

THERE'S AN ALIEN IN MY BATHTUB

Written by

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EXT. NORMAN'S HOME STREET - NIGHT

A moped tows a small trailer filled with bags and boxes down a sidewalk.

The driver, NORMAN BOORMAN(23), wears goggles, a breathing mask, plastic dish washing gloves taped with electrical tape wrapped around his forearms, and yellow full-body rain gear under a starry, cloudless night.

Norman goes in and out of streetlight spots, passes house after house until he pulls up to a grungy flat top house.

Norman gets off the moped and ambles over to the double gate.

Across the street, two neighbors, JOEY(13) and FLEX(14), hang out on Joey's front porch railing.

JOEY

Hey, Boring Man. More stuff for
Apocalypse hideout?

FLEX

Got an extra roll of butt wipes?
I'm down to the backside of mine.

They laugh.

JOEY

Backside.

Norman ignores them, pushes his moped into his yard, shuts the gate. Mumbles to himself.

NORMAN

When it hits the fan, you'll be
backsidings.

JOEY

Hey, Boring Man, Mars called. They
want their clothes back.

Norman stops, shouts at them.

NORMAN

Prevarication, Eddie Haskell. There
are no phones on Mars.

JOEY

Who's Eddie Haskell?

Flex scoffs.

FLEX

Weirdo.

Derisive laughter follows Norman into his house.

INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Living room, kitchen, dining room combine in a single large room. A door leads to a bedroom and bathroom. Another door leads to a walk-in closet.

Norman sets down the last of the boxes next to several bags on a small dining table.

A super tidy room. Shelves stocked with canned food facing forward, rows of small bottles of hand sanitizer on another shelf.

Norman barks out a command.

NORMAN

Volatile display, on.

A large screen TV hangs on one wall. It snaps on to the news.

A NEWSCASTER briefs a story.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

No decision has been made yet as to a total lockdown of the city but with one hundred new cases popping up, the Mayor says they are leaning that way.

Norman takes a disinfectant spray from a counter, sprays himself all over. Pauses to let it settle.

NORMAN

Lock it down, Mayor, or you won't have a city to lock down.

He sprays inside the boxes and bags. Takes off his goggles, mask, gloves, rain gear, puts each item in its own specific place. This guy looks like he invented OCD.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

In stores all over the city people are fighting for remnants. Things like toilet paper --

Norman pulls out five large packages of toilet paper.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

Handy wipes, hand sanitizer, gone
the way of the dinosaur.

Norman unbags those two items in bulk. He chuckles.

NORMAN

That was a good one Robert
Scwartzman, Channel Seven's evening
newscaster.

He pulls out boxes and boxes and boxes of spaghetti. A
seeming endless supply.

INT. LARGE WALK-IN CLOSET

Black.

NORMAN

Energize photon.

A light switches on.

Floor to ceiling chock full of supplies, like a nuclear
bunker. Every item arranged with two inches of space between
each different kind of item.

Norman places the new items in their proper spot.

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bedside table lights up the room. A vaporizer set on the
table sends a mist into the air. In a corner a dehumidifier
sucks the water out of the air. Another corner has a large
air purifier rotating back and forth.

A large screen TV hangs on the wall at the foot of his bed.

Norman lies in bed. Watches a black and white show, *Leave It
To Beaver*. The character, Eddie Haskell lays it on thick with
the Beaver's parents.

NORMAN

Pouring syrup on thick, Eddie
Haskell.

Norman laughs.

EXT. OUTSIDE CITY - LARGE WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Clear sky. Stars forever. One star, brighter than the others around it, breaks rank, zips across the sky. A second star breaks rank, gives chase.

The two bright objects cut into the atmosphere, drop down over the trees, loop back up.

UFO's.

Round glowing disks, defying gravity, silent, almost playful. Until the second craft shoots a blue ray of light at the lead disk, causes it to spin out of control.

The hit craft cloaks itself, disappears. The second flying object stops in mid flight, hovers. After a long moment, it zips straight up, back into the black canopy of stars.

CRASH!

Trees topped, a few mowed down, the ground tears up with a small trail of destruction behind it.

Dirt and bushes flare up into a mound. Something grinds to a halt in a cloud of dust.

The cloud of debris it caused dissipates.

A crackle of electricity. Short jagged streaks of lightning criss-cross. The shot down craft loses its cloaking ability in fits and starts.

A silver reflective disk, smooth like glass, half buried in the mound. A small rounded area on top opens up. Smoke wafts out. Part of the mound caves into it.

Nothing else for a long moment until --

A long thin appendage with a four fingered hand reaches out through the smoke and dust.

An ALIEN.

EXT. WOODED AREA - SEWAGE PLANT - NIGHT

DRAGGING sound.

Two very long appendages slide across the ground towards a large drain field surrounded by a chain link fence.

A pain filled screech echoes into the night. The ends of the strange limbs snake through one of the small diamond shaped links at the bottom of the fence.

Sign on fence reads -- "City of Opa-Locka Sewage Plant -- NO TRESPASSING"

INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A shaft of light cuts through the curtains of the ground level window. Norman sound asleep.

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

A horrible nerve wracking sound blares into the room.

Norman wakes with a start, jerks up. He wears an eye mask to keep the light out.

NORMAN
Clean up aisle eight.

He stops.

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

Norman yanks down his mask. He squints in the light. Jumps out of bed, his legs get twisted up in his sheets, he tumbles to the floor.

GOBBLE GOBBLE!

Another loud annoying noise.

Norman untangles himself after a struggle, stumbles up, over to the window. He tears open the curtain.

A toddler, MICAH(2), sits on the ground near the window with toys strewn about. The boy plays with a toy that has various pictures of animals with a button under each picture.

He pushes a button under a sheep. The toy screeches out the sound the animal makes.

BLEAT! BLEAT!

The child laughs, pushes it again.

BLEAT! BLEAT!

Norman knocks on the window. Gets the boy's attention. Barks like a ferocious dog.

NORMAN

Ruff! Ruff!

The toddler gets up, brings the toy over to the window. He shows it to Norman. Pushes a button. A pig SNORTS.

Micah laughs.

NORMAN

No piggy. No piggy. Shoo! Shoo!

He waves the child away. The child smiles, waves back and pushes another button.

An elephant TRUMPETS.

Norman shuts the curtains, grabs his sheets, dives back into bed. Throws his pillow over his head and moans.

A loud backfeed screech from a small intercom box tears through the room.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Stormin' Norman time to get up
buddy.

Another screechy feedback sound. The speaker box sits on his nightstand table.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(through intercom box)
Stormin' Norman. Wakey wakey.
(sings)
*A new day with a new ray of
sunshine.*

Norman turns over, pushes down a button on the top of the box, moans out.

NORMAN

Uncle Happy. It's Saturday.

Another screech.

EXT. CITY STREET - UNCLE HAPPY'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

The pickup heads down the street.

UNCLE HAPPY (V.O.)

Exactly, my boy. I'll be home in a
few.

A load of junk piled high in the back and tied down with a net.

Sign on the door reads -- "Happy Scrappy. Your Crap. My Scrap"

INTERCUT BETWEEN INT. PICKUP(MOVING)/NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

UNCLE HAPPY BOORMAN(40s), a rugged looking fellow with a demeanor befitting his name. He slurps on a cup of coffee, clicks on his CB Radio, and chirps with Norman.

UNCLE HAPPY

Gotta a nice load I need help with.
Then your favorite, blueberry
pancakes.

NORMAN

Cheese on top?

UNCLE HAPPY

That'd be a Rodger Dodger, good
buddy.

NORMAN

And crumbled nachos?

Uncle Happy lifts a large bag of fiery nachos from the seat, steers the truck with his knee. He digs in, grabs a couple, shoves them in his mouth.

Norman hears the CRUNCHING.

UNCLE HAPPY

Fiery nachos.

Uncle Happy guffaws.

Norman kicks off his sheets. Wide awake on that note.

He pushes the speaker button.

NORMAN

Meet you at the gate, don't be
late.

EXT. UNCLE HAPPY'S TRUCK

The pickup hits an uneven spot in the road, bottoms out, sparks fly, a couple things jettison from the load. The truck keeps on going.

UNCLE HAPPY (O.S.)
That's an over, four leaf clover.

Nacho CRUNCH!

INT. SEWAGE PIPE - DAY

Dark and slimy.

The alien slithers through the pipe. It's skin emits occasional phosphorus blue streaks of light. It struggles to make its way through the sewer piping maze. With each tortured turn it lets out a guttural groan.

A glowing streak of greenish blue luminescence lies in its wake that fades away.

EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Norman stands at the front gate fully geared up, goggles, mask, gloves, rain gear.

MOO! MOO!

Norman turns towards the obnoxious noise behind him. Micah holds up the toy, big grin on his face, until he catches sight of Norman's get up.

The grin runs away from his face. Fear grips him. He drops the toy, lets out a shriek, bursts into tears and high tails it next door to his house.

Norman snatches up the morning's bane of his existence and tosses it back into his neighbor's yard.

NORMAN
That's - that's - that's all folks.

Uncle Happy pulls up, blasts his horn. The melody -- "Happy Days Are Here Again" announces his return.

Norman smiles, opens the gate, waves Uncle Happy through. He sprays the pickup as it comes through the gate. Uncle Happy smiles, politely waves a "thank you".

UNCLE HAPPY
(mumbles to himself)
Home sweet disinfected home. Virus
free is killing me.

EXT. NORMAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

A half acre spreads out behind the house piled high with neat, organized metal junk. Each piece of scrap and junk in its designated area and place.

Uncle Happy and Norman unload the truck. Norman disinfects each piece before Uncle Happy removes it.

Uncle Happy coughs when the spray blows in his face. He takes the scrap away to its designated spot.

UNCLE HAPPY

Do you have to spray every piece?

NORMAN

No chances, Uncle Happy. That's the agreement.

Norman sprays another piece, steps over, looks into the cab of the truck, reaches through the window, pulls out a similar mask to his own.

Uncle Happy returns. Norman holds the mask up.

His uncle looks guilty. Norman gets upset.

NORMAN

You agreed. You agreed.

Norman stomps around the truck, waves the mask. Uncle Happy goes after him.

UNCLE HAPPY

Norman. Normy. It's alright. I'm alright.

Norman doesn't stop. He charges towards the back of the yard, sprays in front of himself as he goes.

NORMAN

Eddie Haskell. Prevarication. Eddie Haskell.

Norman stops at a junk pile, notices something out of place.

NORMAN

This copper is not proper.

He takes a small copper pipe off an aluminum heap, walks it over to its rightful spot in a copper pipe pile.

Uncle Happy gets in front of him.

UNCLE HAPPY

I don't need the mask so much cause
I'm not around people. Just --

He points to the junk. Norman sprays the piece he points to.

NORMAN

People have the virus. They touch
your happy scrappy.

Norman stalks away, waves his arms wildly.

NORMAN

The virus lives on metal, on
plastic, on various surfaces for
days.

Uncle Happy on his heels. Norman halts, turns to him.

NORMAN

You pick it up, bring it here. No
gloves. No goggles. No protection.
No mask.

Norman waves the mask from the truck in Uncle Happy's face.

NORMAN

No Uncle Happy!

Norman gets short of breath. Hyperventilates. Uncle Happy
takes the mask. Norman bends over. Uncle Happy rubs his back.

UNCLE HAPPY

Relax, good buddy. Normy breathe.

Norman shakes him off.

NORMAN

I don't want to find you with "X's"
in your eyes and paws to the skies.

He scurries towards the house, sprays the air.

NORMAN

Must get inside. Outside too many
people.

Uncle Happy calls after him.

UNCLE HAPPY

Blueberry cheesy pancakes coming
up.

Norman goes into the house. He looks at the mask, shakes his head.

UNCLE HAPPY
 (to himself)
 Just wear the mask, dummy.

INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY OUTSIDE NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Uncle Happy approaches Norman's closed door. He holds a plate of hot blueberry pancakes with cheese melted over them and fiery nachos loaded on top.

Uncle Happy taps the door with his foot.

UNCLE HAPPY
 Uncle Happy kitchen delivery.

No answer.

He taps again.

UNCLE HAPPY
 Got your favorite.

NORMAN (O.S.)
 Not hungry.

Uncle Happy looks at the steaming plate, sighs.

UNCLE HAPPY
 C'mon, good buddy. I'm heading up north for a couple days. Gotta call for a mega pile of twisted metal. Was hoping you'd ride shotgun.

NORMAN (O.S.)
 Norman doesn't travel. Please leave a message and try your call again.

Uncle Happy pulls out his mask hooked to his belt.

UNCLE HAPPY
 You wouldn't happen to have another pair of goggles, maybe some rain gear. Oh, and another set of gloves?

A long pause.

The door flies open. Norman stands there with rain gear, goggles, gloves.

NORMAN
What about your mask?

Uncle Happy holds it up.

A wide grin breaks across Norman's face.

NORMAN
(sings)
*Happy days are here again and the
skies are blue and --*

Norman locks on to the blueberry pancakes.

NORMAN
Blueberry pancakes!

He slings the rain gear over Uncle Happy's shoulder, grabs the plate of food, shoves the goggles and gloves at him.

NORMAN
With fiery nachos and cheese!

Norman spins, charges back into his room. Uncle Happy follows.

NORMAN'S BASEMENT

UNCLE HAPPY
Does this mean you're coming?

Norman goes into a fit of laughter. Awkward, uncontrollable laughter.

UNCLE HAPPY
But you go out to the store and it
doesn't bother you.

Norman's laughter subsides. He gorges his pancakes.

NORMAN
That's a mission for grandma. Her
friends. If I don't go, they won't
have anything. I would do the same
for you.

UNCLE HAPPY
I know you would.

NORMAN
Awesomest pancakes ever, Uncle
Happy.

UNCLE HAPPY

Well, think of this as a mission,
good buddy. With me.

Norman gets serious.

NORMAN

You know I can't breathe out there.
Now that virus.

Norman keeps eating.

NORMAN

So good.

UNCLE HAPPY

You don't have to be afraid. I'll
be with you.

NORMAN

There's two kinds of people in this
world, Uncle Happy. And I'm not one
of them.

UNCLE HAPPY

Your dad always won arguments with
me with that kind of logic.
Alright, my boy, you're in charge
of Happyville. Same rules as usual
when I'm gone. Number one.

NORMAN

No parties.

UNCLE HAPPY

Number two.

NORMAN

No fires.

UNCLE HAPPY

Number three. Very important.

NORMAN

No strangers.

UNCLE HAPPY

That's very important, Norman. Do
not open the door to strangers.

NORMAN

I know, Uncle Happy. I'm not a
child. You go. I'll be bueno.

Uncle Happy turns to go.

NORMAN

Wait.

Norman scurries to the closet, comes out with a bag of disinfectant spray and hand sanitizer.

NORMAN

Disinfect, sanitize. Disinfect, sanitize.

He hands Uncle Happy the bag.

UNCLE HAPPY

Love you, Norman.

NORMAN

Disinfect. Sanitize.

UNCLE HAPPY

Rodger dodger.

NORMAN

Say it.

UNCLE HAPPY

Disinfect. Sanitize.

Norman goes back to the pancakes.

NORMAN

Lockdown. Curfew. Coming to a theater near you.

UNCLE HAPPY

I'll get back, even if I have to tunnel underground.

INT. SEWAGE PIPE - NIGHT

The Alien struggles from the larger pipe to a smaller pipe. It elongates itself, makes a turn, then another and another each turn the pipe reduces in diameter.

The Alien crawls up to a small drain hole. It stops. Listens.

It hears SNORE! SNORE!

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM

Norman sleeps. The snores comes from him.

INT. SEWAGE PIPE

The Alien reaches up, its fingers pass through the small drain hole. No way its getting through this little three inch hole.

INT. NORMAN'S BATHROOM - BATHTUB

The Alien's arm moves up through the drain hole, becomes ribbon like, stretching out like a tapeworm. It crawls into the tub, gets stuck for a brief moment when it forces its elongated head through.

It lets out a pain filled screech.

EEEEAAAEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

NORMAN'S BEDROOM

Norman shoots up in bed, disoriented. His sleeping mask askew.

NORMAN

I'd like to solve the puzzle, Pat.

EEEEAAAEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

The nerve wracking noise reverberates through the bedroom.

Norman jumps out of bed, staggers to the window.

NORMAN

Shoo, little neighbor. Aural distancing.

He yanks back the curtain. Still dark out. No toddler.

Norman peers back and forth just to be sure. He turns from the window.

NORMAN

Bad dream, Norman.

Norman goes to the bathroom.

NORMAN

(mumbles to himself)
Me, take a pee.

BATHROOM

Norman flips on an ET nightlight. *Elliot rides across the moon on his bike, ET in the basket.*

He pees in the toilet. The mask half on, covers one eye. He sleepily peeps out of the other one.

BATHTUB

Behind the shower curtain, the Alien lies in a fetal position. Greenish phosphorus streaks his body. Obviously injured. Weak.

Norman's piss the only sound. The Alien reaches up gingerly towards the shower curtain. A bottle of shampoo and conditioner sit on the corner edge of the tub.

BATHROOM

The side of the curtain near Norman peels back. The Alien peeks through.

NORMAN
(sings groggily)
*Happy days are here again, and the
sky --*

BATHTUB

The Alien lets back the curtain gently, pulls back, knocks the shampoo into the tub.

BATHROOM

Norman jumps, cuts his pee off, yanks back the curtain all in one motion.

NORMAN
Woody wood pecker!

The tub, empty. The shampoo back in its place. Norman, confused, but awake, takes a long moment, listens.

Satisfied nothing is there, he releases the curtain. Goes to the sink, washes his hands, dries them.

Goes out.

NORMAN (O.S.)
 No more Mister Rogers Neighborhood
 before bedtime.

BATHTUB

Green phosphorus streaks and blue electricity shoot back and forth. The Alien appears and disappears like an interrupted signal until it remains visible, all curled up.

It lets out a soft moan, then passes out.

EXT. CITY EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Very few vehicles on the road. Uncle Happy's truck is one of them. Morning sun peeks over the expressway.

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)
 Opa Locka Mayor has instituted a
 curfew and a stay at home order.

INT. UNCLE HAPPY'S PICKUP(MOVING) - DAY

Uncle Happy wears the goggles, mask and gloves. He peels back a banana.

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)
 All residents must now be in their
 dwellings by eleven P.M.

UNCLE HAPPY
 Ain't gonna make that roll call.

He starts to bite the banana, hits his mask. He pulls off the goggles, removes the mask, lays them on his seat, takes a bite.

UNCLE HAPPY
 Man's gotta eat, good buddy.

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)
 The Governor will hold a press
 conference this afternoon. Reports
 are he is considering a statewide
 lockdown, or curfew. A stay in your
 homes order may be announced as
 early as today.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The pickup motors on down the road.

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)

The National Guard is being called up to assist in enforcing those possible directives. This is a life and death situation folks. Orders or no orders, stay home.

The banana peel flies out of the truck.

UNCLE HAPPY (V.O.)

Home is where your junk is.

He blasts his horn.

Happy Days Are Here Again!

EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

A spider has made itself a nice new web that stretches across from one pile of junk to the next. Dew clings to the web.

MOO! MOO!

Micah plays right next to Norman's window with his animal sounds toy.

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Norman shoots up in bed, rips off his sleep mask, charges out of bed to the window.

NORMAN

Little Dolittle is back.

He pulls open the curtain, knocks on the window to get the two year old's attention. Micah sees him, waves, smiles, brings the toy closer for Norman to see it.

Norman points to the toy.

NORMAN

Take the toy to Mommy.

Micah sees him point at the toy, presses a button.

An elephant blast. Micah imitates it. Laughs.

NORMAN

No push button. Take to Mommy.

Micah sees him pointing again, pushes another button.

BLEAT! BLEAT!

A goat sound. Micah imitates the goat.

Frustrated, Norman shuts the curtain.

EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

Micah's MOTHER(early 20s) calls him. She stands on the other side of knee high little bushes.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Micah, come away from there, you'll wake up Norman.

She reaches across the bushes, snatches him up. The toy falls to the ground next to Norman's window.

MEOW! MEOW!

Micah screams, pitches a fit.

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MEOW! MEOW!

The cat sound echoes through the room.

Norman wrapped with a bath towel, heads into his bathroom.

BATHROOM

Norman closes the door. He takes a Sponge Bob Square Pants plastic hair cover off the door hook, puts it on. He makes sure his hair is completely covered.

He looks in the mirror. Sponge Bob's big wide eyes stare back at him from the top of his forehead.

NORMAN

(Imitates Sponge Bob)
Shower time is the power time.
(Does a Sponge Bob laugh)

Satisfied, he reaches past the shower curtain, feels for the water handle, turns it on. The water sprays out of the shower head.

EEEEYYYYIIIIIIIIYYYYYAAAAA!!!!!!!

A high pitched scream.

Norman collapses back against the door, falls to the floor.

Behind the shower curtain a silhouette of the Alien standing tall. The water from the shower head pools on the ceiling above it like an upside down river.

It pours up and stays up. The water flows out along the top of the bathroom ceiling.

The ear piercing shriek stops.

Terror freezes Norman's face, seizes his body. His voice cracks.

NORMAN

What the Woody Wood Pecker?

Silence.

From the side of the curtain, the four fingered alien hand reaches around it.

Norman stares at it. His mouth drops open.

The alien hand slides back the curtain, slow, gentle.

The water continues to pool overhead. Norman glances at it, back at the tub.

Part of the alien's thin frame appears.

Norman sucks in a breath of air. Dares not breathe out.

The Alien pulls back the curtain all the way. It stands over six feet, thin, a dull greenish, grey skin.

The water from the showerhead sprays down only a few inches towards it, then rises up to the ceiling.

Norman scrambles up against the door, grabs the first thing he can reach to defend himself. His Squidward electric toothbrush.

He holds it like a knife between him and the Alien.

Norman stares at the wonderous sight before him.

NORMAN

Geez! Rule number three broken. No strangers in the house.

The Alien's large eyes look kind, gentle, friendly. Its thin lips that barely form a mouth turn up in a slight smile. It nods its tear drop shaped head.

Norman nods his head in return. But doesn't move.

The Alien glances at the shower handle. Reaches over, turns it off.

The Alien collapses back into the tub, the water falls from the ceiling, splashes Norman, jolts him out of his shock.

The Alien lies motionless in a fetal position in the tub. The greenish phosphorus light streaks back and forth across its body.

Dripping wet, Norman slides his free hand behind himself, grips the doorknob, turns it, gently opens the door. He eases towards the open end, still at the ready to defend himself with his toothbrush.

He slips out, but his towel gets hung up on the door handle momentarily causing him to panic.

BEDROOM

NORMAN

He's got me. I'm being accosted.
Help!

Norman yanks away. His towel hangs from the door. He stands completely naked, save for the shower cap.

He pulls against the door to shut it, but the towel keeps it from closing. Norman frantically pushes the towel into the bathroom, pulls the door closed.

He holds onto the doorknob.

NORMAN

Uh, oh. Naked and afraid.

After a few moments he dares to release the knob.

Norman grabs his cell phone off his dresser, rushes into his clothes closet, shuts the door.

CLOTHES CLOSET

He dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Nine one one. Is this an emergency?

NORMAN
(hushed whisper)
Yes. Yes.

While Norman talks on the phone, he grabs clothes off hangars and gets dressed.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Please speak up, sir.

NORMAN
(whispers louder)
My shower leaks funny. The water
doesn't go down, it goes up.

He cradles the phone between his ear and shoulder while he pulls on some pants.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Call a plumber, sir. This line is
for emergency purposes only.

NORMAN
(panicked loud whisper)
No. This is an emergency. There's
an alien in my bathtub.

Norman yanks off a shirt from a hangar, struggles to put it on and keep the phone where he can hear it.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
We are in a crisis, sir. This is no
time for jokes.

NORMAN
I'm not joking.

He catches himself.

The shower cap pulled down over his eyes, he moves it back up.

Whispers again.

NORMAN
I'm not joking. This is a crisis
situation.

NORMAN

There's an alien in my bathtub. He's over six feet tall, has greenish grey skin like, like a turtle out of its shell, and big eyes. They didn't look like mean eyes, but still. And tiny lips. Maybe he can only eat spaghetties. I don't know, but he smiled at me. I think he smiled at me.

CLICK!

NORMAN

Maybe he nodded too. Hello? Hello?

Norman glances at the phone. The call has disconnected.

NORMAN

No!

Fully clothed, he looks around his closet for a weapon. Spots a toy lightsaber in a holder on one of the shelves. He pockets his cell, snatches it down.

He listens for a moment. Nothing. He turns the knob, eases open the door, saber up, ready to strike. He pokes his head out. Shower cap still on.

He throws open the door, two strides, he dives across his bed, rolls over and tumbles down to the other side on to the floor.

He scrunches down, holds the lightsaber next to him.

He listens for a moment. He tries to calm himself; takes a deep breath, blows out the air. Repeats.

NORMAN

Inhale oxygen for me. Exhale carbon dioxide for a tree. Inhale oxygen for me. Exhale carbon dioxide for a tree.

He snatches his cell out of his pocket, dials. It cuts right to voice mail, no ring.

UNCLE HAPPY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

You've reached Happy Scrappy. Your crap, my scrap. Please leave a message and I'll be happy to recycle back to you. Get it? Recycle?

BEEP.

NORMAN

Uncle Happy. Recycle back. There's
an alien in my bathtub.

He hangs up, pockets the phone.

He eases up, looks over towards the bathroom. Large Sponge
Bob eyes on the shower cap peek out over the bed.

Norman glances around his room, spots his drone on a shelf.

NORMAN'S BEDROOM

Norman on his knees behind his bed. The drone rests on the
bed. The drone camera comes through his cell phone lodged in
the drone controller.

He pushes a button and the drone propellers spin. He eases
the joy stick forward. The drone buzzes, lifts from the bed,
hovers in place. He test flies it around the room, watches
the camera on his cell. He moves it in front of the bathroom
door.

Flies it back to the bed.

Norman puts the controller down, snakes around his bed, peeks
out at the bathroom door, waits, takes a deep breath, slides
across to it.

He peers under it, the bath towel blocks his view.

Norman reaches up, turns the knob, gently pulls open the door
wide enough to allow his drone through.

He slides backwards around the bed, grabs his controller,
starts up the drone.

NORMAN

Now commencing mission I spy with
my little eye drone.

He moves the joystick forward, the drone lifts off the bed,
hovers before it moves to the door. The camera can see inside
the bathroom.

Norman watches on his cell.

He moves the drone into the bathroom, past the fallen towel,
above the wet floor, over the bathtub.

He gets a good view of the Alien. Still balled up, occasional blue electricity and green phosphorus light moves back and forth across its frame.

He zooms in on the glowing liquid stream running down the drain.

NORMAN

Whoa. Looks injured.

The loud buzz from the drone stirs the other worldly being. It moves a limb.

Norman panics, pulls back the drone, spins it around, out the bathroom, back onto the bed.

He slinks down. Breathes heavy again. Yanks off the shower cap with a new found resolve.

NORMAN

Have to help it. No time to panic.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jam packed, cars bumper to bumper. SHOPPERS fight each other over spaces. Horns honk.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Up and down the aisles PEOPLE load their carts to overflowing. They fight over toilet paper, paper towels, disinfectants, hand sanitizers, everything medical related.

Most shelves are empty.

One group of IRATE SHOPPERS surround a MANAGER. He tries to calm them.

STORE MANAGER

Another truck is scheduled in this afternoon.

ANGRY SHOPPER #1

That'll be too late. They want us at home now.

ANGRY SHOPPER #2

How am I supposed to live for two weeks with no toilet paper?

The group shout in agreement.

STORE MANAGER

Please. It was just announced you have til eleven tonight.

ANGRY SHOPPER #1

Then I want a number and time to come back. I can't be waiting all day with all these sick people.

ANGRY SHOPPER #3

Who you callin' sick? You might be spreadin' the virus right now across all us.

SHOUTS of agreement.

ANGRY SHOPPER #1

You see me coughin' and sneezing?

Angry Shopper #1 smashes her cart into Angry Shopper #3.

ANGRY SHOPPER #1

Social distancing, Patient Zero!
That means get your double wide infectious diseased booty away from my cart.

ANGRY SHOPPER #3

Oh no you didn't.

Shopper #3 smashes her cart back into Shopper #1's cart.

All hell breaks loose in a full fledged brawl.

Shopper #1 grabs Shopper #3 by the hair and slings her around. Shopper #2 grabs the paper towels from Shopper #1's cart, turns to leave. Shopper #1 grabs Shopper #2 by the hair, has both Shoppers in her grip, yanks them back and forth.

ANGRY SHOPPER #1

That's my stuff, crack heads on a stick.

STORE MANAGER

Please. Please. Calm down.

He tries to break the fight up.

Shopper #2 slugs him in the face.

ANGRY SHOPPER #2

Social distancing.

The Manager passes out.

More SHOPPERS rush over, jump into the fray, or snatch items from other's carts.

POLICE, SECURITY GUARDS blow their whistles, rush into the store to break up the riot.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Looks deserted. Uncle Happy pulls up to one of the two pumps. He checks his cell phone, pulls off a glove, dials up Norman. The call doesn't go through.

He checks the antenna on the phone. No signal. He tosses the phone and glove onto the passenger seat next to the mask and goggles.

He gets out, swipes his card and punches in his code.

It doesn't work. He heads into the station.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

A buzzer BEEPS when he opens the door. The sound of flies fills the air.

Uncle Happy wanders around the small store. He grabs some chips, and a soda. He walks up to the glassed in cashier counter. The flies get heavier. He waves them away.

The CASHIER(19) in a chair, his back to him.

UNCLE HAPPY
Fill up, please.

The Cashier doesn't respond.

Uncle Happy taps on the glass.

UNCLE HAPPY
Hello.

Still no movement. Uncle Happy takes a Honey filled jar for sale off the counter. Bangs it on the glass.

The Cashier jumps, spins to Uncle Happy. Ear pods in his ears.

CASHIER
Shucka mucka lucka! You scared me.

Uncle Happy puts the jar down, repeats himself.

UNCLE HAPPY
Fill up, please.

The Cashier takes out a pod, music blasts out of it.

CASHIER
Sorry, missed that.

Uncle Happy holds up the chips and soda.

UNCLE HAPPY
This. And a fill up.

Uncle Happy waves away the flies.

UNCLE HAPPY
Something die in here?

CASHIER
Why?

Uncle Happy points at the flies on the glass.

UNCLE HAPPY
Fat flies, a dead body lies.

CASHIER
Hope not. I'm on for three more
hours. Then curfew.

UNCLE HAPPY
Well something's attracting them.

The Cashier stands up, looks around the store, notices the flies.

CASHIER
You're right.

He comes out of his glass booth, goes over to the hot dog, pizza area. Uncle Happy follows.

CASHIER
Crap. Warmer stopped working.

Flies all over the pizza and hotdogs.

He waves them away. Goes into a coughing fit. Coughs into his hand. Stumbles back. Uncle Happy grabs the boy's hand with his bare hand. Stabilizes him.

UNCLE HAPPY

You okay?

The guy, takes a second, nods his head.

CASHIER

Swallowed a damn fly, I think.

He hacks out, coughs a few more times.

UNCLE HAPPY

Protein.

CASHIER

I like my protein without wings.

The Cashier reaches under a counter, grabs some paper towels.

CASHIER

Man, these are my last rolls. Not supposed to get any in til next week.

UNCLE HAPPY

Good luck with that.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Uncle Happy puts the pump back. Jumps in his truck, takes off.

INT. UNCLE HAPPY'S PICKUP(MOVING) - DAY

Uncle Happy munches on his chips with the hand he stabilized the Cashier with.

The radio plays.

RADIO VOICE

Incubation period for this virus is about six hours. Coughing, fever, chills, even dizziness, are some of the symptoms.

Uncle Happy turns the station.

UNCLE HAPPY

If you're only going to talk about this virus thing, at least put it to some country music.

(he sings)

UNCLE HAPPY

(sings)

*Oh give me a home, where the virus
don't roam --*

INT. NORMAN'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Spray fills the room.

UNCLE HAPPY (V.O.)

(sings)

*-- and the disinfectant spray ain't
needed all day.*

Norman dressed in battle fatigues, boots, head gear, goggles, mask, gloves, armed with two cans of disinfectant. He empties the can throughout the whole room.

He tosses them in the garbage, snags two more off the counter.

He heads into his bedroom, spray first.

BEDROOM

He creeps through the cloud of disinfectant.

The bathroom door closed, a rope tied around the knob slung around his bed.

The drone on the bed. The lightsaber next to it, along with a first aid kit, a couple boxes of gauze, band aids, alcohol and several tubes of antibiotic ointment.

Norman goes to the bathroom door, puts his ear against it.

NORMAN

Are you a friendly alien, or a take
over your body alien?

No answer.

NORMAN

I know you're injured. I can help
you, but you got to promise to stay
in the bathtub.

A CHIRPING noise answers. Norman smiles.

NORMAN

Chirping. I like chirping. I'm sending in my drone so I can see you. It's not a weapon.

Norman looks under the door. The Alien sits up in the tub.

NORMAN

No more moving. You don't have to be afraid. Norman is not going to hurt you. And Norman doesn't want you to hurt him.

The Alien stays put. Norman unties the door knob, cracks the door open. Goes over to his drone controller.

He flies the drone into the bathroom, lands it on the floor where he can watch the Alien. He shuts the door, reties the knot.

NORMAN

Okay. Mission Fix E T has now commenced.

Norman exhales a heavy sigh of relief, stares at the Alien through the cell phone.

NORMAN

Can you understand me?

The Alien makes a goat like noise.

NORMAN

Hey, that sounded like a goat, or a sheep.

Norman puts the controller on the bed.

NORMAN

Be right back.

He dashes out of the room. After a couple seconds his boots can be seen through his bedroom window. He stops, turns around, leaves.

He comes back through the door with Micah's animal noises toy. He props up his phone on his bedside table, sits on the edge of the bed.

NORMAN

Do you understand this?

He pushes the goat button, watches for the Alien's reaction.

The Alien nods, responds with a BLEAT of its own.

Norman laughs.

NORMAN

I don't know what I just said but
we're talking.

Norman pushes the horse picture. It whinnies. The Alien whinnies back.

Pig snort next. The Alien does it.

Norman laughs again. The Alien signals for Norman to come.

NORMAN

Huh? No I can't come.

The Alien shakes its head. Then signals to come again.

NORMAN

No. I can't.

The Alien shakes its head, puts its hand up, closes its eyes.

Matty's toy gets a greenish glow. Norman tosses it down.

NORMAN

What the Woody Wood Pecker?

The Alien moves its hand, the toy floats up, back over to Norman, hovers in the air in front of him. Glows bright green.

NORMAN

How are you doing that?

The dog button on the TOY pushes down by itself. A BARKING sound, then --

THE TOY

Friendly Alien.

Norman laughs nervously.

NORMAN

You spoke. English. You said
friendly alien.

The dog button on the green glowing Toy pushes down again.

THE TOY

Friendly Alien.

NORMAN

Ha!

The Toy floats onto Norman's lap. It still glows green. The goat button pushes down.

THE TOY

I'm not going to hurt you.

Norman glances at his phone. The Alien smiles.

NORMAN

See. I knew you smiled. You have a tiny mouth.

The Alien tilts its head, not understanding.

NORMAN

Never mind. Not important. Have to get you fixed up.

THE TOY

Fixed up.

Norman lays the Toy on the bed. The green glow fades. He unties the rope from the door knob, gathers the first aid kit, medicine, band aids, one of the tubes of ointment, and gauze.

NORMAN

Not sure what you need but I have plenty of supplies, medicine. You know what medicine is? It is to help make you better.

The Toy glows green. A button gets pushed down.

THE TOY

Medicine.

ON the Cell phone, the Alien nods its head.

Norman stands up, arms full.

NORMAN

Okay. Don't be afraid. I'm only dressed like this because I have to keep myself safe from any viruses you may have. I mean, after all, you're from -- not here.

The Toy glows bright red, spins up in the air, faster, faster, and faster.

THE TOY
Virus. Virus. Virus. Virus.

Norman drops all the stuff, dives behind his bed. Puts his hands over his ears and yells.

NORMAN
Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it.

The Toy falls to the floor with a clang, goes dark. No glow. No sound.

For a long minute, Norman doesn't move. Squeezes his eyes shut. He shakes, gets short of breath.

The Toy glows green again.

THE TOY
Norman.

Norman tries to calm himself.

THE TOY
Norman.

Norman opens his eyes.

NORMAN
Uncle Happy?

Norman looks up. No one there.

THE TOY
Norman.

Norman looks around. He lifts up the goggles, pulls down his mask.

He snakes around the bed to the other side. Peeks out at the Toy. It glows green. A button gets pushed.

THE TOY
I am sorry I scared you.

Norman turns away, slinks back against the bed.

NORMAN
Why did you do that E T?

THE TOY
My mission.

Norman eases back around to look at the Toy again.

NORMAN
Mission?

THE TOY
Yes. That is why I am here.

Norman pushes up.

NORMAN
You had a mission to my bathtub?

Norman goes to the cell phone. Looks at the Alien.

THE TOY
My name is Pi-Za.

The Alien weakens, collapses back into the tub.

INT. BATHROOM

Norman throws open the bathroom door.

NORMAN
Pizza!

INT. NORMAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Norman, fully geared up, wraps an unconscious Pi-Za.

The Alien's torso looks like a mummy with gauze and white bandage tape.

Norman goes out of the bathroom, comes back in with a pillow off his bed. He squeezes it, hesitant, nods determined.

He goes to the bathtub, kneels down, puts the pillow under Pi-Za's head.

NORMAN
You'll feel better, Pizza, after a good night's sleep.

Norman looks over the Alien. Shakes his head.

NORMAN
You crossed galaxies, on a mission to my bathtub.

Norman looks over his tub. Shrugs. He pats the side of the tub.

NORMAN
I always liked this tub.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A State Trooper car comes up the road. Turns on its red and blues. Pulls in behind a truck. Uncle Happy's truck.

EXT. UNCLE HAPPY'S PICKUP

The STATE TROOPER(30s), wears a mask and surgeon gloves. He shines his flashlight into the cab. Uncle Happy curled up on his bench seat.

The Trooper taps on the window with his light. Uncle Happy doesn't respond.

STATE TROOPER
Sir. Wake up.

Nothing. He taps again.

STATE TROOPER
Sir.

The Trooper tries the door handle. The door opens. He shines the light on Uncle Happy. Turns him over.

Uncle Happy shivers, but sweats like a pig. He goes into a coughing fit.

The Trooper backs up. Gets on his shoulder radio.

STATE TROOPER
Dispatch. Think I got an infected on Twenty Seven, mile marker Three Thirty Two. Send paramedics stat.

STATE TROOPER'S RADIO
Copy, Forty six. Is there a pulse?

STATE TROOPER
Affirmative. But he's coughing and sweating, will need fluids enroute.

INT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The room dark, save for a hint of sunlight seeping through the edges of the window curtain.

The bathroom door tied shut again.

Norman lies on top of his bedding, still in his mask, goggles, gloves and boots.

The Toy sits on the bedside table. It glows green. A button pushes down.

THE TOY

Norman.

Norman stirs. He looks over at the Toy. Sits up.

THE TOY

Good morning, Norman.

NORMAN

Good morning, Pizza.

Norman grabs his phone attached to the drone controller. He brings up the drone camera. Can't see into the tub.

Norman flies the drone up to see Pi-Za lying in the tub.

THE TOY

Thank you for what you did.

NORMAN

How are you feeling?

THE TOY

Weak, but better.

NORMAN

You need to rest. Are you hungry?

THE TOY

Although we can go long periods without eating, perhaps food will help the healing process.

NORMAN

What do you eat? Spaghetties? They're one of my favorites. Long thin noodles, with tomato sauce. I think because your mouth is so small you can't bite anything big. So spaghetties would be perfect.

THE TOY

I don't know Earth food. But my ship has sustenance.

NORMAN

Where's your ship?

THE TOY

Crashed.

Norman stands up.

NORMAN

That's why you are hurt. You crashed looking for my bathtub?

THE TOY

Looking for your bathtub?

NORMAN

Yes. You said your mission is why you are here.

Laughter emits from the Toy and the Alien.

NORMAN

What's so funny?

THE TOY

My mission is why I am here. But not here in your bathtub. Here on your earth.

Norman tries to digest this.

THE TOY

I was sent here to stop a plague.

NORMAN

How did your planet know about our virus?

Pi-Za bends over. He slinks down in the tub.

THE TOY

Do you have this spaghetties? I'm feeling weak.

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Norman enters with a hot plate of spaghetti. He puts it down on his dresser. Goes over, unties the rope from the bathroom doorknob.

BATHROOM

Norman comes in, sprays disinfectant all over the room. Pi-Za lets out a gasping cough.

NORMAN
Sorry. Kills germs.

He dashes out, comes back in with the Toy, and the plate. He sets the plate down on the side of the tub.

NORMAN
Spaghetties.

Pi-Za sits up. Norman backs up. He puts the Toy down on the toilet lid.

Pi-Za leans towards the spaghetti.

NORMAN
Watch it. It's hot. Better let it cool.

Pi-Za's jaw unhinges, his mouth opens wider than the plate. In one bite he gulps the whole plate of spaghetti down.

NORMAN
Not the plate!

Pi-Za regurgitates the plate back up. Spits it back on the edge of the tub.

THE TOY
Sorry. I thought that was the bones. We eat bones.

Norman looks on in disgust.

NORMAN
I'm not sure I can clean that enough.

Pi-Za lets out a loud burp.

THE TOY
Spaghetties taste good. I'm feeling better already.

HOUSE SPEAKER
(a song plays)
Who's that knocking at the door?
Who's that ringing the bell?

NORMAN
Who could that be?

Norman rushes out, shuts the door, ties it.

EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Micah and his mother stand at the door. His mother rings the bell again. The music plays again.

HOUSE SPEAKER

*Who's that knocking at the door?
Who's that ringing the bell?*

Norman cracks opens the door.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Good morning, Norman. I'm so sorry to bother you.

NORMAN

You aren't wearing any protection Missus Micah's Mother. No mask. No goggles. No gloves.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Well, we don't really go out.

NORMAN

There's a dangerous virus out here. People are dying.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Yes. We'll go home right now and protect ourselves. But first, I just came over to --

MICAH

Moo. Moo. Meow. Meow.

Micah points at Norman.

NORMAN

Moo moo? Meow meow?

MICAH'S MOTHER

Yes. We are just wondering if you've seen Micah's animal noises toy. We've looked everywhere. I know he sometimes plays with it in your yard. It's his favorite toy.

NORMAN

Yes. It wakes me up in the morning when I am not ready to get up.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Yes. I'm so sorry about that.

Norman doesn't say anything.

MICAH'S MOTHER

So, have you seen it?

NORMAN

Yes. I saw it yesterday outside my bedroom window.

MICAH

Oink. Oink.

Norman gets in Micah's face with his goggles, head gear, and mask.

NORMAN

Oink. Oink.

Micah rears back. Cries. His mother steps back, picks him up.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Norman you're scaring him.

NORMAN

Welcome to the club. I'm scared of everything, Missus Micah's Mother. Germs, viruses, neighbors. People. Tall ones and short ones.

He waves his arms wildly.

NORMAN

All outside. But my fears keep me alive. So when everybody else is walking around without protection and dropping dead because of it, you'll be able to thank me for keeping little Micah here alive because I hopefully put just enough fear in him, just scared him poopless enough, to want to protect himself from all the crazy stuff in this world, and out of this world, for that matter, that's trying to kill us all.

She backs off the porch with a fearful, sobbing Micah in her arms. Norman sprays the porch with disinfectant.

MICAH'S MOTHER

So you haven't seen the animal noises toy?

NORMAN

Like I said, Missus Micah's Mother,
I saw it yesterday morning when he
was playing outside my window and
woke me up out of a sound sleep.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Well, thank you for your time.

She consoles Micah.

MICAH'S MOTHER

By the way, I like your personal
protection.

She gestures to his whole outfit, smiles. Norman hesitates,
caught off guard.

NORMAN

What? Oh.

He fumbles, a bit tongue tied from this sudden warm
attention.

NORMAN

It is a necessary precaution,
Missus Micah's Mother. One you
should heed.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Well, it suits you. Perhaps one day
you could put together something
for Micah and I that you feel would
be adequate in keeping us safe.

She smiles. Norman's eyes glaze over.

NORMAN

Perhaps.

They stand there awkwardly for a moment. Micah stares at
Norman through teary eyes.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Anyway. Sorry to bother you.

They turn and go down the front steps.

NORMAN

No bother, Missus Micah's --

His voice trails off.

Micah points at Norman.

MICAH

Oink.

Norman snaps out of his trance, answers Micah, but with a softness he hasn't felt towards him before.

NORMAN

Oink.

INT. NORMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Norman unties the bathroom door.

INT. NORMAN'S BATHROOM

Norman opens the door.

NORMAN

Sorry, Pizza.

He looks towards the tub. No Pizza. He walks over to the tub. Looks down. The bandages on the floor of the tub.

NORMAN

Pizza?

Norman yanks back the curtain fully. Nothing.

Norman spins towards the door. The Toy sits on the toilet, dark, silent.

NORMAN

Pizza?

Norman picks up the Toy, sits on the toilet lid.

NORMAN

Where did you go? I like you.

The Toy begins to glow green.

NORMAN

Pizza?

A button pushes down.

THE TOY

I like you, too.

NORMAN

Where are you?

THE TOY
Right here, silly.

A tickle of blue electricity runs up and down in the tub. Pi-Za reappears. Norman jumps up.

NORMAN
Ha! You have cloaking abilities.

THE TOY
You don't?

Pi-Za smiles his slight smile.

NORMAN
Ah, cut it out, Wally.

Norman smiles big.

THE TOY
Norman. I sense an elevated level of dopamine from you.

NORMAN
What?

THE TOY
Yes. You are also secreting sweat from your apocrine glands. Is it mating season?

NORMAN
Mating?

THE TOY
You seem more excited than before you answered the door.

Norman gets agitated, grabs a hand towel, mops his brow.

NORMAN
That's because Little Dolittle came looking for our communicator.

THE TOY
No. This reaction has nothing to do with the child. It is his progenitor you are responding to.

NORMAN
What? That's ridiculous. She's my neighbor.

THE TOY
Neighbors are forbidden to
procreate?

NORMAN
I'm not comfortable with this
conversation. Please cease
analyzing my biorhythms.

Norman stalks out of the bathroom.

NORMAN
I'm hungry. Do you want something?

THE TOY
Any more spaghetties?

INT. NORMAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Empty. Cleaned up.

NORMAN (O.S.)
You have to take it one by one.
Like this.

INT. NORMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Norman at the dining room table. Plate of spaghetti in front of him. His mask cockeyed so his mouth is exposed. He holds a single strand of spaghetti that reaches back to his plate.

He puts it in his mouth and sucks it up. The long noodle unwinds from the plate until it completely disappears into his mouth, tomato sauce splattering.

Norman laughs. Laughter comes from the green lit Toy as well.

NORMAN
Now you try.

Pi-Za sits across the small table from Norman. A full plate of spaghetti in front of him. He grabs a noodle, sticks it in his tiny mouth.

NORMAN
Good. Now suck it up. Slurp it up.
Like I did.

Pi-Za tries to inhale but his jaw unhinges, opens wide, and the noodle falls out.

Norman laughs.

NORMAN
 You gotta keep your mouth closed,
 then inhale it, like your
 breathing.

THE TOY
 Inhale it like I'm breathing.

NORMAN
 But keep your lips together.

Pi-Za keeps his lips together.

THE TOY
 Lips together.

NORMAN
 Try it again.

Pi-Za sticks the noodle end in his mouth.

NORMAN
 Good. Now inhale. Slurp.

Pi-Za makes a horrible vacuuming sound but the noodle doesn't move. His jaw unhinges and he eats the part of the noodle that falls into his mouth. The rest dangles til it gets chewed off.

Pi-Za looks disappointed.

THE TOY
 Slurping is contrary to my
 physiological makeup.

Norman stands up.

NORMAN
 Got an idea.

LATER

Norman stands across the dining table, faces Pi-Za.

THE TOY
 You sure this will work?

NORMAN
 I don't know. Never did a slurp
 modification on an alien before.
 Man your noodle. Or rather, alien
 your noodle.

Pi-Za grasps a noodle from his plate, moves it to his mouth. But instead of just his mouth, a straw sticks out and his face and jaw are bandaged up like he has a toothache. The straw also taped to his face so it can't be sucked in.

NORMAN

On three. One.

Pi-Za starts slurping. His eyes grow wide. The vacuuming noise gets really loud.

The single long spaghetti noodle jerks into the straw, unwinds from the plate, tomato sauce splatters everywhere when it hits the straw, across Norman's goggles, over the Alien's face.

The noodle gets sucked up all the way.

A slurping success.

Norman throws his hands up in victory.

NORMAN

(sings to the tune of
Shake Your Booty)

*Slurp, slurp, slurp. Dah dunt dah
dunt dah. Slurp, slurp, slurp. Dah
dunt dah dunt dah. Slurp that
noodle. Slurp that noodle.*

Pi-Za jerks up, knocks his chair back, does an awkward jig that looks like he is convulsing.

The Toy spins up in the air, glows YELLOW. Buttons go up and down. The SONG -- *Walk Like An Egyptian* -- blares out of it.

THE TOY

(sings while song plays)

*Slurp like an Egyptian. Slurp like
an Egyptian.*

Norman stops, enjoys Pi-Za's unbridled childlike dancing joy.

NORMAN

How do you know that song?

The Toy keeps spinning in the air playing the Egyptian song.

Pi-Za turns to Norman, does the Egyptian dance.

THE TOY

You kidding?

CUT TO:

EXT. EGYPT - PYRAMIDS (FLASHBACK)

A round spacecraft hovers just above the Great Pyramids. Different colors flash off and on to the "Walk Like An Egyptian" song that blasts from it.

SUPER: "Roughly Four Thousand Years Ago"

Below the craft, about thirty EGYPTIANS in a dance formation between the pyramids. Several ALIENS stand in front of them, demonstrating the Walk Like An Egyptian dance. One of the ALIENS holds up the arms of the PHARAOH, points his hand, lifts his leg in the familiar Egyptian dance move stance.

THE TOY (V.O.)
We gave it to them.

BACK TO:

INT. NORMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY

The song ends. The Toy alights to the dining table. Norman and Pi-Za settle back into their seats.

NORMAN
You didn't count to three last time.

Pi-Za shrugs.

THE TOY
I got slurp antsy.

NORMAN
Is that a real thing?

THE TOY
Must be. I experienced it.

NORMAN
Okay. Second noodle.

INT. NORMAN'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The last noodle goes into the straw. The plate empty save for sauce remnants.

Tomato sauce splattered across the table, across Pi-Za and across Norman.

THE TOY

That was more fun than eating a
verillian on Bolodandoro Sevvy Six.
And those are fun leaping beasts
you have to swallow in mid air.

Pi-Za leans back in his chair, head still taped up, straw
sticking out, looking well satisfied.

Norman gets up.

NORMAN

I like my food on a plate.

THE TOY

Don't knock it til you fly it. Ha
ha ha.

Norman laughs with him.

NORMAN

You heal quickly.

THE TOY

I think the spaghetties had
something to do with it. I have to
make sure I take some with me after
my mission.

Norman goes to a mirror, wipes off his goggles.

NORMAN

No problem. I've got a ton of
boxes. It's my staple food.

THE TOY

But first, I have to get to my
ship.

NORMAN

Where is it?

Norman removes his head gear. Cleans it.

THE TOY

A large wooded area.

Norman throws his mask and gloves in the garbage.

NORMAN

There's a lot of wooded areas in
this city.

He takes out another mask and pair of gloves, puts them on. Grabs a mop, sprays the floor with a solution, mops up.

NORMAN

Was it far from here?

THE TOY

Seemed like it. I was injured though.

Pi-Za waves his hand, all the tomato sauce lifts off himself, the table and plate. The bandages unwrap themselves. The straw slides out of his mouth.

THE TOY

And that skewed my perception of distance and time.

Norman looks over, spots the floating mess. It moves past him, above the garbage.

THE TOY

Is this a good place for it?

Norman nods, amazed.

Pi-Za moves his hand downward. It plunges into the garbage can.

NORMAN

I need that power.

THE TOY

I kind of have an obsessive compulsive disorder. I can't stand messes.

NORMAN

You are my alien doppelganger.

INT. NORMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Norman and Pi-Za sit in front of the big screen TV. Norman has his laptop attached. They view a satellite image of the City of Opa-Locka.

NORMAN

So you have three major wooded areas and several minor ones.

THE TOY

This one was definitely large.

Norman swipes the screen. Moves to one of the larger wooded areas.

NORMAN

This one is the biggest, but it's fairly close to here.

THE TOY

How far?

NORMAN

Five minutes. Maybe six.

Pi-Za shakes his head.

THE TOY

No. It took a lot longer than that. Wait. I crawled out of my ship, through a fence, into a drain field. That's how I got into the pipes.

Norman swipes to a wooded area outside the city limits.

NORMAN

Here's a large area next to the Opa-Locka city sewage plant.

Norman zooms in.

NORMAN

This has buildings.

Zooms in closer.

NORMAN

A fence.

He swipes over.

NORMAN

Look. An open drain field.

THE TOY

Dongo.

NORMAN

Dongo?

THE TOY

Just an expression when we hit on something. Actually, it's a game we play with numbers and symbols.

THE TOY
Somebody calls them out, if you get
them in a row first you yell
'Dongo'!

Norman laughs.

NORMAN
That's our bingo.

Pi-Za laughs.

THE TOY
That's a funny sounding word.
Bingo. I like it.

Norman nods.

THE TOY
Bingo.

They laugh. Turn back to the screen.

THE TOY
Okay. So we need a plan to get me
back there.

Norman punches up a Map quest. Directions and trip time come
up.

NORMAN
No traffic. You can get there in
less than an hour.

THE TOY
You'll transport me?

NORMAN
Me?

THE TOY
Yes. I couldn't possibly crawl back
through those pipes.

NORMAN
Can't you just float there? Or snap
your fingers?

Pi-Za shakes his head.

THE TOY
We can do many things to manipulate
material matter, like your
spaghetties.

Pi-Za moves his hand up. Out of the garbage can rises a single string of spaghetti.

THE TOY

But space and time have different rules. We can bend them--

The noodle floats in the air in front of Pizza. He bends it in half.

THE TOY

But we still need technology. Like my ship.

The noodle forms a circle. Spins around.

THE TOY

It is designed to be able to withstand space holes, distance jumping.

The noodle disappears, reappears in front of Norman's face. Still spinning. Norman jerks back.

THE TOY

Time remains a constant. Your earth's gravity can be manipulated to propel my craft in your atmosphere, but I cannot alter linear time flow. I can go faster from here to there in my ship.

The spinning noodle whips around the room like a speeding UFO.

THE TOY

But I am still moving forward in time.

The noodle stops spinning. Straightens out, moves in front of Pi-Za.

THE TOY

Time is on a line that stretches on forever.

Pi-Za opens his mouth wide, gulps down the noodle.

THE TOY

You simply must teach me how to make this spaghetties.

Pi-Za turns back to the TV. He swipes the air. The satellite picture moves to Norman's house.

NORMAN
That's my house.

THE TOY
Yes. So in order for us to get from
here to --

Pi-Za swipes back across town to the sewage plant.

THE TOY
There. We need a transport vehicle.

Norman jumps up, grabs a towel and spray bottle, starts spraying and wiping down everything.

NORMAN
I'm not going out. Especially clear
across town, an hour away in the
middle of a lock down and curfew
with a deadly virus out there ready
to pounce and snuff me out.

He goes to the table, sprays and wipes that down.

NORMAN
I'll get arrested and you'll get
thrown in a government lab facility
where they'll experiment and
dissect you before they freeze dry
you and stuff your severed limbs in
a cryogenic freezer, only to thaw
you out a hundred years from now
and dissect you some more.

Norman goes to the refrigerator, pulls out a bottle of green liquid veggies, pops the top, takes a slug, and exhales.

NORMAN
No way.

Pi-Za swipes the air with his hand. The satellite image swipes off and a NEWSCAST swipes on.

NEWSCASTER
(on TV)
The virus has no known origin. No
traced patient or ground zero. No
previous strain to work from.

Norman turns to the screen.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

It simply appeared in every major country in the world about the same time. It also, thus far, has no known cure.

Pi-za pauses the picture. On TV is a blown up microscopic image of the virus.

NORMAN

But you said you could stop the virus. That is your mission.

THE TOY

It's true, the cure is on my ship. But stopping the virus is just part of the equation.

NORMAN

I don't understand.

THE TOY

You asked me earlier how my planet knew your planet had the virus.

Norman nods.

Pi-Za swipes. The picture dissolves into tiny dots, like a snowy image with no signal. It rebuilds itself into an image of a Solar System.

THE TOY

This is where I'm from. My solar system. The best I can translate it into your language is Zigtarnak Lyphtylx.

Pi-Za folds his four fingers up like a closing flower. The image zooms in past stars and planets, stops at two identical sized planets. One RED. One GREEN. With a Sun between them.

THE TOY

Sister planets. Mine is the green one. Fengklid. The red one is Dwengklid.

NORMAN

Fengklid. Dwengklid.

THE TOY

Yes. I am known as a Fengklad.

NORMAN

The red one?

THE TOY

Our sister race. Dwengklads. Their planet didn't used to be red.

Norman tries his best to absorb all of this.

NORMAN

You are a Fengklad.

Pi-Za zooms into the red planet. It is smoke filled, fiery.

THE TOY

The Dwengklads have all but destroyed their planet. It was green like ours. They didn't take care of it. They used its resources without replenishing. We tried to warn them. Help them. Teach them how to salvage what they had left, and in time, reverse the damage. But they're arrogance, impatience stopped it. We had to create an energy field around our planet to prevent them from traversing ours. Otherwise, in time, we would all perish.

Norman takes a seat at the table.

THE TOY

So they turned their attention elsewhere.

NORMAN

Here. My earth.

Pi-Za swipes again. On TV other worlds come up.

THE TOY

Not at first. There were other planets.

Those planets turn from blues and greens to reds, then black.

NORMAN

It's not a beautiful day in the neighborhood, Mister Rogers.

THE TOY

That virus is of their making.
That's why there is no known
origin. No true patient zero.

Norman pushes back from the table. Swigs his greens.

NORMAN

They're going to kill us all and
take Earth for their planet?

Pi-Za swipes. The screen goes black.

THE TOY

It's what they do.

NORMAN

So you can release the cure, then
they can rerelease the virus.

THE TOY

Not they. Just one.

NORMAN

One? One what?

THE TOY

We have been able to imprison the
Dwengklads on the last planet they
were on.

NORMAN

Even the women and children?

THE TOY

Our races don't have women and
children like you earthlings.

NORMAN

No women and children?

THE TOY

Not like you understand them.

Norman makes like his head explodes.

THE TOY

The Dwenklads sent out the one with
the virus, in hopes he would
prepare Earth for them, if they
could ever escape. My mission.

NORMAN

Stop the one *with* the virus.

THE TOY

But he shot me down before I could release the cure, and finish him.

NORMAN

Where is he?

THE TOY

Looking for me, I'm sure. That is why it is imperative you return me to my ship. I need to release the cure, and go after him.

Norman jumps up, shakes his head, guzzles the rest of the greens.

NORMAN

Can't you just cloak yourself? And I'll call you an Uber to here, you jump in while I tell them they mixed it up, and have them think they are picking my friend up at the sewage plant, then when they get there, you jump out and Dingo, you're at your ship.

THE TOY

Dongo.

NORMAN

Oh, yeah. Dongo. You're at your ship.

THE TOY

I can only cloak myself for several minutes, and with my weakened state, maybe not even that long.

Norman paces back and forth.

NORMAN

Not good. This is not good.

THE TOY

Norman. Your planet needs you.

NORMAN

I can't. I'm afraid. I go outside for a little bit and everything is fine, then it all starts closing in.

THE TOY

I've never stopped them.

NORMAN

What? But I thought you said you have them locked down on a planet.

THE TOY

Yes. But if I had been able to stop them from taking over that planet and the ones before that --

NORMAN

You could have locked them down on their planet.

THE TOY

And those innocent denizens would still be --

Pi-Za pushes away from the table, walks away ashamed.

THE TOY

This is my last chance to prove myself. To my species. And save your planet.

NORMAN

Last chance?

THE TOY

If I fail, they recall me.

Norman paces back and forth.

NORMAN

Recall?

THE TOY

Fenklid bound. No more space travel. No more meeting new friends.

NORMAN

Oh gosh. Oh gosh. Oh gosh.

THE TOY

Norman. I need you.

He turns to Norman.

THE TOY

I can't fail.

NORMAN

I want to help you, Pizza. I do. But I'm not a hero.

NORMAN

I'm just an unemployed boring
hypochondriac who lives in his junk
collecting Uncle's basement.

THE TOY

We can't always choose our life.
But there are times life chooses
us.

Norman scoffs.

NORMAN

I can't.

THE TOY

I'll be with you.

A SONG interrupts them.

"Don't Worry. Be Happy. Don't Worry. Be Happy."

Norman rushes to his cell phone, answers it.

NORMAN

(on Cell)

Uncle Happy!

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

Is this Mister Norman Boorman?

NORMAN

(on Cell)

What? Who is this?

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

Is this Mister Norman Boorman?

NORMAN

(on Cell)

Yes. Yes. This is he.

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

This is Doctor's Hospital in
Ballyhoo Florida. Your uncle, Happy
Boorman, has been admitted here. He
is in critical condition.

NORMAN

(on Cell)

What? Did he have an accident?

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

No. He has contracted the virus.

NORMAN

(on Cell)

But how? He wears his mask, and gloves. I gave him goggles. And disinfectant spray. Hand sanitizers. You sure you have the right Happy Boorman?

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

We're not sure how long he's going to last. The virus has started to attack his lungs.

NORMAN

(on Cell)

No. Wait a minute.

VOICE OVER NORMAN'S PHONE

When he was conscious, he listed you as his next of kin. We regret to inform you. Unfortunately, you cannot come up because of the quarantine and lockdown. But we will text you with his ongoing status. Please do not try to call back, his cell phone is also quarantined and will be locked up. Also, please do not call the hospital, as it will only block our lines to try and reach other victim's family members. We will be in touch. Thank you for your cooperation and understanding.

CLICK!

NORMAN

(on Cell)

Hello? Hello?

Norman hits redial. It goes immediately to Uncle Happy's message machine.

NORMAN

They shut it off. My uncle.

Norman's voice dies out.

THE TOY

I'm so sorry, Norman.

Norman charges into his closet. Comes back out with rain gear, head gear, a mask, goggles, and gloves. He tosses them down on the table.

NORMAN

Get geared up. We're going to your space ship.

Pi-Za smiles.

EXT. NORMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Norman hooks up a small trailer with an attached seat to his moped. He loads it with several boxes of disinfectant, hand sanitizers, toilet paper, and paper towels.

He pulls on the buckle that locks the seat in.

NORMAN

I hope that's comfortable.

Norman grabs the animal noise Toy from the trailer. It glows green.

THE TOY

It is perfect.

Pi-Za stands next to the trailer. He has a bike helmet on, goggles, a mask, gloves, and rain gear that covers his skinny alien frame. To look at him, one would never know he was an alien.

Pi-Za gets in to the trailer, sits in the chair.

NORMAN

Buckle up. I don't want us to get a ticket.

Norman pauses, laughs at his own joke. Pi-Za doesn't respond. Norman shakes his head.

Pi-Za looks at all the boxes.

THE TOY

Do we need all of these items?

NORMAN

We're taking a quick detour to my grandma's house. Most of those things are for her. I should have delivered them yesterday.

Norman gets on the moped, puts his helmet on. He is fully geared up and ready to roll. Goggles, mask, gloves, rain gear.

He slips the Toy over a hook on the steering column in front of him.

He turns back, gives a thumbs up to Pi-Za. Pi-Za returns the thumbs up sign with the glove. But there is no thumb in the glove, so it kind of falls over.

MICAH (O.S.)

Oink! Oink!

Micah stands in front of the moped. Norman jerks his head around. Micah snatches the Toy off the front of the moped.

MICAH

Mine!

NORMAN

What the Woody Wood!?

MICAH

Oink! Oink!

Norman reaches out to take it back. Micah dodges him, takes off through the gate towards Norman's backyard.

NORMAN

Hey! That's our communicator!

Norman lurches off the moped, his raincoat gets caught on the seat, he gets yoked back, crumbles to the ground.

NORMAN

Pizza. We need that toy.

Pi-Za jumps out of the trailer, let's out a long ELEPHANT BLAST, chases after Micah.

NORMAN

Don't hurt him. Just get the toy back.

EXT. NORMAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Pi-Za stalks up to the rows and mounds of scrap junk. He quickly scans back and forth. Picks a row, dodges into it.

MICAH

Hides behind a pile of junk, holds on to his favorite Toy. He peers out, spots Pizza slink by in his rain gear, goggles, and gloves. He looks awkward, but definitely not like an alien.

The Toy lights up green.

THE TOY
Come out, come out, wherever you
are.

Micah's eyes grow wide, he clings tighter to the Toy.

Pi-Za hears the Toy, stops, looks towards where the sound came from. He cuts around the large scrap pile, looks down.

No Micah. No Toy.

LAUGHTER

The playful sound of Micah echoes around the junk yard.

Pi-Za glances up. SWOOSH! In one leap he tops the pile of junk. Pieces of scrap scatter down.

More of Micah's laughter fills the yard.

Pi-Za jumps from one pile to the next. Again he scatters the scrap. Pi-Za pauses, mouths some words. The SOUND of the Toy returns to him.

THE TOY
I'm over here.

Pi-Za leaps across a couple piles, peers down. Below him Micah squats against some scrap. He holds his Toy, remains very still.

Pi-Za mouths something.

The Toy lights up green.

THE TOY
I see you.

Micah glances around not knowing how he has been spotted. He eases out to look around the scrap pile. Pi-Za jumps down behind him, but lands so softly, Micah doesn't hear him.

The Toy lights green again.

THE TOY
Cuckoo.

Micah glances at the Toy.

MICAH
Cuckoo.

The Toy lights green.

THE TOY

Oink. Oink.

Micah laughs.

MICAH

Oink. Oink.

Pi-Za reaches out towards an unsuspecting Micah, about to seize him.

NORMAN

Got you.

Norman appears in front of Micah. He reaches down to get the Toy.

Micah screams, cuts under Norman's legs, runs away. Pi-Za gets a pained expression on his face and MOO's at Norman.

Pi-Za hurdles Norman, chases after Micah.

NORMAN

Moo? What's that supposed to mean?
Moo?

Norman follows after them.

NORMAN

Did you just say an unsavory word
in Fengklad?

Norman spots Pi-Za leaping from one pile to the next, scrap raining down all over.

NORMAN

Hey. It took me weeks to catalogue
and file that scrap.

PI-ZA

As he leaps, the scattered scrap follows him. Like a magnet, other pieces of scrap fly towards him from other piles.

The scrap follows above him.

Pi-Za takes a long leap, the scrap right behind, like an angry cloud of bees chasing after him. Pizza lands in front of a fast charging Micah headed out of there.

Micah sees him, halts. Hugs the Toy to his chest.

MICAH
My Oink, Oink.

Pi-Za waves his hands in a circle. The various pieces of metal and plastic spin above his head, fit together like they once belonged together.

Norman huffs and puffs up to them.

NORMAN
This is unacceptable behavior,
Little Dolittle.

He goes for the Toy. Stops. Notices Micah staring at something. Norman's eyes follow his stare.

The scraps of metal, copper, tin and plastic form into a shape above Pi-Za. Wire flies in from a pile. Small lights fly in from another direction. Four small wagon wheel tires roll across the ground past a mesmerized Norman and Micah.

The tires shoot into the whirling dervish of junk.

Pi-Za waves his arms and hands above his head like a living blender as he works his magic.

The scrap spins faster and faster into a blur. Pi-Za jerks his hands up to a sudden stop.

Above Pi-Za the pile of discarded odds and ends has become a miniature flying saucer with four wheels. Pi-Za moves his hands forward.

The toy craft moves in front of Pi-Za, hovers for a moment, silent, other worldly.

Pi-Za lowers his hands.

The shiny new spacecraft made of recycled Earth junk floats down, alights in front of Norman and Micah.

Micah's eyes light up. Norman's eyes light up even more.

The toy saucer has a seat in the center big enough for Micah to sit in.

Micah's Toy glows blue.

THE TOY
You want it?

Micah looks at Pi-Za. Back at the incredible new toy. He nods, walks over to it.

THE TOY
No touchy wutchy.

Micah stops. Looks back at Norman. Norman holds out his hands for the Toy. Micah looks at it, pulls it to his chest, looks at the saucer.

Norman eases up to him.

NORMAN
You can have the UFO if you give
good old Norman the Oink, Oink.

Norman reaches out to receive the Toy. Micah jerks away from him, holds the Toy out to Pi-Za.

MICAH
Oink.

PIZZA
Oink.

Pi-Za takes the Toy, moves his hand up.

Micah floats up, surprised, but a big smile wraps his face.

Pi-Za hovers him over the saucer and gently into it.

PIZZA
Cuckoo.

Micah nods his head.

MICAH
Cuckoo.

Micah pushes one of the large buttons on a console in front of him. The shiny little saucer moves forward. Micah clings to a steering wheel made of a copper tube.

He mashes another button. Red and green lights flash on, rotate around the body of the toy.

Micah pushes another button.

TOY SPACESHIP
Oink. Oink.

Micah laughs.

MICAH
Oink. Oink.

He pushes the first button again. The little saucer moves towards the front yard away from them. A smile on Micah's face wide as the universe he is about to explore.

Norman walks over to Pi-Za. Shakes his head.

NORMAN

You are out of this world amazing.

They watch Micah turn into his yard. His joy filled laughter echoes around them.

THE TOY

Oh, that miniature space vehicle with flashing lights, multiple crash sensors, animal noises, and a killer sound system? Just something I whipped up at the last second.

NORMAN

Killer sound system?

Pi-Za bows, hands Norman the Toy. It lights up green.

THE TOY

Communicator secured, Captain.
First stop, Grandmama's.

Norman jerks his head towards the moped, takes off running.

NORMAN

Oh shucks. We have to hurry.

Norman gets to the moped, freezes.

JOEY (O.S.)

Hey, Boringman.

Joey and Flex, the kids from across the street, stand next to the trailer. They're snooping in the boxes.

FLEX

So you're the reason my mom can't get no paper towels. No toilet paper.

JOEY

Yeah. I gotta wipe my ass too, ass wipe.

Flex starts to forage through the boxes. Gets his hand knocked away.

FLEX
What the?

JOEY
What?

FLEX
I don't know. Like something
smacked me.

He starts to dig into the boxes again. Gets shoved back.

JOEY
Stop fooling around, Flex, and get
us some T P.

Flex stalks towards Norman.

FLEX
Think you're funny, Boringman?

Norman doesn't move.

JOEY
Would you forget him and get the
toilet paper. Screw it. I'll get it
myself.

Joey grabs the toilet paper out of the box.

JOEY
See? That so hard?

He holds the package up to Flex. Flex turns back to Norman.

NORMAN
But, I paid for those.

FLEX
A punch in the face should cover
it.

Flex rears back to slug Norman. His arm stops. Won't go
forward. He looks back at it.

JOEY
Are you retarded? Pay the man and
let's go.

Flex looks dumbfounded. Scared even. He fights to throw the
punch.

FLEX
I'm stuck.

Joey stomps to them.

JOEY
I got to do this too?

Joey goes to throw a punch. His arm stops.

JOEY
What the?

They both stand there with their arms in the air, looking at one another.

They get turned towards each other. Their arms that are stuck in the air interlock.

JOEY
What the hell, Flex?

FLEX
What the hell with you?

They turn around and around like they're dancing with each other. They spin faster and faster. Joey grips the toilet paper package tighter to himself.

FLEX
What's happening?

Fear grips both their faces. They levitate off the ground, spin faster in the air.

Flex and Joey both start screaming.

The toilet paper flies out of Joey's arm. A couple of rolls rip out of the package. They rotate opposite the boys. The rolls unravel, wrap the two boys together in one big toilet paper cocoon as they scream at the top of their lungs.

Norman watches in delight. Pi-Za reappears, smiles at Norman.

THE TOY
(lights green)
Think they've had enough?

Norman nods. Pi-Za waves his hand towards Joey's house.

Tightly wrapped, they descend to the street, fall over, and get rolled to Joey's yard. They roll around in the yard trying to get free.

JOEY
Get off me.

FLEX
You get off me!

JOEY
Mom!

Norman throws the toilet paper package in a box, jumps on the moped.

NORMAN
I can't believe you just TP'd them.

THE TOY
Is that what you call it?

They both laugh.

THE TOY
Ready for take off?

NORMAN
Over the river and through the woods to Grandmama's house we go.

Norman moves the moped forward.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Norman pulls up to a small house behind a white picket fence.

THE TOY
Is this Grandmama's?

NORMAN
It is. And there she is.

Norman's GRANDMOTHER(80s) steps out on to the front porch, waves.

GRANDMOTHER
Norman, you shouldn't have come over. There's a lock down.

Norman puts the boxes over the fence. He leaves one box with a couple cans of disinfectant spray, hand sanitizer, and the open package of toilet paper.

NORMAN
I can't not take care of you, Grandma.

He feigns kisses.

GRANDMOTHER

I know my sweet boy. And me and my friends thank you ever so much.

NORMAN

I'm sorry I can't come in Grandma. Social distancing.

Pi-Za watches them.

GRANDMOTHER

Who's your friend?

NORMAN

That's Pizza, an alien, and I'm taking him back to his spaceship so we can save the world.

GRANDMOTHER

That's nice dear, but you better do it before the curfew starts. I know you're doing everything to protect yourself.

NORMAN

You know I am, Grandma. Everything but Flea Dip.

GRANDMOTHER

Well, it won't hurt to try that too.

NORMAN

Okay, Grandma. Love you.

GRANDMOTHER

Love you, good buddy.

She waves, blows him a kiss.

Norman waves, blows her a kiss.

Pi-Za waves, blows her a kiss.

One of Grandma's elderly FRIENDS(80s) comes out.

GRANDMOTHER'S FRIEND

Who's that with Normy?

GRANDMOTHER

A very friendly pizza guy.

Norman and Pi-Za take off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Streets are deserted. Norman pulls to the side of the road, checks his cell phone GPS.

NORMAN

We've got another forty minutes and it's almost curfew.

THE TOY

Press forward, Captain.

NORMAN

Plus it's going to get dark soon.

THE TOY

Darkness my old friend.

NORMAN

Don't tell me you taught that to Simon and Garfunkle.

THE TOY

They did have their own way of singing it. A pleasing harmonic lilt to it, if I remember.

Norman shakes his head, checks his phone, points to a road on the left.

NORMAN

If we take that way, we can cut out five minutes.

THE TOY

Amazing.

NORMAN

What?

THE TOY

You've invented time travel. Jumping five minutes.

Norman laughs. He brings up the SONG -- "Hello Darkness My Old Friend" on his phone.

NORMAN

Cut it out, Wally. It's called a short cut.

THE TOY

Who's Wally?

Norman laughs, takes off.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

Norman and Pi-Za turn on to a road that's been cut into a large field, bushes and trees line both sides. They come up on a SIGN -- "*You Are Leaving The City of OPA-LOCKA. City Limits*"

NORMAN
City limits. The Everglades start out here.

THE TOY
What are the Everglades?

NORMAN
It's where you crash landed. Kind of a swampy, wooded, swampy area.

A quick SIREN sounds behind them.

Norman turns to look. A POLICE CAR has on it's red and blue lights. Follows behind them. Norman slows down, but keeps going.

NORMAN
Woody Wood Pecker. The police.

THE TOY
What do they want? Get TP'd?

A toilet paper roll rises out of a box, circles them.

NORMAN
No. No. No. You can't do anything to them. They're the law.

The roll floats back into the box.

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER
Pull over.

Norman keeps going.

NORMAN
If we stop. We're finished. If we don't stop, we're finished.

THE TOY
I prefer the second 'we're finished'.

NORMAN

What are you going to do?

THE TOY

Trust me.

NORMAN

What?

Pi-Za puts his hand up. The moped takes off. Norman looks down, tries to stop it.

NORMAN

Pizza, we can't run from the police. They'll arrest us. Shoot us.

THE TOY

Then we'll have to go faster.

The moped jerks forward. Norman jerks back, hangs on to the handle bars.

The police car gives chase. Siren blaring now.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)

The OFFICER on the radio.

OFFICER

Officer Fifty One, west bound, Perimeter road. Pursuing person on a moped pulling a trailer with someone in it. Heading for Highway Nine, roadblock thirty seven. Please be advised traveling at a high rate of speed.

OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

(on Radio)

Copy, Fifty One. Rabbits got no place to run but here.

EXT. CITY HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun looms large, a giant orange fireball sinking towards the horizon.

Norman and Pi-Za turn onto Highway Nine. Up ahead a short ways, a POLICE ROADBLOCK. POLICE check the drivers and cars.

NORMAN

What now?

Pi-Za raises his hand.

Behind them the police car that was chasing them comes around the corner.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING)

The Officer sees the road block up ahead but not Norman and Pi-Za. They've disappeared.

The Officer checks his rear view mirror, confused.

OFFICER

What the hell?

He gets on the radio.

OFFICER

Roadblock Thirty Seven this is
Fifty One, pursuing officer, did
you stop rabbit?

OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

(on Radio)

That's a negative, Fifty One. No
suspect on a moped has approached.

The Officer's head on a swivel, looks back and forth and behind. There is no place to go on this highway.

He turns off his siren.

EXT. HIGHWAY NINE - DAY

Norman and Pi-Za zip down the highway towards the roadblock. Norman freaks out.

NORMAN

They're going to gun us down. Stop.

THE TOY

Norman. You're invisible. We're
invisible. Cloaked. They can't see
us.

NORMAN

Cloaked? We are?

Norman looks at himself and Pizza.

NORMAN

But I can still see us.

THE TOY

No one else can. That's how
cloaking works.

Norman looks back at the pursuing cop car. The lights flash
but the siren is off and it has slowed way down.

NORMAN

Wish I could see what we looked
like.

They move up to the road block and slow down.

THE TOY

Then we wouldn't be invisible.

They cut in front of a car and right up to one that is being
checked.

NORMAN

You sure we're invisible?

THE TOY

Quite.

The car ahead of them pulls away. The TWO POLICEMEN wave the
next car up.

Norman and Pi-Za approach the two Policemen who do not see
them.

Blue lightning and green phosphorus light crackles all around
them.

THE TOY

Uh oh.

NORMAN

What's uh oh? I don't like uh oh.

THE TOY

We're decloaking. I can't hold it.

NORMAN

Decloaking?

The moped, and trailer suddenly appear in between the two
policemen. They look stunned.

The car they just ordered to pull up smashes on its brakes,
makes a loud screeching sound, almost hits their trailer.

The Policeman scatter.

The Officer that was pursuing them, sees the commotion, then spots Norman and Pi-Za.

He throws on his siren and waves the car in front of him out of the way. The car doesn't move.

THE TOY

Guess we should go for the second
'we're finished' again, right?

The moped does a wheelie, Norman hangs on for dear life, the back tire smokes as it peels out. The trailer rattles behind.

NORMAN

Pizza!

They get a head start down the highway before their pursuing officer gets through the road block and chases after them.

Ahead of them two more POLICE CARS with flashing lights and sirens race towards them.

The cop cars skid to a stop, turn sideways to block the two lane road that cuts through the Everglades.

Norman and Pi-Zaa speed towards the two cop cars. Pi-Za refuses to stop. No place for them to go with canals and swamp on both sides of the road.

Norman shrieks all the way. His eyes squeezed tight.

Just as they are about to collide with the vehicles, they fly up and over them, into the sky.

The pursuing cop car shrieks to a halt almost crashes into the other two cop cars. All the POLICE jump out, watch helpless as the moped and trailer fly away.

EXT. SKY - MOPED FLYING - DUSK

The sun, a huge burnt orange fire ball melts down into the Everglades' horizon framed by a deep purple sky.

THE TOY

Norman. You can open you're eyes
now. We're not finished.

Norman takes a peek. He grips the moped handles in a panic.

NORMAN

We're flying.

THE TOY

Relax.

NORMAN

But we're flying.

THE TOY

I got you.

Norman looks over at the sun. He relaxes. A huge smile crosses his face.

Their silhouette flies across the sinking sun, the moped, motor running, exhaust coming out, and the trailer, with Norman and Pizza sitting like it's a Sunday jaunt in the park.

NORMAN (V.O.)

This must be what Elliot felt like.

THE TOY

Who is Elliot?

Norman looks down at the Everglades. He spots a large wooded area, with a couple of buildings amongst the trees.

NORMAN

The sewage plant.

The moped turns towards those woods, they descend.

BLAST!

A ray of light shoots past them.

BLAST!

Then another.

Norman looks around, spots a flying saucer.

NORMAN

Bogey, eleven o'clock.

Pi-Za cloaks them. Too late. Another ray hits them just as they move down towards the top of the trees.

Crackles of blue lightning, they decloak.

The moped and trailer whip out of control. They skim the top of a tree, crash into the woods. The box of stuff scatters all over the place.

Norman flies out of his seat, tumbles across the ground, lands in a heap. The Toy rolls on the ground, winds up next to him.

The trailer disconnects from the moped. Pi-Za jumps out just as the trailer topples over and over, smashes a tree trunk. Tires fly off. The trailer wraps around the tree, a mangled mess.

The moped skids into a bush.

Pi-Za flips over, lands on his feet. He throws off his mask, rain gear, and headgear, hurries to Norman.

THE TOY
(lights red)
Norman!

Pi-Za gets a few feet away, takes off one of his gloves to check him.

WHACK! He gets tackled by another ALIEN.

The two wrestle across the ground. Pi-Za throws off his assailant, plants himself ready for another attack.

His attacker rolls over, rises up to face him. It's the DWENGLAD ALIEN. And it looks just like Pi-Za.

Their two languages sound like animal noises. Bleats, whinnies, oinks, monkey sounds, bird chirps and clicks, chicken clucks, and many other fun sounds.

DWENGLAD ALIEN
(in Dwengklid language)
Knew you'd return, Fengklad.

Pi-Za's eyes turn fiery red.

PIZZA
(in Fengklid language)
You have no right to take this planet.

The Dwengklad Alien laughs.

DWENGLAD ALIEN
You have no right to stop us.

They circle each other. Norman moans. Pi-Za looks over at him. He's lost his mask, head gear, and goggles in the crash.

The Dwengklad points at him.

DWENGLAD ALIEN

His species is weak. This Norman
will be dust soon.

PIZZA

Dwengklads are the weak ones.
Killing innocents, destroying what
is not yours.

They clash, grapple each other mightily. The Dwengklad Alien slams Pi-Za into a tree. Pi-Za returns the blow, smashes him into a tree.

The Dwengklad kicks Pi-Za off of him like a kangaroo kicks it's enemy.

DWENGLAD ALIEN

The virus has already penetrated
their atmosphere. In a short time,
the planet will need a new
occupier.

PIZZA

Not when I release the cure.

They clash again. Trade blow for blow.

DWENGLAD ALIEN

Ah. Going back to your ship to
retrieve it. Pity I shot you down
before you could.

Pi-Za trips backwards over a fallen tree limb. The other Alien uses the edge, snatches up the limb, knocks Pi-Za to the ground. Smashes the limb into his chest, pins him down.

DWENGLAD ALIEN

Pi-Za -- If you stop fighting me, I
may let you live. But they'll be
finished. If you keep fighting me,
I'll kill you, and they'll still be
finished.

Pi-Za looks over at Norman. Norman pushes up, sees the two for the first time.

NORMAN

Pizza?

Pi-Za looks back at the Dwengklad. He takes hold of the branch, leans into the alien's face.

PIZZA

Wu-Zi, we were like brothers once.

WU-ZI
Once was a long time ago.

PIZZA
You can choose a better way for you
and the Dwenklads.

Wu-Zi shoves the branch harder against Pi-Za's chest.

WU-ZI
Imprisoned on a dying planet?

PIZZA
It doesn't have to be that way.

WU-ZI
It won't be that way.

They struggle against each other both pushing on the branch.

PIZZA
Then I'll take the second finished
option. Only, I'll make a small
change.

DWENGLAD ALIEN
What's that?

THE TOY
I'm--

The Toy lights up red. Norman glances at it.

THE TOY
Going to kill you.

The Toy shoots up, spins full speed, shoots forward, smacks
the Dwengklad Alien in the back of the neck.

Pi-Za looks over at Norman.

THE TOY
Bingo!

Pi-Za wrests the limb from a stunned Wu-Zi, leaps up, attacks
him with a vengeance. He pummels the Dwengklad Alien with the
limb. Back, back, back to the edge of a sharp decline.

The Dwengklad teeters back, about to plummet. He snatches the
other end of the limb, yanks Pi-Za over with him.

NORMAN
Pizza!

Norman labors to get up. He limps towards where they tumbled over.

Before he reaches the edge, a four fingered hand grips a tree root.

Norman halts.

One of the aliens pulls himself up, struggles to stand.

Norman holds his breath, wondering which one it is.

The Toy glows green.

THE TOY

Norman.

Norman looks at the Toy lying on the ground, back at Pizza. He breathes a sigh of relief.

NORMAN

Pizza.

Norman smiles. Pi-Za comes over to him. Norman feigns a hug.

NORMAN

Social distance hug.

THE TOY

Right.

NORMAN

We're near the sewage plant, so your ship's got to be nearby. But it's so dark how are we going to find it now?

Pi-Za goes past Norman.

THE TOY

That Dwengklad landed this way. We'll use his ship to locate the plant.

Norman picks up the Toy, follows after Pizza.

NORMAN

What happened to the Dwengklad?

THE TOY

Let's just say he won't bother us again.

NORMAN
His name was really Wussy?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

At the bottom of the precipice the aliens fell over, an alien lies unconscious. One hand wears a glove.

It's Pi-Za!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Dwengklad's ship sits in a small clearing. The Dwengklad and Norman come up on it.

The alien waves his hand, an opening appears.

NORMAN
You can fly his ship?

THE TOY
We shared technology for thousands
of years before our war.

INT. DWENGLAD SPACESHIP - NIGHT

A seat mounted in the center to a metallic platform on a gyroscope. The smooth, nickle plated looking seat is a double one. It can hold two people, back to back.

Wu-Zi motions for Norman to sit. Norman does. Rests the toy in his lap. The Dwengklad takes the other seat.

Norman pretends to push a button on the arm of his chair.

NORMAN
Captain's log. Stardate 3022. We've
battled the Klingons to an impasse.
Now it's up to the crew of the
Enterprise.

THE TOY
Klingon?

NORMAN
Star fleet's mortal enemy.

He pretends to push another button.

NORMAN
Scotty. Phasers on stun.

Norman breaks into a Scottish brogue.

NORMAN
(imitates Scotty)
The dilithium crystals are not
fully charged, Captain.

Norman jumps up.

NORMAN
Zulu. Take the con.

The Toy turns red.

THE TOY
Sit down and don't touch anything.

Norman sits like a scolded pup. Puts the Toy back on his lap.

NORMAN
Sorry, Wally. I kinda got carried
away, being in my first spaceship
and all.

Wu-Zi touches a lighted symbol. The chairs lock the two in.

Norman chuckles.

NORMAN
Click it or ticket.

The alien powers up the ship. The circular cockpit walls go black.

Norman peers out.

NORMAN
Dark. Zero visibility. How do you
see?

The Dwengklad swipes his hand over a simulated switch on a small control screen. The view flips to exterior virtual vision, 360 degrees, below and above them as if their seats float in mid-air.

Norman looks around the whole panoramic window. He sees the night sky, but the woods appear like it's daylight out.

NORMAN
Stranger things.

He sees the ground beneath his feet, kicks with excitement.

NORMAN

I can see the ground.

The Dwengklad waves his hand over another screen. The craft moves up above the tree tops.

NORMAN

This may be the coolest moment in the history of my life.

THE TOY

Let's get that cure.

The ship ascends higher to capture the whole wooded landscape. Norman spots the sewage plant a short ways a way. He points at the several buildings that make it up.

NORMAN

Pizza. There.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The hill Pi-Za and the Dwengklad went over.

A gloved hand reaches up, grabs the same tree root the Dwengklad used to climb up.

INT. DWENGLAD SPACESHIP - NIGHT

The craft hovers above the sewage plant.

THE TOY

Where is it?

NORMAN

Well, you said you crawled out and came up on a fenced area.

Norman scans the plant.

NORMAN

Look. There's a fenced area, next to those trees.

In a blink the ship sits above the fenced in area.

The Dwengklad magnifies the ground under their feet, focused on his search.

A holograph of the ground from a horizontal view comes up from the ship floor all around them.

The holographic image locates the mound of dirt with the sliver of the ship protruding out. Like the edge of a nickle sticking out of an ant pile.

THE TOY

There you are.

The holographic image melts back into the floor.

ZIP!

The craft moves over the crash site, and down.

EXT. WOODED AREA - SEWAGE PLANT - NIGHT

Wu-Zi's craft rests on the ground. The door open. The Dwengklad and Norman make their way to Pi-Za's ship. Norman has the Toy.

The Dwengklad waves his hand. The door opens. Dirt from the mound pours in.

NORMAN

I really need my gloves and mask.

Wu-Zi climbs up and into the ship. More dirt falls in.

Norman hesitates.

NORMAN

Mission 'Cure the World'?

Norman works up the nerve, climbs in behind the alien.

NORMAN

If Grandma could see me now.

Dirt falls across him. He spits it out.

INT. PI-ZA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Norman coughs, shakes his head, wipes the dirt off his shoulders.

NORMAN

I'm okay. It's organic.

The ship looks just like Wu-Zi's ship. Same gyroscopic seat, instrument panel.

Wu-Zi scans the interior.

WU-ZI
 (mumbles in Dwengklid
 language to himself)
 Now where did he put it?

The Toy doesn't pick up what the Dwengklad says. Doesn't translate.

Norman glances around.

NORMAN
 C'mon, let's get it and get out of
 here.

WU-ZI
 (in Dwengklid language to
 himself so the Toy
 doesn't pick him up)
 You had to trail it in the
 atmosphere to get it to spread.

The alien heads straight to a point on the inside wall. It's smooth and doesn't appear to be anything but the wall. He waves his hand. A lighted symbol appears.

Norman comes up next to him.

NORMAN
 Coolio, Julio.

The alien presses the symbol.

A compartment opens. Inside, a silver vial the size of a large thermos. It has Fengklad symbols on it.

THE TOY
 Ahhh. The cure.

NORMAN
 Bingo.

THE TOY
 What?

NORMAN
 I mean, Dongo.

Wu-Zi snatches the silver vial out, holds it up, turns it back and forth, relishing in his victory.

THE TOY
 Dongo, indeed.

NORMAN
Now we can't fail.

THE TOY
I never fail.

Wu-Zi laughs a cackling laugh. The Toy screeches with an ear piercing backfeed that echoes in the small chamber. Norman holds it away.

NORMAN
Zowie.

Norman bolts towards the door.

NORMAN
Let's get out of here. It's feeling
a little small in here.

Wu-Zi cuts him off. Shoves him hard across the ship. Norman hits the wall, collapses to the floor. The Toy lands next to him, wobbles around and around until it comes to a stop.

Norman winces in pain.

NORMAN
What was that for?

THE TOY
You're not going anywhere,
earthworm.

NORMAN
Pizza?

Wu-Zi mocks him.

THE TOY
Pizza.

Norman's eyes grow wide. A sudden fearful realization.

NORMAN
Houston. We have a problem.

Norman looks around the ship. It begins to close in on him. At least that's how he feels.

NORMAN
I need oxygen.

The Dwengklad laughs again. The Toy screeches. Norman covers his ears. Two quick steps, Wu-Zi towers over Norman. He holds the vial in front of Norman's face.

THE TOY

You will never see your sun again.
And neither will this cure.

NORMAN

You can't take that. My Uncle Happy
needs it. And millions of others.

Norman gets short of breath, sobs. The Dwengklad spins, heads
for the door.

NORMAN

(gasps)

Please. I can't breathe.

Wu-Zi turns back. The Toy glows red.

THE TOY

You see. This is why your people
don't deserve this planet. You're
weak. Pitiful.

Norman pushes up on all fours. He struggles to suck in a
breath, continues to sob.

NORMAN

Please.

THE TOY

Don't beg, earthworm. Rather, die
with pride knowing I will tell my
people how you helped secure our
new home.

Norman gets angry. Punches the floor of the ship. Struggles
up.

NORMAN

No. This is my home.

He fights through his fear.

NORMAN

And you can't have it.

A slight smile crosses Wu-Zi's face.

THE TOY

You do have a vertebrae. It won't
help you.

THE TOY

But better to die of a broken back
than gutted like a spineless glob
of jelly.

The alien looks around the ship.

THE TOY

This will be your final resting
place, Norman.

Norman coaches himself up.

NORMAN

Inhale oxygen for me. Exhale carbon
dioxide for a tree.

He forces himself to breathe in and out.

THE TOY

Perhaps I'll preserve it as a
memorial to you.

NORMAN

Perhaps I'll give you what's behind
door number two.

Wu-Zi shoots him a humored look.

THE TOY

There's only one door.

Norman balls up his fists. Anger flushes his face.

NORMAN

Then that's the door you'll get
your beating through -- from behind
it -- that I'll give you.

The Dwengklad dismisses him.

THE TOY

I truly hope you're not the best
Earth has to offer.

The Dwengklad turns to go.

NORMAN

No gloves. No mask. No goggles. To
hell with social distancing.

Norman blows his lid, charges the alien, screams out.

NORMAN

I'm going to kick your spindly
alien ass, Eddie Haskell.

Just as he brings down both fists against the alien's back,
the Dwengklad spins, kangaroo kicks him back across the ship.

Norman hits the wall with a hard thud, collapses to the floor
next to the Toy. Norman staggers back up.

NORMAN

That all you got -- *Wussy?*

Norman puts his fists back up. Not exactly a frightening foe.

THE TOY

It's Wu-Zi, you Fartokian dust
bunny.

The alien gives him an amused smile, waves his hand upward.
Norman slams against the top of the ship. The alien waves his
hand around in a circle. Norman spins through the air, looks
like he may throw up.

The alien bounces him back and forth against the sides of the
ship like a rubber ball. Freezes him in mid-air.

Norman clearly in pain, can hardly breathe.

NORMAN

You'll never be as good as Pizza.

THE TOY

Pi-Za is dead.

NORMAN

Pizza is not dead. He is my friend.

The Dwengklad looks at him for a long second.

THE TOY

So much empty hope.

He drops his hand. Norman collapses to the floor in a heap.

THE TOY

I'm bored.

Wu-Zi turns to go.

Norman spits out.

NORMAN

I'm not boring.

The Toy glows YELLOW.

Norman notices it.

NORMAN
(mumbles)
Pizza?

The SONG -- "Walk Like An Egyptian" blares out of the Toy.

Norman's eyes grow wide.

NORMAN
Hey, Dweebklad.

Norman pushes up. Strikes the Egyptian pose through his pain. Although fairly weird looking.

NORMAN
May I have this last dance?

The alien turns back to him. Norman does the Egyptian dance to the music.

The Dwengklad looks repulsed.

THE TOY
Ooh, No. I don't dance.

Norman keeps dancing.

THE TOY
I hated that song four thousand years ago, and I hate it now.

NORMAN
Pity. It's better to die dancing than die listening to a fun song and -- not dancing.

THE TOY
That doesn't even make sense.

SKKREEETTTCH!

The broken tree branch the two aliens fought with rips through the Dwengklad's chest. His eyes stretch wide. Wu-Zi stiffens. Purple phosphorus pours from his wound, splatters on the floor of the ship.

Blue electricity and green phosphorus crackle, run up and down behind him. A gloved hand appears. It wraps around the silver vial with the cure in it.

PIZZA (V.O.)
 (in Fengklid language)
 I told you I'll take the second
 finish.

Wu-Zi exhales a long, last breath.

Pi-Za decloaks, becomes visible. He pulls the thermos out of the dead Dwengklad's hand, shoves the wicked alien to the floor.

The branch sticks out of its back. It lays in its own pool of purple liquid.

Pi-Za looks over at Norman.

THE TOY
 Better to die dancing than die
 listening to a fun song and -- not
 dancing.

NORMAN
 Well, excuse me Mister Alien Man,
 that's all I could think of.

Pi-Za laughs a hearty laugh. Norman collapses from pain.

THE TOY
 Norman.

Pi-Za leaps to him.

The "Walk Like An Egyptian" song continues to play. Pi-Za cradles him in his long spindly arms. Norman struggles to stay conscious.

THE TOY
 You alright? Don't leave me.

Norman holds up his pointer finger, points to Pi-Za's head.

NORMAN
 I'll be right here.

Norman closes his eyes, turns his head away. Pi-Za holds him tighter. A tear drips from Pi-Za's eye. He swipes his nose. A long solemn moment.

THE TOY
 Norman. I should have never let you
 bring me.

Norman opens his eyes.

NORMAN
You won't be recalled.

Pi-Za guffaws.

THE TOY
You're alive!

NORMAN
Of course I'm alive. I've been
beaten to a pulp by a scrawny out
of its shell turtle. No offense.

Pi-Za laughs.

NORMAN
But somehow--I feel good.

Norman grabs Pi-Za's hand that holds the thermos.

NORMAN
You didn't fail.

Pi-Za points to Norman's heart, then his own.

THE TOY
We didn't fail.

They share a smile.

NORMAN
We still have a cure to deliver.

INT. WU-ZI'S SPACESHIP - NIGHT

Pi-Za puts the cannister in the small compartment similar to the one on his ship, waves his hand, shuts the door.

NORMAN
How long will it take to work?

THE TOY
Within seventy two hours the
atmosphere will be fully saturated.

Pi-Za sits in the Dwengklad's seat. Norman already in the one he sat in before. The Toy hangs from the ceiling.

Norman still tender from being ping-ponged around manages to sit up.

NORMAN
Can I take us up?

Pi-Za waves his hand. An instrument panel lights up in front of Norman.

The night sky can be seen above them. The rest of the panorama is daylight.

THE TOY

Okay. Put your fingers over the disc you see there.

Norman puts his hand over the virtual disc on the screen.

THE TOY

And pull up --

EXT. WOODED AREA - SEWAGE PLANT - NIGHT

The saucer shoots straight up into the night sky, disappears in a blink of an eye.

PIZZA (V.O.)

-- Slowly!

EXT. NORMAN'S HOME STREET - DAY

Joey and Flex play catch with a football in the street. In the sky, the flying saucer zooms in, stops above them, descends.

Flex tosses the football to Joey, it bounces off the ship.

FLEX

What the?

The saucer lands on the road. The door opens, Norman walks out with the Toy. Joey and Flex look dazed.

NORMAN

I'm just going to grab a change of clothes for Uncle Happy. Be back in a jiffy, spiffy.

THE TOY

Can you bring me a plate of those spaghetties, please?

Norman laughs.

NORMAN

Okay.

JOEY

Boring--er--I mean--Norman?

FLEX

Holy crap. A UFO!

JOEY

Well it ain't Uber, doofus.

FLEX

Maybe it's an Uber-F-O

(to Norman)

What'd they do? Kidnap and probe
you?

Norman ignores them, runs through his gate, into the house.

The boys walk around the ship, as other NEIGHBORS come out to gawk, dressed in masks, gloves, goggles. They take out their cell phones, snap pictures and selfies with the saucer behind them, record videos.

Micah rides his saucer out to the street, his mother walks next to him.

Norman hustles out of the house with a bag of clothes, a plate of spaghetti, and a large package of toilet paper, the Toy under his arm.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Norman.

Norman halts, glances down at the Toy, ashamed.

NORMAN

Yes, Missus Micah's Mother.

MICAH

Oink, Oink.

NORMAN

(to Micah)

Oink, oink. Nice saucer toy, Micah.

Norman winks at him.

MICAH'S MOTHER

That's what I wanted to ask you.
Did you give Micah such a nice toy?

Norman squirms.

NORMAN

Let's just say it was a gift from
an alien, Missus Micah's Mother.

Micah's Mother chuckles, gestures towards Pi-Za's ship.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Why do I believe you?

NORMAN

I do not prevaricate, Missus
Micah's Mother.

MICAH'S MOTHER

Oh, Norman, we've known each other
long enough. Call me, June.

Norman looks at her like he's seeing her for the first time.

NORMAN

June?

MICAH'S MOTHER

Yes. My mom named me after her
favorite TV character. Leave It To
Beaver's mother, June Cleaver.

NORMAN

Beaver's mother.

They share a long magical stare, connecting on a whole other
level.

NORMAN

Umm -- I think I'm sweating
profusely.

Micah's Mother moves closer to him.

MICAH'S MOTHER

You have nice eyes.

Micah pushes a button in his saucer.

The SONG --

"Walk Like An Egyptian" blasts from it.

Magic moment broken.

NORMAN

He did not put that song in there.

Norman heads to the spaceship.

NORMAN
Killer sound system.

Norman spots Joey and Flex, tosses the toilet paper to Joey.

NORMAN
You said you needed this badly.

The NEIGHBORS laugh, record him.

JOEY
Not me. For Flex.

He tries to give it to Flex. Flex backs off, hands up.

FLEX
I didn't want that.

The Neighbors laugh more.

JOEY
Not me.

Joey stomps back to his house.

FLEX
It was for him.

Norman enters the space ship, turns to the neighbors.

NORMAN
(sings)
*It's a beautiful day in the
neighborhood, a beautiful day for a
neighbor. Would you be mine, could
you be mine. Won't you be my
neighbor?*

The crowd joins him.

NORMAN/NEIGHBORS
(sing)
*Won't you be. Won't you please.
Please won't you be my neighbors?*

Norman gives a little wave.

NORMAN
Howdy, neighbors.

The neighbors wave back.

NEIGHBORS
Howdy, Norman.

The Toy lights green.

THE TOY
Spaghetties!

Norman turns.

NORMAN
One plate, coming up. And the plate
is paper, so it's edible.

The door shuts. The ship moves about ten feet off the ground, hovers momentarily. MUSIC blares out of the ship, lights flash all around it. The Song --

"Walk Like An Egyptian"

NORMAN (V.O.)
Don't you have another song.

PIZZA (V.O.)
But I love this one.

The saucer zips away, leaves the neighbors staring at one another. They go their way posting their pictures and videos.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Norman walks next to Uncle Happy being wheeled out to the front by an ORDERLY. They each wear a mask, goggles and gloves.

In the large room sit PATIENTS six feet apart from each other, all wear masks and gloves. They watch NEWS on a large screen TV.

NEWSCASTER
(on TV)
Officials at the CDC are
proclaiming the virus is
disappearing as quickly as it
appeared. Cases have not only
plateaued but are decreasing at a
rapid rate. They still remain
cautious but say, it looks as if it
has run its course.

CHEERS and APPLAUSE go up from the patients. They take their masks off and throw them in the air in celebration.

Nurses rush in.

NURSES

Please keep your masks on. It could be fake news.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

In another bizarre story, going viral, excuse the pun, on all the social media outlets, what looks like a young man, singing from a UFO.

The sound of Norman singing comes up.

NORMAN (V.O.)

(sings)

It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, a beautiful day --

The Orderly, Uncle Happy and Norman pass by the TV.

UNCLE HAPPY

Hold it.

Uncle Happy wrests the wheelchair from the Orderly, turns it to watch Norman standing in the door of the UFO singing to his neighbors, as recorded on a cell phone by one of them.

NORMAN

(on TV singing)

Won't you be my neighbors?

(the neighbors join in)

Won't you be, won't you please?

Please won't you be my neighbors?

Norman waves.

NORMAN

(on TV)

Howdy, neighbors.

The News cuts back to the Newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

Then it seems the young man, they called Norman, got into the space ship and took off. We'll be following this story as it unfolds.

Uncle Happy looks up at Norman. Norman has a shit eating grin on his face.

UNCLE HAPPY

Normy? Did you break rule number one? No parties?

The Orderly continues pushing Uncle Happy out to the front doors. Norman goes with them.

NORMAN

No. Of course not. But rule number three I couldn't help.

The Orderly stops the chair. Uncle Happy stands up. The Orderly hands him his bag of dirty clothes.

UNCLE HAPPY

(to Orderly)

Thank you all so much. I'll highly recommend you to all my sick friends.

The Orderly nods, smiles, and rolls the chair away.

UNCLE HAPPY

Strangers? You had a stranger over? Norman, how many times do I say don't open the door to strangers.

They exit the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

NORMAN

He didn't come through the door, Uncle Happy.

UNCLE HAPPY

Where did he come through? The bathtub?

NORMAN

How did you know?

Uncle Happy looks around the parking lot.

UNCLE HAPPY

Where's my truck?

NORMAN

Oh, me and Pizza already took care of it.

UNCLE HAPPY

Pizza? Yeah, sounds good. Let's grab some pizza on the way home.

NORMAN

No, I mean. You're going to ride
home in style, Uncle Happy.

The UFO lands in front of Uncle Happy and Norman. Uncle Happy's truck mounted to the top. The door opens. Pi-Za stands in the doorway, holds the Toy.

It lights green.

THE TOY

Uncle Happy! Norman's told me so
much about you.

Uncle Happy's jaw drops. Speechless.

Pi-Za waves his hand. Music blares, lights flash all around the saucer.

The Song -- "Don't Worry, Be Happy"

NORMAN

(to Pi-Za)

Wrong Happy song. It's supposed to
be Happy Days Are Here Again.

Pi-Za jerks back to go in to change the song, bangs the back of his head on the top of the door.

The Toy lights red.

THE TOY

Son of a Bartokian eater.

UNCLE HAPPY

I love that song.

NORMAN

(yells to Pizza)

Leave it!

The song keeps playing.

UNCLE HAPPY

What happened to 'I can't breathe
in wide open spaces'?

NORMAN

I never knew space was so big.

Norman smiles. Uncle Happy puts his arm around Norman's shoulders, pulls back.

UNCLE HAPPY

Oh, sorry. Social distancing.

Norman smiles, grabs Uncle Happy's arm, wraps it back around his shoulders.

NORMAN

Sometimes the human touch is the cure for what ails you.

THE TOY (O.S.)

Or an alien's touch.

They look towards Pi-Za. He waves, smiles.

NORMAN

Or a friendly alien's touch.

Uncle Happy looks back at Norman, surprised. Puts his hand to Norman's forehead.

UNCLE HAPPY

Sure you ain't comin' down with something? I got a hospital I can recommend.

Norman smiles.

NORMAN

I love you, Uncle Happy.

Uncle Happy pretends to spray him.

UNCLE HAPPY

Disinfect. Sanitize.

They share a laugh and a hug.

NORMAN

So glad you didn't die.

UNCLE HAPPY

You and me both, good buddy.

Uncle Happy looks back at the ship.

UNCLE HAPPY

Let's go home. I can't wait to hear all about this one.

NORMAN

Okay. But first --

EXT. WOODED AREA - SEWAGE PLANT - DAY

The crashed saucer sticks out of the mound of dirt.

NORMAN (V.O.)

We got a mega pile of twisted metal
to pick up.

FADE OUT.

THE END