

Once upon an Alien Invasion

By

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FROM BLACK, VOICES EMERGE

We hear radio static and voices emerging. Normal radio chatter can be heard until you begin to hear more and more references to an object found in the sky.

RADIO CONTROLLER 1  
CONR Controller, CONR Controlller,  
this is Alaskan ANR ROCC, picking  
up unidentified object 250 miles  
off Alaskan airspace. Do you copy,  
over?

RADIO CONTROLLER 2  
Copy, ANR ROCC, receiving telemetry  
your position. We're also picking  
up UFO 250 miles off Alaskan  
airspace. No answer to any hails,  
over?

RADIO CONTROLLER 1  
Negative, CONR Controller, no  
answer to any hails, consider  
hostile. I repeat, consider  
hostile. Be advised, tracking  
target now 100 miles off Alaskan  
airspace, object is closing in  
fast-

RADIO CONTROLLER 2  
Jesus, that thing is fast.

RADIO CONTROLLER 1  
Alert, CONR Controller, object  
maintaining high altitude, now  
approaching Alaskan airspace.

RADIO CONTROLLER 2  
Alaska, Alaska, confirm target. Is  
it an enemy missile? Over?

RADIO CONTROLLER 1  
Negative, negative, Controller,  
object too big to be missile.  
Object approximately 200 miles  
wide, closing in fast-

The first controller's connection is cut off by static and the second controller receives no response to his hails.

RADIO CONTROLLER 2  
Alaska?

CUT TO:

DUAL SCENE, DAY

We see JACK and JILL, appearing together but in different scenes, separated by a black line. They are facing forward and away, talking to their friends SEAN and SUSANNE off-camera.

JILL

Did you ever hear about the guy who saved a puppy from a drainpipe?

SUSANNE

Awww that's a sweet story.

JILL

Hear me out, one this guy heard whining for a few hours outside his window, then went over to the drainpipe and found this puppy, shivering, his leg stuck in the drainpipe.

JACK

She calls me one day, out of her "timezone" as she calls it, says, "I wanna meet up for lunch." She never does lunches, y'know?

SEAN

No buddy, I have NO idea.

JILL

He takes the puppy in, rears it, cares for it, it's eternally grateful.

SUSANNE

That's my type of guy, so caring.

JACK

We meet up in this place after work, just in the city, quiet, quaint, nice.

SEAN

Uh huh.

JILL

One day, as this guy is in the lounge reading the newspaper looking for new jobs cos he can't care less about what he's doing anymore as a career, he hears whining again.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNE

Was it the puppy again?

JACK

She looks at me, says "There's no life worth living where we would date as a couple."

SEAN

She said that?

JACK

And somehow, whatever came over me, I said, "Well...since we're only have one life and already living together, we can keep on being miserable, won't we?"

JILL

The guy gets up off his couch, walks over to the bathroom and finds the puppy...

SUSANNE

Was he taking a little poo like they do?

JACK

She looks me square in the eye, and replies, "I tell you what, that's the worst excuse for keeping a relationship anyone's ever given me." Gets up, and walks out the door.

SEAN

Ouch.

JILL

..taking a crap in the tub.

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY

JILL (CONT'D)

That, to me, is how I can sum up my relationship with Jack. A crap in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB

JACK

That, I saw, was the end of something really special.

CUTAWAY, BOTH SEAN AND SUSANNE

SEAN/SUSANNE

Mate/hun, you gotta get over that.

SOUND: A large BOOM in the background, and scene reverberates as the characters look up.

TITLE OVER: Once Upon...an Alien Invasion.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP

Jack exits a shop with a scratch-card in his hand. It's winter, and he's shivering from the cold despite wearing a large, woolen coat. He scratches at the scratch-card but doesn't win anything.

EXT. STREET

Along the way, he is oblivious to the TV screens in shop windows that onlookers are staring at, with a newscaster issuing shocking news:

ANCHORMAN

The President is keen to negotiate with the visitors as they approach the capital, and asks for everyone in the nation to pray...for a peaceful resolution.

Jack continues walking, unaware of the turmoil occurring in the news, and realises he is close to a nostalgic location he shared with someone special.

CUT TO:

The shot is in black and white, Jack and Jill are eating ice-cream cones.

JILL

Your mom called a few days ago.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yeah?

JILL

Yeah...she said your father died.

JACK

(A shocked look on his face)  
When?

JILL

(Has a mouthful of icecream)  
A few days ago.

CUT TO:

JACK looks longingly at the spot. Clouds loom over him as another thunderous roar BOOMS in the heavens. He continues walking. He approaches a coffee shop and nearly stumbles into JILL as she walks out. He looks surprised, she's slightly bewildered but unfazed.

JACK

Jill...

JILL

(Sounds exasperated)  
Puppy.

JILL begins to walk away. She too hasn't heard anything about the impending doom, while JACK begins to follow her.

JACK

Baby, c'mon, can't we talk. It's been 6 months. I've moved out, all the bills are paid, we can be friends, can't we?

JILL

I don't want to talk to you, Jack.

JACK

Why not?

JILL

It's like talking to a child being let loose from his mother's womb 5 years before she realises WEED is bad for her. You're behind with humanity about that long, you're like a neandrathal that just discovered toilet paper. Move on.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Jees, I knew you could dish out those insults like the rest of them, but wow.

JILL

Go away.

JACK

Look...let's have coffee.

JILL

I already have coffee.

JACK

Then...let's have dinner.

JILL

Dinner, Jack, is an ancient and archaic ritual adopted by Medieval Spanish courtiers involving two people who like each other over small dishes.

JACK

Perfect.

JILL

There's two things wrong with it though: a. I don't eat with my mouth full and b. I don't like you.

JACK

Jill...

A thunderous BOOM is heard in the sky. JACK's cellphone rings as he follows her.

JACK

Hold on one sec...hello?

SEAN

JACK! Buddy, where are you?

JACK

Not now, Sean, I'm trying to talk to Jill.

SEAN

Where?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

On some street corner, I don't know.

SEAN

Dude, get her inside, shit's going down.

JACK

Dude, I can't right now, I'll call you later.

SEAN

No, wait-

JACK cuts off the call.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWSSTAND

As JILL walks past and JACK follows her like a lost puppy, the newsstand owner is listening to his radio. A newsreporter live from the capital is talking about an attack on the president's building:

NEWSREPORTER

(He sounds worried,  
out-of-breath)

We can see that the president's building is in flames. There are many explosions. Cars are on fire. I have no idea what's going on. Oh God-

The newsstand owner looks shocked, begins to pack up his stand and close.

ANCHORMAN

We...umm...would like to apologise for that, we seem to have lost our feed with Luke there.

CUT TO:

EXT. JILL'S APARTMENT

JILL approaches her apartment with a New York-style flight of stairs leading up to the main door, with JACK trailing behind her.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Jill, c'mon, it's been hard, you're not really the easiest nut to crack. I mean, one minute you're interested in some FLACID way, the next you're oozing hatred for me like I couldn't even imagine. Can I least get an explanation?

JILL stops mid-way through unlocking her door.

JACK (CONT'D)

You haven't given me one, y'know.

JILL

(let's out a sigh)  
I don't do explanations, puppy.

JACK

(considers another tactic  
before she closes the door)  
I still have some videogames up there.

JILL

I sold them for my evident crack addiction.

As JACK sees JILL shut the door behind her, he runs up to the doorway and politely knocks.

JACK

Jill, c'mon, please, don't make me beg. You knew those videogames held sentimental value. We played them together in our onesies for a laugh, you in the rhino and me in the Pooh bear? You beat me then, remember?...Jill?

After a moment the door opens slightly, inviting JACK in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

As he closes the door behind him, JACK watches her at the top of the stairs going around the corner. While approaching the first step, he glances to a door slightly ajar and witnesses someone in their home frantically packing a bag in a hurry. He shrugs it off and follows her up the stairs. As he reaches the top of the stairs, two parents and their child storm down, pushing past him.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Hey, what's the rush, people?

MAN  
Get out, man! Get out of here while  
you still can! C'mon, honey!

CHILD  
Daddy, can't I take my toys with?

MAN  
(A loud BOOM is heard)  
Not now, we gotta go!

Jack still feels very confused about the situation, but as he's desperate to win Jill back, he let's it go and continues to her door.

INT. HALLWAY, JILL'S DOOR

Jack finds her door closed. He knocks politely on it.

JACK  
Jill?

JILL (O.S)  
I'm going out on a date tonight,  
Jack.

JACK  
No...no problem. I'll be two  
minutes, in-and-out.

JILL (O.S)  
You better, puppy.

You can hear JILL's door open, just as a loud BOOM is heard in the background. JACK opens the door lightly and walks into the apartment.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

JACK enters and closes the door behind him. He looks around the seemingly tidy but creative apartment, filled with books and paintings. JILL has a few board games on a shelf, and a jigsaw of a famous kid's Videogame character battling a dragon is framed on the wall.

JACK  
You finished the jigsaw?

(CONTINUED)

JILL (O.S)  
It's missing a piece though.

JACK  
What piece?

JILL (O.S)  
Integrity.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Figures.

JACK hears shouts from the street. He ventures over to the window and sees a handful of people running across the street running in one direction. He looks up at the sky and dark clouds hang overhead in the dusk light.

JACK  
Hey Jill? Maybe it's not such a great idea to head out tonight.

JILL (O.S)  
Why not?

JILL appears from her bedroom in a tight dress with a jacket and boots. She heads to a mirror to continue her preparations like hairclips.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You figure I might get abducted by aliens and interrogated about the secrets of our global defence system circling the planet?

JACK  
That's putting it mildly. I've got a funny feeling, that's all.

JILL (O.S.)  
Puppy, if it was funny, even I'd be laughing. I don't need you. We broke up cos you're not interesting anymore. And looking out for me? Well...

JACK  
Can't a guy feel protective over his girlfriend when she's going out?

JILL (O.S.)  
EX...girlfriend. And going out...on  
a DATE. The sooner you accept that,  
the sooner I can be bothered to  
establish our "met once and now  
make an effort to speak once in a  
while" type of friendship, rather  
than me wondering whether my loser  
ex-boyfriend shows up at my  
goldfish's funeral dressed like a  
mariachi player on LSD.

JACK  
A puppy with cute dimples.

JILL (O.S.)  
Looks is not what got you in this  
apartment. Sympathy was.

JACK  
I miss our candor it soothes me. I  
see you didn't sell Toy Story: the  
Videogame.

JILL (O.S.)  
Their plight and the interactivity  
it offered appealed to my renewed  
outlook on helping others. I  
figured toys deserve it more than  
failed boyfriends.

JACK  
Jesus, Jill.

JILL (O.S.)  
You wanted to be here.

JILL finishes her preparations and prepares to leave.

JILL  
Your two minutes are up, puppy.

JACK  
Fine. I'm going, I'm going. But  
only because-

A larger BOOM is heard and it reverberates throughout the  
apartment. Both look at each other and run to the window. As  
they approach, they can see people exiting their homes.

JACK  
C'mon, let's see what's up.

JACK opens the door and they both rush out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

As they rush down into the tarmac, they look up down the street at the distance in dismay.

JILL  
I was joking about being abducted.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET FROM ABOVE

The shot pans away from JACK and JILL as ominous music plays and a dark shadow looms over them, reminiscing of a fly saucer covering the sky.

JACK  
Jill?

JILL  
Yeah?

JACK  
Run.

JACK grabs JILL's hand and leads her down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

JACK leads JILL by the hand down the street, away from the general direction of the flying saucer. Periodically, he tries to yell at the residences along the way.

JACK  
Hey! Is anybody at home? Get out!  
Aliens are coming! They're  
invading!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW

An OBESE MAN opens his window and sticks out his head.

OBESE MAN  
Hey asshole, shut the hell up!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WINDOW

JILL stops dead in her tracks and faces the OBESE MAN.

JILL  
Oh I'm sorry. Did we interrupt your  
Britney Spears masturbation  
marathon?

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW

OBESE MAN  
Lick my ballsack, honey, I'll cum  
faster while I'm jerking off to  
your mom playing piano.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WINDOW

JILL  
Go fuck yourself, fat man! My mom's  
a good Christian woman and she's  
dead!  
(JACK grabs her and pulls her  
away, before she returns.)

JILL (CONT'D)  
And for the record, she was CRAP AT  
PIANO!

JACK returns away to pull JILL away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Both characters continue to run down the street with JACK still shouting. JILL gets exasperated and runs off, leaving JACK behind. A moment later he notices her in the distance and runs after her.

JACK  
Whoa...Jill? Jill! Wait!

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOP WINDOW

As JACK runs past a window full of television sets, you can see shaky images of people fleeing down streets in city's and towns, further ajoined with scenes of destruction and devastation, but no view of the aliens themselves.

JACK stops midway to answer a call.

JACK  
Jill?

SEAN (O.S.)  
No buddy, it's Sean, where are you?

JACK  
I'm looking for Jill, I was with her just now but lost her a second.

SEAN (O.S.)  
Forget that, did you see the news? Have you heard the radio? Dude, have you even looked up????

JACK  
I know, I don't have time for that, I need to find Jill!

SEAN (O.S.)  
You slay me, Jack, even in the midst of world annihilation, you still chase after that skirt. Get off the street, man! Find a hiding spot and lay low!

JACK  
I can't. Look, where are you?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (O.S.)

I'm at home, my mom's out of the city so I'm holed up here with Susanne and a friend of hers.

JACK

Cool, I'll find Jill and meet you there.

JACK hangs up the phone and moves on.

The darkness begins to envelope the city. As he approaches a district, JACK sees terrified people running past him in a different direction, his shouts for JILL largely ignored.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

As he approaches a coffee shop, he gets bumped into by a kid.

KID

Sorry, mister.

JACK

Where you going, kid? Where's your parents?

KID

I...I don't know.

Before JACK could say anymore, the KID runs off. Torn between his search for JILL and the KID's plight, he struggles with his conscience before deciding to run after him.

JACK

Hey, kid, wait up!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY

As the KID cuts the corner and rushes down the alleyway, JACK runs in to search for him, and two thugs appear behind him in an ambush.

THUG 1

Well hello there, handsome.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Oh you've got to be kidding me.  
You're mugging me, with THAT thing  
in the air?

THUG 2

(Smirks)

An entrepreneur never misses an  
opportunity for business.

JACK resigns to his fate. This isn't the first time he's  
been mugged before.

JACK

Alright, let's get this over with.  
Here's my wallet, watch-

THUG 2

Whoa, hold up, a repeat customer. I  
like those. Hold on, let me speak  
to my associate here. Hey Charlie,  
have this young man ever opened an  
account with us?

THUG 1

Indeed he has, Bob. And I must say,  
he's behind on his repayments.

JACK

Can we please move this along? I  
have to find someone.

THUG 2

Ah, misplaced something valuable,  
have we?

THUG 2 punches JACK in the stomach, sending him coiling to  
the floor in fits of coughing.

THUG 2 (CONT'D)

DON'T INTERRUPT A BOARD MEETING,  
ASSHOLE!

THUG 1

, please, don't scare the wildlife.

THUG 2

I'm so sorry, Charlie, it's  
unbecoming of me as a gentleman.

As they speak, a large BOOM is heard, louder than before.

(CONTINUED)

THUG 2

You hear that, sir? The markets are getting restless. I suggest you hand over all commodities before your stocks plummet.

JACK proceeds to hand over his valuables except his cellphone.

THUG 1

He missed a bit.

THUG 2

I can see that. Withholding during an audit is paramount to fraud, sir, and punishable-

THUG 1

Bob.

THUG 2

Ugh, what did we talk about when I'm conducting a transaction.

THUG 1

Bob...where's LITTLEBONES?

THUG 3, the KID, being the lookout near the mouth of the alleyway, has been quiet the entire time but always in some background, until they look up to find him gone.

THUG 2

I don't know, go find him. GO! And you, you just wait here, we have unfinished business.

As THUG 1, the air turns slightly greyer, close to a black and white filter. When THUG 1 reaches the entrance to the alleyway, he cautiously searches.

THUG 1

Littlebones? Hey, Littlebones!

An unseen hand grabs THUG 1 away, we're left along with the business-minded THUG 2 and JACK on the floor, trying to regain his breath.

THUG 2

You hear him there? Hey, you hear him? C'mon man, don't play around with me. Jesus, these hostile takeovers never go smoothly. Wait here, snowflake.

(CONTINUED)

THUG 2 approaches the entrance and waits cautiously while the air again turns greyer. He turns around, smirks and an unseen hand snatches him away.

JACK lays on his knees on the floor. A BOOM is heard again, and he feels the air turning greyer. Something inside him screams to run, and he bolts up. Seeing as the thugs disappeared by the entrance to the alleyway, he tries a nearby door.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP, BACKROOM

JACK initially cannot open the door from the other side with a few shakes and bashes. He then resorts to smacking at the door and yelling. After a few moments, HUGO the coffee shop owner comes reluctantly to the door and sees JACK through the window.

HUGO

Sava un bein, pardon e mua, we are closed, we are closed, boifon! Ah, I see. Wait, wait a minute!

HUGO opens the door and lets a very terrified JACK in.

HUGO

What is the matter with you, boufin, why do you bother me so late?

JACK

Wait...look.

The air gradually turns greyer until there is no colour left in the scene. The two characters look on as a shadow emerges, something shaped unhuman. a few terrifying heartbeats later, the shadow moves and the air changes back to colour.

HUGO

Sava, today I have one less customer.

JACK turns to HUGO and begins to lead him to the front of the shop.

JACK

Hugo, have you locked the front of the shop yet?

(CONTINUED)

HUGO

But of course. I don't stay open for drunks and hipsters, I don't serve alcohol or ability. I make coffee, I keep them awake, not make them fall asleep.

A still-terrified JACK leads HUGO to the front and pulls him down to lookout onto the street.

INT. COFFEE SHOP, FRONT

HUGO (CONT'D)

Qu'est que ici passe? Why do you look like a rabbit hanging from a hook in a butchery?

JACK

(whispers)

Aliens, Hugo, big...HUGE aliens.

HUGO

Did you see it?

JACK

Well...no.

HUGO

Then how do you know it is an alien, bouffin? It could be God taking a stroll and he is a very tall man.

JACK

Did you not see the mothership in the sky?

HUGO

And leave the shop alone? Someone might take a crouissant, pa merde. My mother made them, she would kill me if I don't pay her back.

JACK

You didn't notice the people running away?

HUGO

They opened a Starbucks nearby, I...well, business is business, I suppose.

(CONTINUED)

The air becomes greyer again, and the two characters face the window with shocked looks, as a shadow passes over their faces, turns, and continues on.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Ok, I take it back, hipsters can come in.

JACK

Hugo, I need to find Jill, have you seen her walk this way?

HUGO

Ah wee, she was my last customer, ordered a coffee and went away.

JACK

Which way did she go?

HUGO

Left.

JACK

Left...what's left...SEAN AND SUSANNE! Hugo, you are beautiful. I'm going to head out the backway.

HUGO

Wee wee, go.

As JACK leaves the scene, HUGO looks to see his cat lounging on his counter. After a moment's thought, he shoos the cat off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY

JACK cautiously opens the backdoor and peers out, looking for any danger. He closes the door quietly and scuttles through the alleyway towards the exit out into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT

As the camera pans down, JACK runs breathlessly down the street towards the entrance to SEAN's apartment. He examines the door, knocking on it twice.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Sean, it's me, open up!

SEAN (O.S.)  
Say the magic password.

JACK  
\*sigh\*...bitch-tits.

SEAN  
Come around the back, dude, we'll  
clear the barricade for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD

JACK emerges from around the corner of the house to the back  
and knocks again on the backdoor.

JACK  
It's me, open up.

SUSANNE (O.S.)  
What's the password?

JACK  
Susanne, c'mon, open up.

SUSANNE (O.S.)  
I'm not opening up for you, you big  
tall stranger. How do I know it's  
you?

JACK  
Ok ok, fine...Santa Fe has a Fairy  
in San Fransisco when the Fauna  
flies south. Open the door

JACK can hear furniture being moved around before the door  
opens and SUSANNE pokes her head out.

SUSANNE  
Did you bring cake?

JACK  
Susanne, is Jill here?

SUSANNE  
Yeah...she is, but...

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Let me in, please, I need to see  
her.

SUSANNE  
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S KITCHEN

SUSANNE widens the door and allows JACK to enter. He frantically enters and helps her barricade the door again.

JACK  
Where is she?

SUSANNE  
In the lounge, having a coffee with  
Sean and Muerte.

JACK  
Thank God, I've been looking all  
over for her. I thought I lost her  
by the -Muerte?

SUSANNE  
Mhmm...I'm sorry?

JACK  
Who's Muerte?

SUSANNE  
He's just...some guy. You know...a  
guy, like any normal guy. Just a  
guy.

JACK senses confusion from SUSANNE's evasiveness, completes the barricade and begins to hunt for JILL.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S LOUNGE

JACK enters and finds JILL sitting on the couch, her head bowed forward. JACK freezes.

JACK  
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

JILL looks up. unsure of how she should react seeing her ex-boyfriend she left behind on the street, so she gives him a blank look and stares out the window. SEAN is sitting by the windowsill looking out into the street.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sean?

SEAN

Hey Jack. Have you met Bob?

JACK gives SEAN a quizzical look.

JACK

Who?

BOB appears from behind the couch, tall and very handsome, someone you'd consider an 90's hero with blonde, Aryan hair, a rigid jaw, big blue eyes and a physique to die for.

BOB

Found it, was in the...oh hey there, sport!

JACK

Hey.

BOB

I'm Bob.

SEAN

He's amazing.

JACK

I'm delighted. Jill? You good?

JILL

Yes, Jack, I'm ok. I feel ok, I look ok, I am ok. I'm the Al Lovejoy of ok, ok?

JACK

Ok then.

BOB

Ok.

JACK

Why did you run off?

JILL

You were shouting at people.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

What, you mean the fat guy? The guy was an asshole, and I was trying to warn him about the aliens.

JILL

It's always something, isn't it?

JACK

It kinda is when there's a spaceship looming overhead possibly filled to the brim with dangerous, tentacled, maniacal monsters hell-bent on eating us.

JILL

Jack, why are you here?

SEAN

Shoosh!

JILL looks at SEAN, then turns to JACK and gives him a challenging look.

JACK

(whispers)

I needed to know you're ok. Sean called me.

JILL

Sean called you?

SEAN

You used to date him, he's my friend and he's been hounding my case, get over it, Jill.

JILL

Jesus...

SUSANNE walks in from the kitchen with a tray of sandwiches.

SUSANNE

(whispers)

Sandwiches, everybody.

Everyone thanks SUSANNE and grabs a sandwich.

JACK

You could've given me time to help those folks out before doing a roadrunner to Bob over here.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

The anxiety of it was unbearable.

BOB

You're the guy shouting in the street. "The aliens are coming, the aliens are coming!" Very cool, man, very cool. You do theatre?

JACK

No.

BOB

You should, buddy, you seem right for it, the projection and all. Say, hold on, I can hook you with a production designer for backstage theatre I dated once, fantastic girl, Rita, 5 foot 9, brunette...

JACK

No thanks.

BOB

...Spanish...

JACK

It's fine.

BOB

...I think...has webbed feet.

JILL

Yes, I ran off, I called Bob and he said he was here with Sean.

JACK

Wait...wait. Hold-up. Bob. He was your date?

JILL

Yeah.

JACK

You have literally looked out the window, considered it a good day and decided to shit on me.

JILL

Did I fucking stutter? Yes, fuck-knuckle, he was my date.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I was gonna take her dancing.

JACK

She doesn't dance.

BOB

You don't dance?

JILL glances at BOB and shakes her head.

BOB

Fine, not Suzy's then. Next time, O'Driscoll's, we'll do shots and sing Irish songs with my uncle.

JILL

That sounds amazing.

JACK

Excuse me!

SEAN

Shoosh!

JACK

She's my girlfriend.

BOB

Oh...ermm...mind equals blown, cos I thought...

SUSANNE

Guys...

JILL

No I'm not, we broke up.

JACK

Separated.

Anger flashes over JILL's face and stands up to face JACK. Her annoyance has reached it's peak and she begins to face JACK with an over-powering urge to hurt him.

JILL

Separated? Let me give you a definition of separated. A power-couple congenially part ways for an indetermined period to escavate what little meaning their can from their own individuality before resolving their unique

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JILL (cont'd)  
issues, before returning to their  
sequestered, aquariatic lives. You  
know how many people in this  
country do that every day?

JACK flounders over the question.

JILL  
More than people have sticky TV  
dinners, puppy. We're not  
separated. We're not parted. We're  
not even NOT TOGETHER anymore.  
We're JUST NOT ANYTHING! Why can't  
you get it into your thick skull  
that this, you and me, is no more,  
an empty shell of an existence,  
where friendship, it seems, won't  
even survive in this vacuum of love  
and interest. Jack, you're an  
emotional vampire and you're  
boring. Fuck off.

SEAN  
(whispers harshly)  
Guys!

Everybody in the room turns to SEAN suddenly.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Shut the f\*\*\* up. They're here.

Everybody remains motionless as SEAN returns to view out the window. There is a tension in the air; each character looks at each other with apprehension at the danger lurks outside the apartment, yet still retains an air of their emotions towards each other.

JACK looks longingly at JILL. JILL, however, gives him a passing glance and stares out the window past SEAN, then gives a cursory smile at MUERTE, who lights up his cigarette, sees the glance and gives a cheeky little grin. And for the moment, we're surprised to see SUSANNE looking longingly at JACK, before cutting away and moving over to comfort SEAN as he remains vigilant by the window.

A large boom is heard, louder than before.

JILL  
Jesus...when will they stop that?

SEAN  
I think they're nearby.

JACK  
They're nearby.

JACK looks down at his hand, and the scene turns gradually from colour to black & white.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What are they doing now?

SEAN  
They're coming into view. Jeess,  
they look ugly.

JACK  
Yeah?

JACK rushes over to the window. SUSANNE meekly steps aside to allow JACK a better view.

JACK  
Wow...I mean, I've dated your  
sister, Sean, but, wow.

SEAN  
Shuttup.

BOB  
So coach what's the plan?

SEAN  
Easy, we'll hole up here till the  
coast is clear, then we'll head out  
into my car and drive out of town.  
They're only hitting the cities.

JACK  
Good plan, Sean, you and Susanne in  
the front, me and Jill in the back.  
Muerte, do you have a car?

BOB  
Dude, my ride's in the shop. I need  
a lift.

JACK  
Sorry mate...you're...ok, I'll just  
come out and say it, I'm threatened  
by you in every way. The hair, the  
eyes...the jaw. The intelligence.

JILL

Don't be an asshole, Jack, he's coming with us...right?

BOB

Yeah, duh, where else would I go, home? No cable.

SEAN

Oh-oh.

JACK

Oh-oh? Oh-oh? Sean, the last time you said oh-oh, we were caught smoking weed in your dad's shack and he had a belt. A big belt. With a Roses buckle. A cool, BIG Roses buckle. Tell me that's not the same oh-oh.

SEAN

They're breaking into the apartments.

Everyone looks at each other.

JACK

Yeah, that's not the same oh-oh.

A large boom is heard, and as everyone looks around, the colour of the scene changes from colour to black&white. A window CRASH can be heard coming from the bedroom, spooking everyone in the living room.

SEAN

Guys...

EVERYBODY

Yeah?

SEAN

Run.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S KITCHEN

The entire team bail for the kitchen to exit the back, only to discover dark figures standing by the doorway. Everyone freezes and begin to whisper.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Hold up.

JILL

How are we going to get out?

BOB

I say we take 'em.

JACK

With what, a bat?

BOB

Maybe, totally would.

JACK

Sure, Babe Ruth, hit a home run on their faces, good idea.

JILL

At least he's trying.

JACK

And I'm not?

JILL

Were you the one that suggested we come here?

SEAN

No, that was me.

JILL

And if only that succeeded.

SUSANNE

Yeah, if only it succeeded.

SUSANNE boxes SEAN on the shoulder, he turns to her with astonishment on his face as he nurses his hurt.

JACK

Look, if Sean hadn't suggested something, I would've.

JILL

Go ahead then, suggest something then, Rambo.

JACK

Ok, let me think.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
Clock's ticking, puppy, they're  
knocking on the door.

JACK  
Out the front way.

JILL  
Jack, that's dumb.

JACK  
That's the last thing they'll  
expect. We sneak out and dodge past  
them by hiding behind the parked  
cars.

JILL  
That's the dumbest thing you've  
said all day. They're aliens, they  
don't watch bad movies, they don't  
not expect that at all.

JACK  
You're wrong, tell her Sean.

SEAN  
Right...

WIPE TO:

INT. LOUNGE, PAST

Two kids are watching old TV movies.

SEAN (O.S.)  
When we were kids, aliens would  
constantly be scouring the cosmos  
invading planets looking for  
resources

The movies feature humans dressed in bad costumes invading  
homes and shooting with their rayguns, rounding people up  
and laying them down in gurneys doing weird alien  
experiments. All inspired by Plan 9 From Outer Space

SEAN (O.S.)  
They'd abduct humans and take them  
back to their mothership to perform  
ghastly experiments.

WIPE TO:

INT. SEAN'S KITCHEN

JACK

It was only later as adults we finally figured out those experiments turned out to be what conspiracy theorists talkd about all along...alien anal probes.

BOB

Amazing.

JILL

You're idiots, both of you.

SEAN

It makes sense, Jill, logically it's either for food, scientific advancement or, at the very least, discover what's in our biology cos theirs is failing, but in most cases-

JACK

-it's anal probes.

JILL

I, honestly and badly, wish I could un-know this conversation.

JACK

Look, we're as good as dead anyway, the bad guys are IN the apartment and out the back, they're searching other homes and not coming up the front way. If anybody else has a better plan, let me know.

Everybody looks at each other, not knowing where to turn.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fine.

JACK, staying low, ambles off to the front door.

JILL

Jack! Where you going? Get back here, puppy!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, SEAN'S DOOR

The colour has returned to normal. JACK peeks his head out of the door to see who may be near the front door. So far, no aliens appear to have broken in.

JACK

C'mon.

The survivors sneak through the doorway on by one and head forward to the main door which leads out into the street.

JACK

I should create a distraction.

JILL

What were you thinking?

JACK

Well, in drama class in high school, I used to express my emotions in the form of animal behaviour.

JILL

So....

JACK

I do a mean "monkey", guys, I could run out into the open, create a fuss and run in one direction while you guys run in the opposite way.

BOB

Don't get me wrong, that's a great idea and all, but...

BOB opens the front door slightly and points to the rest of the street, away from the aliens currently ransacking apartments. The street ahead seems completely empty.

BOB

You see?

SEAN

What do you guys see?

BOB

There's no aliens left of the street, we can go that way.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
Nice try, Chuck Norris.

BOB leads JILL in the clear direction, leaving JACK feeling flummoxed and pretty shameful trying to be a hero. SEAN and SUSANNE pass him by.

SEAN  
Hard luck there, hero.

SUSANNE tries to console JACK.

SUSANNE  
It's ok, c'mon. I remember your  
monkey in high school. (whispers)  
YOU WERE AMAZING.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT

With a disheartened JACK in tow, the group scurry away from the marauding invaders. Eventually down the block they relax and sneak down the street more carefully, maintaining a watchful eye past corners. In one moment, SUSANNE pulls SEAN aside out of earshot of the others.

SUSANNE  
Sean, you have to do something!

SEAN  
I'm doing something.

SUSANNE  
What?

SEAN  
I'm following Bob.

SUSANNE  
No, I mean about Jack and Jill.

SEAN  
No. Are you kidding me?

SUSANNE  
No I'm not kidding, can you see  
he's hurting.

SEAN  
So?

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNE

So, you're his friend, help him.

SEAN

Why? He's a big boy. You do something.

SUSANNE

I can't do anything, but I can't stand to see him that way.

SEAN

Look, those two have been at each other's throats for ages even BEFORE they broke up, and now he's chasing after while she's doe-eyed another. He's my pal but I'm not that dumb to get in the middle of that mindfuck-fest.

SUSANNE

He can't seem to get a break, though.

SEAN

You know what, you're right, and in any good movie, the good guy will find his value questioned, beat the bad guy and get the girl. The question you have to ask is, is Jack the good guy?

SUSANNE

Isn't he?

SEAN

I don't know. Jack's a procrastinator and he's half-heartedly chasing after a dismissive Jill, would you pay to see that movie?

SUSANNE

No, I guess not, but...

SEAN

No buts, Susanne, this is the movie we're in right now.

SEAN points up at the sky, indicating the large mothership. SUSANNE seems defeated after the conversation and continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, DAY

BOB turns and stops everyone.

SEAN  
Where are we going?

BOB  
I know where. A perfect place to  
hide, supplies, the works.

JACK  
Your dad's mansion?

BOB  
Well, yeah...but he lives outside  
the city, and that's way too far.

JILL shoulder-slaps JACK and gives him a dirty look.

BOB (CONT'D)  
It's this way, c'mon.

JACK  
(mimicing a condescending  
tone)  
It's this way, c'mon.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAFE ITALIA, DAY

Everyone moves to stand in front of an Italian coffee shop.  
BOB knocks gently on the door to see if the proprietor is  
in.

JACK  
Oh you are kidding me.

JILL  
What now, puppy?

JACK  
Cafe Italia? Hugo would slaughter  
us if he knew we're going in there.

JILL points up at the sky.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Yeah I know that, but walking into  
an Italian shop? It's like you  
sleeping with Bob after sleeping  
with me.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
How?

JACK  
Just...gross.

JILL  
For your information, puppy, I have not slept with him. And even if I did, it wouldn't be posted on my Facebook wall for you to cry over.

JACK  
I wasn't...really talking about that, I'm just saying...

JILL  
You're saying what, puppy? You're longing for a reunion with me and my own, clearly under the assumption that you're being threatened thanks to Bob the Alpha Male, when in contrast you need to be a Beta male just to show up to the bout.

JACK  
Jill.

JILL  
What?

JACK points towards the doorway. BOB is standing there, the door mid-open.

BOB  
Nobody's answering, but got the door open anyway. Let's go.

The group scurry in.

INT. CAFE ITALIA, DAY

The scene seems eerie, like a dusty fog has settled over the shop. The survivors venture in cautiously.

BOB  
Hello?

JILL  
You think they're gone?

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Italians leave their shop  
unattended? Only if their mom isn't  
living upstairs.

JILL  
Shhh!

BOB  
Anybody there?

Suddenly, two men appear from behind the counter, wielding shotguns and dressed in baseball catcher armor. Both are first-generation Italian in their 30's.

MARIO  
Freeze, assholes!

LUIGI  
Si, freeze!

BOB  
Whoa, wait up, Mario, Luigi, it's  
me, Bob, I'm the guy that comes in  
every Friday asking for a small  
skinny latte with a cookie your mom  
makes, the gingerbread ones with  
the faces?

As BOB speaks, JACK nudges to JILL who turns around. He excitedly makes the sign of a Nintendo controller, she rolls her eyes and continues to watch the conversation.

MARIO  
I know who you are, putana. What  
are you assholes doing in my store?

LUIGI  
Si, our store!

BOB  
We're just in here looking for  
shelter, we know you guys have a  
downstairs basement.

JACK  
And I'm dying for a cappucino.

MARIO  
(Pauses for a moment, responds  
apologetically)  
Machine's off.

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI  
Si, machine's off.

MARIO  
And you can't stay here, my momma  
is downstairs with the cats.

BOB  
Cats?

MARIO  
Si, her cats.

LUIGI  
Momma loves her cats. They replaced  
us about 2 years ago when we  
brought her here from Sicily and  
opened the shop.

MARIO  
Something about (in Italian,  
subtitled) "Why you fools bring me  
to this fascist America, full of  
capitilists and baby mouth-lovers?"

JACK  
Sorry, didn't catch that last part.

JILL  
You do know there's blood-thirsty  
aliens outside rampaging and  
pillaging our great city?

MARIO  
We know that too.

LUIGI  
Si, we know.

MARIO  
But we have American-made shotguns,  
American-made bullets and Tito Sam  
looking over us.

Both MARIO and LUIGI make the sign of the cross towards a  
poster of Uncle Sam, looking different with a handle-bar  
moustache, drinking a cappuccino and a rosary hanging around  
his neck.

SEAN  
Very cultured.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Look, gentlemen, we'd hate to  
bother your mom-

MARIO  
Momma.

JACK  
-Momma and her new family, but  
there's big aliens out there out to  
get everybody. Is there anywhere in  
your coffee shop you can hide us?

MARIO and LUIGI look at each other uneasily, but seem to  
come to a consensus.

MARIO  
Si, there is a place you can hide.  
But there is something you must do  
for us.

JACK  
Anything...

JILL  
Jack...

JACK  
Seriously, what do you need us to  
do?

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE ITALIA, PANTRY

The group are huddled together in a pantry within the coffee  
shop in hushed silence, peeling potatoes.

BOB  
(whispers)  
Well...this is nice.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Really?? Nice? Are you kidding me?  
We're hiding out from aliens in an  
Italian pantry peeling potatoes,  
and you're telling me this is nice?  
And Bob?

(CONTINUED)

BOB  
(whispers)  
Yeah?

JILL  
(whispers)  
Why do they need potatoes?

BOB  
(whispers)  
Fries.

JACK pauses for a moment, giving him a stare.

JACK  
(whispers)  
REALLY?? Fries?

JILL  
(whispers)  
Jack, stop it.

JACK  
(whispers)  
What for, Bob, coffee-flavoured  
burgers?

JILL  
(whispers)  
You're being an asshole, and you're  
the one that got us into peeling  
potatoes.

JACK  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry. We're running for our  
lives from what could be the  
biggest threat to the human race  
since reality TV, and we were led  
by that tall glass of water over  
there to walk into the only store  
in the world still need potato  
chips during the apocalypse. Pass  
me the big peeler over there, I've  
got my own head to open up and  
examine.

JILL  
(whispers)  
Oh, and you're so perfect then,  
aren't you? I didn't see you take  
charge, Einstein.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(whispers)

Would you have listened? Everytime something disagrees with you, you push it aside or tell it to go away, never giving it a chance to change or improve.

BOB

(whispers)

Listen, guys...

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispers)

"It's not worth my energy, Jack, it's not worth my time, Jack, it's not in line with my religious beliefs or my menstrual cycle, Jack."

JILL

(whispers)

Oh you're one to talk! You constantly run from any challenge, never living up to your obligations as, you know, a man! So detrimental to the male gene-pool, you're probably the first guy ever to insist on couples' counselling and cry because we were late for the appointment.

JACK

(whispers)

Oh yeah, take the emasculating route there, what a great defense.

JILL

(whispers)

Don't even think about it, puppy, you're not gonna trap me into saying that I'm only capable of making you look like a girl cos I'm burning bras and protesting for the vote. In your head, you're thinking you need to be someone who chops down trees and eats his lunch with a sweaty brow and a feeling of fulfilment.

JACK

(whispers)

And that's the kind of guy you want, obviously.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
(whispers)  
You still have no idea.

SEAN  
(whispers)  
Shhh, listen.

The group strain to hear a commotion occurring outside. They can hear Italian voices muttering, the sound of guns cocking. The tension builds in the air, as the group grows concerned the aliens have broken in.

BOB  
(whispers)  
We should do something.

JILL  
(whispers)  
What can we do? Those are gun-toting Italians out there with spit-roasting Oedipal complexes, you're going to get in the way of them and brain-sucking aliens?

BOB  
Jill, I have to try.

JACK watches the interaction between the two with trepidation. As BOB heads towards the pantry door, JILL begins to follow.

BOB  
(whispers)  
What are you doing?

JILL  
(whispers)  
I'm coming with you.

JACK  
(whispers)  
No.

JILL  
(whispers)  
Puppy, just because you've got no backbone doesn't mean I don't. I'm going out there, I'm grabbing a gun and I'm gonna shoot.

BOB  
(whispers)  
No you're not.

JACK figures it's his latest opportunity to shine.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Yeah, ummm, Bob's right.

JILL  
(whispers)  
Is he now?

JACK  
(whispers)  
Yeah...him and I, we'll both go.

BOB  
(whispers)  
It's ok, buddy, I can take this.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Sure, it makes us all feel better knowing you're out there alone with Italians and aliens. I'm coming with you.

JILL grabs JACK's arm.

JILL  
(whispers)  
Puppy...you have nothing to prove.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Thanks for the vote of confidence, sweetheart, but we fellas can take this.

Loud shouting can be heard outside, a gunshot is heard.

JILL  
(whispers)  
No, I mean, you have nothing. To prove. At all.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Thanks.

JACK and BOB sneak out of the pantry to view the front of the shop.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE ITALIA, DAY

BOB and JACK hide behind cover to see MARIO and LUIGI returning fire at an assailant from the front door.

MARIO

(in Italian, subtitled)

Get lost, you hairy four-legged pond swimmer! You sycophantic rug-muncher! You give up easier than my second wife ever did giving me a blowjob in front of the television!

LUIGI

(in Italian, subtitled)

Yes, television!

HUGO (O.S.)

(in French, subtitled)

Fuck you, you can go play with yourselves, you stupid truffle-eating pig-fuckers, under-cut my prices and steal my customers! You should be castrated just so that your assholes don't feel dirty!

JACK

Holy crap.

BOB

What?

JACK

It's Hugo.

MARIO

(in Italian, subtitled)

Say that in a real language, you backwards bush-fairy!

BOB

GUYS!

MARIO

Stay back, Roberto! This French motherfucker isn't allowed in my shop!

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Hugo! Stop shooting!

HUGO  
Jack?

JACK  
Yes?

HUGO  
You traitor! What the hell are you doing in this (in French, subtitled) shit-infested excuse for a coffee shop?

MARIO  
You know this asshole?

JACK  
Hugo, c'mon, aliens were everywhere, we needed a place to hide and this was the closest. Now, please stop shooting.

HUGO  
Only if these assholes stop their shooting.

MARIO  
Fuck you, Frenchie, your coffee tastes like shit on my shoe after I stick it up your ass!

BOB  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Comrade, please! Now is not the time for revolution, now is the time for salvation. We face a crisis the world has never faced before! Please, lay down your arms and accept this man into your loving embrace.

JACK looks at BOB, dumb-founded.

JACK  
You know how to speak Italian?

BOB  
A little.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

A little?

MARIO

Okay, Roberto, since you put it that way, we will do this.

LUIGI

Si...just for you.

JACK can't let BOB take all the glory, so he takes it upon himself to try and calm HUGO down.

JACK

Hugo...buddy. You ok?

HUGO

Oui, Jack, how are you?

JACK

I'm fine. Listen, maybe it'd be a good idea to, umm, stop shooting, maybe? If these guys stop their shooting, you may want to save some bullets for the brain-sucking ass-probing aliens, eh? Buddy?

JACK glances over at BOB, who nods in unsure approval.

HUGO

Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

HUGO

Did you drink their coffee?

JACK glances over at BOB, who shakes his head.

JACK

Ermm...no, mate, why would I do that?

HUGO

Jack, you're lying. You're snivelling.

JACK

I what?

(CONTINUED)

HUGO

You snivel. Like Jill would say,  
like a puppy. Not to worry, mon  
ami, I will accept their surrender,  
or else I will make these glorified  
plumbers wish their mother hadn't  
slept with that homeless man behind  
the abortion clinic.

MARIO

(In Italian, subtitled)  
Eh fuck you, you Mali-invading  
worm!

BOB

(in Italian, subtitled)  
Calm, comrade, calm.

JACK

Hugo!

HUGO

Ok ok, no more shooting.

The three foreigners point their guns down and approach each  
cautiously.

MARIO

We welcome you to our shop. The  
machine is off.

LUIGI

Si, machine's off.

HUGO

Thank you, and not a problem.

The three men make an obscure handshake. HUGO approaches  
JACK and BOB, while MARIO and LUIGI turn to Tito Sam and  
make the sign of the cross. The rest of the group emerge  
from the pantry.

JILL

Ok to come out, guys?

HUGO

Jill, mon cheri, it is good to see  
you.

JILL joins BOB, much to JACK's dismay.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
You did this?

BOB  
Yeah, I know a little European, I  
manage to calm the situation.

JILL  
Nice.

JACK walks sheepishly up to JILL.

JACK  
I helped stop Hugo from shooting.

JILL  
Really? Did you, or did you just  
plead with him not to shoot you  
accidently?

JACK  
No, I pleaded with him to conserve  
his ammo for the aliens.

JILL  
Did you pee your pants doing it?

HUGO  
What are you two doing here? I am  
happy you are both well.

JILL  
Thanks.

HUGO  
And Jack, you buffoon, I would have  
almost shot you if you hadn't  
called out like a little schoolgirl  
trying to cross the street.

JACK looks sheepishly at JILL.

JACK  
I didn't...ummm...I called out like  
a scared guy, not a little  
schoolgirl. That would've implied I  
was a soprano or an alto.  
Definitely more of a baritone. That  
would, umm...make the schoolgirl 6  
foot 5 or...something.

JILL

This is Bob, Sean and Susanne.

HUGO

The other two I know, they do not come too often to drink my coffee, whom I hope God forgives. But Bob, ah...oui, big strong man, good lips, very confident.

BOB

(In French, subtitled)

A pleasure to meet you, sir.

HUGO

(In French, subtitled)

Oh my, you speak French too! And an impressive accent too.

BOB

Thank you. My mother worked for a time at the US Consulate in Paris, I picked up some things from the staff.

HUGO

Ah Paris, how I miss it's beautiful lights, it's torrid smells, it's despicable people. Will never return there.

JILL

Why not?

HUGO

Eh, mainly because French people are assholes. Not as bad as the Italians?

MARIO

Hey, why do you insult us in our own shop, eh?

LUIGI

Yeah, eh?

Knocks can be heard from the floorboards.

MARIO

Ah mamma! Hold on, we're coming for you!

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI  
Si, mamma, hold on.

MARIO and LUIGI move to the back of the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP, BACKROOM

MARIO and LUIGI head to a trapdoor and open door, pulling their aged mother while a cat escapes. Everyone gathers to investigate.

MARIO  
(In Italian, subtitled)  
We're sorry mother, we have some  
guests here.

LUIGI  
(In Italian, subtitled)  
Si, guests.

MAMMA  
(In Italian, subtitled)  
You pieces of shit, I should've  
killed you both the moment you came  
out of my belly. Why the fuck have  
you left me there with these horrid  
creatures, they smell of shit!

MARIO  
(In Italian, subtitled)  
We're sorry, mamma.

LUIGI  
(In Italian, subtitled)  
Si, sorry.

MAMMA  
Who the hell are pieces of shit  
here? What, they expect a show? Am  
I going to sing for them? Do they  
want me to show them my boobs?

MAMMA looks at each one individually, scrutinising each person, even pinching the cheeks of some of them. She takes her time with JACK and JILL, seeing a connection no one else can. Finally, she ends with HUGO.

MAMMA  
(in Italian, sub-titled)  
Hey Mario!

(CONTINUED)

MARIO

Si Mamma?

MAMMA

(In Italian, subtitled)

Is this the man you told me to be careful of?

MARIO

Si Mamma.

MAMMA

Tonight...I will sleep with this man.

MAMMA huddles to the back of the store, opens the pantry, walks out with a wheel of cheese, heads straight to the trapdoor and climbs down, leaving everybody slightly bemused.

HUGO

Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

HUGO

May I speak to you in private?

JACK

Sure.

HUGO and JACK move to the back of the shop, all of the group inquisitive about their intentions.

HUGO

Jack, I believe we have known each other for a very long time, and I can count you as a dear, dear friend of mine.

JACK

I only started buying coffee from you a few months ago.

HUGO

Ok, but at least now I call you my friend, oui?

JACK

Dude, it was only last week you started calling me Jack, before that it was "idiot, get zee fuck outta here!"

(CONTINUED)

HUGO

Whatever, water off a glazed duck's back. I sense that things may not be going so well between you and Jill, oui?

JACK

Well, I wouldn't say badly.

HUGO

Jack, mon ami, Jill is practically rubbing her vagina on that man's leg. Given half a chance she would try to fall pregnant just with the fluff in his pocket.

JACK

Gees, Hugo.

HUGO

What is the matter, do you not see it? The way she looks at him, all passionately like a fat boy does to a...a fat girl, non? The way the fat boy rolls his chest around in a prancing method like a marshmallow peacock, and the fat girl takes a moment away from eating to see this beautiful example of manhood stumbling over to her like a King Penguin with intention on his mind...

JACK

I really don't get what you're saying.

HUGO

Mon duex, you are an imbecile. Look, you see Bob?

JACK

Yeah?

HUGO

Well, Bob is a big man, huge arms, good looks, speaks many languages, has talents us mere mortals can only dream of enjoying. He practically could stare at her and she could orgasm twice a minute and he would still need to break a sweat.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Hugo, what's your point?

HUGO

My point, mon ami, is despite all of that, she does not look at him as much as your imagination expects...you are still better than him.

JACK

How?

HUGO

Because, Jack, she still loves you. You just have to realise why.

JILL suddenly appears nearby.

JILL

What are you two talking about?

JACK

Nothing, really.

HUGO

Really? Jack, you menace, you micredit me, I am a man of o many words, you know. Nothing can stand in the way between me and conversation. No Jill, I was telling Jack how I managed to escape my coffee shop and come looking for you.

JILL

Why? I thought you were going to stay?

HUGO

To be honest, mon cher...I have rats. Anyway, excuse me, I must taunt those fucking Italians into trying to hit me.

HUGO leaves JILL standing awkwardly with JACK.

JACK

Pretty cool day so far, aliens, Europeans shooting more than we do.

(CONTINUED)

JILL  
I'm going to be honest, I'm not surprised Hugo has a gun.

JACK  
Why?

JILL  
He's French, but he's from Switzerland, he has money. Making coffee is probably a front for his connections with the Mafia.

JACK  
That's bullshit. Maybe he just hunted when he was younger.

JILL  
You believe that, puppy.

As JILL begins to walk away, JACK sees her skin losing colour. He looks around and the environment begins to change to grey.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Guys! Hide!

The group scurries over to the pantry. HUGO and the Italians take up position behind the counter.

MARIO  
For mamma.

LUIGI  
For mamma.

HUGO  
For coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE ITALIA, PANTRY

The group huddles into the pantry and close the door. They remain still, straining to hear any changes in noise outside. One by one, the sound of each man defending the shop yelling frightens the group, until all of it stops and silence permeates the air.

(CONTINUED)

Eventually, with nothing left to lose, BOB opens the pantry door, and a bright light shines through. Everyone gets knocked back violently and lose consciousness, and the screen fades as dark shadows loom over their impairing vision.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN LOCATION, NIGHT

JILL opens her eyes slowly, her vision adjusting to the surroundings. The walls glisten with alien slime permeating from pores within its skin, and an odour that invokes revulsion.

She shakes her head, trying to get the cobwebs out and scours the room to find any meaning. She sees JACK lying still and motionless on the other side of the room. She crawls over to him.

JILL

Jack. JACK! Wake up!

JACK wakes up with a stir.

JACK

Mhhmmm...

JILL

JACK! Wake up, you idiot!

JACK

Oh my god, that smell. The drains blocked again?

JILL

I don't know where we are, Jack, and I don't see anybody else.

JACK

Where did the others go?

JILL

To Vegas, Jack, they left us behind. Idiot, we got...we've been kidnapped.

JACK

Oh...oh yeah, I remember. We were in the pantry.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Yeah.

JACK

You were falling in love with Bob and then the aliens flashed us with a light, knocking us out.

JILL

Seriously, that's all you're thinking of, me falling for Bob?

JACK

Well, you like to plan ahead sometimes, it's what I admire about you. End of the world, choose the man most likely to produce the best sperm, I get it.

JILL

Honestly, you're a fucking asshole.

JACK

What did I say?

JILL

It's always about you, isn't it? Why some other guy is better than you, eh? always about the other guy? In this whole day of aliens and Italians, running away and getting kidnapped, have you not yet figured out the truth?

JACK

The truth about what, Jill?

JILL

The truth that I can't like you because YOU can't like you.

JACK

What?

JILL

Jack, you seemed like a nice guy in the beginning, but getting to know you, I figured pretty much how self-loathing you really are. Pound for pound, fat people at a bake sale feel better about themselves than you do. Ten out of ten times, you're a wheel of cheese in a mouse convention.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

That makes no sense.

JILL

Of course it doesn't, Jack, we're in an alien spaceship and you're concerned that I've got the hots for someone else. I can't be bothered to deal with your shit anymore.

JACK

I don't like to leave it at that! It's always something else that I have no control over. You not having fun with me anymore because you're "not in the mood", before all this started. You falling out of love with me because it wasn't in fashion. You wanting to change jobs because you felt you were being tied down.

JILL

I was.

JACK

You were making great money blogging about different canned foods and giving them reviews. How can I compete with mood swings? How can I compete with what's flavour of the month for you? Well, this time around, I've got bigger fish to catch, young lady, and you...

JILL

What?

JACK

...you're the one thing I don't want to give up on.

JILL stares distantly at JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)

All my life, I've given up on succeeding at anything. Sports, projects, jobs. I couldn't take the lack of energy in trying to achieve something so fundamental as learning to rollerskate, juggle or finish an assignment at school. I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
mister Procrastinator. I've over  
30, no house, car, kids, everything  
people like us usually take. And  
then I meet you, someone who  
changes her mind quicker than  
anybody changing their socks, and I  
realise...this is the girl I'm now  
going to stick with.

JILL  
Puppy, if you've got something to  
prove, you're barking up the wrong  
tree. I'm no prize to put on some  
asshole mantlepiece, especially not  
yours.

JACK  
You don't understand...I didn't  
just find a girl, I found you.

JILL  
There's...violins, literally,  
playing in my head right now.

JACK  
Goddammit, why do I even bother.

A large BOOM, bigger than ever before, is heard. The two  
look up and survey their surroundings.

JACK  
You figured a way out?

JILL  
There's no doorway.

JACK  
What do you mean?

JILL  
I mean, there's no alien door with  
bars or a key or a sign that says,  
"Exit." There's nothing, nowhere,  
nada.

JACK  
The walls...so slimey, it must be  
organic. I guess a doorway just  
grows open.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Ewww.

JACK

Yeah, eww. We gotta figure a way out. You have a knife on you?

JILL

Oh great, I'm the nurse with the scalpel.

JACK

To be fair, this version of "Operation!" makes me a little nervous.

JILL

You don't say. There's no little nose turning red if you get it wrong.

JACK

Why didn't they just come out with the real name for that game...Electrician, the Board Game.

JILL

Can you avoid making the connection that sets off a comical character's nose and make your mom snort milk out of her nose?

JACK

Fun for the whole family...even your grandfather, whose main appreciation for spending time with you is that he's lived another day.

JILL

Droll, puppy, droll.

They continued in silence for a moment, trying to work away from the awkwardness.

JACK

Do you have a favourite political leader?

JILL

Serious?

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Passing the time.

JILL  
Engelbert Humperdink.

JACK  
He's not a political leader?

JILL  
He is in my little world.

JACK  
The one in your head?

JILL  
The one you have no clue about,  
sorry.

JACK  
No man does, Jill, no one.

JILL  
Bob does.

JACK  
He doesn't.

JILL  
What makes you say it, Dr. Phil?

JACK  
Does he keep you secure?

JILL  
Yes.

JACK  
Entertain you?

JILL  
Immensely.

JACK  
Make you feel like you're on a  
pedestal.

JILL  
Like an orchid on a windowsill.

JACK  
Does he remind you life is short?

JILL  
No, that's dumb, who wants to be so  
depressing?

JACK  
So he doesn't motivate you?

JILL  
I don't need motivation, Jack.

JACK looked at her with a cool stare.

JACK  
Really?

JILL stays silent for a few moments, aware JACK is about to  
bring up something awkward

JACK  
You remember that time you figured  
you'd be a great ukulele player,  
and you scoured for days on the  
Internet finding the right one with  
the right colour, shape, even read  
reviews, had an argument with a guy  
in Singapore called StarkKiller119  
about the schematics, before  
waiting for two weeks for one to be  
shipped over from Saigon, and when  
it finally arrived, you spent two  
hours staring at chords before  
dropping it and watched a TV show  
for the rest of the evening?

JILL  
Yeah?

JACK  
Who got you back on it?

JILL  
Enlighten me.

JACK  
I did, for weeks constantly doing  
when you're going to learn to play  
it, when you're going to practice a  
song so we can sit together you  
serenade me-

JILL  
Pfft.

JACK  
-serenade me an ode to flowers or  
something such, and what did you  
do?

JILL  
Nothing.

JACK  
Wrong, I heard you play.

JILL  
When?

JACK  
Two months Later, you were writing  
a song. "Talking to the worms" I  
think was one line.

JILL  
I...I didn't know you were there.

JACK  
"Standing on the edge of my own two  
hands, I'm talking to the worms and  
they make no sense, cos they're  
worms, they're just worms."

JILL remained silent, embarrassed by the revelation. But  
after a moment of JACK staring at her intensely, she  
resented.

JILL  
"Failing to repeat the moment of  
today, trying to keep melancholy  
away, I'm talking to the worms, cos  
they're just worms."

A large BOOzm could be heard. They both giggle nervously and  
give each other sheepish looks.

JACK  
We're going to get out of this,  
Jill.

JILL  
How?

JACK  
I don't know, but-

The wall began to slither. A doorway began to form and  
opened, revealing BOB holding an alien object.

(CONTINUED)

BOB  
Hey guys, what's happening?

JILL  
Bob!

JACK  
Bob.

BOB  
I've had, like, a really great time  
being captured by aliens and stuff,  
but, umm...

JACK  
Let's go, Bob.

BOB  
Right. This way, c'mon.

The pair left up and followed BOB out into an alien  
corridor.

INT. ALIEN CORRIDOR

BOB leads JACK and JILL through a long corridor. Sounds of  
rumbling can be heard as they pass other avenues, and the  
group observe other people running through from an unknown  
terror.

BOB  
Stay close. Don't make a sound.

BOB and JILL lead the way while JACK lingers behind, looking  
around for signs of danger.

JACK  
Guys, I think we should-

The walls being to shimmer, and a door begins to form,  
trapping JACK in the adjacent corridor to where JILL and BOB  
are.

JILL  
Jack! No!

JACK  
Go! Just go!

The wall closes in, and JILL runs to it, slamming her hands  
on it in frustrated. For the first time, she feels helpless  
as she loses what she took for granted. A moment lapses and  
BOB grabs her arm.

(CONTINUED)

BOB  
We gotta go!

JILL  
We can't just leave him there!

BOB  
We can't do anything for him, we  
can't even open the door!

Reluctantly, JILL leaves the door and runs after BOB through unmapped corridors. Eventually they come across the rest of the group.

SEAN  
Jill!

JILL  
Sean! Suzanne!

SEAN  
Where's Jack?

JILL  
(begins to cry)  
I...I...I don't know!

BOB  
Poor guy was trapped behind a wall.

SEAN  
Oh is that all?

JILL  
What do you mean?

SEAN  
Babe, that guy loves you beyond  
belief. He'll get out if he has to  
tear this place apart.

MARIO and LUIGI appear from another corridor!

MARIO  
Sta bene! We found a way out.

LUIGI  
Si, a way out!

MARIO  
Do you have to shout?

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI  
You shout all the time, puto! What  
you mean I'm shouting?

                  JILL  
Guys!

                  MARIO  
Si?

                  JILL  
Jack...he's missing.

                  MARIO  
Si.

                  LUIGI  
Si.

JILL just let out a exasperated sigh and ran off.

                  BOB  
Jill!

                  HUGO  
Mon ami, I shall take care of this.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

HUGO finds JILL leaning back on a wall, tears streaming down  
her face.

                  HUGO  
Mon petite, what is the matter?

                  JILL  
Nothing.

                  HUGO  
Come now, sweet thing, you know  
better than that. No one has ever  
seen you cry and here you are, in  
an alien ship, crying like a baby.  
Under normal circumstances, that is  
the right thing to do, but...

                  JILL  
But?

(CONTINUED)

HUGO  
Where is Jack?

JILL sobs loudly.

JILL  
We left him, Hugo, we left him  
behind. And I couldn't do anything.

HUGO  
What could you do?

JILL  
I could've saved him! I could've  
done something! I could've tried to  
stop the wall from growing so that  
it wouldn't close.

HUGO  
What makes you so sure you could've  
stopped it?

JILL  
I don't know! At least I could've  
tried. He would have.

HUGO  
Wee, he would have. But he knows  
not to try when it is futile.

JILL  
What, you mean he would've just  
given up?

HUGO  
You do not understand, mon petite.  
Jack is not a loser and he does not  
give up so easily. He is a patient,  
PATIENT man, and he will do  
whatever it takes, as long as it is  
worthwhile, and if he knows he has  
a fighting chance. And he will wait  
for the right moment...ok, not  
always, but most of the time.

JILL  
Yeah, you could say that.

HUGO  
Did you ever believe otherwise?

JILL contemplates her answer.

JILL

I never thought Jack to be anything else than a silly little puppy. He never seemed to show me any further interest other than his own interest for me, and couldn't excite me like any other. But, in a way, I didn't give him the chance to see him grow, to watch him turn into the man I would fall in love with.

HUGO

Excuses! That is not your real answer!

JILL

What?

HUGO

Of course that is not the answer at all, mon cher! It's not that you didn't watch him grow up. He is a man now already.

JILL

Then what is it?

HUGO

Is it not clear? It is purely to give him the chance at being himself with you...and showing you that what he is...is what he is. And for you, to fall in love with him.

JILL

And what if I wouldn't fall in love with him then?

HUGO

Well, you didn't give yourself the chance either.

JILL looks intently at HUGO, then turns and ponders on about her predicament.

A large BOOM is heard, and BOB rushes into the corridor, holding a large, alien weapon.

BOB

Guys!

Everyone turns around to stare at BOB.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I found this gun. It looks really MEAN and pulsates with a eerie glow that tingles a little. I'm gonna scout out ahead and try to find anything that's dangerous to shoot at.

As BOB heads out, JILL and HUGO give each other a look.

HUGO

Really?

JILL

No, not really.

They both stood up and exited the corridor.

INT. ALIEN CAVERN

The group enter a huge cavern. The scene is chaotic and filled with chagrin as people seem to run past screaming in terror.

JILL and HUGO follow BOB cautiously as he led thr way through the cavern, keeping an eye on his surroundings while branding the awful weapon he found.

BOB

I think we're almost there, folks, there's an light up ahead that I think will get us out of here.

JILL

You think so? The light's kind of green.

BOB

Hey, anything's better than staying here. We're either going to be mole-rats or we're getting out of here.

A loud BOOM can be heard, but soon after the rumble turned to thunder as the cavern shuddered and shook, throwing them all off their feet. The floor beneath them began to fall underneath and JILL being the closest to the precipice slid down to its edge.

HUGO

Jill!

(CONTINUED)

BOB stared in horror, but before he could respond, dark shapes silhouetted in the exit doorway stood, menacingly, at its threshold. Their gruesome shapes outlined by the greenish glow behind them, they raised their appendages and pointed at the group.

BOB

Oh crap.

BOB raised his own weapon and fired, and a large green-glowing projectile streamed from the weapon towards the alien silhouettes. One disintegrated, while others stood their ground and continued their assault.

HUGO is pinned down and JILL is hanging on to the edge with her fingertips. She begins to lose her grip and all seems lost.

JILL

HUGO! BOB!

Slowly, a realisation creeps up to her and memories of her time with JACK returns to her, positive ones that show their time together as a couple, and she begins to cry.

JILL

(whispers)

Jack...

Just then, an unknown figure seems to appear out of nowhere and races to the spot where JILL is hanging on for dear life. The figure takes a dive and slides down, his hand outstretched and grabs JILL's hand as she slips.

She looks up...and JACK's puffed face looks down at her.

JACK

You seriously have to stop running away from me.

JILL

Just pull me up, will ya?!!

JACK pulls her up from the precipice and they sit on their backsides, breathing heavily. The realisation dawns on her eyes as she looks into his.

JILL

I thought I lost you.

JACK

You did...

(CONTINUED)

The moment slows, in the background explosions are occurring and BOB is still firing his weapon, remaining steadfast in his assault with a gleam in his eye.

They kiss, and from the opposite angle an explosion rips a hole open and Marines from the Army pile in to assist BOB in the assault.

They pull away, still looking at each other.

JILL

That, puppy, was memorable.

JACK

Let's get out of here so you can continue to ridicule me later.

They stand up and rush towards the hole in the wall, their silhouettes blurring away the further they get from the camera.

WHITE OUT

INT. COFFEE SHOP, FRONT, DAY

HUGO is busy preparing for the new day's business. His cat is sitting on the counter, looking back at him with disinterest.

HUGO

Why do you sit there so bored, bouffin? Did you not us mere mortals win back our planet against those nasty aliens? Where were you when the bloodshed began?

HUGO's cat stares back at him with further disinterest.

HUGO

Fight, play! Do what you need to to tolerate this taxing existence of being a cat! Merde.

The cafe's doorbell jingles and two figures enter, approaching the counter.

HUGO

Ah j'ean tai, mon amis, welcome back to my little shop!

JACK and JILL smile back at HUGO. They're wearing plain clothes like they've been moving boxes.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Thanks, Hugo, we just came by to pick up a quick coffee inbetween moving Jack's stuff back into my apartment.

JACK

Yeah, all seven.

MARIO and LUIGI storm into the shop.

MARIO

Hugo, Hugo, sorry we are late, we had to put mamma in the house in such a way so she wouldn't break the furniture, we're so sorry.

LUIGI

Si, we're sorry.

JACK and JILL look perplexed at HUGO.

HUGO

They're shop was destroyed, but had some money, so we're going into business together. I make the coffee, they make the pastries.

JILL

A French/Italian coffee shop and bistro. The world is definitely about to end.

JACK

Thanks for the coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

JACK and JILL step into JILL's apartment filled with boxes.

JACK

So...

JILL

So...

JACK

Admit it, you're glad I've moved back in.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Sure, I'm glad your junk is back in my apartment making a huge mess of things.

JACK

It's not junk, it's a good collection of clothes, records, games.

JILL approaches JACK and gives him a hug and kiss.

JILL

That's right, puppy...junk.

THE END