pounding.

Audrey and Emma rush down the stairs.

Emma is breathless -- but beaming. Tough as nails.

EMMA

Ma got one!

Hank acknowledges Audrey with a sharp nod.

HANK

Audrey, lock this after we go out.
We're gonna clear the roof.

AUDREY

All right.

HANK

And watch the living room windows,
too!

AUDREY

Don't worry.

Hank locks eyes with Bobby -- a fraction of a second.

HANK

Ready?

Bobby nods.

The door swings open -- THEY BURST OUT!

Audrey SLAMS it shut after them.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hank vaults over the porch railing, landing hard. Bobby leaps from the top step, rifle raised.

They whirl around, aiming up.

ON THE ROOF - TEN CREATURES

Their small, thin bodies hover inches above the shingles, shifting in eerie silence. Long, bony fingers dig in, clawing at the roof, peeling away the wood.

Hank and Bobby open fire --

BAM! CLINK! BAM! PING!

The bullets deflect, sparking off something unseen.

The creatures snap their heads toward Hank and Bobby in eerie unison. Then --

They drift backward, soundless, floating toward the distant woodline.

HANK

Back inside!

They sprint for the porch.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Audrey stands at the door, hand on the deadbolt.

Three KNOCKS. Sharp. Precise.

HANK (O.S.)

Audrey! Open up!

She throws the deadbolt, swings the door open.

Hank and Bobby tumble in.

Audrey immediately kisses Bobby's forehead. A quick moment -- pure instinct.

AUDREY

Take the living room for me.

Bobby nods and hurries off.

Audrey turns to Hank.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What were they doing on the roof?

HANK

Trying to get in.

AUDREY

Oh my God.

HANK

They won't.

Suddenly -- A BLINDING, PULSATING LIGHT from the woodline explodes through the windows, splattering the walls, the ceiling, their faces in rhythmic pulses.

Hank turns toward the window. Jaw tight.

The light flares brighter -- then dims -- then pulses again. Almost like it's searching.

A faint, vibrating HUM creeps into the floorboards.

Hank barely breathes.

HANK (CONT'D)

I want to see that ship. See what they're up to.

AUDREY

Get that notion out of your head right now.

HANK

What if it's not just us. What if this is happening all over? That information might be important.

Audrey steps closer.

AUDREY

You're not at the Bulge fighting Germans! These are men from Mars.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE RHYTHMIC PULSE OF LIGHT flashes through the window -- cold, white, unnatural.

It floods the room in waves, stretching long shadows across the floor, the furniture, Bobby.

He settles into Olive's chair, rifle across his lap. The chair faces the window -- hidden from the front door.

The light flickers again.

Each pulse makes the glass tremble.

Bobby's fingers tighten around the rifle as he listens to his parents in the hallway.

HANK (O.S.)

We need to know what's on the other side of that woodline.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Why!?

HANK (O.S.)

This may not stop at sunrise, and we don't have a lifetime supply of ammo.

AUDREY (O.S.)

What are you saying?

HANK (O.S.)

If it looks like they're going to pull out, fine. If not, then we need to plan a way out of here.

AUDREY (O.S.)

You can't leave us! We need you here! Those things already got into the house! You can't leave!

A long, heavy silence.

Bobby hears Hank's footsteps trudge down the hallway.

Audrey appears in the doorway, eyes locked on Bobby.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a minute, Bobby.
Keep an eye on the window.

She follows after Hank.

Her footsteps fade.

Bobby listens to her go.

He lifts himself out of the chair as Emma enters with Lucky... his ears twitching.

BOBBY

Emma, do me a favor?

EMMA

(suspicious)
Depends.

BOBBY

I'm gonna go out for a little while.

EMMA

Why!?

BOBBY

Pa wants to know more about their ship. I can get there and back real fast.

EMMA

They won't let you go.

Bobby smirks.

BOBBY

I know. That's why I'll tell them after I get back.

A tense beat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Just keep an eye on the window. If anything shows up, call Ma and Pa.

EMMA

You're gonna get it if you do this.

Bobby kneels beside Lucky, scratching his ear.

BOBBY

You stay here, boy. Protect Emma.

Lucky whines.

They exit the living room.

THE FRONT DOOR

Bobby peeks down the hall.

OLIVE (O.S.)

They're not trying to kill us. Not yet.

HANK (O.S.)

Maybe they want to see what we'll do first.

AUDREY (O.S.)

And then they kill us. For God's sake, Hank!

He unlatches the lock, slow, careful.

Rifle in hand, he kneels in front of Emma.

BOBBY

Don't tell them where I went. I'll
be back before they even know.

Emma crosses her arms, stiff.

Lucky lets out a low, uneasy whimper. Bobby ruffles his
fur one last time.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Stay, boy.

He cracks the door open -- slips out.

Emma closes it behind him, latches it shut.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Bobby descends the steps, crouched low.

He pauses for a look at the pulsing lights.

Each flash stretches his shadow across the yard, then
yanks it back into darkness.

He skirts the side of the house, keeping low -- his
silhouette disappearing between the pulses.

Finally -- he slips into the dark.

EXT. THE GULCH - NIGHT

The farmhouse shrinks behind him.

Bobby sprints through the brush, breath sharp and quick.

He SLIDES into the gulch, hits the dirt hard.

Pauses. Listens.

Nothing.

He presses forward, rifle clutched tight.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Bobby's breath shudders. The glow of the ship pulses
ahead as the trees loom taller.

Shadows shift between them.

The RUSTLE of branches.

Behind him.

His breath catches. He turns -- sees nothing. Just the moonlight cutting through the dense trees.

Bobby takes a few steps forward. Stops.

Another RUSTLE.

He drops into a crouch behind a thick tree. Listens.

A short distance away -- MOVEMENT.

Through the brush -- TWO CREATURES.

They glide through the growth, silent, hovering. Their gray skin flashes silver in the moonlight.

Bobby slowly checks his rifle chamber.

Then turns -- the glow of the ship ahead, closer now.

He freezes -- MORE MOVEMENT.

Shadows shifting between the trees. More of them.

Bobby slings the rifle over his shoulder, lowers his stance, steadying himself.

Ahead, a thick branch lies in his path --big, solid, club-like. He grips it. Moves forward.

Looks up.

Two creatures -- closer now.

Their massive, black eyes glisten as they blink... slow and deliberate.

They stop.

No words. No signal. They just listen.

One tilts its head. The other slowly lifts a hand -- points forward.

Then they move.

Bobby ducks behind the tree. His back presses against the bark. Breath held.

The creatures draw closer.

He tightens his grip on the branch.

Waits.

THE CREATURES.

They hover inches away.

A low branch rustles as one glides past it.

Bobby steps out, SWINGS --

SWOOSH! Nothing.

He blinks -- looks left, right -- where did they go!?

A shadow looms.

Bobby spins -- AND SCREAMS!

A CREATURE IS INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

Its thin, spidery fingers LATCH ONTO HIM, spreading across his cheeks, its palm pressed to his forehead.

Bobby LIFTS OFF THE GROUND. He flails, muffled screams escaping -- the branch still clutched in his hand --

THWAP!

A knee hit to the creature's chest!

It jerks back, releasing him. Bobby drops and stumbles to the ground.

The SECOND CREATURE comes at him fast.

Bobby jumps up and SWINGS --

THWAP! A direct hit to the head.

The alien CRASHES INTO A TREE.

Bobby unslings his rifle, breath ragged -- and runs.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey enters.

Emma and Lucky sit in the glow of the flickering lights.

Audrey scans the room.

AUDREY

Where's Bobby?

Emma stiffens.

EMMA

Upstairs?

Audrey moves to the window, pulls the shade aside, and looks out.

EXT. ROUTE 41 - TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

The car sits dead on the roadside. Silent. A faint breeze stirs the trees.

The distant hum of crickets fills the night.

INT. TRAVIS' CAR - NIGHT

Travis turns the key again.

Click.

Nothing.

Annie Jane loops her arm through his, leaning close.

ANNIE JANE

What are you thinking?

TRAVIS

How I'm going to tell my father.
"Pa, I'm sorry. A flying saucer
wrecked the car."

Annie Jane smirks.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(soft)

What are you thinking?

A shadow of worry flickers across her face. She rests her head on his shoulder.

ANNIE JANE

If we're going to get out of this
alive.

Travis kisses the top of her head.

TRAVIS

Of course, we are. We've got a
dead car, that's all. Police will
be by soon.

ANNIE JANE

What if that flying saucer comes
back first?

Travis turns the key again.

The engine coughs.

He tries again.

Sputter. Grind.

Another try -- the engine TURNS OVER!

Travis and Annie Jane YELL -- laughing, relieved!

TRAVIS

Let's get the hell outta here!

He slams the gas.

The car lurches forward, bouncing onto the pavement --
then TEARS off down the highway.

BEHIND THEM -- IN THE SKY --

Something shifts in the darkness.

A faint, metallic gleam.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hank checks the barricade at the back door. Olive watches
him, arms crossed.

OLIVE

Audrey's right. You can't go out
there.

HANK

Yeah.

OLIVE

We already know we're outnumbered.

A long beat. Hank exhales, rubs his chin.

Olive steps closer.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You don't know what they're capable of.

HANK

You also said they weren't trying to kill us.

She glances at the window -- dark, pulsing light from outside flashing across the walls.

OLIVE

If you want to get particular, I also said "Not yet." Could be they got ray guns... like in the movies... or worse.

She motions with her hands -- PFFFT!

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Like the heat rays in War of the Worlds. Instant cremation.

Hank nods absently.

A distant THUD.

Both of them freeze.

Hank's hand drifts toward his rifle.

The pulsing lights outside flicker faster.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Bobby crawls up behind a cluster of boulders.

He peers out to see --

THE CLEARING

The saucer sits exactly where it landed. Four extended legs pressed into deep indentations.

A ramp protrudes from underneath -- open, inviting.

ALIENS WANDER ABOUT

Bobby's eyes widen --

One of them carries a CAT up the ramp. Its legs dangle lifelessly. Another follows, cradling a FAWN.

Bobby leans forward for a better look --

SNAP!

A small branch breaks under his foot.

THE SAUCER RAMP

An alien GUARD JERKS his head towards the sound.

BOBBY

Holds still. Doesn't breathe.

THE GUARD

Stares -- then ADVANCES.

Bobby crouches low, inching backward -- then he RUNS.

THE CLEARING

A deep, pulsing HUM erupts from the saucer.

A signal.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma sleeps in a chair. Lucky snores softly on the floor.

The HUM seeps through the walls, a low vibration rattles the glass.

Audrey stands at the window, rifle in hand. Eyes locked on the distant glow through the trees.

Hank enters.

HANK

Have you seen Bobby?

AUDREY

Emma said he's upstairs.

HANK

I checked.

He moves to Emma. Gently touches her shoulder.

HANK (CONT'D)

Emma?

EMMA
(half asleep)
Hmm?

HANK
Where's Bobby?

Emma blinks awake. A beat too long before she answers.
Audrey turns.

AUDREY
Where is he, Emma?

Emma sits up, caught.

EMMA
He went to get you information.

Hank leans in.

HANK
Information on what?

EMMA
The flying saucer.

Hank's face drains of color.

HANK
Oh, my God.

He rushes to the window. The saucer's glow pulses beyond the trees.

BANG! A gunshot -- from the kitchen

OLIVE (O.S.)
They're back!

A SHADOW MOVES AT THE WINDOW.

An alien creature LATCHES onto the frame.

Lucky BARKS!

Hank RAISES HIS RIFLE -- FIRES! BANG!

The creature vanishes.

More GUNFIRE from the kitchen.

OLIVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HANK! HANK!

HANK
Audrey! Take the window!

AUDREY
But -- Bobby!

HANK
We can't do anything about that
right now!

He sprints from the room.

THE KITCHEN

BAM! BAM! Olive fires -- reloads.

The kitchen door JOLTS with force. The hinges SPLIT.

OLIVE
They're breaking the door in!

Hank bursts in.

HANK
Damn!

He spins and races out.

HANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Audrey! Audrey!

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hank unbolts the door as Audrey arrives.

HANK
Lock this behind me.

Audrey nods as Hank yanks the door open --THUD!

HE SLAMS RIGHT INTO A CREATURE.

It lunges.

Hank slams the shotgun butt into its stomach and the
alien buckles.

Hank kicks it hard -- the creature flies backward,
tumbling into the dirt.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Hank bolts out of the house, the door SLAMS behind him.

A group of creatures glide toward the porch.

Hank raises his shotgun -- FIRES -- KA-BLAM!

The creatures keep coming. More emerge from the woodline.

Hank FIRES again! KA-BLAM!

The aliens don't stop.

Hank pivots and he jumps over the railing.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank sprints around the corner -- stops. He sees two aliens pushing through a side door.

He swings up the shotgun -- KA-BLAM!

They topple backward into the dark.

EXT. THE GULCH - NIGHT

Bobby scrambles up the dirt incline, slipping, clawing for grip.

Above --

Hank barrels around the corner --

BAM! He FIRES!

A creature at the rear window jerks backward -- collapsing into the dirt.

BOBBY

Pa!

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank spots Bobby -- struggling to pull himself free of the gulch, dirt slipping under his hands.

He lunges forward, grabs his son's wrist, and YANKS him out of the gulch.

HANK

Come on!

They tear across the yard, racing for the house.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Hank and Bobby rush around the corner --

HANK

Comin' in! Don't shoot!

AT THE WINDOW

The barrel of Audrey's rifle snaps into view.

She spots them -- finger tensing on the trigger-- then holds fire.

Hank and Bobby charge up the steps, missing half of them in their rush.

EXT. ON ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

Travis's car speeds down the highway.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Travis checks his watch.

TRAVIS

The sun's gonna be up in an hour.

ANNIE JANE

Since your house is just ahead,
let's stop in and tell them what
happened.

He eases off the gas.

ANNIE JANE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Through the trees beside the road --

A PULSING, MULTICOLORED GLOW.

Travis brings the car to a crawl.

Annie Jane leans forward, eyes wide.

ANNIE JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! That's the thing that
was over us!

They can hear distant GUNFIRE. Constant. Unrelenting.

TRAVIS

Son of a bitch! That's my house!
They're attacking my house!

He slams the gear shift.

ANNIE JANE

Wait!

TRAVIS

I gotta get down there!

ANNIE JANE

No!

TRAVIS

What do you mean "no!?"

ANNIE JANE

Travis, think! Let's go get the
police! They can call in help from
the base, or the state police!

Travis is torn.

ANNIE JANE (CONT'D)

Look at the size of that thing! Us
going in there alone is not going
to do them any good! We need to go
get help!

Travis's hands tighten on the wheel.

The sound of GUNFIRE echoes.

Annie Jane grabs his hand.

ANNIE JANE (CONT'D)

Look at the size of that ship.

A pulsing light suddenly WASHES OVER THE ROAD.

The headlights flicker.

The dashboard dies -- just for a second.

Travis stiffens.

The light recedes.

The GUNFIRE is sporadic but steady.

TRAVIS

Damnit!

He JERKS the wheel.

EXT. ON ROUTE 41 - NIGHT

The car SCREECHES around, fishtails, and ROARS back in the direction it came.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Hank and Bobby FIRE -- BANG! BANG!

At last -- silence.

A lull in the attack.

The door bursts open as Audrey rushes out with Emma and Olive. Lucky bounds down the steps -- straight to Bobby.

Hank scowls at his son.

HANK

What the hell did you think you were doing!?

BOBBY

(still catching his
breath)

I wanted to --

WHOOSH!

A long, gray arm LASHES DOWN from above -- GRABBING BOBBY'S HAIR!

Bobby SCREAMS!

Hank's eyes snap up --

A creature's rawboned arm grips Bobby tight. Bobby is YANKED OFF THE GROUND.

His legs kick and thrash, dangling in midair.

Hank RAISES HIS RIFLE -- AIMS HIGH.

BAM!

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

A final shot TEARS into the rafters -- the creature releases Bobby.

He CRASHES DOWN HARD -- A HEAP ON THE PORCH.

Hank and Audrey drag him inside.

INT. THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Bobby shakes, stunned.

Audrey hugs him tight, kissing his head.

AUDREY

I'm so angry with you!

Another kiss.

OLIVE

For heaven's sake, let the child breathe!

Hank leans against the doorframe, rifle in hand. His eyes scan the woodline. Watching.

Waiting.

AUDREY

Don't you ever do that again!

EMMA

Who do you think you are? John Wayne!?

Hank turns back.

HANK

What did you see?

Bobby swallows, still catching his breath.

BOBBY

The ship's in the clearing. Up on four legs, ramp extended.

Hank nods, piecing it together.

HANK

Those were the marks we found earlier.

BOBBY

Yep. They landed in the same exact spots.

OLIVE

(shaken)

They were here before.

A heavy beat.

Hank exhales.

HANK

How many Martians did you see?

BOBBY

Forty, at least.

Audrey and Olive exchange a look.

HANK

What were they doing?

BOBBY

Collecting animals. One was carrying a cat up the ramp. I think it was Miss Logan's. Another had a fawn --

EMMA

Building a zoo on Mars?

HANK

No. Experiments. Learning all they can.

Olive -- stoic.

OLIVE

Now we know why they're trying to get into the house -- to add us to their collection.

A heavy moment.

Hank takes Audrey's hand.

They're all tired. Dirty. Spent.

The first hints of morning spill through the window.

HANK
Sun's comin' up soon.

OLIVE
Next attack will be hand to hand.
(beat, grave)
We're almost outta ammo.

A beat.

Hank closes the door. Locks it tight.

HANK
Let's get some coffee. I'll keep
watch from the kitchen window.

They move down the hall, weary.

Bobby kneels, scratching Lucky's head.

AUDREY
All I want now is to sleep for
twenty hours.

Lucky whines. Nudges the door.

BOBBY
(chuckles, rubbing
his ears)
You must have to go real bad.

Bobby unlatches the door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Go quick, boy. Stay close.

He cracks the door open --

LUCKY TAKES OFF -- straight for the woodline.

BARKING loud.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Oh, no! Lucky!

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights flicker on.

For a moment -- stunned silence, and then CHEERS. They
clap, cry, embrace.

HANK
 (grins, breathless)
 It's over!

AUDREY
 Thank the Lord!

As the celebration quiets down...

BOBBY (O.S.)
 (distant, outside)
 Lucky! Get back here! Lucky!

Hank's smile fades. His head snaps toward the window.
 Through the glass, he sees Bobby running into the field.

HANK
 No! No, no!

He tears out of the room. Audrey follows.

EMMA
 Ma!?

EXT. THE FIELD - EARLY DAWN

Lucky races toward the woodline.

Bobby runs after him -- halfway through the field

BOBBY
 Lucky! Get back here! Come on,
 boy!

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - EARLY DAWN

Hank and Audrey race onto the porch.

HANK
 BOBBY!

EXT. THE WOODLINE - EARLY DAWN

Bobby skids to a stop.

Before him -- dark trees.

A single bark. Distant. Fading.

Bobby bites his lip... and charges into the woods.

EXT. THE FIELD - EARLY DAWN

Hank and Audrey hit the field, running hard.

HANK

Bobby, NO! Get out of there!

EXT. CLEARING - EARLY DAWN

Slivers of sunrise push through the deep blue night.

Lucky bursts from the woods and tears into the clearing.

Ahead --

EXT. SAUCER RAMP - EARLY DAWN

The ramp has been retracted. The huge vessel hovers just above the ground, silent. Still.

Lucky skids to a stop. Whimpers.

Bobby emerges from the woods and FALLS into a crater... a saucer landing mark.

He scrambles out, breath ragged.

The ship looms before him. Bobby's eyes are locked in awe... fear... disbelief.

Lucky's BARK snaps him back.

Bobby spots him directly beneath the saucer.

BOBBY

(whispers)

Lucky! Come here!

Bobby takes careful steps forward.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Come on, boy. Come here.

Suddenly --

The ship HUMS to life.

Lights glow -- green, yellow, blue -- pulsing, shifting.

Bobby lunges for Lucky -- grabs his collar.

A BLINDING BEAM SHOOTs DOWN and encases them!

Then -- IT PULLS UP.

Bobby kicks his legs, flails his arms -- his face is contorted as he SCREAMS in horror -- but it's a silent scream that will not penetrate the beam.

Bobby and Lucky vanish into the ship.

WHOOSH! The beam retracks.

The saucer rises. It clears the treetops.

Then - BLASTS silently into the sky.

Gone.

As if it never happened.

Hank and Audrey burst from the woods.

HANK

Bobby!?

AUDREY

BOBBY!?

Her voice echoes into nothing.

Hank staggers.

His legs give out and he drops to his knees.

The sounds of crickets and tree frogs return.

EXT. HOPKINSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAWN

TIRES SCREECH.

Travis's car tears into the lot, sliding to a stop.

He leaps out and races for the door.

Annie Jane follows close behind.

INT. HOPKINSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAWN

Sheriff Oaks sits at his desk, coffee in one hand, a donut in the other.

The morning paper spread open before him.

At a smaller desk -- Deputy Pratt is asleep.

The screen door CREAKS, and another CREAK as it SLAMS shut as Travis races to the desk with Annie Jane right behind him.

SHERIFF OAKS
What the hell, boy!?

Travis tries to talk -- words tumbling over each other.

TRAVIS
Sheriff, we've been stuck all night! The car wouldn't start! The saucer --

SHERIFF OAKS
What are you talking about?

TRAVIS
I went to my house and the saucer was there! There was shootin'! Lots of shootin'!

Sheriff Oaks stirs his coffee. Calm. Too calm.

SHERIFF OAKS
Slow down, boy --

ANNIE JANE
It's true, Sheriff!

TRAVIS
We're being attacked!

Sheriff Oaks takes a sip.

SHERIFF OAKS
By who? The Reds?

Travis clenches his fists.

TRAVIS
No!

A beat.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Spacemen.

A long, heavy silence.

Oaks sets his coffee down.

Dunks his donut.

Travis EXPLODES.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Damn it, Sheriff! Put down your
stupid damned donut! I'm serious!

Sheriff Oaks glares at him.

A beat.

He takes a bite.

EXT. FLOYD'S TENT - HILLSIDE, DEEP WOODS - EARLY MORNING

Floyd packs up camp. His tent collapsed.

His still... destroyed.

He lifts the lid off a barrel --

Moonshine sloshes inside.

He stares at it.

FLOYD
When I start seein'... men from
Mars...

He tips the barrel over.

WHISKEY RUSHES OUT.

It flows through the dirt... soaking into the earth.

Floyd watches it drain.

A long, slow beat.

He shakes his head... and walks away.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The land is wrecked.

Windows shattered. Shingles torn from the roof and,
shotgun shells and bullet casings litter the ground.
Hundreds of them.

The barn is riddled with holes.

A battleground.

ON THE PORCH

Olive sits in a chair, silent. Staring.

Emma clutches Henrietta.

A faint RUMBLE rolls in from the road.

They turn and watch.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

TWO POLICE CARS pull up.

Travis's truck behind them. Sheriff Oaks steps out. His face hardens at the sight of the damaged house.

Travis sees movement in the field.

EXT. THE WOODLINE - EARLY MORNING

Hank and Audrey emerge. They hold onto each other. Drained. Beaten. Changed.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

Travis touches Annie Jane's arm.

TRAVIS

You head up to the house.

She nods, watching as he runs toward his parents.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - EARLY MORNING

Sheriff Oaks steps up as he takes in the destruction.

The hole in the ceiling.

The spent casings littering the floor.

Nobody acknowledges him as he speaks quietly.

SHERIFF OAKS

Did anyone get hurt?

Silence.

Emma watches her parents a moment, then turns to him with a quiet whisper.

EMMA

I think the little gray spacemen
took Bobby.

Sheriff Oaks searches her face.

His gaze shifts to the porch—

Nobody moves.

SHERIFF OAKS

Where did they take him, Emma?

EMMA

In their flying saucer. They took
Lucky, too.

(beat)

We saw it go into the sky.

Sheriff Oaks takes a slow step back.

He turns to Deputy Pratt.

SHERIFF OAKS

Get on the radio. Call the State
Police. Tell them we need men out
here -- now.

DEPUTY PRATT

Right.

SHERIFF OAKS

Then call Campbell Army Airfield.
Tell them we have an incident.

(beat)

Make sure they bring men.

Deputy Pratt nods, hurrying to the car.

Hank, Audrey, and Travis approach the Sheriff.

Travis's face is wet with tears.

They are drained. Vacant.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

Hank, I understand Bobby is
missing?

HANK

(quiet, nods)

Yeah.

SHERIFF OAKS

You check with Floyd up on the hill?

No response.

A beat.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

I'll talk to him.

He wipes a hand across his face. His tough exterior cracks for just a second.

SHERIFF OAKS (CONT'D)

We'll put together a search team.

AUDREY

You can't search where they took him.

Sheriff Oaks pauses.

THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Young Sam speeds in on his bike and SKIDS TO A STOP.

His face drops.

The house looks like a war zone.

EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

He walks slowly into the yard.

Past the bullet casings. The torn-up barn.

Then stops.

He stares at the wreckage... the shattered windows... the splintered front porch.

A long beat.

He looks toward the woodline.

The wind rustles through the trees.

OLD SAM (V.O.)

The Staties came. So did the military from the base.

Young Sam stands alone. Just taking it all in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - PRESENT DAY - DAY

The scene shimmers -- and we see him now.

Old. Weathered. Standing in the same spot.

The farmhouse is decayed. The barn collapsed.

Time has done its work.

He just stares as he takes it all in.

MAJOR CARLSON (O.S.)

What happened after that?

Old Sam turns slightly, acknowledging him.

OLD SAM

They couldn't find any evidence of aliens. Just a shot-up house and a couple craters they claimed were land shifting.

(beat)

Funny how it just shifted in four places -- Each five by five.

Major Carlson glances at Captain Humphrey.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

And the family?

OLD SAM

Moved out.

(shrugs)

People in town talked.

MAJOR CARLSON

Talked about what?

OLD SAM

That it was a hoax.

(quiet beat)

Except for the boy. That wasn't a hoax. Some folks thought his parents killed him.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

You believe that?

OLD SAM

Not a chance. They loved him. They were destroyed after he was gone.

(beat)

Hank told me what happened that night...and now I've told you. And Hank Clements never told a lie in his life.

EXT. THE BLACK SUBURBANS - DAY

The Officers head back to the cars.

Old Sam follows.

They reach the first squad car.

Major Carlson climbs in.

Captain Humphrey pauses at the second car.

He leans into the half-opened window.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY

Well... he described it exactly like you did.

A voice snaps back.

BOBBY (O.S.)

I told you! Now do you believe me!?

Old Sam's breath catches.

The frantic voice stirs something deep in him.

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

I have to find my parents! They must be worried! I've been gone for two whole days!

The back window rolls down revealing Bobby Clements.

He hasn't aged a day. Lucky whimpers next to him.

Old Sam's face twists in shock. Disbelief. Horror.

Bobby locks eyes with him.

Something flickers across his face --

A moment of confusion.

