

AREA 52

"The Thing That Wouldn't Leave"

by

Chris Parrish

1/25/05

AREA 52

"The Thing That Wouldn't Leave"

(Pilot)

Written by

Chris Parrish

EXT. AN ABANDONED K MART - DAY

SKATER PUNKS practice jumps in the parking lot.

CAPTION: AREA 52 SECRET HEADQUARTERS - VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

PSYCHIC (O.C.)

Its small. And blue I think. With
little squares.

INT. AREA 52 - JOHN'S OFFICE

Wunderkind of the Weird **DR. JOHN GARDNER** (late 20's) observes
a PSYCHIC. John's walls boast numerous degrees; Psychology
at Stanford, Biology at Yale, Engineering at M.I.T.

The Psychic lies on a couch.

PSYCHIC

A keypad. Its under something.
Like a big chair. Couch! Under
the couch. But nobody sees it.
They can't see it! You gotta tell
them. Hurry! Before its too late.

JOHN

Good. Good work. You've done your
country a great service.

John steps away and makes a phone call.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Carmen. Its John. Try under my
couch.

INTERCUT:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

John's CLEANING LADY looks under the couch and finds a TiVo
remote.

CLEANING LADY

I find it, Doctor Gardner.

JOHN

Great. Do me a favor and record
the game before it starts.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN NUYS BLVD. - THE NEXT MORNING

The "Hollyweird Tours" tour bus rolls through the Valley. A TOUR GUIDE points out supernatural sights to the Tourists.

TOUR GUIDE

And that is why Houdini's ghost still haunts Laurel Canyon. Coming up on your left is Area 52, the secret headquarters for the Department of Paranormal and Hazardous Phenomena.

The Tourists gawk at the boarded up K Mart.

TOURIST #1

When we gonna see Ben Affleck's house?

TOUR GUIDE

The department was established in 1978 by Jimmy Carter, the only president to ever report seeing a UFO. Did anyone know the White House is one of the most haunted homes in North America?

TOURIST #2

Is Ben Affleck's house haunted?

TOURIST #3

What a rip off. That's a K Mart.

TOUR GUIDE

To the naked eye, yes. But, rest assured, inside lies a top secret team dedicated to investigating and eliminating aliens, ghosts, demons, and any other paranormal threat to the Free World. Boggles the mind. Doesn't it?

TOURISTS

We want Affleck! We want Affleck!

The Tour Guide surrenders and taps his Bus Driver's shoulder.

TOUR GUIDE

Take 405 South to Affleck's house.

The Hollyweird Tour Bus motors past Area 52.

LIEUTENANT LISA AARON (35) pulls up in a nondescript car and bangs into a shopping cart. She's tough. Sexy. Think Linda Hamilton in "Terminator 2." Lisa talks on her cell.

LISA

Area 52 is the laughing stock of the military. Major, isn't there anything you can do?

INTERCUT:

EXT. AREA 52 / MAJOR PERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

MAJOR FRANK PERRY (50s) talks to Lisa from his office in DC.

MAJOR PERRY

My hands are tied.

LISA

But I've been guarding this nut house for six months now.

MAJOR PERRY

Its not up to me.

LISA

What if I wrote him an apology? Put it in a nice card or something.

MAJOR PERRY

"Sorry I crushed your left testicle." Don't think Hallmark makes one for that.

Lisa approaches a novelty photo booth.

LISA

So the Secretary of Defense gets off clean on sexual harassment and I get stuck baby-sitting a bunch of guys looking for fairies.

MAJOR PERRY

Don't ask. Don't tell, Lieutenant.

LISA

That's not what I mean. Maybe I should just quit.

MAJOR PERRY

Don't quit. You protect a top secret U.S. military installation. Someone's bound to appreciate that.

She takes a seat in the booth and deposits some quarters.

LISA
No one around here.

MAJOR PERRY
Still not getting along with
Gardner and his guys?

LISA
Camaraderie is irrelevant.

MAJOR PERRY
I take that as a "yes."

INT. HAPPY SNAP PHOTO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Lisa shuts the curtain. A computer scans her face.

LISA
Like I care.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Facial recognition confirmed. Good
morning, Lieutenant Lisa Aaron.

The booth's wall slides open, revealing a secret passage.

MAJOR PERRY
You think they're all full of it?

LISA
I dunno. Since I been here, the
only frightening phenomena I've
seen is how big my ass has gotten.

Lisa enters.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 - SNACK ROOM - MORNING

RICKY
Alien anal probes!

Lab Assistants **RICKY JAMES** (30s) and **GWEN SANDS** (early 30s)
update Lisa on all the bizarre shit they've been working on.
Ricky's got the personality of a dork and the looks of an
Adonis. Gwen's an awkward but cute techno-geek.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Two kids got probed by aliens on their Prom Night. A police artist did this yesterday.

Ricky shows Lisa a sketch of aliens shoving probes up two horrified teenagers' asses.

RICKY (CONT'D)

If this thing pans out, we could finally top those posers at Area 51.

GWEN

Man, I thought my Prom sucked.

RICKY

I went stag to mine. Mom says I'm a late bloomer. Anyway, we're bringing them in for a poly.

LISA

I didn't authorize that! This is a secret installation. People aren't supposed to know we're here. Hence the secret part.

GWEN

Told you.

RICKY

At least my visitors aren't demonic entities.

LISA

Come again?

RICKY

Gwen caught an invisible demon on Saturday.

LISA

I see. And where exactly are demons found nowadays?

RICKY

In the Valley? Or the Westside?

GWEN

I caught this one in the basement of the West Hollywood Comedy Store.

Gwen places an ordinary Igloo cooler on the table.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Its trapped in frozen Holy Water. As long I keep the cooler sealed, its perfectly safe.

The cooler jumps a inch off the ground.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I think.

LISA

A demon? In a beer cooler?

GWEN

You don't believe me?

LISA

I believe you believe it.

RICKY

Its been documented before. 1978. An invisible entity was frozen in liquid nitrogen at Berkeley.

GWEN

They even made a movie about it. With the other chick from "Beaches."

RICKY

I heard she gets naked in that.

LISA

This is what you guys do on the weekend?

GWEN

It was either this or stay at home and listen to my mother criticize me for not having a man.

RICKY

Actually, I was out of town. Babylon 5 Convention.

GWEN

The owner was so glad to have it gone, she says we're all "comp'd for life."

LISA

Gifts are against regulations.

An overjoyed John bursts into the room.

JOHN
GREAT NEWS! I'M GETTING FIRED!

Lisa, Ricky and Gwen are stunned for a beat.

LISA
Congratulations?

JOHN
Thank you.

It finally sinks in for Ricky and Gwen.

GWEN
That's horrible.

RICKY
Yeah. This blows, man.

JOHN
No. No. It's a miracle. You guys know how long I've been trying to get out of my contract.

LISA
When did they fire you?

JOHN
Technically, they haven't yet. But NSA's requested an official review for today. You know what that means. God, I hope they hate me!

RICKY
But you're leaving us.

JOHN
We'll still hang out. And you guys haven't heard the best part. This morning, my friend Bonnie at the Sci-Fi Channel, offers me a job as network consultant. Triple my salary. Ka-ching!!!

RICKY
Awesome!

JOHN
Since this is probably my last day, I brought some going away presents.

LISA
Gift giving is against regulations.

JOHN
Just this once. For my favorite
researcher, the action figure of
his dreams.

John gives Ricky a toy.

RICKY
A vintage Ben Kenobe with double-
parascoping lightsaber. Thank you!

He slips two tickets to Gwen.

JOHN
For the most talented tekkie I
know, Season tickets to Robot Wars!

GWEN
Thanks!

JOHN
And for you, Lieutenant--

LISA
If you give me a gift, I'll have to
report you.

JOHN
You must be a frigging hoot at
Christmas.

A nondescript **INTERN** (20s) shows up with fresh coffee.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Thank you my good man. You the new
intern?

INTERN
Yes, sir.

John tips him a one hundred dollar bill.

JOHN
Buy yourself something pretty.
I'll be in my office packing.

John walks out.

INTERN
Wow. A hundred bucks.

Lisa abruptly confiscates it.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

John talks on the phone while watching the Dodgers and taking down framed photos of himself posing with his heroes - CARL SAGAN, DR. STEPHEN HAWKING, HOWARD STERN.

JOHN

First class tickets for you and your wife. And a luxury suite on me. What do you say? Excellent! I'll pick you up tonight. Laughlin, baby! Laughlin!

He hangs up. Lisa knocks.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on in. Just making plans to enjoy my rights as a soon-to-be private citizen. Like my right to take a psychic to Laughlin and make a fortune playing craps.

Lisa dumps John's gifts on his desk.

LISA

No gifts. No exceptions.

JOHN

Don't you ever lighten up? My buddies in Mensa are more fun than you.

LISA

Its not my job to lighten up. I'm in charge of watching out for the military interests of this facility. So until you're no longer working here, you're working here.

Lisa turns off the TV. John turns it back on.

JOHN

Forget it. Since I took over Area 52, they've either laughed at me, stolen my work, or forced me to take the crap cases Area 51 wouldn't. They want to fire me? Bring it on.

John turns the TV back on. Lisa turns it back off.

LISA
I don't wanna be here either.

JOHN
Great. Why don't you let your hair
down and hang with us in Laughlin?

Lisa turns it back off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Separate rooms.

LISA
I still have a duty to my country
and so do you.

JOHN
Just give me my remote.

LISA
No.

JOHN
Give it!

John and Lisa get into a tug-o-war with the remote.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You fight like a Sasquatch.

LISA
You wrestle like a girl.

JOHN
Oh, you've met one?

The remote goes flying out the open door and...

INT. AREA 52 HALLWAY

...nails **NSA AGENT KENT MOTT** (40s) in the face. If Frank Burns from **M*A*S*H** had a grandson, it would be this weasel. Agent Mott drops like a brick, off-camera. Lisa and John run out to find him on the floor.

LISA
Oh, my God.

AGENT MOTT
What the hell kind of a circus are
you people running here?

John and Lisa try to help him up. He rudely refuses.

AGENT MOTT (CONT'D)
I'm Agent Mott. NSA.

LISA
(mortified)
Perfect.

JOHN
Welcome to Area 52!

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA 52 - DAY

John, Lisa and Mott watch the "Hollyweird Tours" bus pass. Agent Mott takes notes, disapprovingly shaking his head.

TOUR GUIDE
Area 52. Keeping America safe from
the things that go bump in the
night. Coming up next--

JOHN
Its actually a pretty good tour.

LISA
In all fairness, Agent Mott. Area
51 gets their share of lookey-loos,
too.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 - LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The three enter what is essentially a gutted out K Mart.

LISA
As you can see, much of what was
once the K Mart showroom now serves
as our labs.

AGENT MOTT
Exactly what kind of labs?

JOHN
Crystal meth mostly.

LISA
(laughs nervously)
He's just kidding.
(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)
(aside to John)
Cut it out.

They approach Gwen, who works on a life-sized replica of a Bigfoot.

AGENT MOTT
What is that supposed to be?

GWEN
Its a decoy for Bigfoot.

AGENT MOTT
Lieutenant?

LISA
Yes, sir.

AGENT MOTT
When was the last time you tested
this woman's urine?

LISA
This is Gwen Sands, our technician.
Gwen builds Area 52's weaponry and
hardware.

Mott inspects a table of self-made gizmos. He reads the label on a modified Taser gun.

AGENT MOTT
Bigfoot repellent? You can't be
serious. And what did that cost
the government, Dr. Gardner?

JOHN
Twenty. Thirty thousand.

Agent Mott is horrified.

LISA
Which is just a drop in the bucket
compared to Area 51's budget.

GWEN
Please don't point that, sir. Its
very dangerous.

AGENT MOTT
How do I know this isn't just a ray
gun from Toys R--

Agent Mott accidentally fires the Taser. John, Lisa, and Gwen hit the dirt.

The Tazer wires shoot over their heads, nail Gwen's Bigfoot decoy, and sets it on fire. Lisa jumps to her feet and puts out the flames with a fire extinguisher.

JOHN

These babies are fun for the whole family. Aren't they?

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ricky administers a polygraph test to teenage "abductees" TREVOR and MADISON. *The Intern records the session on a handheld camcorder ala COPS.*

RICKY

According to the Sheriff, you both failed Breathalyzers the night you say you were abducted.

MADISON

We weren't drinking.

RICKY

You tested over the legal limit.

TREVOR

No. It was the aliens. They musta had like alcohol-enriched oxygen in the ship.

RICKY

There's bruising around your necks. Are those hickeys?

Madison covers up her neck with her collar.

MADISON

We don't have hickeys.

TREVOR

No, man. The aliens had like suction cups on their arms. Right? They musta given us hickeys while we were being examined.

INT. AREA 52 HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM

We reveal John, Lisa, and Agent Mott have been observing through a two-way mirror.

AGENT MOTT
 Civilian minors within the
 facility. Construction of
 unauthorized weaponry. Tour buses.
 Inexcusable.

JOHN
 I hear ya. I can pound out a
 letter of resignation in like two
 minutes. Tops.

AGENT MOTT
 There's only one person to blame.
 And that's you, Lieutenant.

Her?! JOHN Me? LISA

AGENT MOTT (CONT'D)
 A West Point graduate falling for
 this?

LISA
 I haven't fallen for anything.

AGENT MOTT
 Then you're conspiring with these
 hucksters?

LISA
 No!

JOHN
 She hasn't done anything.

AGENT MOTT
 When it comes to protecting the
 country from fraud, I agree.

Gwen cautiously approaches with the Demon Igloo cooler.

GWEN
 John, excuse me. But where did you
 want this?

AGENT MOTT
 What's that? Bigfoot's semen?

GWEN
 Its a demon, sir.

AGENT MOTT
 Sure, it is.

Agent Mott grabs the cooler and flips it open.

GWEN
Don't open that!

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE / INSIDE AREA 52 SNACK ROOM - DAY

Ricky casually studies sheets of polygraph paper. Gwen blows past him into the snack room with two huge squirt guns.

RICKY
Good news and bad news. The polygraph says the kids aren't lying. But eyewitnesses at the Dairy Queen say they are. I dunno. My mom says I'm too trusting.

Gwen frantically fills the guns with bottled water. She tosses a squirt gun to Ricky.

GWEN
Come with me.

RICKY
How's it going with the NSA guy?

Ricky follows her out of the room and down the hall.

GWEN
Good news and bad news. Good news is nobody's getting fired.

RICKY
What's the bad news?

They peak around the corner to find...

INT. AREA 52 HALLWAY

Agent Mott speaking in tongues. His eyes bright red. He gives Lisa an evil grin. Agent Mott crushes the uncrushable cooler with his bare hands.

GWEN
He's possessed.

John and Lisa block "Demon Mott" from the exits. *The Intern nervously gets it all on video.*

LISA
This isn't possible.

JOHN
 (in Latin w/ subtitles)
 Here me Spirit! I command you to
 leave this body!

Demon Mott looks lustfully at Lisa.

DEMON MOTT
 (in a strange harsh voice)
 How about I slip into hers? The
 fun way.

LISA
 That's disgusting.

JOHN
 Its an incubus.

LISA
 A what?

JOHN
 A demon that seduces women.

LISA
 Baloney. He's on drugs. Allergies
 maybe.

The entire building starts to shake.

JOHN
 Allergies. Right. Most bee stings
 involve seismic activity.

Gwen and Ricky open fire their Holy Water guns at Demon Mott.
 The quake stops. *Demon Mott lets out an unholy belch!*

GWEN
 I don't get it. I stocked the
 fridge with Holy Water last week.

RICKY
 Is that what that was?

GWEN
 You drank my Holy Water? Great,
 Ricky. Nice job.

RICKY
 Nobody put their name on it.

JOHN
Guys? Excuse me. Trying to fight
evil here.

Demon Mott tries putting the moves on Gwen.

DEMON MOTT
You're kind of cute. Ever think
about contacts?

Lisa body slams Demon Mott from behind and puts him in cuffs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

*The Intern records John conversing with Demon Mott, who has a
hand cuffed to the chair.*

DEMON MOTT
Can't one of the girls guard me?
Or both?

JOHN
Considering you've been seducing
women since the dawn of time, I'd
have to say no.

DEMON MOTT
I'm only human.

JOHN
Actually, you aren't. I got my
people checking all over town for a
good exorcist. If I was you, I'd
get while the getting was good.

DEMON MOTT
You're better off. This Mott guy
is a tool. Just let me go.

JOHN
Sorry. I can't just let you take
over somebody's personality.

DEMON MOTT
I'm an improvement. Believe me.
Did you know this guy once ran over
a cat and kept driving? He never
tips. And he always takes up two
parking spaces at the mall.

JOHN
Okay, maybe the guy's a jerk.

DEMON MOTT

You wouldn't want me to hurt the soldier girl? Would you?

JOHN

If you're trying to threaten us--

DEMON MOTT

The second I leave, he's going to throw her in the stockade.

JOHN

But she didn't do anything.

DEMON MOTT

Except give Agent Mott's uncle a ball-breaking shot to the shnuts.

JOHN

I was never getting fired. Was I? He just came here to bust Lisa.

DEMON MOTT

Bingo! Ever been to a women's penitentiary? Hot!

JOHN

I still can't let you walk out of here with that body.

DEMON MOTT

Whatcha say to a little negotiation?

JOHN

I'm not making a deal with the devil either.

DEMON MOTT

(casually)

Not the devil. A devil. There's a difference. I'll leave and I'll get the General to back off.

JOHN

And what do you want in return?

DEMON MOTT

A trip to a strip club.

John ponders it.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
 Come on. One lousy strip club.
 Drinks and lap dances on me.
 Courtesy of Agent Mott's Visa.

JOHN
 One trip to one club. But, only
 for a little while.

DEMON MOTT
 A little while. Agreed.

JOHN
 I want a show of good faith.

Demon Mott picks up the phone and dials. John listens in.

DEMON MOTT
 Uncle Bob. Its Timmy. No, sir.
 The Lieutenant's clean. Can't find
 a spec of dirt. Tough break. And
 FYI, I ran over Mr. Snugglepuss.
 My bad.

Demon Mott hangs up.

JOHN
 Mr. Snugglepuss?

DEMON MOTT
 His cat. Now, who's got hotter
 chicks? Treasure Island or The
 Spearmint Rhino?

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA 52 PARKING LOT - DAY

Trevor and Madison follow Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen as they hurry
 to their cars. Lisa hands Ricky and Gwen each a list.

TREVOR
 You can't close the case. Please.
 Everybody thinks we're lying.

LISA
 Including us.

RICKY
 I'm sorry, you guys. But we don't
 have time for this right now.

LISA

I'll check the churches, temples
and mosques from NoHo to Glendale.
Ricky cover Van Nuys to Canoga.
Gwen, Encino to Studio City.

MADISON

I thought you believed us.

RICKY

The Dairy Queen security camera has
you two on video. Drinking all
night in the parking lot.

TREVOR

Or maybe it was like two androids
the aliens put in our place and
androids were drinking?

For a long beat, Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen stare at them.

LISA

Bye kids.

They continue toward their cars.

TREVOR

Show them.

MADISON

No! Its too embarrassing.

RICKY

Show us what?

TREVOR

Show them.

LISA

We have got to go!

MADISON

After we returned from the ship, I
realized I'd been implanted with
this.

Madison hands a tiny device to Ricky.

RICKY

An alien implant! I knew it!

GWEN

For God's sake. That's an IUD.

LISA
 Go home, kids! And you may wanna
 to start saying no to drugs.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEARMINT RHINO STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

John and Demon Mott enjoy lap dances from two hot STRIPPERS.
The Intern gets it all on video.

DEMON MOTT
 Lust. People claim to be so pious.
 But, you're all so full of it.

Demon Mott points out several MALE CUSTOMERS in the room.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
 See that man at the bar? Ordained
 priest. The guy behind me? Amish.

JOHN
 Its getting late.

DEMON MOTT
 Not for me.

JOHN
 One quick stop at one strip bar.
 That was the deal.

A BOUNCER approaches.

BOUNCER
 I'm sorry, gentlemen. But, cameras
 aren't allowed inside the club.

Demon Mott looks into his eyes, hypnotizing the Bouncer.

DEMON MOTT
 Cameras are fine.

BOUNCER
 Cameras are fine.

DEMON MOTT
 I'm sorry about the intrusion.

BOUNCER
 Sorry about the intrusion.

DEMON MOTT
 Enjoy your lap dance.

BOUNCER
Enjoy your lap dance.

The Bouncer walks off in a daze.

JOHN
My God. You're like a horny Jedi.

DEMON MOTT
Impressed?

JOHN
Very. Now, let's go.

John grabs Demon Mott's arm. Demon Mott turns on him, effortlessly tossing John on the floor.

DEMON MOTT
I'm not going anywhere.

JOHN
We had a deal.

DEMON MOTT
To stay a little while. Which to a demon means around the time your great-grandchildren croak.

JOHN
You tricked me.

DEMON MOTT
Hey, its what I do.

Demon Mott hands John his Visa.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
Now be a good talking monkey and fetch me another pitcher of Long Island iced tea.

John backpedals to the bar and bumps into the Priest.

PRIEST
Watch it.

JOHN
Sorry, Father.

PRIEST
(totally embarrassed)
You--you know me?!

JOHN
 {has an epiphany}
 Not if you do me a favor.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

GWEN
 We searched the entire Valley and
 not a single exorcist.

RICKY
 Or Dunkin Donuts.

Gwen and Ricky find Lisa, alone, and on the phone.

LISA
 I can't believe he actually conned
 me into this snipe hunt. For a
 second, I was actually starting to
 believe--
 (into phone)
 I was holding for a credit card
 trace on an Agent Kent Mott. Last
 used where?

CUT TO:

INT. SPEARMINT RHINO NUDIE BAR - NIGHT

Demon Mott basks in a foot, hand and shoulder massage by
 three Strippers. John approaches with a pitcher of drinks.

DEMON MOTT
 Candy here says for the right price
 she'll have sex with a goat. An
 underrated experience if you ask
 me.

JOHN
 Here's your drink.

John pours him a glass.

DEMON MOTT
 After the massage. Sorry about
 pushing you like that.

JOHN
 That's okay. Nature of the beast.

DEMON MOTT

(chuckles)

Good one. I know you're looking for a career change, Johnny. And I'd like to offer you a gig. Lots of chicks.

JOHN

As minion to a demon from hell?
Gonna have to pass.

DEMON MOTT

How'd you like extreme wealth?

JOHN

I can get that in television.

DEMON MOTT

How about the ability to avenge anyone who ever screwed you?

JOHN

I can get that from my lawyer.

DEMON MOTT

Okay. Knowledge. How'd you like to know who really killed Christ? Who shot JFK? When you'll you die and how?

JOHN

That last one would kind of ruin the surprise. Don't you think?

DEMON MOTT

How would you like Lisa?

John's caught off-guard.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)

That's why you made a deal with me. Isn't it? I know you lust her.

JOHN

No, I don't.

DEMON MOTT

(laughs)

Isn't that cute? He's trying to deceive a demon. That's like one-on-one between Shaq and Mini-Me.

Demon Mott stops his massage.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
Consider my offer.

Demon Mott downs the glass John poured him.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
Good cocktails.

JOHN
Yep. You could even say they're
blessed.

DEMON MOTT
As my minion...

A horrified look comes across his face. He starts to wheeze.

DEMON MOTT (CONT'D)
Blessed?

JOHN
(waves to Priest)
Thanks, Father.

The Priest waves back, then realizes he's been outed and awkwardly covers his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Two points, beee-itch!

Demon Mott pushes past John and locks himself in the toilet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Give up, incubus. Its traveling
through your blood right now.

A half-naked Stripper puts her arm around John.

STRIPPER
Hey, baby. Wanna lap dance?

JOHN
Not right now. Thanks.

STRIPPER
I'll let you use your hands.

Lisa appears with Gwen and Ricky.

LISA
Nice exorcism you got here.

JOHN

Lisa!

Ricky points to off-camera.

RICKY

Hey, those girls are naked!

LISA

A NSA agent has a mental breakdown,
so you take his wallet and treat
yourself to a stripper?!

STRIPPER

(insulted)

Excuse me?!

Lisa ignores her.

LISA

Do you have any idea how much
trouble we're--

Lisa notices the Intern videotaping.

LISA (CONT'D)

You're recording it? What kind of
a pervert are you?

STRIPPER

I am an exotic dancer. Aight?!

RICKY

John, you think I can get a copy?

STRIPPER

She your wife? No wonder you're
here.

LISA

Back off! I'm tired. I'm angry.
And I know eleven ways to gut you.

JOHN

Everybody, relax! The demon drank
blessed liquor. Any second now,
Agent Mott will come walking out of
that men's room good as new.

WHAM!!! *The men's room blasts open, sending the Stripper
halfway across the room. Demon Mott storms out. AND HE IS
PISSSED!*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Or not.

Demon Mott "levitates" several Strippers around the room, hurling them at John, Lisa, Ricky, and Gwen. Girls land on them in piles of half-naked flesh. The Bouncer rushes Demon Mott, who effortlessly hurls him into the DJ booth.

John grabs two pool sticks and makes a giant crucifix. Demon Mott snaps them like twigs and lifts John off the ground by his neck. Lisa jumps on Demon Tim's back and dumps the blessed pitcher of Long Island iced tea on his head.

RICKY

Wicked!

Demon Mott gags and gasps and drops to the floor, unconscious. The room is silent. Gwen runs over and checks on Mott.

GWEN

Are you all right, sir?

AGENT MOTT

(back to his old self)

Last thing I remember I was touring Area 52.

(looks around; confused)

Which room is this?

LISA

Its okay, folks. Everything's fine.

BOUNCER

What the hell's wrong with that guy?

Neither Lisa nor John know quite what to say.

JOHN

Allergies.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUTSIDE AREA 52 INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ricky and Gwen spy on Agent Mott through the two-way mirror. They struggle not to let him hear them laugh. Agent Mott pleads for mercy on the phone.

AGENT MOTT

Uncle Bob, please. Sir, please believe me! These freaks must have drugged me or hypnotized me into having all those lap dances. I suggest we immediately shut down this entire-- Mr. Snugglepuss?

RICKY

I think I liked the way he was before.

John and Lisa walk by.

JOHN

Good night, guys. Nice work today.

GWEN

Thanks, boss.

Lisa pulls out her Robot Wars tickets.

GWEN (CONT'D)

And thanks for the presents.

JOHN

You're welcome.

Ricky lifts up his action figure.

RICKY

And thanks for letting us keep the presents.

LISA

Just this once.

Just then, the Intern passes by with a cart full of junk. Including the IUD.

INTERN

Does that mean I can have my hundred dollars back?

LISA

No.

JOHN

See you tomorrow.

John and Lisa keep walking. The Intern shrugs and heads into the Evidence Room.

GWEN

So, Ricky? I got front row seats here for Robot Wars. Wanna go?

RICKY

Are you kidding. I've been hoping you'd ask me all day.

GWEN

Really? I had no idea.

(blushing)

To tell you the truth, I'm kind of shy about this sort of thing. But for a long time I've been wanting to ask--

RICKY

You wanna go Friday?

GWEN

I'd love to.

RICKY

Excellent. Then I'll use them on Saturday. I met this girl at the Babylon 5 convention. Huge Robot Wars fan.

GWEN

(clearly disappointed)

Oh. Great.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lisa and John are in the midst of conversation, as he puts his plaques and pictures back up on the walls.

JOHN

I suppose if you think about it, its possible to find a logical explanation for Mott's behavior. Schizophrenia. Multiple-personality disorder.

LISA

The building shaking?

JOHN

Aftershocks happen all the time in LA.

LISA
But the red eyes and the weird
voice?

JOHN
You should see me in the morning.

LISA
And the levitating strippers?

JOHN
Some of those girls are very
talented.

LISA
Why are you suddenly agreeing with
me on all this?

JOHN
I dunno. I guess its my feeble
attempt to say thanks for saving my
ass today. I appreciate it.

For the first time in a long time, Lisa smiles.

LISA
Sometimes it pays to fight like a
Sasquatch.

JOHN
I meant that in a good way.

LISA
Since it looks like we're both
gonna be stuck here awhile, I'll
try to keep an open mind.

JOHN
I forgot. With all the excitement.
How'd it go with the alien
abduction?

LISA
Total bullcrap.

JOHN
Quite an open mind you got there.

Mott walks in, looking pale as a sheet.

LISA
Agent Mott?

AGENT MOTT
The unspeakable has happened.

JOHN
God, the demon's back.

AGENT MOTT
My investigation has been
dissolved. And I've been
reassigned.

LISA
To where?

AGENT MOTT
Area 52.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 52 EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Intern sorts through junk and equipment. He runs across
the IUD and tosses it in a trash can.

INTERN
Anal probe. What a bunch of--

*Suddenly, a strange glow emits from inside the trash can.
The Intern curiously walks over and peers inside. A laser
strikes the Intern, sucking him into the can! The tiny IUD
levitates out of the trash can, flies around the room, and
blasts through the roof into outer space.*

FADE OUT.