



LOVE IN DEEP SPACE

Pilot - "First Date"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. EARTH - SUBURBAN 70'S HOME - NIGHT

SFX: flying saucer noises, night sounds, crickets, trees swaying into piano fade needle drop

A classic round flying saucer moves across the night sky in the distance and comes closer to hover over the house.

Piano intro to "Abducted" begins to play in the background

INT. SAME HOME - TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A needle lands on the first groove of a record. Seen from above. We hear the crackle.

CINDY (V.O.)

I WAS UPSTAIRS IN MY ROOM

PRETENDING DAVID BOWIE WAS MY GROOM

We see the back of Bowie's head (classic Ziggy hair). He's looking down the aisle in the church. CINDY, a 17-year old girl with long brown hair, is walking down the aisle toward him wearing a glittering white gown. Glitter dots the air like sparking rain.

CINDY (V.O.)

I WAS WALKING DOWN THE AISLE

ALL DRESSED IN GLITTER

Record spinning becomes pupil of Cindy's eye.

CINDY (V.O.)

WHILE I LISTENED TO THE SONG
AS THE NIGHT ROLLED ON AND ON
I SANG AND DANCED
AND EVEN CRIED A LITTLE

Cindy's feet lift off the shag carpet, she slowly floats upward toward the ceiling, back arched, stomach up, long brown hair trailing toward the floor.

CINDY (V.O.)

THEN I FLOATED THROUGH THE CEILING
SUCH A SCARY FAR OUT FEELING
THAT'S WHEN I WAS...

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

A classic flying saucer hovers over Cindy's house and brings her inside on a beam of light.

CINDY (V.O.)

ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!
TAKEN INTO SPACE

INT. SHIP KAROAKE BAR (CLUB NOVA) - NIGHT

Cindy sings into a microphone, just like she sang into her hairbrush, but now, stage lights are behind her.

CINDY
(SINGING)

ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!

CAPTURED BY THE GRAYS

I WANT TO GO HOME

I JUST WANT TO GO HOME

Cindy is center stage in a spotlight. As the song ends, we see her face, filled with longing. Then it melts into a smile when we hear the audience applause.

O.T.T, the humanoid "cruise director," comes on stage beside her, smiling a little too big. Lights up to reveal she is singing to an audience of humans and aliens in a packed bar.

SFX: Audience applause

O.T.T.

Wow! Wow, wow, wow, what a story!

Let's hear it for Cindy! I'm sure
you'll start loving it here in no
time. And if not, try the blue pills.
They help. Trust me.

SAL THE GRAY

Amen!

SFX: Audience applause

O.T.T.

Hell, let's hear it for Bowie, too,
and his fine, pale English ass.

SFX: audience whoops louder

O.T.T.

And now, a special guest. The Terror
of Polaris, the Breaker of Worlds,
Mass Mauler of Personal Injury Lawyers
... Here is Trogoth the Really Pissed
Off, singing "Oops, I Did It Again!"

Two gray aliens at a bar table, lean towards each other,
clapping.

SAL THE GRAY

Aww, nice, nice. This guy, he's really
good. His Britney? Flawless.

Camera pulls back through a porthole window, revealing that
the karaoke bar, Club Nova, is inside an alien ship flying
through space.

O.T.T.

And...WELCOME ABOARD!

END COLD OPEN

CUT TO TITLES / THEME SONG

INT. GRAY'S SHIP - CLUB NOVA - SPACE NIGHT

We see a mix of gray aliens and humans from different Earth decades. Focusing on one table where ROSWELL, a gray alien, and NEVILLE, a 30-something bulky, British guy dressed in a World War II jacket adorned with medals, are playing what looks like holographic Chutes and Ladders.

NEVILLE

You can't move like that mate. Do it again and I'll break those boney worms you call fingers.

ROSWELL

Relax, Neville. It's just a game. And these fingers...are genetically superior. Obviously.

NEVILLE

(LOOKING ACROSS TO THE BAR)

Who are the new guys?

ROSWELL

Oh, those two? They're our new cowpokes. We just picked 'em this morning. They're still in the "glimmer" phase.

At the bar, we see two gay Kansas guys, early 20s, from 1980, BILL and ROGER, trying to explain to the gray alien bartender what a margarita is.

BILL
(TO BARTENDER)

Oh, no, honey. You don't need to add
that much. Mostly tequila, lime juice,
and just a dash of triple sec.

The bartender mixes up a batch in a huge fishbowl looking
container. While he is mixing...

BILL (CONT'D)

This is nice, right? Crowds, music,
drinks. See? I take you on dates.

ROGER
(SMIRKS AT BILL)

Well, there are lots of colorful
characters in here for sure. And this
ain't a date. (SMIRK TURNS INTO SMILE)

Show two aliens rubbing glowing rocks on their faces in
ecstasy.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I don't think I've been here before.
You know, I can't place it, something
about this bar... it feels a little,
a little...

BILL

Well, I love it. And it's a perfect
first date.

Bartender takes two syringes and large, painful looking
needles and fills them. He grabs Bill's arm and injects him.
Bill shrieks!

ROGER
(MOVES TOO LATE TO STOP
BARTENDER)

NO! Hold on, man. We DRINK it!

BILL

WOW! That's good! Roger, you gotta try
this.

Back to Neville and Roswell at table.

NEVILLE

Poor blokes. You kidnapped 'em.
Grabbed 'em in the your flying saucer,
in middle of the night, and brought
them here for...(face looks disgusted)

ROSWELL

Oh, please. We're just borrowing them.
We'll drop 'em back in Kansas and they
won't remember a thing.

NEVILLE

Yeah, well I remember... There I was,
fighting for King and country and
then, all of the sudden- POOF! I'm on
the S.S. Probesalot!

ROSWELL

That's not fair.

Neville pushes the holographic Chutes and Ladders to one side.

NEVILLE

Oh, I know your REAL game. To seek out
new life and new rear ends.

ROSWELL

(SIGHS, SHAKES HIS HEAD AND
SMILES)

Neville, don't start with this again.
You know we're friends. Stop listening
to conspiracy theories. You've been
here for months. Have you seen ANY
(air quotes)"probing" machines here?

NEVILLE

(SQUINTS AT ROSWELL,
SUSPICIOUSLY)

There is one in the loo.

ROSWELL

That's a bidet. Speaking of which, you ready for another... (SHAKES HIS GLASS)? Come on, I'll get the DJ to play your favorite song.

NEVILLE

(TUGS/STRAIGHTENS HIS MILITARY JACKET)
You will not break me with a pint and a terrible cover of "Danny Boy."

ROSWELL

(LAUGHING)

Maybe I should cut you off. You get so confrontational.

NEVILLE

I'm still working out whether you're Nazi collaborators... or just annoying space nutters.

ROSWELL

(LAUGHING)

I mean, we're more like intergalactic hostesses running a floating hotel...with a PROBE LAB.

Their eyes meet. Neville looks surprise, then mad.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

Gotcha! Just KIDDING! I'm just
kidding. (LAUGHS)

Neville folds his arms and squares his jaw. His face is red.

NEVILLE

Name. Rank. And Serial Number, mate.
That's all you'll get from me.

ROSWELL
(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)

And you're drink order.

NEVILLE

Right. I'll have a lager then.

SHIP VOICE (V.O.)

Roswell to the Lido deck. Roswell to
the Lido Deck. You have a visitor.

ROSWELL

Ah, that's my cue.
And you...owe me another drink.

NEVILLE
(LOOKING IN AMAZEMENT)

Awww, sod off, ya wanker!

Neville throws up two fingers backward as Roswell exits.

INT. GRAY'S SHIP - ELEVATOR BANK - SPACE NIGHT

Roswell approaches an elevator with a huge lit sign above it: "Lido Deck," guarded by a big gray named TONY in sunglasses who acts as an elevator bouncer behind a velvet rope

ROSWELL

Hey Tony, they're expecting me.

Roswell swipes his hands across the scanner - message displays - "**GOOD TO GO**"

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Good to go!

Tony silently unlocks the velvet rope.

Just before Roswell enters the elevator, CHUCK, a human frat boy in jeans and a tank top, hurriedly shows his pass to Tony and moves to get in from of Ros.

CHUCK
(FRAZZLED, OUT OF BREATH)

Sorry, sorry! Am I too late? My number
finally came up.

Tony points to the scanner and Chuck wands his hand over it. Screen says "**GOOD TO GO**" in green. Elevator doors open. Chuck and Roswell bump into each other to try and get on. Roswell steps aside.

ROSWELL

Oh, no, after you.

Roswell waves his hand, motioning Chuck toward the elevator. They both enter. In the elevator, Ros pushes the big LIDO DECK button.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

Excited?

CHUCK

Oh yeah, I've heard the Lido Deck is where it all goes down.

ROSWELL

Well, they didn't lie.

CHUCK

Nice.

Elevator is moving with lights flashing up and down the sides, corny muzak plays overhead. **DING!**

INT. LIDO DECK - DAY SIMULATION

We see Chuck standing in front as the elevator doors open to reveal an amazing riot of color and activity. It looks like the Mall of America indoors - huge in scope - with a swimming pool, diving boards and water slides in the middle. Hundreds of shops around the perimeter, like "Dog Petting," "Ice Cream Emporium," and "Fantasy Forum." Escalators, people in jetpacks flying around, a merry go round, kiosks, fountains, unicorn rides, a putt-putt course, Too much to take in.

Chuck steps off and in front of him is a plump Gray alien woman, dressed in a stewardess outfit and blonde wig, smiling.

CHUCK

Whoa...WHOA!

NURSE GRAPPLE
(THINLY DISGUISED, TRYING TO
MAKE HER VOICE SOUND
PLEASANT)

You must be Chuck.

CHUCK

Oh, hey.

NURSE GRAPPLE

Welcome, I'm Julie, the Lido Fun Deck
Director. I'll be your guide. Here's a
menu, let me know what looks good.

Chuck is looking over the menu, amazed by everything around him.

CHUCK

Bowling? Dirt bikes? Oh dang, Putt-
Putt! Bro, I could really...

Before Chuck can finish his words we hear the sound of an aerosol spray overhead.

As Chuck is enshrouded in mist, the "Mall of America" starts to disintegrate around him until he crumples to the floor passed out, and it's revealed we're just in a large, black holographic room with gridlines and yellow tape outlining the corners, double doors in the back with a sign over them that now says "**PROBE LAB.**" Chuck has fallen onto a foam matt with a masking tape square and an arrow - "**FALL HERE STUPID**" hand-painted on it.

INT. PROBE LAB - SPACE NIGHT

Grapple's "Julie" outfit has changed to a nurse outfit. Her wig vanished, and she's not smiling. The illusion is gone and she's her gruff self.

NURSE GRAPPLE

Oh hey, Ros! I didn't see you there.

Roswell is pissy that some of the aerosol got on him and he's wiping it off his skin.

ROSWELL

Aww, for shit's sake, you got it all
over me. It's in my nose holes!

Double doors slide open from the back, a plume of smoke puffs out and DR. LEWIE, a gray alien with a goatee, black beret and sunglasses peeks in.

LEWIE
(SHEEPISHLY)

Sorry, sorry man, that was not cool. I
hit the Sleepsville button too soon.
(CHUCKLES LOWLY) Come on back, Ros.
Did you like that mist? It's a new
scent - "Out Cold"

Roswell and Grapple enter the double doors to reveal a proper science lab. We follow Grapple walking to the back to several white bed-like tables, arranged under complicated medical devices hanging from the ceiling. **Jazzy music plays** faintly in the background.

ROSWELL
(GREETING LEWIE)

Nice. I understand we have a new
"visitor."

LEWIE

Oh yeah. This cat is baaad news.

Lewie tilts his head sideways to yell behind him across the room.

LEWIE (CONT'D)
(YELLING)

NURSE GRAPPLE! CAN YOU PLEASE BRING ME
THE FILE ON FLORIDA MAN #953!

Camera widens to reveal Grapple just behind Lewie.

NURSE GRAPPLE

I'm right here.

LEWIE
(FREAKED OUT)

Whoa. It wigs me out every time she
does that.

NURSE GRAPPLE

(HANDING HIM A FILE) And just for the record, the best thing we can do to protect the galaxy is to vaporize Florida. There's humans, which are (SHE THROWS UP A BIT IN HER MOUTH) disgusting... and then there's Florida humans.

ROSWELL

Okay.(PICKS UP THE FILE AND STARTS READING IT) Damn, this is bad... really bad, like Florida bad.

NURSE GRAPPLE

Ha! See? He gets it.

ROSWELL

Lewie, how? How did this even happen? (GETTING MORE EXASPERATED) He was loose in the lab? Drunk? Using pick-up lines on the automated trash can?

LEWIE

Cool it, man. Calm down... I've been working on some new fog recipes you can sample.

ROSWELL

No, thanks! (MUMBLES) I'm pretty sure
you've sampled enough for both of us.

LEWIE

You sure? Come on.

Lewie starts taking out vials from his lab coat.

LEWIE

I got fog in like 31 flavors. Mellow,
Mellower, Coma. Ooh, I like Coma.

ROSWELL
(STILL FLUSTERED)

No, I'm fine.

LEWIE

Cherry Larry, Peanut Stutter, Rocky
Ride?

ROSWELL

Look, you keep stalling and I'm gonna
show you a "rocky ride."

Nurse Grapple is setting up a big shiny silver probe over a
table and starts to explain.

NURSE GRAPPLE

It's the Abduction Team! They beamed him up drunk. They need to screen these idiots better.

INSERT EXT. FLORIDA STREET - DAY

We see the scenes that Grapple is detailing.

NURSE GRAPPLE (O.S.)

We found out AFTER the fact that this particular Florida moron had car-jacked a golf cart and led police on a no-speed chase ending with him holding up a Taco Bell drive-thru at gunpoint, demanding free empanadas and one more Sharknado movie.

INT. BACK TO PROBE LAB - SPACE NIGHT

LEWIE

But that's not the worst part, man. We took him to the recovery pod and ran the normal memory wipe. Right? But, dig this, it didn't take.

ROSWELL

What?

LEWIE

It didn't work. I know. Sooooo wild. I think it might be his bad taste in movies.

ROSWELL

Well... I hope this is an isolated case.

LEWIE

Nah, Lots of people like Sharknado.

ROSWELL

I mean the memory wipe not working.

LEWIE

The memory wipe doesn't work?

ROSWELL

(FURROWS BROW, LOOKS
CONFUSED)

Are you using it on yourself?

LEWIE

(LOOKS AROUND, CONFUSED)

How would I know?

ROSWELL

(EYE ROLL)

Okay, that's enough. Where is he now?

LEWIE

We're holding him in a Walmart simulation. I've upped the groove with a Mellow fog and 30%-off Teriyaki Pringles. He's digging that scene. (CHUCKLING) Do you blame him?

INSERT INT. WALMART SIMULATION

Cut to Florida Man pushing a shopping basket full of Teriyaki Pringles in an empty aisle of a huge Walmart, inspecting a gigantic can that says **A-1 CHEWING TOBACCO**

INT. BACK TO PROBE LAB

ROSWELL

We can't send him back without a memory wipe.

LEWIE

You're not suggesting we...keep him?

NURSE GRAPPLE

Oh please, DEAR GOD, no!

ROSWELL
(LAUGHING)

Oh my god, no. Can you imagine?
Living with him for months? Holy
shit! No, he definitely is not guest
material. When you look up "catch-and-
release" in the abduction manual, his
picture? Yeah, it's right there. If we
can't wipe his memory, let's try to
replace it. Sometimes those take
better.

LEWIE

Yeah, but it has to be something he
really digs if it's going to stick.

ROSWELL

Monster trucks?

LEWIE

Pro wrestling?

NURSE GRAPPLE

A Klan rally?

LEWIE

I got it - he's cast in a cameo role
as the Little Mermaid in the next
Sharknado flick! ...Right?

NURSE GRAPPLE

Or we could just keep probing him
until he can't speak anymore.

Lewie and Roswell shoot Nurse Grapple a nasty look.

NURSE GRAPPLE
(AS IF SAYING "WHAT'D I SAY")
What? (UNDER HER BREATH) I'm
not wrong.

Roswell heads toward the doors to leave, and barks out his
orders.

ROSWELL

Give it a shot and keep me posted. For
shit's sake, let's get him back to the
Redneck Riviera as soon as possible.
By the way, change that liner in that
trash can before someone catches an
STD!

INT. SHIP HALLWAY - SPACE NIGHT

CAPTAIN ZENITH a tallish, thinish, older, attractive female
gray alien walks confidently down the hallway.

Doors open like in Star Trek, she enters the ship's bridge and sits in the Captain's chair. Also on the bridge are First Officer TANJEN, a yeoman, and the Security Chief, MANALISHI.

3 CREW MEMBERS
(IN UNISON)

Good morning, Captain Zenith!

ZENITH

Good morning! Okay, let's get some coffee and cookies over here. And Tanjen, I'm ready for the daily reports.

TANJEN

We've had better days... Engines are at 41%. Somebody, I won't mention any names - but whose initials are NEVILLE! - told the crew that licking the capacitors on the flux array would get them drunk. Turns out, strangely enough, he was right. And here we are.

ZENITH

Great. As soon as they sober up, get them on the repairs.

Zenith looks over at Manalishi.

ZENITH

Manalishi, what is that on your belt?

MANALISHI

It's a bullwhip. Very effective for non-lethal force. Would you like to hear it crack?

ZENITH

I would not.

MANALISHI

Ok, your loss. (CHUCKLES)

ZENITH

As you were, crew. And try not to wreck the ship.

ZENITH (CONT'D)
(SPEAKING TO HERSELF)

Whew, Captain needs her first cup of Joe.

Zenith lovingly grabs her cup which says, "Galaxy's Best Captain," closes her eyes as she lifts it to take a sip.

Suddenly, lights flicker and menacing music (**Annoying Hologram song**) starts. A large, green Reptilian appears on the Bridge. We see him only from behind, and get the reactions of the crew - shocked. Some are afraid.

Zenith looks shocked, her coffee sloshes out of her cup before she has a chance to take a sip, then she looks angry.

ZENITH (CONT'D)

What is happening, here?

Camera moves around and we see the invader's face. He is chameleon-like, with crazy, googly eyes, and looks pretty funny. He is wearing a beauty-queen-style sash that says "Captain." This is CAPTAIN STECKI, of the Ssskion race. He approaches the Captain's Chair.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)
(SINGING "ANNOYING HOLOGRAM"
TO ZENITH)

HELLO! THAT'S RIGHT

I'M ON YOUR SHIP

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO
(TO TANJEN)

YOUR SCANNERS CAN'T DETECT ME

AND YOUR FORCE FIELD WON'T DEFLECT ME
(TO ZENITH)

THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN EJECT ME

'TIL I'M THROUGH

Stecki struts in front of Tanjen, then Manalishi.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)

I CAN BE COMPLETELY RUDE

I CAN SHOW UP IN THE NUDE

YOU CAN'T COME AT ME BRO

BECAUSE THIS IS ALL A SHOW

Manalishi grabs for him and falls through him to the floor.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)

I'M A HOLOGRAM
YOU THOUGHT I WAS A MAN
I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST
ANNOYING HOLOGRAM

Stecki appears in the bedroom of crew members having sex under their covers. They stop, stare at him, shocked.

ZENITH

Get off my ship.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)

HELLO! THAT'S RIGHT
I CAN PROJECT MY IMAGE ANYWHERE
YOUR BEDROOMS AND YOUR SHOWERS

Shower curtain thrown open, revealing Stecki in the shower.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)

I HAVE SUCH AMAZING POWERS
I CAN BOTHER YOU FOR HOURS
SO BEWARE

Stecki is in Manalishi's face again.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'LL MAKE A JOKE ABOUT YOUR MAMA
BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY DRAMA
YOU CAN'T SLAP MY FACE
'CAUSE I'M NOWHERE NEAR THIS PLACE

Manalishi tries to capture him with a gun that shoots out a large net. The net goes through him and enwraps the Captain. She looks annoyed.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'M A HOLOGRAM.
YOU THOUGHT I WAS A MAN
I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST
ANNOYING HOLOGRAM

Stecki whispers into Zenith's ear.

STECKI (SINGING V.O.) (CONT'D)

OK. YOU CAN SURRENDER NOW
TRY NOT TO TAKE TOO LONG
OUR FLEET IS COMING SHORTLY
FROM THE SSSKION TERRITORY
SO, DON'T EVEN TRY TO THWART ME
COME ALONG

Stecki goes up the Zenith and pokes her arm repeatedly. He's a hologram, so it doesn't matter. She doesn't even look at him. Stares at her watch, annoyed. He quickly kisses her cheek, then retreats as she swats at him.

ZENITH

What is happening?

STECKI (SINGING V.O.)

I'M A HOLOGRAM

SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN

I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST

ANNOYING HOLOGRAM

Song ends with his tongue lashing out to steal a cookie off of Zenith's side table. He's forgotten that he can't actually grab it.

STECKI

Oh, that's right... damnit! (VANISHES)

ZENITH
(FACEPALMS, MUTTERS IT
HERSELF)

Stecki, such a schmuck!

MANALISHI

Initiate "Red Alert," Captain?

ZENITH

Yeah, no... He's annoying, definitely
annoying. But, he's not dangerous.

Zenith finally takes a satisfying sip of her coffee. Camera shot zoom in on the cup "Galaxy's Best Captain" which dissolves into Stecki's ship.

INT. SSSKION SHIP DECK - SAME TIME

STECKI
(WHILE WALKING TO HIS
CAPTAIN'S CHAIR)

Man, that captain is so HOT!

SHAVIKA, the ship's Communications Officer, squints her eyes ferociously. Her face turns red.

STECKI (CONT'D)

I've got to see that Captain again.

We're doing it! (YELLS) INVADE EARTH!

Huge dramatic moment fades as the crew calmly ignores him.

STECKI (CONT'D)

I saw that, Shamani!

SHAVIKA

It's Shavika, sir. Sorry to interrupt your invasion, but right before we beamed your (SIGHS DREAMILY) amazing performance onto their ship, we picked up a conversation you should probably hear.

She presses a button and we hear a staticky, broken playback of the daily reports. Stecki looks confused.

REPORT RECORDING (INSERT
V.O.)

Engines...41%...Neville...licking the
capacitors....flux array...

STECKI

Wh-what are they saying? What does all
that gibberish mean?

SHAVIKA
(LOOKING UP NOWHERE IN
PARTICULAR)

Activate Science Translator.

SCIENCE TRANSLATOR (INSERT
V.O.)

They haven't seen any science for a
while. Engines are at 41%. Oh, and
someone had noodles from Titan 6 but
couldn't figure out why they were so
damn spicy. Although, that last thing
may have been a side conversation.

STECKI

Oh, reeeeaalllllly??? (DIABOLICAL
TONE) It seems we may finally have the
advantage.

SHAVIKA

Because they can't handle spicy food?

STECKI
(MOMENTARILY FURIOUS, THEN
SARCASTIC)

Yes, you nailed it! Let's invite them
to dinner and serve kung pao crickets.
Shavika's face brightens. She smiles at Stecki.

STECKI (CONT'D)
(HE TURNS RED)

No, you idiot! Their engines are
damaged.

Shavika looks away angry and hurt.

STECKI (CONT'D)

You know what? Let's really do it.
Their ship is weak, and I've got to
get her to go out with me! She won't
answer my texts... (YELLS) COMMENCE
INVASION!

Huge dramatic moment fades, and again, the crew ignores him.

STECKI (CONT'D)

Seriously! Let's go, people! I mean it
this time.

(MORE)

STECKI (CONT'D)

(LOOKS MENACINGLY AT CAMERA - CLOSE

UP) She. Will. Be. Mine. (YELLS)

INVADE EARTH!

Ssskion crew stares at him, shocked, mouths hanging open. Crew scrambles, bumping into each other, not knowing exactly what to do but acting very busy and preparing for an invasion.

INT. GRAY'S SHIP - CLUB NOVA - SPACE NIGHT

In Club Nova, Cindy and DONNA, a 25-year old woman with blonde hair styled into a 1962 flip, are sitting at a table by a window talking.

CINDY

So, let's hear it. How was last night?

DONNA

Huh? Same old, same old. Drifting through space with a bunch of aliens. Do you ever think we're in an episode of The Twilight Zone? I love that show. I hate that I am missing the new episodes.

CINDY

But, didn't you have a date last night?

DONNA
(LOOKS PUZZLED, THEN FURROWS
BROW AND LOOKS UP)

Weird you mentioned a date. I dreamt I
went to a movie with...someone. It's
fuzzy, but... he took me to a movie, I
think... then I woke up. Or... did
that really happen?

CINDY
(LAUGHING)

Yes, it happened. How did you forget
it? I need details. Did he kiss you?
Any fireworks?

DONNA

What? It was just a dream. A kiss? No.
Certainly not on a first date.

CINDY

Hey! I saw this on TV. This might help
you remember.

Cindy reaches into her purse and pulls out a smiley face
necklace. She then waves the necklace like a pendulum in
front of Donna's face, hypnotizing her.

CINDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(SPEAKING LIKE A HYPNOTIST)

Your date was with a gray.

Donna's eyes go round and swirly.

CINDY

Now, how was the date?

DONNA
(IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE)

It was wonderful. We went to his place
after the movie. Then...then I got
home really late.

CINDY

Aren't you forgetting something? Come
on. What did you do at his place?

DONNA

I can't remember. It's so hard to
remember. Oh wait. Oh...WOW!

MUSIC ("CLOSE ENCOUNTER") COMES IN LOUD

DONNA (SINGING V.O.)
(STARES AT CINDY SHOCKED)

We went all the way!

INSERT - INT. DARK BEDROOM ABOARD SHIP - SPACE NIGHT

DONNA (SINGING V.O.)

WE HAD A VERY, VERY
VERY CLOSE ENCOUNTER
WE HAD A VERY, VERY,
VERY CLOSE ENCOUNTER
THE MEMORIES START TO CRYSTALIZE
BLACK SATIN SHEETS THAT MATCH HIS EYES
THE LIGHTS ARE LOW, AND WHEN WE KISS
I NEVER KNEW IT COULD BE LIKE THIS
WE HAD A VERY, VERY, VERY CLOSE...
WE HAD A VERRY, VERY, VERY CLOSE...
WE HAD A VERY, VERY,
VERY CLOSE ENCOUNTER

CINDY
(PUTTING THE NECKLACE BACK IN
HER PURSE)

Wow! That was some date!

DONNA
(SEEMINGLY SNAPS OUT OF
TRANCE)

What date? What are you talking about?
(LOOKS AT WATCH) Oh, can't be late for
the Trivia Bowl. Catch up with you
later.

Donna leaves Cindy sitting alone at the table.

CINDY

I wish somebody would date me. Even if
I couldn't remember any of it. (makes
a sad face, then entertains an idea)
Heeeyyy, you don't suppose...

Cindy glances around the bar, smirks and shakes it off.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Oh, there's no cool guys on this ship.

Cindy sighs, then sips on the straw from her drink and looks determined, then flippant.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I'm holding out for a rock star!

INT. CLUB NOVA - SAME TIME

Donna has left Cindy at the table and is walking purposefully toward the exit. Roswell sees her coming toward him and sits up straight, gets nervous, and clears his throat.

ROSWELL

Hi, Don...na

He stops abruptly as she walks right past him without a glance. He looks sad.

NEVILLE

Ain't she the bird you just went out with? Didn't you take her to see Starman last night?

ROSWELL

Yes. That's her. (SIGHS) I'm just too shy. I erased her memory of the whole date. I've done it like, six times.

NEVILLE

Six? Bloody hell, mate! So, you two are proper dating, but she don't know it? That's a bit of a right mess, ain't it. How do you ever intend to...

Neville and Roswell's eyes meet.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

Hold on a tick. Oh, no. You didn't?

ROSWELL

Yep. I did. Well, we did. 3 times. And it was great! But... I don't know.

NEVILLE

You're off your trolley, you know that, right? It's one thing to have a human fetish...hell, so do I. But all this mind wipe mess, it ain't right. She seems like a nice girl. Where did we pick her up anyway, late 1950s?

ROSWELL

No, no - really, it's okay. She liked it. And it was 1962.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

(looks askance, then sighs)

You ever talk to someone for hours about just nothing? We even like the same things - sci-fi movies, mild curries, and Jell-o molds that look like round objects. I think... You know what? I KNOW she likes me.

NEVILLE

If you really think she fancies you, and you really got on, then what's with the ol'...

Neville motions as if sucking something out of his head.

ROSWELL
(Shrugs shoulders)

It's a gray thing. Plus, I'm...

ROSWELL AND NEVILLE
(in unison)

Terrified!

NEVILLE

Right. And there it is.

ROSWELL

Ok, sure. But, I've never felt like this before. I don't know what it all might become. I'm trying to protect her...or us...or something? Look, each time, she thinks it's our first date, and then I have to unlock some of her memory, so she knows we're falling in love. And then... I have to wipe it all away again. It's very confusing. Oh, I think you're up next.

Roswell nods head toward the stage where O.T.T. is calling for a maintenance crew.

O.T.T.

Wet clean up on stage left! Looks like
slime, but bring the haz-mop just in
case. Know what I mean. ugh.

NEVILLE stands up, tugs at his jacket and walks toward the
stage.

SAL THE GRAY

That's disgusting.

O.T.T

And now... he's big, he's bold, and
he's grumpy as hell! Here's NEVILLE!"

NEVILLE

(SINGING)

I WAS FLYING MY PLANE

I WAS SOBER I WAS SANE

Scene of Neville on stage, singing, morphs into Sepia tone
shot.

INSERT - EXT. - INSIDE WWII PLANE - DAY

POV from cockpit of WWII British fighter plane. From cockpit
we see a UFO out the side window, then a Nazi plane in front
of him.

NEVILLE (SINGING V.O.)
(CONT'D)

...WHEN A FOO FIGHTER
PULLED UP BESIDE ME
A NAZI'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS
TIME TO READ HIM HIS LAST RITES
THEN A VOICE IN MY HEAD
STARTS TO GUIDE ME

Sepia image waves and fades to black.

NEVILLE (SINGING V.O.) (CONT'D)

THEN MY EARS BEGAN TO RING
AND I COULDN'T FEEL A THING
THAT'S WHEN I WAS..

END CREDITS roll as chorus plays.

NEVILLE (SINGING V.O.)

ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!
TAKEN INTO SPACE
ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!
CAPTURED BY THE GRAYS
I GOTTA GET HOME
YOU GUYS HAVE GOT TO GET ME HOME

SFX: Audience whoops loudly

INSERT - POST CREDITS SCENE - PROBE LAB - SPACE NIGHT

Human female newscaster sits behind desk with papers on it.
Sign behind her says WTXL Tallahassee

NEWSCASTER

Well, thanks for that horrifying
weather report, Dale. And this just
in... A local man was reportedly
sexually assaulted by an alligator
while fishing. Let's go out to the
scene.

INSERT - EXT. TV INTERVIEW WITH FLORIDA MAN #953 - DAY

FLORIDA MAN #953

I was scared at first. But, if I'm
being honest, it was amazing. I just
reckon our love wasn't meant to be.
But I shall always have fond memories
of our night together.

Camera pulls back a little to show Lewie and Nurse Grapple on
a couch watching the TV, from behind. Having successfully
installed the cover memory, their hands go up in a high five.

END OF SHOW