

ILLEGAL ALIENS

Written by

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FADE IN:

TITLES OVER A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT SKY.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Outside a tent on the edge of a field, sits 12 year-old NICK STYLES looking up at the stars.

He uses a red light torch to check his planisphere, then looks up at the sky to spot constellations.

His torch fails. He rattles it.

Nothing.

Silent darkness all around.

NICK
Dad? You awake?

He looks inside the tent.

DAD's flat on his back, snoring, his head resting on a pillow of empty beer cans. Nick ducks back out the tent, dejected.

In a copse across the field, lights dance among the trees. Nick gets up.

NICK
(hisses)
Dad? Dad!

No response.

Confused and intrigued, Nick gives a look back at the tent but his curiosity is stronger than fear of parental anger.

He heads towards the lights.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

Nick is nervous but the lights pull him forward.

He steps into the trees, creeping towards the lights.

He's bathed in a strobe effect as lights dance between the trunks, leading him on.

Suddenly he finds himself in a clearing.

It's lit up by coloured lights, dancing around the surrounding tress.

Nick's face is full of childlike wonder.

It's a party. A small group of teenagers gathered round a fire. Dance music plays from a car radio. Someone's put up portable disco lights on a car roof.

Nick stands self-consciously at the clearing's edge.

A TEENAGE BOY beckons Nick over. Hesitant Nick approaches.

A TEENAGE GIRL slides to one side to make room for Nick between her and the boy. Nick sits.

The Teenage Boy offers Nick a beer.

TEENAGE GIRL
Be serious Matt!

MATT
Hey c'mon. I'm sure the foundling here is thirsty, aren't you?

Nick nods shyly and get his hair ruffled as a reward.

Nick takes a sip. Gags. Then smiles before he takes another-

MATT
Don't get greedy!

TEENAGE GIRL
(to Nick)
You ok?

Nick nods.

MATT
Try this...

He hands Nick a joint.

TEENAGE GIRL
You don't have to if you don't want to, ok?

Nick gulps, takes it and tentatively inhales.

It brings on a coughing fit! The rest of the group laugh good-naturedly. The teenage girl looks concerned-

TEENAGE GIRL
It's alright kid. Don't panic!

Nick brings the coughing under control but he looks scared.

NICK

I- I got to go!

He stumbles to his feet, looks unsteady, but a gentle touch from the girl steadies him.

Wishes of good luck and general compliments accompany from the group as Nick stumbles his way towards the edge of the clearing again.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A slightly drunk and stoned Nick stumbles, trips and scrambles his way through the woods.

He's woozy and a little scared.

Ahead he sees more lights in the dark, mist-shrouded woods.

He heads towards them and still can't make out where they're coming from.

NICK

Dad?!?

He grabs a tree and leans round it to see where the lights are coming from.

Tired, he rests his head against the trunk.

MATCH TO:

ADULT NICK'S FACE

Nick, now in his late 20s, in slack-jawed stupor...

That's because he's resting his face on a damp train window, half asleep.

A jolt on the train wakes him up.

He composes himself as he looks around the carriage, packed with tired, bored, hungry commuters cocooned against the elements and reading newspapers and books, or staring at their phones.

EXT. CITY CENTRE TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Nick's just one of a swarm of commuters bottlenecked at the ticket barriers.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Nick's engrossed in his computer in a nondescript office full of worker drones in cubicles.

He looks hard at work but in fact he's reading a website - www.UFOconspiracynuts.com - which lives up to its name.

CRASH!

His face jerks away from the screen as a stack of paperwork lands onto his desk.

NICK
Sorry Mr Longden-

Internet windows vanish behind spreadsheets as Nick frantically closes them before whirling round in his seat.

JAMES FINNEY (25), deluded he's on-trend and looks cool but everything is polyester rather than cotton. He always has and always will look like a low-ranking civil servant.

NICK
Bastard!

JAMES
You know they're already here?

NICK
Who?

James parks his butt on the corner of Nick's desk.

JAMES
HR. Sarah's been asked to pull our files for Longden. Every man - or women - for themselves now!

They both peer over the top of the cubicle to a glass-walled office at the end of the room. MR LONGDEN (late 50s), a drab career office drone waiting on his pension, stabs at his keyboard with index fingers, tongue poking out the corner of his mouth. He looks up-

Nick and James duck down.

NICK
He'll chicken out like last year.

JAMES
Tenner says this is it. You spoke
to Carolyn since she burned you?

He twists his head to a female co-worker nearby. While Nick
is distracted-

James grabs the mouse on Nick's desk.

NICK
Hey!

A website opens on a world map with four dots highlighted.

JAMES
The M.O.D. picked up something
that's repeatedly entered our
atmosphere over the last few
nights. Apparently it was over New
Zealand last Tuesday, then Turkey
on Wednesday and now the UK.
Something put our air force on
alert then disappeared.

NICK
Yeah?

JAMES
I think it was the Russians playing
silly buggers again.

Nick's desk phone rings. And rings. And rings. He answers.

NICK
Yes... Ok. Sorry. Be right there.

INT. MR LONGDEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick knocks and enters-

LONGDEN
Mr Styles! Take a seat.

MR LONGDEN is shifting through paperwork on his desk in front
of him. Nick sits to attention in front of him.

Eventually he clears his throat and looks up at Nick.

LONGDEN

How long have you been with working with us, Nick?

NICK

Uh, just over five years, I guess.

LONGDEN

That long? And are you fulfilled by it? Getting job satisfaction?

NICK

Well, I actually, now that-

LONGDEN

Good. You know there are no jobs for life anymore? Now it's all about flexibility and 'up skilling', whatever that is. But in the civil service if you keep your nose clean and focus on your job and you can ride out the regular cutbacks, target initiatives and departmental mergers. You can survive. The key is not to stand out, especially for the wrong reasons. When you first started here I thought you were a team player but now...

He holds up a piece of paper and sighs as Nick shuffles a little uncomfortably.

LONGDEN

What's this about wanting to join the Fast Track?

NICK

Well you see...

LONGDEN

It's just stuff and nonsense. Get yourself known in Whitehall and you'll be a target, mark my words. How do you think I ended up here? I was like you once. Young, driven, ambitious. I've got the wounds to prove it!

He stands up and turns around, showing his bum to Nick.

Nick doesn't know where to look. Longden looks back over his shoulder.

LONGDEN

See this? Still got the bruises
from where they bounced me all the
way to down to this satellite
office. Thrown away like last
year's Christmas presents.

He sits down.

LONGDEN

And you know why? Huh?

NICK

Uh, no, I-

LONGDEN

'Cos I asked questions, aimed high.
People like you and me shouldn't
reach above our station in life.
This is our level, believe me!

NICK

It's something I've wanted for a
long time and I have an opportunity-

LONGDEN

Yes, you told me. Want to get into
the MOD. Need a little excitement
to break up the monotony, eh? What
I think you need is some time out
with OUR frontline troops. Remind
you why we're here.

NICK

Thank you but I what I really want-

LONGDEN

Trust me. It's for the best. Maybe
even answer some of those
existential questions you're
struggling with.

He winks at Nick as he thrusts a piece of paper across the
desk. Nick doesn't even try to pick it up.

LONGDEN

Your itinerary. Tickets are booked.
Just meet the team at Stoke
Paginell train station on Wednesday
at nine.

Nick stares. He really doesn't want to do this.

NICK
But what about my application?

LONGDEN
When you return, I promise to give
due consideration to the matter.

Longden smiles at Nick. Nick weakly smiles back and gingerly picks up the paper between thumb and index finger.

INT. NICK'S FLAT - EVENING

Nick enters his small bachelor pad and flicks through letters but they're only takeaway flyers or 'To the owner' envelopes.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Nick is wrapped up warm on a camping chair, cocooned against the cold, listening to the sounds of the nighttime city.

He peers through a telescope at light polluted skies.

He leans back and stares upwards, watching a small white dot leisurely track across the sky.

He checks the time and notes the International Space Station passing. Something Nick's recorded many times before.

As he replaces the lens cap back on the scope:

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Josie! Cut that out! Quiet!

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

BRIAN LOCK (Late 40s), tough, hairy and taciturn, sits at his kitchen table pulling on muddy boots over pajama bottoms.

Everything in the room's seen better days and needs a damn good clean - including Brian's clothes.

JOSIE, Brian's dog, barks and claws at the back door, desperate to be let out.

A motorbike pulls up outside. Brian freezes.

The engine is cut off (O.S.).

Then he carries on as the door opens.

BRIAN

Stop her!

Josie bolts through the gap, her barking gets quieter as she carries on outside.

BRIAN

Great.

In walks DAISY LOCK (22), a tall, lithe, athletic woman and like her father has a no nonsense air about her. She's drunk.

DAISY

What's up with her?

Brian pulls on a thick heavy coat.

BRIAN

Rustlers up in the top field again.

DAISY

'K. Let me help.

BRIAN

Go sleep it off.

She smiles a guilty smile as he ducks out the open door, grabbing his shotgun on the way out.

EXT. FARMYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian steps outside and checks his the shotgun is loaded before snapping it shut.

Josie is still barking nearby. Brian whistles and she comes slinking out of the darkness.

He gets onto a quad bike with a trailer attached and starts the engine. Josie jumps onto the back behind him.

Brian revs the engine.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

On the quad, Brian sees lights up ahead in one of his fields. Josie is getting more agitated and whining.

BRIAN

Hush now girl.

He drives up to an open gate to a field, and drives into it.

But unfortunately the quad bike splutters to a stop. Brian tries starting it again but nothing.

He grabs his shotgun and torch. In the darkness he can hear sheep bleating in the field.

His torch flickers and then dies on him.

Josie whines. Sheep bleat gently.

A more nervous Brian gets off and walks into the field, gun in hand. Josie takes her place by Brian's feet, tail between her legs.

He gently bangs the torch against the gun barrels and it flickers into life.

BRIAN
Thank Christ!

STRANGE SCUTTling NOISE (O.C.)

BRIAN
(shouts)
You've got ten seconds to bugger
off before I shoot you!

Brian whirls around, this way and that as he tiptoes forward.

Two pin points of light appear in the darkness, blinking on and off.

Then four. Then six.

Then a dozen pairs of lights surrounding Brian.

Brian swallows. Hard.

He holds the torch alongside the shotgun barrels with his left hand, bracing the gun's butt against his right shoulder.

BRIAN
(less confident now)
I'm warning you!

A figure steps towards the dim torchlight-

Josie whines-

Brian lowers the shotgun slightly in shock-

He quickly composes himself and raises the shotgun to his shoulder once more.