



# LAST SEEN ON EARTH

Show Bible By  
Rocco Giamatteo

## QUICK SUMMARY

Jack Medina is the thirteen-year-old leader of his neighborhood friend group, with three other boys and a couple girls from school rounding out the crew. He's led them all through thick and thin, but faces the challenge of a lifetime as autumn rolls in... one of the boys goes missing! With the authorities convinced it's a runaway case and the boy's loved ones desperate for answers, Jack takes matters into his own hands and gets his friends to do the same. Together, they discover a trail of clues which all point to one conclusion: their friend was abducted aliens. Up against a ticking clock and skeptical grown-ups who dismiss their theory, Jack and the gang must get to the bottom of their friend's disappearance before it's too late.

## THEMES

### The Power Of Friendship

Jack and the gang work tirelessly to find their friend, even when the supposed "responsible" figures in their life deem it a lost cause. For Jack and the crew, it's just as much their responsibility to find answers as the actual detectives. After all, nothing will stop a true friend from doing what's right.

### Unlikely Heroes

At each and every turn, Jack and the crew will have to put up with sneering and disbelief from the powers that be. They're just kids, after all, who are not expected to stay one step ahead of investigators. They prove everyone wrong as they get closer and closer to the truth.

### Crazy vs. Stupid

Our leads ride this line throughout the show, connecting dots and analyzing clues that have such preposterous implications that the kids themselves wonder whether they're onto something or just plain crazy. Just before they lose hope in their theory, though, they always find another clue or witness as a sort of sign that they're on the right track.

## GENRE

While a crucial part of the premise is clearly a sci-fi trope, the story plays out episode-by-episode as a mystery and suspense piece. The amateur detectives piece together what happened to their friend breadcrumb by breadcrumb, encountering strange obstacles and unlikely enemies along the way. The mystery behind their friend's disappearance only gets deeper when shady authority figures and violent threats start popping up unexpectedly in their lives. All the while, the teenage spirit at the heart of their journey never wanes. Closest comp is Stranger Things.

## MAIN CHARACTERS

### Jack Medina

Do-gooding leader of his rag-tag group of friends, whose only weakness is his crush on Leanne. With his quick wits and tendency to take initiative, there's not a challenge in the world he feels unprepared to tackle – provided that his friends are by his side.

### Leanne Parkes

Adventurous young woman from troubled home who treasures her group of friends as her makeshift family. For her, losing Benny is like losing a loved one. To find him, she becomes the Watson to Jack's Holmes, developing thoughtful strategies for Jack to enact.

### Tommy Toledo

A brash and abrasive member of the gang who likes to eat as much he likes to make a scene – a lot. Still, what he lacks in social grace he makes up for in size and strength – both of which get put to the test when the gang's investigation attracts the wrong kind of attention from grown-ups.

### Naomi Young

The one socialite of the group, whose good looks earned her a lot of attention at school, until gossip and rumors made her see who her real friends were. She still has some social clout which she uses on her friends' behalf, but has been more focused on pursuing her newfound passion in the arts.

## Lucas Shaw

A timid but nonetheless well-intentioned hypochondriac and scaredy cat who is quick to point out the dangers in whatever plan the group undertakes. Still, he winds up surprising the group more than anyone, increasingly putting himself in harm's way for the sake of their missing friend.

## Benny Gibson

The youngest and sweetest member of the group, who mysteriously goes missing without a trace. It's not until his friends discover his trove of alien drawings and book collection that his disappearance becomes a mystery to solve.

# VILLAINS

## Men In Black

Catch-all term for the mysterious figures the kids encounter on their journey to discover the truth about their friend. These nameless, faceless foes obstruct their search every step of the way, treating them more and more like grown-up adversaries as the story progresses.

## Local Law Enforcement

As far as they're concerned, they have enough to fret about already without also having to worry whether these kids will get themselves into trouble while playing detective. They issue stern warnings at first, but become increasingly agitated with the teenage sleuths and eventually resort to using force.

## Alien Forces

Beams of light, trespassed hay fields, bizarre dreams... the kids all have unexplainable experiences and sightings which they can only conclude to be extraterrestrial in nature. It's not clear at first whether these occurrences are friendly communications or stern threats, and it's up to Jack and the gang to determine which is the case.

## 4 EPISODE OUTLINE

### EPISODE 1

The neighborhood kids deal with a bully, then hang out after school complaining about how this new school year has gotten off on a bad start. Benny behaves more quietly than usual, but the rest of the group shrugs it off as the back-to-school blues. The next day, Jack shares a letter with Tommy and Lucas describing his feelings for Leanne and asking if she wants to be his girlfriend this year. The boys urge Jack not to give it to her, while Leanne and Naomi have a similar conversation elsewhere about whether Jack will ask her out and what she would say. Just before the drama unfolds, the group gets some unexpected news: Benny has gone missing!

### EPISODE 2

"Classic runaway case," a detective concludes. The gang doesn't buy it, though. They insist that they know Benny better than anyone, and that he would never do something like this – not without telling them first. Jack sneaks out at night and retraces Benny's steps to an abandoned hay field where something unusual sticks out at him... an odd shape has been perfectly burned into the hay. The next day, he discusses what he found with the gang and convinces them to go to the police. At the police station, the cops lost their patience and shoo them away. Afterwards, the kids all agree – something suspicious is going on.

### EPISODE 3

Lucas does some research on the symbol burned into the field and believes it's a cry for help... that Benny has been kidnapped. If so, there's only one obvious place where he would be... in the old abandoned house in the center of the hay field. The group trades rumors about all the urban legends that have been told about that house, with some jumping to the conclusion that Benny may already be dead. Still, Jack insists that they find out for sure by breaking in. Come nightfall, they sneak out of their houses and do just that, slinking their way through the dark and terrifying house where they find trash and graffiti, but no Benny. After a few false scares where the kids get spooked by little more than their own shadows, they hear something disturbing... someone else is in the house.

### EPISODE 4

"Freeze!" a man shouts. When the man flips on his flashlight, the kids can all make out who it is... a police officer. The same one who dismissed them earlier at the station. He brings them all to the station, where each kids' parents scolds them for what they've done. Leanne is the only one spared, because her foster parents barely keep track of her. Saddened by this reminder, she later breaks into Jack's bedroom and asks if she could spend the night in his room and pretend like she has a family who would worry about her as well. He lets her have the bed while he sleeps on the floor, wondering if he should tell her about his feelings. The next morning, the kids go around handing out flyers with Benny's face on them. Out of nowhere, the bully from earlier appears, steals their flyers and dares them to fight him and his jock buddies. A tense standoff ensues.

CONFIDENTIAL -- WORK SAMPLE



## LAST SEEN ON EARTH

Showrunner — Lauren Richmond

Writer — Rocco Giamatteo

09/26/23

### Episode 1 Where's Benny?

"Get your hands off of me!"

Benny Gibson's cries were met with a chorus of laughter from the middle school jocks who grabbed him by his arms.

"Let's spin him around and around until he pukes!"

Benny tried breaking free from the bullies, but he was no match for them.

"One!" they all shouted, after spinning him once. "Two!" they continued.

"Stop it!" Benny exclaimed while they counted.

"I say he barfs after eleven!"

"My money's on twelve!"

Meanwhile, Benny started to feel dizzy. He could already feel the nausea setting in when heard an unexpected sound... bicycles skidding to a stop.

"Hey!" a familiar voice exclaimed.

Just then, the jocks stopped what they were doing and turned.

A pack of middle-schoolers stared down the bullies atop their bikes like they were the backup cavalry crew in a Western.

Their leader, Jack Medina, held a slingshot with a rock pulled back and ready to fire.

"Let him go!" Jack demanded.

The bullies' leader, Cliff, stepped forward. "Or else what?!" he shouted with a snarl. "You gonna slingshot us to death?"

While Cliff's buddies laughed at the joke, Jack remained perfectly calm.

"I don't plan to kill you with this..." he said, "... but it sure would be a shame if you lost an eye, wouldn't it, Cliff? Seeing as how you're the star quarterback and all..."

Cliff's face fell. He could tell that Jack meant business.

"If you do that, my posse here will tear you to pieces. ALL of you!"

Cliff's crew stepped forward to join their leader in his face-off with the middle schoolers. As they did, each the middle schoolers reached into their pockets and pulled out slingshots.

The two crews were at a stalemate, with Benny trapped behind the line of jocks facing off with his friends.

"I know what you're all thinking..." Jack began. "You're thinking, 'These dorks only have one single shot apiece. No way they're taking MY eye out...'"

Jack's crew wound back their slingshots, as Jack continued, "So come on, then. Take your chances."

Jack and Cliff held each other's gaze, while one of Cliff's cronies whispered to him, "Cliff, I can't get injured and sit out this season. Coach is gonna kill me..."

Everything fell to Cliff, who trembled with anger as he glared at Jack. Finally, he exclaimed, "Let the twerp go!"

A line full of Varsity jackets parted and Benny stepped forward to join his friends.

"This isn't over, Medina," Cliff warned. "You and your friends will pay for this."

Benny hopped on the back pegs of Jack's bike while Jack and the gang pedaled away. As they left, Cliff gave Benny a menacing look. Benny was used to dealing with bullies in his life, but Cliff was the worst one yet.

He felt lucky to have friends in his life who had his back.

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"Thanks, guys," Benny told his friends while they all ate fast-food burgers at the park sometime later.



His heavyset friend, Tommy Toledo, answered while gobbling his burger and eyeing Benny's French fries, "It's what friends do, Benny... kinda like giving a friend your French fries, because it looks like you're not eating them."

While Benny took the hint and passed along his fries, a longtime friend of the group named Leanne Parks chimed in, "I don't seem to remember you doing anything at all, Tommy."

Leanne's friend Naomi added, "Yeah, Jack was the one who did all the talking."

Tommy turned toward Leanne and Naomi and stuffed his mouth with fries as he declared, "Moral support."

Jack and the crew laughed until the group's most neurotic member, Lucas, interrupted to ask, "Does this look undercooked to you?"

Presenting a chicken nugget to the gang, he explained, "The last thing I want is salmonella, It kills over four hundred people a year, you know."

Jack placed his hand on Lucas' shoulder. "You worry too much, Lucas."

Tommy added, "Yeah, just eat it!"

Lucas shook his head and gave his chicken nuggets to Tommy. "Here, if you want to risk your life for a couple of chicken nuggets, be my guest."

Tommy accepted the nuggets without hesitation. "Well, getting salmonella can't be any worse than school. The year just started and it's already the worst ever."

Jack shook his head, "Bad day, that's all. Keep your head up."

Leanne gave Jack an admiring look. She loved how much of a team leader he was in moments like this.

Jack could see Leanne looking at him and smiled. He felt a deep connection with Leanne.

Meanwhile, Naomi noticed something in the grass nearby. "Benny?" she asked aloud. "What are you doing?"

The group turned to see Benny lying in the grass staring up at the twilight sky. The stars were just beginning to become visible.

"Sometimes I look up at the sky like this..." Benny began, "... it reminds me that everybody here on Earth is just as small as I am."

Concerned, Leanne assured Benny, "You're the youngest in our grade. You'll start growing and catch up to everybody."

But Benny just shook his head, answering, "Even then, I'm still stuck on this planet where guys like Cliff will always have on over on guys like me... even though we're all just ants in the scheme of things, he's a more important ant here on Earth."

The group all shared confused looks, as Benny continued, "Maybe there's someplace up there... someplace far away, where guys like me matter more than guys like Cliff."

All Benny could see was a sky full of stars, until Jack's head suddenly entered view and hovered over him. "Until then..." Jack said, "... you're stuck here in Summerville with us."

He reached out his hand. Benny smiled and grabbed it, as Jack pulled him up and led him back to the group. Together, they rode their bikes away to make it home by nightfall.

As they pedaled away, Jack stole another glance at Leanne. There was something he wanted to ask her, but it was going to have to wait until the next day.

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"You're gonna ask Leanne to be your girlfriend?!" Tommy exclaimed.

Jack looked all around the school bus to make sure nobody heard Tommy. "Keep your voice down, Tommy."

But Tommy couldn't contain himself. "Listen, Jack. We all really like Leanne. She and Naomi are the only girls at school who don't treat us like flies."

Lucas nodded in approval while he took a puff from his inhaler.

"But she's like your sister, dude," Tommy continued. "You can't ask out your sister. It's just wrong."

Lucas chimed in, "It's not just wrong, it's illegal. In fact, sibling marriage is frowned upon across most of the world."

Jack responded, "She's not my sister, guys, she's my dear friend. Plus, I'm pretty sure she feels the same way about me."

Tommy chomped away at a bag of cookies, explaining, "You're making me stress eat. Let me think..."

Meanwhile, Lucas puffed away on his inhaler.

“What’s gotten you so nervous?” Jack asked him.

“The thought of our friend group splitting apart...” Lucas answered, “... because things between you and Leanne are about to get weird.”

Jack was caught off-guard by Lucas’ words, since he hadn’t considered the possibility of the friend group breaking apart over his feelings for Leanne.

“Look dude...” Tommy began, with a mouth full of cookies, “... Leanne’s a foster kid. She doesn’t have a family. WE’RE her family... so if she doesn’t feel the same way about you, or if it doesn’t work out between the two of you... it’s gonna crush her.”

Lucas then added, “Me too.”

Jack felt overwhelmed by the decision he had before him. He was hoping for some moral support from his friends, but instead he just got discouragement.

He wanted to ask Benny his opinion, but looked around to see that Benny was nowhere to be found.

“Where’s Benny?” he asked.

Tommy and Lucas surveyed the bus and shrugged their shoulders.

“Mom’s probably driving him today,” Tommy asserted.

With that, Jack didn’t even think twice about Benny’s whereabouts. He had a lot on his mind already.

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**(SFX: School bell ringing, crowd in hallway)**

When school ended for the day, Leanne stopped by her locker. She opened it to find a picture of her and the gang taped on the inside door.

Just the sight of the picture made her smile.

“Hey there, foster trash,” a voice bellowed from behind her.

Leanne turned to find Cliff standing behind her. "Must be nice to have your boyfriend do your fighting for you," he said.

"Jack's not my boyfriend," Leanne asserted. "Besides, I do my own fighting. You want to go toe-to-toe with a girl like me, you're even less of a man than I thought. But be my guest."

Cliff immediately shot back, "No, I'm gonna show you what a real man could do. First, by making an example out of Jack. And as for that little pipsqueak, Benny..."

Suddenly, another young woman's voice popped up out of nowhere, asking, "What about me?"

It was Naomi, who stepped in between Leanne and Cliff. "You gonna show me what a real man can do?"

Cliff smiled in surprise, telling Naomi, "I was planning on it... but then you quit the cheerleading team and became this artsy chick who hangs with losers..."

Leanne butt in to say, "It's called finding yourself, Cliff. You should try it sometime. And she's not just 'artsy.' She's more talented at sketching than you'll be at anything in your entire life."

Gazing into Naomi's eyes. "If you ever want to come back to the cool kids where you belong..." he said, raising his fingers to her hair, "... I'll show you what you've been missing."

He tried streaking his fingers through Naomi's hair, but Naomi slapped his hand away. With a chuckle, Cliff tore himself away.

"Thanks," Leanne told Naomi.

"Don't mention it," Naomi replied. "Let me walk you home."

Arm in arm, the girls did exactly that. They stayed close together, side by side, as they walked to the part of Summerville where Leanne's foster family lived.

Leanne appreciated Naomi's friendship the same way she valued Jack's. And so, when she and Naomi finally made it to her foster house and found Jack waiting for her there, it was a pleasant surprise.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" Leanne asked.

Jack swallowed his nerves and answered, "I uhh... I wanted to ask you something."

Naomi could already sense that they would need some privacy.

"I'll be on my way," she said. "Call me, Leanne."

With that, Naomi excused herself.

"What do you want to ask me, Jack?" Leanne asked.

Jack felt a wave of panic wash over him, breaking into a cold sweat. "I've never uhh... this is my first time, uhh... well, I want to do this right, okay? So I wrote it down."

Leanne watched as Jack fumbled with a piece of paper he took out of his pocket. She could see that Jack was a wreck.

"Do you want to come inside?" Leanne asked. "My foster dad won't be home until four."

Jack shook his head, insisting, "Please, just listen to what I have to say."

With trembling hands, he read the paper, "Dear Leanne... your friendship has and always will mean the world to me. We've been through thick and thin together. Since we first met, I have found myself wanting to be around you more and more."

Leanne froze in shock. She wasn't expecting this at all. She could already imagine what Jack's question would be, but didn't know how she would answer it.

"That's why..." Jack continued, "... I want to ask you a very important question."

For Jack and Leanne, their hearts completely stopped. This was a moment that would change their relationship forever.

"Guys!" someone yelled down the road.

Jack and Leanne were suddenly taken completely out of the moment. Reality settled back in, as they turned to find Tommy running as fast as he could toward them.

"Guys!" Tommy yelled again.

"What is it, Tommy?" Jack snapped. "We're kind of in the middle of something."

Finally, Tommy arrived and panted over and over again because he was so out of breath.

"Guys, it's..." Tommy uttered before heaving again. "... it's Benny..."

Leanne immediately grew concerned. "What about Benny?"

Tommy was still catching his breath. “He’s... he’s...”

Jack couldn’t take it anymore, shouting, “He’s WHAT?”

Finally, Tommy inhaled enough air to say the words. “He’s missing!”

CONFIDENTIAL -- WORK SAMPLE



## LAST SEEN ON EARTH

Showrunner — Lauren Richmond

Writer — Rocco Giamatteo

09/26/23

### Episode 2 Leave It To Us

“Classic runaway case,” the officer said.

He was a local detective in the small town of Summerville where Benny and his friends lived.

“I’ve seen it before,” he asserted.

Benny’s mom hurried into the living room and handed the detective a cup of coffee, before sitting down next to Benny’s dad.

“They said the same thing down at the station,” Benny’s mom told him. “But Detective Ballard, how can you be so sure? I mean, don’t runaways usually leave a note? My Benny, he’s a sweet boy. He doesn’t leave the house for a stick of gum without leaving a note. If he ran away, he would have at least said goodbye.”

Detective Ballard sipped his coffee. “Mrs. Gibson, I don’t mean to minimize what you’re saying, but I’ve heard those very same words from many mothers before. But take it as a sign of hope. In the vast majority of those cases, children came back to their parents within twenty-four hours.”

Across the room, Jack and the crew sat in stunned silence on the couch until Lucas felt compelled to interject, “Statistically speaking, a third of runaways become victims of a crime forty-eight hours after running away.”

An awkward silence fell over the room, until Jack whispered, “Now’s not the time, Lucas.”

Leanne then posed a question which had been on her mind. “Detective, if something did happen to Benny, shouldn’t we be looking for clues or evidence right now to find out what happened?”

Benny’s parents looked pleadingly at Ballard, which made the detective annoyed by Leanne’s line of questioning.

“Young lady...” he began, “... why don’t you leave the detective work to professionals, okay? I’ve done this a long time and I can tell you that jumping to conclusions only leads to more distress for the missing person’s loved ones. In this case, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.”

Leanne immediately shot back, “And me too, detective! Benny’s like family to us too.”

Jack rubbed Leanne's back to console her while the detective took a breath. "I understand. Really, I do. But as a matter of procedure, the Summerville police does not launch a missing persons investigation unless there's just cause to do so. In other words, there's no evidence that anything bad has happened to your friend."

Leanne shouted, "There's no evidence because you're not looking for it!"

Jack removed his hand from Leanne's back, realizing that she was beyond the point of being comforted.

Detective Ballard flipped through his notepad. "Tell me if I got this straight. Yesterday, after school..." he read, "... you find Benny getting bullied by a bunch of jocks and bring him away to safety."

"Afterwards, he keeps quiet until finally he confesses that he sometimes wishes things were different for him someplace else. In fact, he wondered what life for him would be like on a different planet..."

Leanne took in the Detective's words. Hearing his notes read aloud, she understood that it sure did sound like Benny wanted to run away from his life in Summerville.

"You all part ways for your houses, with Benny taking a short cut through the old abandoned hay field. That's the last time you all see him."

Closing his notepad, Detective Ballard asked, "Did I miss anything?"

As everyone in the room fell silent, Detective Ballard felt satisfied that he made his point.

"Very well then," he said, getting up to leave. "Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, I'll be in touch tomorrow. For now, please keep your phone on and your eyes peeled. Runaways tend to come back into your life when you least expect it."

Just as the detective made his way to the door, Jack stood up with something to say.

"Just one last thing, Detective... We're not cops and don't know the first thing about just cause, police procedure or any of that... We admit it. But there is one thing we know better than just about anyone... and it's our friend, Benny."

Jack took a step forward as he pleaded his case. "We know the kind of person Benny is. And we're telling you, he would not just run away like this. He wouldn't leave us behind like this, not without telling us first."



Detective Ballard seemed moved by Jack's words. He approached the thirteen-year-old and placed his hand on Jack's shoulder. "Son, you've certainly convinced me of one thing... you and your friends are NOT cops..."

Jack was crestfallen the detective showed himself out the door. Despite his best efforts, the powers that be were not taking him and his friends seriously.

But just when he felt that all hope was lost, an idea struck him like a thunderbolt. *Even though we're not cops... he thought to himself... doesn't mean we can't act like them.*

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That night, Leanne was asleep in her bed when something strange woke her up in the middle of the night.

Her eyes fluttered open out of nowhere, only find the reason why coming through her window.

It was a bright, shining light, moving side to side as it streamed in through her window pane.

"What in the world..." she muttered to herself.

She got up from bed and wandered toward the window. *Is that a helicopter?* she thought to herself. *Or maybe it's a firework of some kind.*

But as she got closer to the window, her expectations got completely flipped on their head. Because there was more than just a bright light waiting for her outside.

"Leanne!" a voice cried out from the window.

Leanne squealed with fright, startling where she stood as she made out the face of someone outside her window.

"Jack?" she asked aloud.

Opening her window, Leanne saw Jack perched atop a ladder leading up to her bedroom.

"What do you think you're doing?" she asked in a hushed whisper.

"If anybody's gonna find out what happened to Benny, it's us," he told her. "We can do our own detective work. Step one is to retrace his steps. We have to do it now, while the trail's still fresh with evidence and before we go to school tomorrow."

Leanne shook her head in disbelief. "So you just show up here and expect me to follow you out into the night? We can get into big trouble, Jack."

Jack insisted, "I didn't come here expecting anything." He then reached out his hand as he continued, "I came here to ask for your help."

Leanne glanced at Jack's hand and couldn't help but feel honored. She reached out and took his hand, but then guided it back onto the ladder.

"Let me get changed," she told him. "I'll meet you outside."

With that, she closed the window. Jack climbed down to the ground with a mixture of determination and romantic joy in his heart.

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"This is where we last saw him," Jack whispered to Leanne.

Together, they shone their flashlights on a crossroads located in the middle of Summerville.

"This way leads to the hay field Benny took to get home," Leanne remarked.

Flashing their lights on the ground and their surroundings, Jack and Leanne proceeded down the trail.

"Keep an eye out for anything suspicious," Jack said.

Leanne nodded and kept a watchful eye on everything around her. "It's hard to see," she observed. "The only light besides ours is coming from the sky."

**(SFX: Bushes rustling)**

"What was that?!" Leanne exclaimed.

Jack found himself doubly surprised. The noise made him startle, but it also made Leanne rush to his side for protection.

Jack's heart raced as Leanne's body heat came close to his. Instead of getting distracted, though, he shone his flashlight on the bush to see what made the noise.

"It's just a squirrel," Jack told her.

"Oh," Leanne said, breaking away from Jack and blushing.

Jack could tell that Leanne felt embarrassed and wanted to make her feel better. So he motioned for the two of them to continue onward, "Let's uhh... let's just keep going."

Leanne nodded and followed Jack into the abandoned hay field.

"Do you see anything?" Jack asked as he and Leanne aimed their flashlights around the perimeter.

"Nothing but hay," Leanne answered.

She looked up to the sky, remembering what Benny said the day before about life being different on other planets.

"I bet he stargazed here," she said.

But Jack was too distracted to hear her. "What's this?!" he exclaimed.

Leanne trudged through the hay field to join Jack by his side. There, Jack's flash light illuminated a patch of field that looked different from the areas surrounding it.

"Look how dark this hay is compared to the rest..." Jack remarked. He bent down, picked up a few of the darker pieces and shared some with Leanne.

Leanne felt the hay in her hands and sniffed it as well. "They've been burnt."

Jack flashed his light back on the burnt hay, following a trail of it that led him around in a perfect circle. Meanwhile, Leanne spotted a few burn marks within the circle.

"Is this an airfield?" Leanne asked aloud.

Jack was just as dumbfounded as Leanne. "I don't know, but something clearly landed here. Something that left this perfect burn pattern."

"What do you think this is?" Leanne asked.

Jack replied, "It's our first clue."

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The next day in the cafeteria, Naomi sketched out the odd burn pattern Jack and Leanne witnessed. When she finished, she showed it to them.

Leanne's eyes widened upon seeing the sketch. "Yep, perfect. That's exactly it."

Jack nodded in agreement. "Great work, Naomi."

Meanwhile, Tommy stared slack-jawed at the sketch and wondered aloud, "What am I looking at?"

Jack sighed. "Not sure. Zodiac sign, maybe?"

Naomi shook her head. "No, I got deep into astrology last summer. I would know if it was that."

Lucas squinted at the drawing and had an insight of his own. "It kind of looks like it's pointing to something."

Placing his finger down on a curved line within the circular sketch, Lucas followed the line in a direction and asked, "This line here. It's the only one that's leading away from the center. Like it's pointing to something outside the circle."

As his friends gathered to see what he was talking about, something hit Lucas right then and there. "This part I'm pointing at... was it due north?"

Jack shrugged, while Leanne answered, "Yes."

Surprised, Jack asked her, "How do you know?"

Leanne explained, "I was looking up at the sky before we found the burn mark, remember? This part was near the North Star."

Jack marveled at Leanne's navigation abilities, while Lucas clammed up.

"What is it, Lucas?" Naomi asked him.

"Dude, you look white as a ghost," Tommy quipped.

Lucas sat down, taking off his glasses. "I hope I'm wrong..." he began, "... but there's something sinister about this weird symbol you find."

The group crowded around Lucas, asking, "What? Why would you say that? What do you mean?"

Lucas took a puff of his inhaler. "Guys... there's only one other thing on that hay field... and this sign is pointing right at it."

After a moment's thought, Tommy let out a surprised, "Ohhh..."

Everyone except Lucas turned toward Tommy, who finally told them, "The haunted farmhouse."

Naomi deflated with concern, while Jack assured them, "Come on, guys, that's just some stupid urban legend."

Leanne looked around confused, asking, "Haunted farmhouse?"

Lucas took the floor, explaining, "Centuries ago, when there was nothing in Summerville but farmland, there was a family that lived in that farmhouse... One day, they woke up to find that all their cattle had been slaughtered."

Jack interjected, "Allegedly."

Lucas went on to tell them all, "... they tried to get to the bottom of what happened, but the more they looked into it, the more they realized... something supernatural was living there on the land."

Tommy took over the story. "My brother says that other families have tried living in that house. But each and every time, they lose their minds and abandon the home without looking back."

Lucas piped up again. "The town tried to sell the land... but after a while, they decided to just leave it there. People take shortcuts through the hay field, but no one's stepped foot in that house since."

Leanne finally had to ask. "So are you saying that Benny is up there in this spooky old house?"

In response, Jack declared, "The truth is, we don't know... but there's only one way to find out for sure."



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### Episode 3 Geronimo

“What in the world are you wearing, Lucas?!” Tommy asked.

“You’re just jealous that you didn’t think of this!” Lucas shot back.

He was the last one to arrive at the crossroads where the gang agreed to meet.

“Is that a scuba suit?” Naomi asked him.

Lucas shook his head in exasperation. He couldn’t believe he had to explain this to everyone.

“You idiots... don’t you know how evil spirits work? They’re like water. They can get inside you through any opening they can find. This scuba suit clings to me tight and won’t let anything touch my skin or get inside my body.”

Leanne pointed to something on Lucas’ head while Jack asked the other question on everyone’s mind. “Lucas, you’ve got tinfoil on your head.”

But Lucas had an answer for this as well. “It’s like a scuba suit for my brainwaves. Protects them from getting contaminated. My mind is precious and I don’t intend to lose it!”

*A little too late for that*, everyone thought to themselves.

With the gang all present, Jack addressed them in a team huddle while Leanne handed out flashlights.

“We need to keep a low profile...” he began, “... so keep your voices down and your eyes peeled for any witnesses. The last thing we want is for someone to call the cops.”

Tommy raised his hand. Jack found himself caught off-guard.

“What is it, Tommy?”

Tommy lowered his hand. “I just want to say again for the record that I’m going to be in a world of trouble if my parents find out I snuck out tonight.”

Nodding, Naomi added, "Yeah, me too."

Jack assured all of them, "Each and every one of us is taking a risk tonight. And it's more than just getting caught by our parents. We don't know what's waiting for us in that house."

The group shared looks of concern, as Jack continued, "... but Benny's our friend. He would do the same for us."

The gang nodded in agreement. Inspired by Jack's words, Lucas lowered a pair of scuba goggles over his eyes and declared, "Let's do this!"

With that, they all headed over to the abandoned farmhouse. The closer they got, the further they became from streetlights and the darker it became.

"Let's each take someone's hand..." Jack suggested. "... so we all stick together."

Immediately, Leanne grabbed Jack's hand. Jack could feel through her palms that her heart was racing.

Meanwhile, Lucas grabbed Naomi's hand. "Don't tell the girls, Tommy..." Lucas whispered, "... but I'm pretty spooked out. It's so quiet."

Tugging him along toward the house, Naomi told him, "I'm Naomi, you moron. Take off those goggles."

Pointing his flashlight around, Lucas wondered aloud, "If you're Naomi, then where's Tommy?"

**(SFX: *Chewing snack food*)**

Naomi's eyes widened in surprise. "What's that sound... is... is someone eating?"

In response, Tommy's voice answered in the darkness. "I brought cheez-its. They're my last meal in case we die."

Jack flashed his light up ahead, exclaiming, "Look!"

Together, they watched as Jack's light shone on a decrepit old house tucked away on the northern edge of the hay field.

"That's definitely it..." Lucas remarked. "I've already got the chills."

Surveying the house, Jack observed, "Alright, it's a two-story house. We should split up. Tommy and Naomi, you take the upstairs. Lucas and Leanne, you take the downstairs."

Leanne asked, "What about you?"

Jack pointed his flashlight to an area beside the house, "You see that storm cellar? There's no telling what's down there. I'll check it out myself."

Leanne didn't like the sound of that. "You're going down there alone?"

Placing his hands on her shoulders, he told her, "I'll be fine. I would take a partner if I could, but we just don't have the numbers and it's too dangerous."

A silence fell over the group, until Naomi came up with an idea. "We should have a signal. Some kind of sound we can make if we're in trouble or someone sees us."

Lucas exclaimed, "Oh, I got it! If things go south, we'll howl like coyotes."

Naomi hated the idea. "If I'm running for my life, the last thing I'm doing is howling like a damn coyote!"

Jack stepped in to ease the tension. "Guys, let's keep it simple. In the Boy Scouts, my distress code was 'Geronimo.' Let's yell that if someone's in trouble."

With everyone in agreement, the kids dispersed. Jack headed for the storm cellar, while the rest of the group hurried up the porch to the front door.

Lucas and Leanne checked the windows, while Tommy and Naomi tried the door.

"It's pitch black in there," Lucas announced with his face pressed up against the window.

Meanwhile, Tommy tried pushing and pulling the front door but it wouldn't open.

"Crap, it's locked!" Tommy yelled.

Suddenly, Leanne strode across the porch, saying, "Let me see."

Tommy and Naomi cleared the way for Leanne to take a look at the door. "Piece of cake," she said.

Reaching into her hair, she pulled a hairpin into a view and jammed it into the lock. After jiggling it around inside the lock for a moment...

**(SFX: Door unlocks and creaks open)**



“We’re in!” Tommy celebrated.

With that, the four of them creaked the door open all the way and gently stepped inside.

“Wow, what a dump,” Tommy remarked.

Pointing their flashlights all around the entranceway, the kids noticed termite holes in the ceiling and peeling wallpaper all along the walls.

Tommy’s flashlight lowered from the walls down to the floorboards, where the group encountered their first surprise of the night.

“Rat!” Tommy shrieked.

Just then, a skinny and bug-eyed rat skittered across the floor. Tommy cowered behind Naomi, trembling with fear.

“Guys, I don’t do rats,” Tommy explained.

“Then you shouldn’t have brought Cheez-its with you!” Naomi snapped.

To keep everyone on track, Leanne chimed in. “Come on, let’s stay focused. You two head upstairs. Lucas and I will look down here.”

With Tommy still shivering in fear behind her, Naomi rolled her eyes and dragged him toward the steps. “Let’s go, big guy.”

As Naomi led Tommy up the stairs, Leanne and Lucas wandered around the stairway and into the living room.

“Benny?” Leanne whispered aloud. “Benny, are you here?”

Leanne’s flashlight shone on a couch in the darkness, followed by a coffee table.

“Hello? Anyone?” she called aloud as she bent down to check under the furniture.

Meanwhile, Lucas busied himself over at the mantelpiece. He flashed his light over the picture frames that rested there.

“Whoa, this is creepy...” he whispered.

“What is it?” Leanne asked.

"The eyes..." Benny answered. "The eyes in all these pictures are cut out."

Leanne made her way over to the kitchen. "Benny, if this is some kind of prank, it's not funny! You got us scared to death!"

While Leanne checked the kitchen, Lucas turned down a hallway. As soon as he did, he startled in shock. "Agh!"

Leanne rushed in, "What is it?!"

She flashed her light and immediately found herself face-to-face with a pair of dead, black eyes.

"Holy crap!" she yelled.

But Lucas calmed down by that point, joining Leanne by her side. "Wait, look. It's just a moose head."

Leanne took a closer look.

"See?" Lucas continued. "It's one of those taxidermy heads."

Finally, Leanne's nerves settled. "I've already had enough of this place."

Upstairs, Tommy and Naomi were in the middle of their own creepy house tour. They were at the end of a long hallway, with closed doors lining either side.

"Let's check the rooms one by one," Naomi said.

Tommy nodded, approaching the first door on their right. "Good idea."

He knocked on the door. "Benny? You in there?"

With no response, Tommy shrugged his shoulders. "Oh well, let's go to the next one."

Naomi rolled her eyes and approached the door herself. "Unbelievable."

She threw open the door and aimed her flashlight all around the room. "It's just an empty bedroom," Naomi remarked.

Tommy braced himself as he moved onto the next door. *Come on, Tommy, be brave*, he thought to himself. *Just open the door.*

After a couple nervous breaths, Tommy finally threw open the door.

He aimed his flashlight and saw the unthinkable... a boy just like him shining an identical flashlight right back at him.

"Don't hurt me!" Tommy yelled, backing away from the door and covering his eyes.

Just then, Naomi passed by down the hallway. She barely even glanced in the doorway as she made a passing comment.

"Bathroom mirror, genius," she told him.

Tommy uncovered his eyes. "Oh. My bad."

Catching up with Naomi, he prepared to open the last final and door. "Let's do this one together," he suggested.

Nodding, Naomi added, "On the count of three..."

Tommy started the count. "One..."

Naomi joined in. "Two..."

In unison, the two of them announced, "Three!"

With that, they pushed their way into the room. Illuminating their surroundings with their flashlights, they could immediately tell that this was the master bedroom.

"Benny?" Tommy whispered as he searched through the room. "Benny, are you here?"

While Tommy scoured the room, Naomi caught sight of something through the bedroom window.

"Oh, no..." she said aloud, rushing over to the window.

"What is it?" Tommy asked.

In response, Naomi could only stand there slack-jawed by what she was looking at. "Oh my God."

***(SFX: Descending creaky wooden steps)***

Down in the storm cellar, Jack lowered himself into the darkness step by step. Until finally, he felt his feet land on a gravel floor.

*This is so creepy, Jack thought to himself. The only thing I can hear is my own breath.*

He aimed his flashlight forward and clicked it on. In a flash, he could see that he was in a long underground corridor filled with rats and cobwebs.

But his view of everything disappeared the very next moment, when his flashlight flickered.

“No, no, no....” Jack panicked.

After some flickering, though, the light went out completely.

“Damn battery,” Jack muttered to himself.

*That’s okay, Jack, remember your training from Boy Scouts,* he thought to himself.

“I’m about three paces from the exit...” he whispered to himself. “I’m feeling the left wall now... counting my paces as I go.”

Step by step, Jack took a tally of his paces while he proceeded forward down the corridor.

“Benny?” he called aloud. “Benny, it’s me, Jack. Here, I’ll prove it to you... remember the time you wet your pants at recess a few years ago and I was the only one who noticed. I still haven’t said anything.”

As Benny continued down the pitch black corridor, his words echoed through the space. As far as he could tell, there was nobody else there.

“Oh, and then there was that field trip where you and I...”

Suddenly, Jack’s foot hit something hard. Unable to see anything, he couldn’t break his fall. All he could do was brace himself while his whole body went toppling to the ground and made him faceplant into the gravel.

Jack winced in pain, scrambling around to feel the object he tripped on. That’s when he felt a liquid spilling out onto his hands.

“Agh!” Jack jolted in surprise. Feeling around some more, he realized that he tripped over a bucket. A bucket with some kind of liquid in it.

Frantic now, Jack tapped the side of his flashlight again and again to make it flash just one more time.

He needed to see what kind of liquid his hands were covered in.

“Come on, come on...” he grumbled.

Getting his flashlight to turn on was his sole focus, until he heard the most unexpected sound that changed everything.

“Geronimo!” Naomi’s voice cried out into the night.

Jack startled. He knew something was wrong. But before he could do anything about, he heard another sound that was even more surprising and terrifying.

***(SFX: Footsteps on gravel)***

From the cellar door, something plopped down into the corridor and was making its way toward Jack!

Jack gasped in shock, backing away from the door further down into the darkness. With his flashlight dead, all he could do was imagine who... or what... was down there with him.

Step by step, Jack could hear the visitor get closer and closer to him. He braced himself for a brawl in the darkness.

Just then, Jack was overcome with something powerful. Something he was begging for just a moment ago... bright, shining light.

It filled up the corridor, blinding Jack at first. He tried covering his eyes, which is when he finally saw the liquid that spilled from the bucket all over his hands.

“Oh my God,” he said. “I’ve got blood on my hands!”

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## LAST SEEN ON EARTH

Showrunner — Lauren Richmond

Writer — Rocco Giamatteo

09/28/23

### Episode 4 Homecomings

“Freeze!” a man’s voice shouted.

For Jack, it all happened so fast. One minute, he was trying to make sense of the blood he found on his hands. The next, he was turning to see who was down there in the storm cellar barking orders at him.

“Hands in the air!” the voice yelled.

Jack did as he was told, but looked at his bloody hands and could see that he had some explaining to do. “It’s not what it looks like!”

The man had a powerful flashlight that was so blindingly bright, Jack could barely look in the man’s direction.

“Before you try anything, just know that my friends are inside the house!” Jack yelled. “They know I’m down here!”

The man holding the flashlight started pacing forward toward Jack. Squinting into the light, Jack stumbled back. “I mean it!” Jack exclaimed. “If you put your hands on me, there’s gonna be consequences!”

The man’s footsteps got closer and louder. Jack braced himself for a fight in the dark down there in the storm cellar... maybe even a fight to the death.

Just as the man made it to Jack, he said, “Do yourself a favor, kid...”

With that, the man lowered his flashlight so that Jack could finally see him. The man wore a police uniform and held out a gun alongside his flashlight.

“Stop talking,” the officer ordered.

Jack deflated in a mix of disappointment and relief. He was going to make it out of that storm cellar alive... but he was also going to jail.

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“How could you!” Jack’s mom exclaimed.

“I’m very disappointed in you, young lady...” Naomi’s father told her.

Detective Ballard stood between the parents and the kids seated alongside each other in the lobby. They all bowed their heads in shame, while the detective crossed his arms.

The only grown-ups who didn’t come down to the station were Leanne’s foster guardians. They couldn’t be bothered.

“Your children have committed a very serious crime...” Detective Ballard explained. “... breaking and entering is a felony. They’re lucky they’re not in handcuffs right now.”

Tommy lifted his head to plead his case. “But we didn’t break anything! We were just looking for Benny!”

Tommy’s mother interjected. “Thomas J. Toledo, you keep your mouth shut!”

Detective Ballard nodded in agreement as he reached to pull something out of his pocket. “You should listen to your mother, Tommy. After all, anything can and will be used against. That goes for anything that leaves your mouth...”

The detective paused for effect, then revealed what was in his pocket: an evidence bag full of Cheez-its.

“... or goes inside it,” the detective said. “After getting a call about some noise, we followed these straight to your location.”

“Wow, nice going,” Lucas remarked to Tommy.

Tommy socked Lucas in the side, while Lucas’ father exclaimed, “Young man, that’s enough out of you!”

Lucas’ father turned toward Ballard. “Detective, I’m an analyst for insurance companies. It’s my job to assess risk. And I can assure you that there’s at least an eighty percent likelihood that these first-time offenders will NEVER do anything like this ever again.”

Lucas’ father then took off his glasses and glared at his son. “And by the time I get through with my son...” he continued, “... that number will be a HUNDRED percent.”

Nodding in approval, the other parents chimed.



“Here, here.”

“Absolutely.”

“No doubt about it.”

Detective Ballard liked what he was hearing. Still, he couldn't let the kids off the hook without making sure of just one more thing.

“You...” he said, looking at Jack. “Look at me, Medina.”

Jack met the detective's gaze.

“You gonna drop this...?” the detective asked, “... and let the police do our job to find your friend?”

All eyes were on Jack. Everything was riding on his answer. If he told the detective what he wanted to hear, then they could all go home.

“Yes or no, Jack?” the detective demanded.

Jack found himself in a bind. He wanted to get his friends out of all the trouble they were in, but he couldn't lie.

Finally, he told the detective, “I learned my lesson.”

Leanne knew Jack well enough to know what he truly meant... that he would be doing things differently from here on out to find Benny. But as far as everyone else in the room was concerned, he was contrite.

“Very well,” Detective Ballard responded. “You're all free to go.”

Tommy's mother grabbed Tommy by the ear and lured him away. “Ow!” Tommy cried.

Lucas and Naomi left with their parents as well, leaving Jack to glance at Leanne in concern. She was the only one there with no one to take her home.

“Let's go!” Jack's mother insisted. “I'm not going to say it again, mister!”

Finally, Jack mouthed the word “bye” and got up to leave with his mom.

“You're in a world of trouble, young man,” Jack's mom told him as they walked toward the exit. Jack peeked back behind him to see Leanne waiting behind all alone.

“Let’s find someone to take you home, sweetheart,” a police officer said as he approached Leanne.

Pushing through the exit door, Jack turned forward and left the station with his mom.

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That night, Jack lay sleepless in bed. He stared up at the ceiling as his mind raced.

*How come the cops haven’t been looking for evidence as much as we have? he wondered. How long has that been blood been down in the storm cellar? What was the meaning behind that strange symbol burned into the hay?*

The questions all led to the most important conundrum of all... *What did any of this have to do with Benny’s disappearance? What in the world happened to him?*

Jack puzzled over the mysteries for hours. It took until the dead of night for him to finally start drifting off to sleep.

Just then, something unexpected happened.

**(SFX: Pebbles hitting window)**

Jack’s eyes widened in surprise. There was a noise coming from the window. He slipped out of bed and crept over to the windowsill.

Opening the window, he poked his head out and looked around.

*There’s nothing out here,* he thought to himself. Am I dreaming?

“Psst,” a voice cried out. “Down here.”

Jack peeked down to see Leanne calling up to him.

“Leanne?” Jack whispered into the night. “What are you doing here?”

Leanne streaked through her hair, shaking her head. “I don’t know, to be honest... Can I uhh, can I crash with you tonight?”

Jack’s heart started to race. “You uhh... you wanna stay with me?”

Leanne nodded. Jack scratched his head, thinking aloud, "I'm in pretty big trouble already..."

Looking hurt and embarrassed, Leanne turned away to leave. "You're right, this is stupid. I'm sorry..."

Just then, a wave of regret washed over Jack. "Wait!" he exclaimed.

Leanne stopped in her tracks, turning back while Jack told her, "Hang on a sec."

Disappearing back into his bedroom, he reappeared with a long climbing rope he used as a boy scout. He tossed the rope down to the ground.

"Go ahead and climb. I'll hold my end and make sure you don't fall."

Leanne glanced at the rope, worried. "You sure about this, Jack?"

Meeting Leanne's gaze, Jack answered, "I got you. I promise."

With that, Leanne felt reassured. So she grabbed hold the rope and climbed the side of Jack's house. As she made her way up step by step, Jack squeezed the rope tighter and tighter.

The last thing he'd do was let her fall.

When she reached the window, Jack grabbed her hand and pulled her inside. Both of their hearts were racing as they smiled at each other.

"I'll uhh..." Jack finally said, "... I'll let you have the bed."

He tossed a pillow and throw blanket to the floor. Leanne slipped into his bed while Jack tried to make himself comfortable on the floor.

"Don't you wanna know why I snuck away?" she asked.

"You don't have to say anything," Jack replied.

Leanne sat up in bed. "No, I want to... It's just... I live in a house with my foster guardians. You live in a home with your loving families. Families who care about you enough to come down to the station. I wanted to spend a night in a home like yours and see what it felt like."

Jack shook his head. "My mom's furious with me right now, Leanne..."

Leanne suddenly interjected, "... because she LOVES you, Jack."

Jack found himself caught off-guard by Leanne's words as she continued, "... you don't know how lucky you are..."

In that moment, something clicked inside Jack. He felt like the perfect words just came to him. "You know the other day... when I was reading that note to you...?"

Leanne nodded, adding, "You didn't finish what you had to say."

Jack replied, "Yeah, well... just because you don't have a mom or dad who worry about you... doesn't mean you're not loved..."

Leanne let Jack's words sink in, while Jack couldn't bear to look her in the eyes. He was blushing and sweating all at once.

"Anyway..." Jack said, "... good night, Leanne."

He lay down on the floor and turned to his side. He bit his lip in embarrassment, hoping that he didn't just ruin his friendship with Leanne.

Behind him, he heard Leanne make herself comfortable under the covers.

"Good night, Jack," she whispered.

When she said that, Jack let out a smile. As far as he could tell, he didn't completely blow it. Little did he know, that behind him in bed, Leanne was smiling as well. She felt glad to know that she meant that much to him.

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The next time Jack and the gang all saw each other was the weekend. By then, Benny was finally classified by the police to be a Missing Person.

Together, Jack and the group went up and down the main drag in Summerville, putting up flyers with Benny's face on them.

"I can't believe I'm grounded for a week!" Tommy complained as he hung up a flyer.

Lucas was beside himself. "A week?!" he exclaimed. "Try being grounded for a whole month! My parents are doing everything they can to make my life miserable."

While Naomi hung up some flyers, she admitted, "I just keep thinking about that night. I was so sure that we would find Benny in that house... instead, we found absolutely nothing."

Jack felt compelled to point something out. "Well, there was that blood I found..."

When he said that, everyone stopped in their tracks.

"Yeah, but you don't think..." Naomi responded, trailing off.

"That bucket of blood's probably been there for years..." Lucas suggested. "... The land used to be a farm, remember? Might be cattle blood."

Just then, Leanne spotted something nearby and drifted away to get a closer look.

"Wasn't the cattle mysteriously slaughtered?" Jack asked.

Tommy nodded. "Legend has it that the cattle was torn into bloody pieces."

A wave of terror washed over them, as Leanne called out to them, "Guys, come here!"

Jack and the gang joined Leanne, who stood near a telephone pole.

"Look at this."

They looked to see a flyer on the pole one of them hung earlier in the day. Since then, something about it changed.

"Oh my God," Lucas remarked. "Benny's eyes. Someone cut them out. It's like those pictures we saw in the house!"

"I don't like this, guys," Tommy admitted. "What do you think they've done to him?"

Before any of them could answer, a familiar voice came shouting in their ears.

"Whatcha got there, losers?!"

Suddenly, Jack felt his pile of flyers explode into the air.

It was Cliff. He and his jock friends rushed past and slapped the flyers out of Jack's hands. The sheets paper went flying all around them.

While Naomi and Lucas went scrambling to retrieve the flyers, Jack followed after the crew of bullies.

"Hey!" Jack called out to them. "You're gonna pick these up!"

In response, Cliff and his buddies howled in laughter at the idea. “Oh yeah?” Cliff said. “Make me!”

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