

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. WEST ROSWELL HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

LIZ and MARIA walk and talk.

LIZ

I don't how to describe it, Maria.  
When Max kissed me. It was like so,  
like... like I saw things. Like I feel  
the universe and...

MARIA

Okay. Stop.

LIZ

What?

MARIA

I know just what you need. Open your  
mouth.

LIZ

What?

MARIA

Just do it.

Liz does, tentatively. Maria takes a small brown bottle with  
a dropper and drops some into Liz's mouth.

LIZ

Eww! What is that?

MARIA

Rescue Remedy.

LIZ

What?

MARIA

I got it at my mom's shop. It's an  
herbal remedy that shocks the body  
back into reality when the mind goes  
into overload. Veterinarians use it  
to calm wild animals.

LIZ

Great.

MARIA

Here. Next time you find yourself  
spiraling out of control -- four drops  
under the tongue.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(noticing Max approach)  
Now would be a good time.

MAX arrives. Maria exits, leaves Liz holding the bottle.

MAX  
Hi. What's that?

LIZ  
Oh, nothing.  
(tucking it away)  
Max, the other night, when you kissed  
me...

Before they can go on, ISABEL arrives.

ISABEL  
Something's up with Michael. He's acting  
weird.

MAX  
Weirder than usual?

ISABEL  
I saw him down at the end of the hall  
and he totally went the other way.

MAX  
Maybe he didn't see you.

ISABEL  
It's like he's avoiding me. He  
practically ran into the bathroom. Go  
in there, Max. Find out what's going  
on.

MAX  
Right.  
(to Liz)  
I'll see you later. Sorry.

Liz looks disappointed, as Max heads toward the bathroom.

INT. BOYS BATHROOM - DAY

MICHAEL washes his face carefully, sighs. He turns off the  
water and looks at himself in the mirror. Max enters.

MAX  
Michael--

Michael moves to the towel dispenser and dries off, purposely  
turning away from Max. Max notices.

MAX (cont'd)  
Are you all right?

MICHAEL

I'm fine.

MAX

Isabel thought--

MICHAEL

Can't a guy get any privacy?

The BELL RINGS. The other guys head off to class. The bathroom's empty now. Michael bolts for a stall and locks the door.

MAX

I'll wait.

MICHAEL

Max, get outta here.

MAX

You can't stay in there all day.

MICHAEL

I'm serious, man. Leave me alone. I'll be out in a sec.

Max goes and pulls the bathroom door open. Then lets it swing closed. MICHAEL comes out of the stall . Stops when he sees Max still there. He's been tricked.

Max sees something that shocks him -- Michael has a black eye. A beat as Max stares and Michael turns away in shame.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Max and Michael sit next to each other. No one says anything for a beat. How do you talk about this? Then:

MAX  
How did it happen?

MICHAEL  
(simply)  
He was drunk.

MAX  
Hank.

Michael's silence is the answer.

MAX (cont'd)  
Has it happened before?

MICHAEL  
Couple times. This was the worst. Never  
left a mark.

MAX  
Michael...

MICHAEL  
Don't. I don't want you to feel sorry  
for me. I don't want anyone to feel  
sorry for me.

MAX  
Everyone's going to ask.

MICHAEL  
Not if it's gone.  
(then)  
Fix it.  
(thrown away)  
I tried. I...

Max is torn. He wants to help Michael, but is this the way?  
Helping him hide it?

MAX  
And what about the next time?

MICHAEL  
There won't be a next one.

MAX

You don't have to protect him, Michael.  
He's not even your real father.

MICHAEL

No kidding.

Max reaches out and gently touches Michael's face. The bruise disappears. An awkward and touching moment between them.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I don't want anyone to know about this.

MAX

(torn)

Michael, you can't just--

MICHAEL (cont'd)

This is between you and me, Maxwell.  
You and me.

Off Max, conflicted.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - COUNTER - DAY

Maria and Liz working behind the counter.

MARIA

You and me, Liz. We've got to stick  
together, hold our ground. No matter  
how they try and use their charm,  
they're like a drug and we've got to  
just say no.

LIZ

I don't know if I can. I try to stay  
away, but I can't help it. Look--

She indicates the door where Max and Isabel have just entered  
and slid into a booth.

LIZ (cont'd)

He obviously feels the same way.

Maria watches Liz's eyes glaze over as she gazes at the object  
of her obsession. Max gives her a longing gaze. Maria picks  
up a frying pan that's laying nearby and waves it in front of  
Liz's face.

MARIA

Haven't you seen that commercial? The  
one where the girl takes the frying  
pan and smashes up the whole kitchen?

(then)

"This is your brain on Max"

Liz takes a deep breath, when MAY comes in and goes to Maria. We can barely see May because she's hidden behind a stack of about five pie boxes. It's quite a balancing act as she carries them to the counter.

AMY  
Hi girls. Here're the pies.

LIZ  
Wow, that's a lot of pie.

Amy starts unloading them to Liz and Maria.

AMY  
I've got chocolate, banana, rhubarb,  
strawberry and coconut--

VALENTI (O.S.)  
Did I hear someone say coconut?

Maria rolls her eyes, then shoots a look to Liz.

VALENTI (cont'd)  
How'd you know that was my favorite?

MARIA  
(moving away)  
Excuse me while I throw up.

She moves over to Liz.

MARIA (cont'd)  
(whispers)  
He's trying to get to us through my  
mom.

LIZ  
How do you know he's not just interested  
in your mom?

MARIA  
I don't know which would be worse.

Amy turns to Valenti now.

AMY  
It was the last one. Sorry.

VALENTI  
That's a shame, 'cause it looks awful  
good, Amy. And so do you.

He's being very sweet, but still, she resists.

AMY

Well, see now, I'd make you a whole new one, but it would probably go to waste since on our last two outings, you never made it to desert.

VALENTI

Ah, work called.

AMY

But the thing is, when I make pie, I expect it to get eaten.

VALENTI

What about tonight then? You make it, I'll eat it.

AMY

Fine. Just remember, Jim, there's a three strikes law now in this state.

He smiles. It's a date. Off Amy, ambivalent.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Max and Isabel. She's seeing red.

ISABEL

Are you saying what I think you're saying?

She starts to stand, filled with fury. Max pulls her back down.

MAX

Calm down, Isabel. I promised him I wouldn't tell anyone.

ISABEL

Then why did you tell me?

MAX

I'm worried about him. I don't know what to do.

ISABEL

You can't tell me something like this, Max and expect me to do nothing.

Michael enters. He crosses Amy on the way out.

AMY

My favorite little wrestler.

She pinches his cheek. He's embarrassed. She exits. He slides in next to Isabel.

MICHAEL

Hey.

MAX

Hey.

ISABEL

Hey.

A beat. Michael takes one look at Isabel's face.

MICHAEL

(to Max)

You told her.

He stands up. Walks out. Max shoots Isabel a look. She shakes her head. They both take off after Michael.

EXT. ROSWELL - STREET - DAY

Max and Isabel catch up with Michael.

ISABEL

What're you going to do, pretend it didn't happen? You have to do something.

MICHAEL

Like what?

ISABEL

Tell someone, report him.

MICHAEL

To who? Valenti? Oh, yeah, that's smart--

ISABEL

Max told me this has happened before.

Michael throws Max a disbelieving look. Max is now caught in the middle.

MAX

(to Michael)

Sorry. I had to tell her.

MICHAEL

Everyone's got problems. If it wasn't this, it'd be something else. I'm a big boy, I can handle it.

ISABEL

Maybe you could talk to my dad. He's a lawyer. He could help. He told me he once had this case where he helped a minor get permission to live on his own.



MICHAEL  
Forget it, Iz, the last thing we need  
is for me to go to court and bring all  
this attention on us.

ISABEL  
If he hurts you again, Michael--

MICHAEL  
He won't.

ISABEL  
You could use your powers.

MICHAEL  
Believe me, I had to stop myself last  
time. You know I can't control my powers  
like you and Max. Especially in that  
state of mind. If I did anything, I'd  
probably kill him. And that wouldn't  
solve anything.

ISABEL  
All I know is, you can't go back there.  
Stay with us.

Michael looks at her surprised. So does Max.

ISABEL (cont'd)  
At least until Hank calms down.

MICHAEL  
Fine, if it'll shut you up.

Michael walks off. Max turns to Isabel, quietly"

MAX  
How are you going to explain this to  
Mom and Dad?

ISABEL  
Don't worry, I'll think of something.

MAX  
Are you sure this is a good idea?

ISABEL  
Yeah. In fact, I think it could really  
be good for Michael to part of the  
family.

Off Max's concern.

INT. EVANS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A meat and potatoes dinner's laid out and the table. Michael digs in, helping himself to a large serving, not noticing PHILIP's disapproving glance.

ISABEL  
(sweet but firm)  
We usually wait until everyone gets to  
the table.

MICHAEL  
Why?

ISABEL  
It's polite.

Michael shrugs and waits. He doesn't mean to be rude, but he's from a world of microwave dinners on the couch in front of the TV. DIANE comes over from the stove, carrying a casserole dish.

DIANE  
Who wants some of famous green bean  
delight?

MAX  
Mmm. Sounds good.

MICHAEL  
I don't see any beans in there.

DIANE  
They're chopped up in the cream of  
mushroom soup.

MICHAEL  
I dunno. Looks kinda...  
(makes a face)

ISABEL  
It's delicious. Just try some.

MICHAEL  
No thanks.

An awkward beat. max shoots a look at Isabel. Diane blows past it.

DIANE  
So, Michael, how long is your father  
away?

ISABEL  
(jumping in)  
A couple of days.

PHILIP

What does your dad do again, Michael?

MICHAEL

He's not my dad. He's my foster father.

ISABEL

He's in... marketing.

PHILIP

Isabel, are you going to let Michael answer a question?

DIANE

You know, in all the years you've been friends with Max and Isabel, we've never met him.

MICHAEL

No great loss.

The parents trade looks. Isabel tries to steer the conversation toward the situation with Hank. Max just observes.

ISABEL

What Michael means is--

PHILIP

Why don't you let Michael tell us what he means?

All eyes on Michael. Isabel drills into him, willing to speak up. She's trying too hard to make this work.

MICHAEL

I didn't mean anything.

A long, tense beat. Then:

ISABEL

(brightly)

What's for desert?

CLOSE ON A COCONUT PIE

with two pieces missing.

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The pie's by itself at the table. The door opens. Liz and Maria enter, still in their uniforms from the Crashdown, but they're carrying books.

LIZ

I'm so wiped out, I don't know how much studying I'm good for tonight.

MARIA

Here. Sugar rush. Works for me.

They each grab a fork and take a bite. Maria bites from the half-eaten piece that's on what she assumes is her mom's plate.

Liz suddenly stops chewing. She points silently to something on the counter. A second piece of pie.

Maria's just sitting down. Instantly, she pops back up. She reaches down behind her and pulls up something she's just sat on. A cowboy hat. She GASPS.

The girls lock eyes. They hear SMOOCHING.

AMY (O.S.)

Jim... Oh, Jim...

VALENTI (O.S.)

Amy... Mmmm...

To say they've lost their appetite is an understatement. They're horrified.

Maria spits out her pie and starts silently freaking out. She's mouthing "Oh, my God!" over and over. They both motion their finger in their mouth like throwing up. Maria goes over and SLAMS THE DOOR.

MARIA

Mommmmm! I'm hommmme!

Amy walks in, fixing her hair, like a teenager caught in the act.

AMY

Hi, girls. What're you doing home so early?

MARIA

It's ten thirty.

AMY

I guess I lost track of time.  
(quickly)  
Pie?

MARIA/LIZ

No!

MARIA

We're going to my room to study. And you should probably get to bed. Big day tomorrow.

AMY

I will.

MARIA

Soon.

AMY

Very.

MARIA

Alone.

AMY

Of course! I'll be right up.

Valenti comes sauntering out of the den. Amy's totally embarrassed.

AMY (cont'd)

-- Just as soon as I say good night to the sheriff.

VALENTI

Evenin', girls.

LIZ

Hi.

Liz notices a lipstick mark on his face. She motions to him to subtly wipe his cheek. He does.

AMY

Anyway, Sheriff, thanks for stopping by and... signing the permits for the next convention.

VALENTI

Sure, anytime.

MARIA

Mom, that's a year from now.

AMY

Never hurts to be prepared.

The four of them stare at each other. It couldn't be more awkward. Maria holds the crushed hat out to Valenti.

MARIA

Don't forget your hat.

INT. THE EVANS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The dinner plates have been replaced by a Monopoly board.

ISABEL

I'll take another hotel for Park Place.

PHILIP

You're killing us here, Isabel.

MAX

She's ruthless. You've got to watch her.

Michael watches the family play. He's in the game yet somehow there's a cone of silence around him. He sees Philip ruffle Max's hair and Diane and Isabel laughing together. He yearns for it, yet can't feel part of it. He's miserable.

DIANE

Your turn, Michael.

Michael rolls the dice and lands on Philip's property.

PHILIP

Let's see. Atlantic Avenue with four houses. That's nine hundred seventy-five you owe.

Michael counts his money. Embarrassed about how little he has.

MICHAEL

How about I catch you next time?

PHILIP

Catch me next time?

MAX

Michael, we usually pay on arrival.

ISABEL

I'll lend it to him.

She starts to dole out some cash to Michael.

PHILIP

No lending except for the bank. But he's got no houses to mortgage...

MICHAEL

Wow, rub it in.

PHILIP

I'm not trying to rub it in, Michael...

MICHAEL

I just don't see what's the big deal. Why can't she just lend me the money?

PHILIP

The deal is, in this house, we play by the rules.

Philip's not trying to be mean. But he's felt awkward around Michael all night and he's making a point. Michael overreacts.

MICHAEL

I don't want to play anymore.

He gets up and leaves. Isabel follows.

EXT. EVANS' HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Isabel catches Michael at the door.

ISABEL

You didn't have to be rude to my dad.

MICHAEL

Rude? He was sticking it to me for no reason.

ISABEL

It was a game, Michael.

MICHAEL

He doesn't like me.

ISABEL

He doesn't know you.

MICHAEL

I don't want him to know me.

ISABEL

He can help you, Michael. But you've got to speak up. You've got to tell the truth--

MICHAEL

And what? Be a poster child for domestic abuse? Not gonna happen.

ISABEL

You could've at last made an effort. You've been acting like a jerk all night.

MICHAEL

I didn't ask to come here.

ISABEL

I thought you'd be grateful.

MICHAEL

What do you want, Isabel? An award?

ISABEL

I just wanted to show you a normal night at home.

MICHAEL

Why? So I could see what I was missing?

ISABEL

No...

MICHAEL

I don't need your parents. And I don't you to be my parent. You can't take care of me anymore.

ISABEL

I'm not trying to care of you.

MICHAEL

Yes, you are.

ISABEL

Michael, you have to do something here. Don't just pretend this didn't happen... Please.

Michael holds her look for a beat, and just walks away. Max, having listened to their conversation, joins Isabel outside.

MAX

He's not easy, Isabel. Never has been.

ISABEL

I know that.

MAX

You can't push him like that.

ISABEL

He's acting like a child.

MAX

Maybe you need to stop treating him like one. You can't make up for in one night what he's never had for a lifetime.

ISABEL

I'm scared for him, Max. If Hank did it before, he'll do it again. And Michael's wound so tight...

MAX

He'll be all right.

ISABEL

Like an idiot, I told him to use his powers. So what if Hank tries it again? I have a bad feeling about this.

Off Isabel, we...

FADE OUT.



END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HANK'S parked in front of the TV with a bottle when Michael enters.

HANK  
Where the hell you been?

Michael doesn't answer. He goes straight into--

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael SLAMS the door. Lays on the bed. Stares at the ceiling. The fury, the loneliness welling up in him.

INT. MARIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maria's in a robe from the shower, combing her wet hair, when Amy comes in.

AMY  
Maria... I need some.. space. I can't  
feel like you're judging me all the  
time.

MARIA  
I'm just trying to look out for you,  
Mom.

AMY  
What are you so worried about?

MARIA  
I just don't want you to rush into  
anything.

AMY  
Anything? Or Jim Valenti?

MARIA  
I don't trust him. I mean, I don't  
want him to use you.

AMY  
What would he be using me for?

Of course, Maria can't really answer that question. That he wants to get close to her for information on the kids.

MARIA

Well... You know, for the same thing  
all men want.

AMY

Look, Maria, there's like three single  
guys in Roswell. And two of them are  
at the Desert Inn Retirement Community.  
Jim's a nice guy, with a good job.  
He's responsible, he's fun.

MARIA

He's a cop, Mom. And you're a hippie.

AMY

Opposites attract.

MARIA

He's got a lot of baggage, Mom.

AMY

So he was married once. Who hasn't  
been these days?

MARIA

But he's that type. That... tough guy  
who can't open up. Who can't show  
emotion or admit they need you. They're  
the most dangerous of all.

Amy realizes Maria might be talking about her own situation.

AMY

Don't worry, honey. Michael will come  
around.

MARIA

What do you mean? I wasn't talking  
about Michael.

AMY

Sure you weren't.

MARIA

I meant hypothetically.

AMY

Whatever, honey.

MARIA

I'm just saying, you have to go slow.  
If you get... physical with a guy right  
away, after they get what they want,  
they disappear.

AMY  
I hope you're not speaking from  
experience.

MARIA  
Just yours.

A beat. Amy realizes her past dating history has influenced her daughter.

INT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael has just dozed off with the lights on when his door opens. He bolts up. Hank's there with a basket full of clothes.

HANK  
Told you to do the wash.

MICHAEL  
I'll do it later.

HANK  
Today.

MICHAEL  
I'm not your maid.

HANK  
You're right. You're good for nothing.  
(raising his voice)  
Do the wash. Now.

MICHAEL  
I said--

But Hank has walked over and dumped the dirty clothes right on top of him.

HANK  
I heard what you said, you little puke.  
But since this is my house, I don't  
gotta listen.

Hank staggers toward the living room.

HANK (cont'd)  
No wonder your parents left you in the  
desert. Who'd want ya?

This hits Michael where it hurts.

MICHAEL  
Yeah? Who're you, father of the year?

HANK  
Get outta my face--

MICHAEL  
A man who spends my lunch money on --  
    (loud for the benefit  
      of the trailer park)  
-- a subscription to Juggs Magazine!

Michael walks past Hank. Hank follows him angrily into...

INT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where they find Max and Isabel, who have just entered the trailer.

MICHAEL  
What're you doing here?

ISABEL  
We heard some yelling.

MAX  
What's going on?

MICHAEL  
Get out.

But as Hank turns around, he notices Isabel.

HANK  
Well, hel-lo, dolly.

MICHAEL  
Shut up, Hank.

Hank turns and raises a hand to Michael. Michael flinches. So do Isabel and Max. Hank lowers his hand.

HANK  
    (then to Isabel)  
Wanna have a drink with me?

MAX  
She doesn't want a drink.

HANK  
Who the hell are you? Her lawyer?

MICHAEL  
Leaven them alone, Hank.

But he's pouring her a drink. Half of it's spilling on the floor.

HANK  
I asked her a question. I'm waiting  
for her to answer.

He puts a sloppy arm around Isabel. Disgusted, she takes the drink.

ISABEL  
Here's your answer.

She throws it in his face.

ISABEL (cont'd)  
If you ever touch him again, I'll kill  
you.

Hank stands there, stunned, alcohol dripping off him. He suddenly reaches for something.

HANK  
You're gonna kill me?

He pulls out an old deer rifle.

HANK (cont'd)  
Get the hell out of this house!

Max, heroically steps in front of Isabel to keep her from harm's way.

MAX  
Okay, we'll go. Just take it easy.

Hank cocks the rifle threateningly. Michael approaches Hank, intense, losing control. He puts his hand out toward Hank, clenches his eyes tight. Suddenly a window blows out, a chair jerks backward and smashes into the wall, a drawer flies out of the cabinet. Max and Isabel look at Michael, who obviously didn't intend to do these things.

HANK  
What the hell...?

Without making physical contact, the gun jumps in Hank's hands, spinning him into the wall. The rifle discharges from the impact. Hank is dumbstruck.

HANK  
You little bastard! You're a freak! I  
always knew it. You're a freak!

MAX  
Let's go, Michael!

ISABEL  
Michael! We gotta get out of here!

Michael just stands there, stunned, his eyes locked on Hank.

HANK  
Yeah, go on. Get outta here.

Michael, still looking at Hank, backs slowly out the door, joining Max and Isabel. On Hank, he doesn't know what hit him.

EXT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The three of them back at the jeep.

MICHAEL  
Congratulations, you just made it worse.  
Now he knows.

ISABEL  
Michael, he was so drunk he doesn't  
know what he saw and he sure as hell  
won't remember it in the morning.

MICHAEL  
I can't go back there now.

ISABEL  
Good.

MICHAEL  
You don't understand, do you? I know  
Hank's a jerk, but that's what I've  
got. It's all I've got. And now you  
guys screwed that up for good.

MAX  
Just come back with us for now.

MICHAEL  
For how long? Two days? Three days?  
And then what?

MAX  
We'll figure something out.

MICHAEL  
Max, I don't belong there. I don't  
belong anywhere.

ISABEL  
We understand why you--

MICHAEL  
You don't understand.

ISABEL  
So you got a raw deal, Michael. No  
one's saying you didn't. But you've  
got a chance to change it. Would it  
kill you to ask for help, just once in  
your life?

MICHAEL

Yes.

He starts away.

MAX

Where are you going?

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter.

ISABEL

Michael, wait!

Michael takes off running. Isabel starts to go after him, but Max stops her. He knows it's no good.

INT. MARIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's raining; Maria's still gazing out the window. A short distance away, she notices someone sitting on the fence in the distance. Through the mist, she can make out the figure: Michael. She takes a beat, steels herself against him. Grabs the bottle of Rescue Remedy from her night stand drawer and puts four drops under tongue. Oh, hell, she swings the whole thing. She opens the window.

MARIA

What are you doing out here?

Michael sees her, walks up to the window.

MARIA (cont'd)

No. You're not coming in.

He says nothing.

MARIA (cont'd)

I know why you're here. I know your little plan. I know what you want. But it's not going to work this time, mister. No matter what you say, my answer is no. No, no, no, no, no.

A beat. Still he says nothing. His eyes are strangely soft. Vulnerable.

INSIDE MARIA'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Michael's inside with her.

MARIA

God, you're gonna catch pneumonia. Here, get outta that shirt and let's dry you off.

(MORE)



She starts unbuttoning his shirt. He lets her, still not saying a word. She pulls it off him.

MARIA (cont'd)  
You're shivering.

She takes the towel and wipes him down. Wipes his face, his arms, his chest, his shoulders. She looks again. His face is still wet. It's not rain.

MARIA (cont'd)  
You're...

She's stunned. Has never seen Michael this open. She touches his face with her hand now. Wipes his tears.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Come here...

She leads him to the bed. Lays him down. She lays down behind him. Curls up like two spoons. She pets his head.

MARIA (cont'd)  
Sshh. It's okay. You don't have to  
tell me. It's okay.

On Michael, letting himself be comforted.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MARIA'S ROOM - MORNING

Amy raps lightly on the door before swinging it open to find every mother's nightmare: Her darling daughter curled up asleep with a boy.

AMY  
OH MY GOD!!!

The two teens leap awake. Maria rushes to the door to push Amy out.

MARIA  
Mom!! Give us a minute!

But Amy bolts toward Michael sweeping her arms like she's chasing a Rottweiler off the Christmas dinner table.

AMY  
Getoutgetoutgetout!!!!

Michael grabs his clothes and walks out the door.

MICHAEL  
Jeez. Estrogen central here.

MARIA  
Michael, wait! Mom!

AMY  
Kitchen, now!

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Maria's at the kitchen table while her mom paces back and forth.

AMY  
My baby girl is having sex!

MARIA  
Mom. I'm not having sex.

AMY  
Then what exactly did you do?

MARIA  
Nothing. We just slept.

AMY  
I know that one. I've used that one.

MARIA

You act like I have no self-control at all.

AMY

Yes, well, teenagers are known for self-control. Especially teenage boys.

MARIA

Michael's not like that. Well, I mean sometimes he is--

AMY

What!?

MARIA

But last night. He was upset about something. I don't know what. Sex was the last thing on his mind.

AMY

(sarcastic)

Thank you, there is a God.

MARIA

That's why I let him stay.

AMY

I can't believe you had a boy spending the night here. I mean, what were you thinking, young lady? And besides, why is it okay for you and not for me?

MARIA

I'm sixteen!

AMY

Exactly! And no sixteen-year old daughter of mine is going to have sleep-overs with boys! Got that?

MARIA

What. Ever.

AMY

No. Not whatever. Maria, as you pointed out so subtly last night, my history with men has pretty much been a train wreck. I don't want you to make those same mistakes. I can't go back and change my life, but I'll be damned if I watch yours go the same way. I love you too much.

Off Maria, processing this very real heartfelt moment from her Mom.

INT. WEST ROSWELL HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Max and Michael are sitting in class when a DEPUTY comes to the door. He WHISPERS something to the teacher and then nods for Michael to come out. Michael shoots a look to Max and then follows the deputy out. He's humiliated in front of his classmates. Feels like everyone is watching him. Everyone knows.

Off Max, very concerned--

INT. VALENTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Valenti questions Michael.

VALENTI  
Neighbors heard gunshots.

MICHAEL  
I don't know anything about it.

VALENTI  
But you were there last night?

MICHAEL  
I came home to get my jacket, then I went out again.

VALENTI  
What time was it?

MICHAEL  
Does it matter?

VALENTI  
You were the last one to see him.

MICHAEL  
What do you mean, the last one to see him?

VALENTI  
I called the plant. He never showed up for work.

MICHAEL  
Maybe he's passed out somewhere. I don't keep track of him.

VALENTI  
Neighbors also heard an argument. Then later, more sounds. Screaming. Crying. Torturous sounds. Like an animal. Almost... inhuman.

MICHAEL  
What are you talking about?

VALENTI  
Where were you, son?

MICHAEL  
Out. Just out.

Off Valenti, not knowing what to think.

INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - DAY

LIZ  
What you said made sense, you know?  
And I've been sticking to it. You'd be  
really proud of me. Just last night, I  
said it very clearly. No. Of course  
Max wasn't there, but the next time he  
is, I'll be ready for him.  
(beat)  
Are you even listening?

MARIA  
What? Oh, I'm sorry.

LIZ  
What's going on with you?

Isabel enters.

ISABEL  
Have you guys seen Michael?

MARIA  
Maybe.

ISABEL  
Come on, Maria, you gotta tell me.  
It's really important.

MARIA  
If it's that important, then you tell  
me. I'm worried about him, too.

ISABEL  
I can't.

MARIA  
Ditto.

ISABEL  
All right. Michael's in trouble.

LIZ  
What kind of trouble?

ISABEL  
It's Hank. He's been... hurting him.  
Max and I were trying to help.

Maria's face falls. Liz is stunned as well.

MARIA  
Oh, God, Isabel.

LIZ  
I didn't know. Max didn't tell me.

ISABEL  
Michael made us promise not to.

MARIA  
He was with me. Last night. All right.

Liz can't believe it.

LIZ  
He spent the night? What happened to  
"no?"

MARIA  
(to Isabel)  
He never told me what was wrong. All  
we did was sleep. In the morning, my  
mom walked in on us and he took off.  
And I haven't seen him since.

Now the tow of them are bonded in a purpose. Max enters. He  
wash some news of his own to share:

MAX  
Valenti's got Michael.

ISABEL  
What? Why?

MAX  
Hank's gone and they think he had  
something to do with it.

ISABEL  
But he was with Maria all night. She  
can vouch for him.

MARIA  
Valenti'll never believe me.

LIZ  
(a knowing look)  
But he will believe your mom.

Off everyone's looks. What are we gonna do now?

INT. DELUCA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Maria waits nervously as the kitchen door opens and Amy enters.  
She takes a deep breath, then:

MARIA

So you know the guy I slept-but-didn't-sleep with?

AMY

Unfortunately, the shock has indelibly printed his face onto my brain.

MARIA

Well, he's in jail.

AMY

This just gets batter and better, doesn't it?

MARIA

Mom, he didn't do anything. Your friend, Sheriff Valenti, is holding him because he can't explain his whereabouts last night. Personally I think it's very noble that he protected my dignity.

AMY

How very Bonnie and Clyde of him.

MARIA

Anyway, since the sheriff seems to like you so much, maybe you could tell him where Michael really was.

AMY

(non-committal)  
I could.

MARIA

Mom. I know maybe he didn't make the best impression this morning.

AMY

This isn't about him, Maria. It's about you and me, I have to be able to trust you.

MARIA

Then trust me, Mom. I swear to you. He's a good guy. And he's in trouble. I wouldn't ask you otherwise.

Off Amy trying to decide.

INT. VALENTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy and Maria wait in silence. After a beat, Valenti comes in, followed by Michael. Michael sees who's there to get him. He holds Maria's gaze for a beat with a look that says, "I didn't do it." Maria just smiles back. She knows. Amy watches it all, not happy with any of it.

AMY  
Wait for me outside.

Michael and Maria exit. Amy turns back to Valenti.

AMY  
I appreciate you doing this.

VALENTI  
No problem.

AMY  
I'm telling the truth, Jim.

VALENTI  
You say he was at your house, he was  
at your house.

AMY  
But you wouldn't have believed Maria.

VALENTI  
She's sixteen. She'll say anything to  
protect her boyfriend.

AMY  
She's not just a sixteen-year old.  
She's my daughter.

VALENTI  
I'm just doing my job.

AMY  
Your job seems to come between us a  
lot.

VALENTI  
Where is this coming from, Amy?

AMY  
I like you, Jim. You know I do. But,  
right now, Maria's at that stage. You  
know the one.

VALENTI  
That I do.

AMY  
I gotta keep on eye on things. I can't  
get... distracted. And you, well...  
(a smile, a compliment)  
...you are a distraction.

VALENTI  
Then don't give me up.

A lingering beat. On Valenti, watching her go.



EXT. DESERT - DAY

Michael's there with Isabel and Max.

MAX  
So everything's okay?

MICHAEL  
Oh, yeah, great.

ISABEL  
Michael, listen, about Hank being missing. You didn't... do anything to him. Did you?

MICHAEL  
(hurt)  
No. You thought I...?

ISABEL  
No.

MAX  
What'd Valenti say?

MICHAEL  
He said he was going to find me a new foster situation. Not home, even. Situation.

MAX  
I'm sure he meant--

MICHAEL  
No matter what home I get, it's a substitute for the real one.

Michael looks toward the sky.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
I'm not going back into the system. I'm outta here.

MAX  
You can't just run away.

MICHAEL  
Watch me. If you didn't want me to leave, you should have thought about that back when I asked you to keep your mouth shut. Because I knew this would happen. And this is exactly what I didn't want.

ISABEL  
And where are you supposed to go?

MICHAEL

Anywhere but here. It's fine if you guys want to say in your nice little world pot roast and Monopoly. It's clear you're not interested in finding our real home. I'm going to find Nasedo. He's my family.

ISABEL

And what are we?

Michael looks away. Both Isabel and Max can't help but feel hurt.

ISABEL (cont'd)

You know what I think? I think it's time to put up or shut up.

MICHAEL

Very poetic, Isabel.

ISABEL

You sound like you're five years old. You've got to grow up, Michael. Stop blaming everyone else.

MICHAEL

(turns to Max)

Is that what you think, too, Maxwell?

MAX

I think it's not safe out there. I think Nasedo is dangerous, Michael.

MICHAEL

You don't know that.

MAX

You hear what Hubble said. He's a killer. A shape-shifter. And he's out there. He could be anyone. We need to stick together now more than ever.

MICHAEL

You're wrong, Max.

Michael goes. This time, Max starts after him and it's Isabel who stops Max and lets him go.

ISABEL

Run away, Michael, that's what you do best.

On Max and Isabel as they watch Michael go.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCENE 22)

We get the feeling Michael has been wandering for a while, facing a dark night of the soul. And now he's ended up here.

Feeling completely abandoned, he raises his arms out and SCRAMS at the sky.

MICHAEL

Where are you?! Why did you leave me  
here? Why?

Just then, wind begins to howl. A sign from above? Or another rejection? Michael turns his face to the sky, forever searching.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. LIZ'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Liz is looking through her telescope. Max pokes his head up from the fire escape.

MAX

Liz, sorry to...

LIZ

(turns to see him)

That's okay.

MAX

I know we've been needing to talk.

He's standing close to Liz. She's yearning for him, but puts it aside. She knows what he needs now.

LIZ

There's more important things right now. I heard about Michael. Are you okay?

MAX

Um, no...

Beat, she looks at him, realizing the pain he's in.

MAX (cont'd)

I've never seen him so upset. I have this weird feeling that he's going to just leave without saying goodbye.

LIZ

Maybe because if he did, he couldn't go through with it.

MAX

I can't loose him.

She just nods for him to go on.

MAX (cont'd)

I just kept thinking how after we were separated in the desert, when we where kids, Isabel and I didn't see him for three years. I used to stand at the fence on the playground and every year, every class, every kid I met, I looked to see if it was him.

(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)

(beat)

Then one day, I heard this shouting, it was a terrible fight, two boys going at it. The teachers had to pull them apart. And one them just wouldn't stop, just kept going... he was so angry. His eyes were full of fire and rage and somehow I knew--

LIZ

It was him.

MAX

And I always wondered, how a nine-year-old could that much anger. And it's still there. It's so much a part of who he is.

Liz is drawn to Max. She feels his pain, wants to hold him. Wants to kiss it all away. To feel the intensity. But their passion again must wait.

LIZ

Maybe that's what he's so afraid of. Who he would be without that anger?

As Max considers this--

INT. ISABEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Isabel sits cross-legged on her bed, holding the colored pieces of quartz rock. Max enters.

ISABEL

(annoyed)

I thought I locked that door.

MAX

Um, yeah, you did.

He sees Isabel sits with a small, open box with several items around her: the drawing of the cave painting, the pendant, and other items, including a couple of the files, Michael's drawings of the dome and a copy of Atherton's book.

MAX (cont'd)

What're you doing?

ISABEL

See this? This is everything. This is all we know about who we are.

(holding up one of the quartz rocks)

These are the stones River Dog gave us at the cave when Michael was sick.

(MORE)

ISABEL (CONT'D)

The only thing we have the place we came from. IT was the first time I realized there really was a home out there somewhere. A real place.

(heated)

But they're worthless. They don't mean anything. Not without Michael.

Max puts his hand on her shoulder. And we CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S TRAILER - MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael is stuffing his belongings in a duffel bag when Max enters. Michael finishes. Clinches the bag closed.

MAX

Packing?

MICHAEL

I guess you could call it that.  
Everything I have fits in this bag.

MAX

You have me. You have Isabel.

MICHAEL

Max, say goodbye.

MAX

I can't.

MICHAEL

I'll keep in touch.

MAX

Not good enough.

MICHAEL

It'll have to be. Say goodbye.

MAX

I can't.

MICHAEL

Max--

MAX

I know what you're scared of.

MICHAEL

No, you don't.

MAX

You keep telling me how lucky I am. To have a great home, great parents.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

But in one way, it's harder for me.  
Because when I screw up, I don't have  
any excuses. But you, you can do and  
say anything you want. Because you  
have Hank. And you can blame it on  
that. What happens without him?

(beat)

It'll all be on you, that's what.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well... leave it to me to still  
screw it up.

MAX

It's okay, Michael. Because if you do,  
we'll all still be there for you.

A long beat. Michael looks away.

MAX (cont'd)

Maybe you have to start thinking about  
someone other than yourself, Michael.  
The three of us belong together. There's  
a reason we're together. We're a family.  
So go if you want. But no matter where  
or how far, we'll always be connected.

Michael can't look at Max, obviously affected. But he lifts  
his duffel bag anyway. Max looks at him, pained. Realizing  
Michael is leaving anyway, Max hands him a small package.

MAX (cont'd)

Isabel and I wanted you to have this.  
It doesn't mean anything without you.

Michael looks at Max, takes the box. And we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROSWELL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Michael's sitting on the side of the road. A car approaches,  
he sticks out his thumb, the car blows by him. Everything he  
wanted, he's got. He's alone. A man on his own. Be careful  
what you wish for. Michael looks at the package Max gave him,  
thinks for a second, then opens it. His eyes register surprise,  
seeing the quartz rocks, the cave painting, the pendant, etc.

Just as Michael is most torn about what to do, HEADLIGHTS  
flood his face. A truck appears. Slows down. Stops. It's an  
old pick-up loaded with cola bottles.

DRIVER

Where're you headed?

On Michael, what's he going to do? With the sound of a  
thunderclap we CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

They drive in silence for a beat. The duffel bag on the seat between them. Michael's staring out the window. The wipers slap back and forth. The driver's a jaded salesman.

DRIVER

What a joke.

MICHAEL

Huh?

DRIVER

Roswell. Wouldn't bother, but it's on my southwest route. Sell a lot of soda in these tourist towns.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Right.

DRIVER

I don't know why they hell they came here. Aliens, I guess.

(snorts)

Ain't not aliens in that town. Let me ask you if were an alien, and you could go anywhere in the world, would you pick Roswell?

He laughs at this own cleverness. Michael takes one of the rocks out of the package, holds it in his hand.

DRIVER

Trust me, ain't nothin' in that town.

But there's something there for Michael. And as he holds the rock, he gets unexpected FLASHES, then we see:

A SERIES OF IMAGES

From previous episodes. Moments of Michael connected with Isabel and Max. [Note: Revision page will follow if we need to shoot new material for these flashes]

Michael snaps back into reality. Tries to shake it off. But there's no denying the connection. He's felt them too, in the deepest part of his soul. On Michael, thoughtful, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Start on a fork mixing eggs in a bowl. Several ingredients are added to the mix: milk, cheese, finally, Tabasco sauce. We pan up to reveal Michael cooking breakfast. Isabel appears in the doorway, sees him. She's stunned, moved.



ISABEL  
What're you doing?

MICHAEL  
Making an omelette, what does it look like?

ISABEL  
I didn't know you cooked?

MICHAEL  
Lots of things you don't know about me.

ISABEL  
Oh, yeah? Surprise me.

Philip comes down the stairs.

MICHAEL  
Good morning.

PHILIP  
(wary)  
Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL  
I'd thought I'd make breakfast. For the family.

Philip takes a beat. He know it's Michael's way of apologizing.  
Diane enters.

DIANE  
What's going on?

PHILIP  
Michael's made breakfast for everyone.

DIANE  
How very nice.

MICHAEL  
There's another thing, sir.

PHILIP  
Yes.

Max arrives into the kitchen, wondering what's going on.

MICHAEL  
I was wondering if you could... help me.

(MORE)

A long pause. All eyes are on Michael.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I'd like to find a way, you know, to  
live on my own. I heard it can be done.

Isabel and Max trade a look. They can't believe it.

PHILIP

It's complicated. You'd have to file  
for a petition for emancipation, go  
before a judge.

MICHAEL

I'll do whatever it takes. I mean,  
I've thought about it and I want to...  
You know, take control of things. And  
I'm ready to do it, so...

Another beat. Now all eyes on Philip.

PHILIP

Come by my office this afternoon. We'll  
talk. I'd like to know more about your  
situation.

MICHAEL

(thank you)  
This afternoon.

Just then there's a KNOCK at the door. Philip goes over to  
answer it. Isabel and Diane take a seat. Max comes over to  
Michael.

MAX

Can I give you a hand?

MICHAEL

Yeah. You can do the bacon.

Max and Michael share a smile.

EXT. EVANS' HOUSE - BACK PORCH - SAME MOMENT

Philip opens the door to find Valenti. They talk privately.

VALENTI

Mr. Evans.

PHILIP

(surprised to see him))  
Hello Sheriff.

VALENTI

I understand Michael Guerin is here.

PHILIP

Yes, he is.

VALENTI

I've got to take him to meet with Social Services.

PHILIP

He's not going to be needing that. I'm going to help him look into emancipation.

VALENTI

Mind if I ask why?

PHILIP

Who's going to want a 16-year-old? They can't even find homes for infants.

VALENTI

Mr. Evans, this is a potentially serious situation you're getting involved in. His father's clothes were found this morning in the south desert. Shredded. Still no sign of him. Looking more and more like foul play.

PHILIP

I can't see that the boy could have had anything to do with that.

VALENTI

I gotta warn you about getting involved with this kid. You don't know him. He's a trouble-maker.

PHILIP

My children trust him. That's good enough for me.

VALENTI

Well then, I guess you're on your own.

Valenti's surprised at Philip standing up for Michael. He has no choice than to accept it.

Philip closes the door and turns around. Sees Max has turned and overheard. Knows his son saw him stand up for Michael. Hold on the look between father and son.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A tough-looking JUDGE sits at a conference table. Michael and Philip sit with him at the table was Max and Isabel watch quietly.

JUDGE

Does the minor Michael Guerin pledge to take charge of his life as an adult from here forward?

MICHAEL

I do, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Do you understand that you will be solely responsible for your financial, educational, an medical decisions as they may arise?

MICHAEL

I do, sir.

JUDGE

I might add, young man, that you are fortunate enough to have these folks here today that have an interest in your future and have shone the confidence in your that is reflected in my decision. I hope you can live up to that faith.

MICHAEL

I'll try, sir.

JUDGE

I hereby grant your petition for emancipation.

Michael looks back at Max and Isabel. This isn't going to be easy, but it's Independence Day and he's tready to try.

INT. MICHAEL'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

A modest studio apartment, just around the corner from the Crashdown. Mostly empty, a tattered couch, a few empty milk crates, stuff that's been abandoned from the previous tenant.

Michael sits on the couch next to his duffel bag that he still hasn't unpacked. It's hard to look lost in a 10 x 12 room, but somehow he manages. A long beat. Then:

The door flings open. Max, Liz, Maria, Isabel.

GANG

Surprise!

MICHAEL

Whoa! What're you guys doin' here?

But they rush past him, carrying mop, bucket, cleaning supplies, pizza boxes and other stuff.

ISABEL

We're here to help clean up.

MICHAEL

I kinda like it the way it is.

MARIA

Michael, some of these stains are  
neither animal, vegetable, or mineral.

MAX

This place is so cool.

MICHAEL

Two-fifty a month cool. Man, it was  
great of your dad to help with the  
deposit, but I gotta get a J-O-B.

Max and Liz exchange a look.

LIZ

I heard that you made a pretty mean  
breakfast the other day. There just  
might be something for you at the  
Crashdown.

MICHAEL

Wow

(then, quickly)

Wait. Does that mean she's going to be  
my boss?

He means Maria.

LIZ

(smiling wickedly)

She's the manager.

As they all crack up at the irony, suddenly, there's a tiny  
sound. Almost like a meow. It is a meow.

MICHAEL

(suspiciously)

What's that?

MARIA

That is ...Sigourney.

She pulls out of her back pack a little tabby kitten.

MICHAEL

Ha. Funny.

LIZ

She was an orphan.

MICHAEL

The lease said no pets.

MARIA

What's one more secret.

Off all of them as they did into the pizza, laughing. Michael's new family. Two chicks, three aliens, and a cat.

INT. VALENTI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Valenti is alone working late at his office. The room is dark except for the spot of a small desk lamp. The door opens and someone enters. It's Hank.

HANK

Heard you put out an APB.

VALENTI

Heard right.

HANK

Well, here I am.

VALENTI

In all your glory.

HANK

So you can call off the hounds.

VALENTI

Where you been, Hank?

HANK

Down to Carlsbad. Landed in a bar. Met a lady. What can I say?

VALENTI

Wanna tell me about the gunshots?

HANK

Never clean your gun while you've been drinking.

VALENTI

Uh-huh.

HANK

Anyway, got an offer from a plant in Las Cruces. My lease is up next week. I'm hitching up the trailer and I'm gone. Thing is, I'm going alone.

Valenti knows he means without Michael.

HANK (cont'd)

So if I need to sign some papers about that boy, or anything...

VALENTI

Won't be necessary.

(MORE)

Hank looks relieved. Smug almost. He turns and goes.

VALENTI (cont'd)  
Hank. Make it soon.

HANK  
Don't worry, Sheriff. I'm already gone.

Off his eerie smile--

SMASH CUT  
TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A car pulls up to a stop. Hank gets out and walks to the trunk. Opens it to reveal a very dead HANK, wrapped in an old Army blanket.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVESITE - NIGHT - WIDE SHOT

"Hank" shovels the last scoop of dirt onto a makeshift grave, wipes sweat from his brow and heads back to his car.

INT/EXT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT

"Hank" sits in his car as if he's about to leave. He pops a breath mint in his mouth and holds his hand up, palm in front of his face. Suddenly, a strange WHITE LIGHT emanates from "Hank," lighting up the car. An energy causes things to vibrate. "Hank" moves his hand away from his face, and he changes into a HISPANIC WORKER. He pops another mint.

The fourth alien. The shape-shifter.

As the Hispanic Worker drives off into the night we

FADE OUT.

THE END