

ALIEN SUPPORT GROUP

Episode 2

Written by

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

BHAZIR, dressed in modern clothes, writes out the day's assignment on the board as HANNAH storms in.

Bhazir turns to face her.

BHAZIR
Good morning, Hann --

HANNAH
Don't even bother, Mr. Smith. I
know everything. And, I can prove
it.

She holds up her cell phone and grins.

Bhazir's face drops as the BELL RINGS.

Hannah, overly-confident, slips into her seat as STUDENTS file in.

Bhazir composes himself and forces a smile.

BHAZIR
Good morning!

He eyes Hannah's phone, strategically placed on her desk to taunt him, then continues...

BHAZIR (CONT'D)
Hope you had a restful weekend,
because we're about to get busy.

Students groan as Bhazir and Hannah glare at each other -- it's on.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hannah stands before PRINCIPAL YUSLISS, her cell phone on his desk.

ON PHONE: a blurred, over-exposed video plays. The people (or aliens) in it are impossible to make out and the audio is distorted, difficult to understand.

JIGGER (V.O.)
You got yourself a "conspiracy
theorist!" They all know. Don't
worry no one ever believes them.

LOYNAR (V.O.)
We know how to take care of them.

BACK TO SCENE.

Hannah looks down at Yusliss, satisfied.

YUSLISS

You said this was a matter of school safety.

HANNAH

Yes! Aliens are trying to take over the world. It's all right there.

YUSLISS

I can't see anything and the voices are all garbled. I honestly don't know what they said.

HANNAH

They said they're going to "take care of" me!

He stares at her, not convinced. *

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm the conspiracy theorist!

Yusliss raises his brow.

The door cracks open and BHAZIR pokes his head in.

BHAZIR

Principal Yusliss, you wanted to see me?

YUSLISS

Ah, Mr. Smith. Come in, come in.

BHAZIR avoids eye-contact with Hannah as she glares at him.

YUSLISS (CONT'D)

Miss Hunter, here, claims to have followed you and made recordings of you and your friends off school grounds.

BHAZIR stares at Hannah.

BHAZIR

Well, that sounds like an invasion of privacy.

YUSLISS

Indeed.

(to Hannah)

(MORE)

YUSLISS (CONT'D)
Mr. Smith filed a complaint earlier
today about your inappropriate
behavior over the weekend.

HANNAH
What? Are you kidding me?

Yusliss picks up Hannah's phone and places it in his desk
drawer.

YUSLISS
I'm confiscating your phone. This
behavior is going on your record.
I've already called your parents.

Hannah stares at him, mouth agape.

HANNAH
You're taking his word over mine?

YUSLISS
You showed me that video on your
own accord. I suggest you have a
seat and think about your behavior
while we wait for your parents.

She turns on Bhazir.

HANNAH
This isn't over.

Hannah stomps out of the office. Bhazir turns to Yusliss as
he stands.

YUSLISS
I'm so sorry.

BHAZIR
It's okay. I've had this before...
at my last school. It's a crush.

YUSLISS
Teenage hormones.

BHAZIR
The worst!

The men laugh. Yusliss pats Bhazir on the back as they turn
toward the door.

YUSLISS
Well, we'll make sure it ends here.

BHAZIR
I appreciate that.

INT. OFFICE WAITING AREA - DAY

Bhazir walks out of the Principal's office, gloating.

Hannah slumps in her seat, angry. Bhazir winks at her as he struts by.

She shoots him the finger.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

LOYNAR, JIGGER, and FAWP lean in close as Bhazir plays the video for them.

LOYNAR (V.O.)
We know how to take care of them.

The video ends. Bhazir looks up at his fellow aliens.

BHAZIR
Two day suspension and loss of
phone privileges.

JIGGER
Problem solved! Now, can I tell you
what they did to my --

Loynar shakes her head, oblivious to Jigger's comments.

BHAZIR
She looked me in the eye and said
it wasn't over.

LOYNAR
What a little bitch!

Fawp and Jigger gasp.

LOYNAR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but there's just too
much at stake right now. I mean, we
all know we can't be recorded in
our natural form, thanks to the
Little Grays, but it sounds like
this one will just look for another
way to expose us.

BHAZIR

She will! If you could see her
eyes. Intense. Full of hatred.

Fawp shakes his head.

FAWP

S.M.D.H.

GIRZON appears, out of thin air, into the center of the
circle.

GIRZON

Greetings, guys and gals!

FAWP

Dude, no one here talks like that.

Girzon ignores Fawp.

GIRZON

The bosses want a progress report.
So, what's buzzin, cuzzins?

Loynar jumps up from her seat and points to Bhazir.

LOYNAR

Bhazir picked up a real party
pooper!

Bhazir shrinks in his chair as all eyes turn on him.

GIRZON

Is this true, Bhazir?

Bhazir grimaces as he manages a slight nod.

Girzon drops his head. He stares at the floor, silent.

The group stares at him, uncertain.

After a moment, Girzon lets out a loud groan. He grinds his
teeth as he paces, almost in tears.

GIRZON (CONT'D)

The take-over is just around the
corner. Do you have any idea what
will happen to me if I report a
party pooper from our team?

Loynar bites her nail as she watches him pace.

Fawp quietly unwraps a candy bar.

GIRZON (CONT'D)
 We have to take care of this
 ourselves. No one reports anything.
 Got it?

The group nods.

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Girzon, Fawp, Loynar, Jigger and Bhaizir stand over Hannah,
 asleep in her bed.

GIRZON
 Let's do it.

Loynar hands him a gun-shaped injector. Girzon holds it up.

GIRZON (CONT'D)
 Where should we put it?

FAWP
 Behind her ear!

JIGGER
 In her hip!

Hannah's eyes open. She stares up at the surrounding aliens
 and opens her mouth to scream.

Bhaizir slaps his hand over her mouth just in time.

BHAZIR
 Do it!

Girzon panics and shoots the injection into her leg.

LOYNAR
 It's in! Let's go!

The aliens bump into each other as they race to exit.

Hannah, alarmed and breathless, sits up in bed. She looks
 down at the tiny mark on her leg.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bhaizir sits back in his chair, feet up on his desk, as he
 whistles.

Students pile into the room. Hannah limps in last.

BHAZIR
 Hannah! Welcome back. How was your
 time off?

HANNAH
Extremely productive, thanks for
asking.

Her smile a bit too wide as she limps across the room and
slides into her seat.

BHAZIR
Really?

She slaps her hand down onto her desk and raises her brow.

HANNAH
Really.

Hannah slides her hand to the side, just enough to reveal a
grain-sized microchip.

All the color drains from BHAZIR's face.

Hannah winks at him.

BHAZIR looks like he could vomit.

FADE OUT.