

ALIEN SUPPORT GROUP

Episode 2

Written by

Keren Green

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.

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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.