

Out There

Pilot Episode:  
"Close Shave"

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EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The glowing moon and the sea of flickering stars hang over a vast field. A CONVERTIBLE sits in the middle of the field. The beautiful night is lost on the convertible's two occupants: JENNY, 17, and KEITH, 18, who are intertwined and suctioned together like two octopi. Jenny is a gorgeous brunette, and Keith is a plaid-wearing farmboy sporting a well-groomed goatee.

Jenny furiously attacks Keith's pants, unbuckling his belt. Keith slowly grabs the ends of his belt and puts them back together, zipping his pants back up. Jenny frowns.

JENNY

What's a matter, Keith? I thought you said you were ready.

KEITH

Yeah, well, I thought we could take it a mite slower, it bein' such a gorgeous night and all.

JENNY

(seductively)

But we're all alone. There's no one around for miles. Don't you wanna take advantage of me?

KEITH

I don't know, Jenny. I'd sure like to get to know you better. I got an idea! Why don't you list your favorite things? Your favorite color, favorite food, smell, scene from *Titanic*--

JENNY

Keith, you've known me since we were tots. You already know everything about me. Now shut up and do me.

Forcing herself on Keith, Jenny smothers him with kisses until he accepts. A strange HOVERING NOISE causes Keith to break away in fright.

KEITH

What was that?

Jenny pays no heed to Keith. Instead, she continues to kiss him and tug at his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH (CONT'D)  
No, stop it. I'm being  
serious-like, Jenny.

Jenny rips Keith's shirt open, sending buttons flying.

JENNY  
So am I.

KEITH  
Didn't you hear that?

JENNY  
(grumpily)  
Hear what?

KEITH  
That noise just now!

Jenny gets back into her own seat and starts angrily re-buttoning her shirt.

JENNY  
Oh, now you're just making excuses.  
Is this about your mother?

KEITH  
No, I really heard somethin'!  
Somethin' real weird-like.

JENNY  
It was probably just a coyote, or a  
badger in heat.

KEITH  
No, not like I ever heard. It was  
the strangest noise--

JENNY  
Alright, alright, you big baby.  
I'll go check.

Jenny gets out of the car and stalks into the field of darkness.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Stupid git. I go to all the trouble  
of cleanin' the convertible, hopin'  
to get some, and he's just leavin'  
me with blue lips.  
(shouting back)  
Turn on the headlights! I can't see  
a damn thing!

Keith flips on the headlights, illuminating some of the field. Jenny looks around.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
(shouting back)  
There ain't nothin' out here,  
Keith!  
(muttering)  
Big girl. I ought to lend him a  
tampon for 'tween his legs.

Jenny is about to turn back to the convertible when the wind picks up. The headlight beams start to flicker as the HOVERING NOISE returns.

In the convertible, the dash lights flicker on and off. Keith looks confused and experimentally tries hitting the dashboard to make it stop. All the convertible's lights die.

KEITH  
Whoops.

A flood of light instantly illuminates the entire field, causing Keith to shield his eyes. He can see nothing in the massive sea of white. After a few moments, the light and the noise vanish.

Keith squints forward into the darkness.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Jenny? Jenny, you alright?

Still staring ahead, Keith slowly reaches over and locks his door. He SIGHS in relief when he sees Jenny walking hypnotically back toward the car.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank Moses. What was that?  
That strange light?

Jenny remains silent as she walks toward Keith's side of the car.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Jenny, you alright? I haven't been  
this scared since Ma walked in on  
me in the barn.

Jenny slowly unlocks the door, opens it, and climbs in. Keith apprehensively backs away from her.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Easy now, Jenny. Given the  
circumstances, I think we might  
think about gettin' out of here.

Jenny's eyes begin to glow unnaturally. She closes on  
Keith's face and opens her mouth wide.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Jenny... Jenny, what are you...?  
No. No! No!

Jenny attacks Keith as he SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A badger/fox lifts its head up at the scream.

BACK TO

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jenny backs away, exposing Keith, now dead. His goatee is  
ripped off, leaving his lower jaw and teeth exposed.

TITLE CREDITS

INT. DAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director KARL DAWSON, late 40s, gruff, and no-nonsense, sits  
behind his desk, reviewing a file. Opposite him is AUSTIN  
MOORE, 30, patiently waiting. Moore may be the younger one  
of the pair, but he still looks tough in his own right.

Dawson sets down the file and examines Moore.

DAWSON  
It's quite the impressive career  
you've made for yourself in only a  
few short years.

MOORE  
Thank you, sir.

DAWSON  
Four years here in the city, two  
more before that up in Baltimore.  
Your file says you left there due  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (cont'd)  
to some... altercation while on a  
case?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Moore is on foot, his gun out, pursuing a CRIMINAL. The criminal ducks around a corner. Moore carefully creeps up on the corner, clutching his gun.

As he rounds the corner, a CHILD with a toy gun playfully shoots at him. Moore pistol-whips the child out of surprise.

BACK TO PRESENT

MOORE  
I may have overreacted.

DAWSON  
An unfortunate occurrence on the otherwise-spotless record of Austin Moore. Though it proves that you're sharp and capable, if not a bit hasty. Have you learned to control your aggression since then?

MOORE  
I took some classes, but there was an incident with a boy scout who snuck up on me at the grocery store--

DAWSON  
Any mishaps on your own time aren't our concern.

MOORE  
Oh. Then yes, I've been fine.

DAWSON  
I don't normally do this kind of thing, taking on new staff on such a whim, but your boss John Carter's an old friend of mine, and he highly recommends you, Moore. In fact, he seems to think you're the best. And we don't accept anything short of the best at the N.D.I. Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

Yes, sir.

DAWSON

Good. You may have been tapped into the agency, but that doesn't mean you can just coast on easy street. I'm assigning you to one of the--  
(scoffs)  
--smaller departments.

MOORE

Smaller departments?

DAWSON

It's the joke of the agency-- besides the Domestic Mall Security Division, and they've already got three people.

MOORE

That doesn't sound like a big staff.

DAWSON

It is, for them. They recruited a new agent for their new shipment of Segways.

MOORE

Ah.

Moore then squints in confusion.

DAWSON

You'll be working down in U.P., Unexplained Phenomena, investigating paranormal activity and other supernatural B.S. I'd shut the whole thing down if it weren't for the higher-ups.

MOORE

If I may ask, sir: why am I being assigned there?

DAWSON

Show me you can do well there. If you're as good as your file says you are, you'll rise up around here faster than a fourth grader at amateur night. In the meantime, having a competent agent working in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (cont'd)  
U.P. can provide some much-needed  
clarity. Welcome to the National  
Department of Inquiries, Agent  
Moore.

INT. SEYBOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Unlike Dawson's office, this office is confined, cluttered, and without any natural light. Agent KIRBY SEYBOLD, 31, sits in the dark looking at a projector screen. Seybold is thin, slightly pale, and a touch nerdy. He flips through the slideshow projection.

Moore KNOCKS on the door and enters.

MOORE  
Is this Unexplained Phenomena? I'm  
Agent Austin Moore. I've been  
assigned to this division.

Seybold's attention remains on the projector screen.

SEYBOLD  
Douglas Johnston, age 42.

MOORE  
Nice to meet you.

SEYBOLD  
Not me. Him.

Seybold points to the projector. Displayed is a photo of a mustachioed man.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)  
Resident of Ashton, Louisiana. Two  
kids, a wife. On October 3rd, 1968,  
at approximately 7:30 P.M., he left  
his home to meet a friend for some  
drinks. He was apparently a fan of  
gin and tonic. Only problem is, he  
never showed up to the bar. Next  
day, the local police found his  
body.

Seybold flips to an image of the same man, now dead and his  
face bloody.

MOORE  
Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)



SEYBOLD

Don't take the Lord's name in vain.

Pause. Seybold and Moore stare uncomfortably at each other.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

Seven more deaths occurred over the course of the next week within a hundred mile radius of Ashton. Every victim male, all killed during night.

Seybold flips through the photos, all showing dead men with bloodied faces.

MOORE

Did they ever catch the guy?

SEYBOLD

Guy? No. A witness reported seeing one of the victims the evening before he was found dead, apparently in the company of a woman.

MOORE

A woman was capable of all this?

SEYBOLD

You forget it was a woman who was responsible for the first great sin, getting mankind kicked out of the Garden of Eden. But no, I'm not quite convinced a woman did all this.

MOORE

Why not?

Seybold hits the slide again, showing a photo of Keith's body.

SEYBOLD

Keith Chesney, 18. Found dead yesterday morning in the middle of a field in Jabpoke, Nebraska. Killed and then maimed the exact same way as the victims from 48 years ago.

MOORE

Those face wounds... What are they?

SEYBOLD

I thought it was obvious.

Seybold flips through the photos, showing pictures of people before they were killed, then their corpses.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

Whoever or whatever is doing this is ripping off its victim's mustaches.

MOORE

That's sick. Could the latest one be a copycat killer?

SEYBOLD

That's what it looked like at first. But then I checked further back in the records. 1926. Eight people killed the exact same way in or around Riverside, Iowa. 1884, the same thing in Kentucky. Every 42 years, something is attacking the same number of men, killing them and stealing their facial hair.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Agent Moore follows Seybold as they move swiftly through a hall.

MOORE

You said 'it.' You don't think it's human?

SEYBOLD

Killing the exact same way, every 42 years, over the course of a hundred or possibly more years? That's a dedicated murderer.

MOORE

It could be a cult, then.

SEYBOLD

Interesting, but unlikely. The Cult of Londrasso was the dominant body at the time, and this doesn't fit their M.O.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

So what, are we looking for some kind of wild animal then? Something that hibernates for 42 years and then comes out to feed?

(sarcastically)

Like what, Bigfoot?

SEYBOLD

(seriously)

No, Bigfoot's hibernation period is only 20 years.

MOORE

Wait, what?

SEYBOLD

The body of Keith Chesney was flown in today for autopsy. Let's go take a look.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

DOCTOR SADDLEMIRE, 33, female, is leaning over the corpse of Keith when Moore and Seybold enter. She wears a medical mask and scrubs.

SEYBOLD

Doctor Saddlemire.

SADDLEMIRE

Hello, Kirb. I was wondering when you were gonna come down and visit me.

SEYBOLD

(flustered)

You were?

SADDLEMIRE

Well yes. I'm doing this autopsy for your case, aren't I?

SEYBOLD

Oh. Yes, of course. Have you found anything?

SADDLEMIRE

Nothing in the victim that seems unusual. Unless you count having his goatee ripped off as unusual.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD  
Well what would you consider it?

SADDLEMIRE  
Good taste.

Seybold absently strokes his chin. Saddlemire glances up and sees Moore.

SADDLEMIRE (CONT'D)  
Who's your shadow?

SEYBOLD  
The newbie, just assigned to me.

MOORE  
Austin Moore.

SADDLEMIRE  
Ah, your replacement for...

Saddlemire drifts off as she and Seybold share an uneasy look.

SADDLEMIRE (CONT'D)  
Welcome aboard, Agent Moore. Having fun with Wacky Kirby?

Saddlemire puts out her hand for a handshake. Moore shakes it, not realizing she's wearing a bloody glove. He surveys his hand in disgust and wipes it on the table.

MOORE  
(dryly)  
Tons.

SADDLEMIRE  
I'm Doctor Marion Saddlemire. You can usually find me in here spending some quality time with the dead bodies.

Moore eyes another dead body nearby.

MOORE  
Yeah, so I see. It's a pleasant smell. Very... month-old dairy with a hint of wet dog.

Saddlemire moves to the other dead body.

SADDLEMIRE

That one came in from Tampa last week on a truck with a broken refrigeration unit. The odor's actually kind of therapeutic once you get used to it.

Saddlemire lifts up the sheet covering the dead body's waist.

SADDLEMIRE (CONT'D)

Look at this, Agent Moore.

Moore peeks under the sheet.

SADDLEMIRE (CONT'D)

Minor lacerations on the penis.

MOORE

What does that mean?

SADDLEMIRE

That this guy never used any Lubriderm during his alone time.

Moore frowns in disgust. Seybold CLEARS HIS THROAT.

SEYBOLD

Doctor Saddlemire, what about the victim from Nebraska? Keith Chesney?

Saddlemire moves back to Keith's body.

SADDLEMIRE

Chalking this up to the supernatural, Kirb?

SEYBOLD

Possibly. What about the cause of death? Was he poisoned before his flesh was torn?

SADDLEMIRE

No. No traces of toxins in the bloodstream, no dangerous chemicals, nothing.

SEYBOLD

That's strange. How about damage to vital organs or signs of heart failure?

Saddlemire pulls off her gloves.

SADDLEMIRE

Kirb, you don't understand. He wasn't killed before this was done to him. He died of having his facial hair ripped off.

SEYBOLD

Talk about a shave and a haircut.

SADDLEMIRE

Two bits.

MOORE

(critically)

Really?

INT. N.D.I. RESEARCH LIBRARY - DAY

As they talk, Seybold leads Moore through the shelves of the library to a computer, where he begins typing on the keyboard.

MOORE

What did the doctor mean when she said you thought this was supernatural?

SEYBOLD

Do you really think humans could be behind this? Every 42 years stretching back who knows how long?

MOORE

Yeah, but it can't be ghosts or aliens. They don't exist.

SEYBOLD

You don't think so? What about the hundreds upon thousands of UFO sightings? The whole Roswell incident?

MOORE

The government said those were weather balloons. You're not one of those conspiracy theorists who insists they were lying?

SEYBOLD

That's the brilliant part: the government never lied at all. They were weather balloons. Alien weather balloons.

(CONTINUED)

Finished with the computer, Seybold gets up and walks to the library shelves, searching through the books. He finds one, plucks it from the shelf, and begins leafing through it.

MOORE

That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Why would aliens be flying weather balloons over earth?

SEYBOLD

The same reason we fly probes out in space and over other planets. And if it isn't something extraterrestrial or supernatural, explain this.

Seybold holds out the book. On the page is an illustration of a dead Native American, his face bleeding.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

1632. A tribe of Pawnee Native Americans were attacked just like Keith Chesney was yesterday. And I'm wagering it happened 42 years before that, and 42 years before that. This is most definitely not human, nor animal.

INT. SEYBOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Seybold starts packing his things into a briefcase.

SEYBOLD

Pack your things.

MOORE

Right now? What for?

SEYBOLD

You wanna wait around for something?

MOORE

I've been here for hardly twenty minutes and we've just been running around all over this building: looking at photos of dead bodies, Native American drawings of dead bodies, and watching that doctor of yours perform autopsies on dead bodies--

(CONTINUED)

Seybold shifts uncomfortably at the mention of Doctor Saddlemire.

MOORE (CONT'D)

--and I don't even know who you are!

SEYBOLD

Seybold. Agent Kirby Seybold. Look, Miller--

MOORE

Moore. It's Austin Moore.

SEYBOLD

Look, Moore: one person's already dead, and it'll be seven more if we don't move. It's our job to find out what's doing this before it kills again. We're going to Jabpoke, Nebraska.

INT. CAR - DAY

Seybold is driving the rental car as Moore sits in the passenger seat. Moore flips through the book from the N.D.I. library. The car is totally silent.

All of the sudden, Seybold starts TAPPING his fingers on the steering wheel as he bobs his head and HUMS.

SEYBOLD

(singing Abba)

See that girl. Watch that scene.  
Digging the dancing queen.

Moore looks up at Seybold, irritated.

MOORE

I already told you: no more of your music. That includes singing it.

SEYBOLD

Fine.

(muttering)

I don't know what you have against Abba anyway.

When Seybold quiets down again, Moore returns to the book. He studies the illustration of the dead Native American before flipping the page to see another illustration of a comet. He frowns and reads the article.

(CONTINUED)



MOORE  
That's strange.

SEYBOLD  
What?

MOORE  
Listen to this: "1632 was also a significant year in terms of astronomy. The Strafen Comet, designation Comet 9P, passed through the solar system, identified at the time as a blazing arrow in the sky. Formally discovered three centuries later by Johann Wilhelm Strafen, Comet 9P has an orbital period of 42.15 years."

Moore looks up from the book.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
Do you think it's just a coincidence?

Seybold takes his hands off the wheel, grabs the Fresca from the cupholder, and POPS it open dramatically.

SEYBOLD  
I don't believe in coincidence.

He takes a dramatic swig of Fresca.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Moore and Seybold's rental car drives by a "Welcome to Jabpoke" sign.

EXT. CHESNEY HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up outside of the house. Moore and Seybold get out.

MOORE  
What are we doing here?

SEYBOLD  
Keith Chesney was the first victim. We have to find out if his family might know anything.

(CONTINUED)

Seybold KNOCKS on the door. It opens, admitting LORETTA CHESNEY, 54, wearing a bathrobe and with a cigarette dangling from her mouth.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Chesney?

LORETTA  
Yes?

Seybold flashes his badge.

SEYBOLD  
We're here to ask you a few questions about your son.

LORETTA  
Who are you? FBI?

SEYBOLD  
(scoffs)  
Please. We're not associated with those crossdressing bimbos.

MOORE  
We're with the National Department of Inquiries.

LORETTA  
Never heard of 'em.  
(pause)  
Come in.

INT. CHESNEY HOUSE - DAY

LORETTA  
Lord knows Keith wasn't the soundest of boys. When he was younger, I caught him in the barn, scrapin' off chips of paint, eatin' them like it was pancake Sunday. But he was still my son.

Loretta starts SOBBING.

SEYBOLD  
Mrs. Chesney, I know this is hard, but if you could just answer a few questions. When was the last time you saw Keith?

(CONTINUED)

LORETTA

I already told the police. He was going out to meet that tramp of his.

Seybold and Moore exchange glances.

MOORE

A woman?

LORETTA

A hussy, a jezebel. I warned him not to waste his time with her.

SEYBOLD

Please, ma'am, I know you're upset about your son's death, but if we don't do anything soon, more people may die. Now: who was this girl Keith was with?

LORETTA

The Harper girl. Lives with her father down Bannerman Way. You can't miss her.

EXT. HARPER RESIDENCE - DAY

Seybold KNOCKS on the front door.

SEYBOLD

Mr. Harper? Mr. Harper, N.D.I. We have some questions.

There is no answer. Moore notices feet sticking out around the corner of the house.

MOORE

Seybold.

The two round the corner of the house to find MR. HARPER laying face down on the ground. Seybold finds a nearby stick and turns Mr. Harper over with it, revealing his bloodied face.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Another one with his facial hair ripped off.

Seybold gives Mr. Harper's body a prod with the stick.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD

Not even Gillette can provide a shave that close.

MOORE

That's two so far, and we don't even know what we're looking for.

SEYBOLD

Yes we do. I told you that back in 1968, one of the victims was seen with a woman hours before he was found dead. Now Keith Chesney was last seen with a girl. This man's girl.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

MOORE

So I still don't understand. Why are men getting their facial hair ripped off by women every 42 years? Are these women related in any way?

SEYBOLD

I don't think so, not if it's been happening in entirely different places each time.

MOORE

Then what are we dealing with? Why are random women doing this only when the Strafen Comet comes by earth?

SEYBOLD

Of course! The Strafen Comet! It's the perfect cover!

MOORE

For what?

SEYBOLD

For aliens! It's all so clear now!

Seybold looks around and grabs a Styrofoam cup from the bedside table. He crumples it up in his hand.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

Imagine this is the Strafen Comet.

Seybold then grabs a loose nickel off the table.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

And here's the UFO. Now the comet is hurtling through our galaxy at an extraordinary speed--

Seybold imitates the comet flying through space, complete with WHOOSH sound effects.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

And then, at its point where it's closest to Earth, the UFO sneaks up behind it.

Using the nickel, SEYBOLD makes UFO NOISES and holds it up beside the comet.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

With the alien craft easily hiding behind the comet, we're none the wiser.

MOORE

(flatly)

You're serious?

SEYBOLD

And since the comet's interference is hiding a whole ship from our planet, they somehow gain control of a woman and use her to attack men.

MOORE

Alright, I can't believe I'm asking this, but why would aliens go through such an elaborate plan just to steal mustaches?

SEYBOLD

Think about it: in all the alleged footage, illustrations, and any other depictions of them, aliens never have hair. It might be a rare luxury to them!

MOORE

Yeah, but there's no video or photos of aliens wearing hats, but they're not coming down here stealing fedoras.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD

You're not looking at the big picture!

MOORE

Right. Whatever. I'll be in the shower.

Moore exits into the bathroom.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Seybold and Moore sit in the car in the dark. Seybold is munching on a hamburger as he excitedly stares out the window. Moore, on the other hand, is not entertained.

MOORE

(bored)

This is exciting. Shouldn't we be doing something more than just sitting around?

SEYBOLD

We're on a stakeout. We have to find the vessel infected by the aliens before she strikes again. Keep your eyes peeled for anything suspicious.

Seybold pulls out a pair of binoculars and looks out the window with them.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

Oh, UFO! No, wait. It's just a jet.

MOORE

Here's a female.

Moore and Seybold watch a group of GIRLS.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Never mind. She's with a few other girls. Not our M.O.

SEYBOLD

Unless one of those girls has some serious lip hair. Maybe I should go--

MOORE

Whoa there, lady charmer. They'll be fine. I don't think any of those

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOORE (cont'd)  
girls will be too happy if you just run up to them and ask if they regularly get their lips waxed.

SEYBOLD  
Right. Of course. I don't exactly have any tact speaking with women.

MOORE  
That's great.

SEYBOLD  
It's just, whenever I approach one, I just sort of freeze up.

MOORE  
(disinterested)  
Uh huh.

SEYBOLD  
I've been that way since grade school.

MOORE  
Nope, you don't have to keep going. This wasn't an open invitation to start confiding in me with your personal problems.

SEYBOLD  
Even with Saddlemire--especially with Saddlemire--I get all nervous. My palms get sweaty, and it's harder to breathe.

MOORE  
(sighs)  
You mean that doctor back at headquarters? You like her?

SEYBOLD  
No.  
(pause)  
Maybe.

MOORE  
Why don't you ask her out?

SEYBOLD  
Ask her out? She's a beautiful siren, a perfectly sculpted goddess of the scalpel! You don't just walk  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD (cont'd)  
up to that and go "Hey, would you care to get an Awesome Blossom with me tonight?"

MOORE  
(flatly)  
Of course not. How could I be so foolish.

SEYBOLD  
Seybold and Saddlemire. Even our names sound like they belong together.

MOORE  
Not any more than yogurt and yeast infection.

Moore squints out the car window.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute... Look!

Seybold and Moore spot Jenny leading a GUY away. The two agents pull out their guns.

SEYBOLD  
Let's go.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jenny takes the guy away from the streets and into a wooded area.

GUY  
Where are we going? So you like it outdoors, huh? You dirty woodland nymph, you.

Jenny leads him through the woods. When she has gone far enough, she turns around and kisses him.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Oh baby, I like.

Jenny strokes his mustache intimately.

Seybold and Moore race through the woods. They hear a SCREAM ahead. They race forward and find the bloodied corpse of the guy. Jenny is nowhere in sight. Seybold crouches to examine the body while Moore looks left and right for Jenny.

(CONTINUED)



MOORE

Damn it! She's gone. We were too late.

SEYBOLD

Dead. He was attacked just like the others.

Seybold stares up at Moore.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

That girl's definitely the vessel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Seybold is on his phone.

SEYBOLD

(into phone)

Get me the mayor. Yes, I'll hold.

(pause)

Out to lunch? Yes, let me leave a message for him. I'm Agent Kirby Seybold of the N.D.I. Never mind that you've never heard of it! There's no time! Listen to me and listen closely or Jabpoke's gonna have more dead bodies on its watch. Have the mayor issue a statement demanding that anyone with a mustache, a goatee, a beard, a soul patch, even the slightest bit of facial fuzz shave it immediately. Everyone must be clean shaven! Hello? Hello?

Seybold angrily puts his phone down.

MOORE

What now?

SEYBOLD

I'm not sure. That girl's gonna kill again if we don't stop her, and it doesn't look like we'll be getting any local support.

MOORE

Well how are we supposed to catch her if we're always one step behind? If the only way to find her is to wait till she strikes again, we'll be risking more lives.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD

That's it! Moore, you're a genius!  
Instead of chasing after her, we  
have to let her come to us.

MOORE

What do you mean?

SEYBOLD

How does your skin react to  
superglue?

Moore frowns in confusion.

CUT TO:

LATER

SEYBOLD

And there we go.

Seybold backs away, exposing Moore, who is now wearing an obviously fake mustache, a poncho, and a sombrero. The mustache is ridiculous and curly.

MOORE

I'm not wearing the sombrero.

SEYBOLD

But it completes the look! Fine,  
have it your way.

MOORE

You really think this'll work?

SEYBOLD

It's foolproof. As soon as she sees  
this walrus, she'll come straight  
to you.

MOORE

And then what?

SEYBOLD

And then what what?

MOORE

What do we do once we lure her in?

SEYBOLD

Well... we catch her.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

How?

SEYBOLD

I'll be nearby. Once you've got her for sure, I'll run in and help you.

MOORE

That doesn't sound very thought out.

SEYBOLD

We're improvising! It'll be fine.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Moore stands on the sidewalk, looking left to right. He lifts his sleeve to his mouth.

MOORE

(into sleeve)

In position.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seybold sits in the driver's seat, watching Moore.

SEYBOLD

(into walkie talkie)

Keep your eyes peeled for the target. Once you've baited her for capture, just give me the signal and I'll rush in.

MOORE

What's the signal?

SEYBOLD

La bouche voleur.

MOORE

Are you serious?

SEYBOLD

It's French, the language of love. That way she won't suspect anything and run off. She'll think you're being romantic.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE

She won't care if I'm being romantic! She'll be trying to rip off my mustache!

SEYBOLD

Have a little faith, Moore.

MOORE

It doesn't even make sense anyway. I'm wearing a poncho!

SEYBOLD

La bouche voleur!

MOORE

Alright, alright.

Jenny comes into view, looking trance-like. After scanning the area, she spots Moore and walks toward him.

MOORE (CONT'D)

(into sleeve)

Here we go.

Jenny approaches Moore.

MOORE (CONT'D)

(in Spanish accent)

Buenas noches, señora.

Ignoring him, Jenny grabs Moore's hand and leads him down the dark street.

Still watching, Seybold starts the car and trails behind them.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jenny pushes Moore against a thick tree. She starts stroking his face.

MOORE

(in Spanish accent)

Oh wow. No esta buena. I barely know you. Shouldn't we talk first, ese?

Jenny strokes Moore's fake mustache. She pins Moore to the tree with her free arm.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish accent)  
Ay carumba, you're strong for a 100  
pound girl.

Moore GRUNTS, trying to break free, but Jenny keeps him pinned. As she strokes his mustache more fiercely, her eyes start to glow.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
(into sleeve)  
Okay, la bouche voleur! La bouche  
voleur!

Jenny SNARLS, opens her mouth, and closes in on Moore. There is a violent RIPPING as she tears off Moore's fake mustache.

Moore SCREAMS in pain, his upper lip now red and irritated with a few stray patches of mustache still glued on.

Jenny looks confused with the fake mustache hanging out of her mouth. Moore shoves her back and sprints away from her. Jenny chases after him.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
La bouche voleur! La bouche voleur!

As Moore runs, he rips off his poncho and lets it fall to the ground.

Suddenly, Moore tumbles down into a pit. He GROANS and looks up at the surface just in time to see Seybold hovering over it.

SEYBOLD  
Aha! Gotcha now!  
(pause)  
Moore?

MOORE  
What is this?

SEYBOLD  
It's the trap! I thought you were  
the girl!

MOORE  
No, she's right behind me! When did  
you have time to dig a pit?

Seybold looks up and sees Jenny coming straight for them. He YELPS, reaches down, and tugs Moore out of the pit.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny tosses Seybold aside and begins ravaging Moore.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Get her off me!

Seybold clumsily tries to push Jenny off Moore, but Jenny knocks him away with so much force that Seybold goes flying backwards.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
Seybold, a little help!

SEYBOLD  
I'm trying! She's like Xena on steroids!

Seybold picks himself up and stumbles back toward the fight.

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)  
Try my patented Kirb stomp!

Seybold lifts his foot up and sends it crashing into Jenny, causing her to tumble off of Moore.

Moore punches Jenny, throwing her to the ground. Jenny gets up and charges again.

Moore pulls out his pistol and starts to aim it at Jenny, but she pins him down to the ground. As her snarling mouth nears his face, Moore struggles to reach his gun. His fingers finally grasp it.

MOORE  
Sorry--

Moore aims the gun at Jenny.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
I would like to see the wine list.

Moore SHOTS her square in the head. The red light in Jenny's eyes fades.

SEYBOLD  
(winded)  
You shot her!

MOORE  
She was trying to eat my face.

SEYBOLD

But she was just a girl. She was only the vessel of the aliens.

MOORE

She was trying to eat my face.

Moore and Seybold hover over Jenny's body.

MOORE (CONT'D)

So... "Patented Kirb stomp," huh?

SEYBOLD

You know, since my first name is Kirby--

MOORE

Yeah, yeah, I got it.

SEYBOLD

What was that you said before you shot her?

MOORE

I told her "I don't do that on the first date."

SEYBOLD

Oh. Awesome. Very Clint Eastwood.

MOORE

Thanks.

(looking around)

Hey, have you seen my poncho?

INT. SEYBOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Seybold is looking at a photo of JENNY. He places it into a folder along with an evidence bag filled with the fake mustache. He then puts the folder into a filing cabinet. As the drawer of the filing cabinet closes, we see Moore watching him from his computer.

Seybold walks over to Moore and hands him something.

SEYBOLD

Here.

Moore looks it at. It is a laminated photo I.D. badge.

(CONTINUED)

SEYBOLD (CONT'D)

It's your badge. Nothing says you officially belong to a government organization like lamination.

MOORE

Thanks.

SEYBOLD

Welcome to Unexplained Phenonema.

Seybold walks away.

Moore pockets his badge and types his thoughts into the computer.

MOORE (V.O.)

What was it we saw in Jabpoke, Nebraska? Agent Seybold insists it was alien, but what if that girl who attacked me and killed three others was just insane? She might've been sick, maybe with some exaggerated form of rabies or another unknown disease. Whatever it was, it wasn't anything a bullet couldn't cure. We remained in the town until the Strafen Comet passed. There were no more murders, suggesting we prevented five of the eight ritualistic deaths. But was it really aliens? And if so, why would they be collecting facial hair?

Moore sits back and ponders.

MOORE (V.O.)

I suppose we won't know for another 42 years.

INT. DAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dawson is reading over Moore's report.

DAWSON

Interesting report. So: now that you've spent a little time with Agent Seybold, what do you think?



MOORE

He's... interesting, sir.

DAWSON

Yeah? Has he convinced you that there's aliens up in the sky and a Loch Ness floating around your bathtub yet?

MOORE

I only have a shower, sir.

DAWSON

Well, it's good to finally have some clear eyes in that department. Keep up the good work, Agent Moore.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A group of ASIAN TOURISTS excitedly pose for a photo. As the Asian man operating the camera is about to take the picture, his smile turns into confusion.

After the flash, a still of the photo shows the tourists unaware of ALIENS in the background, wearing facial hair pasted to themselves and Moore's sombrero and poncho.

END OF EPISODE ONE