

The General puts his hand over the receiver and turns to a Tech.

GENERAL

Trace this call.

The Tech slaps on a HEADSET and jacks into a control board. Beside him, an OSCILLOSCOPE--similar to Peter's only larger and fancier--flashes on. Like Peter's, it displays two gyrating sin-waves.

SCOPE TECH

He's frequency hopping on a cellular. It's going to take some time to locate him.

GENERAL

(to Tech)

Just do it.

(into phone)

Who is this?

Back to Peter. He is having a ball! It's all he can do to keep from laughing out loud.

PETER

(almost singing into
the microphone)

You can call me Al. Call me Al.

The General's voice pops back over the speaker on Peter's computer.

GENERAL

Okay. Al. This is a restricted military phone number, and it is my duty to inform you that, as of this moment, you are in violation of Federal law.

Peter's voice hardens, and he gets down to business.

PETER

No, General. It's YOU who is in violation of the law. We saw what

you did at that crash-site today.
We saw you and your murdering
henchmen in black mow down those
aliens.

The General looks at the phone as though he can't believe what he's just heard come out of it, but his confusion is short-lived. A beat later, the cold professionalism is back.

GENERAL

Neither I nor anyone under my
command has any knowledge of any
landing much less any aliens,
either illegal or extraterrestrial.

The pattern on the Tech's oscilloscope begins to steady as the waves draw in closer to each other. The Tech twiddles and fiddles and adjusts, and the waves move even closer to each other. He motions for the General to draw out the conversation.

The General nods and gives it his best shot.

GENERAL

(into phone)

However, if you will provide me
with more details, I will certainly
look into the matter.

PETER

Very good, General. How much
longer do you need for the trace?
Forty seconds? Thirty?

The Tech smugly flashes his fingers--ten, then five--
Fifteen seconds.

Peter makes a quick adjustment to his scope so the
image is the same as the Tech's and corrects himself.

PETER

Oh. Make that fifteen. Sorry,
General, but since time's so short,
I'm just going to have to get back

to you with those "details."

DARK ROOM

A CLICK as Peter hangs up, and the General is left holding a dead phone.

GENERAL

Listen up. We've got a full-blown Level 1 Security Breach here. I want traces on every line coming into and out of here. I don't care if it's voice or data--I want it clamped down. When he calls back-- IF he calls back, I want a team scrambled and on his doorstep before he knows what's happening.

Techs spring into action double-time. Fiddling and adjusting in high-gear. They scramble here and there, plugging this, unplugging that. This is not a drill!

The Man in Black who received the call stands with his hand out as though expecting the General to return his phone.

GENERAL

(to Man in Black)

How did they get your number?

The other five Men in Black turn and stare at their colleague.

PETER'S ROOM

Peter rocks back in his chair and laughs up at the ceiling.

PETER

Am I good or am I good?

His laughter is cut short. The alien is in trouble--or soon will be. Instead of watching Peter, it's at the back of it's pod, nuzzling its face against a nearby ELECTRICAL OUTLET as though trying to crawl inside.