

DOUGIE DEBUNKSLEY AND THE ALIEN ABDUCTION (SAMPLE PAGES)

Screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A leafy Boston suburb in full October color. Students funnel through the front doors of a large public high school. Among them – DOUGIE DEBUNKSLEY, 16, lanky, backpack overloaded, earbuds in one ear. He's watching everything. Taking notes on his phone.

A hand slaps his shoulder. MARCUS, 16, Dougie's best friend – built like a defensive lineman, gentle as a librarian.

MARCUS

You hear about the new girl?

DOUGIE

I just got here.

MARCUS

She says aliens abducted her. Like, took her up in a ship. Showed her the galaxy.

DOUGIE

(flat)

Sure they did.

MARCUS

Man, I knew you'd say that.

DOUGIE

Because it's the correct thing to say. What's her name?

MARCUS

Eva Starling.

Dougie types the name into his phone. Already researching before they're through the doors.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway buzzes. Clusters of students whisper and crane their necks. At the center of their attention, moving against the current – EVA STARLING, 16. Dark hair, quiet eyes, an unhurried calm that makes the chaos around her seem irrelevant. She notices the stares. Doesn't flinch.

Dougie watches her from across the hall. His expression:

interested, skeptical, intrigued.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH - BIOLOGY CLASS - LATER

MR. THOMPSON, 50s, disappointingly enthusiastic about frogs, lectures. Dougie's notebook is open but he's scribbling questions rather than notes.

On his page: 'Eva Starling – alien abduction claim. Motive? Attention? Trauma response? Prior history?' A series of question marks.

RICK HENDERSON, 17, letterman jacket, leans over from the next desk.

RICK

(low)
Debunksley. You gonna go
interrogate the alien girl? That
your thing now?

DOUGIE

(not looking up)
My thing is finding out what's
actually true. You should try it
sometime.

Rick smirks. Goes back to doodling nothing.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH - CAFETERIA - NOON

The cafeteria is loud and stratified. Eva sits alone at a corner table, lunch untouched, staring out the window. Not sulking – thinking. Her fingers trace slow circles on the tabletop.

Dougie approaches with his tray. He doesn't ask permission. Just sits down across from her.

DOUGIE

Dougie Debunksley. I heard you were
abducted by aliens.

Eva looks at him. Not startled. Evaluating.

EVA

You're the first person to actually
say it to my face. Everyone else
just whispers.

DOUGIE

Whispering's inefficient. So –
aliens. Tell me.

EVA
You don't believe me already. I can
see it.

DOUGIE
I believe you believe it. That's
actually more interesting to me.

A long beat. Eva studies him. Something in his directness
seems to earn a point.

EVA
They came at night. There was light
– not like a flashlight, more like
the light was the thing. They
showed me places. Other systems.
Beings. It wasn't frightening. It
was like... being remembered by
something enormous.

DOUGIE
What did the inside of the ship
look like?

EVA
Curved walls, no seams. Surfaces
that responded when you touched
them. Temperature was perfect – not
warm, not cool, just... neutral. No
sound.

DOUGIE
No sound at all?

EVA
Not that my ears could hear. But I
understood things. Like the knowing
came before the words.

Dougie writes something in his notebook. Crosses it out.
Writes it again. He's rattled and hiding it well.

DOUGIE
You said that exactly the same way
both times I asked about the ship
interior.

EVA
Because that's what it was.

The bell rings. Eva gathers her things. She pauses, then
pulls a crumpled slip of paper from her jacket pocket and

slides it across the table.

EVA
If you want proof, come here after
school. Don't bring anyone else.

She walks away. Dougie unfolds the paper. An address. A
time: 6:00 PM. He stares at it.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus falls into step beside Dougie.

MARCUS
So? Totally delusional, right?

DOUGIE
She's consistent. Every detail
matches across multiple tellings.

MARCUS
That's called rehearsing, dude.

DOUGIE
Maybe. I'm going to find out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DUSK

Dougie pedals his bike through quiet streets. The sun is
low, painting everything amber. His expression shifts
between doubt and anticipation with every block.

EXT. EVA'S HOUSE - DUSK

The house sits alone on a gentle rise – not haunted-creepy,
just isolated. Older. A little neglected. Dougie parks his
bike against the fence.

Something catches his eye in the overgrown lawn. He
crouches, brushes weeds aside. Partially buried in the soil:
a small, DISC-SHAPED OBJECT, metallic, about the size of a
hockey puck. He digs it free, turns it over. Unusual surface
texture. He pockets it.

Before he can knock, the front door opens. Eva, in a plain
dark jacket, watches him from the doorway.

EVA
You came.

DOUGIE
I came to debunk you. Fair warning.

EVA
Fair enough. Come in.

INT. EVA'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Surprisingly warm inside. Bookshelves lined with worn volumes – science, cosmology, signal theory. A cluttered desk. This is a working space, not decoration.

Eva pulls a stack of photographs from a drawer. Lays them out on the desk one by one. Dougie leans in.

The first photos: stars, galaxies – ultra-high resolution, sharper than any amateur telescope should produce. Then metallic objects – components of something complex. Dougie's expression tightens.

The last photograph: Eva, surrounded by figures that are distinctly, unmistakably not human.

Silence.

DOUGIE
Photoshop.

EVA
(gentle, not offended)
I knew you'd say that. Follow me.

EXT. EVA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The backyard holds a makeshift observatory – a converted garden shed with a retractable roof and a bristling array of homemade equipment. Antennas, signal boosters, wiring that disappears into a central console.

DOUGIE
You built this?

EVA
Mostly. Some of it was already here. Watch.

Eva operates the console. A low hum builds. Then – the sky above them erupts in PATTERNS OF LIGHT. Not random. Geometric. Pulsing in sequences, shapes forming and dissolving with precise choreography.

Dougie stares upward. His skeptic's brain visibly working – drones, projectors, coordination – but the scale, the precision...

EVA
(quiet)
They're saying hello.

The lights fade. The sky returns to ordinary stars. Dougie slowly reaches into his pocket and draws out the disc he found in the lawn. In the open air, away from the house – it begins to GLOW. A soft, steady pulse of light from within.

He stares at it. Eva stares at it. Then at each other.

DOUGIE
I found this in your front yard.
Buried.

Eva's expression shifts. Recognition. And something like relief.

DOUGIE
What is it?

EVA
I don't entirely know. But it's
been missing for months.

DOUGIE
Dougie looks at the glowing disc. At the sky. At Eva.

DOUGIE
I think we're just getting started.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVA'S BACKYARD - LATER

They sit on the back steps. The disc sits between them on the concrete, still pulsing faintly. Two teenagers at the edge of something neither can name.

EVA
You're thinking it's a setup. Or
I'm a messed-up kid with a great
imagination.

DOUGIE
Those are on the list, yeah.

EVA

They're on my list too. Every day since it happened, I wonder if I'm crazy. And then I see the lights, and it's too real.

DOUGIE

How do you deal with not knowing?

EVA

I accept that not knowing is part of it. Every answer opens twelve more questions. It's terrifying. Also kind of exhilarating.

DOUGIE

(almost to himself)

Yeah. It kind of is.

He picks up the disc. Turns it over. The pulse syncs, briefly, with his heartbeat.

INT. DOUGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dougie's room: a controlled explosion of curiosity. Star maps, printouts, a whiteboard covered in diagrams. He's at his desk, surrounded by open browser tabs – scientific journals, declassified government UAP reports, astrophysics forums.

The disc sits beside his keyboard, still faintly glowing. He photographs it from every angle. Measures it with a ruler. 4.3 inches in diameter. No visible seams. No manufacturer markings. Surface material: unknown.

He opens a new document. Begins typing. 'EVA STARLING – Case Notes. Day 1.'

He stares at the disc. Types: 'What are you?'

INT. LOCAL UNIVERSITY - SCIENCE LIBRARY - DAY

Dougie moves through towering shelves with the focused energy of a doctoral student. Stacks papers, cross-references. Stops on a physics journal: 'Quantum Entanglement as a Medium for Instantaneous Communication.' Reads. Reads faster.

He pulls out the disc. Holds it near his phone's camera. The phone screen briefly flickers – a cascade of static that resolves into a geometric pattern before cutting back to

normal. He stares.

INT. LOCAL OBSERVATORY - EVENING

A domed room dominated by a massive telescope. DR. HELLEN MARKS, 40s, astrophysicist – patient eyes, coffee in hand – listens as Dougie lays out his notes on a table.

DOUGIE

I'm not asking you to believe the alien part. I'm asking whether these light patterns could be communication. And whether this disc could be a receiver.

Dr. Marks examines the disc carefully. Doesn't touch it. Studies it.

DR. MARKS

Have you considered the possibility that it's not alien – but it is extraordinary? There are government programs working on real-time space communication. Well beyond what's public.

DOUGIE

Human-made but misread as extraterrestrial?

DR. MARKS

It's not the strangest thing that's happened in this field. I'll give you access to some satellite tracking data. But Dougie – be careful. Some questions attract attention.

She slides a folder across the table. He takes it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Dougie bikes home under a thick canopy of stars. The disc glows in his jacket pocket, a faint warmth against his ribs.

EXT. EVA'S HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING

Early morning quiet. Dougie and Eva at the kitchen table inside, surrounded by printouts and journals, the disc

between them – when a sharp KNOCK at the front door makes them both freeze.

Eva's face drains of color.

EVA
(barely audible)
They found me.

DOUGIE
Who?

Another knock. Harder.

Dougie goes to the peephole. Outside: a MAN in a dark suit – 40s, impassive, military posture. Two more suits visible behind him.

Dougie opens the door on the chain.

DOUGIE
Can I help you?

AGENT SMITH
Dougie Debunksley. I'm Agent Smith.

He flashes a badge – too fast to read.

AGENT SMITH
We need the item you found on this property. It's government property. National security.

DOUGIE
I'm not sure what you're referring to.

AGENT SMITH
You have five minutes.

Dougie closes the door. Goes back to Eva.

DOUGIE
(hushed, urgent)
Government. Or someone pretending to be. They want the disc.

EVA
We can't give it to them.

DOUGIE
We can't run either – they've got the front covered. We show them what it does. Cause confusion. Then we run.

EVA
That's not a plan, that's a prayer.

DOUGIE
You got a better one in the next
four minutes?

Eva picks up the disc.

EXT. EVA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Dougie opens the door. Agent Smith and two AGENTS – JOHNSON and RODRIGUEZ – stand on the path. Three dark suits. Three blank faces.

DOUGIE
Before we discuss anything – you
should see what it does.

Eva steps forward and holds the disc toward the open sky. The disc activates – a BEAM of structured light erupts upward, projecting slowly rotating images: star systems, galaxy formations, and cascading sequences of symbols in an unknown language.

The agents stare. Smith's composure wavers – just barely, just for a moment. Johnson and Rodriguez exchange a glance.

EVA
(to Dougie)
Run.

They run. Off the porch, through the side gate, into the neighborhood. Shouts behind them. The sound of pursuit.

END OF SAMPLE

This is the opening excerpt of a 38-page pilot draft produced by BookToScreen.pro from the book "Dougie Debunksley and the Alien Abduction" by Jack Pemberton. The complete draft, in PDF and Final Draft (FDX) format, plus unlimited free AI revision passes, is what every order receives.

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