

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A CAR is driving down a freeway. The camera cuts to the interior of the CAR to see a MAN (30s), and the needle on empty as the gas light comes on. The MAN bangs his fist on the steering wheel in frustration. The camera zooms out to the freeway again. A SIGN indicating there is an exit ahead with gas and food comes into view. The CAR turns onto the exit as the camera pans away.

CUT

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The CAR rolls into a gas station. The dimly lit shop appears vacant and closed, but the pumps are working. The MAN gets out and begins filling his tank. He looks around. We can see that there are no cars on the road, or in any parking lots. There are no people around.

CUT

EXT. ROAD & DINER - NIGHT

The CAR continues on down the road, looking for an entrance back to the highway. As he drives along he comes across one place that appears to be open, a 24 hour DINER. The lights are fully on and people appear to be bustling inside, and there are several classic style cars in the parking lot. The camera cuts to the interior of the CAR and the MAN glances at the clock that shows it's nearly 3am, and he looks down as his stomach growls, and pulls over into the parking lot.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A bell chime is heard as MAN enters the DINER.

MATCH CUT

WAITRESS

h, hey! Seat yourself, I'll be right with you.

The MAN grabs a NEWSPAPER and heads to a booth by the window. The camera pans around the DINER from the MAN's point of view, to reveal that the diner is decorated as if it's from the 50s. The other customers and staff are wearing 40s clothing.

The MAN begins to open the NEWSPAPER, but doesn't get far before the WAITRESS comes over. He folds up the paper as she approaches and puts it in his JACKET pocket. We see as the WAITRESS comes back that her name tag says LINDA.

Waitress / LINDA (pouring a coffee):

David! You haven't stopped by in a while, how have you been? How's Susan?

MAN (startled):

I think you have me confused with someone else, this is my first time here. But funny that those are exactly my grandparent's names.

LINDA:

HA! You're always such a riot David. I said it's been a while, not 50 years. So what will it be today? The usual?

MAN / JERRY:

Um, it's Jerry. But I guess I'll have some pie if you have any? And keep this coffee coming.

Jerry smiles.

LINDA (looking oddly at Jerry)

Okay... I'll see what kind of pie we have. Be back in a jiffy.

LINDA leaves the table. JERRY reaches into his pocket and takes out his phone to check for messages, but sees that he has no signal. He sighs frustrated and his gaze and camera shift out the window. The light for the SIGN outside flickers. The waitress comes back with a slice of pie on a plate and a pot of coffee.

LINDA (setting pie down):

Here you go *Jerry*. (She winks) We only had peach pie tonight.

JERRY:

Peach pie is my favorite! Thank you. You guys seem really committed to the 50s theme in here.

JERRY gestures to the restaurant and other patrons. LINDA furrows her brow before putting a smile back on, and starts refilling his coffee.

LINDA:

Well, I don't know much about that. But we did just get a new radio!

JERRY glances at the radio, which is playing oldies and appears old timey itself despite being new. He chuckles and then yelps, as LINDA has been pouring the coffee too long and it's spilled onto the table and his pants.

LINDA (seemingly startled from a faraway gaze):

I am so sorry! I don't know what's gotten into me, let me grab some towels.

JERRY:

That's quite all right, it's late after all.

LINDA goes off to grab towels, and JERRY sees that another customer in a booth facing him is staring in his direction. He turns around to see what they could be looking at, and it's clear that he is staring directly at Jerry.

The customer mouths the words "help us". JERRY gets uncomfortable, and looks like he is about to get up and do something about it, but the eye contact is broken when LINDA comes back with some towels and starts cleaning the table.

LINDA:

I am so sorry again.

JERRY:

No, no, don't worry about it.

JERRY tries to look at the man again to see if they are still staring at him, but they are suddenly nowhere to be found. He shakes his head, indicating that he must be imagining it.

LINDA:

How are your pancakes?

JERRY:

Oh, I haven't even had a chance to try my pie!

Jerry looks down and sees that he has a plate of pancakes in front of him, and not a peach pie. He becomes confused.

LINDA:

Oh, did you want a pie? I can see if we have any. Sometimes we have peach-

JERRY:

No, I misspoke. I'm sure the pancakes are great..."

JERRY seems to lose his appetite and sticks with sipping on his coffee while LINDA goes back to helping other customers. Still unsettled, he starts to observe the behavior of the other customers in the diner. It's clear that no one is actually eating, and all the plates are still full in front of them.

The RADIO from before starts to make static noises, and starts to sound like it's switching stations on its own. It starts to put together the phrase "help us", and repeating it over and over, using different snippets of radio broadcasts. It starts getting faster and faster, and the lights begin to flicker.

JERRY appears very scared. The other customers start to turn their heads and stare at the RADIO. LINDA walks over and smacks her fist down on the radio, and it starts to go back to playing oldies and the lights instantly stop flickering. The customers snap back to looking at their plates of uneaten food, and JERRY tries to catch his breath.

JERRY:

Linda, when you have a moment, I think I'm ready for the check.

LINDA:

Aw, so soon?

JERRY:

Yeah, about time I get back on the road. I have a big interview tomorrow. Or, later today I guess. It's been a long drive.

LINDA:

Oh really? Where are you interviewing?

JERRY:

Well, it's a government position. They're pretty secretive about it.

LINDA:

Fancy, I hope Susan doesn't mind that you're leaving her all alone.

JERRY:

What? Oh. I guess. But yeah, I should be getting on now...

JERRY notices that LINDA is no longer listening. She is staring straight out the window into the parking lot. He anxiously looks around and sees that everyone in the restaurant is slowly turning their head to stare out into the parking lot as well. The radio turns to static again and starts repeating "help us, help us". All of the people in the restaurant start chanting along with it, "help us, help us".

JERRY jumps out of his seat and sprints towards the door. He runs out of the restaurant, and we hear the same door chime as the door opens back into the restaurant.

The chanting gets louder and the lights flicker more violently. He turns around to run out the door again, and once again the door chimes and he is back inside the restaurant. He tries one final time to escape. This time, when he appears back in the restaurant, everyone is staring right at him instead of the out the window, still yelling, "help us, help us".

Jerry turns around to see a blinding light approaching the front of the diner. He has to shield his eyes with his arms as the screen turns to white.

CUT TO WHITE

EXT. HIGHTWAY - NIGHT

We see JERRY back in his CAR, still night, driving down that same stretch of highway we started in. Panicked, JERRY decides to floor it and speed to the next town over, instead of stopping for gas first. We see that the exit signs are no longer there.

CUT

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING.

JERRY is in a waiting area of a police station. We see him scrolling on his phone with a maps app, zooming in and seeing that there is no town near the stretch of road he was on. He looks up the name of the diner in a search engine and nothing comes up.

OFFICER

Come right this way. What brings you in?

JERRY (clearly disheveled now):

I umm.. I just.. I think there's been an accident.

It's weird because I don't know where it was, or what... or what even happened but-

OFFICER:

Whoa, okay, slow down. What kind of accident?

JERRY

A car maybe? I was eating in a diner, and a bright light came towards the door, maybe they were headlights. But then I don't know how I made it out...

OFFICER:

Okay.... Where is this diner?

JERRY:

Well, I didn't get the name of the town, it was only a few miles from here. The diner was called (insert diner name here).

OFFICER:

Okay, buddy. I think we have all we need. Why don't you go home and sleep this off.

JERRY:

What? Sleep what off?

OFFICER:

Look, either you're on something, or you're playing a prank. But either way I don't have the energy this morning. Why don't you do us both a favor and go home?

Jerry is clearly disheartened but decides to leave.

CUT

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

He's sitting back in his car, unsure of what to do now. He pats down his pockets to look for his keys to start his car, and realizes that he still has the newspaper he grabbed from the diner. He quickly pulls it out and reads the front: "ROSWELL GAZZETTE - JULY 8, 1947"

His phone rings and he answers.

JERRY:

Hello, sir, I'm so sorry I'm late for the interview... something really.... Weird.. Happened.

THE VOICE ON THE PHONE:

You're not late, Jerry. You've passed. Welcome to the Blue Rose Task Force.

FADE TO BLACK