

Flying Donuts

by
Greg Roach

FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND COMMAND CENTER, AREA 51.

TITLES: Deep inside Area 51, ultra top secret US Military installation. Alleged hiding place of downed UFOs and aliens.

MAJOR GENERAL ELIAS X. BRACKNELL, USAF, stalks resolutely down a long series of polished corridors, his footsteps echoing hugely. He stops in front of a pair of massive metal doors flanked by two thick-necked military guards, already standing at attention. Bracknell looks at both guards, then looks down, as if at a child.

BRACKNELL

General Turgeson.

GENERAL TURGESON, the ET commander, a more or less standard-issue "gray" alien (big head, large black eyes, about four feet tall) wearing a form-fitting Air Force General's uniform complete with medals, looks up and nods.

TURGESON

General Bracknell.

BRACKNELL

Well, let's see what they have to say, shall we?

With that, the two guards push open the heavy doors. Leaving the two Generals, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AREA 51 - LATE AFTERNOON.

We see a red-lettered Government Perimeter Warning Sign: GROOM LAKE BOMBING AND GUNNERY RANGE RESTRICTED AREA - NO TRESPASSING BEYOND THIS POINT.

The heat of the desert shimmers in front of the sign. In the distance we hear tinny, tinkly MUSIC. Above the sign, a classic, saucer-shaped UFO skims along the top edge. As the UFO clears the sign, we can see it's really a goofy-looking tin contraption attached to the roof of a SNO-CONE TRUCK. "Bo's Frozen Treats" can be seen painted on the side as the truck trundles down a desert road. A knot of kids wait at the side of the road. The MUSIC grows louder as the truck approaches then slams to a stop, kicking up a cloud of dust.

B.J. "BO" THOMPSON, early 30's, disheveled, handsome in a "gone-to-seed" kind of way, leans out the window, squinting through his aviator shades at the kids.

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 51 SECURITY CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON.

A bank of sharp, colorful images from security cameras fill the wall, some infra-red, some hi-def - the same deserted stretch of road, the kids, the sno-cone truck. Situated on the desk next to the monitor is a red phone. A woman's hand grabs up the receiver.

BACK TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND COMMAND CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON.

The guards snap to attention as the oversize doors open and Bracknell and Turgeson stride out of the room, obviously pleased, and in a big damn hurry.

BACK TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AREA 51 - LATE AFTERNOON.

DOUG, a gap-toothed eight year-old, is happily eating a livid blue frozen treat shaped like a rocketship. Bo hands another confection over the transom. We can see a tattoo on his forearm - a skeleton on a surfboard. Beneath it the slogan SURF NAKED. Both of Bo's ears are pierced - several times.

BO

And one Nuclear Ray Pop, for you.

Several of the kids poke at Doug, prompting him to step forward.

DOUG

Can I ask you a question?

BO

No.

BACK TO:

INT. AREA 51 SECURITY CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yes, sir, right away.

She hangs up the receiver on the red phone.

BACK TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND COMMAND CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON.

Bracknell moves briskly down the hall. He looks back over his shoulder, then stops and waits, just a touch impatiently, as Turgeson hurries to catch up - they continue.

BACK TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AREA 51 - LATE AFTERNOON.

DOUG
When they took you on the alien ship. Did they...

He look at his buds for guidance. Bo is obviously pissed off.

BO
Did they what?

CUT TO:

INT. AREA 51 - BRIEFING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON.

The door flies open and Bracknell and Turgeson enter at a fast clip. Everyone settles into their seats as the two generals take the stage.

BACK TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AREA 51 - LATE AFTERNOON.

DOUG
Did they probe you?

Doug and his cronies giggle wildly.

BO

Bite me, you little germ bag.

DOUG

Bite yourself, freakazoid.

Bo grabs Doug's rocket pop.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Hey!

BACK TO:

INT. AREA 51 - BRIEFING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON.

The room is crowded with a mixture of human and ET personnel - all wearing normal Earth fashions - lab coats or standard issue USAF uniforms - the ETs wear scaled down versions. The last one in the door is MAJOR BECKY MCCLARE, 30's, beautiful, strong. She is wearing fatigues and slips into a chair next to MAJOR RUDOLPH "RUDY" TOONZ, 30's, rugged, good-looking, who leans forward in his chair - the OMEGA squadron logo, a winged donut of an "O", can be seen on his sleeve. They exchange a tense, uncertain look.

Bracknell looks from person to person in dead silence. The audience of pilots, officers, enlisted ranks, and researchers (both human and alien) waits expectantly.

BRACKNELL

We're a go!

The room erupts in cheers and applause. Whatever is going on is damned important. Rudy and Becky respond enthusiastically.

Bracknell, waiting for the cheers to subside, turns and surreptitiously offers Turgeson his upturned palm, which Turgeson discreetly slaps in a low-five.