

"JUNK FOOD"

A SHORT SCREENPLAY BY GREG FOREST
Based on a Story by Bruce Bradley
2nd Draft

SUMMARY

John is abducted by aliens through a cross dimensional portal emanating from a microwave oven. He can communicate with his roommate back on Earth through the TV set. The aliens that have abducted John are ransoming him for junk food sent through the microwave portal. Only problem is that John doesn't want to return to Earth and his bitch girlfriend. The alien planet is a wet dream from The Man Show. After a series of transfers of junk food to Planet Ten, John's girlfriend Jane ruins his scam by destroying the microwave and returning a very disappointed John to Earth.

SPEAKING CHARACTERS

BILL - ABDUCTEE'S ROOMMATE
JOHN - ABDUCTEE
JANE - ABDUCTEE'S GIRLFRIEND
ALIEN JEFFE - ALIEN RINGLEADER Jim Weisman?
John's Alien Babe
BARRY - TV Show host
TV Show girl with goat
CONSTANCE Soap Opera Actress
CHARLES soap opera actor
REVEREND JIM TV Preacher

ADDITIONAL CHARCTERS

Samantha - Bartender in Scene One
3 guests on show & pets
Geriatric hippies
Second Alien Dude
Third Alien Dude
6-8 Alien babes
Various extras (bar patrons, etc.)
Goat, pony & Budro

VOICEOVER

BBN announcer
Nursing home commercial
Toilet bowl cleaner commercial
Caller to Preacher

TV CUTOUTS

Barry Springer Show
BBN Logo Roll
BBN Network with Green Haven Hippie Retirement Home
Money Grubbing TV Preacher
Toilet bowl cleaner commercial
Corporate Polluter

SCENE ONE

INT - NIGHT A LOCAL BAR OR PUB Credit roll

Dolly/Jib - jib starts low as dolly moves slowly down the bar and then pulls up above the principal characters at the end of the bar.

Close-up of HAND & CD Jukebox with hand feeding a dollar into the slot. Follow fingers punching in the song selection number. Theme song starts. Very slow pull back and pan and roll left to the backs of people sitting on stools. A few of the stools are empty and it becomes apparent by liquor bottles, ashtrays, etc that this is a bar. Shot continues down the bar to the end. At the end of the bar BILL JOHN AND JANE are drinking. The three of them laugh at a joke as the camera moves in. A short silence ensues.

CLOSEUP OF TRIO

JANE

Come on you guys drink up.
It's time to go home.

(Jane grabs John's arm and pulls him to her breast)

Lets go baby.

JOHN

Gimme a break. It's my birthday and its not even midnight. Come on . . . one more shot to celebrate.

Alerted to the party cause, Bill lifts hand to get the bartender's attention.

BILL

Samantha! Three more shots over here!

Shaking her head, Jane reaches up and pulls down Bill's hand. She is having none of this.

JANE

(Insisting)

No! No way. Barmaid! Cancel that order. We have to be leaving.

(Turning to John)

I mean like NOW!

John rolls his eyes over Jane's shoulder to Bill and shrugs his shoulders.

JOHN

(Taking Jane's jacket from the back of her stool and helping her into it)

OK. OK. We're outa here. 6am does come early. Come on Bill let's hit the trail. Thanks for the drinks amigo.

BILL

(Throwing some money on the bar and mumbling)

Party poopers. Even Cinderella had 'till midnight. And she was a prude. Probably didn't even drink. Some party! And it wasn't even her birthday.

(Over his shoulder to bartender)

Thanks Sam.

Samantha shrugs her shoulders and goes back to cleaning a glass.

CUT TO:

Medium shot over Samantha's shoulder of trio walking away from bar, Bill still grumbling.

CUT TO:

EXT NIGHT:

Medium shot of trio walking out the door and stopping next to John's car (distinctive). Pan and zoom in to Jane.

JANE

Bill, you drive. Birthday boy has had too many.

JOHN

(Outraged)

Too many!?!? You have GOT to be kidding! I've only had two beers and a couple shots. Hell it's my car and I could..

JANE

(interrupting)

You are NOT driving home drunk. Give it up. Bill can get you guys home.

JOHN

(Slurring very slightly)

Drunk!? But I'm telling you, I'm not anywhere near drunk. I can drive just fine. Why I can even...

JANE

(Interrupting again)

I SAID GIVE. IT. UP! How do you think I would feel if you got in a wreck and killed yourself on your birthday? How do you think I would feel? Give Bill the keys. Don't argue. Just do it.

JOHN

(Handing the keys to Bill)

Well I'd be the dead one. What about MY feelings? Don't corpses have feelings too? Rights?

JANE

(Shaking her head)

Bill you guys get right home. John has a big day tomorrow. Straight home. Understood?

BILL

(Bill giving John the same shrugging shoulders look over Jane's shoulder)

Got it. We're outa here.

JANE

(Hugging and kissing JOHN)

Be sure to call me tomorrow. OK? Happy Birthday baby.

Jane and John smooch. Jane walks over to her car, starts the engine. Shot from behind John's car over the top to Jane's car. As she is backing out she rolls down the window.

JANE

Straight home right? Now right?

JOHN

(Waving as he climbs into the passenger seat)

Night babe. See you manana!

CUT TO:

Shot from the back seat of John's car. Through the windshield Jane's car pulls out of the parking lot and away. Bill looks over to John shaking his head.

BILL

Geez. What a bitch! How do you put up with it? Dude you are whipped! She's like your mother except worse. How can you stand it?

JOHN

How can -I- stand it? You're the one who hasn't been laid in a month of Sundays. How can YOU stand it? Go easy about Jane dude. She's just watching out for me.

BILL

More like a control freak if you ask me...

JOHN

I'm not asking you. Chill out dude. Let's hit it. And thanks again man - it was a great birthday.

BILL

No prob Bob.

CUT TO:

Tight shot of hand as Bill turns the stereo (theme song again) on real loud, (camera zooming out from the back seat). He guns the engine and pulls out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

Pan shot of car leaving down the street.

SCENE TWO

EXTERIOR NIGHT

Shot of car pulling into apartment complex parking lot and parking next to a dumpster. On the ground next to the dumpster is a big microwave oven. Car lights go out and John and Bill get out of the car. John almost trips over the microwave.

JOHN

Hey! Check this out! This microwave looks brand new!

BILL

(Coming around to John's side of the car)

Yeah sure. Uh huh. I'm sure it's brand new sitting right there next to the DUMPSTER! Only reason its not in the dumpster is its probably too heavy to lift.

JOHN

It's a beast but man look. It doesn't have a scratch on it. Check it out! The power cord is still wrapped like it came from the factory.

Close up of John's hand displaying the evidence. There is also a warning type tag stuck to the side of the microwave. John points it out.

JOHN

(Pointing to the shiny new warning label)

And this. I'm telling you dude this thing is brand new. Gimme a hand.

BILL

What? You WANT this thing?

JOHN

(Counting off points with his fingers)

Humor me its my birthday. Point. We don't have a microwave. Point. A brand new microwave is sitting at my feet. Point. It's my birthday so gimme a hand.

BILL

Well you're going to carry this piece of junk back out here by yourself when you find out it doesn't work. It wouldn't be by the dumpster if it was a real find.

JOHN

Yeah. I know. But you never know. On three.

They both stoop to lift the heavy microwave.

JOHN

One

BILL

Two

BOTH

THREE!!

John and Bill lift the obviously very heavy microwave up and start carrying it across the parking lot and up the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

Scene from apartment of John and Bill lugging the awkward load toward the door.

CUT TO:

John balances the microwave against the windowsill as he digs in his pants for the keys to the apartment.

BILL

Jeez, hurry up! This thing weighs a ton!

JOHN

(Struggling as he fumbles with the keys)

Hang on... Hang on... GOT IT!

John gets the key in the door and pushes the door open.

CUT TO:

INT NIGHT:

John and Bill, huffing and puffing, carry the microwave across an average bachelor pad living room into the kitchen. Balancing the microwave on his knee, Bill swipes his hand across the counter to push obstacles out of the way. They lift the microwave up onto the kitchen counter.

BILL

This thing ain't a microwave; it's a hernia machine. Damn good one too. On top of that it probably doesn't even work.

JOHN

(Unwrapping the power cord and plugging it into the wall)

Well let's check it out. Hey! Look the light came on It's blinking for me to set the clock. I think we scored here dude.

BILL

After all that effort I hope so. I'm dead dude. See you in the morning. Deal with this thing tomorrow. 6am isn't that far away. Glad I don't have your job. Night.

JOHN

Night. I'm just going to nuke a pizza and test this puppy out. I've got some serious munchies.

BILL

(Waving over his shoulder)

Suit yourself....Night.

CUT TO:

Bill is exiting the room, walking down a short hallway and into his bedroom; shutting the door.

CUT TO:

John in the kitchen humming the song that was on the car radio. Close up of hand as he gets a frozen pizza from the freezer, unwraps it and sticks it in the microwave.

JOHN

(Talking to himself as he punches buttons on the microwave. Close up of hand punching buttons.)

Let's see 4 minutes on high. That should do it.

The microwave starts humming. John walks back to the freezer and takes out a pint of ice cream. He grabs a spoon from a drawer and walks back over to the microwave sitting on the counter. The tone of the microwave's humming changes to a strange noise. Bending down to look in the window, John sees psychedelic colors inside the oven.

JOHN

What the..? Shit!

John bolts back away from the microwave. There is a sci fi noise. The whole room is filled with psychedelic light.

CUT TO:

A SLOMO shot of the ice cream pint, spoon in it, hitting the floor. Slow pull back and pan across an empty kitchen with the microwave door open. Camera zooms into the door of the microwave. No pizza. It is empty. No John in sight.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE THREE
INT DAY

Close-up shot of a clock radio going off at 8:30am, playing the same song that was on the radio the night before. A hand comes into the frame and fumbles for the off switch. Pulls back to reveal Bill in bed rubbing his eyes.

BILL

Arghh!

CUT TO:

Shot from the hallway, Bill, in underwear, opens bedroom door and walks down the hall to the bathroom, scratching his butt as he goes. We hear Bill pissing and humming the tune from the radio.

DISSOLVE TO:

FASTMO of Bill in shower through frosted glass,

DISSOLVE TO:

FASTMO Bill shaving

DISOLVE TO:

FASTMO Bill throwing a towel on and walking to towards kitchen

CUT TO:

Bill coming down the hall towards the kitchen. He rounds the corner to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

Wide shot over Bill's back we see the microwave shot pans down to the ice cream tub on the kitchen floor.

CUT TO:

ZOOM IN. Close-up of ice cream tub.

CUT TO:

ZOOM IN. Closup of Bills face taking in the mess.

BILL

(Exasperated)

Shit! What the hell is this?

CUT TO:

Bill walks out of the kitchen and walks to the living room window. Zooming over his shoulder, we see John's car still parked outside next to the dumpster.

Bill turns around and walks down the hallway to John's bedroom and starts knocking on the door.

BILL

Hey! Yo! You're late for work. You left a frigging mess in the kitchen and I'm not cleaning it up.

No answer from the bedroom. Bill knocks again louder.

BILL

Hey! You are way late man. You gotta wake up dude. It's after 9:00. Get moving dude.

Still no answer.

Bill reaches down to the doorknob (close up of hand on turning knob) and opens the door.

CUT TO:

Shot from inside the room of door opening and Bill sticking his head in.

CUT TO:

Shot over Bill's shoulder of empty bedroom with bed that appears not to have been slept in.

BILL

What the hell...

Bill leaves bedroom and walks through the apartment and small patio looking for John. He is not to be found anywhere.

BILL

(Mumbling to himself as he goes through the apartment)

Hmm.. This is really weird. No roommate, no note.
Where the hell is he?

DISSOLVE TO:

FASTMO ADDITIVE DISSOLVES WITH "Whoomph" Sound at transitions

Bill going about his daily routine, cleaning mess in kitchen while cursing under his breath.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bill getting dressed

DISSOLVE TO:

Bill typing email on the computer

CUT TO:

SCENE 4

INT - Same Day

Close-up of phone ringing. Hand reaches into frame and pulls back to Bill answering the phone.

BILL

Hello? . . . No it's really weird. I got up this morning and he wasn't here. His car is still parked outside but he's not around...

(Pauses listening to the other side of the conversation)

Yeah I know. He told me about it... I don't know what to tell you. I don't have a clue... OK..., will do... the second he gets in.

Bill puts down the phone and scratches his head.

BILL

Wonder if I should be worried. Maybe he went over to Jane's. Hmmmm... but why not take his car. He'll catch hell if I call Jane and he's not there. Hmmmm...

DISSOLVE TO:

Bill taking out the trash and stopping by John's car to look in the window. Everything looks normal.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bill making a sandwich

DISSOLVE TO:

Bill watching TV and eating his lunch. Close up of the phone on the coffee table ringing. Bill's hand enters frame to pick it up.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5

INT - Same Day

INT DAY: A typical office cubical very tidy and Type-A. A few mementos on her desk. Zoom out from a framed photo of her and John. A cutsie little alien/ET doll but other than that very few personal effects. The office of an obsessive compulsive.

Jane is in an office at her desk on the phone to Bill.

JANE

Bill what's going on? I called John at work and they said he didn't come in or call. Let me talk to him.

CUT TO:

Bill on phone to Jane.

BILL

I can't... you see...

SPLIT SCREEN TO:

JANE

(Interrupting as always)

Put him on the phone - a hangover is no excuse not to show up at work and...

BILL

(Interrupting Jane for a change)

I told you I CAN'T. He's not here. He wasn't here when I got up this morning. His car is still here but he didn't leave a note or anything; just a huge mess in the kitchen. Last time I saw him was when I went to bed about 15 minutes after we left you. His boss just called wondering what was going on too.

JANE

Is this some kind of joke because it's NOT funny. Put him on the line now. He's jeopardizing his job behaving like this and he should know better than to...

BILL

(Interrupting & rolling his eyes)

You're not hearing me. This is no joke. HE - IS - NOT - HERE. I'll have him call you as soon as he shows up. Promise.

JANE

You'd better. I can't believe he would act so irresponsibly. I try to help him get his life in order and this is the thanks I get. Tell him he's in very hot water and if he wants ME for a girlfriend, he is going to have to straighten up and fly right. After all I've done, even helping him get this great job and this is the thanks I get. I should just...

BILL

(Interrupting yet again)

Jane, I gotta run. I've got a lunch meeting. I'll have John call you as soon as he shows up. Promise.

JANE

You better. The INSTANT he gets back. Understand?

Pull back and zoom out to single screen.

BILL

He'll call you first. I promise. Bye.

CUT TO:

SCENE 6

INT - Same Day

Bill sits back down to his lunch on the couch. He resumes watching TV.

CUT TO:

The television show Bill is watching. Barry Winger - Similar to Jerry Springer. Onstage are three women. One has a goat sitting next to her chair, the next has a dog in her lap and the third has a pony next to her.

CUT TO:

Camera over shoulder, program host turns to the camera

HOST:

Animal husbandry. The new meaning - next on Barry.
Stay with us.

CUT TO:

Over Bill's shoulder at the TV. Bill shaking his head as BBN network logo flies by and a toilet bowl cleaner commercial starts on the TV.

BILL

Animal husbandry. Jeezz... What!

CUT TO:

TV starts acting weird. Snow and interference fill the screen. Lines dash across the screen for a moment and then it acts like reception has cleared up. On the TV screen is John, looking like shit, making gestures. TV audio is cutting in and out.

CUT TO:

Bill's amazed face. Pull back to reveal Bill punching buttons on the TV remote. Sound on the TV starts to cut in and out and we can hear snips of what John is trying to say. Reception finally clears up and we can hear John.

JOHN

(Frantic)

..Gotta help me. This is life or death. They grabbed me last night. I don't know how long I can do this... they aren't watching right now. You've GOT TO HELP ME! If you don't do exactly what I tell you, I will have Hell to pay. They are serious - they won't mess around...

BILL

(Flabbergasted)

Who is serious? Who grabbed you...? What the hell is going on?

JOHN
(Not hearing Bill)

Listen, I don't have much time... I don't know how long I can stay on the air. But you gotta do it. I need you to go buy some frozen pizzas and put them in the microwave. Please dude, it sounds weird but you HAVE to do it. This is no joke. I'm at their mercy.

While John is saying this Bill is walking around the TV looking for some kind of trick.

JOHN
(Pleading)

Are you listening man? PLEASE DO WHAT I TOLD YOU. They will have me for lunch if you don't. The microwave is a cross dimensional portal - you'll see - just do as I ask. Oh shit, here they come. I'll try to contact you again tomorrow same time if possible. Please, please, this is no joke. My life depends on it I'm counting on you. You're my pal and...

TV reception starts breaking up with John's voice cutting in and out. Bill fiddles with the remote for a moment and the TV scene changes to a close up of the woman with her goat.

WOMAN

Billy and I have been together for almost two years now and it has been the happiest time of my life. He lives right inside the trailer with me and...

Bill hits the remote and turns the TV off. Sits on the couch holding his head in his hands.

BILL

Geez. . . I must be going crazy. Pizzas! Cross-dimensional portal. I'm gonna kill the guy.

Stands up and walks to the kitchen.

CUT TO

SCENE 7
INT - Same Day

Bill enters kitchen and walks up to microwave. Looks innocent enough. He walks over to it, reaches his hand out toward it, hesitates, shakes his head and laughs to himself. He opens the door and peers inside. Looks like an ordinary microwave. He looks around at the back of the oven and it appears normal too.

BILL

Well shit. He is going to owe me for the pizzas.

CUT TO:

SCENE 8

INT - Same Day later

Bill is coming in the door with an awkward armload of cheap frozen pizzas.

BILL

(Mumbling to himself)

I can't believe I'm doing this. Frozen pizzas my ass. I'm gonna kill 'im. Thank God hamburger pizzas were on sale for 79 cents.

CUT TO:

Bill entering the kitchen with the pizzas. He throws them up on the counter next to the microwave. He unwraps one of the pizzas and puts it in the microwave.

CUT TO:

Close up of Bill's hands placing the pizza in the oven and closing the door.

CUT TO:

Medium Shot. Bill punching in the time on the oven and hitting the button. Oven starts nuking the pizza.

BILL

OK, like three minutes on high..

CUT TO:

Close up of oven. From inside the oven psychedelic colors appear. The sound of the oven changes to a large turbine sound. The sound rises in pitch and the light show from the oven increases in intensity. There is a soft thunderclap sound and the oven returns to normal. It has shut down.

CUT TO:

Bill is perplexed and very cautious. Medium shot of Bill inching back to the microwave and slowly opening the oven.

CUT TO:

Close up of oven with the door opening to reveal that it is empty.

BILL

Whooooaaaa! I don't believe this. How did he do that?

Bill feels around inside the microwave, looks around the back of it. Trying to figure out the trick.

Bill grabs another pizza, unwraps it and sticks it in the microwave. Again the lights and sound recur. This time Bill is watching closely as the psychedelic lights intensify and then stop altogether with the result being an empty microwave again.

CUT TO:

FASTMO of Bill loading the rest of the pizzas in the oven with the same result.

CUT TO:

Bill sitting at the kitchen table scratching his head amid a pile of empty pizza boxes.

BILL

(Mumbling to himself)

I'm losing it... really losing it..

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 9

INT - Morning of next day - repeat of earlier sequence

Close-up shot of a clock radio going off at 8:30am, playing the theme song on the radio. A hand comes into the frame and fumbles for the off switch. Pulls back to reveal Bill in bed rubbing his eyes.

BILL

Arghh!

Medium shot of hallway. Door opens and Bill comes out of his room and goes to the door of John's bedroom and opens it. Still no John. Everything looks the same.

FAST MO sequence of Bill and his daily chores. This sequence adds going to the mailbox.

CUT TO:

SCENE 10

INT - Same day later

Long shot of door opening into apartment and Bill walking in with a handful of mail he is sorting through. Off frame you can hear Jane leaving a message on the answering machine.

CUT TO:

Close up of answering machine. Message counter says 12.

JANE

(Voice over)

..with me. I won't be treated like this and if you don't call me John, we're through. Adios. Au revoir. We're finished? Understand John? So call me NOW!

CUT TO:

Medium shot Bill looking at the answering machine that now shows 13 messages.

CUT TO:

Bill coming out of the kitchen with his lunch, sitting down in front of the television. He hits the remote and the TV fires up.

CUT TO:

Close up of TV screen. BBN logo is in lower left corner. A close up of an actress in a soap opera setting and audio bed of dramatic retro organ.

CONSTANCE SOAP ACTRESS

(Distraught)

..and I swore I would never tell Charles that the baby was his but now that we know that he murdered Swami Markos at the ashram, I have to tell him. I must.

Actress frame freezes. Organ stab.

VOICE OVER AS SCENE FADES TO BLACK

Stay tuned and learn the truth. All My Grandchildren will return in a moment on the Baby Boomer Network.

BBN Logo flies by screen with logo music bed.

CUT TO:

Medium shot of geriatric hippie in wheel chair. Hippie is wearing a tie die T-shirt and has a band about his/her long gray hair. In the background are 60s posters and a 60s soundtrack is the bed.

VOICE OVER

Retirement living will never be the same. Green Haven assures you of comfort and style in your golden years. A hemp friendly environment where all your needs are provided.

Close up of old hippie pulling hard on a joint, holding in the hit and smiling beatifically. Shot dissolves to old hippies in walkers, wheelchairs, playing shuffleboard, dancing the jerk holding lower back, etc).

VOICE OVER

Providing safety and security, Green Haven prides itself in the individual attention paid to each and every resident. With meals ranging from vegan to any other type...

CUT TO:

Medium shot over Bill's shoulder as the TV starts acting up again. Reception comes in and out and then resolves the picture of John. John is 90 degrees off axis and looks worse than he did the day before. The background looks like John is in some kind of filthy cell. He has abrasions and welts on his face.

CUT TO:

Close up of TV screen. John sideways.

JOHN

(Sounding weak)

...again. They will be back in a minute so I don't have much time. I don't know if I'll be able to transmit to you again but I'll try tomorrow at the same time. We got the pizzas but that isn't enough. If you don't send ten more pizzas, and make them pepperoni, you can kiss your pal goodbye. It's horrible here and the only hope I have of getting back is you.

CUT TO:

Shot from behind Bill over shoulder.

BILL

(Standing and moving toward the TV.
He turns his head sideways to view Bill normally)

You want MORE frozen pizzas? Gimme a break. This isn't funny anymore. I don't know how you're doing it but stop. Jane and your boss are ringing the phone off the hook and...

JOHN

(Not hearing Bill - speaking over static)

..tomorrow. I'll try. I've gotta get out of here. You're my only hope. I know this is crazy but trust me, its completely real. Too real. You can't imagine what I'm going through here. Please hurry. Shit! Here they come. I'm counting on you; you have to get the pepperonis quickly. If you don't I may not last the...

TV static ensues and the TV returns to normal soap opera programming with organ music.

CHARLES Soap Actor

(The soap opera father organ music swelling)

~SWAMI~ Markos? Hah! Some guru. For heaven's sake Constance, when he died he was so jacked up on Viagra they had to have an open casket funeral. The child is his. I'm not taking responsibility. I'm afraid you will have to have an abortion... (Organ stab)

Bill hits the remote and the TV goes out. He plops down on the couch and puts his hands in his head.

BILL

Argghhh!!!

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 11 - PLANET 10

EXT- Day Poolside

SLOW FADE IN

Sound of surf, tropical birds. Close up of toe nails being painted a loud shade of teal. As camera pulls back and pans right you can see that the foot being painted is lovely but has six toes. Further pullback up a good set of legs reveals a side shot of Alien Beach Babe #1 polishing nails. Camera continues to pan past her to a group of four men around a poolside table in swimsuits. The men, athletic and trim ranging in age from mid-twenties to mid fifties, are dressed in the height of Italian Gucci/Speedo poolside fashion, wearing gold chains and Rolexes. John is one of the men. All but John are wearing sunglasses with three lenses. Tropical plants surround the table and the sea/surf sound track is the bed for the entire scene. The sky rather than blue is pale lavender with wispy pink clouds - definitely alien but played down 50's camp.

Camera starts to pull into a medium shot over John's shoulder to the Alien Jeffe. The table is covered with weird looking tropical cocktail drinks and there are pieces of half-eaten pizza all over the table. Alien beach babes are fanning the Alien Jeffe, John and the other two men.

JEFFE

(Smiling)

Yo John that was good work. I expect the pepperonis will be on their way any minute. Hope they taste better than the hamburger.

JOHN

(Urgently)

Don't worry - if you guys haven't tried pepperoni pizza, you haven't lived. Much spicier. I'll get you the best junk food you have ever tasted; just don't send me back. Please. Just don't send me back.

Alien beach babe comes up behind John, leans over with a cleavage shot, and places a new alien cocktail in his hand and whispers in his ear.

JOHN

Not right now honey - you damned near wore me out this morning - give me another hour or so to recover.

Alien beach babe pouts a bit then gives him a big busty hug and nibbles his ear lobe before she saunters/shimmies away.

ALIEN JEFFE

(Cool, casual but authoritative)

Well going back to Earth - that's up to you John. You deliver the goods and you can stick around. Your planet is known for some of the finest junk food in the galaxy. Only connoisseurs like ourselves

(Gesturing to cohorts)

can appreciate the esthetics of garbage cuisine. We Eppicrappians have tasted the bill of fare of thousands of worlds and yet we return to Earth frequently to savor your black hole of nutritional offerings.

JOHN

Don't worry I won't let you down. The pepperoni is sure to tickle your taste buds. It's the favorite junk food of my culture.

ALIEN JEFFE

(Turning to and laughing with other aliens)

Culture? Your culture? Earth has culture? Give me a break. You people are barely out of the trees. I suppose compared to other primates on your planet you think of yourselves as cultured but, honestly John, I can have better conversation with a dolphin or blue whale suckling.

Other alien dudes laugh with Jeffe and John joins in nervously.

ALIEN JEFFE

You homo saps are intellectual pygmies in comparison but unfortunately we can't get junk food from blue whales or porpoises - it takes a very dull and primitive being to consume something so self destructive. Junk food would be outlawed here if it wasn't for our medtek.

JOHN

That may well be but you have to admit Jeffe that Earthlings are without peer when it comes to eating crap. You just said you guys may have been able to transport me halfway across the universe but you can't get decent pepperoni pizza anywhere else. You NEED me.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 12

EXT DAY - by the pool

John, Jeffe and his cronies around the table with the alien babes in service. Partially eaten pepperoni pizzas litter the table. Jeffe takes a bite of pizza, scowls and tosses the rest of the piece to a three-eyed dog sitting near the table. An alien babe is kneading John's shoulders.

JEFFE

(Gesturing with a wave across the table)

You call THIS decent pepperoni pizza? This sucks! You, my man, are outa here. Sorry but this doesn't cut it.

JOHN

(Frantic and whining)

No! Please! You have to give me another chance. I'm sure I can take care of you. But please, I beg of you, don't send me back. Anything but that. There are a lot more things we can try.

Jeffe is examining his fingernails quite bored with John's plea.

JOHN

It's my roommate's fault. He's buying the cheap shit. I'll set him straight next transmission. I promise. I will tell him to have the pizzas delivered from the best pizza delivery in town. You will love it...

JEFFE

You had your chance. You seem to like it around here...

JOHN

Yes! Please let me stay.

JEFFE

(Annoyed)

As I was saying, we don't ask for much. Just a little junk food. I think that a pizza delivered would be fresh from an oven and I don't think that would qualify it as junk food. Too nutritional.

Jeffe looks around the table to his cohorts who are slowly shaking their heads.

JEFFE

Listen kid, its nothing personal, amigo, but we have bigger fish to fry. We can't keep a portal open for this crap. It's been nice knowing you. No hard feelings?

JOHN

(Grasping at straws)

Why does it have to be pizza? There are lots of other junk foods.

JEFFE

(Slightly interested)

I never said anything about it having to be pizza. YOU were the one that recommended pepperoni when the hamburger blew chunks. We're sick of pizza.

Jeffe's cronies nod in agreement. One raises his hands with a "there's nothing we can do" look.

JEFFE

You're just trying to delay the inevitable. You have nothing we want. Let us now part as friends.

JOHN

(Showing a bit of confidence)

Send me back and you will never know.

JEFFE

(Yawning/bored)

Yeah? Know what?

JOHN

(Dangling the carrot)

You'll see I'm worth my weight in gold around here.
Prepare your taste buds. Have you ever heard of Pastry
Pops?

Camera zooms into Jeffe's face. You can see his 3rd eyebrow rise out from
under sunglasses.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 13

EXT LATER THAT DAY By The Pool

All in attendance.

JEFFE

Well John, I have to admit these are pretty tasty and just
oozing with preservatives, fat and sugar. This is very
good junk food. You may have a future around here yet.
I've never had blueberries before.

JOHN

I'm telling you - I'm your man. You let me hang here and
you will never want for the best junk food in the universe.
Going back is not an option for me anymore. I'll keep you
palette tantalized.

JEFFE

Keep up the good work and we'll see about getting you a
blue card. Then you can apply for residence here on Planet
Ten.

Alien babe rushes up to John and hugs him.

ALIEN BABE

John honey, you asked me to remind you when it was time
and...

JOHN

(Looking at his watch slapping his head remembering)

Help me get ready. Makeup!

John jumps up from the table and goes over to a backdrop setup. The backdrop looks like a prison cell but worse. Alien babe is putting dirt, grime blood and fake wounds on John's face.

JOHN

(Watching through a hand mirror.)

That's right make me look real gnarly. I have to look worse each time. A little more blood over here. That's good. Let's do it.

Camera pulls back and we see a three-eyed critter behind the video camera with three fingers counting down. At zero he points to John.

CUT TO:

SCENE 14

INT DAY

Shot of TV screen. Evangelist type money-grubbing preacher is onscreen in a public access-looking set. There are a number of telephones on the table next to him. Close up of preacher's sad face.

PREACHER

And it was told unto me by He Who Lives On High that I would be called back to glory if we didn't raise our target. We need your help. For me this is a matter of life and death. Perhaps my time here is done but if the faithful, the strong, the generous respond with their hearts, we will raise the \$4,000,000 we must have for the new hospital in Somalia. So please call. Your gift will help us... Oh! There's a line ringing now.

Preacher pushes a button on the conference phone. Close up of finger pushing the button.

PREACHER

Hi Bob from Dallas, Texas. Thank you for calling the Hour Of The Lord, Bob. Are you calling to make a love pledge?

CALLER

(Voice over)

Yes I am Reverend Jim. I tell you what I'll do. Its called matching contributions. I will pay you \$4,000,000 to go ahead and blow your own head off and save The Lord the trouble. I will also match that contribution to the person who puts a couple more slugs in you to make sure you're dead. AND I will pay you another billion dollars if you rise from the dead within three days, so why dontcha...

Preacher pushes button to cut off caller.

PREACHER

(Turning to camera with earnest look)

Can you see why we need the money for the Lord? To do battle with the likes of the last caller. Call now and do your part for God and The Hour Of The Lord. Your love offering will show The Lord how much you really care and...

Television picture starts going wacky. Cuts into John in alien prison. John looks awful. Wounds are suppurated. Hair disheveled. He is clearly deteriorating.

JOHN

..Hear me? Listen, pay close attention. I may not have much longer to live. You have to go get more Pastry Pops and get a variety of flavors this time - not just blueberry. Get about a dozen packages and send them quick. I don't know how long I can hold out. If you don't do it I'll suffer a fate worse than death. I'm counting on you. I may have figured a way out of here but I need to buy some time. Please get moving. Here they come I have to go.

TV frame shakes. Horrifying effects seem to erupt behind John and as the TV starts flickering back to the Preacher, we can hear John's blood curdling scream.

CUT TO:

SCENE 15

EXT DAY By The Pool

Side shot of John's set and his screaming from previous shot. The alien camera operator is giving the three-fingered "OK" signal to John.

JEFFE

(Raising alien cocktail to toast John)

That was great. I've never heard anyone call their normal life "A fate worse than death." Gotta hand it to you kid that was a piece of work. We'll file your visa application first thing in the morning. To John and Pastry Pops!

Alien buddies and babes join in the toast

ALL

To John and Pastry Pops!

John raises his glass to the group.

JOHN

To Pastry Pops!

SCENE 16

EX DAY Outside John & Bill's Apartment.

Close up of hand pounding on the door. Pull back to reveal Jane knocking loudly on the door of Bill & John's apartment. John's car is visible in the shot, still parked next to the dumpster.

JANE

(Yelling through the door)

Open up Bill! I know you're in there. You can't hide. I'm here to get to the bottom of all this for once and for all. Bill! Open this door! Now! I'm not kidding. Bill!

Shot from over Jane's shoulder. Door opens a crack and we see Bill's face.

BILL

Jane, I told you on the phone, he's not here. He hasn't been here for three days.

Jane pushes her way past Bill into the apartment.

SCENE 17

INT DAY Inside John & Bill's Apartment.

Roving camera follows behind Jane as she walks through apartment looking for John in closets, on patio, etc.

JANE

Just tell me where he is hiding. I've had it. This is it!

BILL

(Casually leaning in the kitchen doorway watching her rummage through the house

I told you he wasn't here. He has disappeared. Now do you believe me?

JANE

(Walking up to Bill and looking straight in his face. Pausing a moment)

No. I can see in your eyes that you know where John is. Don't lie to me. Spill it.

BILL

You wouldn't believe me if I told you anyhow.

JANE

Try me.

BILL

(Taking a deep breath)

OK. Here's the truth of the matter. John's been abducted by aliens through a cross dimensional portal in a microwave oven we found on the way home from Sam's place the other night. He's being held for ransom by the aliens and I've been sending junk food through the portal to keep them from killing them. How's that?

JANE

How's this? I call the police this minute and tell them that John has been missing for three days now. That his roommate is telling me some bullshit story about alien abduction and I think that foul play may be involved. Cut the crap. Now, for the last time, where is John?

BILL

I told you, you wouldn't believe me but it's the truth. I tell you what. John communicates through the TV every day around 11:30. Stick around and see for yourself. See if I'm lying. I'm more than happy to let YOU deal with this. Have a seat. He should be on any time now. Just give it a few minutes. Then call the police. How about that?

JANE

So John is going to be on the TV in a minute?

BILL

That's right.

JANE

(Sitting down on the couch in front of the TV and clicking the remote)

I'll give you five minutes. Then the police. I'm not kidding.

On the TV is a commercial for a corporate polluter "making life better for you."

Shots of happy dancing children, deer, forests, etc.

Voice Over

"... and Global Corp strives each day to make our children's future a little brighter. The world leader in polycarbonate arsenic bonding, Global Corp is working today for a better tomorrow..."

TV starts breaking up.

CUT TO:

SCENE 18

EXT - Planet 10 by the pool

John is sitting in front of his backdrop having his makeup put on.

JOHN

(He is confident and casual now. Appraising the makeup job in a hand mirror. Mirror with John's face starts the shot)

See? I told you guys you need me. After we get this shipment of tacos, I'm going to have old Bill shoot us a couple dozen chili cheese dogs. I tell you, you're gonna love it. I hope getting my blue card doesn't take too long. How do I look?

John reviews his gnarly makeup in the mirror, tosses the mirror off the set. Camera pans to the 3-fingered alien giving the "OK" sign with his hand to answer John's question.

JOHN

OK then. It's SHOWTIME!

CUT TO:

SCENE 19

INT In the apartment

TV breaking up and John's transmission coming through.

JOHN

... do without you amigo. I think I may have figured a way out of this but you will have to bear with me. They are going to castrate me in one hour if you don't send over two dozen Taco Grandes from Taco World. You have to get going quick... I have to go off the air but remember...

JANE

John! Enough is enough. Get out of there right now.

JOHN

(Not hearing Jane)

... and we can pull it off. I know we can do this. With your help amigo, I'll be out of their claws before too much longer. Make sure that they are Taco Grandes...

JANE

(On her feet examining the TV.)

This is bullshit! How are you doing this? What is it? A video? Are you running a cable from somewhere?

BILL

Try unplugging the TV Jane.

Jane unplugs the TV and John's dialog continues.

JOHN

... try tomorrow. Gotta go. Their coming. Send on the tacos..

TV returns to normal for a second then blacks out because it is unplugged. Jane looks at the TV flabbergasted.

Bill is walking toward the door pulling on a light jacket.

JANE

Where the hell do you think you're going?

BILL

You heard him. Taco World. I've got 28 minutes left until they neuter your boyfriend.

JANE

You're actually going along with this?

BILL

Got any better ideas? You ain't seen nothin' yet. I'll be back in a few minutes and you can watch the tacos disappear across the portal. It gets weirder from here.

JANE

But I can't...

Bill is out the door, slamming it. Camera pans to a very confused Jane who plops down on the couch dumbfounded.

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE 20

Planet 10 by the pool

JOHN

(Now fitting in and acting like the others)

You know we could do a theme on this. You could make a culinary tour of the junk foods of different regions. Crawdad brains from Louisiana, Buffalo wings from New York. The options are endless.

JEFFE

I don't know about endless but I will congratulate you on a job well done. I doubted you had what it took to make the crossing - much less become a resident but you have surprised us all. Let me speak for us all John, we welcome you to Planet 10.

Jeffie, the other aliens around the table all stop what they are doing, turn to John and give him the Planet 10 salute (sign of the Type -0)

CUT TO:

SCENE 21

INT John & Bills Kitchen

BILL

So just stick about a half dozen tacos in there and hit any button - it doesn't matter which one. And stand back. This thing looks like it gives out some kind of radiation.

Jane, shaking her head, follows Bill's instructions. After she loads the oven and hits a button, she moves back next to Bill. The microwave hums normally.

JANE

I'm calling the cops

BILL

Give it a second. Watch. There! Look!

The microwave cycles the portal and the tacos disappear.

JANE

I don't believe it. This joke is over.

BILL

So any ideas?

JANE

Oh yeah. Watch this.

Jane throws a whole bag of tacos in the oven and hits the button. She grabs a teakettle from the stove and starts banging hard on the oven. The kettle has water in it and it is shooting everywhere. Sparks are erupting from behind the oven.

CUT TO:

SCENE 22

EXT Planet 10 by the pool

Medium shot of group around the table munching tacos

JOHN

Not bad eh? Anyone for seconds? They should be coming through any second now.

On cue the bag of tacos starts to appear then begins to flicker and fade out.

JOHN

Wha..?

He reaches out to grab the bag of tacos.

CUT TO:

SCENE 23

INT Back in the kitchen

The microwave is almost totally destroyed by Jane. She drops the teakettle and grabs a large iron pot. She lifts it over her head with both hands.

BILL

Are you sure you want to do that?

JANE slams the iron pot down hard on the oven - a small explosion and smoke trails up from the unit. An explosion like a sonic boom and loud crash are heard from the living room.

Jane and Bill look at each other and run to the living room.

CUT TO:

Shot of Jane and Bill coming through doorway and stopped dead in their tracks.

Shot from over their shoulders shows the TV with the screen exploded panning down over broken glass to John lying face down on the floor. John raises his head slowly and looks around. His face falls on Jane. He puts his head to the floor and starts pounding his fists.

JOHN

No. No. No. It's not fair. Please say it isn't so

JANE

Boy are you in trouble.

FADE TO BLACK

The End

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