

SG#1

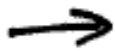
GO CASTING

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INT. CRASHDOWN CAFE - NIGHT

The CLOSED sign hangs in the door, the diner long since emptied out. Liz (27, jaded, though slightly less than she'd like you to believe) slides a milkshake across the bar to Max -- the high school boy who got away ten years ago.

Start



LIZ  
On the house.

MAX  
Thank you.

LIZ  
God. This all feels like a weird dream. I can't believe you're a cop. You were gonna be a writer.

MAX  
(surprised)  
I haven't thought about that since high school. You remember that?

She glances away, blushing a bit-- caught --

LIZ  
Being home is bringing back a lot of things I thought I'd forgotten.

MAX  
What are you doing here, anyway? I heard you were off... curing cancer or something.

LIZ  
I was working on experimental regenerative medicine. It was kind of controversial, but we were close to something great when we lost funding because someone needs money for a wall. And now here I am, back at my high school job, in my high school uniform, sharing a shake with my high school lab partner.

MAX  
Is it really so bad? I mean. Other than the uniform. The uniform is definitely bad.

She laughs. Then -- her smile softens.

Liz

Roswell  
WB/Ambin/CW  
1 hr Pilot

LIZ  
Why didn't you ever leave this place? You realize there's a whole world out there that doesn't smell like cows all the time, right?

MAX  
This is my home.

LIZ  
That's not a real answer. You're so much better than all of this.

MAX  
You've been gone a decade. Maybe I grew up to be a total dick.

LIZ  
I could stay away for a century and I would still know that's not true.

MAX  
(a beat, then--)  
I thought about leaving, once. After high school. If it hadn't been for my family, I would've followed you.

Liz draws in a sharp breath. Surprised. What? Max covers--

MAX (CONT'D)  
In your footsteps, I mean. To... see the world or whatever.  
(covering)  
Anyway. Roswell isn't so bad, if you give it half the chance.

Something shifts between them, then. Liz is hit with a painful memory, an undeniable reality. Her eyes slide to a framed photo on the wall behind him. Her sister, laughing. Alive. A long time ago. She falls quiet.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Liz?

LIZ  
I gave this town plenty of chances, Max. It has always let me down.

She gives him a half-hearted smile and turns away, starting to wipe down the opposite counter. Max's face falls. The moment lost between them.

End

sc#2

3/4

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - ROAD - NIGHT

Liz gets out of her car, unflinching as the officer shines a flashlight directly into her eyes.

Start →

OFFICER

This is just a standard safety checkpoint, so--

LIZ

Oh, that's why there's an ICE van parked around that corner--

OFFICER

We pulled you over because--

LIZ

No. You let the Joneses and the Jenners through, but you're gonna stop the brown woman and tell me this all just *standard*? Next you're just going to *happen* to ask for my passport, which I have, which will prove that I was born three miles from here, which is why I know--

OFFICER

Ma'am--

LIZ

--that Roswell is well past the hundred mile border zone, vato, so good luck with reasonable cause, because I will have the ACLU so far up your ass you'll be reciting the Tenth Circuit's Venzor-Castillo verdict in your sleep--

OFFICER

Ma'am. Your right headlight is out.

LIZ

Oh.

OFFICER

Have you been drinking?

LIZ

What? No.

OFFICER

Are you sure? Because you're being rather combative.

LIZ

I'm a Mexican-American woman in 2018. I engage in combat just by getting out of bed in the morning.

\*

OFFICER

You and I have the same goal here: to get you home safely, Miss...

He checks her ID. And then... something in his voice shifts.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Ortecho.

Liz hears the way his tone has gone even colder.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Any relation?

Liz takes a deep breath. Unsettled, but trying to cover it.

LIZ

To the world-famous boxer? No.

OFFICER

To the girl who killed those people. You're the sister, aren't you?

Liz is quiet. She wants to fight back -- to insist on her sister's innocence -- but she knows it's futile. Finally--

LIZ

Look, I get it. Nobody wants me back in this town. I don't want me back in this town. I'm not staying long, okay? I just need to check on my dad, and then I'll disappear and Roswell can go back to whispering about the Ortecho girls like we're both ghosts.

\*

\*

The officer hands Liz her ID, nods... and walks away. Liz swallows, looking down at it. The smiling teenager in the photo a far cry from the woman she is now.

End.