

FÉILEACÁN

First Draft

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Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHT SKY

SUPER: SOUTHERN ENGLAND

A clear night and the milky way is out in all its glory.

A flash of light as something streaks across the sky, burning up as it races through the atmosphere.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

By the light of a small lantern, an old man, KEN (80s), sits in a garden chair, looking out at the night sky. He has a clipboard on his lap, and he's marking a tick list down.

A light appears over his shoulder, quickly streaking across the top of him.

He stands in surprise, sending his clipboard flying.

The meteorite races through the sky, plummeting down into the valley below.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Something small and furry scurries through the undergrowth. A Tawny Owl hoots it's sorrowful call.

In the distance a small prick of light grows rapidly. It's the meteor. It grows in size, it's roaring blaze filling the screen.

Improbably, it stops dead, level with the tops of the trees.

Something inside starts to glow, and with a loud CRACK, a protective outer shell explodes away, four globs of material fly off to the four winds.

The distant sound BRANCHES CRACKING and four WHUMPS as the casing hits the ground heralds the slow gradual descent of a small and very ornate metal object. It is a thing of strange beauty, all frills and wriggling appendages and strange lights.

With infinite delicacy it touches the ground. Lights trill and flicker all over it.

A rabbit hops over, curious, and sniffs it.

The lights run in regular patterns, as if running a test, and then flicker wildly for a few seconds.

The rabbit backs away unsure, then bounds off in fright.

The lights go out. A fox shrieks nearby, raising the merest flicker from the object. Then darkness.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

The old man hurriedly packs up his equipment, as quickly as he can with only one arm - his left arm is strapped to his chest.

INT. CILLIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mobile phone bursts into life on a bedside table. The caller ID reads 'Arsehole'.

A hand reaches out from under a duvet and grabs it, drawing back under the duvet.

CILLIAN

Whu?

ARSEHOLE

Cillian! Wake up now!

CILLIAN (late 30's) drags himself out from under the duvet.

CILLIAN

Whu?

ARSEHOLE

Get dressed. Sightings of a meteor landing nearby. Local UFO fuckwits are going bonkers. Get out there!

CILLIAN

Oh... no, no, no.

Next to him LEISHA (mid-late 30's) rolls over.

LEISHA

What's up?

CILLIAN

Christ knows. Go back to sleep, I'll see you later.

He leans over, kisses her, then drags himself out of bed.

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

In the early morning light, Cillian's car pulls up into a car park. There are lots of nerdy people milling about, some with strange home-made tech, others with dowsing rods.

Cillian steps out of the car and looks around at the nerdery. He sighs.

MARK (late 40's) hurries up to Cillian.

MARK
Hey Cillian

A wave of relief crosses Cillian's face.

CILLIAN
Hoped you'd be here. Would've rung
but...
(glances at his watch)
What's happening?

MARK
A big mystery! Meteorite should
have crashed somewhere round here.
But no-one heard it land.

CILLIAN
If a meteorite falls in a forest...

MARK
What? Malky and Lex saw it this
side of the woods, and then it
vanished. No crash site can we
find.

CILLIAN
You would have thought a big lump
of rock would make quite an impact.

Mark nods.

MARK
Come on, we're going to head east,
see if we can see anything over
there before the Police arrive and
spoil everything. You coming?

Cillian shrugs and shuts his car door.

CILLIAN
Lead on!

Mark turns and stops dead in his tracks, his arm shoots out to stop Cillian.

A sports car with the number plate UFO1 pulls into the car park. Nerds drift apart to allow it through.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Who's that?

MARK

Paul Williams. There is only one greater expert on UAPs in the country. His Dad! And he lives a few miles that way. What if he's here too? Oh my, this is big!

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Ken struggles along the road with his equipment, a large bag slung over his shoulder.

BILL (50's) bearded and sleepy, stumbles up the road the other way, a bouncy springer spaniel dragging him along.

KEN

Excuse me? Are you local?

BILL

Yes.

KEN

D'you hear anything unusual last night?

BILL

No, sorry. Did I miss something? Barry!

The dog tries to pull him off into the woods. He tries to bring it to heel, but Barry the dog is agitated.

KEN

A meteorite flew this way last night. I'm trying to find where it landed.

BILL

Can't have landed round here. Sure I would have heard something like that.

Ken looks about.

KEN

OK, thank you. Have a nice day.

Bill nods and watches Ken head up the road. Ken turns off down a path.

Bill realises Barry is still desperately trying to drag him off into the undergrowth.

BILL

Barry, what is it, boy?

Bill glances back at the place when Ken was.

BILL (CONT'D)

Can you smell something? Come on, show me.

He plunges into the undergrowth after Barry.

EXT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

PAUL WILLIAMS, late 40's but still thinks he's in his 20's, struts away from his sports car. He looks about.

PAUL

(to himself)

No sign of the police. Good.

He addresses a nearby group of nerds.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You! Who's in "charge" here?

They look non-plussed. One of them hesitantly points at Mark.

Paul nods his thanks and saunters up to Cillian and Mark.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Got some intel that we had an incursion last night. As luck would have it I was in the area visiting my mum.

Mark looks star-struck. Paul leans in, lowering his expensive sunglasses.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Actually, I wasn't, but that baby goes like shit off the proverbial, if you know what I mean.

Mark nods in awe.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Come on. You can give me the
lowdown as we walk.

Cillian is not impressed. Mark is wide-eyed, and scurries
after him.

MARK

I'm Mark Brown. I'm a big fan, Mr
Williams.

PAUL

Hah, I think there's a joke in
there, somewhere. Not a very good
one, mind.

Unimpressed, Cillian follows.

EXT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

Ken stumbles through the woods. He stops and fetches a
strange home-made device out of his pocket. He fiddles with
it, and the needle SCREECHES up to the red on the dial.

He turns around, the pitch of the squeal drops and then
raises again as he completes his turn.

He steps forward through the bracken, then stops dead.

There in front of him, half buried in long grass, is a
charred quarter of the casing that exploded off of the
meteorite.

Ken, almost in tears, kneels down and reverentially pokes it
with a stick.

EXT. WOODLANDS - CONTINUOUS

Barry the dog drags Bill in to the clearing and scampers up
to the beautiful object, lying inert in the grass. Barry
sniffs it and looks up at Bill.

BILL

Barry! What is it?

He leans in. Then looks about at the sound of nerds
approaching, blundering through the woods, shouting merrily
to each other.

Bill takes off his coat and scoops up the object.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come on Barry.

Bill and Barry hurry from the clearing as Mark, Paul and Cillian enter from the opposite side. They don't see Bill.

Paul stares intently at a really fancy version of the device Ken was using.

PAUL
There's something around here.

He waves it about in front of him as if he's on Star Trek.

Mark grins at Cillian.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'd say it was...

He kneels down just where the object had been a minute before. There is just a faint indentation in the grass.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...here.

He sniffs the air and nods.

MARK
What can you smell. Something
Alien? Something other-worldly?

PAUL
No. Brut aftershave.

A shout goes up and they all look round.

NERD
Mark! They've found something!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Bill hurries up the road, the object in his coat under his arm, Barry leaping about excitedly beside him.

BILL
Careful Barry, we don't want to
damage it.

They turn into a driveway leading to an old farmhouse.

EXT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

Paul, Mark and Cillian, plus a few nerds, stand over another piece of the casing.

A shy nerd comes up, similarly awe-struck of Paul, and whispers in Mark's ear. He shows him a photo on his phone. Mark takes it and shows Paul and Cillian.

MARK

They've found another piece about
200 metres in that direction.

Paul looks about. Then twists Mark 90 degrees.

PAUL

Then we need to go about 200 metres
in that direction.

INT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

Ken stumbles about, lost and frustrated. Brambles stick to him. He's getting grumpy.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bill places the object down on his table and marvels at it.

He picks up a Biro and pokes at it, pushing it around to take in the intricacies of the design.

Barry barks and jumps about.

BILL

I know, what is it?

He places the biro down and thinks. Then he reaches out his hand and touches it.

He recoils back.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ow, cold! But...

He looks at his coat, there are no marks on there.

He looks down. Barry has stopped jumping about and has slunk away, cowering.

BILL (CONT'D)

Barry?

He looks back at the device and gasps.

Lights trill about on it's surface once more, the intricate arms modulating and waving, forming specific shapes and patterns for a few moments and then moving again.

Bill moves in to look at it, struck by it's beauty.

The arms form a tulip shape and with the softest pop, a small light floats out of the cup and drifts upwards.

Bill is mesmerised, he stares slack jawed.

Barry slinks away, terrified. He hides under the coffee table, upon which stand several pictures of Bill with another man on a stage, both in tuxedos, waving to an audience.

The small light shrinks until it's bright tiny dot and floats towards Bill's face.

It stops about six inches from Barry's forehead, bobbing about, pulsating gently.

Small lights flicker across Bill's face, as if it's scanning him.

The light grows a little and changes colour to pale blue. It develops a hard shell. Then it rushes at Bill's open mouth. So shocked at the sudden movement, Bill swallows it.

Bill clutches at his throat, terrified at what's happened, panic etched on his face for a moment, before he suddenly relaxes.

Barry growls and barks from under the table.

BILL (CONT'D)
It's OK, Barry. It's OK.

Barry backs further under the table, the pictures wobbling about on top.

INT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

Another piece of the case lies wedged against a tree.

Paul and Mark hurry up to it.

MARK
Oh my, you're good.

Paul looks about, now in his element.

Unimpressed, Cillian points.

CILLIAN

That way.

PAUL

Yes, I was going to say that. You!

He points to a nerd nearby, then addresses Mark.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can I trust her?

Mark nods.

MARK

Sophie? Of course.

PAUL

Take that back to my car.

SOPHIE (20's) is not impressed, but the lure of touching something alien is too much.

CILLIAN

Shouldn't we leave these things where they are? Don't they belong to NASA or the Queen or something?

PAUL

No, sir. These do not belong to NASA. Do you see a NASA logo? Do you see a royal crest?

CILLIAN

No, but...

PAUL

They risk being contaminated, and they could tell us so much!

CILLIAN

You have one, though. Isn't that enough.

Paul splutters, incandescent at this man's lack of respect.

PAUL

Come Mark, let us find the rest of this object. Perhaps then we can figure out what was inside.

He stalks off into the woods.

Mark shrugs at Cillian and follows.

Cillian looks about and is about to walk off when Ken appears.

KEN
Excuse me?

CILLIAN
Hello.

KEN
Did he -
(jerks his finger towards
the retreating Paul)
Just find one of these.

He pulls his own piece of casing from his bag.

CILLIAN
Sure did. They look like quarters,
don't they, so I think that's all
of them accounted for.

KEN
But not what was in it.

CILLIAN
We think someone's already taken
that. Or it's gone off by itself?

KEN
Neither fills me with any great
confidence. Oh, look out.

Paul and Mark have returned.

PAUL
Hello Ken.

KEN
Paul.

They nod curtly to each other.

Mark stands behind Paul, almost giddy with excitement. His two heroes are finally here in the same space as him.

PAUL
I take it that is the last of the
casing?

KEN
We have drawn that conclusion.

Ken places it back into his bag.

PAUL
What do you make of it?

KEN
You'll find out.

PAUL
Dad, we've been through this a hundred times. You aren't 40 any more. You don't have the equipment. You're old school.

KEN
Neither are you, son.

PAUL
At least I'm still in my 40's!

KEN
Only just.

CILLIAN
Listen, I don't know what tortured past you two have, but even me as a complete non-nerd, can see that this is significant. Why don't you two work together, and with my contacts, perhaps we can make this into something seismic?

MARK
He can get you in the local paper!

Paul and Ken consider this. Then Paul shakes his head and walks away.

PAUL
Sorry. And if I were you, old man, I'd keep well out of my business. You're not welcome.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill stands erect, a peculiar, calm look on his face.

On the table the object is once again inert.

Bill stares at nothing for several seconds before drawing breath, as if coming out of a trance.

He looks round confused for a few moments, then down at Barry, still cowering under the table.

BILL

What are you doing under there, you silly sausage.

He goes down to Barry's level.

Barry backs away, then slowly edges forwards again.

BILL (CONT'D)

There you go, nothing to worry about!

He makes a fuss of the dog, then takes out his mobile phone and dials.

As he stands, waiting for someone to answer, he picks up the photo on the coffee table.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ben! How are you? I'm good... good... Listen, I was wondering, I know you asked before and I've said no, but I've had a change of heart. How about one more time around the circuit?

He places the picture back onto the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

Great! I knew you wouldn't let me down! How about we meet for a coffee later to discuss it?

EXT. LOCAL NEWS OFFICE - DAY

Cillian taps away on his computer.

His editor, ARSEHOLE (60's, angry) from the early morning phone call, appears at his office door.

ARSEHOLE

Cillian, in here now.

Cillian neither revels at being spoken to like that, nor makes frantic efforts to get up.

INT. ARSEHOLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian saunters in.

Arsehole jabs at his monitor.

ARSEHOLE

What's this?

CILLIAN

It's what you woke me up for at 3 o'clock this morning.

ARSEHOLE

I'll tell you what this is. Shit! Where's the fucking crater? The half destroyed herds of burning cows?

CILLIAN

This isn't South Park.

ARSEHOLE

At least interesting shit happened there. Christ! Nerds ramble about in a forest and find... What? A trans-galactic suitcase?

CILLIAN

They think that whatever in the case is still out there.

ARSEHOLE

Listen to me. We are stock out of anything noteworthy for this week, so give me something by five or you're fired.

CILLIAN

I have legal rights, you know!

ARSEHOLE

Oh yes, I forgot, we live in the age of the snowflake. God I wish we were back in the 70's. 5pm! Or you'll be on obituaries for the next month.

EXT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - DAY

Cillian drives into the car park.

INT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - DAY

Mark, dressed in a lab coat peers into a microscope.

His phone pings and he glances at it.

He stands and addresses another lab coat nearby.

MARK

Just popping outside for some fresh air. Bit of a headache.

EXT. CHEMICAL COMPANY CAR PARK - DAY

Mark jumps into Cillian's passenger seat.

MARK

Wasn't this morning mad!

CILLIAN

Unusual, I'll give you that. Listen the boss is giving me a hard time over the story. We don't really have much yet. I need to speak to that Ken guy. You said you knew where he lived?

MARK

Sort of, I think. Can I come?

Cillian shrugs.

CILLIAN

Of course.

EXT. CILLIAN'S CAR - DAY

The car breezes down a country lane.

INT. CILLIAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARK

I wonder what he's found out about those things we found. They had to be alien, right?

CILLIAN

As much as that would be very cool, we have to be practical about it. It's more likely camping debris.

MARK

Oh come on! The meteorite that didn't crash, the strange, otherworldly smell of Brut!

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Paul and Ken Williams both out in force. This is huge, I know it is.

CILLIAN

And it might be nothing.

MARK

Pfft. Ye of little faith.

The car enters a wooded area.

CILLIAN

But, I have to confess, it is all quite in... shit!

He slams on the brakes and the car lurches to a halt. They both stare out of the windscreen in wonder.

MARK

What the...?

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - CONTINUOUS

All sorts of woodland animals - badgers, deer, rabbits, foxes, mice, voles, hedgehogs - cross the road in a hurry, all heading in the same direction.

Cillian and Mark both step out of the car to watch.

INT. BILLS' HOUSE - DAY

Bill has his stage gear spread out on the sofa. He's stood in a vest and pants, ironing his shirt. A strange contented smile sits upon his lips.

The object sits on the table, inert.

Barry the dog jumps up and starts barking, as someone knocks on the door.

Humming contentedly to himself, Bill opens the door to reveal a young POLICEMAN (20's).

POLICEMAN

Sorry to disturb you, sir. We're just investigating some reports of strange activity in the area.

BILL

Oh, you mean the meteorite?

POLICEMAN

Yes, only, well, I can't really speculate what it was sir. Have you seen anything unusual today?

BILL

No, not at all. Apart from herds of anoraks bumbling about all over the place.

POLICEMAN

Yes, they were on the scene very quickly.

Barry barks.

BILL

Shush Barry!

POLICEMAN

Lovely dog you have there, sir. My aunt breeds those dogs. Her house stinks.

BILL

Yes, lot of hard work. And he is a bit smelly at times.

The policeman's eyes flick around the room behind Bill.

Bill realises that the Policeman can see the object and moves to block his view, pretending to shoo Barry back.

POLICEMAN

I can imagine. So you didn't hear loud bangs or crashes last night?

BILL

No, none at all. I spoke to some of those people poking about this morning and told them the same.

POLICEMAN

Several cars caught something on their dash cams and it certainly seems to come down in the woods here.

BILL

Well, as I say, there was nothing. No explosions, or catastrophic rending of wood, rock and earth. Just the owls and the foxes making their normal nocturnal noises.

POLICEMAN

Very well. If you do think of anything, please give me a call.

He hands Bill a card.

BILL

Thank you, officer.

POLICEMAN

Good bye, sir.

BILL

Bye.

The policeman turns away and heads back down the path.

Bill shuts the door and breathes a sigh of relief.

On the table the object flutters a little, then settles down.

EXT. KEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ken lives in a picturesque little cottage.

Cillian and Mark step from the car.

MARK

Nice house.

CILLIAN

Mark, it's almost identical to yours.

MARK

The man clearly has taste.

They head up the path to the front door.

INT. KEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Ken leads Cillian and Mark through into a small living room. It's very unassuming. His bag perches on a coffee table.

KEN

I spent some time looking about for more debris after you left, but there was nothing. Then the police turned up, so I beat a hasty retreat.

CILLIAN

Have you had a chance to analyse
the casing.

KEN

No. Bit of a problem there.

He reaches into the bag and pulls out a handful of white
powder.

MARK

No!

KEN

It was like this when I got home.

CILLIAN

Oh. Are Paul's the same?

KEN

I wondered if you might ask him?

CILLIAN

I can.

KEN

I wondered also, if you'd repeat
your suggestion of him working with
me?

CILLIAN

Of course. Can I ask what caused
the rift between you two?

KEN

Oh. Well that would be my fault, I
suppose, but I've always been too
stubborn to admit it. It was only
after my wife passed that I...
realised what an idiot I'd been.

CILLIAN

How's that?

KEN

This.

Ken picks up a book, 'The UFO Deception'.

MARK

Oh! Classic!

KEN
Some parts of it may not
technically be true.

Mark gapes.

KEN (CONT'D)
I know. I'm sorry. It's only a
couple of small bits, but Paul felt
they were quite significant to the
argument.

MARK
Which bits?

KEN
The sightings in Amersham and
Leeds. And some of the eyewitness
statements for the Gloucester UFO
were... embellished.

Mark looks utterly crest-fallen.

KEN (CONT'D)
I was under pressure to finish the
book and my publisher was not the
sort of person you messed around.
Anyway, years later, Paul found
out, he was horrified. Said I'd let
him and the whole community down. I
suppose I did. I tried to make it
up to him, but...

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bill sits with BEN (50's), the man from the picture on Bill's
coffee table.

Bill has a bag on the chair next to him, out of Ben's sight.

BILL
I'm so glad you are keen to do this
again.

BEN
You know I am, I've been hounding
you for years. What changed your
mind?

Bill glances into the bag. The object bursts into life, the
trilling lights just visible.

BILL

I don't know, really. It just felt like the right thing to do.

BEN

Well, I'm glad too. I could certainly use the mo...

Ben stops and glazes over. Bill is intrigued and glances back into the bag. The lights trill away.

BILL

Ben?

He waves his hand in front of Ben's face. Then smiles.

He takes a sip of coffee and glances around the cafe.

He tugs the bag open. The lights on the object fade away.

BEN

...ney, I'm a bit brassic at the moment.

Ben has no idea anything unusual happened there. He takes a sip from his coffee and shivers.

BILL

Well, I must admit, I could use a bit of extra cash too. Are you OK?

Ben frowns.

BEN

No... I feel like I need a lie down. Bit of a headache coming on. What's the plan then?

BILL

I've hired the local theatre, we can rehearse there for a few days. Perhaps do a couple of warm up shows, and then see what happens.

BEN

Do we not have a promoter? Or a booking agent?

BILL

Don't worry about that, I'll handle it. Just get your suit ready.

Ben tips his cup to him in salute and drinks up.

BEN

If you say so. You know, it's all coming back to me. The old routine. Do you think we'll need to update it at all? Modernise it?

BILL

I've got a few tweaks planned, but nothing significant. It's all pretty much what we did before.

Ben rubs his head.

BEN

Think I'll swing by the chemists on the way home. Feel like I've a doozy coming on.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Mark works at his microscope again. He's muttering to himself. He turns to a computer.

It's running some kind of process and reaching it's conclusion; '98%... 99%... Processing complete'.

Mark clicks a button and a series of complicated symbols fill the screen.

Mark stares wide-eyed.

A colleague wanders over.

COLLEAGUE

Want a coffee, Mark?

Mark jumps. Closes the window down quickly.

MARK

Sorry?

The colleague waves a mug at Mark.

COLLEAGUE

My turn to get them in. Usual?

MARK

Oh, yes please.

Mark watched the colleague walk away, then takes out his phone, glancing around as he does so. He dials.

MARK (CONT'D)

Cillian? You're not going to believe this! It. Is. Huge! When are you going to see Paul?

INT. LOCAL NEWS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CILLIAN

(into phone)

I was going this evening. Do you want to come? OK, OK. Meet at mine at half six. It's quite a drive. Christ knows how fast he was going to get there this morning so quickly. OK, yeah, see you then.

Cillian hangs up and pauses to think.

He glances over at Arsehole's office. The old man is ranting at someone down the phone. The conversation is just ending, and Arsehole slams down the phone.

Cillian steels himself, then heads over.

INT. ARSEHOLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CILLIAN

Got a minute?

Arsehole motions him into the office.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

I really don't think there's much more I can do with this UFO story. Bit of a non-event. I've spoken to the Police, they have nothing.

ARSEHOLE

That's because your nerds stole the evidence!

CILLIAN

Well, I'm not sure what they stole. That old man thinks it was from an aircraft. It's disintegrated into powder.

ARSEHOLE

So there's nothing? No alien life forms running about probing everyone in their path?

CILLIAN

No. It's most likely that the meteorite just burnt up in the air.

ARSEHOLE

Oh well, send me what you've got. Rachel may be onto something anyway, different story.

CILLIAN

I'd just like to interview one more person, if I may. You never know...

ARSEHOLE

Yes, yes, whatever. But don't waste too much more time on dead ends.

Cillian smiles.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - EVENING

Cillian hurries in, flinging his keys on the side.

Leisha sets the table for dinner.

Cillian hurries over and kisses her.

CILLIAN

Evening. Dinner ready?

LEISHA

Five minutes.

CILLIAN

Sausages or nuggets?

LEISHA

Nuggets. Mark called, said you two suddenly had plans.

CILLIAN

Yeah, it may be nothing, but Mark's in his element. He met two of his heroes today.

LEISHA

I know he told me all about it. Said you were going to meet one of them this evening. Had some news for him.

CILLIAN

Even I don't know what that is yet.

LEISHA

Well, he'll be here soon, I invited him for dinner, then you can go as soon as you're done. Just promise me, you're not getting into any trouble. It seems to follow you two. I don't want a repeat of your stag weekend.

CILLIAN

Ooh, no, definitely not. And don't worry, I'm sure this is absolutely nothing. It's just nice to see Mark happy for once.

His attempts to kiss her are interrupted by a knock at the door.

LEISHA

Speak of the devil.

Cillian answers the door.

Mark bustles in, excited.

MARK

Cillian. Hi little sis!

Mark hugs Leisha, then hands Cillian a printout.

CILLIAN

Is this what all the excitement is about? What is it?

MARK

I don't know! I've analysed that white powder a hundred ways this afternoon. It's not of this Earth!

CILLIAN

So what came down last night, then?

Mark shrugs and points to the laid table.

MARK

Is it sausages or nuggets?

CILLIAN

Nuggets.

MARK

Ooh, goody.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cillian and Mark walk up to the door.

CILLIAN
My hands are sweating.

MARK
Mine too. Do you think he'll sign
my book?

He pulls out a well thumbed copy of Paul's book.

CILLIAN
Probably. I just don't know how to
broach this issue with his Dad.

MARK
Do what I do. Bull in a china shop.
You might break a few things but at
least it's out there.

Cillian draws a breath to prepare himself and rings the bell.

Cillian straightens himself up and Mark jiggles about excitedly.

Paul opens the door.

CILLIAN
Hi, Mr Williams, sorry to disturb
you. Can we chat? We would have
called but...

PAUL
It's beauty and the beast! Of
course, come on in.

Cillian and Paul glance at each other.

MARK
(to Cillian)
You're clearly the beast.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Paul leads them into a dingy front room full of bizarre homemade devices. All very cool and futuristic looking. Some look decidedly dangerous.

PAUL
Probably best not to touch
anything, some of these prototypes
are a bit temperamental.

CILLIAN
We popped in to see your dad
earlier. His casing had
disintegrated.

PAUL
I thought it might. Mine did too,
but I managed to run a few tests.

Mark offers him the test results.

MARK
So did I.

Paul takes the paper and whistles as he reads it.

PAUL
Christ, where do you work?

MARK
Chemical company. I trained as a
doctor, but now work in R and D
with healthcare products.

PAUL
Nice!

CILLIAN
Listen, I think I've managed to get
my editor to lose interest, the
Police certainly have. But this is
something big, right? I'm thinking
we could really make a splash with
this. National news and stuff.

PAUL
Well, yes, but we only have half
the story. We have no idea what
came out of that casing, which was
obviously designed to disintegrate
and not be found.

He holds up a plastic cup full of the white powder.

CILLIAN
So what now? Watch and wait?

PAUL
Yes, I think so.

Mark nods at Cillian.

CILLIAN
Listen Paul, about your Dad.

Paul's attitude cools visibly.

PAUL
Ugh. What about him?

CILLIAN
He told us earlier about what he did.

PAUL
That was big of him. Shame he didn't come clean twenty years ago.

CILLIAN
I think he's really sorry, he wants to make it up to you but doesn't know how. I have to work with unscrupulous editors, it wouldn't have been easy for him.

Paul pauses, thinking. He looks at Mark.

PAUL
Did he tell you too?

Mark nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And you didn't want to throttle him?

MARK
No! Well, yes, a bit, but only because...

PAUL
He let us all down. Big time.

CILLIAN
But he's still your dad. And he's not getting any younger.

Paul fiddles with a device and gets a small electric shock.

PAUL
Oh, fuck! Oh, all right. I suppose it's time to bury the hatchet. This is too big to ruin with family feuds.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Bill and Ben stand on the stage. Bill fusses with a tall plinth in the middle of the stage. There are ornate prop boxes all around the stage, including one on the plinth.

Ben studies the script a frown on his face.

BEN

I must be getting old. I don't remember a lot of this.

BILL

Oh, I've, ah, rewritten some of it.

BEN

(to himself)
Some? More like all of it.

BILL

It's not a problem is it?

Bill positions the plinth and adjusts the box on top.

He lifts the lid, inside the object is active, waving its arms about.

Bill smiles contentedly at it.

BEN

No, just if you want to do a warm up gig on Thursday, I may be a bit rusty.

BILL

Nonsense. I'm sure you'll remember every word. Oh, it'll be Friday and Saturday as well now.

INT. LOCAL NEWS OFFICE - DAY

Cillian stares at his screen, thinking.

A moody teenager saunters by and slings an envelope onto his desk.

MOODY TEENAGER

This just came for you.

Cillian looks at the envelope. It's been hand delivered, and just has his name on the front.

He shakes it and rips it open.

He pulls out two tickets and a letter, which he scans quickly, then he holds up the tickets.

They read, 'Wilde and West, An Evening of Hypnotism and Illusion'.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - EVENING

Cillian and Leisha sit watching a mindless show on TV.

CILLIAN
Fancy going to the theatre tomorrow night?

LEISHA
Tomorrow? To see what?

CILLIAN
Some Hypnotism and Illusion show.

LEISHA
Sounds a bit naff.

CILLIAN
I think it's two local guys. Used to be quite big back in their day. Royal Variety Show, national tours, even Vegas. I guess they are fishing for a review in the paper.

LEISHA
I was planning a night out at the fun bar with Michelle, but I'm sure we can postpone that.

CILLIAN
Great!

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Bill and Ben are still practicing hard. They stand in the spotlight on the stage.

BEN
Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen.

He pauses.

BEN (CONT'D)
Can we still say that?

BILL
Yes, carry on.

BEN
Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen,
we'll now take a short break.

BILL
After which, we'll be back with
something that will blow your
minds!

The lights drop as they both move backwards, in a half bow.

The lights come back up again.

BILL (CONT'D)
Thank you, everyone, we'll call it
a day there.

Ben looks about. Several stage hands, all with Wilde and West
emblazoned tee-shirts start to pack away.

He shakes his head.

BILL (CONT'D)
See, that was perfect, told you
you'd get it all.

Ben smiles, but he's concerned.

BEN
Are you sure people will turn up
tomorrow. It's very short notice.

BILL
Of course they will. Why wouldn't
they?

Bill takes the box from the plinth.

BILL (CONT'D)
See you in the morning!

EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY

Cillian drives into the car park.

As he gets out of the car, he looks about.

There's no-one else around. Apart from the swishing of the
trees, there's no sounds of any birds or wildlife.

Suppressing a shiver he stomps off into the woods.

EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY

Cillian arrives at the clearing where the object landed.

He moves over to where Paul smelt Brut aftershave.

He digs about a bit and notices something.

He picks up a small charred globule of molten gunk.

He looks round, then heads off in the direction that Bill went.

As he moves forward, he can hear the sound of voices.

He stops to listen.

KEN (O.S.)
I tell you, I'm OK.

PAUL (O.S.)
I can't believe you didn't tell me
you'd had a stroke.

The two men are near a road, their backs to him.

KEN
What use would that have been?

Cillian coughs to draw their attention to him.

They both turn.

PAUL
Cillian!

Cillian hurries up to them.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What do you make of it? Creepy
isn't it? Dad said you saw all the
creatures leaving.

CILLIAN
I just found this.

He shows them out the blob of stuff.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)
Might be nothing.

He hands it to Paul who inspects it and passes it to Ken.

KEN

Probably best to get your friend
Mark to analyse it.

Cillian takes it back.

CILLIAN

Do we know how far the silence
extends?

KEN

About two miles that way.

He points.

CILLIAN

Shall we head that way two miles?

Cillian points the opposite way.

PAUL

Are we thinking that the clearing
over there is the epicentre?

CILLIAN

Would be logical.

They start to walk.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Short of breath, they stop next to a style.

Paul scribbles on an ordnance survey map, joining up a series
of dots.

PAUL

Well looky at that.

Cillian and Ken lean in.

The map shows a near perfect circle.

KEN

Where's the centre?

PAUL

Not where we thought it would be.

He taps the map on the clearing, then moves his finger away.

KEN
What's there?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Cillian, Ken and Paul stand outside Bill's farmhouse.

Paul knocks on the door. Barry barks.

They wait a while.

KEN
No one home. What's the time?

Cillian glances at his watch.

CILLIAN
Oh shit, the show!

EXT. THEATRE - EVENING

An illuminated sign displays an impressive poster for Wilde and West's evening of illusion and hypnotism.

Cillian and Leisha hurry towards the building.

LEISHA
I hope they don't pick on me. Make
me think I'm a duck or something.

INT. THEATRE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

CILLIAN
I'm sure they won't. Listen, why
don't you grab some snacks and find
our seats? I'll see if I can grab a
few words with them.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Cillian heads down a corridor stops at a door with a label
reading Bill Wilde. He knocks.

Bill's reply is muffled, so Cillian pushes the door open.

CILLIAN
Sorry, I couldn't hear what you...

Bill looks around, he's putting the object into one of the
ornate prop boxes. He slams the lid shut.

BILL
Cillian Sullivan! Thank you for
coming tonight.

Cillian smiles, slightly thrown by what he saw being put into
the box.

CILLIAN
It's a pleasure.

They shake hands.

Ben appears behind Cillian.

BEN
Ten minutes, Bill.

BILL
Ben, this is Cillian from the local
newspaper.

CILLIAN
Nice to meet you. Would it be
possible to grab a few minutes
after the show, get a few lines for
next week's issue?

BILL
Of course!

CILLIAN
Thank you. Oh, ah, break a leg!

Ben and Bill both thank Cillian as he backs away.

Bill steps forward and watches Cillian, a dark look crossing
his face. Then the moment passes and he smiles at Ben.

BILL
All set?

BEN
Surprisingly, yes.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The show is in full swing.

The audience are laughing at something humorous Ben has just
said.

BILL

Now then Ladies and Gentlemen, if
you would all stand...

He moves backwards towards the plinth as Ben steps forward
and the audience takes to their feet.

BEN

Very good. Now I'd like you all to
focus on me.

He pulls a wrist watch on a chain from his pocket and starts
to swing it.

BEN (CONT'D)

You are feeling very sleepy! Only
joking! Now just listen to my
words. You see the mind is a
mysterious thing...

As Ben continues with his monologue, Cillian watches the
stage, a frown on his face.

Bill opens the box on the plinth.

Inside, seen only by Bill, the object is going crazy nuts,
the lights flickering rapidly and the arms flailing about.
Small particles of light are floating out and then vanishing
as they drift away.

Bill smiles and shuts the box again.

In the audience, Leisha leans over to Cillian.

LEISHA

Did you ask them not...

She stops, spaced out, just like Ben did in the cafe.

Cillian frowns and looks at her, she's gazing at the stage.

Ben is still talking nonsense.

Cillian glances about, then a pain stabs across his forehead
and he clutches his hands to his head.

LEISHA (CONT'D)

...to pick on me?

Leisha is back again. She turns to Cillian, who is muttering
to himself, cradling his head.

LEISHA (CONT'D)

Cill? Are you alright.

Cillian crashes down to the ground, knocking other patron's sweets and popcorn flying.

BILL

Oh, can we get some help there?

He points to the stricken Cillian, peering through the bright lights. Then he rejoins Ben and carries on with the show.

Leisha drops down beside Cillian, worried, as two stage hands swoop down.

Leisha wipes away the hair from Cillian's face. He's sweating and muttering. The show going on behind drowns out what he's saying. His eyes roll wildly.

BEN

So those still standing, thank you,
you can sit now.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Doors to the auditorium open and the two stagehands carry a semi-conscious Cillian out of the auditorium. Leisha follows, flustered.

They place him in a chair, but his head lolls about.

STAGEHAND 1

Has he been drinking?

LEISHA

No, not at all.

She cradles his head in her hands.

LEISHA (CONT'D)

Cillian! Can you hear me?

STAGEHAND 2

What's he saying?

Leisha listens to Cillian's fevered mutterings.

LEISHA

I don't know. I can't make it out.

STAGEHAND 2

Do you want us to call an
ambulance?

Leisha lets Cillian's head loll back against the wall and reaches into her bag.

LEISHA
No, I need to call my brother.

STAGEHAND 2
Is he a doctor?

LEISHA
Yes.

STAGEHAND 2
We really should...

LEISHA
No! It's fine. My brother will know what to do. Can you help me get him to our car.

EXT. A STAR FILLED NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

The sound of crickets in a full late summer chorus.

A shooting star zips across the darkening sky.

EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ken and Paul are in the same spot Ken was when he saw the meteorite.

KEN
It flew right over my head here.

PAUL
What did?

KEN
The meteorite.

PAUL
We've been sat here for an hour and you just think to tell me now.

Ken smiles.

KEN
The counting was more important. You are still counting?

PAUL
Yes, Dad, I'm counting. That was thirty-three. How low was it?

KEN
Few hundred feet.

Paul whistles and stares up, trying to imagine it.

PAUL
Oh, thirty four. Marvellous. Why
are we doing this again?

KEN
All in good time. Focus.

He points up at the heavens.

Paul looks up.

Ken smiles, he's happy to be there with Paul.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Cillian lays on a sofa. He's soaked in sweat and still
muttering.

Mark pulls up one of Cillian's half closed eyelids and shines
a light into his eye.

Leisha stands next to him, looking on. She rubs at her own
head, which is hurting her a little.

MARK
Hard to say. What did you say
triggered it?

LEISHA
I don't know. We all were stood up.
They were doing the test, you know,
to see if you are susceptible?
And...

Mark checks Cillian's pulse.

MARK
Well, I'd say he has a concussion.

LEISHA
I don't think he banged his head.

Mark shrugs, then bends in to listen to Cillian's mutterings.

He frowns.

MARK
He just spoke German then.

LEISHA
He doesn't know German.

Mark listens intently to Cillian.

MARK
And that sounded Russian!

LEISHA
He barely speaks English! How does he know any of those languages. He only ever did French at school. Do you think I should have taken him to the hospital?

MARK
Good god, no. You did the right thing bringing him here. They'd just pump him full of something unhelpful.

LEISHA
What do you suggest?

MARK
Let me make a quick call.

Mark hurries away. Leisha bends down and mops at Cillian's fevered brow.

LEISHA
What's happened to you?

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A hand reaches forward and knocks on the front door.

The hand belongs to Ken. A cold Paul hops about behind him flapping his arms to warm up.

The door opens to reveal Mark.

MARK
Thanks for coming chaps, come in.

INT. MARK'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leisha stands behind Mark as they enter.

MARK
Leisha, this is Ken and Paul.

PAUL
I do Ken's counting for him.
Apparently.

He waggles his tally chart about.

Ken steps forward and nods.

KEN
Pleasure to meet you.

Leisha smiles and nods.

LEISHA
Through here.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ken kneels down and takes Cillian's hand.

He leans in and listens.

KEN
Feíleacán!

MARK
Sorry?

KEN
He was speaking Irish. My mother
was Irish, she used to teach me the
names of the animals. He just said
something about a butterfly.

Ken holds his hand over Cillian's face and concentrates for a few beats. Then he looks up at Paul.

KEN (CONT'D)
Fetch my brown case from the back
of the van would you, Paul. And the
voice recorder.

PAUL
Right now? Cup of tea with it?

KEN
And don't delay!

Paul is already halfway out of the door.

PAUL
Plate of French Fancies on a doily?

LEISHA

What do you think is wrong with Cillian?

KEN

Well, speaking in tongues is a common enough phenomenon. Although, most people usually just speak the one tongue. And it's usually gibberish.

He peers at Cillian, still muttering away.

KEN (CONT'D)

This is something quite unusual. I would guess that he's saying the same thing over and over in different languages. 40mg should do the trick, Paul.

Paul hurries back in, case in one hand, voice recorder in the other, which he passes to Ken.

Clunk! Paul opens the case. It's full of all sorts of ephemera.

Click! Ken holds the recorder near Cillian, recording him.

Sloosh! Paul draws a syringe of liquid from a small vial.

Tap tap tap, Paul squirts a bit out the top to remove air.

CILLIAN

Ahhhhh.

The needle goes into Cillian's arm and he instantly relaxes.

KEN

He'll sleep now. Come Paul, let's see what our friend has been saying.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre is now empty. Ben sits on the edge of the stage.

Bill appears from backstage.

BILL

Are you coming? They want to close up.

Ben nods, but doesn't get up.

BEN

We are doing the right thing here?

BILL

What's brought this on? That guy
that passed out?

BEN

No. Well, perhaps.

BILL

Listen, I know I am asking an awful
lot of you on faith. But trust me,
if I am right, we will start seeing
the fruits of our labours very
soon. They will come.

Ben smiles a strange serene smile.

BEN

But how? It makes no sense to me.
How have we achieved all this in so
little time?

BILL

All will be revealed. We just have
to trust. And who's to say that
that chap tonight wasn't moved in
some way?

BEN

I wonder if we can find out who he
was? Keep an eye on him?

He has an epiphany.

BEN (CONT'D)

That reporter never came back. Was
it him?

BILL

Perhaps! In fact, yes, do that. It
may help salve your conscience and
help our cause as well.

Ben smiles, serene.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - MORNING

A beautiful sunrise over Mark's pretty little cottage. Birds
sing merrily in the hedgerows and trees.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Leisha sits at the kitchen table, chewing on a pencil. She ponders over a sudoku puzzle. Her hair is bedraggled, last night's make-up not properly washed off. Still wearing the same clothes.

Mark shuffles into the room in his dressing gown.

MARK
Mornin' little sis.

He busies himself with the coffee maker.

Leisha grunts a tired greeting, and scribbles down a number.

MARK (CONT'D)
How's Cillian?

LEISHA
Sleeping. Ken said he may be a bit drowsy for a while. He'll be round later to check on Cillian.

MARK
Uh huh. You going to work?

Leisha scribbles more numbers into the sudoku as she talks.

LEISHA
Yes, end of month. Always a big panic going on somewhere. I'm putting my faith in you to look after him.

Mark sits next to her, cradling his coffee.

MARK
So what do you think happened last night?

Leisha shrugs.

LEISHA
Probably that show. They use all sorts of hypnotic triggers, those types. Could have tripped something in Cillian's head.

MARK
Do you remember that show mum and dad took us too in Bognor? Circus freaks and god knows what.

LEISHA

Do I?! Gave me nightmares for years after! That woman who stuck nails through her cheeks. Ugh!

MARK

I don't think mum ever forgave dad for that. Sally was terrified. I thought you might be too young to remember it.

LEISHA

I think mum secretly quite enjoyed it.

MARK

She was a dark horse that woman. Oh look, you've solved your puzzle.

Leisha looks confused, then glances down at the table.

The sudoku is complete.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well done, that was a hard one too.

Leisha is confused. She puts down the pencil and hurries out.

LEISHA

Better get going, need to pop home and freshen up. Let me know if that Ken has any news.

Mark watches her, then looks down at the puzzle. Then glances at his watch. He's impressed.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Cillian sleeps on the sofa.

His eyes move rapidly under his eyelids.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Cillian, dressed in striped pyjamas, stands in the middle of a country road.

Across the fields a eerie green glow emanates through mist.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian's eyes shoot about rapidly under his eyelids. He's sweating and begins to whimper.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Cillian walks barefoot across a field.

His eyes are fixed ahead. The green glow reflects in them.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Cillian approaches Bill's old, rustic farm house.

Mist swirls around, looking eerie in the faint green glow.

Cillian walks around the house and stops dead.

Ahead of him is a barn, strong green light escaping from cracks in the woodwork.

Cillian approaches the barn, moving as if he's trying to stop himself but cannot.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian's whimpering turns to a moaning. He wants to stop the dream, but he can't.

Mark appears.

MARK

Cillian?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Cillian approaches the barn. The door bursts open, silhouetting him.

He stops, staring, his face bathed in green.

A figure moves inside the barn. Tall and willowy, its shape forms in the green, dazzling light.

Cillian stares, eyes wide with fear, unable to move.

The creature unfurls scary, jagged butterfly wings.

Cillian raises his arms and cries out as if being attacked as an otherworldly SHRIEK rends the night air.

INT. CAR - MORNING

The shriek blends into the not so tuneful sound of Leisha singing along to the radio as she drives to work.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)
That was [song] by [artist], and
now it's time for the answer to our
daily brain teaser.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Leisha's car drives through picturesque country lanes.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)
It's a really tricky one today, so
I hope you've all had all had your
thinking hats on.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As she drives, Leisha applies a bit of lipstick.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)
The question was [question -
something to do with death or
skeletons].

Almost without thinking, Leisha has the answer.

LEISHA
[The answer].

She looks slightly surprised at herself, then realises that must be correct.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)
And the answer was [the answer].

Feeling a little smug, Leisha turns off the radio.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Ken, Paul and Mark stand and look at Cillian, tucked up under a blanket on the sofa.

MARK

Did you figure out what he was saying.

PAUL

Yes, although we're not entirely sure it makes any sense. And each language translated a bit differently.

MARK

Was it to do with butterflies?

KEN

"In the black, in the green, in the dark, sight unseen, the butterflies sleep. Awake and take what is ours."

MARK

Very poetic.

KEN

Thank you, I did play with it a little to make it sound better, but that's the general gist of it.

MARK

He's been dreaming a lot. Moaning and crying out.

Cillian stirs and opens an eye.

The three men look down on him.

CILLIAN

Mark?

He looks about, trying to sit up.

Ken leans forward and places a hand on his shoulder.

KEN

Take it easy, my friend. You're going to have quite a headache.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Leisha stares at a complicated spreadsheet, frowning.

Another lady comes up to her.

OFFICE LADY

Leisha, they need more coffee in the boardroom.

LEISHA

Where are Facilities?

OFFICE LADY

I don't know. Ray's out sick.

Leisha isn't really listening, she's still staring the spreadsheet.

LEISHA

Ray has early onset Parkinsons. His handwriting is getting smaller. Also, there was an atrocious smell coming from the sink in the kitchen area the other day and he didn't bat an eyelid. He's developed a slightly mad glint in his eye and he's been talking softly lately. Does this look right to you?

OFFICE LADY

Sorry?

Leisha points at the spreadsheet.

LEISHA

These don't look right.

OFFICE LADY

What about the drinks?

LEISHA

I don't know - find some patsy to take them in if you can't be bothered. I'm going to finance.

Leisha hurries away.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Cillian sits on the sofa, nursing a cup of tea.

CILLIAN

It was like I had a migraine very quickly. Tunnel vision. Strange sensations going across my eyes from right to left.

He sips at the tea as Paul fusses around him, attaching home made electrodes to Cillian's head and face.

Satisfied with his work, Paul turns to a strange looking set of old fashioned scanning equipment; all dials and wavy green lines on black screens. It looks like something from the 70s (which is exactly what it is). Wires run across the room to the electrodes on Cillian's head.

KEN

What were the last words you remember hearing?

CILLIAN

I don't really remember. It was like someone had pulled me underwater. Everything sounded a long way off... Nope, nothing.

Ken jiggles the strap around Cillian's head.

KEN

Not too uncomfortable?

Cillian shakes his head.

CILLIAN

This won't hurt, will it?

Ken smiles.

KEN

Not at all. Just relax. Ready Paul?

PAUL

Almost there...

KEN

This is sensitive equipment so try not to move too much.

Cillian gives him a nervous smile.

PAUL

All set.

Ken moves back and observes the antiquated dials and oscilloscopes now flickering about.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Shall I?

KEN

Please.

Paul flicks a switch.

CILLIAN

OW!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Leisha makes a beeline across the office to MR COLLINS (50's).

LEISHA

Mr Collins. These figures you sent to the COO are wrong.

MR COLLINS

I'm sorry?

LEISHA

The figures? You sent to Martha. They're wrong.

MR COLLINS

I wasn't aware that you were working with Martha?

LEISHA

I'm not, I noticed as I was walking past her desk. She asked me to double-check.

MR COLLINS

You spotted a mistake in a spreadsheet as you walked past?

LEISHA

Yes. Shall I show you?

MR COLLINS

Please do!

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

A grumpy Cillian sits rubbing his temples. The electrodes still stuck to his head.

Ken and Paul stare at the readouts.

Cillian looks on nervously.

KEN

Take it back 6.

Paul twiddles some dials.

KEN (CONT'D)

There.

A small spike appears on the oscilloscope.

Paul looks round at Ken.

PAUL

Oh! Is that...?

Ken nods.

KEN

I think so. Run it again. Double-check.

CILLIAN

Is everything alright?

KEN

Everything is fine. Tell me, have you even been diagnosed with ADHD?

CILLIAN

No.

KEN

Do you have a short temper?

CILLIAN

When I was young, perhaps, but not really. Quite the opposite, if anything.

PAUL

Sure about that? It may be very sporadic, just focussed on one person, someone who triggers you more than normal?

Paul makes eyes at his dad.

Cillian shakes his head, unsure.

KEN

How about work? Do you find it hard to focus? Get distracted easily. Always seem to be multitasking?

CILLIAN

I... I suppose I do. Yes. I hadn't really thought about it. Kind of the nature of the job.

KEN

How about life in general. Always feel like you've never quite achieved what you wanted to?

PAUL

I know that feeling!

CILLIAN

I suppose so. I always wanted to be a novelist. But there's always something getting in the way. Leisha, work, friends, sports.

KEN

I suspect from these readings that you have Attention Defecit Disorder. Nothing much to write home about, so don't go getting yourself all worried. But we've not seen this before.

CILLIAN

What before?

KEN

Some of these readings don't make sense. I would very much like to know more about this show. I believe that they were trying to plant something in the audience's brain.

CILLIAN

Like what? An idea? Mind control?

Cillian remembers.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

That Bill guy had something! A strange ornament. I saw it backstage, but I think he had it with him in a box on the stage.

KEN

What did it look like?

CILLIAN

I don't know, I just caught a glimpse of it. He hid it away. It looked weird. Unless they used it later as a prop?

Paul and Ken look at each other.

PAUL

Do you think we could get in there?

CILLIAN

I was meant to interview them. We could go back today.

PAUL

If we can keep them busy, I have a few tricks up my sleeve.

INT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - DAY

Mark works in his lab. He furtively looks about.

No-one is paying him any attention. From his pocket, he pulls out the small blob that Cillian found in the woods.

With a scalpel, he slices off a thin section. Then casually saunters over to a machine. He tinkers with the slice and places it into the machine. He starts it running and then strolls casually back to his desk.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Leisha points to the screen.

LEISHA

And so that can't be the right figure as the calculations are wrong on the other sheet, even though they look right, but because you're rounding, it's having a knock on effect here.

MICHAEL

You saw *that* from walking past?

LEISHA

Yes. Is that wrong?

MICHAEL

Well, no, it's... well, the chances
of you spotting it like that when
no...

Michael's eyes glaze over.

Leisha stands behind him, her eyes closed.

And then he's back in the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

...one else has spotted it are just

-

LEISHA

Astronomically small? Somewhere in
the region of 0.0000675 to 1.

MICHAEL

Well, that's very precise, but yes.

LEISHA

I like precision.

MICHAEL

Yes. Well, thank you... ah?

LEISHA

Leisha. Leisha Sullivan.

Leisha smiles and struts away.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Ben sits on the edge of the stage reading through a script.

BEN

Bill? Have you changed the second
act again?

No response. He looks about, he's alone.

He spots the box on the plinth. Curiosity kicks in. He stands
and saunters over to the plinth.

With furtive glances, he slowly lifts the lid to see what
Bill has in there.

It's empty.

CILLIAN (O.S.)

Mr West?

Ben jumps.

BEN

Oh! Blimey, you gave me a shock!

Cillian and Paul stand by one of the audience entrances. Paul carries a very impressive camera.

CILLIAN

Sorry, I didn't make it backstage last night. I wondered if I might trouble you now for a few words, and perhaps a photo? This is Paul.

Paul waggles his camera and grins.

BEN

Yes, of course. Of course. Were you the one who collapsed last night? It's hard to see with all these lights?

CILLIAN

Ah, yes, sorry, didn't mean to disturb your show. Bit of food poisoning, I think. Much better now.

BEN

Good, good. Bill is around somewhere. Perhaps we'll find him backstage. Come on.

PAUL

OK if I take some photos of the set?

BEN

Of course, just don't move anything. Bill has it all set just so. *Just so.*

Paul grins again, while Ben leads Cillian backstage.

Now it's Paul's turn to be furtive. He opens the photography bag to reveal all his amazing tech. He pulls out a few very small black dots.

He surveys the stage for suitable places for them.

As he moves onto the stage he uses one of his scanners.

INT. THEATRE BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ben leans Cillian down the corridor.

BEN

Bill? Are you still here?

Bill appears from his changing room.

BILL

What is it? I...

He spots Cillian.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh! Mr Sullivan? Are you OK, we were worried about you.

BEN

Food poisoning.

BILL

Oh, good, I mean, obviously not good, but the fact you are stood here now means it can't have been too bad.

CILLIAN

No, it soon passed. Do you have a few minutes for that interview now?

BILL

Of course! Shall we?

He ushers them into his room.

INT. THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Paul strolls around the stage, trying to find places to secrete his little cameras.

He places one on some scenery, making sure it's pointing towards the plinth.

He tries his gadget again, but can't get any readings.

PAUL

Useless thing.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark hurries in the door.

Ken sits alone tinkering with his equipment.

MARK

Can't stay long, have to get back to work. Got these from the blob that Cillian found.

Ken takes the printouts that Mark offers him.

He looks at them, his eyes widen in surprise.

KEN

But that's not possible.

MARK

Not on this planet. Only in theoretical physics books, anyway.

KEN

Don't tell the others just yet, I want to think about this. Are you sure this is what we think it is?

MARK

Why not?

KEN

Because it doesn't really change anything. We know we're possibly dealing with Aliens, and they would have to be advanced. This doesn't advance that theory much does it? I don't want it to be a distraction.

Mark deflates.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

FLASH! Bill and Ben pose on the stage in their suits. Paul snaps merrily away.

PAUL

That's it chaps, nice! Can you turn back to back now?

Bill and Ben oblige, posing professionally.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think that should do it. Thank you so much gentlemen.

CILLIAN

Yes, thank you. I'll make sure you're in next weeks issue.

BILL

Thank you, I believe that this is the start of something big... for us, I mean.

They all shake hands, then Cillian and Paul leave.

As the vanish out of sight, Bill's face drops.

BILL (CONT'D)

They know something.

BEN

What? Even I don't know half of what you're up to.

BILL

I told you. I want to keep it that way. It doesn't affect the show. You two!

He signals two of the stage hands.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Bill turns and stalks off backstage.

Ben watches him, annoyed.

BEN

Where are you going?

BILL

Home, now learn those revised pages. I've changed the quiz section again.

Ben sighs and shakes his head in frustration.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Leisha sits at a table in the office dining area with two colleagues. The two colleagues jabber aimlessly.

Leisha rubs her head as if she has a headache.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 1

Of course she didn't...

The same old blank look crosses her face for a moment.

The second colleague is chowing down on her lunch and doesn't notice.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 1 (CONT'D)

...really say that. I mean, she did, but I suspect she didn't really mean it. She, she, probably had low self-esteem issues.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 2

You what?

She too goes blank for a moment. The first colleague notices the blank look and looks at Leisha.

Leisha smiles contentedly.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 1

Low self-esteem?

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 2

Oh, yes, of course. Alfred Adler and all that?

Both colleagues look slightly surprised at their new found knowledge, unsure where it came from.

Leisha stands.

LEISHA

The day is young, but soon night will fall.

She smiles a demented smile and walks away.

The same demented smile crosses the colleagues lips.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A Range Rover pulls up and Bill and the two stage hands get out.

Bill leads them round the back of the house.

Here there are several out houses and buildings, and at the far end a large, old barn.

Bill leads them to the barn and enters.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - EVENING

Cillian enters, looking around a bit sheepishly.

CILLIAN

Leish?

Leisha bustles out of the kitchen.

LEISHA

Hello, you're early.

CILLIAN

I wasn't at work.

Leisha pauses for a moment.

LEISHA

Oh yes.

CILLIAN

Listen, is it alright if Ken, Paul and Mark come over this evening?

LEISHA

Of course. Sorry I didn't ring at lunchtime, got caught up chatting to a few people and lost track of time.

Cillian sniffs.

CILLIAN

S'OK. What are you cooking?

LEISHA

I fancied something different. Thai. That OK?

CILLIAN

Umm, yeah!

(to himself)

Makes a change from sausages or chicken nuggets.

LEISHA

Sorry?

CILLIAN

Smells amazing.

LEISHA

Hope you're hungry.

Cillian looks around. There's a pile of library books on the side.

He picks one up. The Middle Ages by Marc Morris. Another is Dan Snow's The Plantagenets.

Leisha appears carrying two steaming plates of Thai curry.

CILLIAN
Bit of light reading?

LEISHA
Yeah, I popped into the library on the way home. Felt the need for a bit of history. Wash your hands.

Cillian is confused, but tries not to show it.

CILLIAN
How was work this afternoon?

LEISHA
Oh, you know, same as normal.

CILLIAN
Did anyone else see the show last night?

LEISHA
No, but I think some people might go tonight. I told a few people to check it out.

CILLIAN
You only saw the first ten minutes.

LEISHA
I know, but they seemed like nice guys.

CILLIAN
I went back to interview them earlier.

LEISHA
You went back?

CILLIAN
Yeah, I said I'd interview them last night after the show, but, well, I didn't, did I?

LEISHA
Did Ken run those tests on you.

CILLIAN
Yes. Apparently I have ADHD.

LEISHA
Yes, I could have told you that.

CILLIAN
It didn't cross your mind, to actually tell me then?

LEISHA
It's only just struck me.

Cillian joins her at the table.

CILLIAN
What do you mean? Did you get a book of mental disorders from the library as well?

LEISHA
Silly! No, it's just now you mention it, it makes perfect sense.

CILLIAN
Well, it's news to me.

LEISHA
Your brain is broken. Your pre-frontal cortex is under-developed. You're faulty goods.

CILLIAN
Bit harsh.

LEISHA
Harsh but true. But I still love you.

Cillian is unsure what to make of all this.

They lapse into an awkward silence, which is thankfully broken by a knock at the door.

CILLIAN
I'll get it.

He jumps up and hurries to the door, opening it to reveal Mark.

MARK
Sorry, I'm early. I came straight from work.

Leisha is up and heading for the kitchen.

LEISHA

I knew you would, I've made some
for you too.

Cillian shrugs. Mark sniffs the air.

MARK

Not sausages or nuggets?

CILLIAN

Something's up, that's for sure.

Leisha reappears with another plate of food.

LEISHA

Asseyez-vous.

Cillian and Mark take their seats.

LEISHA (CONT'D)

How was work today, Mark?

Mark glances at Cillian.

Cillian shakes his head, trying to get him not to say anything.

MARK

Oh... er, quiet. Same old, same
old.

LEISHA

Are you still working on that new
super-soft substance?

MARK

Yeah, we're trialling it on
laryngeal masks next week. This is
really good, Leish.

LEISHA

Thought I'd try something a bit
more adventurous. What do you think
Cill?

CILLIAN

Fantastic, very nice.

LEISHA

Good.

CILLIAN
Champions League is on tonight,
remind me to clear some space on
the TiVo.

MARK
Yeah, that's the only problem with
series links, isn't it.

CILLIAN
Leisha wasn't happy last year when
it started deleting episodes of
Love Island before she had a chance
to watch them.

While the men chat, Leisha places her knife and fork down and
watches Cillian and Mark for a few moments. Then she closes
her eyes.

MARK
Who's playing tonight?

CILLIAN
United and City, I think. Not sure
who though.

Leisha opens her eyes and frowns. Neither men have paused.
She shuts her eyes again.

MARK
You OK Leish?

Leisha opens her eyes.

LEISHA
Oh, yes. Bit of a headache. Think I
may go out for a walk after dinner.

There's another knock at the door. Cillian jumps up.

MARK
Ken and Paul?

Cillian pulls the door open to reveal the same.

They bustle in laden with gear.

KEN
Apologies, we're a little early.

PAUL
My fault, I wanted to get
everything set up in time.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I've checked the feeds, though,
everything is working OK.

CILLIAN

Anything else need to come in?

PAUL

Few more bits.

CILLIAN

Come on, I'll help you.

EXT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Paul head out to Paul's car.

CILLIAN

I think something's up with Leisha.

PAUL

What?

CILLIAN

I don't know, she's acting really
weird. Do you think whatever
happened to me has also happened to
her? She was at the show too.

PAUL

What do you want us to do?

CILLIAN

Do you have that brain scanner?

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - EVENING

Cillian and Leisha wash up. Beyond in the living area, Paul,
Ken and Mark are putting together all sorts of stuff.

CILLIAN

Do you want to see Ken's equipment?

LEISHA

It looks a bit primitive, some of
it.

CILLIAN

It works, though. Fancy trying it?

LEISHA

I doubt that old pile of crap would
detect anything.

CILLIAN
It discovered my ADHD.

LEISHA
Hmmm.

CILLIAN
Ken?

KEN
Yes?

CILLIAN
Leisha wants to try your brain scanner.

KEN
Why?

PAUL
Good idea! Then we can show Cillian what a normal brain should look like.

CILLIAN
Oh, ha ha.

Leisha smiles, it's quite condescending.

LEISHA
Go on then.

KEN
We'll need to set -

PAUL
All done!

Paul holds up the electrodes.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - LATER

Leisha sits with the electrodes stuck to her head.

Paul and Ken go through their routine, more fluidly than before.

CILLIAN
Don't believe them if they say it won't hurt.

KEN
You just have a low pain threshold.
Now hold tight for a few seconds.

LEISHA
I'm sure it will be... OW!

PAUL
Sorry.

Ken and Paul work on the machine.

Leisha sits watching with her queer, condescending smile.

KEN
And that, Cillian, is what your
brain should look like.

It's all a load of wavy lines on oscilloscopes, but there is
a distinct sharp peak in the centre of a couple of them.

CILLIAN
I am truly broken, it would seem.

PAUL
Don't worry. So are we. Thanks Dad.

Ken smiles.

KEN
No problems, son. But count
yourself got off lightly.

He pats his strapped up arm.

Paul removes the headset from Leisha.

LEISHA
Well, now you've witnessed
perfection, I shall go for a walk.
That thing has made my headache ten
times worse.

She grabs a cardigan and heads out of the room.

They wait for the outer door to shut.

Paul whistles.

KEN
I quite agree.

CILLIAN
What?

PAUL

See that?

He points to the spike in the middle.

CILLIAN

Yeah.

PAUL

Never seen that before.

CILLIAN

You mean?

PAUL

Yup, she's more broken than you.

KEN

Mark, probably a good time to tell these two about what you found out today.

EXT. THEATRE - EVENING

As the evening gathers in, more people turn up for the next performance.

INT. THEATRE BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ben reads a copy of Shakespeare's King Lear.

Bill pokes his head round the door.

BILL

All set?

BEN

Yes, as long as there are no more last minute changes?

BILL

I promise. You remember them all anyway, you're memory is much better than it used to be. Told you it would be.

BEN

I can't argue with that.

He waggles his book.

BEN (CONT'D)

My reading speed seems to have gone up somewhat as well. Used to take me ages to process some of this, now it's all perfectly clear.

BILL

Plenty of time for that later, come on, there's a few people I want you to meet.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Mark hands round cups of tea as the four men analyse the results from Leisha's scan. They've hooked the computer up to the big TV screen.

PAUL

Exotic-antimatter?

MARK

That's a guess, I really don't know, but it's nothing I can find out about, and I'm scared to look too much in case anyone's looking at my search history.

KEN

Hold on. Look at Leisha's readings again. It's like... there's a hole there.

MARK

Can't be good.

KEN

A hole...

Mark looks confused. Ken holds up the blob.

MARK

Antimatter? Hole?

PAUL

Wormhole?

KEN

You think she's changed Cillian?

CILLIAN

She's suddenly interested in history.

(MORE)

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Never, never would she have gone off the library before, let alone take out books on middle-aged kings.

MARK

Oh! She solved a sudoku puzzle this morning, a hard one, in less than a minute.

CILLIAN

A Sudoku? Do you think whatever affected me last night has affected her too?

KEN

Possibly, how long until the show starts?

CILLIAN

Fifteen minutes.

KEN

Paul, how are the feeds?

PAUL

Looking good to me.

The TV screen changes to a view of the stage. In the darkness beyond the stage, the shapes of audience members taking their seats. The view changes to a second camera.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This one should get a good view of whatever's in the box on the plinth.

CILLIAN

Good, Bill kept peeking into it, mostly when Ben has his back turned.

PAUL

Hah! Bill and Ben! Really?!

INT. THEATRE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Ben are schmoozing with a few early arrivals. Laughing and making small talk.

The two girls from Leisha's office sidle up to Bill.

BILL
Ladies, so good of you to come to
our humble show.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 1
The day is young.

OFFICE COLLEAGUE 2
But night will soon fall.

A smile erupts on Bill's face.

BILL
Excellent! That is music to my
ears. Ladies, please enjoy the
show.

He moves away, rubbing his hands and approaches Ben talking
to a small group of people.

BEN
Bill, these people have travelled
down from London.

BILL
So good of you all to make the
effort. I do hope you had an easy
journey?

The group nods politely.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come now, Ben, we must prepare.

BEN
OK, see you later folks, enjoy the
show!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

The sun sinks towards the horizon. Leisha power-walks down a
country lane, eyes fixed ahead. Sweat beads on her brow.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - EVENING

The chaps all sit around waiting for the show to start.
Cillian and Mark both swig on beers.

PAUL
Hello...

He leans in as a stage-hand moves into shot and places a box on the plinth.

CILLIAN

Show time.

The lights dim and the picture quality drops.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Leisha is still walking, but others have sort of joined her. More people are walking in the same direction - spaced out, not together. These are the same people who were at the show last night, plus some people from her office.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The show is in full swing again.

Bill and Ben have some of the audience up on the stage.

Bill hypnotises a middle-aged man.

BILL (ON SCREEN)

Listen very carefully to me, when I tell you to wake up in a minute you are going to forget the number four. It just does not exist, it never has done.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

PAUL

Oh, that old chestnut. Classic. These guys know their stuff I'll give 'em that.

BILL (ON SCREEN)

Now, wake up, refreshed and alert. That's good. Now join the others as we play a quick round of trivial pursuit!

The audience applaud.

Ben moves to the front of the stage while Bill positions himself by the box.

CILLIAN

Hello, is he going to...

As Ben explains the rules of the quiz, Bill surreptitiously lifts the lid of the box on the plinth.

Paul tries to zoom in, the image pixellating somewhat.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Yes!

MARK

What is it?

PAUL

Hold on...

He taps away on the laptop. The image freezes then starts to become clearer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think this is the best I can do.

The image resolves itself to show the object, lights twinkling.

MARK

It's a Christmas tree bauble?

PAUL

No, it's got arms.

KEN

Is it a creature?

Paul switches to the second camera quickly, a heat map overlay appears on the screen.

PAUL

No, it's cold. Really cold.

Cillian stares at the object, sweat beading on his face.

MARK

Cill? Are you alright?

CILLIAN

I... I can hear it!

He grimaces, as if his head is hurting and he's trying to block something.

On the screen, Bill suddenly spins around and looks straight at the camera.

PAUL

Uh oh, we've been rumbled.

Bill storms across the stage and grabs the camera.

KEN

Paul, switch off the feed.

The screen goes dead.

PAUL

Didn't need to.

On Paul's laptop, still showing the second live feed, Bill approaches, reaches up and kills that camera too.

Mark turns on the lights.

Cillian blinks, his skin pale, panting. He looks around.

CILLIAN

Leisha's not back.

MARK

Can you track her on your phone?

CILLIAN

Good idea.

He pulls out his phone and flicks open the family tracking app. He frowns and shows Ken.

KEN

She's in the middle of the sea?
That's not a very good app, is it?

PAUL

Let me have a look, which app is that?

He takes the phone from Cillian.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sometimes you can trick the
timestamp on these... there.

He hands it back to Cillian.

CILLIAN

She was on the road to Bill's
house.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - EVENING

A group of about 20 people all stand on the road outside Ken's house as the evening draws in. Silent. Waiting.

Mr Williams, still in his office clothes, walks up and joins them. A little behind him, Leisha hurries up and stops.

INT. THEATRE - EVENING

Bill stands at the back of the stage, broken camera in hand.

Ben is still doing the quiz, unaware of developments behind him.

BEN

Colin, your question now. How many seasons are there in a year?

Colin struggles to find an answer. He tries counting on his fingers, but even then he skips four and jumps straight to five.

The audience love it, roaring with laughter.

BEN (CONT'D)

OK, we'll leave that with you for now. Sally, any joy with your question?

Sally, the middle of the three audience participants looks visibly distressed.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sally, are you OK?

He glances up at Bill, who is still staring in fury at the camera.

Sally, wobbles about, then collapses.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh dear! Bill!

Ben rushes to Sally and checks her pulse.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no. Drop the curtains!

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Mark looks with concern at Cillian.

MARK

You OK there?

CILLIAN

Yeah, feeling much better. We better go and get Leisha. How did she get out there so quickly?

MARK

We can go in my car.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

More people have joined Leisha, around 40 now. No one says a word. They just stand and wait.

INT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

Cillian, Mark, Paul and Ken drive through the summer night.

Mark slows down to pass someone.

MARK

Looks like Leisha's not the only one on an evening stroll.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

Mark weaves his 4x4 through people walking randomly all over the road. They seem to sense he is there, but only slowly get out of the way.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ken and Paul peer through from the back seats.

KEN

Must be some kind of psychic message they are all getting.

MARK

Perhaps that thing in the box is broadcasting it?

CILLIAN

Hope it's not doing anything to their brains.

Cillian looks at his phone.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

Not far now, about half a mile up the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

More people are on the road now, and making less effort to get out of the way. Mark crawls along with them at walking pace.

The car crawls to a halt behind a mass of people.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CILLIAN
What are they all doing?

All at the same time, the people outside all turn to face the car.

PAUL
Oh, that's not good.

The crowd slowly moves towards the car.

Mark hits the central locking button.

MARK
I don't like this.

PAUL
Is it worth reversing?

MARK
Yep.

He slams the car into gear and starts moving slowly backwards as people start grabbing and slapping the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mark reverses the car down the road, bumping people out of the way. No one gets hurt, but there'll be a few bruised arms and legs in the morning.

Mark turns into a gap in the hedge and does a three point turn, trying his best to speed away, but people are just getting in his way.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARK
I don't like this! Sorry!

Someone bumps off the side of his car.

KEN
Turn left here.

Mark pulls into the small lane. It's free of humans.

MARK
Oh thank god for that.

KEN
There's a spot about thirty metres
up on the left where we can park.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mark's car pulls into a layby. He kills the lights.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark lets out a huge sigh of relief.

Cillian holds up his phone showing the map.

CILLIAN
We're not too far from the back of
Bill's house, just over there. I
suggest we approach from the rear
and see what's going on.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

People leave the theatre. An ambulance drives away.

Bill watches the ambulance.

BILL
Weak.

Then he glances at his watch.

INT. THEATRE BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Ben throws his belongings into a bag.

Bill appears behind him.

BILL
What are you doing?

BEN

I don't know what you are up to with that thing, but it has to stop.

BILL

What are you going to do about it?

BEN

Nothing. I'm going home. Don't ever ring me again. I'd rather live on the streets than kill people.

BILL

She was weak! We are strong! This is an invasion! Only the strong will survive. We are strong, Ben!

BEN

Listen to yourself. You're mad! That thing has taken over your mind. You're the weak one!

He rushes from the room.

Bill smiles serenely.

BILL

Oh, Ben!

INT. THEATRE BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ben stands frozen in the corridor. His eyes stare off into the distance.

Bill emerges from the changing room.

BILL

Who is the weak one? Who's mind has it overtaken?

Two stage hands appear.

BILL (CONT'D)

Take him away. You know where.

A tear trickles from Ben's frozen eye.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

With much puffing and cursing and cajoling, the four men struggle through the darkness.

PAUL

This would be much easier with a torch.

KEN

We don't want to give ourselves away.

Cillian, his face lit slightly by his phone, stops and looks across the field.

In the distance a green light suddenly emanates from the barn.

The four men look on, faces bathed in soft green light.

CILLIAN

Oh! I dreamt about that last night. Or something like it. I can't remember.

He shudders.

KEN

In the dark, in the green!

MARK

What are they doing in there?

KEN

I wouldn't like to hazard a guess.

CILLIAN

Is that a butterfly farm, do we think?

KEN

Could well be. Come on. Keep to the shadows.

They move off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A Range Rover approaches the crowds of people standing still outside Bill's house.

The crowd parts like the red sea as the car approaches.

INT. BILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill, sat at the driving wheel, smiles serenely at the hordes. He clutches the box with the object in to his chest.

In the back Ben struggles against the ropes that bind his hands and feet. The two stage hands sit in the passenger seat and next to Ben in the back.

BILL

We are not like these people, Ben.
We are generals. But you have to
want to be a general. We can't have
dissension in the ranks, now.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill drives his Range Rover into the driveway, past Leisha and her fellow 'zombies'. A second car follows behind.

Bill jumps out of the car and looks round.

BILL

My children! Welcome!

He opens the back door of the car.

BILL (CONT'D)

(to Ben)
Do you promise to behave?

Ben looks about, then nods.

BILL (CONT'D)

(to the stage hand)
Untie him. If he misbehaves, kill
him.

The other stage hands from the second car stand behind Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Take these people round the back to
the barn - the big building. You'll
find the others in there.

The stage hands nod. Then one, Gavin (20s), with the merest flick of his head, motions the 'zombie horde' to follow him.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Four faces peer up over a ragstone wall.

In the farm courtyard the silent people follow the stagehands into the green glow of the barn.

The four men drop down out of sight.

PAUL
What do we do now? Wait?

CILLIAN
I haven't seen Leisha yet.

Mark peers up again.

MARK
I can see her.

Cillian jumps up.

CILLIAN
Where?

MARK
Over there, to the right.

Leisha somnolently walks towards the barn.

CILLIAN
I can only see three stooges.

PAUL
There were four at the theatre earlier.

CILLIAN
There's the fourth, with Bill and Ben.

Paul sniggers. He rummages around in his bag.

PAUL
Hmm, just the two tasers with one shot in each. Shouldn't do too much damage.

KEN
Do you have any sedative?

Paul rummages again.

PAUL
Yes, three.

KEN
Perfect.

CILLIAN

We only need one.

KEN

One for Leisha. Even if you get to her, I doubt she will come quietly. Whatever it is controlling her mind needs to be silenced. It may try to kill her.

PAUL

What do you say then, Cillian? You and I swing round that way and join the crowd?

Cillian ponders his options.

In the distance Bill, Ben and the stage-hand go into the house.

CILLIAN

Let's do it, while those two idiots are inside.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Cillian and Paul sneak down the side of the building, tasers in hand.

Cillian gets to the corner and looks about.

People are still filing past in their zombie-like state.

Cillian nods to Paul and they both also adopt the zombie gait and mingle into the crowd.

They follow the crowd into the green glow of the barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Paul try not to react to the huge glowing orb hanging serenely above the crowd.

Paul pulls Cillian into a shady nook, behind the doors.

The last of the crowd files in past them.

PAUL

What is that?

CILLIAN

God knows. The stage-hands are over there.

The three stage-hands all stand together on one side.

PAUL

Can you see Leisha?

Cillian shakes his head.

CILLIAN

Too many people. But she was near the front, so I guess she's at the far end.

PAUL

Keep low, follow me.

He keeps to the edge of the room, semi-crouching so they can't be seen.

They approach the three stooges.

Paul holds his taser up and signals Cillian to switch it on.

The three men all react to the noise, but it's too late.

Cillian and Paul leap forward tasering the two nearest men, who fall back jerking violently.

The third man jumps Paul, pulling him to the floor.

Cillian kicks the third stage hand hard, he rolls away, flailing. Cillian jumps on him and pins him down.

Paul grabs a syringe from his jacket and jabs it into the stage hand's arm. After a few seconds he goes limp.

Cillian and Paul, pull themselves up.

CILLIAN

Come on, lets find Leisha.

They move further round towards the front, pushing past the inert people.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)

There she is!

He points and they push into the crowd.

They reach Leisha.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)
Leisha! Can you hear me?

She doesn't respond.

A quirky smile erupts on her lips.

PAUL
Oh, I don't like that.

Others around them also start to smile.

CILLIAN
Quick, the sedative.

Paul jabs Leisha's arm and she collapses forwards. Cillian catches her.

They try to push their way out, but the previously compliant crowd won't budge.

Cillian looks about. There's a small rear door.

BILL (O.S.)
I know you're here, Mr Sullivan!

Cillian and Paul stop in their tracks.

Bill moves down the side of the barn, cautiously past the fallen stage hands.

BILL (CONT'D)
I wouldn't even think about taking one of my children, if I were you.

CILLIAN
She's not yours!

BILL
Oh, she is, and so would you be if you weren't such a freak.

CILLIAN
Bit harsh.

BILL
Harsh but true, Mr Sullivan.

Cillian's eyes flick to Leisha as he realises he's heard those words before today.

BILL (CONT'D)

What I suggest you do is leave your wife there and come very carefully this way. She is no longer human, anyway. It would be cruel to take her away now.

Cillian looks about, there are more stage-hands edging down each side of the barn.

CILLIAN

Shit, where did they come from?

Paul glances behind and his eyes widen.

Mark peeks through the door behind them. He motions for them to get down, then mimics an explosion.

PAUL

(whispers)

Get down!

They both sink down, laying Leisha carefully between them.

Paul gives Mark a thumbs up.

The stage-hands are almost on them.

Mark slips away into the darkness.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Might want to cover you ears.

CILLIAN

What?

There's an almighty explosion as the door and a lot of the wall around it explodes inwards.

Through the dust and smoke, Cillian and Paul scabble up, dragging Leisha with them.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Mark's car rolls forwards as Ken steps out of the shadows into the light of the head lamps.

Mark jumps out of the car.

MARK

Quick get in.

They hurry forward and bundle Leisha into the back.

Out of the green glow of dust the stage-hands appear.

Mark and Ken jump in the front.

The car reverses away, full speed.

A stage hand, who's come from the front of the barn, jumps in their way, Mark slams into him, knocking him away.

MARK (CONT'D)

Sorry!

CILLIAN

(shouting)

Where the hell did that come from?

Mark's car reverses into the main courtyard outside the barn.

KEN

We found some interesting things in an outhouse. The man clearly has no idea about health and safety.

EXT. BILLS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill emerges, furious from the green glow of the barn.

BILL

Stop them!

Ben and Gavin stand at the back door, watching. Ben takes his chance and clouts Gavin round the head.

He then dives for the car, grabs the door handle and pulls it open, revealing a startled Paul.

BEN

Room for one more?

Ben dives in before Paul can react, sitting on his lap and dragging the door shut.

BEN (CONT'D)

Probably best if we got out of here? Sorry!

Ben wriggles in between the unconscious Leisha and Paul.

Mark looks at Ken, who indicates to drive on.

MARK

Oh, right!

He floors the accelerator.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill hurries forward and tries to open the door next to Cillian, but he's more prepared than Paul and holds it shut as the car squeals out of the courtyard into the night.

A frustrated Bill flaps his arms and shouts in annoyance.

The green glow from the barn flickers slightly. Bill turns towards it.

BILL

What do you want? I'm a retired hypnotist, not some military general!

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BEN

Thanks for taking me.

PAUL

Didn't have much choice, did we?

KEN

Not to worry, the more the merrier. I suspect we'll need all the help we can get to stop this.

CILLIAN

But what is *this*? What's happened to Leisha and those people?

KEN

Ben, do you want to explain?

BEN

It's an alien invasion.

PAUL

Alright!

They all look at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh, not good.

CILLIAN

But where are the Aliens?

KEN

Out there, probably hundreds of light years away.

CILLIAN

Whu?

KEN

Mark, can we go to your place of employment? I believe we may be able to ascertain the truth of things there.

MARK

Right you are.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mark's car drives off into the night.

EXT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - NIGHT

Mark's car pulls into the empty car park.

Mark jumps out and looks about.

MARK

Night watch is nowhere to be seen.
Come on.

They all struggle out, then drag the sleeping Leisha out.

Cillian carries her into the building.

INT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - NIGHT

Mark leads them into his laboratory area.

KEN

Mark and Paul, would you be able to get blood and tissue samples from Ben and Leisha?

Cillian unceremoniously dumps Leisha down in a chair.

CILLIAN

Sorry love. I still don't understand, if this is an alien invasion, where are the attack craft blowing up the major cities? Christ, I sound like my boss.

KEN

I believe this is something far more insidious. A stealth attack. Let's see what we can find out from our friends here.

CILLIAN

Can I help?

KEN

Yes, we passed a coffee machine on the way in. Mine's a cappuccino.

Mark hands him a pass.

MARK

Latte, please.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bill stalks down the inside of the building past the silent horde who all look up impassively at the green glowing orb, which appears to be bigger now.

At the centre of the barn there is a clearing below the orb.

Bill walks up underneath it, the object in his hand, wagging and flashing away.

He draws himself up to his full height, breathing in deep.

BILL

Now, my children, sleep, for soon morning will come.

Lightning crackles from the object up to the orb, and then, greatly multiplied, out to strike the assembled zombies on top of their heads.

As they are struck, a green glowing viscous liquid flows down over their bodies.

The liquid quickly hardens into a dark, cocoon-like shell.

The process takes seconds.

Bill looks about at the cooling cocoons.

BILL (CONT'D)

Soon you will be beautiful butterflies.

INT. CHEMICAL COMPANY - NIGHT

Cillian trudges through the silent corridors with a tray of drinks.

He pulls up short, wincing in pain.

CILLIAN

Oh, shit.

He places the cups down and holds his head.

His nose starts to bleed.

He grabs the drinks and hurries back to the rest of the gang.

INT. MARK'S LAB - NIGHT

Cillian hurries in, blood streaming from his nose.

He looks at Ben, who is also dabbing a tissue to his nose.

Ken does the same to Leisha.

CILLIAN

What's happened?

He places the drinks down and takes a tissue from Ben.

Mark stares down his microscope. He looks up.

MARK

Ken, take a look.

Ken switches with Mark, handing him the bloody tissue and peering into the lenses.

KEN

As I thought. Her DNA is changing.
Yours too, most likely, Ben.

BEN

The metamorphosis has begun.

PAUL

Well thank you for the insight,
Kafka!

Realisation strikes Cillian.

CILLIAN

Those people... you... Leisha...
are the aliens?

KEN

They will become the aliens,
although I suspect that without
that green thing, Leisha and Ben
will be spared, although it may be
worse for them as they will not
complete the transformation
properly.

CILLIAN

What can we do to stop it?

KEN

Ben. What is that thing Bill had in
the box on the plinth onstage?

BEN

I don't know. But he never let it
out of his sight.

KEN

I would think it most likely our
friend Bill found whatever came
down in that meteorite the other
night. If we can get that, we can
stop this, perhaps even reverse it.

PAUL

How do we do that?

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The orb's brightness has dimmed casting an eerie glow across
a hundred cocoons.

The only movement is Bill, slowly walking among them.

BILL

Quite, quite miraculous.

He stops to touch one, then draws his hand back again.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh! Still cold.

He smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)

Sleep well, my children.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Cillian carries in the still sleeping Leisha and lays her on the sofa. The rest of the gang follow him in.

KEN

We need to find out more about what it is that's in Leisha's head. And yours, I presume, your's Ben. Why are you different?

BEN

Bill said that I was like him, a 'general', or something.

CILLIAN

So the aliens have organisational structures too then?

PAUL

Or they're just aping ours.

He picks up one of the library books about kings.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Who's to say what's being fed back to them?

KEN

On that note.

He nods to Paul, who is already busy sorting out the electrodes again.

PAUL

Are we turning up to 11 this time?

KEN

I think with Leisha sedated, we can go a lot higher than that.

Paul places the electrodes on her head.

The screens and oscilloscopes jump into life.

PAUL

All good?

Ken nods and twiddles some dials.

He squints at the read outs.

KEN

Paul, what do you -

He's cut off as Leisha opens her eyes and screams at the top of her lungs.

CILLIAN

Turn it off, turn it off!

Paul quickly pulls a cable out and Leisha slumps back down into her slumber.

MARK

What was that?!

KEN

Did you see that spike, just before she screamed, Paul?

Paul nods.

PAUL

Feedback loop?

KEN

Something like that.

PAUL

Going back to the idea I had earlier, which you roundly poopoo'd - do you think that dark hole is a Rosenkrantz Bridge?

MARK

She's got a wormhole in her head?

KEN

But of course - I was thinking about the wormhole that the object arrived in! But it only has to be tiny in size, big enough to send data through to rewrite her DNA, and send information back again.

PAUL

They don't even have to leave their home planet! They just send out loads those waggly things to potentially habited worlds through slightly larger wormholes. Then wait to see what's down there. If sentient life exists and they are suitable hosts, it starts assimilating them.

CILLIAN

And when the transformation is complete, they can just beam down their personalities into the new bodies!

KEN

Impressive! Gah! I'm a fool! I saw it coming! We all did.

PAUL

You what?!

KEN

Did you see that odd signal from the Ariciebo telescope two nights ago?

PAUL

Yes. They thought it was a glitch or static.

KEN

I felt that it was a distress signal. I hoped we'd maybe see it break up in the atmosphere.

PAUL

So that's why you were out waiting for it!

KEN

I had a hunch it might land somewhere in England. Never would I dream that it would land practically in my back yard!

CILLIAN

That's all well and good, but what about Ben? And me? Do we have wormholes in our heads?

KEN

No, I don't think you and Ben do. You'd both have been following Leisha into the barn.

BEN

There must be something, though. Bill can control me with his mind.

He shivers.

CILLIAN

Is there nothing we can do for
Leisha?

Ken looks at Paul.

Paul understands what his dad is thinking.

PAUL

Target the wormhole with a reverse,
negative polarity EM pulse?

KEN

Perhaps.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill talks with two stage-hands.

BILL

Get more guards. It won't be long
before our friends, or the police,
come sniffing around again. Ensure
the farm is covered from all
angles.

They nod and hurry away. Bill looks about then heads into his
house.

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

Barry! Where are you, you mangy
mutt? Dinner!

Barry barks.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul makes adjustments to the equipment.

He places a metal headset with wires running from it on
Leisha's head.

PAUL

Are you sure about this?

KEN

Yes. What's the worst that can
happen?

PAUL

You die?

He places a similar headset onto Ken's head.

KEN
The flesh is weak...

PAUL
If this works...

KEN
It will.

PAUL
For mum.

He hugs his dad.

KEN
Maureen, yes.

Ken takes a seat and prepares himself.

Cillian and Mark look at each other, a little confused.

PAUL
Alright, here we go.

Paul taps on the computer.

Ken tenses.

Leisha also jerks slightly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Double-checking the location of the
wormhole...

The black hole appears on his monitor.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Mapping it...

A second scan appears on the left.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And...

He clicks a button.

Ken starts to shake, his eyes roll up in their sockets.

Leisha squirms and wriggles, pain flashes across her face, she grimaces, then falls back, inert.

Red warning icons flash up on the right hand side of the screen.

Ken manages to get control of himself.

KEN
Its... working, but you're..
losing... Leisha!

Paul hesitates.

PAUL
No, dad!

KEN
Do... it!

Paul sighs, he clicks some buttons.

Ken starts to shake violently.

Warning signs start flashing on the rest of the screen.

Then with a flash of lights and a few sparks, the fuses in the house blow and everything goes dark, save Paul's laptop.

PAUL
Dad?

There's no response.

Mark turns on the torch on his phone.

MARK
Cillian!

Leisha lays on the sofa with her eyes open.

She sits up, groggy.

Cillian moves in and hugs her.

CILLIAN
Hey, take it easy.

LEISHA
Cillian?

PAUL
Dad?

Mark swings his torch to Ken.

Paul holds him up, but his head lolls lifeless on one side.

Paul hugs his dad.

PAUL (CONT'D)
God speed, old man.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are back on and Leisha sits at the table with a cup of tea.

Paul paces. They've laid Ken on the sofa and covered him over.

PAUL
(to Ben)
I hope we're trusting you with good reason here.

BEN
I'm sure I can sense what's going on. Do you feel it, Cillian?

CILLIAN
I feel... confusion.
(to Leisha)
How about you?

LEISHA
Nothing.

MARK
Do you remember anything? Walking out into the countryside? Us rescuing you?

Leisha shakes her head.

LEISHA
Nothing since...
(points at Ben)
...he told us to stand up in the theatre.

CILLIAN
We have to get that object. That's the only way to stop this.

PAUL
He must guess we'll come back, especially as we haven't called the police on him. So he'll get reinforcements. It won't be a fair fight.

MARK
I'm still game, if you are.

PAUL
Never said I wasn't.

LEISHA
Count me in!

CILLIAN
No, Leish, you're in no fit state.

LEISHA
Nothing a paracetamol won't sort
out. So what's the plan?

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A minibus pulls into the rear courtyard. Several stage hands jump out. Gavin struts about giving out instructions. They move strangely, not slowly and zombie-esque like those in the barn, but as if they are being controlled somehow - jerky and a little unnatural.

They silently take up positions around the courtyard and barn.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Mark's car turns off into a country road.

Paul follows on in his sports car.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Stage-hands loiter on corners looking bored.

Gavin patrols the courtyard, then heads through the barn door.

Two stage-hands huddle, stamping against the chill night air.

An eldritch SHRIEK rips from the barn.

INT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

Ben hands a Wilde and West stagehand t-shirt at Cillian.

BEN

Here, take this. Blend in a bit. I wondered why he'd had so many printed. Thought they'd be useful for decorating.

Cillian unwraps it and holds it up.

CILLIAN

Natty.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Paul and Mark have parked back at the lay-by.

Cillian and Paul struggle into Wilde and West t-shirts.

CILLIAN

We all know where to meet, right?

MARK

Yeah, all clear.

Cillian kisses Leisha.

CILLIAN

Sure you're alright?

LEISHA

I'm fine, now go, before it gets light.

CILLIAN

C'mon then, Paul.

PAUL

Right you are.

They head off up the road.

MARK

We need to move too.

He, Leisha and Ben jump the style and head into the fields.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill snoozes on his sofa.

The object sits in front of him on the table, lazily moving about.

Another shriek from the barn rouses Bill.

BILL
Do they need to do that?

The object flicks about insolently. The sound of a DOOR
OPENING.

BILL (CONT'D)
Gavin?

The chief stage-hand hurries in.

BILL (CONT'D)
I think we're going to need those
extra reinforcements.

GAVIN
Should be here soon.

BILL
Good, I think we may have our hands
full before too long. It won't be
long before someone gets nose.

GAVIN
That's being taken care of.

The sound of a LOW, PULSATING VIBRATION fills the room.

Barry whimpers behind the chair.

BILL
What the hell is that?

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Paul peer over the top of a wall.

CILLIAN
I'm sorry about your dad.

PAUL
I wouldn't worry too much about it.
I hope he's in a better place now.

CILLIAN
I didn't have you down as a
religious type.

PAUL
I'm not at all. Complete Atheist.

In the distance the green glow pulsates. A glowing shield shoots up from the roof of the barn, out and over the main farm buildings, cloaking them in eerie green light.

CILLIAN

Oh!

PAUL

Have no fear.

CILLIAN

What do you mean?

PAUL

You'll see.

He grins and heads on.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Leisha, Mark and Ben stare at the green dome.

BEN

Well, that's unexpected.

LEISHA

Do you feel them, Ben?

BEN

Yes. I think they are angry about something.

MARK

Come on, may not be as bad as we think. They can't stay in there forever.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill emerges into the green glow of the courtyard and stares up.

BILL

What are you doing?

The green orb in the barn growls and pulsates.

Another shriek rips from the barn, and a stage hand sprints from the main entrance.

Bill watches as he heads around the side of the house.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm not sure that's really a...

The man's scream's are cut short as a shockwave ripples up the dome above the house.

Bill thinks. This is all getting a bit out of control.

He heads towards the barn and pauses at the entrance.

A low, guttural sound emanates from inside.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Bill sidles into the barn and looks about.

At first glance, it looks very much as it did before, with lots of cocoons everywhere.

He creeps forward, then stops. Something moves in the distance.

BILL

Hello?

There is a movement behind Bill. He spins about.

A tall, willowy silhouette rears up, four arms reaching out to him.

Bill cries out in fear.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ben stops.

BEN

That was Bill!

They hurry on, their faces green in the glow from the shield.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Paul have reached a point where the dome crosses their path.

PAUL

Lot of shouting and screaming going on.

CILLIAN
I guess we wait here?

PAUL
Won't be long now... I hope.

CILLIAN
What did you do to the wormhole in
Leisha's head.

PAUL
I closed it.

CILLIAN
Did you?

PAUL
Well, yes, it was gone, I think.
Hopefully no damage done.

CILLIAN
Really?

PAUL
I have no idea.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Bill sits on the floor where he has fallen.

The creature stands over him, passive now, looking at him curiously.

Bill stares in disbelief.

The creature looks like some kind of insect with large multi-faceted eyes and a long proboscis dangling off the front of it's face.

BILL
Ah, greetings?

The creature doesn't respond. With a soft, springy motion it moves away from him to join another further down.

Bill stands and moves to a nearby cocoon.

It's starting to dry out and crack open. Part of a jaw is showing.

Bill smiles. It all makes sense now.

BILL (CONT'D)
How long? Until they all hatch?

The two aliens ignore him. The orb glows brighter green.

Bill's face drops. He starts to become fearful. What if he's not needed any more?

He starts to back out of the barn.

An alien nearby plops forward out of it's cocoon, splodges of slime drip off it. It arches up and screeches.

Bill holds up his hands to show he means no harm and it curls round to see him, rising up to full height.

The alien regards him carefully and moves forward, leaning down to look at him.

Bill moves his hand up to stroke the alien's face.

BILL (CONT'D)
You are truly magnificent!

The alien appears to understand and bows in gratitude. Then it spots the other two and sprints off to them.

Bill looks about, more aliens are starting to plop out of the cocoons.

On the far side of the barn, one more emerges. It rises to it's full height and looks about.

As it moves away, the two left arms instinctively wrap around it's belly. It doesn't move to the others, it sneaks away into a darkened corner.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Leisha, Mark and Ben have got as far as they can. They peer up from behind a wall, just feet from the dome.

MARK
Brr, bit frosty, isn't it?

Their breath puffs out.

LEISHA
What do you think is happening in there?

MARK
I shudder to think.

BEN

Whatever it is, they think whatever
is happening in there is working.
There's less anger now.

MARK

Look, there's your mate.

They can just see into the courtyard where Bill can be seen
hurrying away from the barn and into his house.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill hurries in.

BILL

Gavin?

There's no sign of the stage-hand.

BILL (CONT'D)

Useless cretin.

Bill checks on the object. It's still there, waving it's arms
about languidly, faint lights pulsating around. It seems
content.

He picks it up carefully, he's used to the cold now and
stares at it with adoration.

BILL (CONT'D)

Just let me know what to do next.

The object flickers red for a moment, which confuses Bill,
then he rushes to the window.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Cillian and Paul stamp about trying to stay warm near the
cold force field.

Behind them headlights appear.

PAUL

Hello.

The headlights manifest themselves into another minibus full
of men.

The driver stops.

DRIVER

How are we meant to get in?

CILLIAN

Don't know. We went to investigate some strange noises and got locked out.

PAUL

Bloody foxes.

DRIVER

Oh, look.

The forcefield falters, flickering about until it vanishes.

CILLIAN

C'mon, quick.

They hurry forwards towards the Farmhouse, the driver follows them.

Several stage hands come sprinting out of the farm, terrified.

They pass Cillian and Paul at full pelt.

Above the barn more green light shoots up as the forcefield restarts.

It slams down just in front of the three stagehands who all clatter into it freezing and exploding into fine shards.

The Driver jumps from the van, as the men pile out.

DRIVER

What's going on?

CILLIAN

Not sure. Shall we find out?

The men move towards the rear of the house. Cillian and Paul hide in the middle of the group.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Leisha, Mark and Ben have made their way to the back of the barn.

Ben peers through a broken slat.

BEN

I can't see much. Oh, hold on...
Holy shit! There are -

Leisha screams.

Above them an alien rises to full height, unfurling hideous butterfly-like wings.

It's mandibles and proboscis flick about in a quite terrifying way.

Two more aliens emerge from the hole that the gang created earlier.

There is a lot of angry-sounding clicking between the three aliens.

The alien turns back to the three humans.

He motions for them to follow him.

They follow the aliens into the barn.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill emerges from the house to watch the new recruits arrive. He pays little attention to them.

Gavin appears from the barn and starts issuing orders.

Cillian and Paul huddle in the middle of the group. Cillian watches Bill.

Bill, loses interest and heads back into the house.

GAVIN

The rest of you position yourself
around the perimeter of the force
field. It will need to come down
from time to time.

The men all move away in different directions. Paul tugs on Cillian's arm.

PAUL

Not if we have anything to do with
it, eh?

CILLIAN

Lets head round the other side of
the house.

They follow some of the men who are heading back round to the front of the house.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Leisha, Mark and Ben look around at the chrysalises filling the room.

Nearby seven aliens are deep in animated conversation.

LEISHA

That should have been me! I could be one of them!

Another chrysalis nearby ruptures open and an alien topples out.

MARK

It could still be me.

BEN

Do you think it's the wormholes?

MARK

For sure, they must be sending down information to rewrite people's DNA. But it's happening so fast.

BEN

Any guesses what that is?

He nods at the green orb.

Mark shrugs.

MARK

Probably some more wormhole tech. Who knows.

LEISHA

Shh.

One of the aliens approaches them.

The creature approaches as if a little unsure.

It rises up to its full height and clicks at them.

Then it looks at each one individually.

MARK

What do you think it wants?

BEN
I think I know.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through a window, Bill paces around his living room. He's agitated.

Cillian and Paul approach the window and peer in.

CILLIAN
There, on the table.

Paul squints.

Bill pauses his pacing, stopping by the table. The object wiggles it's little arms about and flashes lots of colours.

BILL
I don't understand any more. You made sense before, now you... I feel distant from you!

CILLIAN
Not a happy bunny.

PAUL
I guess he doesn't really like what's going on.

Gavin appears behind Bill and says something inaudible. Bill hesitates and then follows him out of the room.

CILLIAN
Now's our chance.

Cillian pushes up the window, which is already open a little.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian rolls through the window, almost knocking over a vase, which he catches and places back quietly.

With care, he tiptoes to the centre of the room and grabs the object.

Then drops it.

CILLIAN
Oh! Cold!

He looks about, grabs a nearby cloth bag and picks up the object again. He hurries to the window and passes it to Paul.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian jumps out of the window and pulls the window down again.

Paul stares at the object in awe.

PAUL
This is incredible.

CILLIAN
Come on. Let's find the others.

Paul turns the object over.

PAUL
Oh.

CILLIAN
What's up?

PAUL
I don't think this has an off switch. In fact, I think it's alive.

BILL (O.S.)
We meet again, Mr Sullivan!

Bill steps out of the shadows, followed by Gavin who levels a gun at them.

Paul tries to hide the object behind his back.

BILL (CONT'D)
And I'll take that as well, please.

Paul smiles and hands over the object

BILL (CONT'D)
Very prescient of you too. It is alive, although I suspect it is far too complex a thing for our minds to comprehend. Off we go.

He motions them to start moving.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Ben scrunches his face up in concentration.

BEN

Gah, it's no good. I can almost feel what they are saying. They are frustrated by something. I guess they want to communicate to us.

The Alien looks at each of them.

LEISHA

Perhaps you're trying too hard?

MARK

Try relaxing, see if any images or intentions bubble up.

BEN

There's a seven foot alien butterfly towering over us, you try relaxing!

Ben looks up at the alien.

The alien looks back at him dispassionately.

Ben takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. He tuts as he relaxes, then frowns, then tuts again a bit slower.

The alien leans in, listening. It clicks at him.

Ben's eyes open.

He looks at the alien and then clicks and whirrs back at it.

The alien stands up straight and says some more.

Ben replies, a smile spreading across his face.

The alien turns and stalks away.

MARK

What was that?

BEN

I don't know. I just suddenly knew how to speak their language. And I know what they are up to too.

Mark frowns, he looks about.

In the far corner he notices an alien lurking by himself.

Mark peers closer, as if he's seen a ghost.

The alien retreats back into the shadows.

LEISHA

That's amazing! What do they want.

BEN

Their home world is dying. They want to convert us all into aliens and take over Earth.

The Alien returns to them and clicks away at Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

It... he wants us to go with him.

The alien clicks again, then with a swift swipe of his arms clubs Leisha and Mark across the faces, sending them both flying across the floor towards the pods, unconscious.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh, you want *me* to come with you.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cillian and Paul are led at gunpoint into the courtyard.

Three aliens emerge from the Barn followed by Ben.

Paul's eyes widen at his first encounter with a proper alien.

PAUL

Holy...

Bill spots Ben and a scowl appears on his face.

BILL

You came back then?

BEN

Good job I did, you don't seem to be up to the job.

CILLIAN

Ladies, I don't think any of us are in a position to argue at this stage.

The lead alien clicks and clacks at Bill.

BEN

This is [clicks and clacks], he is nominated leader.

BILL

You speak their language?

BEN

Thanks to you and your little brain rewiring tricks. Do you know what that thing has been doing?

He jabs a finger at the object.

Bill looks confused. He's about to reply but the alien leader clicks irritably.

BEN (CONT'D)

The leader would like to thank you for the work you have done in getting the first cohort through.

Ben closes his eyes for a moment, just as Leisha was doing earlier.

BILL

Yes, well it...

Bill goes blank for a moment.

BILL (CONT'D)

...was my pleasure.

A small frown crosses his face.

BILL (CONT'D)

What did I do?

BEN

Do you not know what that does?

CILLIAN

Infects humans with wormholes in their brains.

BEN

Which then allows for basic mind control techniques to work on them, and then later for DNA information to be transmitted back down, rewriting the host and using its biomass as building blocks to create a clone of the original alien.

Paul gives a little fist pump.

Bill looks confused. He looks about as if he's not entirely sure where he is. He starts to wander off towards the barn. As he passes Ben, Ben reaches out and grabs the object from him. For some reason the cold doesn't seem to affect him.

They watch Bill disappear into the barn. A few seconds later there's a flickering of green light, as he becomes a chrysalis.

The Alien clicks and chatters at Cillian and Paul.

BEN (CONT'D)

The leader does not understand why you are not affected by their technology.

CILLIAN

We're broken.

BEN

In what way?

CILLIAN

ADHD!

PAUL

Our prefrontal cortexes are under-developed, causing various non-life threatening, but quite cool side effects.

CILLIAN

Seems to stop their little wormholes.

Ben relays this information to the leader.

The leader reacts, issues orders to it's two compatriots.

The other two aliens step forward and grab Paul and Cillian.

The leader clicks and clacks at Ben who turns to Gavin.

BEN

Is there somewhere we can lock these two up out of harms way?

CILLIAN

What?

PAUL

You're with them now?

Ben looks at them. Confusion seems to flicker across his face.

BEN

We need to understand you, you may prove problematic for our mission.

The leader clacks at Gavin.

GAVIN

That outhouse over there would be suitable. Just a load of old sacks in there.

The two aliens frogmarch Cillian and Paul away.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mark rolls over and groans. He looks up.

Leisha is still unconscious next to him.

He crawls over to her and shakes her.

MARK

Leisha!

She remains out cold.

Mark looks up.

The lone alien lurks in the corner.

Mark struggles up.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know you're there!

The alien creeps out of the shadows. It holds both left arms across it's chest.

Mark realises what he's seeing.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ken?

The Alien lowers it's head and raises an arm to its face to indicate silence.

He points at Leisha and motions to Mark to pick her up.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh, no, I couldn't. My knees...

Ken the Alien reaches down and lifts Leisha upright.
They move off towards the rear of the barn.

INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

The door SLAMS shut. Cillian and Paul both fire up their phone torches.

CILLIAN
Are you OK?

PAUL
Yeah! Just think, we are possibly
the first humans to have touched an
alien species!

CILLIAN
You're bleeding.

Paul mops blood from a cut on his face.

PAUL
Oh. That'll be OK.

He looks around as Cillian's light tracks across old bags.

CILLIAN
Is this what your Dad and Mark
managed to blow that door with?

PAUL
Whoah, yeah. We want to be a long
way away when it goes up. Did you
see that blast in Tel Aviv harbour?

The door behind them opens, revealing Ken Alien, Mark and Leisha.

MARK
Bit of help here, bro.

Cillian hurries forward and grabs Leisha.

Mark and Ken Alien follow them in and shut the door.

Paul shines his light at Ken Alien.

MARK (CONT'D)
Paul, what did you do to Leisha and
Ken?

PAUL
What do you mean?

Cillian lays Leisha down, but looks back up at them.

CILLIAN
What's going on?

MARK
I think this is Ken.

Paul looks at the Alien.

PAUL
Dad?

The Alien puts its left arms across its chest again. Then it reaches out for a hug. Paul laughs and hugs him back.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oh my god! I knew you would do it!

CILLIAN
What's happened?

PAUL
Well, when we removed the wormhole from Leisha's head... we didn't so much destroy it as move it into Dad's head. Then, he managed to upload himself through it.

MARK
But you could have killed him!

PAUL
Technically, we did kill him. The human him. But he was dying anyway.

CILLIAN
Seriously? I mean, it's a bit far-fetched.

PAUL
Says he standing in front of a seven foot alien.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Alien leader clicks at Ben and points back into the barn.

BEN
Oh yes, Leisha and Mark, I'd
forgotten about them.

Ben thinks for a moment.

BEN (CONT'D)
You can't convert them?

The Alien clicks and clacks.

BEN (CONT'D)
Fine, kill them, then.

The Alien leader stalks away.

Ben looks about, then down at the object in his hands.

The object flickers restlessly.

Ben looks up at the house, then walks towards it.

As he opens the door, Barry the dog comes flying out and
barrels Ben over.

The object goes flying up in the air and clangs to the floor,
strange sparks flying up as a force field flickers and
protects it from the concrete.

Barry sprints towards the barn, yapping.

Ben picks himself up, and grabs the object.

An alien steps from the barn and blocks the entrance.

Barry stops short of the alien and snarls at it.

The alien clicks at it, stepping back, a little unsure.

BEN (CONT'D)
Barry! You stupid dog.

Barry turns and barks at Ben, a canine Fuck You!

Then he launches himself at the alien.

INT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ken Alien moves to the door at the sound of Barry snarling
and fighting.

Cillian strokes Leisha's hair.

She wakes up, looks about confused and panicked, then smiles as she sees Cillian. Then she feels the pain in her face and her hand touches the bruising.

CILLIAN
Hey, take it easy.

There is an unholy scream, followed by silence.

PAUL
Brave doggy.

Leisha sits up.

LEISHA
I assume you have a plan to get us out of this?

The three guys look at each other sheepishly.

PAUL
Not really. They all involved guns, and we have no guns.

LEISHA
Surely the guy that runs the place must have something? This is a farm isn't it? Don't farmers have guns?

CILLIAN
I think Ben just sent him into the barn for conversion.

LEISHA
Ben?

CILLIAN
He seems to be with them now. The new Human/Alien liaison officer. Ken?

Ken Alien turns round.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)
Can we stop Bill's conversion?

Ken Alien nods. He taps his wrist, to say time is short.

CILLIAN (CONT'D)
Paul, come with me. Mark, check Leisha is OK.

Cillian runs his torch round the walls of the barn. It stops towards the back on an old scythe.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben sits at a table and looks at the Object. Gavin stands behind him.

BEN

Not much of an invasion if they are going to be defeated by a dog.

GAVIN

I think Bill was supposed to provide weapons. This is all happening a bit quicker than anyone expected.

Ben strokes the Object.

BEN

We could use a bit of help here.

The arms of the Object start to wave about.

Light rays shoot out of it and start to knit together in mid-air.

The form of a strange-looking, but definitely gun-shaped object emerges on the table in front of Ben.

Ben watches as the Object completes its task then wiggles it's arms as if to say, 'move it'.

Ben picks up the gun and tries it for size.

He points it away from them and fires, blowing a huge hole through to the next room, the force knocks Gavin over.

Ben smiles, then looks at the Object, which is already forming another gun.

BEN (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian peers out of the door.

The two guard Aliens stand a little way away towards the hole in the barn wall, deep in conversation.

He ducks back in, then moments later Ken Alien appears. As he emerges he opens his wings a little, shielding Cillian and Paul who follow him, Cillian clutching the scythe.

Ken Alien clicks at the two aliens, who stop and look at him. There is a short interchange, then Ken Alien ducks to reveal Cillian and Paul.

Cillian swings the scythe and sweeps off the Alien's heads with one swoop. Blue alien blood spurts up everywhere.

PAUL

Oh! Oh! I got some on me!

Ken Alien places one of his 'hands' on Paul's shoulder.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh. Yes, I get it. You are one.
Come on.

Ken Alien takes the scythe from Cillian and raises his wings again, he looks like an alien version of the Angel of Death.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Paul peer into the barn.

In the distance they can see a group of Aliens backing away from an angry Barry. The body of the fallen alien lays across the entrance to the barn.

Ken Alien moves forwards again, shielding Cillian and Paul.

He strides up to the dog, who turns and growls at him, then sees Paul and Cillian. He turns back to the other aliens.

PAUL

Hey doggy. Where's your master?

Ken Alien clicks at the other Aliens waving his scythe.

They click back at him angrily, waving furious arms.

Ken Alien looks about, then turns to Cillian and Paul, pointing to a chrysalis near the main door.

Paul and Cillian hurry over to it while Barry and Ken Alien continue to provide cover.

CILLIAN

Can we move it?

Paul puts his hand near.

PAUL

Cold!

He takes off his jacket and wraps it around his hands.

He gives the chrysalis a poke. It wobbles.

Cillian removes his coat and they pull the chrysalis over and start dragging it back the way they came.

The aliens click at Ken Alien.

Ken Alien threatens them with his big scythe.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come on fellah!

Barry the dog backs away from the aliens, following Cillian and Paul.

They reach the hole in the wall.

Cillian looks back. Ken is a little way off, between Barry and the other aliens his scythe raised.

More aliens are circling now, having recently hatched.

Two lunge forwards towards Ken, who reacts quickly and scythes their heads clean off.

The other aliens back away.

Ken Alien clicks at Cillian and Paul, then turns to block the hole in the wall by fully opening his wings.

CILLIAN
Come on, there's no time.

Paul realises that his dad is about to make his last stand.

Ken Alien glances round over his wings and clicks.

Cillian and Paul head out into the night, Barry follows them, sniffing at the chrysalis.

Ken Alien looks fucking mean with his wings unfurled, brandishing the scythe.

Several aliens all attack him at once. Heads, limbs and blood fly. But it doesn't last long, Ken is quickly over-powered and he crumples down as the other aliens attack him. He goes down fighting, though.

One grabs the scythe from him, raises it high and swoops it down.

INT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The chrysalis lays on the floor of the outhouse. Barry sniffs about as an emotional Paul tries to break the outer shell with a penknife, but it's solid.

There's a banging on the door, accompanied by angry Alien clicking from outside. Barry barks.

MARK

We have company.

CILLIAN

Let's hope that door holds. That lock doesn't look very strong.

Paul takes out his frustration at losing his father once more on the chrysalis.

PAUL

Come on you bastard, open up!

The penknife shatters.

He stands and shouts at the aliens outside.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Shit! Bastards!

Cillian looks about. There are all manner of odd looking things lying about and stuck to the walls.

He spots a small club hammer lying near the door. He hands it to Paul.

CILLIAN

Try this.

Tears flowing down his face, Paul swings the hammer down on the chrysalis. A few small bits break off.

MARK

That might do it, try again.

Paul strikes the chrysalis again and again. It starts to crack and flake.

Paul, using his jacket to protect his hands, pulls some of the casing away to reveal Bill's terrified, and now apparently segmenting, eyes peering out.

BILL

Hmmmmf hmmmff hmmmf

CILLIAN
Close your eyes!

Bill does so as Paul strikes the shell again.

Shards fly off. Paul manages to break off enough to uncover Bill's face.

BILL
Get me the fuck out of this fucking
fridge!

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Gavin now have five guns.

The Object seems tired, its lights faded and its movements sluggish.

BEN
That should be enough for now. Lets
get them out to the barn.
Something's wrong, I can sense it.

INT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With a great heave, Cillian, Mark, Paul and Leisha manage to pull the chrysalis in two from Bill's body.

LEISHA
Oh my god!

Bill flails about. He's naked, covered in goo and his arms and legs have already started to change colour. A second pair of alien arms have half-grown from just below his armpits. Bill curls up shivering.

BILL
Cover me up!

Barry is elated and sniffs around Bill.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben and Gavin hurry from the house.

They hurry towards the barn, but Ben slows down. He deviates to the side and looks down towards the outhouse.

BEN
What's all that, then?

He arms himself with the guns and heads down towards the aliens, trying ineffectively to open the door.

As he approaches, he slows by the two severed heads of aliens.

BEN (CONT'D)

What's going on?

The aliens, some bleeding, turn and chatter to him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake. You make it half way across the galaxy and get stumped by a wooden door. Stand back.

The Aliens fall over each other backing away.

Ben levels a gun and shoots at the door.

The smoke clears to reveal just an empty chrysalis and a lot of bags of fertiliser.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh Christ.

He steps forwards into the smoking hole.

INT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben moves further in. He peers into the darkness. The Aliens peer in behind him.

Ben turns to them.

BEN

Don't just stand there! Look for them!

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill leads the gang from the end of the row of the outhouses. He's dressed in a hessian sack with arm-holes ripped in it.

He looks about, the Aliens are all down looking in the hole blown by Ben.

BILL

Come on, quick.

The all hurry into the house and Paul shuts the door behind them.

Gavin emerges from the barn with two armed aliens.

GAVIN

Come on.

They head off around the front of the house.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill pulls on a shirt.

Bill pulls on his jacket.

Bill pulls a flyer out of the pocket, for one of the shows.

Bill rubs his head and tries to remember doing the show.

Bill gives up and throws the flyer in the bin.

Bill looks at himself in the mirror.

Bill opens a gun cabinet.

He takes three guns out and hands one to Cillian, one to Paul and keeps one himself.

CILLIAN

Are you sure you want to do this?

BILL

I started it. I should end it. Just get me back to that steaming pile of fertilizer.

He shakes Cillian's hand.

BILL (CONT'D)

I have a vague recollection we've met.

CILLIAN

We have, but I don't think we have time to reminisce now.

Bill takes a dog lead from the sideboard.

BILL

Leisha, I haven't the faintest idea who you are but you seem like a nice person. Look after Barry for me, won't you?

Leisha smiles and takes the lead.

Barry bounces about thinking it walkies time. Leisha makes a fuss of him and tries to put the lead on him.

Bill looks around at the gang, then walks over to the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hello, old friend.

The Object flaps feebly at him.

Bill picks it up.

BILL (CONT'D)

You have no power over me now, it would seem.

Paul takes up a position at the kitchen window and peers out.

Five of them out there, heading this way. One armed, by the looks of it.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Cillian emerge from the back door, guns blazing. Paul also starts firing from the kitchen window.

Standing side by side, they move forwards, picking off aliens.

An alien runs towards them, firing Ben's spare gun, it's wings flapping as it rises above them.

It fires over their heads at the house, trying to take out Paul.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Paul flies back across the room as the window crashes in.

Leisha hurries over and helps him up as more shots hit the house.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cillian and Bill continue their rampage across the courtyard, blowing Aliens away.

They both aim up at the flying Alien and blast it from the sky. It corkscrews down and falls at their feet, dead.

Gavin and the other two armed aliens appear round the side of the house.

Without breaking their stride, Cillian and Bill swing around, firing at Gavin.

Between them Cillian and Bill pick them off.

Aliens fly everywhere.

Cillian and Bill stride down the side of the barn towards the out house taking out the aliens, one by one.

Ben appears from the outhouse and levels his gun at Bill.

Bill and Cillian come to a halt.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul, Leisha and Mark all look out down towards the stand off between Bill and Ben. Barry tugs at Leisha on his lead.

PAUL

Showdown of the flowerpot men!

MARK

Come on, we need to get ready to run. When that goes up, we need to be as far away as possible.

LEISHA

This way Barry! You can't help now.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The gang of four leave the house and start heading away from the barn.

Paul stops and grabs one of the guns from one of the fallen aliens.

PAUL

Oh, yes!

They hurry out of the courtyard.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill lowers his gun.

BILL

I seem to recall it's a good feeling. But it's fake. They don't need you. Once it gets beyond this farm, there'll be no stopping them.

Ben seems to understand this. His gun wavers up and down.

BEN

They'll spare me!

BILL

Did they spare me?

BEN

I'm...

BILL

What? Different? Don't be a fool.

Tears flow down Ben's face.

Bill pulls the object from his jacket and places it on the ground.

It flails about, exhausted and weak.

BILL (CONT'D)

I think that is the only thing that will destroy it.

Ben looks at the gun.

Lights trill on the Object as it tries to retake control of Ben. Ben clutches his head, dropping the gun.

Bill runs forward, he grabs the gun and blasts the Object, which spins away fizzing and whistling as it glows brighter and brighter before it explodes in a dazzling explosion.

More aliens appear behind them from the hole in the barn.

They scream at Bill and lunge forward.

Ben comes to his senses. He grabs the gun from Bill starts blasting away.

BEN
Die alien scum!

There are too many aliens and Ben is engulfed in wings and screams. He briefly emerges from the melee and slings the gun towards them.

Cillian grabs the gun.

BILL
Go, now!

Cillian, pauses, he has two guns!

BILL (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?! Go live
a full life!

Cillian turns and sprints away.

Bill watches him go, taking pot shots at any aliens that get too close.

Bill turns to the aliens who have decided Ben was dinner.

There's just a few globs of flesh and bones left at their feet.

BILL (CONT'D)
You fuckers have gone far enough.
You infected me with your... thing,
and then I end up doing a show I
have no recollection of. Now I have
these!

His semi-formed second arms wiggle underneath his coat.

He raises his gun and points it at the bags of fertilizer in the outhouse.

The Aliens are unsure what to do, they realise something bad is about to happen.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE BILL'S FARM - EARLY MORNING

Mark, Leisha, Paul and Barry stand near the edge of the dome, looking back towards the farm.

One of the stage hands comes up to them, confused.

STAGE HAND
Excuse me. Where am I?

He picks at the t-shirt.

STAGE HAND (CONT'D)
Who are Wilde and West?

EXT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill pulls himself up to his full height.

BILL
It strikes me that the leadership
is listening to me right now as I'm
still alive. This is a message from
the Human Race. Go fuck yourselves.

He pulls the trigger.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE BILL'S FARM

Cillian appears sprinting towards them.

CILLIAN
Get down! He's going to -

A huge pink explosion erupts behind him as the fertiliser goes up. A second, even bigger green explosion erupts as the green orb gives up the ghost.

Everyone is flattened to the ground as the shockwave rips across them, rebounding off the failing shield.

Everyone is thrown everywhere, dust and debris fly about.

A double mushroom cloud, pink and green erupts into the lightening sky.

The chaos dies down. Our heroes are sprawled on the ground covered in mud and debris.

They pick themselves up and check each other over. Hugs all round.

Cillian staggers up to Leisha and cuddles her.

Barry jumps about yapping.

As they walk away, Cillian hands the alien gun to Mark.

MARK
Do you think we should tell the
police?

LEISHA

I think most of England and France
heard that explosion. Anyone else
completely deaf?

The sun rises across the fields. The birds sing in the trees
as our heroes head away from the farm.

FADE OUT: