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Evil Aliens

By Jake West

The earth really did moved!

- You felt that too?

- You better get used to it, with me, baby.

There must have been something...

My brothers says this place is cursed.

If they catch me stoned, and screwing with
a mainlander, there'll be trouble.

Did you hear something?

- Shit, it could be them.

- Chill, relax baby.

- I'd better go.

- Come back, baby!

I'm sorry.

That wasn't funny.

Real scary.

Come on, baby.

Come back.

Let's have some more fun.

I can make the earth move for you again...

Oh, bollocks..!

What's up?

What kind of country-shit is this?

Is this your famous brothers idea of a joke?

It's not funny!

No, mate.

What are you doing?

You don't have to do that.

Come on, can we talk about it..?

Please, wait!

Until the government admits what they really
know, we keep uncovering the truth for you.

So keep an open mind,
and your cameras ever handy.

File #68:

What the fuck is that..!

No, no, we saw it.

It was a mothership.

It was coming down from the sky.

And it sounded "wo-wo-wo".

That was some compelling evidence,
proving further, that we, are not alone.

For Wierd Worlde.

I'm Michelle Fox.

Good night, stay strange and...
...keep watching the skies.
- What is it, Howard?
- I got last months figures here.
Did our audience suddenly all died
in a plane-crash?
We'll do alright..
What are you, high on life?
I mean TV-shop got more viewers than this...
Either you'll deliver something special,
- Or I replace you with someone who can.
- I didn't say I hadn't any ideas.
How about this? I got a very strong lead
on a recent alien abductee.
Abduction is hardly original, is it..
What's your angle on that then?
Picture yourself a Welsh farmer-daughter.
She's young, she's sexy.
She's abducted
and now she's suddenly pregnant.
Here's the kicker though: She claimed
it all happened just one week ago.
- Look at the size of her stomach.
- Who's the father?
Please tell me it's E.T.!
I like it! Contact her, tell her you'll
be over, and this is what we'll do.
That camera-man you like so much...
- ... what's his name?
- Ricky.
- Now shoot this fucker!
- Yeah, he's cheap.
- Does he come with a crew?
- The sound-guy Jack.
Marking. Scene 666. Take 1.
Die, motherfuckers!
Fuck..!
Sounds perfect, that's your crew covered.
What do you got in the way of experts?
I DEFINITELY BELIEVE
There's a guy, he keeps emailing the show
with ridicoulus pedantic corrections.
- I said "experts".
- He is.

He's the head of B.U.R.C. "British UFO
research committee. "
Plus, a nerd like him...
I recon he'll do it for free.
Also, I want to see a reconstruction.
Beef it up a bit.
Get some actor who can play both the
alien, and the boyfriend.
My kingdom for a Babylonian whore!
Get someone good.
What about the girl?
Ah, let me guess?
Candy?
"To Howard. You bad bad boy / Love Candy"
We use her because she's good.
Not because she's my girlfriend.
Oh, and Foxy.
Make it sexy!
Come on, inflato-boy.
On-locations-shoots that involves long
drives, comfort is the king.
Don't be so embarrassed. Plenty
of people suffer from hemorrhoids.
There's cream for it!
Why couldn't this fucking playstation
be picked up in London, like everybody else?
He's doing some important research.
I don't know, the guy's a nut!
Oh, dear. What have we got ourselves into..?
Are you alright, Mr. Gorman?
Michelle Fox?
Wierd Worlde?!
- It's a real privilege to meet you,
miss Fox.
- Michelle, please.
I really love your show. You can't believe
some of the LEY-activity around here.
Did I tell you about the time
I nearly collapsed the church,
by rerouting LEY-lines?
- I believe LEY...
- Yeah!
More about it later.
We got a very tight deadline.

We got to get into the island
before the tide gets in.
Sacallum is a remote island 2 miles
from the mainland.
It's only accessible during low tide,-
- you can drive the coast-way,
called "Devils spine".
We'll be lucky to have our spine left
after this.
The spine is amazing.
It on a major LEY-line.
The island is owned by the Williams-family.
They've owned it for centuries.
It's been farmed since ancient times,
on usually fertile ground.
No shops, no neighbors, no pubs.
And one of the greatest stone-circles
in the whole of Great Britain.
- Isn't it going to be fascinating?
- Absolutely shit!
No pub?!
Wales..!
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHO
It's so bloody cold!
They do know we're coming, right?
Maybe they all have been abducted?
Hallo?
Miss Williams?
Anyone?
I can't find the fucking lightswitch.
Hallo?
Anybody home?
Just the wind, sugar.
Nice...
Oh, God..!
Fucking shit.
- Fabulous, dinner!
- Goldielocks, we're home!
- Where's the three fuckin bears?
- Who cares? I'm starving.
Shoot that for me.
Gasmasks?
The military must have got here first.
Our investigation is screwed.

What the fuck are you doing
filming in our house?
Does anybody speak Welsh?
- Excuse me, does anyone here speak english?
- English?!

Do you know Cat Williams?
I'm here to interview her.
My God, I'm fucked!
Remove that thing!
For fucks sake, stop!
- Sorry, my brothers don't talk English.
- English!

And they're not used to strangers.
What's with the suits?
- We may be cut off here,
but not everything's old-fashioned.
We have a very progressive power-supply.
Manure.
We collect the waste product, and keep it
in a system at the back of the house.
The hydrogen-sulphide it produces,
powers the whole place.
It needs maintanance, so...
Fast-gas for power...
Get the money first.
- Can you give us the pay you promised?
- Here you go...

There's money for nothing boys!
Daft bastards looking for aliens,-
- just 'cos some tourist
knocked up our little sis!
I'm still not convinced that
wasn't you, Llyr!
I'm sorry, but I was asleep
when you arrived.
I left you out some food.
Local recipe.
Mostly cow's-brain.
We could do with some sleep.
We got a busy day, filming, tomorrow.
How long is it to the Devil's-teeths?
My brother's don't approve of
what I'm doing.
- I hope they're not gonna be any trouble.

- Me too. They're mostly harmless.
A fellow
"Hitchhikers guide"- fan I see?
Yeah...
What did your brothers say?
That they've seen bad omens in the sky.
And that no proper christian
should go near those stones.
It's a cursed place.
There's an intriguing old legend
about the stones.
They're said to be the gate of hell.
Should the devil manage to escape
his prison...
the stones themselves
would cast him down from heaven.
Please, show me something.
One UFO, or a glims of an EBA.
Please...
Oh shit, I've overslept!
What the fuck..?
The name is Gorman.
Gavin Gorman.
The only way that we can save
your planet, is if we copulate.
The dream... I must go back to my dream...
Please, wake up.
You got to believe me, I just seen one
of those FWO-thingies. Quick!
UFO!
How's that for a fucking guy-shot!?
Do you like it, big boy.
God! Gavin, Candy?!
Get the fuck out of here!
Dreadfully sorry to interrupt...
Candy... UFO... saw... grab you camera!
Perhaps we should phone SETI?
You didn't wrote down it's sky-quadrant?
Seti, is that got to do with a sofa?
- No, no. SETI, Search for
Extraterrestrial Intelligence.
I don't think little miss tits'n ass
is down with any kind of intelligence.
She probably dreamt it.

Page one, the actors handbook:

Use your bleeding imagination!

- No fence.

- None taken!

Who'd do that?

- Maybe the visitors way of communication?

- I don't think visitors would use 6" nails.

That's fucked up!

Fuckin hell, disgusting!

We can't leave it like that.

Someone's got to kill it.

Come on guys,

it'll be a mercy-killing.

Those farmers really freak me out...

Thank you...

I knew you'd reveal something to me.

As head of B.U.R.C.,-

I hereby welcome you to our humble planet.

Why not...

May you live long, and prosper.

It's amazing, a crop-circle.

Real proof of alien-visitation.

There's no doubt about aliens now.

- It's a first time for everything.

- Get the camera, and film this.

- This is proof.

- I wish that were true.

What do you mean,

this is your dream come true.

No, it's a lie! You made the

crop-circle with these.

You showed how to do a crop-circle

in your own show, last month!

Yes, it's my dream to find evidence of UFO.

You don't know how important it is to me.

There's alot of people who wants more

in the world than their crappy 9-17-slavery.

You should be ashamed. I thought

your show was a voice of truth.

- You have a responsibility to the public.

- Yeah, to entertain them!

In 2 years I've been reporting for the show,

- I've never seen a ghost, goblin,

monster or a UFO.

I'm sorry, but for me, it's just a living.
If I don't get a hot story this week,
then my show is finished. Do you want that?
I want the truth.
Yeah, but the truth ain't out there.
It's good that the aliens weren't real,
you greeted with a line from Star Trek!
As head of B.U.R.C. I could not let you film
this as evidence of real alien activity.
Well, we havn't yet.
Nobody fucks with a UFO-enthusiast!
The bastard's ruined it! Why bother filming
it now, they'll never let that on air.
- Sorry for oversleeping.
- Don't worry, you didn't miss a thing.
I'm sure we all want's to
leave this paradise,-
- so let's hurry. Actors, get yourselves
ready for the interview.
Ricky, come over here a second, babe.
I just wanna run over some technical things.
That's odd...
It's complete opposite...
What's up?
- Have you dodgy-wired it?
- No, it's from the stones.
The stone-circles are known to recieve
energy. They power their LEY-lines.
But this seems to be... emitting it.
Sometimes you get this sort of activity when
a site's connected to a underground tunnel.
- I'd love to get a look
beneath this lady's skirt.
I bet you would, you dirty bastard!
Nice one.
Let's shoot this fucker!
Miss Williams, tell me exactly what
happened on that horrific night.
Hallo...
You smoked alot of pot that night. Are you
sure you weren't just high and paranioid?
Paranoid...
For fuck's sake, I was forced to see him
be murdered, and could do nothing about it.

I reported it, but it wasn't taken seriously.

I thought you'd understand...

The police still have him listed as a missing person, and the body's not been found.

- You think I killed him?!

- I'm just trying to understand what happened.

Yeah. I'm painfully aware of how ridiculous my story sounds.

The only reason I'm telling it to you, is to get money for an abortion.

Believe me, this isn't a pathetic cry for attention or a cheap shot of fame.

But I doubt it's something you'd understand.

So here's the deal.

You wanna talk about alien-rapists, fine.

But making me look like some stupid farm-slut with a drug-problem, you'll make a mistake!

Actually, I was gonna make you an lucrative offer to film the alien birth.

Still, that was great! Real emotions.

Top television.

Howard's gonna love it.

- Did you hear that?

- What, babe?

- Oh no, come on, finish me off!

- Hear the noises... I've got to go.

So you run off over there...

No!

Okey everyone, that's a wrap.

Shame nothing real happened.

Never does...

Fuckin' woman drivers!

Fuck you two,

the bastard-thing just cut out.

I doubt the auto-towing-service cover Hell-island.

Okey, try it again.

I can't understand it.

Come on, baby.

Why the hell are they moo-ing?!

Yeah, something spooked them good.
- Let's have a look, it could be
Gavins mate.
- No, I'm a sound-man, I don't do curious.
Okey, try it again.
Are you still not feeling well?
Don't worry.
The doctor is here.
Give it another go!
Shit!
Isn't this a common
UFO-trace, Gorman?
Flattening crops is one thing, but
mutilating cattle for a TV-program is sick!
- We didn't do this, Gavin!
- Whoever did this, did it recently.
Did you see something?
What did you see?
- Was it reptilian or gray?
- Pissed off, I'd say.
Candy! Go, go, go!
Start the engine!
Start...
Start the engine!
Michelle, this isn't covered
by our insurance!
We're supposed to be responsible
for the safety of these people.
I wote we get off this island now!
I'm a character-actor, not a fucking hero!
I can't believe you people!
This could be the most significant
event of our century,-
perhaps all history!
He's right. This is what we're here for.
This could change everything for us!
Yeah, our status from living to dead!
What happened out there sister?
Something bad's out there hurting our flock.
Show him the footage.
They took that well...
What do you think they've got in mind?
Why you...
There there, calm yourself big lad.

She was special...
...but we'll get another.
She'll never be the same!
Never!
Hey, monkey-boy.
This could be the chance of the lifetime.
We got to go back out there.
We can get real footage of aliens here.
Not the usual fuzzy out-of focus-shit...
Have you any idea how much it'd be worth?
That's alot of bananas!
Nice weapon.

Question:

To catch their bloody deaths!
Deserting us here, the asses!
- What are you talkin' about, bitch?!
- Now now, ladies. Let's be friends.
Atleast we'll be safe here darling.
Perhaps a drink to calm our nerves, yes?
- What the hell is this?!
- Localbrewed.
Too much for gay city-slickers?
Yes, atleast I never get pregnant.
Come on, Ricky.
Oh, fuckin' hell..!
The air taste like shit in here!
It's even worse than the manure-farm.
I don't even wanna know
how this technology works!
Three-seat-model.
Reaches lightspeed in about 6.2 seconds.
Uses brain-steering.
Atleast, now we know how
many aliens are out there.
The mainland-police says they don't
have a plan for an alien-invasion.
But he wished us a nice evening.
Those bastards!
I think that's kind of sweet.
- Did you see that? Her nose fuckin' lit up!
- Amazing! It's an implant.
They're either have a tracking-device, or...
...or somekind of remote-control.

- Do you think it's a good idea?
- It's safer if we get it out.
Too much for gay city-slickers, ey?
Looks like the locals gets
smashed on it too.
Come, Cat.
Time to get in the game.
Got to sort my head out...
Ugly runts 'aint they!
Michelle Fox here,
reporting from an actual alien craft.
This stuff is really amazing, isn't it!
- What the fuck are you doin'?!
- Hand me the money, and I let you know!
Hell's shit, what's that!?
Just...
...keep...
...filming..!
That's a good boy!
Come on. Sit boy!
Let's get away from here,
before the owners miss Fido.
You fuckin' rocked back there, babe.
- Thanks
- It's okey.
I fuckin' hate pets!
Think we should go outside and take a look?
This is a chance for contact.
Yeah, great! Let's duke it out
with the monsters from outer space!
- They prefer to be called "visitors".
- You'd know, cause you read it
on internet?!
- Don't pick on his because he's brave.
- Oh, shut up!
- "Braver"?
- You won't believe what
these farmer's done!
This may not sound well for
intergalactic harmony, but...
...they're real!
Aliens are real!
Thank you!
Thank you, lord!

Don't tell us:

Excuse me, but before we start our picnic,-
why do you think we're safe out here?

We saw their ship, it had only three seats
and we now seen three alien corpses.

Where are our heroic farmers now, then?

They're burning the other two
alien bodies over there.

Who's pretty flesh are you
burning there brothers?

Cat... is that you?

You sound odd.

I'm hurt. Something attacked me.

Help me.

Oh, fuck!

- Sounds like trouble.

- Let's check it out.

This is bad!

We got to get out of here, now!

Dito, this is just getting too real for me.

Those farmers looked pretty macho.

What chance do we got?

Gorman!

Fuck, don't do that!

- Look at the farmers!

You said that no one was left alive!

- Perhaps we was wrong about
the amount of aliens on that ship.

- Perhaps Fido had a bigger brother?

- Fido?

Yeah, we sort of killed a pet...

I wish I could have seen that.

What did it look like?

Excuse me, Gorman. I think we got
more pressing concerns!

We should get back to the mini-bus.

For safety, arm up with
whatever you can find.

Gorman, you're the alien-expert.

How do we beat these fuckers?

These are the first aliens I ever met,
but I think the farmers over-reacted.

- We should try to communicate with them.

- I think it's too late to win them over, honey!

Why don't I get a weapon?

These are our weapons.

We're pro's.

I don't know what dream you're dreamin',

but I'm not buying it sunshine.

At most, there can be only one alien left.

You better make that two.

Jesus-alien is missing.

- Look, I got a boom-pole, you idiot!

- Quit it, Campbell!

Guys, keep it together.

We really should not be making noise.

- Oh, God!

- Sorry, lads...

I'm blind!

Everyone back to the bus!

I try to hold them off.

For fucks sake, Gorman!

Spark up that chainsaw!

Never thought I'd be pleased to see him!

- My fuckin' eyes!

- Get him out of here!

Can you get my cane!

I'll feel safer with it.

- Oh, fuck..!

- Everybody meet back at the bus.

I thought I had a death-scene there..!

- Oh my God, we can't leave him like that.

- He's as good as dead.

Well, someone's got to do something!

Just think, this footage, it isn't

just gonna make us rich,-

it's gonna win us awards!

Yeah, which our ghost will collect

if we don't leave!

Guys, relax. We gonna get through this.

- What happened?

- They got Foxy!

- I've got to go and get her.

- No, Rick!

She's dead. If you go, you're dead.

If you leave me, if dead.

The only chance we got

is to get to the bus, now!
You know I'm right!
Are you okey?
No.
Thanks for fuckin' waiting, you wankers!
Hey, where's Michelle?
Or did you sell her out, too?
I guess they realised what a phoney
she was after all, huh.
Fuck you, playstation!
You don't know anything about her!
Does anyone wanna switch seats?
I bet anyone 50 it won't start.
I didn't die!
Just to be sure.
Whoppie-fuckin'- doo!
We managed to kill one whole alien!
Im-fuckin'- pressive!
Where's Gavin gone?
- He must be dead. We're all gonna die!
- You can stop that shit now...
Foxy died for a stupid TV-show.
Was it worth it?
Come on guys! Atleast we got a wheels.
Surely things can't get any worse.
What the fuck? Earthquakes in Wales?
- It's not an earthquake!
- Ofcourse it is, the ground's shaking!
- What's happening?
- We gonna need a bigger boat.
It's beautiful!
It's like a giant mobile-phone on charge.
This doesn't look good!
Behind us!
Fuckin' hell, it hurts!
How's that?!
Shit! No!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
- I should have seen that one coming!
- Seen what?
Fuck, God hates us!
We just have to wait for the tide to get up,
then we can leave.
- I want out of this shitty island!

- How the fuck are you gonna do that, Houdini?
Please, be gentle with me!
It's my first time.
Oh, shame I don't got a camera.
Then I could interview you.
To find out how you feel.
Gavin!
Thank God!
Please, help me out of here.
Oh, "Gavin", is it now?
Don't you remember earlier. The way you treated Cat, and her "crazy story"?
Well, look what "miss crazy" did to you!
Please, Gavin. I'm sorry, I...
- I was just doing a job...
- Your job, eh? You know what that's called?
Poetic justice.
Sorry, but I'm gonna leave you here to rot.
Bye, bye!
Just kidding!
You didn't really think I was gonna leave, did you?
- Come on, you're breaking up the team!
- I'm sorry I rather die drowning,-
- instead of being ripped to pieces!
- We got to get back to the bus!
This place is gonna be swarming soon.
We can barricade ourselves in the farm.
That's just "Day of the Dead" without the helicopter!
I told you this was gonna be shit!
- You can barely see!
- I don't need to, if I swim straight!
- Water-currents are suicide!
- So stay here then! I'm sorry...
Hold on.
Take one of these, it's proof that you're not competely mad, if you make it.
I'll buy you a pint on the other side.
It's been special.
Fuck!

GOD HATES TREK:

Come on, England!
Come to papa!
We're lost.
The whole ship looks exactly the same.
- What in Roddenberrys name is that?!
- Fido! It's Fido!
We must go back to the middle.
What're we gonna do, fly out?
Not so hard! Gentle.
She obviously responds to to a little,
you know... For-play.
It's working!
Up. Up, up!
Up!
Oh, this is just cracking!
I'd like to stay on earth.
I can't see a fuckin' thing!
We have to make the rest of the way on foot.
Here.
Get ready for this.
- Shit, we're out of ammo!
- Hit them.
Aim on the helmets.
- What is that thing?
- Salvation.
Let's go harvest some aliens?
Farmer, you know how to drive that thing?
How difficult can it be?
"Motivational farming-music"
Come on, you bastards!
Suck on this!
Oh, my God. That was awesome.
Oh, sorry Ricky.
I've got a really bad feeling about this.
Whoops!
Where's Ricky?
He never gives up his tapes.
Did he have some sort of plan?
You wanna fuck with me, so come on!

"Warning:

No smoking. Fucking dangerous!"
Eat shit!
What is the point in doing that?

It never works in zombie-movies!
Michelle, they're controlling you.
Fight it! I know the real you can hear me.
Maybe not..!
It's incredible.
Press space-bar to activate.
You and your alien-mates, are fucked!
No fucking alien got a chance
with Jack Campbell!
Where's the..?
Bollocks!
Well there's a reconstruction of your claim.
And you expect our viewers,
to believe this...
Fantastical story of yours.
That your entire squadron and ship..
...were destroyed by humans!
And you're pregnant with the love-child...
of one of these evil aliens!
I haven't heard anything...
more ridicoulus in my entire life!
You don't know me...
XXXX XXX...
Whatever, whatever.
Whatever, whatever!

Translation: