

THE GROUP

Written by

David Jenkins

MEMBERS OF STAR STRUCK (THE GROUP):

GINA MORRISON - 40's, no-nonsense group leader of Star Struck. An invested, semi-semi-credentialled therapist with her own set of baggage.

CHELSEA HEALEY - 30's, blonde, a strange, high-strung soul in the body of the model housewife. Laura Ashley prints hiding something much darker and wierder.

ENNIS HART - 50's, a giant, gruff, Nick Nolte-esque farmer. Looks like he'd wear burlap underwear. Runs a small farm in the town of Beacon.

GERARD JOHNSON - late 30's, an amiable, dude-bro stoner and enthusiastic expert on all things alien. A bag of wet laundry with the soul of Matthew McConaughey.

RICHARD SHENK - 40's, glasses, sweaters, Bob Balaban mixed with a manila envelope. Newly promoted Assistant VP at a "tech-company" in the town of Beacon.

KELLY GRADY - 30's, a goofball who doesn't know quite how attractive she actually is. A perpetual temp who perpetually dates perpetual assholes.

YVONNE WATSON - 40's, dark black, extensions, a gravelly voice like Miles Davis circa 1989. A mail carrier in the town of Beacon.

MARGARET FLOOD - 60's, a white-haired grandmother, loves to cross-knit, flies the freak flag at her swinging retirement community in Beacon.

FATHER DOUG - 30's, fresh-faced, sees himself as the "hip" priest "who gets it." Manages the community room rentals at Our Lady of Sorrows in Beacon.

EMPLOYEES OF SLANT MEDIA (A NEWS SITE):

WYATT JONES - 30's, a curious, accomplished, and normally pretty serious-minded staff journalist for *Slant*.

JONATHAN WALSH - 40's, tall, charming, effortlessly commanding, transatlantic accent. Wyatt's boss and the titan behind Slant Media.

NANCY - 50's, Jonathan Walsh's tough-as-nails assistant.

"THE GROUP"

ACT ONE

EXT. UPSTATE NY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Yellow lines on an empty highway. A road sign road reading **WELCOME TO BEACON NEW YORK** rocks gently in the fall breeze.

A car speeds by. An old Honda Civic: not too fancy, reliable.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

WYATT JONES - 30's, handsome, not too fancy, reliable - is driving, when he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, bud?

Wyatt looks over to find A DEER sitting in the passenger seat, elbow perched casually out the window. It calmly says:

DEER

You're about to hit a deer, 'kay?

Wyatt's head snaps forward, just in time to see a (non-speaking) DEER standing in the road, lost in his headlights. He CUTS THE WHEEL, hard, but it's too late...impact --

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

Wyatt GASPS as his snap eyes open. He's seated on a commuter train. A CONDUCTOR glares at him from the aisle.

WYATT

(groggy)

Sorry. Just a deer-- a dream--

(collecting himself)

I was dreaming about deer, I mean.

The conductor decides to say nothing, moving on.

CONDUCTOR

Beacon, New York, next stop!

Wyatt wipes his forehead with his arm. It's covered in sweat. A couple of passengers are still looking at him.

CONDUCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Next stop, Beacon, New York!

EXT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS - EVENING

A cab pulls in past a statue of the Virgin Mary and a sign reading: OUR LADY OF SORROWS (OLS). Wyatt gets out and looks up at the large, stone church.

INT. OLS COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on CHELSEA HEALEY - 30's, put-together / high-strung housewife:

CHELSEA

It's the end of a long day. The kids are finally asleep, I've got a cup of peppermint tea and a steamy book.

It's me time.

(beat)

And that's when He appears. Standing at the end of my bed.

Reverse to sort of motley group of 9 PEOPLE, Wyatt and Gina among them, seated semi-circle, group therapy style.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

He's like a tall, pale, god. The moon glistens off of his sinewy thighs --

Everyone shifts in their seats uncomfortably. Wyatt takes notes. GINA MORRISON- the group's leader - tries to cut in:

GINA

Okay, so --

CHELSEA

He's incredibly well-endowed, much more so than a normal human --

GINA

(finally breaking in)

So, it's pretty much the same dream you've been having? For months?

CHELSEA

(nodding)

Same one, same one. Yup.

(re: Wyatt)

Why is he writing?

GINA

Chelsea, we've discussed this.
Wyatt's a journalist, and we agreed
he could write an article on the
group.

CHELSEA

Well, I didn't agree to that.

Murmurs around the room. Chelsea always pulls shit like this.

GINA

And I clearly said that anyone who is
uncomfortable with this shouldn't
participate today.

WYATT

(to Chelsea)

I won't put anything you just said in
the article --

CHELSEA

Well it's too late now.

WYATT

It's not, because I just won't write
it in.

CHELSEA

(under her breath)

Too late now.

WYATT

(to Gina)

So... are recurring dreams common
with abductees?

Sounds of disapproval all around: ("Ooo." "Not cool, bro")

GINA

(to Wyatt)

We actually prefer the term
"experiencers" to "abductees." It
gives us just a little more agency.

CHELSEA

Calling someone an abductee is a lot
like slut shaming.

JUMP TO:

ENNIS HART - 50's, Nick Nolte-esque farmer - holds the floor:

ENNIS

I still get the ringing in my ears.
Pretty bad sometimes.

(beat)

Kinda feel like a nut-job, talkin'
about it.

GINA

Okay, Ennis, let's try and avoid the
negative self-talk.

GERARD JOHNSON - late 30's, amiable stoner:

GERRY

Seriously, man. If you're trash-
talking yourself, the aliens won.

Murmurs of agreement around the group. Ennis nods softly at
this, appreciating the support.

ENNIS

I'm pretty sure they put a microphone
in my head.

WYATT

(writing this down)

Ennis, just out of curiosity, do you
work near any loud machinery?

ENNIS

Oh yeah. Everyday, pretty much.

CUT TO:

RICHARD SHENK - 40's, Bob Balaban-ish - addresses the room,
holding a picture of a woman.

RICHARD

It's been 302 days since I last saw
Debbie. My wife.

(beat)

And I'm starting to think she's not
coming back.

KELLY GRADY - 30's, attractive goofball - whispers to Wyatt:

KELLY

Yup. Safe bet.

RICHARD

As many of you know, we were first
taken by Reptilians ten years ago
while on a camping trip. And they've
clearly come back to finish the job.

KELLY

(whispering to Wyatt)

I saw her last week at Chipotle,
she's fine. She abducted herself to
a new apartment.

RICHARD

(to Kelly)

I'm sorry, Kelly, is there something
you'd like to add?

KELLY

Just filling Wyatt in on the larger
Reptilian agenda.

RICHARD

That's not really your area of
expertise. Allow me:

Groans. No one likes it when Richard talks Reptilians.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(ignoring this, to Wyatt)

Long story short: Reptilians have
been among us for hundreds of years,
and they run most of the government.

Wyatt writes this down, trying to keep a straight face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

All of our former presidents were
Reptilians. Except for Carter.

GERRY

That's just one theory, man.

RICHARD

It's a stone-cold fact, and all of
you know it!

GERRY

I'm just sayin', there's different
types of aliens out there with
different agendas.

WYATT

(to the room)

Has anyone been abduc-- had an
experience -- with a non-Reptilian?

CHELSEA

Mine were Greys.

WYATT
 (lost, like us)
 "Greys"?

ENNIS
 (far away)
 Big heads, little bodies. Massive,
 wet, soulless eyes.

GINA
 There's a chart on page two of the
 packet I gave you, Wyatt.

Wyatt looks at his packet, which reads: **STAR STRUCK: A SUPPORT GROUP FOR EXPERIENCERS**. He flips to page 2, a chart featuring three labelled figures: 1. A lizard-like being (a Reptilian) 2. A traditional looking alien (a Grey) 3. A tall, pale, handsome(ish), human-like being (a White).

KELLY
 Mine were looked kind of like Robert
 Redford or Brad Pitt. Except nine
 feet tall and albino.

YVONNE WATSON - 40's, voice like 1980's Miles Davis:

YVONNE
 Figures. I get visited by lizard
 men, and you get Brad Pitt.

RICHARD
 Reptilians! They're called--

YVONNE
 Shit, Richard, back up. A giant
 lizard shows up in my bedroom in the
 middle of the night, I'm calling it
 whatever I want.

RICHARD
 Reptilians are the ones you need to
 watch out for, Wyatt, the others are
 inconsequential.

KELLY
 I really resent that,
 Richard.

MARGARET
 Take your head out of your
 ass!

As the room descends into total chaos, we --

CUT TO:

INT. GERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gerry drives, Wyatt rides shotgun. It's a shitbox of a car, a giant dream-catcher hangs from the rear-view mirror.

GERRY

Sorry things got a little heated tonight. The whole interplanetary race thing's a real hot button issue.

WYATT

No problem. It was a courageous conversation.

GERRY

Did you get everything you needed for your article?

WYATT

(flipping through his pad)
I think so, yeah.
(trying to sound casual)
Actually, what was that stuff Gina was saying... about recurring dreams?

GERRY

Oh, those are often tell-tale indicators of blocked alien experiences.
(conspiratorially)
See, aliens usually try to wipe your mind. Recurring dreams are the brain's way of saying: "Hey, someone was messing around in here. And they left some stains on the 'ol carpet."

WYATT

(a little spooked)
Stains on the carpet, right.

GERRY

Not literally. I mean the proverbial carpet. Of the mind.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

As Wyatt gets his things together:

WYATT

Thanks again for the lift. My car's in the shop.

GERRY
Bummer. What happened to it?

WYATT
(a little hazy)
Oh I uh... I hit a deer.

GERRY
Aw, man. Deer. They're the jihadis
of the animal kingdom, aren't they?
Always running into things.

Wyatt gets out of the car, Gerry hands him a card.

GERRY (CONT'D)
Hey, man, feel free to reach out if
you need any technical consulting on
your journalistic endeavors.

Wyatt looks at the worn card: GERRY JOHNSON, ALIENTOLOGIST.
There's a UFO on one corner and a pot leaf on the other.

GERRY (CONT'D)
I'm also an advocate for
legalization. They kinda compliment
one another, if you catch my thought.

WYATT
I caught it, yup.

GERRY
(weird chuckle)
Knew you would.

Wyatt watches Gerry drive off. An express train zooms by
behind him in the distance, its HORN blaring.

CUT TO:

INT. WYATT'S CAR - NIGHT

Wyatt drives down the same highway. He glances at his rear
view mirror, and sees THE DEER sitting in the back seat. The
Deer nods back at him, like "Sup?" Then, a familiar voice:

VOICE (O.C.)
Hey, bud?

Wyatt turns to find Gerry sitting in the passenger seat.

GERRY
You're about to hit a deer.

Wyatt's head snaps forward. He sees HIMSELF standing in the middle of the road, eyes wide. He cuts the wheel, hard --

INT. WYATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wyatt's eyes snap open. He's sleeping on his keyboard. He sits up, key indentations on his face, and string of drool clinging to the keyboard. A title on his open word doc reads:
TAKEN: MY EXPERIENCE WITH AN ALIEN SUPPORT GROUPSDJIDSFJOSDF

INT. SLANT MEDIA - MORNING

Huge lettering on a wall reads SLANT MEDIA. NANCY - 50's, polished, tough as nails - mans the reception desk. Wyatt seated on a plush couch opposite, starts to nod off when:

NANCY

Jonathan Walsh usually doesn't meet with the writers in person.

WYATT

Wyatt Jones is flattered.

NANCY

(unamused)

Jonathan Walsh will see you now.

INT. JONATHAN WALSH'S OFFICE - DAY

A massive, sleek, ultra-modern, office. JONATHAN WALSH - 40's, effortlessly commanding - reads something at his standing desk.

WYATT

Um... hi, Jonath --

Jonathan holds up a hand, silencing Wyatt.

JONATHAN WALSH

(without looking up)

I'm reading your alien support group article. I don't like it.

WYATT

You don't like it?

JONATHAN WALSH

Well, no.

Jonathan's entire standing desk moves toward Wyatt. It's apparently a massive Segway.

JONATHAN WALSH (CONT'D)

I love it. I love your voice. I love you.

WYATT

(a little uncomfortable)

Oh, wow, that's --

(Walsh dismounts the desk)

Quite a desk.

JONATHAN WALSH

Why give up desk space just to move across a room?

(back to the article)

Great. Piece. Of click-bait. Chock full of strange little people talking about strange little things.

WYATT

Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about, actually.

(reluctantly)

I'm wondering if there isn't... a bigger story here?

JONATHAN WALSH

There's no bigger story. These people are insane. They believe in aliens.

WYATT

Agreed.

(then, pushing it)

But don't you want to know *why* they believe in aliens?

JONATHAN WALSH

No. I just want to laugh at them.

(then)

Here's the thing, Wyatt: I'm not happy with the article.

WYATT

You just said you loved it.

JONATHAN WALSH

I do. But I don't love that you wrote it. Does that make sense?

WYATT

Um... no. That makes no sense.

JONATHAN WALSH

Wyatt, I didn't poach you from the New York Times to have you writing about alien cults. I threw you a bone in the wake of your car accident, but now that you've fully recovered, I need you focused on real news.

(beat)

You have fully recovered, yes?

WYATT

(lying)

Mm-hm, yup. Feeling good.

JONATHAN WALSH

Excellent. I'm assigning you the Senator Jeffries story.

WYATT

The disgraced senator who --

JONATHAN WALSH

Stole money, cheated on his wife, all if it, terrible. It's yours.

WYATT

(underwhelmed)

Great. That sounds great.

JONATHAN WALSH

Aren't you thrilled?

WYATT

(forcing this)

I'm thrilled! Yes! Thank you!

JONATHAN WALSH

(beat)

You look tired, Wyatt.

(waves a hand over him)

There's a sagginess, a mushiness. Ask Nancy to give you some meditations, she'll know what it means.

INT. OFFICES OF SLANT - WYATT'S DESK - DAY

Wyatt yawns, looking at an image of SENATOR JEFFRIES - 50's, silver hair, fat - on his laptop. He's making the signature weird lip-biting face of indicted politicians.

Wyatt starts a new search - **Aliens, Beacon NY**. A ton of articles populate about alien abductions in Beacon. Wyatt glances over to find Gerry's card on his desk.

INT. GERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tight on Gerry. He's on the phone.

GERRY

Hello?

(beat, then so happy)

Oh, wow, you called!

(beat)

No, it's great, it just doesn't usually happen.

(beat)

Why don't you swing by my office and we'll talk it over?

(beat)

I'm here right now, come on by.

A CAR HORN honks. Gerry wraps it up.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, I gotta run. See you soon.

PULL out to reveal that Gerry is working in a tollbooth. He speaks to the driver, a HEAVYSET GUY.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Sorry, man. Just consulting with a colleague on a piece of journalism.

HEAVYSET GUY

(deadpan)

Awesome. I'm in the middle of the Tour de' France.

The guys peels off. Gerry leans back in his chair, arms folded over his head, feeling good.

Outside the booth, a huge line up of cars wait to pay tolls.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GERRY'S TOLLBOOTH - NIGHT

Gerry and Wyatt are both squeezed into the booth.

GERRY

So, welcome to the "nerve center."
What do you think?

Wyatt looks around. It's crammed with stuff.

WYATT

It's really... efficient.

GERRY

Thanks! Lemme give you the tour.

Gerry stays seated, and points to a shelf of very thumbed-through sci-fi paperbacks.

GERRY (CONT'D)

There's a research library on site.
(looks up)
I keep my star charts overhead.

Rolled-up documents are held to the ceiling with bungee cord.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(re: under his chair)
And I've got some pretty sweet
kombucha brewing under here.

WYATT

I was trying to place that smell.

GERRY

It's the magic of fermentation!
(then)
But here's the crown jewel:

Gerry pulls down a projector screen. A giant map of Beacon had been taped to it, and it's covered with color-coded dots.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Beacon has the highest incidence of
reported alien encounters on the East
Coast. And they all start here:
(pointing to dot in the
middle)
Two hundred feet to your right.

Wyatt looks out into a field neighboring Gerry's booth.

EXT. MIDDLE OF FIELD - NIGHT

Gerry and Wyatt walk into the middle of the field.

GERRY
In this very field.

Gerry spins dramatically - a flashlight shining on his face.

GERRY (CONT'D)
1962. An average young couple returns
home from a cocktail party.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE FIELD - 1962 - MOMENTS LATER

The Buick Skylark is parked in the middle of the field.

GERRY (V.O.)
For reasons unknown, they decide to
park in the middle of this field.

On closer inspection, we see the windows are fogged. The car
rocks slightly.

GERRY
When: Boom.

Suddenly, the car is enveloped in WHITE LIGHT. It starts to
lift skyward. The rocking continues, undisturbed.

EXT. MIDDLE OF FIELD - NIGHT

WYATT
Aliens got them?

Gerry still shines the flashlight on his own face.

GERRY
You don't know that's what I was
going to say.

WYATT
What were you going to say?

GERRY
(beat)
Aliens got 'em.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FIELD / HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt and Gerry walk back toward the booth.

GERRY

I'm telling you Wyatt, there's fuckery afoot in Beacon. Alien fuckery. With my expertise and your raw connections, we could blow the lid offa this town. We'll be like Han and Luke. Or Woodstein and Birdbaum.

WYATT

Woodward and Bernstein?

GERRY

Yeah, any of those guys, take your pick. I'm Han.

Wyatt suddenly freezes. He's staring at the **WELCOME TO BEACON** highway sign, looking just like it does in his dreams.

WYATT

This is where my accident happened. I think.

GERRY

Wait, wait, wait - your accident was in Beacon?

WYATT

(turning to Gerry)
What if I wanted to interview everyone in the group? Think you could arrange that?

GERRY

We better clear that with the boss.

INT. POTTERY BARN - DAY

Gina, in a headset and a pantsuit, lays into HANNAH - 18, a store clerk - like the coach of a losing team at halftime.

GINA

And why don't we mix the Mosaic Vases in with the Tuscan Urns?
(off Hannah's terrified silence)
Because it confuses the customer. And our job is to... what?

HANNAH

...Empower the customer?

GINA

To empower them. To empower them.

Gina looks across the store and spots Gerry inspecting a giant wooden decorative thing. He almost drops it.

GINA (CONT'D)

Why are my worlds colliding right now, Gerry? You know I hate that.

GERRY

Oh, Gina, hey. Just thinking of buying some of these wooden... things.

(bailing)

It's Wyatt's fault.

Gerry points to Wyatt, who sits awkwardly on a floor model.

INT. POTTERY BARN STOCKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wyatt and Gerry look like two kids talking to the principle.

GINA

Look: I don't care what you do as long as you don't use anyone's real names. Understood?

WYATT

Understood.

GERRY

Gotcha, man, yup.

GINA (CONT'D)

Good. Now if you'll excuse me, the fall linen sale is bearing down on me like a rabid dog from hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Wyatt makes a call, standing next to a couple of cows.

WYATT

I just need a couple more days on the Beacon piece. To verify some quotes.

One of the cows moos.

JONATHAN WALSH

(over the phone)

Is that a cow? Where are you?

WYATT
 (mimics breaking-up call)
 Also...orking on...esearching Senator
 Jeffries...ory...don't worr --

Wyatt hangs up. PAN to find Ennis standing next to him.

WYATT (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that.
 (reading from a pad)
 Okay, so what do you do for a living?

ENNIS
 Well... I'm a farmer. Grow some
 stuff. Kill some stuff.

Gerry holds a handful of dirt, smelling it.

GERRY
 This soil is so rich, man.

ENNIS
 It's pig shit.

Gerry drops the dirt. And so begins...

A MONTAGE OF INTERVIEWS IN TWO PARTS (These are done mostly
 "talking-head" style with some interjections from Wyatt)

PART ONE : What do you do for a living?

YVONNE ON HER MAIL ROUTE:

YVONNE
 I've been a letter carrier in Beacon
 for 16 years. And believe me, I've
 seen everything on this route.

WYATT
 Oh yeah? Like what?

YVONNE
 Naked people mostly.
 (beat)
 Never any attractive ones.

KELLY IN A COFFEE SHOP:

KELLY
 This is off the record, right?
 (beat)
 I'm a receptionist at a funeral home.

WYATT
 (lying)
 Okay... that's not so bad.

KELLY
 And I'm a temp. They won't bring me
 on full time.

RICHARD IN HIS OFFICE:

RICHARD
 I'm a VP of a major tech company.
 You can't use the name or you'll be
 sued.

WYATT
 And what does the company do?

RICHARD
 Have you heard of the internet?

WYATT
 Yup.

RICHARD
 We make the little plastic jacks on
 the ends of ethernet cables. That
 get you onto the internet.
 (self-satisfied beat)
 So.

CHELSEA IN HER MCMANSION:

CHELSEA
 (defensively)
 I'm a homemaker. Okay?
 (beat)
 That sounded defensive, didn't it?

WYATT
 A little, yeah.

CHELSEA
 Can you just put me down as a
 neurologist?

MARGARET IN HER RETIREMENT COMMUNITY:

MARGARET
 I moved into this retirement
 community after my husband died. I
 hated it at first, but --

MARGARET (V.O.)

And I sensed this... presence behind me.

PAN to find a LIZARD-LIKE BEING watching Margaret from behind. He speaks with a calmly, like a therapist:

LIZARD BEING

Hi, Margaret. Don't get weird.

Margaret turns around slowly, the sandwich sliding off her plate.

WYATT (V.O.)

Wait a minute.

MARGARET IN HER RETIREMENT COMMUNITY:

WYATT

It said: "Don't get weird?"

MARGARET

Yes. He was very --

RICHARD IN HIS OFFICE:

RICHARD

-- laid back. Reptilians are an exceptionally calm species. They're often in positions of authority. Several of my former bosses were Reptilians in human form. They're telepathic, so it's very hard to get a raise.

WYATT

Richard, need you to focus.

RICHARD

Right, sorry. So when we regained consciousness, my wife and I were in some kind of an examination room. It was --

ENNIS ON HIS FARM:

ENNIS

-- all white. Looked like some kind of a futuristic bathroom at a ballpark. And they start poking at me, these little grey bastards --

KELLY IN A COFFEE SHOP:

KELLY
-- tall, albino guys --

YVONNE ON HER MAIL ROUTE:

YVONNE
-- lizard people --

CHELSEA IN HER MCMANSION:

CHELSEA
-- it's all a little hazy. The only
detail I clearly remember is when
they were done. I'll never --

MARGARET IN HER RETIREMENT COMMUNITY:

MARGARET
-- forget. They looked me --

RICHARD IN HIS OFFICE:

RICHARD
-- right in the eyes. And you'll
never believe what they said.

WYATT
What did they say?

EVERYONE IN A SIX PERSON SPLIT-SCREEN:

EVERYONE
(with minor variations)
You're special. You've been chosen.

ENNIS ON HIS FARM:

ENNIS
Everything else is pretty much a blur-

RICHARD IN HIS OFFICE:

RICHARD
A bunch of fuzzy images more or less.

MARGARET IN HER RETIREMENT COMMUNITY:

MARGARET
(beaming)
Isn't that something?

WYATT
 (wide-eyed, genuinely)
 That is... fascinating, yeah.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Gina sit on one side of a booth, Wyatt on the other.

WYATT
 Okay, so I usually start these
 interviews by asking --

GINA
 I'm not here to talk about my
 experience, Wyatt. I'm actually much
 more interested in yours.

WYATT
My experience?

GINA
 In Beacon. An odd choice for a
 midnight drive. Two hours from your
 home.

GERRY
 Sorry to blow up your spot, man, but
 I told her about your accident.

GINA
 Car accidents involving animals are
 commonly used "cover memories" to
 mask alien interactions.

WYATT
 I hit a deer, Gina, I wasn't abducted
 by aliens.

GINA
 Then you won't mind answering my
 questions. I've prepared a short
 list.

WYATT
 (nervous, but covering)
 Sure, go ahead, shoot.

GINA
 Since that accident, have you had
 trouble sleeping? Nightmares?

WYATT
 Nope. Sleep like a dead person.

GINA

Do you sleep with the lights, or any other devices, on? For comfort?

INT. WYATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wyatt sleeps fitfully on his bed. All of the lights are on, plus his television, computer and radio.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Wyatt is starting to sweat.

WYATT

Uh-uh. Total waste of electricity.

GINA

And what happened after the accident?

WYATT

What do you mean? I went home.

GINA

No, immediately after. Did you call the police? Animal Care and Control?
(Wyatt freezes. He doesn't remember.)
You don't remember, do you?

GERRY

You want my napkin? You're really sweating.

WYATT

(defensive)
No I'm not. It's also insanely hot in here, right?

GINA

Wyatt, I've been working with experiencers for almost six months. I know one when I see one.

GERRY

She does have a pretty good eye, man.

Gina's phone rings. The caller ID reads: **FATHER DOUG.**

GINA

Sorry, I have to take this.
(answering)
Hi Father Doug, what's up?

INT. FATHER DOUG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FATHER DOUG - 30's, fresh-faced - is reading an article on Slant's site: **PROBED: MY TIME WITH AN ALIEN ABDUCTION CULT.**

FATHER DOUG

Um, quick question. Why am I reading about my church's partnership with an alien cult on a major news site?

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Wyatt pleads with Gina as she gets into her car.

WYATT

That was an old draft, it wasn't supposed to be published!

GINA

You promised you wouldn't use actual names.

WYATT

I have no idea how this happened --

GINA

Do you know how much damage control I have to do? And we'll be lucky if they don't boot us out of our room.

(shifting into gear)

Good luck with those non-existent nightmares, Wyatt. They only get worse.

Gina peels off. Gerry pulls up on the other side of Wyatt.

GERRY

I don't really believe in anger, man, so I'm not gonna yell at you. But I just wanted to say, I gave you my last business card. And I'm really starting to regret that decision.

Gerry peels off, leaving Wyatt in the parking lot, alone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JONATHAN WALSH'S OFFICE - DAY

WYATT

It's like you deliberately tried to sabotage that piece!

JONATHAN WALSH

Wyatt, this all sounds very paranoid.

WYATT

Not only did you publish my article without asking, but you used everyone's real names? And the name of the church?

Jonathan puts one hand on Wyatt's shoulder and bows low.

WYATT (CONT'D)

What is that? That you're doing?

JONATHAN WALSH

I'm apologizing, in accordance with ancient Samurai code. Which I observe.

WYATT

Can we just talk like humans?

JONATHAN WALSH

(still bowing)

I can't make eye contact until I'm forgiven. Samurai code.

(bowing still lower)

It's unclear how all of this happened, but the article's been taken down and I assure you, the responsible party will be punished.

WYATT

Okay, okay, I forgive you.

JONATHAN WALSH

(righting himself)

Excellent news, Wyatt, thanks.

(then)

In the meantime, you're prepared for the Senator Jefferies interview?

WYATT

Interview? You didn't say anything about an interview.

JONATHAN WALSH

This might be something I thought but didn't communicate. I do that.

(then)

Anyway: exclusive interview, Senator Jeffries, 3pm, the Plaza. It's a big get. And it's yours.

WYATT

But it's almost one thirty, I need prep time, I --

JONATHAN WALSH

You've been researching the story all week, right?

WYATT

(caught)

Yup. In depth.

JONATHAN WALSH

Fantastic, then you'll do fine.

(as Wyatt leaves)

Oh, and Wyatt? You look exhausted. Ask Nancy for a facial scrub, she'll know what it means.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL LOBBY - A FEW HOURS LATER

Wyatt speaks with a YOUNG AIDE in the lobby of the hotel.

AIDE

The Senator will be right with you, go ahead and have a seat.

Wyatt flops into a plush chair, exhausted. His head dips, and when it snaps back up, everyone in the crowded lobby suddenly has DEER HEADS.

WYATT

Oh man... that's not good.

A hand on Wyatt's shoulder shakes him. His eyes snap open.

AIDE

Are you okay? You're really sweating.

Wyatt stands, his shirt totally soaked through with sweat.

WYATT

Uh-huh. Doing great.

(then, politely)

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

Actually, everyone in here just had deer heads. So I'm gonna run.

Wyatt strides out of the room. Off the Aide's expression.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM - EVENING

Gina addresses the group, Father Doug at her side.

GINA

And a big round of applause to Father Doug for smoothing everything over with the church.

Round of applause for Father Doug.

FATHER DOUG

It took some doing. The community's still tender about the church forgiving Galileo, but I think we're cool. Also, if anyone asks, Star Struck is a division of AA.

Wyatt appears in the doorway.

WYATT

I owe everyone in this room an apology.

FATHER DOUG

There's forgiveness here for everyone, my friend --

GINA

We'll take it from here, Father Doug.

The entire group eyes Wyatt, pissed.

JUMP TO:

Wyatt sits in a chair, talking to the group.

WYATT

When I came here, I thought you were all a bunch of crazy bastards. But after getting to know you all over the last week... I'm starting to think I'm a crazy bastard, too.

GINA

Mm-hm. We know.

(beat)

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

But there's only one way to find out
for sure.

CUT TO:

Wyatt sits on a chair in the middle of the circle. Gina sits
across from to him, holding a single finger in his face.

GINA (CONT'D)

Just focus on my finger.

WYATT

I have to warn you, I'm not really
susceptible to hypnotism.

GINA

And count backwards from--
(Wyatt slumps, he's out)
Wow. That's a record.

MARGARET

Let's take his clothes off!

Off everyone's look, Margaret resumes quietly knitting.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Kidding. I'm kidding.

CLOSE on Wyatt's sleeping face. His eyes twitch.

GINA

Where are you now, Wyatt?

Wyatt's eyes stay closed and his responses are very sedated.

WYATT

I'm driving. It's night. I think I'm
about to hit the deer.

GINA

It's not real. It's just a memory.

INT. WYATT'S CAR - NIGHT

Wyatt drives, as always.

WYATT

Oh no.

A DEER appears. Wyatt swerves, screaming. The car comes to a
rest. Wyatt opens his eyes, braced for an impact that never
comes. The entire car starts to VIBRATE subtly.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Wyatt sticks his head out of his window to see the ground moving away below him. The deer looks up at him from below. Its jaw drops at the sight.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I'M FLYING!

Wyatt looks up, and sees a GIANT SPACE SHIP hovering above him. A voice calls him, calmly, from inside the car:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, bud.

Wyatt turns to find a REPTILIAN -- just like the one from Margaret's kitchen -- sitting in the passenger seat.

REPTILIAN

Don't get weird, okay?

Wyatt faints. Blackout.

INT. WHITE ROOM - ???

Wyatt's POV: his eyes flutter, revealing a blurry, white examination room. Two dark shapes slowly come into focus.

GINA (V.O.)

Wyatt? Where are you now?

WYATT (V.O.)

I don't know... everything's blurry.

VOICE 1

Are you sure he's out?

VOICE 2

He's totally out, calm down.

WYATT (V.O.)

I can hear voices.

They shapes finally come into focus. Wyatt is looking at a GREY and a REPTILIAN. They banter, workplace style.

GREY

I'm just saying, he doesn't look like he's out. His head just moved.

REPTILIAN

Dude, it's the ship. The ship's rocking right now.

GREY

(passive aggressive)

Okay. All I'm saying is we've been here before --

REPTILIAN

I know my freaking job, Jeff! God.

A WHITE enters (extremely tall, long-haired, albino).

WHITE

Guys, guys, can we not fight? We're almost there, okay? Let's just be cool and get this done.

GREY (JEFF)

Great. We're getting cool lessons from Don.

REPTILIAN

Hey Don, I've got an idea--

WHITE (DON)

Okay, forget it. Forget I said anything.

REPTILIAN

Why don't you get off our asses and go make us a couple of sandwiches?

The Grey suddenly notices that Wyatt is watching them.

GREY (JEFF)

Okay, he's looking right at me.

REPTILIAN

(under his breath)

Fuck. Hang on. Fuck.

The Reptilian moves out of view. The Grey mimics him:

GREY (JEFF)

"I know my freaking job, Jeff."

REPTILIAN

Oh, eat a dick. It's not like he's gonna remember any of this. We'll just wipe his mind, tell him he's special, and send him on his way. Like all the others.

(MORE)

REPTILIAN (CONT'D)
(then, as Wyatt fades)
We're gonna rule them all soon
anyway.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt comes to. Everyone stands over him.

MARGARET
(heartbroken)
What does that mean? "Special like
all the others"?

GERRY
(awed)
He hit the trifecta. No one hits the
trifecta.

WYATT
The trifecta?

GERRY
A Reptilian, a Grey, and a White. You
had contact with all three. That
doesn't happen. It's unprecedented.
(to Wyatt, strangely sad)
It may be the start of an alien
invasion, which is a bummer, but it's
also super. freaking. cool.

Gerry storms out. Wyatt stands.

WYATT
Gerry? Where are you going?

GINA
Let him go. He gets a little...
discouraged when other people have
experiences.

CHELSEA
We're not a hundred percent sure he's
actually been abducted.

RICHARD
He might just come to these meetings
for the coffee.

Wyatt heads out after Gerry. Yvonne focuses the group:

YVONNE
Okay: "Rule us all" guys. That seems
to be the most pressing thought here.

RICHARD

I told you, they've been among us for years. Just look around. Who in your life is just a little bit off?

KELLY

Um... there's this one cute barista at Starbucks.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A very tall, very pale guy with a ponytail makes a coffee.

BARISTA

Kelly? Tall mocha?

Kelly looks at her name on the cup. It's spelled **KELEEE**.

INT. ENNIS'S BARN - NIGHT

KELLY

I mean, how do you misspell Kelly?
(then)
We're going on a date next week.
He's kind of hot.

RICHARD

My boss definitely fits the profile.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard stares through his blinds at his boss's office. THE BOSS - 40's, tall, red-headed - takes a conference call.

RICHARD (V.O.)

He's tall, eerily calm, and won't give me a raise.

Sensing that someone is watching him, the boss finally looks right at Richard. Richard drops to the floor.

BOSS

God, that guy's creepy.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

YVONNE

I work at the post office. Everyone there could be an alien.

Murmurs of agreement.

ENNIS

Uh... no offense, Chelsea. But your husband...

CHELSEA

(defensive)

What about my husband?

YVONNE

He *is* a little different.

INT. CHELSEA'S MCMANSION - LATE

The front door opens. It's Chelsea's husband, JOHN - 40's, a dwarf, if Don Draper were a dwarf - enters.

CHELSEA

Hi, honey.

(nervously)

You missed dinner. Everything okay?

JOHN

Long day at work. I'm going upstairs to my office. Gotta make some calls.

Chelsea watches as he slowly climbs the stairs.

CHELSEA

But it's 10:45 at night.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER CLASSROOM - NIGHT

CHELSEA

He's just overworked.

(off everyone's looks)

He's not an alien!

Chelsea storms out. When she's out of earshot:

GINA

Yeah, that guy's totally an alien.

RICHARD

For all we know, it's a full scale invasion.

KELLY

Chelsea's husband would be a Grey. Can Greys disguise themselves as humans?

RICHARD
Yeah... I don't know.

GINA
You know who would?

EVERYONE
Gerry.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Wyatt walks through the field with a flashlight, calling out Gerry's name, when he suddenly trips and falls. Over Gerry, who lies on the ground looking at the stars.

GERRY
(calmly, looking up)
You stepped on my hair.

WYATT
Sorry. What are you doing out here?

GERRY
Just thinking. About why the universe doesn't want me.
(sitting up on an elbow)
You know why I didn't tell you about my experience? I don't have one. I've been trying to make contact for years, I even got a crappy job next to a famous abduction site, but they're not interested.
(standing up)
They want people like you, who don't even believe in them.

WYATT
Okay, to be fair, I was just violated by alien beings. And it's not exactly a great night out.

GERRY
You don't appreciate anything, do you?!
(starts to walk toward his booth, then turns)
You know, man, it's funny. All these years I've been telling myself I'm an alientologist who just happens to work in a tollbooth, but it turns out I'm just a tollbooth worker who's pretending to be an alientologist.

WYATT
That's not funny, it's awful.

GERRY
Oh yeah, I guess you're right.

As Gerry leaves, Wyatt catches up with him.

WYATT
Hey, take your head out of your ass.
You were right, Gerry. There's
fuckery afoot in Beacon. Alien
fuckery. Are you going to make me
investigate it myself? I need
someone who knows the lay of the
land.
(Gerry considers)
You can be Han.

GERRY
I'm in.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER

Star Struck, including Gerry sitting next to Wyatt, is back
in session. Wyatt holds the floor, as a member now:

WYATT
Yeah, it was a pretty good week. I
quit my job.

INT. JONATHAN WALSH'S OFFICE

Jonathan is on the phone, agitated, but still pretty silky.

JONATHAN WALSH
You just walked out of the interview?
Because everyone, and I quote: "had
deer heads"?

INT. BEACON DAILY GAZETTE - DAY

WYATT (V.O.)
But I got a new one. Right here in
Beacon.

CARL WEATHERS - 40's, the browbeaten editor - looks over
Wyatt's resume.

CARL

You've written for The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times, and Slant. And you want to work here?

WYATT

I'm interested in all things Beacon.

Carl sizes him up for a beat.

CARL

We have an opening on the police blotter. It doesn't pay much and the hours are kind of weird --

WYATT

Sold.

INT. JONATHAN WALSH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jonathan makes another call.

JONATHAN WALSH

Get me the financials on the Beacon Daily Gazette. They're doing some very interesting things on the local level, and I'd love to be involved.

(beat)

Just do it, Edward. Don't get weird.

Jonathan sips his tea. It goes down the wrong tube, and he coughs. Nancy enters.

NANCY

Everything okay?

He opens his eyes: they are the YELLOW EYES of a REPTILIAN.

JONATHAN WALSH

(nodding, a little hoarse)

Went down the wrong tube.

Nancy points to her eyes, and mouths "eyes."

JONATHAN WALSH (CONT'D)

Mm? Oh, thank you.

Jonathan blinks. They turn back into his "human" eyes.

JONATHAN WALSH (CONT'D)

Better?

END OF EPISODE

Greetings Earthling –

You've just read THE GROUP, the unholy hybrid of a Greg Daniels style human comedy and a J.J. Abrams style "magic-box" show.

The invasion of Earth is imminent. The small town of Beacon is the epicenter. And a rag-tag support group of ordinary people is the only thing standing in its way. If they can get their own personal issues under control first.

THE GROUP is a hi-octane sci-fi thriller told through the perspective of ordinary people just trying to get a raise, meet the right guy / gal, and get through the day in one piece.

After the events of the pilot, the show would focus almost exclusively on the town of Beacon, the members of Star Struck, and slowly reveal the alien plot for Earth. As they work out their personal issues in group therapy, they also become a low-rent investigative team, slowly piecing together nature of the alien threat.

Little do they know, the aliens are just as lost, searching, and longing for meaning as the rest of us. As the show progresses, we would meet several undercover aliens living a mundane existence on Earth.

Examples of possible plot threads, with spoilers:

What is the alien plan for invading Earth? (Spoiler: It's complicated. All I'll say is it involves using BuzzFeed personality quizzes as a means of mapping the human mind.)

Is Kelly's barista-crush really an alien? (Spoiler: He totally is. They date, he's a weirdo, and she still gets dumped by him. She really has a crush on Wyatt.)

Is Chelsea's dwarf husband really an alien in disguise? (Spoiler: No. He's just very controlling. It turns out that he's an experimenter as well, and he ends up joining the group.)

Is Yvonne right? Is the Post Office infested with undercover aliens? (Spoiler: Yup. It's the only logical explanation for the USPS)

Is Margaret's swinging / hard partying retirement community really an alien experiment in human sexuality? (Spoiler: Kind of. Kind of not.)

Will Father Doug ever have an experience? (Spoiler: Totally. He might also have an ongoing, abstinence-testing love story with Chelsea.)

Will Gerry ever have an experience? (Spoiler: He might perennially be a bridesmaid when it comes to these things.)

What will happen when Richard runs into his "missing" wife at Chipotle? (Spoiler: He tries to win her back, fails, and theorizes she is now being impersonated by a Reptilian)

Is Jonathan Walsh the leader of the Reptilian invasion? (Spoiler: He is one of many leaders of the Reptilian invasion. Including Elon Musk and several others)

