

INT. DARK ROOM

The clicking sound of Agent Jarvis' tape recorder snaps in the darkness. The sound of Jarvis inhaling is heard before he begins speaking.

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JARVIS

(out of shot)

To the highest offices of the government, the President of the United States, and to be played at my funeral. My name is Special Agent Collin Jarvis. In the event of my untimely seizure by hostile forces, or death in the line of duty, I have elected to record every aspect of my top secret mission. What is that mission? Simple.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The sun has set behind the city buildings and a man stands beneath a street lamp near a bus stop.

JARVIS

(voice over)

I am the light produced by the street lamp, shrouding the innocent from the corruption that lurks in the surrounding shadows...

The man looks up the street, expecting the bus, however something else catches his eye.

Ethan comes into frame, wearing his hat and covering his antenna, carefully placing milk duds on the ground one by one.

The man watches him in stunned confusion as Ethan draws closer to him, entering the light on the ground.

EXT. TOP OF BUILDING

A large gargoyle emerges from the corner of a large and elderly building.

Though the gargoyle is motionless, made entirely of stone, it looks as though it is peering into the window of a nearby window.

JARVIS

(voice over)

I am the gargoyle, forever at my post, watching over the people I have sworn to protect. Though time and malignant entities will try to abraze my flesh of stone, here I stand, unwavering in the face of danger. Alone.

The window is illuminated with light, showing Jarvis, surrounded by countless photographs and news headlines. Each one mentioning extraterrestrial encounters.

In standard unhinged fashion, a strand of twine runs through the room, connecting various pictures and clippings.

Jarvis manically looks around the room, itching his head as he thinks aloud, the gargoyle visible in the background.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Jarvis sits at his desk, staring forward with a cold, flat affect, similar to that of the gargoyle.

Agents Barnes and Cross stand on either side of him, tormenting and laughing at him, yet Jarvis is unphased.

JARVIS

Am I a hero? Time has yet to tell. Right now I am merely a member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Vowing to stand between the innocent good and insidious evil, my life's work has been waiting on the back burner for too long.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The trunk of Jarvis' car is open and a stack of folded dress clothes lie in the center of the storage compartment in a neat pile.

JARVIS

I shall infiltrate this nest of
invaders by any means necessary,
even if it means sacrificing my
badge and my weapon.

Jarvis sets his gun on the pile of clothes, as well as his tape recorder, as he looks across the parking lot to the bright sign of Grocery Mart.

He wears a standard-issue employee polo.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The man stands under the street light, the night sky growing darker around him.

Ethan has now placed a circle of milk duds around the ring of light that burns into the sidewalk.

JARVIS

(voice over)

These creatures are violent and
evil, and I shall enter the belly
of the beast and like eliminate
every last one of them.

Ethan smiles at the man, who still watches him, picking up a milk dud from the ground and offering it to him.

INT. DARK ROOM

JARVIS

(voice over)

This is Special Agent Collin
Jarvis. God Bless America, and God
Bless Planet Earth. May he have
mercy on us all.

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