

ALIEN NATE
PILOT: A MAN'S JUSTICE

by
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LOGLINE: After being tasked to find an ALIEN accused of attempted murder in Gowanus' Bug Town district, NATE ARNAZ is faced with determining how inalienable human rights truly are.

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FADE IN:

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

On a wooden desk a coffee mug fills with liquor.

CARROLL (O.C.)
How'd you figure out he was a
Passer, Nate?

NATE, (30's, an alcoholic with an eye for detail, Mid-Atlantic accent), takes a hard sip from mug.

NATE
You know something, at one point I
thought I could smell the
difference?

Nate takes a manilla file out of a drawer. He tosses a dozen black and white photos in front of LT. CARROLL, (40's, NYPD detective who's given up on protocol). Carroll inspects one.

INSERT: Photographs of ALIEN CREATURE selling drugs to a human-looking STRANGER.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Look man, I just needed a little
pick-me-up.

CARROLL
The less you say the better, bub.

Stranger, face unseen, nervous, taps his legs against chair.

STRANGER (O.S.)
What've you guys got against
Passers?

NATE
I don't got a problem with anyone
so long as they're honest... That
kinda goes against how you people
work, right?

REVEAL: Stranger's face looks fully human his head covered with a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball cap.

STRANGER
There's nothing against the law
about being who I am, pal.

NATE
Yeah? Well fooey.

Nate rips off Passer's baseball cap and throws it on the Passer's lap. Passer's head is bald, covered in blue veins.

CARROLL

Too bad for you there's still plenty of laws against narcotics in this city.

STRANGER

You didn't have a warrant to look in that window!

CARROLL

Good thing Nate's a private citizen who saw suspicious activity and decided to report it.

NATE

You see, stranger, as a Dick, I don't need a warrant; and frankly, as a Passer, you don't deserve one.

On an opaque glass door, typeface reads: "**NATE ARNAZ P.I.**"

Nate finishes his drink. Stranger stands, bolts for the door. Nate throws his mug at Stranger's knee. Lightning CRACKS!

Stranger falls through a glass door, Carroll cuffs him.

CARROLL

You won't have to worry about doing any time if you don't mind telling me more about your friends in the photos once we get downtown.

Passer stumbles, his blood is blue and gooey.

NATE

Get this skinjob outta here before he bleeds that junk all over the place.

Nate glances to the shattered door.

NATE (CONT'D)

Well?

CARROLL

Yeah, here's what I owe you.

Carroll takes 1,000credits (currency) out of his breast pocket, he tosses it to Nate's desk.

CARROLL (CONT'D)
I didn't tell you to break the
door.

NATE
Gee, thanks a million, Carroll.

EXT. NATE'S OFFICE - BUSH TERMINAL PEIRS - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Buckets of rain dump on Carroll as he shoves Stranger into
backseat of NYPD-HOVERWAGON.

Carroll lifts off, flies around the building. The hoverwagon
automatically joins a queue of other flying craft that slowly
scoot their way past Nate's Office on the fourth floor.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hard rain runs down the window. Lightning cracks, REVEAL: the
silhouette of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

Carroll's hoverwagon scoots up to Nate's window, more crafts
follow an aerial traffic pattern just outside the building.

Traffic stops. Stranger stares at Nate through his window.

Nate stumbles to the window, laughing drunk.

NATE (V.O.)
Listen up, and listen good. Our
world got a whole lot smaller two
years ago.

Nate closes the blinds.

TRANSITION: Sepia-tone film CLANKS over the blinds.

**BEGIN NEWSREEL
ON BLINDS**

EXT. ROSWELL TARMAC - NIGHT

A fighter-plane lands. Several CREW MEMBERS rush to it. The
cockpit opens slowly. A US Air Corps PILOT, exits.

SUPER: Roswell, New Mexico

NATE (V.O.)
Their first stop was New Mexico,
Ground zero of the Atomic Age...

A SILVER DISK flies over the airfield. AIRMEN run in terror, take defensive positions, panicked commotion fills the air.

Pilot stands on tarmac alone dwarfed by the floating disk.

He approaches, a spot line from the craft shines on him. He covers his eyes from the brilliant light.

NATE (V.O.)

They didn't stop with one contact though... The entire planet was crawling with the Visitors at the blink of an eye...

EXT. EARTH - SPACE

The planet surrounded by A MYRIAD OF ALIEN SHIPS.

NATE (V.O.)

All of 'em eager to meet their new neighbors on Earth.

EXT. D.C. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

SUPER: ARRIVAL DAY: July 4, 1947

A FAMILY picnics on the Lawn. CHILD holds an 8mm camera. He records his parent's. They smile at the camera and kiss each other. They wave, smile!

NATE (V.O.)

No matter where you were that day, it all played out the same way.

A LARGE SHADOW rolls over the family, it rolls down the National Mall. Darkness envelopes the Washington Monument.

NATE (V.O.)

Those Xenos and Extros came here with all their problems just when humans were getting out own act together.

A SILVER DISK floats over the U.S. Capitol Building. Bewildered ONLOOKERS stop dead in their tracks. It lands, rolls out a plank to the foot of the Capitol steps. THREE TALL ALIENS walk out of the craft.

NATE (V.O.)
 July 4, 1947, A-Day... That was the
 last day anything on this dinky
 dirt-clod made any damn sense to
 me.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

SUPER: United Nations General Assembly

The clamor of two dozen languages CLOGS the air. HUMAN
 REPRESENTATIVES push their way in to greet ALIEN AMBASSADORS.

NATE (V.O.)
 Most humans couldn't wait for their
 chance to hob-knob with the bugs
 and other weirdos.

ALIENS and HUMANS sign official documents, they shake each
 other's hands (or what passes for hands) as a group.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Among clogged intersections and dirty streets, CROWDS gather
 to read a scrolling marquee: "NEW U.N. EAGER TO JOIN
 GALACTIC NEIGHBORHOOD!"

NATE (V.O.)
 Back in '45 we dropped an atomic
 bomb or two. Freaks told us that
 nuclear fusion was the one tech we
 needed to figure out on our own.

EXT. GALAXY - SPACE

Stars light up and form a map of the Galatic Civilization.

NATE (V.O.)
 They say there are 10,000 worlds
 out there worth visiting...

The Sol System shines bright, ZOOM IN to Earth.

NATE (V.O.)
 But one thing I've learned on this
 dirt clod is your troubles follow
 you no matter how far you go.

EXT. TRINITY SITE , NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

FLASH: SAPPHIRE STARS TWINKLE over the desert. A nuclear blast envelops the scene, the sky GLOWS GOSTLY-ORANGE EMBERS.

NATE (V.O.)

Freaks were surprised we used the new tech for a bomb, said we oughta stop killing one another, but what do bugs know about being human?

INT. US SENATE GRAND HEARING - DAY

THREE PASSERS, sit in front of several network microphones, they swear in, testify.

NATE (V.O.)

Then we found out about the Passers. Freaks look human, but they sure aren't from Earth.

SENATORS yell at the Passers, the CROWD becomes chaotic.

NATE (V.O.)

I didn't know how much I trusted all of the ETs when each of 'em first showed their weird faces.

A Bible hits a Passer 1 on the face, blue blood streams down Passer 1's face, Passer 1 cries!

NATE (V.O.)

Passers came here early, back in '45, as sort of a fifth-column to make sure Earth was on the up and up enough to join their little club.

Passer 2 and 3 hide under table as Crowd bears down on them.

NATE (V.O.)

Insidious way to make friends if you ask me...

US MARSHALS burst through the crowd, they guard the Passers, they exit in a hurry.

NATE (V.O.)

No one trusts a Passer.

**END NEWSREEL ON
BLINDS**

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nate, bottle in hand, steps next to the door, picks up his hat and rain jacket off a coat rack. He downs the bottle, tosses it to a waste-bin, misses with a sharp CLANK. Exits.

EXT. BUSH TERMINAL PEIRS - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Nate steps into the rain, pulls his collar up, walks on a clean, well-lit, CROWDED sidewalk along the Harbor's edge.

He leans on a rail overlooking the harbor. Nate searches though his pockets, takes a bottle of pills.

INSERT: the pills in Nate's hand glow neon shades of light.

He swallows two just as --

-- From behind a HOMELESS PASSER bumps into Nate.

Nate drops the bottle in the harbor, the light of the pills slowly vanishes as they sink under the black water.

Homeless Passer wipes his nose, thick blue blood smears on his face. He lets out a raspy cough.

NATE

What's the big idea, you dirty,
Passer bum!?

HOMELESS PASSER

Sorry, mister. I trip--

NATE

Yeah, you people got a lot to be
sorry about these days.

Nate shoves Homeless Passer against the rail, Nate walks up to a NEWSSTAND CLERK, buys a newspaper.

CLERK

Yeah, damn Passers don't know how
good they got it here...

EXT. XENO'S - NIGHT

Fluorescent tubes HUM, they spell out "Xeno's". An arrow lights a staircase to a basement bar. TWO ALIENS, walk up, stumble drunk past Nate.

INT. XENO'S - NIGHT

Nate squeezes past a gaggle of AVIANS, (bird-like aliens). He swats feathers out of the air as they go. Shakes the rain and wet feathers off his coat, hangs it and his hat by the door.

Nate looks to a band stage on the far side of the room, he smiles when he sees EL, (30's, femme fatale). She sings and swings to the rhythm of an all ALIEN STANDARDS BAND.

In the center of the room is a PACKED square bar. Behind the register stands BUG, (a 6' praying-mantis-like alien, speaks with a gravelly-voice). Bug keeps at least one portion of his compound eyes on almost every customer, and the rest of his attention on a BOOK. He pours drinks and turns pages, easy.

Nate weaves through a ring of Cocktail tables, he suddenly struggles to keep balance over a THICK slime-trail, WOAH!

Nate slips forward, he grabs on to a 10' SEMISLUG's shell, Nate steadies his balance. Semislug's eyestalks curl over its back, blink in Nate's face. Semislug makes a COOING sound.

NATE

Excuse me, bub.

SEMISLUG

Sorry bout that, mista. Flu season;
ya know how it is, right?

NATE

Yeah... sure.

Nate scrapes slime off his shoe on an empty bar stool, he plops his hat down and waves Bug over..

BUG

Didn't I tell you not to come back
here after that riot from last
night?

NATE

Listen, I told you, just like I
told those G-C-men, I wasn't
looking for anybody's trouble.

Nate scrapes slime off his shoe, frustrated.

BUG

Trouble is, Nate, you broke half my
inventory and I had to close two
hours early!

A drink spills on the other side of the square bar. Bug's head faces Nate while two arms wipe and clean the mess, talks to Nate as he makes another drink for CLUMSY CUSTOMER.

NATE

What's there to scratch out in two hours in a hole like this?

Bug talks with his arms, shiny wings gradually flutter out, HE'S ANGRY! Bug hops and dances on his legs, his arms flail.

BUG

Enough that I'm not gonna let it slide this time, Nate. You can't keep comin' in here, runnin' up a tab a mile long...

As Bug rants, Nate mocks Bug's dramatic body language.

NATE

...a tab I've always fully intend to pay, Bug.

BUG

You keep calling me Bug and we're gonna have more trouble than your tab.

Nate plops 1,000 credits on the bar. Bug's palps twitch.

BUG (CONT'D)

Oh, nice one, you pay a year's worth of drinks, and cover half a stock of liquor on New Year's Eve. For *auld lang syne* after all, eh?

NATE

Right... How bout a hit of the top shelf while I'm at it?

Bug flutters to an overhead shelf. Nate watches as Bug's abdomen pulsate, it gesticulates with a quiet 'squish'. He cringes a little, shakes it off. Bug CLINKS a bottle of ALIEN WHISKEY in front of Nate.

Nate grimaces, pushes the bottle back to Bug.

NATE (CONT'D)

Come on, B, you gotta stop shelling this crap my way. I'm never gonna drink a bottle of whiskey that isn't terrestrial... and if I ever did, I'm not gonna drink it where anyone else can see me.

Bug chuckles, swaps the bottle for HUMAN WHISKEY. Pours a shot, a drop hits the bar, Bug fastidiously cleans it.

NATE (CONT'D)
Here's to tomorrow.

Nate downs the shot. Bug pours another, he tosses the bottle from razor-prickly hand to razor-prickly hand. Caps it.

NATE (CONT'D)
Leave the bottle, and turn on the boob will ya?

Nate pours himself another drink. Bug flicks on a TV screen, he shifts his gregarious attention to other customers.

TV SCREEN: plays reel of 1949 NCAA Basketball. HUMANS toss the ball to each other.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN plops on the stool next to Nate, they bump shoulders, and whiskey sloshes out of the shot on to the bar.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN
What's the word on the College Bracket? "Division I" sure did Villanova a hellof'va favor when they let the Freaks play in the same league as our boys.

TV SCREEN: HUMAN takes shoots for the basket, SQUID ALIEN swats the ball, runs ball down its suction cups, whips the ball from half court. 3 Points Villanova.

NATE
Yeah, no way any of this works until we figure out how to change the rules and make it fair.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN
Ah, ta hell with that. I say we just shut 'em out. Give 'em their own leagues or something. They're the one's coming here aftr all...

Nate pours a shot, he holds up a finger. One of Bugs legs CLINKS another shot glass in front of Nate. Nate fills it.

NATE
Forget all that. Here's to the '47 Division I, and how about we just forget all the rest!

They cheers and down the shots. Nate tosses the other shot glass at Bug's head. Bug SNATCHES IT out of the air, puts it in a dishwasher. Nate pours a shot for himself, nurses it.

On the stage, El clears her throat into the microphone.

Nate turns his attention to the stage. Drunk Sports Fan turns the TV back on. TV drowns out El's performance, Nate switches off the TV when --

Drunk Sports Fan shakes Nate's shoulder.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN
Hey, buddy, get a hold of this
slime-er over here.

Drunk Sports Fan points to Semislug on the shell he wears a Villanova sweater.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN (CONT'D)
That grease pit's part of the
problem, right.

Drunk Sports Fan throws a wet bar napkin at Semislug. The napkins sticks to its slimy body. Semislug makes a sad COO.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN (CONT'D)
Aw, don't you wish you could play
like your other alien buddies? Hu?

Drunk Sports Fan flicks another napkin wad at Semislug.

FLASH: Semislug's tail wraps around the napkin, flings it back into Drunk Sports Fan's face. He tugs Nate's shoulder.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN (CONT'D)
You gonna let this freak treat one
of your own like that?

NATE
You know what, I'm just gonna keep
sitting here and enjoy my drink.
This ain't got nothing to do with
me, buddy.

Drunk Sports Fan stands up punches Semislug in an eyestalk. It SCREECHES, everyone covers their ears in agony!

El stops singing, the band cuts, patrons hold their breath, Bug stops everything he's doing. A tense moment of SILENCE.

Aliens and humans square off across the room -- everyone eager to pitch a fight.

Nate pours another shot.

The bar ERUPTS in to unbridled melee. The band covers their instruments. Bug cleans in desperation as FIGHTERS all around the bar SMASH a new mess faster than Bug can fix it.

Nate ignores the chaos around him. He downs the shot.

Semislug knocks Drunk Sports Fan to the ground.

DRUNK SPORTS FAN
Come on, man help me out here.

Nate picks him up, dusts off his shoulders, spins him around, he pushes Drunk Sports fan back towards the brawl.

NATE
None of this has anything to do
with me, partner.

Nate pours a drink -- Semislug shoves Drunk Sports Fan into Nate, he spills the shot over the bar.

Bug tosses Nate a towel. Nate wipes the bar, he goes to pour another shot when --

-- Semislug wraps its tail around Nate's bottle, SHATTERS it on Sports fan's head. Nate slumps deep in his stool, sad.

NATE (CONT'D)
Well... now this does have
something to do with me.

Nate stands up, tips his cap back to show his steady eyes.

BUG
Not again, Nate!

Nate picks Drunk Sports Fan off the ground. Nate DUCKS as Semislug's tail punches Drunk Sports Fan, he spins, Nate leaves him to fall as he throws punches at everyone else.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

OVERBLACK: The sound of seagull CAWING, a beak taps on glass.

REVEAL: Sunlight burns into Nate's sulked eyes. The seagulls caw almost sounds like LAUGHTER. Nate still wears the same clothes from last night.

He let's out the first hungover groan of the day, Nate struggles to cover his eyes. He winces when he touches his BLACK EYE.

NATE
Oof, that's new.

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sunny-side-up eggs and sizzling bacon, perfection on the stove. French Press coffee pot steams, ALICE's gloved hands, pick up the coffee pot and mug. She pours, coffee, sugar, milk, and stirs.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate rolls off the bed and lays like a puddle on the floor. He opens the drawer in the bedside table.

Nate pulls out a bottle, empty. He rolls the bottle away.

ALICE (O.C.)
Look who decided to wake up at 2pm
on the last day of the year.

Nate yanks covers off the bed, tries to drown out the day.

NATE
Not now, Alice!

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice's spins a spatula around her hand, scrapes the eggs off the plate, she breaks the bacon into neatly arranged smiley, presses a button panel.

The Sound of Mechanical WHIRRING comes from the floor as a panel opens and a dinette table and chairs rise.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate tries to stand, can't. He crawls to his dresser, opens the bottom drawer, full of empty CLANKING bottles.

Frustration grips Nate's face, he grinds his teeth.

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice's hands crisply set the tablecloth. Her hands expertly arrange a setting for one. She places a vase in the center.

NATE (O.S.)
Aw, come on, would ya?

From the bedroom: a seagull LAUGHS. A bottle SHATTERS.

ALLICE (O.C.)
If you're looking for something to
drink, I already fixed your coffee.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate scoops broken glass out of his way. He crawls to the door on his hands and knees, groaning at each lurch forward.

NATE
Did you make it how I like it?

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice's hand drops a single daisy in the vase.

ALICE (O.C.)
I made it how most people like it.

NATE (O.S.)
Yeah, that's what I was worried
about.

INT. NATE'S BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate crawls to a trashcan next to the toilet. He tugs at it, knocks it over, an empty bottle falls out. Nate sighs.

ALICE (O.C.)
Have you checked your desk drawer?

Nate shrugs off her suggestion with disregard.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate pulls himself into the desk chair. He spins towards a combination locked drawer. Nate dials in his code. CLICK.

The drawer slides open, INSERT: The drawer is cluttered with files, on top of the files sits a shiny PLASMA PISTOL.

Nate vigorously rummages, he reaches his arm shoulder deep into the drawer, he smiles.

Nate pulls a bottle out, laughs at a SLOSH of whiskey inside. Nate spins the cap off in a single flick. CHUGS.

NATE
So what's today look like, Alice?

Nate stands, stumbles towards the kitchen.

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Toast POPS out of slots on the wall. Alice's hands pick up the slices. She SCRAPES on butter and dashes some cinnamon.

ALICE (O.C.)
Oh, its terrible outside, 45 and
rainy all day. Should clear
sometime around midnight though.

Nate stumbles opens the freezer, takes out a bottle of whiskey, lands abruptly in his chair. He enjoys breakfast.

NATE
Lovely...

Nate takes up the bottle, goes to pour a splash in his coffee. Alice sighs, her hand tries to stop him.

ALICE (O.C.)
Certainly, lovelier than your
dietary habits.

Nate bats Alice's hand away from his drink. He slaps his palm on the table.

NATE
Now listen, damnit, what did I tell
you about nagging me?

ALICE (O.C.)
A man like you needs nagging, Nate.

Alice's hands straighten Nate's tie fix his collar. She turns his face to the side, gently touches his black eye.

ALICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Look at what happens to you when
I'm not around.

Nate smiles. He stands. Scoops up his last bites of food.

NATE
Too bad I can't take you with me
where ever I go, babe.

Nate sets his plate on the edge of the table, it falls.

ALICE (O.C.)
 Word is, Dyna-tech is going to
 reveal a new model at the Many
 Worlds' Fair next year. Maybe you
 could... I don't know, upgrade me?

REVEAL: Alice's arms are robotic. Her shiny arms extend from
 a chrome hub in the center of the room. Dozens of other
 gadgets stick out, waiting for any home task Alice may need.

ALICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Think of what it'd be like to take
 your Alice out on the town, Nate.

NATE
 You know, sometimes I forget that
 all of our conversations are
 designed for me to buy more things.

ALICE (O.C.)
 Well, one thing you do need more of
 is data storage. Your mailbox is
 full again.

NATE
 Oh, any new video-cards?

ALICE (O.C.)
 You have seventy-three un-viewed
 video-cards and about ten hours
 worth of un-read correspondences.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Nate sits at his desk. He opens a drawer for aspirin, takes
 them with the rest of his coffee.

NATE
 Another cup, please, Alice? And go
 ahead and pipe the most recent
 video-cards in here.

A computer monitor rises out of Nate's desk. He toggles
 analogue switches. The screen activates.

INSERT: From the monitor, recording of ALIEN BILL COLLECTOR.

ALIEN BILL COLLECTOR
 Hello, Mr. Arnaz, this is a
 courtesy reminder that Con-Ed will
 not be able to extend another line
 of credit...

Nate SKIPS the message with a wave of his hand.

INSERT: From the monitor, a recording from NATE'S EXWIFE.

NATE'S EXWIFE
 Uh, Nate, it's Tuesday, you're
 supposed to pay my alimony every
 fourth Tuesday--

Nate DELETES the message.

NATE
 Sure thing. Maybe next year, honey.

Alice delivers a coffee to Nate. He flips off the monitor.

NATE (CONT'D)
 How much money do we have left?

ALICE (O.C.)
 You've got 108 credits in your
 primary account.

NATE
 Well... how much in our savings?

ALICE (O.C.)
 You don't have a savings account.

Suddenly, Nate hears BANGING coming from his front door.

NATE
 Alice, display hallway.

A projection of the hallway appears on Nate's Desk, he shoves papers on the floor to see the image.

INSERT: Security footage of the hallway where JON, (human in a zootsuit), harangues the door, he's in a full out PANIC!

JON
 HELLO!? HELP! You gotta let me in!

INSERT: Security footage of the hallway. Nate opens the door.

NATE
 What's the big idea?