

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS - EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

--A Tall trees sways surrounded by darkness. The sound of heavy breathing.

--Sneakers running through a dirt path.

--A green glow, two round circles off in the distance past the trees.

--A young boy's shadow running toward the lights.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JASON MELENDEZ, a thirteen year old Puerto Rican boy with dark hair, opens his eyes. He is in a 7th grade English class.

Jason looks at the clock while the students around him take notes. The bell rings. Jason grabs his backpack and rushes toward the door.

The teacher, Ms. Gibson, a fair skinned woman with dark hair and glasses, looks at him as he passes her desk and exits out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jason pulls books out of his locker. He places them into his backpack. Around him kids are giggling and running. He pulls a paper out of his locker.

INSERT PAPER - "Short story contest - can you write something that is unique and intriguing?"

STARR, a thirteen year old bi-racial girl, bumps into him and apologizes. He smiles awkwardly at her, but she looks away and joins her friends.

Turning around Jason sees DAVID, his brother, down the hall walking toward him. David wears a baseball jersey with "You're Mine" written on the back.

DAVID  
(smiles menacingly and  
looks down at Jason)  
You like her. I can tell.  
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
(in Jason's ear)  
You think she's pretty?

David smirks confidently and walks toward her. He rubs her back and she smiles at him.

STARR  
Hi, Dave. I'm coming to the game.

David looks back at Jason and puts his hand toward his crotch. He walks past the girl and through the doors that say "Locker Room."

Jason looks down, lifts up his book bag and walks toward the exit door.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL - STREET - DAY

It is an urban area. New York City. Girls play jump rope on the sidewalk. Screams of joy loom over from the park across the street where there are kids playing football.

Jason looks around and sees a family walking toward him.

BOY  
Me and Mike we gonna win today,  
Mom.

Two young boys walk by with their parents next to them. The boys have baseball gloves on their hands.

Jason quickly turns up a path to a street lined with townhouses. He walks to a small white townhouse. Jason walks through the squeaky white gate and up the stairs into his house.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jason opens the door and goes into his family's kitchen. It's an adequate sized room with old wooden cabinets that are fading and unpolished. Jason puts his bookbag on the small round wooden table that is covered with four bright placemats.

JASON  
(yelling)  
MOM?...DAD?

There is no answer.

Jason goes in the refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of small bottle of juice. He closes the fridge door and sees a note.

CLOSE UP NOTE "-Sorry, Dad and I are working late again. Food is in the oven. Mom-"

Jason crumbles the paper as he lifts his backpack on his shoulder and heads to the small stairs past two closed doors. He climbs the stairs to his room door at the end of the hallway and enters.

INT. ROOM-DAY

Jason puts his book bag down on his wooden desk. On the desk sits a black computer.

Jason sits and hits the keypad at the desk.

JASON  
(singing and drumming his  
fingers on the desk)  
I have nothing to do, nothing to  
duuuuoo.

His desktop wallpaper appears. It is a picture of an alien spaceship on the moon.

Jason opens up a document that is clearly in progress and scrolls up to the title, "Alien Encounter." Outside the window he can hear the ice cream truck song playing.

He crosses the small room and gets a sci-fi themes CD to put in the computer. As it plays, a blip pops up on his screen. Bling.

JASON  
(reading out loud)  
Need a friend who is never too busy  
to spend time with you? Download  
CARL, your very own computer buddy.

Jason laughs.

JASON  
How stupid... what can a computer  
buddy possibly do... talk to me?

Jason sits back in his chair. He looks at the computer, then leans forward and clicks on the link.

He follows the directions on the screen, continues to click "next" and downloads Carl. A blip pops up.

JASON  
Would I like Carl to talk and  
interact?  
(shrugging his shoulders)  
Why not?

Jason clicks a few more times. The screen turns black and two green eyes appear. They blink once, and a mouth says:

CARL  
What is your name?

There is a small space blinking underneath the mouth of Carl. Jason types in his name.

CARL  
Hello, Jason. How are you today?

JASON  
Whoa. Cool!

Jason leans in and stares at the computer. He types that he is fine.

CARL  
Are you sure? You don't look fine.

Jason types "I don't look fine? You can't see me."

The phone rings.

Jason looks at the screen and Carl blinks at him. He closes Carl and picks up the phone.

JASON  
Hello? Oh hi, Mami. Yes, I am  
fine. I downloaded this cool...  
okay, hold on. Let me write this  
down.

Jason puts the phone down and gets a pad of paper off his desk. He looks at the computer screen. He jogs back to the phone and scribbles.

JASON  
Yeah, okay. Bread, milk, and toilet  
paper. Bendicion, bye Mami.

Jason puts the list in his pocket and leaves the room.

In the empty room, his printer prints out a sheet of paper that says "bread, milk, toilet paper."

INT. JASON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jason's MOM is in the kitchen fixing him rice and steak at the stove. She has long dark hair wrapped in a bun with a pen sticking out. A light salsa plays on the radio. Her back is turned away from the stairs. Jason comes down the stairs.

MOM

Did you do your homework, Javier?

JASON

Yes, Mom. Where is dad?  
(dancing behind her)  
Is that for me?

Jason's mom bangs a metal spoon on the edge of the pot of rice.

MOM

Your Dad is working late again,  
helping us keep a roof over our  
heads.

(she turns toward Jason)

Now did you really do your  
homework? Or are you working on  
that fantasy story of yours.

Jason backs away from his mother and looks around the kitchen.

JASON

I was having a little trouble, so I  
decided to let the ideas form in my  
head for later. Instead I  
started...

MOM

(interrupting)

Javier, homework first. What is  
writing short stories doing for  
you? Winning some contest is not  
as important as your education.

JASON

Yes, Ma.  
(He looks away from her)  
Is the food done?

MOM

Yes. Sit down, I will serve you.

Turning with the steaming plate in her hand, full of rice and steak.

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