

ALIEN SUPPORT GROUP

Episode 1

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EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Quiet and dark. A sudden WHOOSH blows trash up into the air, and BHAZIR, 25, an enthusiastic reptilian alien, appears beside GIRZON, a jacked and overly confident reptilian alien.

GIRZON
This is it. Everything we've worked
for. You ready?

BHAZIR
I think so.

Girzon gets in Bhazir's face.

GIRZON
You think so? I said... Are you
ready? *

Girzon's forehead presses into Bhazir's.

BHAZIR
I'm ready!

GIRZON
What are you going to do?

BHAZIR
I'm going to take over the planet!

The Reptilians yell as they flex their muscles.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HANNAH, 16, shuffles down the street, backpack over her shoulder, arms full of books.

GIRZON (O.S.)
Yeah! Yeah!

Hannah stops and peers down the alley. Her eyes grow wide.

HANNAH
What the...?

She tiptoes into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Bhazir and Girzon chest bump and yell.

Hannah slips behind a dumpster, fascinated.

Girzon pats Bhazir's back, satisfied and out of breath. He pulls out a large envelope and hands it to Bhazir.

BHAZIR
Is this...?

GIRZON
Your Earthling identity.

Bhazir slides out an I.D. He reads the paperwork.

BHAZIR
Mr. Smith, Hillbank High. Perfect.

Girzon holds out a business card. Bhazir takes it and reads it. *

BHAZIR (CONT'D)
Alien Support Group. You're kidding?

GIRZON
They meet once a week. Your attendance is mandatory.

Hannah's foot hits a tin can. The can rolls toward the aliens.

Girzon and Bhazir's heads snap toward the sound. Girzon locks on Hannah.

She shuffles backward, trapped between the dumpster and building as Girzon approaches.

HANNAH
Please, don't --

Girzon's hand reaches for her.

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannah stands frozen at the open refrigerator. Girzon adjusts her hand so she's reaching in, about to grab something. He turns to Bhazir.

GIRZON
She won't remember any of it.
But... let's just keep this between us, agreed?

Bhazir, deadpan and overwhelmed, just nods.

GIRZON (CONT'D)

Good. See you at the takeover!

Girzon turns and vanishes with a WHOOSH.

Bhazir swallows hard, then looks to Hannah. Her fingers twitch. Bhazir sprints out the door as Hannah unfreezes and reaches into the fridge.

HANNAH

Wait... What was I getting?

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A circle of seated ALIENS of various species. Bhazir, uncomfortable, sits among them.

FAWP, a blue-skinned alien, sobs as he speaks to the group.

FAWP

...I turned around and Earthling male genitalia had been drawn on the board. I told them we weren't in biology, but they all laughed and threw things. These beings are the worst. I don't know how much more I can take.

JIGGER, the alien beside him, rubs Fawp's back as he nods.

LOYNAR, an orange alien, shakes her head with sympathy.

LOYNAR

Merciless. At least you have us.

The others nod in agreement.

LOYNAR (CONT'D)

Now, I'd like to introduce our newest member... Bhazir.

All eyes turn to Bhazir. He smiles and nods.

BHAZIR

Yeah, I was top of my class. I honestly feel like I'm ready for whatever they throw my way.

The whole group breaks into laughter. Bhazir smiles, but doesn't get the joke.

INT. BHAZIR'S ROOM - DAY

Bhazir, now in his human disguise, straight out of the 1950's, stares into his mirror and talks to his reflection. *

BHAZIR

Well, hello there, Mr. Smith. Don't you look dashing.

Bhazir itches behind his ear, then adjusts his mask.

BHAZIR (CONT'D)

You got this! Are you ready? Hell yeah, I'm ready!

He adjusts his tie, picks up his briefcase, and looks into the mirror one last time.

BHAZIR (CONT'D)

Taking over the world, baby!

Confident as hell, Bhazir struts out the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Bhazir writes "Mr. Smith, American History 1" on the chalkboard as STUDENTS file in and take their seats.

Hannah enters and slips into her chair in the second row.

BHAZIR

Good morning, class. Welcome. This is going to be a swell class.

Bhazir's eyes land on Hannah and his expression drops. He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

Hannah shoots him the look that only a disgusted teen can.

HANNAH

Are you sure you're ready for this?

BHAZIR

Hell yeah!

He catches himself and smiles sweetly.

BHAZIR (CONT'D)

I mean, I so am excited to be teaching you youngsters.

Hannah studies Bhazir -- something seems familiar.

Bhazir writes "President Dwight Eisenhower" on the board.

Hannah squints as she notices something: a small green patch with a loose piece of skin behind Bhazir's ear. Her eyes grow wide.

As Bhazir turns back to the class, he casually secures the skin behind his ear.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bhazir and Girzon chest bump and yell.

Bhazir slides out an I.D. He reads the paperwork.

BACK TO SCENE.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Hannah stares, wide-eyed, at Bhazir.

HANNAH

Oh my God...

BHAZIR

Okay, boys and girls, who among you can tell me what Eisenhower was best known for?

TIMOTHY, 16, rocker-type student, raises his hand.

TIMOTHY

Well, golly gee, Mr. Smith, I just can't seem to remember.

Students burst into laughter. Bhazir pats Timothy on the head.

BHAZIR

Well, A-plus for effort.

Timothy pushes Bhazir's hand away.

TIMOTHY

Dude, don't touch me! Is this guy for real?

Students throw crumpled papers at Bhazir. He holds his hands up to block the hits.

HANNAH

Holy shit... this is happening.

Hannah pulls out her phone and presses record.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Bhazir stops halfway down the stairs as his phone DINGS. He looks at it.

ON PHONE: Video of him as students throw things. It reads "MY ALIEN TEACHER."

Bhazir looks around, paranoid. He touches his face to assure his mask is still in place.

Students point and laugh as he hurries down the stairs.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Bhazir bursts in, out of breath. LAUGHING can still be heard from down the hall. He turns to find four TEACHERS staring at him, blank-faced.

PANSERELLI, 40's, gym teacher, looks Bhazir up and down.

PANSERELLI

You must be the new guy. What'd you just get back from the malt shop?

BHAZIR

Those children out there. They're so... mean.

Panserelli and the other teachers bust up laughing.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Bhazir sits, head in his hands as Hannah storms in.

HANNAH

I know what you are! You won't get away with it. I will expose you and your alien friend!

BHAZIR

Alien? You sure do have quite the imagination, don't you?

HANNAH

I know you tried to erase my memory. But, it didn't work. I remember everything!

She storms out. Bhazir calls after her.

BHAZIR
Even if I was one, which I'm not,
memory wipes would be above my
security clearance!

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Bhazir, tired and broken, sits among the group. MUFFLED VOICES in the b.g as he stares into space.

LOYNAR
Bhazir...

Bhazir jumps at the sound of his name.

LOYNAR (CONT'D)
I said, how was your first week?

Bhazir can't hold it in, his eyes well.

BHAZIR
My cover has been blown! This
girl... she's been trailing me.

The group chuckles.

BHAZIR (CONT'D)
I'm serious. She knows.

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

The aliens continue to laugh.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Hannah sits outside a cracked window. Alien's laughter from within seeps through.

HANNAH
They'll have to believe me now.

She holds her phone up to the window.

FADE OUT.