

Area 52  
by  
Jamie Alexander

Jamie Alexander  
E-mail: [pillar\\_entertainment@yahoo.com](mailto:pillar_entertainment@yahoo.com)  
Phone: 323. 377. 4834

EXT. DESERT - DAY

WHUMP! The butt of a mechanical contraption hits the ground. It's cylindrical, enveloped in wires and antennae.

Stu and Dajuan catch their breath as they step back to look at the piece of machinery.

Stu looks past the mountains, into the sun.

STU

It's a good spot. Open.

Dajuan nods, wipes his brow and looks to--

Mike and Sadie. Mike, in a sharp suit, leans against his car, studying a tabloid mag. Sadie, in a gorgeous nightgown sits in the open door, fuming.

DUJUAN

Alright, Mike. What's next?

Mike turns a page of the tabloid to a full spread of "The Alien Receiver" assembly instructions.

MIKE

Dunno. It doesn't say. Can't you just turn it on?

STU

Does it say anything about a power-up sequence, or anything?

MIKE

How should I know, Stu? You built it.

Sadie pulls her head from her hands, glaring at Mike.

SADIE

I'm so mad at you right now, I can't even make...words--

MIKE

All it says is "activate".

SADIE

Michael, we're going to be late.

STU

No, it's the mountains. They're going amplify the signal.

SADIE  
 (raising her voice)  
 Stu, I said we're gonna be late.

STU  
 Oh. I thought you asked how it  
 worked.

SADIE  
 What--?

A splitting, electric hum shoots from the receiver. Dujuan  
 stands from the unit and takes a slow step back.

DUJUAN  
 That thing's cookin', now.

MIKE  
 Dujuan, I wouldn't stand that  
 close. It might give you some  
 disease.

DUJUAN  
 You mean a tumor?

The receiver shudders as a small hologram blips from the  
 unit. A sensor sweep pulses through the hologram.

Searching, searching...

DUJUAN (CONT'D)  
 Yo, Stu. This thing ain't gonna  
 blow us up, right?

STU  
 No.

DUJUAN  
 Is it gonna give us a tumor?

STU  
 No.

Stu thinks a moment. He takes a step back.

SADIE  
 Hey, guess what, guys? There are no  
 aliens.

STU  
 What?

SADIE  
Yeah, sorry Stu. There's no aliens.  
That's it. Waste of time.

MIKE  
Sadie--

SADIE  
Ok. Let's suppose there are aliens,  
and your little 'National Inquirer'  
thing here works--

STU  
It's been tested--

SADIE  
What happens when an alien shows  
up?

Stu looks to Dujan.

DUJUAN  
We're gonna capture it.

SADIE  
And then what?

DUJUAN  
Study it.

SADIE  
You're going to study it. I'm  
leaving.

MIKE  
Sadie, Stu has this calculated. He  
spent hours...days--

Sadie jumps out of the car and turns down the dirt road.

EXT. DESERT - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Sadie tromps through the dust.

SADIE  
I don't care what he spent--

Mike follows.

MIKE  
...calculating and listening.

SADIE

To whom? Listening to whom?

MIKE

He listens to his sources, that are viable sources, that he listens to, that confirm possible--would you get back in the truck, please?

SADIE

Mike he got this out of the National Inquisitor--

MIKE

And chat rooms.

Sadie stops, aghast.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What? He studies thousands of records--

SADIE

I'm wearing a dress, Mike. You told me this was supposed to be a special night. But now I'm walking home. In *this dress*.

She turns back to the road, heaving.

MIKE

I like your dress.

Suddenly, Mike's walkie talkie squawks.

STU (O.S.)

Alpha, Alpha! Come in Alpha!

Mike pulls out his walkie.

MIKE

Go, Bravo Team.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Stu and Dajuan stare at the receiver. A blip spikes the hologram's interface.

STU

We've got a definite proximity reading here, Dajuan.

DUJUAN  
Um, Alpha, Stu's calling a definite  
proximity reading--

STU  
It's really close. Tell him it's  
close.

Suddenly, a twig snaps.

Frozen in fear, Dujuan barely eeks out a raspy whisper.

DUJUAN  
*Ten-fourteen. I repeat, ten-  
fourteen.*

EXT. DESERT - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Mike freezes.

MIKE  
Ten-fourteen? It's a ten-fourteen!

Mike scrambles after Sadie.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Sadie! Sadie! It's a ten-fourteen!

Mike grabs her hand and pulls her back towards the car.

SADIE  
What? What are you talking about?

MIKE  
Alien! They've had an encounter!

Mike and Sadie run back to the car, Mike screaming into his  
walkie.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Enroute, Bravo. Alpha is enroute--

They reach the car, and Mike pushes Sadie into the open door.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Get in! You'll be safe.

SADIE  
Mike wait!

MIKE  
Lock the doors--

SADIE

Where are you going? Don't leave--

Mike gives her his walkie.

MIKE

Keep this. Channel 3--

SADIE

Mike!

MIKE

I'll be back. Sadie--

SADIE

What?

Sadie locks eyes with Mike, terror furrowing her brow.

MIKE

Stay here.

Mike slams the door and runs off.

EXT. DESERT - ROCK FORMATION - DAY

Mike tears around a corner to find Stu and Dujuan staring at the ground.

MIKE

What is it?

He grinds to a halt. At their feet, imbedded in the soft sand, is a line of alien footprints.

STU

Footprints.

DUJUAN

Definitely alien.

Dujuan raises his camera phone and snaps a picture.

STILL INSERT: Dujuan's picture of the footprints.

Behind them, something scurries through the bushes. The men turn in time to see--

A form flash into the brush.

STU

Take cover!

The guys dive behind rocks.

Mike's eyes lock with the receiver a dozen yards off; the ping pulses over the hologram.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Sadie sits in the car messing with the walkie.

SADIE  
(into the CB)  
Mike? Stupid thing.

Static.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
Mike?

EXT. DESERT - ROCK FORMATION - DAY

Another twig snaps close to the guys' location.

DUJUAN  
It's getting close.

STU  
What do we do?

DUJUAN  
I dunno.

STU  
You're the weapons expert.

DUJUAN  
I dunno. Stuff it into this net.

Dujuan pulls out a lame fishing net as Mike nods.

MIKE  
It's a good idea.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who's gonna stuff?

DUJUAN  
I'll stuff.

STU  
No, wait. I'll stuff.



DUJUAN  
But I'm the weapons--

STU  
No, Dujuan. I've gotta do this.  
I'll call if I need back up.  
(Stu looks to Mike)  
Mike, where's your walkie?

MIKE  
I gave it to Sadie.

STU  
You gave it to...ok. Stick with  
Dujuan. Make sure if you need to  
use Dujuan's walkie, you say your  
name first. You're still Alpha,  
alright, Mike? Make sure you say  
that before you talk, otherwise I  
can't tell you apart.

The guys watch Stu crawl to an adjacent bush.

DUJUAN  
I'm the weapons expert.

Mike takes a deep breath, and leans in to Dujuan's walkie.

MIKE  
Bravo? You ready?

STU  
Ready.

MIKE  
Go!

Screaming, Stu leaps out of the bushes, net spread wide. He lunges and--

Crashes into a thicket of brush.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Stu!

DUJUAN  
Stu!

STU  
I got it! I got it! I need back up,  
I need back up!

Mike and Dujuan leap from their positions and pull Stu and his net into the clearing. Inside the net is a little bunny rabbit.

DUJUAN  
It's a bunny!

STU  
(gasping for air)  
What?!

DUJUAN  
It's only a bunny. Let him go!

Mike looks to the tracks as Dujuan opens the net and lets out the bunny.

It hops off into the brush.

MIKE  
It's funny. They do look like  
little shoes. Little shoes in the  
dirt. Oh, no--

Mike's hands go to his pockets.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
No. No. No. No.

DUJUAN  
What?

MIKE  
Oh, no. Oh, no.

DUJUAN  
What is it?

MIKE  
I lost it! It fell out!

DUJUAN  
What did?

Mike scrambles around the bushes.

DUJUAN (CONT'D)  
What are you looking for?

MIKE  
The ring!

DUJUAN  
What?

Mike stands, terror furrowing his brow.

MIKE  
I lost Sadie's ring!

Stu and Dujuan freeze.

DUJUAN  
Sadie's ring?

MIKE  
I had it by the car. Now it's gone.  
It's by the car, we have to get  
back to the car.

STU  
Wow. Congrats, man.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Sadie continues to fiddle with the walkie.

SADIE  
Mike? Mike, this isn't funny, where  
are you?

Suddenly, the radio crackles. An odd voice comes over the  
walkie. Ethereal, organic, inhuman...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello.

Sadie freezes.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello.

Sadie lifts the walkie to her mouth.

SADIE  
Mike?

VOICE (O.S.)  
No. Me.

Sadie gasps.

Outside the car, a small, bald figure stands. It stares at  
Sadie.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello.

Slowly, Sadie opens the door. She steps out onto the dirt.

The alien reaches out its hand. Enclosed is a small, black box. Again, the walkie talkie squawks:

VOICE (CONT'D)

You. Be. Happy.

Sadie reaches out and receives the box.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Be. Happy.

Sadie looks at the little box. She opens it, revealing a small, beautiful diamond ring. As she looks up, the alien has already made its way into the brush. It turns one last time and lifts a hand.

Sadie stands, flabbergasted.

SADIE

Thank you.

Suddenly, the men burst through the brush. Mike makes a beeline to the car.

MIKE

Check underneath--

Stu and Mike dive under the car as Dajuan freezes. His eyes lock on--

A shimmering saucer rising silently from the scrub brush. Unblinking, he raises his camera phone and--

CLICK! Just as the shudder snaps, the ship punches silently into the atmosphere. He turns to Mike and Sadie.

She smiles, tears welling in her eyes. She looks to the open black box.

SADIE

Mike?

Mike stands, dirt covering his suit.

MIKE

Sadie, where did you find that?

Sadie smiles, tears welling in her eyes. She turns to the empty desert, searching. There's nothing but rock and sand. She's speechless--

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

She nods and laughs, gazing at the ring.

SADIE  
It's beautiful.

Mike pulls her close. He whispers in her ear.

MIKE  
I was gonna do this tonight, on the  
lake...Will you marry me?

A tear falls down Sadie's cheek. She beams at him.

SADIE  
Yes.

They embrace. Suddenly--

A grinding smash shoots from behind them.

STU  
The receiver--

They scramble to the clearing as somewhere, off in the  
distance, an inhuman howl echoes over the rocks.

DUJUAN  
What the fudge was that?

As the four emerge, they see the smashed receiver, pulverized  
in the middle of--

A giant, clawed footprint.

MIKE  
Hello, Bigfoot...

CLICK. Dujuan takes another picture.

STILL INSERT: Bigfoot's clawed footprint.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER CREDITS:

The digital photo Dujuan took of the saucer: fuzzy and  
completely mis-shot: Right on par with all other flying  
saucer pictures.