

ALPHA 8

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BMG BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY

A small windowless room. Padded walls. A small metal table sits in the center. A **FIGURE** sits in one of the chairs, motionless. Covered head to toe in a gray jumpsuit, face lost under a large hood sweatshirt.

MICHAEL PETERSON (40s) weekend warrior athlete, fresh shave, tailored wardrobe takes a seat at the small metal table in the middle of the room. Drops a manila envelope on the table.

MICHAEL

Do you have a family?

Pulls a picture out. Slides it across the table.

MICHAEL

That's my family. We were at a Denver Broncos' game.

One gloved hand picks up the picture. And it's a six fingered glove.

Unfazed Michael continues.

MICHAEL

Alpha 8, do you understand my question? ... Alpha 8? Really?

He pulls a recorder from his pocket. Sets it on the table.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)

Who came up with that? I can't, we can't, keep calling you that. What is your name? What should we, what should I call you?

Taking care to enunciate every syllable. Robotic stilted. Very flat.

ALPHA 8 (O.S.)

Den-ver.

It tries again.

ALPHA 8 (O.S.)

Denver.

INT. PETERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - WEEKS LATER

Typical weekday morning chaos before work and school.

DANIEL NICHOLS (12), a know-it-all obsessed with all things Area 51 and aliens. He knows it's not "cool," so he hides his truth under his hoodie. Milk dribbles from his chin as he takes another bite of cereal.

Across from him, his step-brother **JACKSON PETERSON (12)**, sports fanatic and gamer with the wardrobe to prove it, sits at the kitchen table.

DANIEL

First, you have to look out for the two Camo dudes, they drive a white truck... well actually it's one Camo dude the other is a dummy... like a doll... like a fake person.

JACKSON

I know what a dummy is. What about snipers?

DANIEL

Well there's a van that brings in all the workers. A sniper is totally on top of the van... so you'll need to stay clear of that.

JACKSON

No way the government will just let anyone walk in.

DANIEL

Of course not. They tried it once. Some guy started a FaceBook group that blew up to like two million followers. But it got shut down. And on the day of the raid, not even half of the followers showed up... Not even the Facebook dude.

Daniel slurps his milk from the bowl.

JACKSON

Because nobody wants to get shot by snipers.

DANIEL

If they did it right, there wouldn't be enough snipers to stop all of them.

JACKSON

Nobody is gonna sacrifice-

DANIEL

- Imagine if they got the entire population of Vegas to storm. That's over half a million people which is like twenty-five percent of the population. Throw in the tourists and they could totally get through... well some... some would get through.

TARYN PETERSON (15), Jackson's biological sister storms in. Every bit teenager struggling to find the balance between "cool kid" and the science nerd she once was.

She drops her backpack. Fumbles her shoes. Totally interrupting...

TARYN

What are you two dumbo trons talking about?

JACKSON

Area 51 and how Daniel's gonna get obliterated by snipers when he tries to break in.

DANIEL

Not me! I'll be watching via live stream from the comfort of my Duvet cover.

Jackson pours another bowl of cereal.

DANIEL

Besides it will never happen. Democrats will win and tell us everything we want to know about aliens. Trust that.

TARYN

You don't have to wait that long. I already know what they look like.

(whispers)

Just look in the mirror.

Jumps back to avoid hits from the boys.

Daniel tosses his socks at her. Misses. Jackson throws his. Nails her in the back of the head.

She retaliates. Socks fly across the room almost hitting...

KINSLEY PETERSON (6) as she walks in. Everyone's favorite and she knows it. She climbs into a seat next to Daniel.

KINSLEY
I'm re-tired.

Taryn grabs two bowls from the cabinet.

TARYN
What?

Distributes cereal in each.

KINSLEY
I was tired yesterday. And I'm still tired today.

Kinsley lays her head down on the table.

TARYN
You're just tired... You need a job before you can retire.

B'RING. B'RING.

The video phone on the center island lights up. Taryn answers.

ON THE VIDEO PHONE: Michael, now sporting an overgrown beard, untamed hair, and unpressed shirt stands in front of the camera. Already on his third energy drink. It shows.

He is Daniel's stepdad and biological father to the other kids.

Adjusts his tie in the camera, while holding his drink.

KINSLEY
Daddy!

She waves. Runs to the screen.

DANIEL
Hi, Michael.

JACKSON
Hey, Dad.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Hi, guys. You all ready for school?

Daniel dumps his bowl in the sink.

JACKSON
I have a basketball game on
Saturday. You're coming, right?

Jackson stuffs everything into his backpack.

TARYN
What time is your flight?

DANIEL
We have a test in Spanish.

Jackson punches Daniel in the shoulder.

DANIEL
(mouths)
You should have studied.

LARSON (O.S.)
All your dishes better be in the
dishwasher before we leave.

Daniel and Kinsley's biological mom, **LARSON PETERSON (late 30s)** storms in, dressed for the office. Wears the overworked-tired-mom well. Or she's just good at faking it.

Honestly, if it weren't for her phone, calendar, Alexa and smart watch she would be a hot mess.

She dumps everything on the counter: laptop, purse, heels, and blazer.

Knocks a brownie mix box to the floor in the process.

KINSLEY
(to Larson)
Daddy's on the phone.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Hi, honey.

Walks right past the video phone on a mission.

LARSON
What time is your flight again?

Kinsley holds up her art project to her father.

KINSLEY
Look! I made you a picture.

MICHAEL'S POV: The picture is too close for him to *actually* see what it is, but...