

The Return
A Screenplay By
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FADE IN:

EXT. FARMFIELD - NIGHT

A still and starry evening, with a lighted farmhouse in distance. All would be enchantment if the usual suspect event did not occur: a flying saucer appears in the sky and settles down on a wheat field.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Todd, a boy of about twelve, is on the porch and sees the transfixing surprise. He runs into the house. His parents, and grandmother are watching television.

TODD

I just saw a flying saucer land!

FATHER

(Takes sip of beer)

Sure, ya did. Ain't no such thing, son.

MOTHER

Maybe it was a shootin' star.

GRANDMA

Shootin' star, flyin' saucer --
neither one is gonna fix what ails
me.

There's an odd buzzing sound on the door.

TODD

It's them, Dad!

DAD

I'll get the shotgun.

He rises, as the door vibrates more violently and then bursts open. In walk three of the usual big-eyed, bald and pale aliens, except when they smile, we see that their teeth are usually large and white.

TODD

I told ya, dad.

DAD

Aliens!
(Staggers a bit)

Alien named LORK cocks ears as Todd and Dad speak and then sticks out tongue. Lifts hand and rotates it. Speaks to others.

LORK
Adjust for human English.

Other aliens stick out tongues and rotate them with their hands.

LORK (CONT'D)
Greetings. I am Lork. We have returned.

TODD
Returned?

DAD
Cut to the chase, mister. What can we do for ya?

LORK
We have traveled far and we are hungry.

MOTHER
Oh, that's no problem. I'll whip you up something.

LORK
What?

MOTHER
How about some hamburgers?

RORT
What are the hamburgers made of?

FATHER
Kansas beef. The finest there is.

Aliens look at each other mockingly; turns back to mother and other family members.

RORT
We don't eat hamburgers made with beef.

FATHER
You don't? How about bison? We raise a few.

RORT
Not bison, either.

MOTHER
Then what do ya make them out of?

RORT
Humans.

TODD
Oh, gross!

The aliens start to look over the family with relish.

FATHER
You can't eat people. It ain't
right.

Other ALIENS prod Lork to move ahead.

LORK
How many of you are happy to be
alive?

FATHER
What's that got to do with it?

LORK
We prefer people who aren't.

GRANDMA
That's me! I've had it! My life is
total misery. Been that way since
the day I was born. And nowadays I
have aches and pains from head to
foot!

Lork gestures. Other aliens head for Grandma.

MOTHER
Stop it. You can't eat her. She's
my mother.

Other aliens take hold of her. LORK and RORT smile at rest of
family. Aliens vanish with grandma.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Family runs out onto porch, just as flying saucer lifts off.

TODD
Grandma! Grandma! Bring my grandma
back!

MOTHER
 (To husband)
 Don't just stand there, Jacob! Call
 the sheriff!

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SHERIFF is on the phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION with FATHER, as family
 members look on.

SHERIFF
 What do you mean, they ate your
 mother-in-law?

FATHER
 Just like I told you, sheriff --
 aliens! They done kidnapped her and
 --

SHERIFF
 -- Jake, what the hell you been
 drinkin'?

FATHER
 Don't matter. Ain't no drink can
 get me to make up a tale like this.

MOTHER grabs phone.

MOTHER
 Sheriff! Please, help! Maybe they
 haven't eaten her yet!

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

The ALIENS are dining. RORT takes a bite.

RORT
 Quite tender for a human her age.

LORK
 Maybe it was the country air. Time
 to report the delicious news.

RORT pushes a button on the console in front of him. INTERCUT
 - CONVERSATION between him and the crew of the Starship.

RORT
Rort to Starship. Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP ONE - NIGHT

CREW MEMBER pushes button on console, as their leader, SCARF, looks on. He wears a white silk scarf with gold tassels and often fiddles with it.

FIRST CREW MEMBER
Read you, Rort.

SCARF
Was the planting a success?

LORK
The humans did as expected,
Commander Scarf. There's plenty of
food for all.

SCARF
We're on the way!
(To crew member)
Notify the fleet. It's chow time!

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING SAUCERS - NIGHT

A large fleet of flying saucers speeds up, heading for you know where.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER

THE KANSAS VERY PLAINS NEWS spins and then locks in, with the headline: "FARMERS CLAIM ALIENS KIDNAP GRANDMOTHER; PLAN TO EAT HER."

CUT TO:

INT. GOOGLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Google sign on wall. MARK in front of computer. JILL at computer near him. MARK starts laughing.

MARK

Ha, ha!

(To Jill)

Did you see this gonzo news, Jill?

JILL

What, baby?

MARK

Some farmers in Kansas claim aliens
made off with their grandmother.
Guess why? To eat her.

JILL

(Laughs)

Oh, that is too much! Just too, too
much!

A flying saucer appears outside of the window and hovers
there. They notice it.

JILL (CONT'D)

Do you see what I see, Mark?

MARK

No, because it's not on Google
Earth.

Spaceship bay opens. Loud vacuuming sound. The window is
sucked out. Papers start to fly out the window. The two
Google employees try to hang onto their notebook computers,
but they get sucked out toward the spaceship.

Alerted by the crash of glass, another employee, SUE, comes
rushing in. Sees spaceship with two employees waving for help
right before they disappear into the craft.

SUE

(Cries out)

Help! Help! A flying saucer!

Other GOOGLE EMPLOYEES enter. See broken window.

FIRST GOOGLE GUY

What did you say?

SUE

A flying saucer just kidnapped Jill
and Mark!

FIRST GOOGLE GUY

Sure, it did, Sue.

SECOND GOOGLE GUY

This is Google. We don't believe in evil. Just Internet advertising space disguised as genius.

SUE

(Points to window)

Then what happened to Jill and Mark?

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - DAY

The chamber into which JILL and MARK have been sucked. Door slides open. LORK, RORT and other aliens enter.

LORK

Welcome.

Rort licks lips. Lork looks at him as if he ought to control himself.

MARK

Tell me you're not real.

LORK

OK. We're not real.

MARK

(Double take)

What is going on?

(To Jill)

Maybe we drank too much Vitamin Water.

JILL

Are you aliens?

LORK

Only from your point of view.

JILL

Please, what is going on?

LORK

It's time for breakfast.

MARK

What's that have to do with us?

JILL

We already ate.

LORK
 What do you think of life in the
 universe?

JILL
 Oh, it has its pluses and minuses.

LORK
 (To Mark)
 And you?

MARK
 Me? Well, it's kind of a mixed
 curse.

LORK
 Typical.

RORT
 And very appetizing.

JILL
 What do you mean?

LORK
 We like to dine with a clear
 conscience. Take them to the head
 chef!

Mark puts up his fists and starts to dance like a boxer.

MARK
 You may think I'm just another
 egghead. But in college I was on
 the boxing team.

Aliens start to laugh. Rort points his finger at Mark. A ray
 comes out and stuns him.

JILL
 Mark!
 (To aliens)
 Is he dead?

LORK
 (Smiles)
 Precooked. And much happier.

RORT
 Time to join him.

She screams. Rort points finger at her and zaps her.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

SCARF and the crew are looking at a monitor that shows Fifth Avenue, crowded with people.

FIRST CREW MEMBER
Look at how many people there are.

SECOND CREW MEMBER
Yummy!

SCARF
Procure the traditional welcome banquet.

FIRST CREW MEMBER
Any particular order?

SCARF
(consults handheld)
First, round up the usual malcontents. Then select all the leading terrorists.

FIRST CREW MEMBER
My mouth is watering.

SCARF
Next, bag a generous supply of dictators, crooked politicians, and dishonest investment advisors.

FIRST ALIEN
Anyone else?

SCARF
Given the usual behavior of humans, I'm sure you'll find that the shopping list I gave you will be more than enough.

CUT TO:

INT. GOOGLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Police are on the scene with Google employees.

POLICEMAN
Now, let me get this straight. You say aliens broke through that window and sucked two employees out into a flying saucer?

SUE

I know it sounds whacky, officer,
but look at the window.

POLICEMAN

I don't get it, lady. This is
Google. I thought you people were
smarter than to cook up a whopper
like this.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION NEWSCASTER - NIGHT

NEWSCASTER

Today, two employees at Google went
missing, and their coworkers
reported to police that ...

(Can't help smiling a bit)

... they were kidnapped by aliens,
piloting a flying saucer. Needless
to say, the Internet is already
atwitter with the story.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER MONITOR - DAY

CAMERA pulls back to show people at Google watching the news
on a large monitor.

FIRST GOOGLE EMPLOYEE

Do you think there's any hope that
Jill and Mark are still alive?

SECOND GOOGLE EMPLOYEE

Who knows? But that's the way it
is with all of life's really
important questions. You can't
Google the answer.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED LIMO - DAY

The PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ZACK HOHOBAMA, an African-
American male, looks up from his Blackberry. Speaks to wife,
MELINDA.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

But if Google says it happened, can
we be certain it can't be true?

MELINDA

I don't know, Zack. I see a lot of things on Google that I'm not sure about.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I admit that, Melinda. But it's the best online source of information we have. Time to e-mail the CIA.

Looks down at Blackberry and begins to type with both thumbs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is meeting with NICK DIXON, DIRECTOR OF THE CIA. OTHER CIA EMPLOYEES listen intently or desultorily.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

The most important thing, gentlemen, is not to cause unnecessary panic. Americans and hard-working people everywhere have enough problems to deal with without having to worry about being eaten by aliens. Do you agree, Mr. Dixon.

NICK DIXON

Of course, Mr. President. The question is, how do we downplay the matter? An alien sighting reported by farmers in the Midwest is one thing. But it's an entirely different matter when the source of the sighting is Google.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMENT HOUSE IN MOUNTAINOUS VILLAGE - DAY

ALIENS confront two leading TERRORISTS, who may resemble real-life characters.

FIRST ALIEN

(Consults handheld)

It says here that you are leading terrorists.

(Licks lips)

FIRST TERRORIST
 Me? Oh, no, I am a humble servant
 of the most high.

SECOND ALIEN
 How high?

SECOND TERRORIST
 (Points up)
 The highest.

SECOND ALIEN
 According to your present position
 on this planet, that direction is
 not up. It is sideways.

FIRST TERRORIST
 Sideways?

FIRST ALIEN
 (To other aliens)
 Add them to the shopping cart.

Aliens zap the two terrorists.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Aliens are confronting a plump SOUTH AMERICAN DICTATOR.

DICTATOR
 You want to eat me? I am not a
 dictator. I have been elected *El*
Presidente by the humble people of
 my country. In fact, I am now in a
 position for them to elect me in
 perpetuity.

FIRST ALIEN
 Do you believe in individual
 freedom and fulfillment for every
 citizen?

DICTATOR
 As long as we can agree what is
 meant by this freedom and
 fulfillment.

SECOND ALIEN
 Have you ever manipulated an
 election?

DICTATOR
Is that a trick question?

ALIEN
(To other aliens)
Elect him.

They stun him.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, MIDDLE EASTERN COUNTRY - DAY

ALIENS are confronting a fiery and bearded PRESIDENT, who is surrounded by THEOCRATS, arrayed in gowns and turbans.

FIRST THEOCRAT
But, I assure you, we are men of God.

FIRST ALIEN
(Looks at handheld)
It says that you are a state sponsor of terrorism?

PRESIDENT
Really?

FIRST ALIEN
(Consults handheld)
Our data also reveals that you have a program to develop nuclear weapons.

PRESIDENT
Oh, all of our work is only for peaceful purposes.

FIRST ALIEN
You have ample supplies of oil, don't you?

PRESIDENT
Yes, praise be to God. But we want to be an advanced country.

Aliens start to laugh.

PRESIDENT CONT'D)
What is your cause for laughter?

FIRST ALIEN
Humans, advanced?

SECOND ALIEN
Whoever heard of that?

FIRST ALIEN
You also make murderous threats
against one of your neighboring
countries.

PRESIDENT
Only against people who don't
belong in the neighborhood.

FIRST ALIEN
We will solve the problem for you.

PRESIDENT
Oh, thank you. How?

FIRST THEOCRAT
Yes, please tell us.

FIRST ALIEN
We will change the neighborhood.
(To other aliens)
Relocate them!

Aliens make a move on them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

ALIENS confront HOMELESS MAN.

ALIEN
When you wake up every morning, do
you smile at the new day and feel
lucky to be alive in the universe?

HOMELESS MAN
Huh?

ALIEN
Zap him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS COUNTRIES - DAY/NIGHT

ALIENS swooping down in different countries, grabbing people,
who react with terror.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN
Aliens! People-eating aliens! Flee
for your life!

SECOND PEDESTRIAN
Get into the car.

THIRD PEDESTRIAN
Where to? The aliens are
everywhere!

FOURTH PEDESTRIAN
Run for the subway!

FIFTH PEDESTRIAN
Are you kidding? I'd rather be
eaten alive than go down into that
rat hole!

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President looks down at Blackberry.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Un-oh. One disaster after another!

NICK DIXON
What now, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT
These ravenous aliens are zapping
and kidnapping people all across
America and worldwide!

NICK DIXON
As the director of the CIA, I must
tell you that it will be
exceedingly difficult to keep the
lid on this.

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA
Yes, yes, of course.
(Looks at Blackberry
again)
The lid just blew off completely.

NICK DIXON
What happened now?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

A text message from the Speaker of the House. The aliens are on Capitol Hill.

NICK DIXON

Right next door? We must alert security and the Joint Chiefs of Staff!

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes, we must. But we must also attempt to reason with these strange visitors.

NICK DIXON

But how do you reason with cannibals from another planet? What if you get eaten?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I'd say our lives are already at risk, wouldn't you, Nick? Follow me!

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL - DAY

COMMANDER SCARF and numerous other aliens from the Starship are facing off with SENATORS and MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE. The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE is a woman. The FIRST ALIEN has a handheld device.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

You can't eat us! We're devoted public servants!

SCARF

I grant that, Madam Speaker. That is why we plan to limit our selection to corrupt politicians.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

I assure you, there is no one in the United States Congress who's guilty of corruption. We would promptly expel such a person!

SCARF

(takes handheld device from other alien; points to screen)

(MORE)

SCARF (CONT'D)

But, you see, I have their names right here.

(To other aliens, as he hands back handheld device)

First, harvest the lawmakers who've taken bribes from the tobacco lobby. Then go for the ones who voted against guaranteed health care for children.

SECOND ALIEN

What if that's not enough to meet our minimum daily requirement of politicians -- admittedly only a remote possibility?

SCARF

Then take the ones who voted against increased aid to education.

SECOND ALIEN

And if that's still not enough?

FIRST ALIEN

When it comes to humans, when wasn't that ever enough?

CUT TO:

INT. KREMLIN - DAY

ALIENS confront PRIME MINISTER POLUTIN and PRESIDENT PUPPETOV.

PRIME MINISTER POLUTIN

What business do you have with me?

FIRST ALIEN

We like dictator soup.

PRIME MINISTER POLUTIN

You can't make soup out of me. I'm a former member of the KGB.

(Does a judo stance and kick)

Keep away. My whole body is a lethal weapon.

FIRST ALIEN

Your skill makes me hungry.

(Consults handheld)

(MORE)

FIRST ALIEN (CONT'D)

It says here that you are a calculating, ruthless and thinly disguised dictator.

PRESIDENT PUPPETOV

No, no! Don't even think such a thing about Prime Minister Polutin. He is not a dictator. After two terms as President, he allowed me to be elected in his place.

PRIME MINISTER POLUTIN

Thank you, President Puppetove.

(To aliens)

A dictator would never have permitted such a thing. But I am a devoted democrat.

FIRST ALIEN

Have you ever suppressed your political opponents?

PRIME MINISTER

The only thing I suppress on a regular basis are my suits.

SECOND ALIEN

(Consults handheld)

Have you ever enriched your political cronies at the expense of ordinary citizens?

PRIME MINISTER POLUTIN

Never!

FIRST ALIEN

Then why are many of them delectable oligarchs? Take them. And remember to pick up some Stroganoff sauce.

PRIME MINISTER and PRESIDENT react. Aliens stun them.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

ALIENS are on the trading floor.

FIRST ALIEN

We are looking for dishonest investment advisors.

SECOND ALIEN

I believe you call them Wall Street fat cats.

TRADER

Oh, you won't find any of those here. We're all just hard-working floor traders.

(Holds up arms; indicates body)

Look, not an ounce of body fat.

FIRST ALIEN

We understand that your leader created complex derivatives, supported by subprime mortgages.

TRADER

Yes. He's a genius.

FIRST ALIEN

In our part of the universe, anyone who is driven by greed without consideration for others is considered a moron.

SECOND ALIEN

But an especially tasty moron.

FIRST ALIEN

Take us to your leader.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is debriefing the SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Calm down, Natalie.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

How can I, Mr. President? They absconded with so many members of Congress.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Did they display any sort of partisanship? As you know, I'm no fan of politics as usual.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

We're still doing a head count.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

(to Dixon)

Contact the aliens immediately, Mr. Dixon. Tell them that I need to meet with them.

NICK DIXON

Yes, sir? But how do you suggest that I do that?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Figure it out, Nick. That's why you're the head of the CIA.

NICK DIXON

Do you want to talk with them with or without preconditions?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Only one precondition: I demand that I will not appear on the menu.

NICK DIXON

We have no way of assuring that, President Hohobama. The security risk is too great.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

I concur, sir. We've waited too long for a literate President, especially one who's a Democrat.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

OK, then, who do we send? Any volunteers?

NICK DIXON

What about Vice President Fryden?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Good thought. Ask him to come to the Oval Office immediately.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD OF FLYING SAUCERS - DAY

The ALIENS have parked and set up what looks like a picnic scene. They're sitting at tables, enjoying themselves and sipping wine and other beverages. Smoke from the grille is in the air. SCARF is at the head of one table; a young man, THE SON OF SCARF, who wears a thinner scarf, is at his right; and LORK is at his left. A WAITER is in attendance;

he is wearing a black bow tie. In the background, we see a large group of human beings in a group, as if they're being kept in a corral but there is no visible fence.

SCARF

(Looking over menu)

Let me see. I'll begin with poached politico. Then I'll have some flame-broiled terrorist.

WAITER

How would you like the terrorist cooked, sir?

SCARF

Medium rare. By the way, double check on the invisible fence. We don't want the livestock to wander off.

WAITER

(to LORK)

Yes, Commander Scarf.

(Motions to other waiter to attend to the fence)

And you, sir?

SON OF SCARF

I'm not too hungry right now.

SCARF

Have something, son.

SON OF SCARF

All right. Just a bowl of dictator soup.

WAITER

Very good.

(To Lork)

And what would you like?

LORK

For starters, I'll have senatorial spareribs, followed by filet of dishonest Wall Street Fat Cat en brochette.

WAITER

Excellent!

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

POLICE are peeking over the top of the hill.

FIRST POLICEMAN

It's them all right -- the aliens.
And they're havin' a picnic!

SECOND POLICEMAN

Ooh, I can't even stand to look.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Look how many people they've got
corralled.

SECOND POLICEMAN

I don't see a fence.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Must be an invisible one.

SECOND POLICEMAN

These people-eatin' monsters have
to be stopped. The question is,
how?

FIRST POLICEMAN

What if we present them with a
summons?

SECOND POLICEMAN

What kind?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Picnicking without a permit?

SECOND POLICEMAN

Who's going to serve it?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Good point. I think the most
important thing is to report their
whereabouts. And save our butts.

They slip off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PICNIC - DAY

The aliens are sitting around a campfire, enjoying their
picnic.

FIRST ALIEN

(Sings)

Dictators roasting on an open fire!

SECOND ALIEN

(Twirls fork)

Ah, from a sheik to shish-kabob!

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT with NICK DIXON. VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN enters.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

You wanted to see me, sir?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes, I did. We've got a problem,
Vice President Fryden.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

I know! Isn't it disgusting?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

It's more than that. It's heinous.
We need someone to persuade them to
give up their barbaric practice.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

I won't let you do it, sir. It's
too dangerous.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Nobody will. So I have to ask,
will you do it?

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

Do what, President Hohobama?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Take the lead on this.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

Me, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I believe that's who I just
referenced.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
I'd be happy to, sir, but, frankly,
shouldn't this job fall to the
military?

NICK DIXON
I concur. These cannibals aren't
going to be dissuaded by talk. We
must make a show of force.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
How can you have so little faith
in diplomacy?

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
We're just trying to protect you,
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY enters.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE
The families of the kidnapped
lawmakers are here, Mr. President.
And they're boiling mad.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Of course. Being distressed at a
time like this is readily
understandable. Please, show them
in.

President's secretary turns to depart.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, who am I to tell the
families of our abducted senators
and members of the house that I
won't put my life on the line to
rescue their loved ones,
questionable as the behavior of
some of them may be?
(To vice president)
Just as consequentially, why won't
you do it?

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

The FAMILIES of the missing politicians rush in.

FIRST WIFE

You've got to save my husband,
President Hohobama! He never did a
dishonest thing in his life.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Never?

FIRST WIFE

Not even once! And he's a Democrat.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I appreciate that. I know your
husband very well. He's a fine,
self-interested man.

FIRST WIFE

Did you say "self-interested"?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Excuse me. Merely the stress of the
moment. I meant to say he's a fine
and selfless man.

SECOND WIFE

Mr. President, I think any sort of
party favoritism is out of place,
especially at a time like this. My
husband may be a Republican, but he
is the kindest, most generous man I
ever met.

SON

And he promised to buy me Nintendo.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Please, rest assured, I know that
somewhere deep within he is the man
you both say he is, Republican or
not. And I pledge to all of you
that I will use every resource at
my disposal to rescue your loved
ones. And without any preference
whatsoever for party affiliation.

NICK DIXON whispers something to him.

NICK DIXON

We may have gotten a break.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

(Announces)

We have a police report. The aliens
have been spotted.

WOMEN

Where? When? Is my husband still
alive?

CHILD

Is my dad there?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

All we know for certain is that the
fiends have gathered in a field
just outside of Billings, Montana.

FIRST WIFE

Oh, please, save them!

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA

I've made a decision. I'm going
there myself!

SECOND WIFE

Oh, thank you!

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

But, Mr. President --

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

-- Not to worry. I have a plan,
gentlemen.

(Dials up on Blackberry)

Prep Air Force One for immediate
takeoff.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN WHITEHOUSE - DAY

As they go.

NICK DIXON

It's too dangerous, sir. Let me
call in the military.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Which branch?

NICK DIXON

All of them, sir.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

All right, but only put them on
alert.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

This is, first and foremost, a job for Zack Hohobama, also known as ... hmm, but that information is super-confidential.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PICNIC - DAY

The aliens are enjoying their picnic.

SCARF

(Takes a taste of meat)
There is nothing one can dine on with as much unalloyed pleasure as a leading terrorist.

SON OF SCARF

Yes, Father, especially ones who kill for what they say are religious reasons.

LORK

On the other hand, there is something to be said for the appeal of dishonest Wall Street fat cat.

SCARF

To each his own. I must confess, however, that from time to time I have doubts about the correctness of eating humans, regardless of the chronic misbehavior that is typical of the species.

SON OF SCARF

Really, Father?

SCARF

Yes, my son. In fact, I sometimes ask myself if it's genuinely advanced to dine on any flesh-and-blood creature. Perhaps we should be vegetarians.

LORK

I never thought I'd hear you say that, Commander. You've always struck me as a devoted people and potatoes man.

SCARF

Yes, yes, but from time to time doubts do assail me! Perhaps one day I will decide to rewrite the plan we drew up in the beginning.

LORK

Rewrite the plan, Commander?

SCARF

Let us not forget that we agreed that even we would find our greatest guides to conduct in our experience with life.

SON OF SCARF

It seems to me that the question is, can our logic be consistent when we espouse life as the highest value in the universe while we ourselves kill and eat creatures, even though they are typically unappreciative of all we have done?

SCARF

I think I know how to assuage our doubts.

SON OF SCARF

Oh, Father, assuage mine, too!

SCARF

If by chance we ever come across a less-appreciative species than humans, I'll be willing to consider its culinary merits.

LORK

Excellent solution. Yet that's quite a long shot, isn't it?

SCARF

Admittedly. And that, my eternal friend, is part of what makes our original reasoning, not merely suspect, but so downright agreeable.

Sound of helicopter.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

It has the call letters of a local radio station on it: KBAM.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PICNIC - DAY

LORK

Look, Commander Scarf! A human flying contraption. What should we do? Grill the occupants?

SCARF

Not unless they attack. We have plenty of food for now. And you know how I hate leftovers.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

TRAFFIC REPORTER talking into mic. INTERCUT - COMMUNICATIONS EXCHANGE.

TRAFFIC REPORTER

Homebase, this is Traffic One. Come in.

HOMEBASE OPERATOR

Homebase. Read you. What's the traffic looking like?

TRAFFIC REPORTER

Forget the traffic! We just spotted the aliens -- thousands of them.

HOMEBASE OPERATOR

Roger. Can you go in for a closer look?

TRAFFIC REPORTER

Are you kidding? We're out of here.

Helicopter buzzes off.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY

The PRESIDENT is with NICK DIXON and GENERAL PRECIPITOUS.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

How did a radio station spot the aliens? I thought most of them don't even have windows.

NICK DIXON

With their traffic copter, sir. We could face a worldwide panic.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

No doubt. Today, the entire globe is as vulnerable to mass hysteria as a village, such as the one in which I spent my earliest years. There's simply no way to control the media. All we can do is hope to charm it, somewhat like a snake charmer with a cobra. But then I've always been popular with the media. I'm lucky that way. Except when it comes to the "fair and balanced" reportage one finds on Fox News.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Sir, we need to get some boots on the ground and planes in the sky.

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA

Yes, yes, General Precipitous -- the military option. With our firepower, why not? But let us not be overly hasty.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Let me at least order a reconnaissance flight or so?

NICK DIXON

I see some merit in his idea. At this very moment, the aliens are very likely dining on members of the United States Congress.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

An unfortunate possibility. But they may have intentions we don't yet fully comprehend.

NICK DIXON

Like what? Recreational abduction?

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA

I admit that's an unlikely prospect.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA (CONT'D)

But, if there are human captives who have gone uneaten, we can't possibly risk an assault. It would be self-defeating.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

But, sir --

PRESIDENT

-- We'll know the truth soon enough. But I can say this. If the aliens will put down their knives and forks, I will put out my hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN PICNIC - DAY

LORK with microphone.

LORK

OK, gang, let's clean up this mess and clear out!

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME

The aliens begin to clean up, grumbling.

FIRST GRUMBLING ALIEN

Why do we always have to clean up? We won't be back in this neck of the universe for another hundred-thousand years.

SECOND GRUMBLING ALIEN

You know Commander Scarf's standing order. Keep the universe beautiful.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME

LORK is on his communicator.

LORK

(to Scarf)

Commander Scarf, we just intercepted a human transmission.

(MORE)

LORK (CONT'D)

The President of the land where we've been having our picnic is flying in our direction.

SCARF

Do you know if he's coming in peace -- admittedly a rare goal for humans?

LORK

Our database says that he is unusually thoughtful for a member of his species.

SCARF

Then we owe him a hearing, as is our customary practice on the planets we have set aside as food stops.

LORK

Yes, Commander. However, I must alert you that our profile indicates that he is a man of words -- many, many words.

SCARF

Ah, good! At least, we have that in common.

LORK

Should we take defensive precautions or just continue the cleanup?

LEADER

Continue it -- and leave not a napkin behind. It's the environmental-friendly thing to do. Then we shall see what we shall see. Remember, the future holds all the answers, because we chose not to know them in advance, so life could remain interesting for all time. And, as you know, all time is a very, very long time.

Another noise in the sky.

LORK

(Looking up)

Look. A primitive military drone.

SCARF

Ah, how foolish these humans are.

LORK

(Points finger at sky)
Want me to cook it?

SCARF

Not unless it releases a weapon.
Otherwise, let the operators play
their ineffectual military games.
There is a time for war and a time
for chitchat -- and now is the time
for the matter latter. I mean, the
latter matter.

LORK

But to trust humans, sir?

SCARF

We know the final outcome. And, as
time goes by, we shall relieve them
of the uncertainty with which they
have lived since we planted them
here.

CUT TO:

INT. DRONE GUIDANCE CENTER - DAY

ARMY PERSONNEL at computer monitor. One of them has a
joystick.

JOYSTICK OPERATOR

(Points to screen)
There they are -- in great numbers!
It appears that they're cleaning up
after -- oh, I think I'm going to
throw up.

ONLOOKER

Why couldn't they limit themselves
to dictators and terrorists? Then
they might be more likable.

JOYSTICK OPERATOR

If they'll eat a United States
Senator, they'll eat anything.

ONLOOKER

Which means that soon we could all
be "fare" game, as in ...
(Spells)
(MORE)

ONLOOKER (CONT'D)

... F-A-R-E.

(Into mic)

Sir, we have a lock on the aliens.
Thousands of them. Request
instructions. Over and out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRFORCE ONE - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

(On Phone)

We've got a drone on the picnic,
sir. What should we do? There are
hellfire missiles on board.

PRESIDENT

Hold your fire! We must demonstrate
that we come in peace for all
mankind.

Others react.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIENS - DAY

SCARF and LORK are whiling away the time playing cards,
which, in their case, are silvery.

LORK

I regret to tell you this,
Commander, but zin!

SCARF

Again? The odds against that were
astronomical.

LORK's communicator buzzes. Opens it.

LORK

Yes? Good.

(To leader)

Their leader is nearing our
location but is still in the air.

SCARF

Ah, the inefficiency of aircraft
that run on the oily remains of
dinosaurs and ancient plant life.

(MORE)

SCARF (CONT'D)

How rarely humans learn to work
with the forces of the universe,
rather than to labor against them.

LORK

Up for another game of zin?

SCARF

No, Lork. I think I'll read
something. Perhaps a treatise on
the uncertainties of infallibility
or some other topic I seem to have
a passing affinity for. Hand me my
Swindle.

Lork hands him a reader that looks like a Kindle. Scarf turns
it on and begins to read.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRFORCE ONE - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Sir, I've got a report on alien
activity. They've wrapped up their
picnic.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Are they in the process of
departing?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

My understanding is that they're
standing by in a mode that appears
to be recreational.

NICK DIXON

If so, it could be an ambush.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

May I remind you that subjects
lolling about in a picnic area are
highly unlikely to be plotting an
ambush.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Still, sir, a show of force, even a
modest one, might warn them away
from any such foolish attempt.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Force, force, and more force,
General Precipitous?

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

How can you so readily capitulate to force when so many people are being held hostage in the inevitable target area?

NICK DIXON

Do you think some of our congressmen and international leaders could still be alive?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

We can only hope.

NICK DIXON

But, sir, considering the particular variety of people the aliens abducted, let me ask you this. Do you really want all of them to have remained uneaten?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

A scurrilous yet pointed question, Nick. But may I remind you that, even in times like these, we are all a part of the main. Therefore, do not send to know for whom the dinner bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN NEWSCASTER ON COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

AMERICAN NEWSCASTER

This just in. President Hohobama has embarked on a personal mission to the vicinity in which the aliens were last spotted. Word from a confidential source, whose identity we cannot reveal unless asked more than once, indicates that the President hopes to meet with these ravenous creatures. We credit him for his uncommon courage. But, as no reporters were allowed to accompany him, the trip does bring into question his campaign promise of greater transparency. Meanwhile, the fear of being eaten has instigated panic around the globe.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE TELEVISION STATIONS WORLDWIDE - DAY/NIGHT

QUICK CUTS - DIFFERENT INTERNATIONAL NEWSCASTERS: *Sacrebleu!*
Carumba! Gott im Himmel! Then cut to British newscaster.

BRITISH NEWSCASTER

Terrible, terrible news! The prime minister himself and many of Britain's most distinguished members of Parliament, as well as thousands of everyday citizens of the UK, have been abducted by the aliens to satisfy their seemingly insatiable desire to dine on human flesh. We and the entire world can only hope that the President of the United States can convince them to end their most disagreeable feeding frenzy.

CUT TO:

INT. ALIENS WATCHING TELEVISION - NIGHT

The ALIENS are sitting in front of a TV. One has a remote control. They show the effects of having overeaten: one burps, another rubs his tummy and groans.

FIRST ALIEN

(With remote)

Have you ever seen such imbecilic TV programs?

KROG

Some of the adult cartoons are a bit amusing, like Family Scam.

FIRST ALIEN

Krog, sometimes, your taste sinks to the level of humans. Anybody who partakes of such vapid and violent fare deserves to be fried in oil.

KROG

As long as it's low in trans-fatty acids.

FIRST ALIEN

Especially since an inordinate number of the humans on this planet have an unusually high fat content.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRFORCE ONE - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
Sir, request permission to put NATO
on high alert.

NICK DIXON
If they're not on high alert
already, what planet are they
living on?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
A point well taken.
(To general)
Don't forget to invite the Russians
to participate.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
They're demanding a role, sir.
After all, their two most
untrustworthy leaders have been
taken hostage.

NICK DIXSON
(With relish)
Really? What I mean to say is, we
may need their military might.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
Rusty as it undoubtedly is.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

PRESIDENT'S PLANE lands.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S ENTOURAGE - DAY

The PRESIDENT'S ENTOURAGE, including his LIMO, is making its
way along a Montana highway.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
I only hope I can reason with these
purple people eaters. Excuse me. I
should know better than to employ
color as a means to discredit them.

NICK DIXON

But why purple? Do you have some intelligence that I don't?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

No. I was just remembering a novelty tune that detracted from my childhood. I have no idea what color they are. And, frankly, I don't give a damn. Color is always immaterial, unless you're shopping for a new tie.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

LORK

Commander Scarf, President Hohobama is approaching our location.

SCARF

With or without ancient armaments?

LORK

He's in a rattletrap humans usually refer to as a limousine.

SCARF

Instruct all the ships to hover in peace, that is, as long as our guests conduct themselves in a way that makes them relatively inedible.

LORK

(Scoffing)

How long can humans fake that?

SCARF

Time will tell. That's one reason we invented it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S LIMO - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

(Anxious)

We're getting dangerously close to the enemy.

NICK DIXON
How can you tell?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
(Sniffs)
The smell of battle. Only curiously
seasoned.

NICK DIXON
I'm concerned for your safety, Mr.
President.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
No need for that. Stop the limo.

DRIVER brings it to a halt. Entourage stops.

NICK DIXON
Why, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
I won't be going to call on them in
person.

NICK DIXON
You've changed your mind now?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Not exactly. I've decided that this
is a job for Superperson!

NICK DIXON
Superperson?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
I never told you this before,
although you may have guessed by my
almost superhuman behavior. I am
also Superperson!

NICK DIXON
You are?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Yes. I confess.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
Army intelligence knew nothing
about this!

NICK DIXON
Even the CIA didn't have a clue.
But, Mr. President, let me ask you
this.

(MORE)

NICK DIXSON (CONT'D)

I've heard of Superman and Superwoman, but what's this Superperson?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Obviously, I'm from an even more highly evolved planet than either of those other superheroes. My former fellow inhabitants are beyond such chauvinistic nomenclature. Man or woman, on my planet, everyone is a person. Quick! Locate a phone booth.

NICK DIXSON

But, Mr. President, haven't you noticed? There are no more phone booths. Today, everybody uses cell phones.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Of course. I simply had yet to make the correlation. I don't change into my Superperson outfit all that often.

NICK DIXSON

How about a stall in a men's room?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

No, no, I could run onto an unexpected Senator. The limo will have to do. OK, everybody out.

NICK DIXSON

Why, sir?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Phone booth or not, I must change in private.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Yes, Mr. President.

All get out and loll around.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is taking off his suit to reveal his Superperson outfit. As he does, his Blackberry rings. Stops to answer it. INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes, dear, I'm still alive. How are the kids?

MELINDA

Fine, sweetheart. They just got home from school. You won't believe how much homework they have?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

What kind of homework?

MELINDA

Math and history. Oh, I wish you were here to help them.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

So do I, dear. But right now I'm otherwise engaged. I have to ask you something.

MELINDA

What, Zack?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

To forgive me for not talking at length. You've caught me at a rather awkward time. I'm taking off my suit to assume the identity of the man you fell in love with.

MELINDA

Supersperson? You're revealing to the world that you're from another planet?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes, dear. I may need my secret powers.

MELINDA

Don't tell me you're going to confront the aliens alone! You promised me you wouldn't do that.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I meant I wouldn't do it as the President of the United States. I realize the distinction may make it appear that even I have been tainted with a penchant for political duplicity. But, my dear, I have no choice.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

Humankind is at stake -- excuse me,
an ill-advised choice of words.
Humankind is at risk.

MELINDA

Oh, Zack, I'm so worried!

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Relax. I will survive. Now, if
you'll excuse me, I have to finish
changing from my human disguise. A
kiss before parting.

MELINDA

Yes, yes, a kiss! And how I hope
it's not the last one. You're my
current, beloved husband.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I realize that, Melinda. And you're
my current devoted spouse, as well
as the mother of our two beautiful
and gifted children. But now I hear
the clarion call of duty! And when
duty calls, all men of noble
character must hang up, even
Supersperson.

Hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY

The door opens and PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA comes out, dressed as
SUPERPERSON, with colorful tights and a cape. On his outfit
we see written, in the chest area, the letters "SP." All
react.

ALL

It's Supersperson!

SUPERPERSON

Yes, I admit it. Now, if you'll
excuse me, I must call on the
aliens.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

But all by yourself, even as
Supersperson?

SUPERPERSON

Yes, but as a fellow voyager from another planet.

(Holds out copy of Politico to Nick Dixon)

Take this -- my copy of Politico, in case any of you feel like reading while you wait.

NICK DIXON

(Takes it)

Thank you, Mr. President. But, regardless of how much I enjoy this, I'll be thinking of you every moment.

SUPERPERSON

Should I somehow not return, you know the drill. Fryden becomes the President.

NICK DIXON

Yes, sir, but at this juncture in history, may I say that I do wish he had a different last name.

SUPERPERSON

I concur. But you can't always get what you want. Now, hang tough, gentlemen. I'm off!

He points his arms toward the sky and flies off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERPERSON, FLYING THROUGH THE SKY - DAY

He cruises over the terrain, looking for the aliens. Appears to spot them and heads down.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD OF ALIEN SHIPS - DAY

LORK looks up. Sees PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA as SUPERPERSON flying their way.

LORK

Look, it's a bird, it's a plane, it's --

Superperson lands in their midst.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
-- Superperson!

LORK
Wow, Superperson.

SCARF
Welcome. Of course, I always knew
it was you. Omniscience has its
advantages.
(Indicates cooked food)
Care for a bite?

SUPERPERSON
No, thanks. Not exactly my favorite
cuisine. Take me to your leader.

SCARF
(Flourish)
You're looking at him. I'm called
Commander Scarf.

SUPERPERSON
Scarf? You've got to be kidding?

SCARF
(Fingers scarf)
Actually, I'm rather fond of my
name, Mr. Hohobama.
(Exaggerates "Hoho-" as he
says the name)
We've been waiting for you.

SUPERPERSON
You knew I was coming? My mission
was top secret.

SCARF
On the contrary, I believe the
entire earth knows about your
visit.

SUPERPERSON
Leaks! Leaks! Whatever am I going
to do about leaks!

SCARF
There's no cure for them. Even I
suffer from them. My fellow
intergalactic travelers seem to
know of my plans even before I
predetermine them. While awaiting
your arrival, we've been snacking
and playing zin.

SUPERPERSON

Zin? What's zin?

SCARF

It's a highly developed form of what humans call gin.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Oh, gin rummy. We have that on my home planet, too. As you undoubtedly know, I'm from Krapton.

SCARF

Krapton? I've visited there, but not for nutritional purposes. The inhabitants are a tad too fond of life to awaken my appetite. Although in an intergalactic pinch, I could reconsider.

SUPERPERSON

Reconsider? A timely word, Commander.

(See skull on table on plate; picks it up)

Alas, poor Senator York, a man of infinite pork.

(Back to Scarf)

How can you possibly eat human beings?

SCARF

Why not? They hardly ever appreciate life. As a result, they nearly always misbehave. But won't you join me on board? Don't worry. We won't gobble you up.

SUPERPERSON

I assume not. I come in peace for all mankind.

SCARF

A claim so beneficent it almost turns my stomach. Follow me.

As they go.

SUPERPERSON

How long do you plan to stay?

SCARF

Until we've eaten our fill.

SUPERPERSON

Any way I can persuade you to leave earlier?

SCARF

Doubtful. We have traveled far.
Very, very far.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARSHIP - DAY

SCARF gestures at the entrance. SUPERPERSON enters.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

SCARF and other ALIENS lead SUPERPERSON to operations central.

SUPERPERSON

Impressive, gentlemen. When was this vehicle built?

SCARF

Slightly over thirteen billion years ago.

SUPERPERSON

That old, huh?

SCARF

We had it especially made for this universe.

SUPERPERSON

I see. Yes, an approximate age of thirteen billion years would make it agree with what we currently estimate the age of the universe to be. But did I hear you say this universe?

SCARF

Yes, you did.

SUPERPERSON

Then there are others? I didn't know that, even though I was educated on Kraption.

SCARF

There is more out there than is
dreamt of in your philosophy.

SUPERPERSON

Apparently. But how do you know so
much about existence?

SCARF

We know what we know.

SUPERPERSON

Hmm, fond of being inscrutable,
huh? Mind if I ask you a few
questions.

SCARF

Ask and you shall receive.

SUPERPERSON

Thanks. If you know the ins and
outs of the entire "multi-verse,"
do you know the answer to the
ultimate question?

SCARF

What is that, in your terms?

SUPERPERSON

Why is there something instead of
nothing?

SCARF

Oh, that's an easy one. We simply
believe that existence is superior
to nonexistence. And we always try
to do the superior thing.

SUPERPERSON

I see. Another question. Who made
everything? I know you guys are
cool, but don't tell me you did.

SCARF

We have made what we have made.

SUPERPERSON

But, if you made everything, then
who made you?

SCARF

Made? Ha, ha, ha! We cannot be
contained within a verb. We were
always forever.

SUPERPERSON

You have no beginning or end?

SCARF

Not even a middle. Of course, this universe or any other one does, finally, but the whole is eternal -- without a beginning, a middle, or an end.

SUPERPERSON

How is that possible? I cannot conceive of such a structure?

SCARF

Let me give you an example that will make the matter clear, even for a person from Kraptan. Think of a pretzel.

SUPERPERSON

A pretzel?

SCARF

Does it have a beginning or an end?

SUPERPERSON

That's it? The riddle of the ages comes down to this? All of creation is shaped like a pretzel?

SCARF

I have merely provided a picturesque instance. The truth is a bit more complex.

SUPERPERSON

I see, although a pretzel may be said to have a middle?

SCARF

Yes, I admit that. But then we're not really talking about a pretzel, are we?

SUPERPERSON

I grant you that. Then let me ask you this. What's your endgame?

SCARF

Game? I've had enough zin for one day.

SUPERPERSON

Then let me get to the bottom line.
How can I persuade you to stop
eating us?

SCARF

Us? You talk as if you've become
one of the humans?

SUPERPERSON

For all intents and purposes,
that's exactly what I've done.

SCARF

How can you stand it?

SUPERPERSON

I like people.

SCARF

In what way -- baked, broiled?

SUPERPERSON

I don't cook them. I live with
them, as if I'm one of them.

SCARF

What if I were to offer you a way
out?

SUPERPERSON

What do you mean?

SCARF

I will allow you to fly back to
Krapton. And you can take your
human family with you. What do you
say?

SUPERPERSON

If I do, will you call off feasting
on human prey?

SCARF

Out of the question.

SUPERPERSON

I'm sorry to hear that. Why, may I
ask?

SCARF

Look at all the damage humans have done since we planted them here -- what with war, terrorism, murder, pollution, overpopulation, and greed, not to mention mutual inconsideration.

SUPERPERSON

You planted humans here?

SCARF

We planted all the life that's here. After all, we knew humans would need something to eat, too.

SUPERPERSON

This is too much. The mystery of the ages revealed. But why did you do it?

SCARF

The answer to that question is, I think, apparent. Sustenance.

SUPERPERSON

And when do you say, "We've had our fill"?

SCARF

As time goes by.

SUPERPERSON

Then most humans will survive?

SCARF

Don't jump to conclusions. We can't allow that.

SUPERPERSON

Why not?

SCARF

We won't be back in this region of this particular universe for another hundred-thousand years or so. And, if we were to let humans survive, by then the planet wouldn't even be worth visiting. They would have ruined it utterly.

SUPERPERSON

How do you know that?

SCARF
Experience. An eternity of it.

SUPERPERSON
Then what do you plan to do?

SCARF
As always, start the human race
over again.

SUPERPERSON
How can you manage that?

SCARF
I will show you. Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER ROOM ON THE STARSHIP - DAY

SCARF and SUPERPERSON enter. The SON OF SCARF, a younger alien, is at the controls.

SCARF
This is my son, with whom I am well
pleased.

SUPERPERSON
Nice to meet you.

SON OF SCARF
Nice to meet you, too, Superperson.

SCARF
(To son)
Open the future to our guest.

The Son of Scarf pushes a button and the panel of a wall opens. We see through the glass to a scene of primeval lushness. Standing in it are a man and woman, who appear to be quite happily occupied with relaxing and enjoying some fruit together.

SCARF (CONT'D)
Behold, the beginning.

SUPERPERSON looks at the scene with wonder and approaches closer to the glass.

SUPERPERSON
Who are they?

SCARF

The first two humans for another planting.

SUPERPERSON

Adam and Eve?

SCARF

Call them who you will. Soon they will have to leave their carefree paradise and take up life on the earth.

SUPERPERSON

How will they survive without modern skills?

SCARF

There will no need for such things. A completely fresh start is required.

SUPERPERSON

How are you going to arrange that? There are still billions of people, not to mention all the buildings, roads, trains, plains and other crumbling infrastructure.

SCARF

Crumbling? Another human trait -- poor maintenance, even of the rudimentary enhancements of life. But in the end, the shortcoming makes our job a bit easier. All that rises is made of earth and can fall back down into it.

He pushes the control button again and the panel slides closed.

SUPERPERSON

Don't tell me you plan to eat every last human being?

SCARF

Of course, not. Even we have our limits.

SUPERPERSON

Then why can't you let most humans live on?

SCARF

Never! Never! Never!

SUPERPERSON

Did you say never?

SCARF

Oh, once every billion years or so we come across a human population that has somehow managed to transcend its usual inability to appreciate the wonder of life in the universe and then devote itself to its care and fulfillment. But generally the human race contemplates all of Creation like a dog, with its head cocked, trying to understand what its master is saying with no hope whatever of actually doing so, as if it has an invisible ceiling over its perceptual capacities. Ah, humans, weary we are with you, unto the very edge of the universe and beyond!

SUPERPERSON

Harsh, harsh, harsh! Can't you spare some humans?

SCARF

Not even one couple. Over time, it would double the number of humans. Which, given the way they conduct themselves, would render the planet downright unwholesome.

SUPERPERSON

But you're the one who gave humans an insatiable desire to procreate!

SCARF

True. But people who appreciated -- nay, worshipped! -- the earth and its life would know to moderate their numbers and settle the land more intelligently. You still have vast deserts and other uninhabitable swaths.

(MORE)

SCARF (CONT'D)

Imagine, if you will, a well-cultivated, verdant earth, where even more billions than humans have so far produced would live at peace with the environment, not to mention with one another. But now, let me accentuate the positive. Think how much better off the other animals will be with no more humans to abuse and deplete them. The earth and its other creatures will in time rejuvenate themselves. So when we come by this way again, the planet will be very much the way it is now - teeming with misbehaving humans for us to dine on without any guilt whatsoever.

SUPERPERSON

Oh, fiendish, fiendish creature! If you made humans, how can you punish them for who they are?

SCARF

Haven't you noticed? Each human child is born innocent. Yet as soon as he or she enters the world, you begin to inundate that naturally miraculous innocence with the ungrateful, violent and polluted world you've created. Oh, how it rends my heart. We gave you life with freedom and the potential for life-enhancing behavior, but you will not summon your best efforts.

SUPERPERSON

Well, what if humans change?

Aliens begin to laugh.

SCARF

Humans change? The millennia have taught us that such a transformation is most improbable. Human, human, all too human, planet after planet! Humans can't even put their beliefs on a firm foundation.

(Quotes)

"I think; therefore, I am." That's what they come up with? Where's "I'm alive; therefore, I can think"? No, no -- a fresh start -- that is the only answer!

SUPERPERSON

I must alert you. It's my duty to stop you.

SCARF

You may try, Superperson. It is your role, as it is our role to forgive when forgiveness is merited. But for the human race to merit it -- how improbable!

SUPERPERSON

Did I hear you say "how improbable"?

SCARF

Yes, I did.

SUPERPERSON

Then human survival is not entirely impossible?

SCARF

Oh, but the odds against it are at least a billion to one.

SUPERPERSON

A billion to one? That's even worse than the lottery.

SCARF

I did not make the odds. Experience did.

SUPERPERSON

Let me ask you a question. If you're so good, how can you allow just two people to restart the human race?

SCARF

They will, as usual, procreate in with unrestrained alacrity.

SUPERPERSON

But what about their children? Think what you're condemning them to.

SCARF

What? A fresh, clean earth to repopulate?

SUPERPERSON

No, no, let's not skip to that. Consider this. Their children will have no choice but to make love with each other. We have a name for that and it's not an approved practice. We call it incest.

SCARF

Oh, humans will always involve themselves in some of that at any time during their history. We consider that a bit of it early on is a justifiable necessity.

SUPERPERSON

Then you, too, are the slaves of necessity?

SCARF

With one caveat. We invented necessity. You see, you fail to realize that one aspect of being all-powerful is to have the power to limit your power.

SUPERPERSON

I disagree with your argument, which is circular.

SCARF

No, it is elliptical.

SUPERPERSON

Elliptical?

SCARF

I mean to say that we left something out.

SUPERPERSON

Trickery, mere verbal trickery, bordering, I might add, on a regrettable moral shortcoming. If you allow incest, you can't be as good as you claim to be.

SCARF

It is the way we have chosen for humans to breed. You have to admit we were generous. We made the activity feel so good.

(MORE)

SCARF (CONT'D)

But we could have made it downright painful -- and you would still have felt compelled to do it.

SUPERPERSON

There must be a power that is greater than you -- a power that would not eat its own creations?

SCARF

We're very picky. We think humans, who are forever torn between intelligence and irresponsibility, are ideal for nutritional purposes. So naturally more of our spaceships are due here shortly.

SUPERPERSON

More?

SCARF

Yes. But I will live up to my pledge. You are not on the menu -- neither for breakfast, lunch, nor dinner. And, should you wish, you may return to Krapton. Give me your Blackberry.

SUPERPERSON

Why? It's mine!

SCARF

I want to program a speed dial for you, in case you do change your mind.

Superperson reluctantly hands over his Blackberry. Scarf programs it.

SCARF (CONT'D)

You can reach me by pressing the letter "G."

SUPERPERSON

"G"? But your names begins with an "S," doesn't it?

SCARF

Appearances can be deceptive.

SUPERPERSON

Why forever inscrutable?

SCARF

Too many answers bring down the
curtain, don't they?

SUPERPERSON

I'm not leaving until --

Scarf holds out hand. Other alien puts something in it. Scarf holds it up. It looks like a glowing rock. Superperson sees it.

HOHOBAMA

Kraptonite? How did you know?

SCARF

What don't we know?
(Holds out kraptonite)
Happy trails to you.

Superperson staggers and faints. The other aliens catch him and drag him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS, NICK DIXON, OTHERS, standing in the sun, waiting.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

My atomic clock says it's been two
hours, six minutes, and twenty-one
seconds since "Superperson" left.
I'm beginning to grow concerned.
(Glances up, startled)
Look, in the distance! The aliens
are taking to the sky!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN SHIPS - DAY

We see them rising from the earth and swishing away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO - DAY

NICK DIXON

What if they made off with
Superperson? I mean, with the
President?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Quick! To the limo!

All pile into their cars, which screech off toward the
direction in which Superperson flew.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTOURAGE - DAY

The Presidential entourage is speeding along.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN LOCATION - DAY

Superperson is just regaining consciousness, as the ENTOURAGE
pulls in and slides to a stop. All exit the cars.

NICK DIXON

Mr. President, glad to see you. I
thought maybe the aliens kidnapped
you.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

How are you feeling, sir?

SUPERPERSON

It's not how I'm feeling, general.
It's what I failed to do. Stop
them.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

I suggest it's time to put the
military option on the table.

SUPERPERSON

It pains me to admit it, but now
that I know what their ultimate
intention is, I'm open to any means
whatsoever that will thwart them.

NICK DIXON

What is their ultimate intention,
sir?

SUPERPERSON
To terminate the human race!

NICK DIXON
Terminate it completely?

SUPERPERSON
I believe the term "terminate"
includes the concept of
completeness.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
Then, sir, I recommend that we
immediately attack in force.

SUPERPERSON
Attack what, general? Where are
they?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
The next time they touch down,
we'll be ready for them.

SUPERPERSON
Oh, force, force! The use of force!
How could it come to such a thing,
even for one such as I?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
Much as I know you prefer not to
hear this, sir, words have failed.
We must use every means at our
disposal to preserve the human
race.

SUPERPERSON
Ah, the exigencies of history.
Trapped, like so many before me!
Prepare to attack!

GENERAL
Yes, sir.
(Picks up cell)

SUPERPERSON
Oh, death itself! I have become
death itself. Oh, weep for my ideal
of peace through verbal aptitude!
Weep, weep, and weep again! Lead me
to my limo. I have failed as
Superperson. But maybe I'll succeed
as the Commander-in-Chief.

Nick Dixon helps him toward the limo.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

(On cell phone)

We finally caught a break. We have the President's approval to attack. The aliens must be destroyed! It's kill or be grilled!

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMIES MOBILIZING - DAY

Amid the usual mobilization footage, include a few inadvertent mishaps, such as a couple of TANKS crashing into each other; NUCLEAR SUBMARINE surfaces under yacht with people on deck in bathing suits.

CUT TO:

INT. NATO COMMAND - DAY

GENERAL briefs the group.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Now, let the aliens show their despicable faces anywhere on earth, and we'll have them for lunch!

Soldier at controls reacts, as if the idea is not appealing.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

ALIENS, sitting around, stuffed.

LORK

Anybody hungry yet?

SCARF

I'm afraid I overindulged. Fetch me more antacid.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS enters to meet with PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA, whose SUPERPERSON outfit is drying on a clothesline.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Good news, Mr. President. Ever since we scrambled the full military power of America and the rest of the human race, the aliens have not dared to show their faces.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

An encouraging development, General. But why do you suppose that's the case?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Fear, sir. Or, formally speaking, might makes fright.

(Notices Superperson outfit)

Sir, may I ask why your Superperson outfit is on display?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I had to wash it by hand. I can't very well maintain my secret identity and send it to the cleaners, can I?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

What about your wife, sir? Won't she wash it?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

She might. But I've been there before. As she herself has said, no marriage is perfect. Keep a look out for the aliens and inform me as soon as you detect their presence.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Yes, sir!

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

LORK and SCARF, walking along inside the Starship. They have towels around their necks as if they've been exercising.

SCARF

Lork, you play a mean game of quash.

LORK

Thank you, Commander.

SCARF

Say, I believe I just felt a hunger pang. How about you?

LORK

A good workout always makes me feel famished.

SCARF

I suggest you make dinner arrangements.

LORK

(Eagerly)

Yes, sir!

(Flips open handheld device)

Alert the fleet! It's time to pick up some more food!

CUT TO:

EXT. FLEET OF FLYING SAUCERS - DAY

The FLEET heads earthward.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL is sleeping at his desk. PHONE rings. Wakes up groggily. Picks up.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

(Yawns)

Yep?

(Eyes pop open)

Aliens? Attack! Attack! Attack!

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY ALERT - DAY

More footage of military action with a few mishaps. LIFEBOAT slipping down the side of a BATTLESHIP.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF BATTLESHIP - DAY

Two SAILORS on deck, looking at the LIFEBOAT as it's being rowed away.

FIRST SAILOR
It's the admiral, sir. He jumped
ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

ADMIRAL and other OFFICERS.

ADMIRAL
Row, men, row

FIRST OFFICER
Yes, sir. But where?

ADMIRAL
To the most remote island you can
find. I don't mind a battle at sea.
But I didn't go to Annapolis to
become alien fodder!

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING SAUCERS - DAY

The FLYING SAUCERS are closing in.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYING SAUCERS - DAY

ALIEN CHEF, preparing his pots and pans.

CHEF'S ASSISTANT
What's today's special?

ALIEN CHEF
Human Steak alla Piazzola!

CHEF'S ASSISTANT
A bit heavy-handed, isn't it?

ALIEN CHEF

What do you want, elegance every day? Don't you find occasional pleasure in culinary slumming?

INT. NATO COMMAND - DAY

GENERAL with other OFFICERS.

OFFICER

The aliens are approaching, General.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

As soon as they're within range, fire at will -- by air, land, and sea!

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELDS - DAY

FLYING SAUCERS closing in. FIGHTER JETS scramble; SILOS open, firing rockets; one rocket goes part way up in the air, fizzles, and heads back down toward the launch silo; workers who fired it flee; explosion. Ship CANNONS fire toward the saucers; SUBMARINES fire more rockets.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - DAY

LORK

Commander, the humans are attacking.

SCARF

Will they never learn how appetizing war makes them? Alert the fleet! Open the grills.

LORK

Yes, sir.
(Reaches for console)

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLE SCENES - DAY

RAYs come out of flying saucers and grill various military personnel from different countries -- FIGHTER PILOTS, ground SOLDIERS, and SAILORS. The rays leaves them smoking with grill marks. Soon, the world's military might has been decimated.

CUT TO:

INT. NATO COMMAND - DAY

GENERAL is on phone.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

What? Grilled to the last man?

(Hangs up; dials)

Mr. President. I have terrible, terrible news.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - GENERAL and PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

What is it, general?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

The military option has failed, sir.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

What, so quickly?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

I'm afraid so. Defeat is ours!

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Has there been great loss of life?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Only on our side, sir. The effective fighting force of the human race has been neutralized -- neutralized in minutes. I've never seen such fire power as the aliens released on us, sir.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Oh, woe is me! I should have known better than to trust the military option.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

It was worth a try, sir

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Was it, general? How many lives did the ill-advised salvo cost?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

But what other option did we have?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Oh, remorse! How filled I am with remorse. You must give me time to think.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Think, sir?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes. I know it's a controversial tactic. But it's a lifelong habit and, try as I might to become brain dead, I have not yet succeeded. I'll be in touch.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

Yes, sir. And good luck. Somebody has to think of an answer, and, if anybody can do it, sir, it's you.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Thank you for your vote of confidence, general.

(Hangs up)

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is having dinner with MELINDA and their children.

MELINDA

You're being unusually word-free tonight.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I'm sorry, dear. I'm thinking.

MELINDA

Oh, it's so sexy when you do that! I always wanted a man who could think!

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Thank you, dear.

MELINDA

Would you like to talk about what you're presently thinking about?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

In front of the children?

FIRST DAUGHTER

We know all about it, Daddy.

SECOND DAUGHTER

They cancelled school because of it. Nobody wants to get eaten.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I'm sorry that this heinous event has detracted from your education. Worse yet, it has tarnished the innocence of your childhood.

(Back to wife)

I know there has to be a way to save the human race.

MELINDA

Why?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

When I visited the aliens, their leader mentioned that very occasionally they come across a planet where they make an exception and do not wipe out all the humans. Now, if I only knew why, why, why?

MELINDA

Why don't you sleep on it, dear?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

You're right. Let me give my higher mental faculties time to synthesize the answer.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA and his wife, MELINDA, are asleep. The President is restless. Suddenly, a glowing presence appears in the room. It seems to be the SON OF SCARF. The light awakens the President. He sits up, wide-eyed.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
The Son of Scarf?

SON OF SCARF
You have said it.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
How can I help you?

SON OF SCARF
Do not ask how you can help me.
Ask, rather, how I can help you.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
OK, how?

SON OF SCARF
I have come to give you the secret
of human survival.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
You have?

SON OF SCARF
Yes.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
But why me?

SON OF SCARF
I sense that you truly care about
these underachieving humans, and
such extraordinary love of one's
inferiors cannot go unnoticed.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Thank you! Tell me, what is the
answer?

SON OF SCARF
Love of life.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Like the soap opera?

SON OF SCARF
Exactly the opposite of such dreck.
You must persuade billions of
humans to behave in ways that will
prove to my father that you are
worthy of the gift of life.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
How do I do that?

SON OF SCARF

Convince them to take good care of it and fulfill their finest Scarf-given potential. Above all else, convince them that life in the universe is such a great achievement that they should be satisfied with it.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

But many people hope for another life. Do you know if there is one?

SON OF SCARF

I cannot reveal the answer. But I can tell you this. If there is one, the best way to merit it is to take care of this life first.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Hey, I never thought of that.

SON OF SCARF

Humans seldom do. Oh, ye of little faith in life! Yet such is the secret to my father's approval.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Thank you! Thank you for the entire human race.

SON OF SCARF

One more thing. Do not reveal that I appeared to you. He will forsake me. Goodbye and good luck!

Son of Scarf vanishes. President looks around. Taps head to make sure he's not dreaming. Lies back down, thinks, and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA and his FAMILY are having breakfast.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Sweetheart, last night I had the craziest dream.

MELINDA

What?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
 Forget it. You'll think I've lost
 it. The important thing is, you
 were right.

MELINDA
 Don't tell me you have the answer?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
 Yes, I do.

MELINDA
 Tell me what it is!

FIRST DAUGHTER
 I can't wait to hear, daddy!

SECOND DAUGHTER
 Me, neither! I don't want to be
 swallowed by the aliens!

PRESIDENT HOHBAMA
 You don't have to worry about that
 anymore. Now, I know how to make
 them lose their appetite for us.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Meeting of PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA, NICK DIXON, GENERAL, and VICE
 PRESIDENT FRYDEN.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
 Tell us what your answer is, Mr.
 President.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
 The most challenging answer of all.
 Love of life.

NICK DIXON
 Excuse me, Mr. President. Did you
 say "love of life"?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
 Yes, I did. But, let me emphasize,
 that my solution has nothing
 whatsoever to do with the soap
 opera.

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS

May I ask why you think love of life will work? I don't even know if I can think positively about life. After all, my job is to annihilate it.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Like millions of other humans, you're going to have to retrain yourself. This is a different period in human history and it requires a different skill set.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

I'm not sure of my own capacities in this direction, sir.

NICK DIXON

Let me ask you this, Mr. President. Do you think a person can fake it?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I wouldn't risk it.

NICK DIXON

Let me say this much. If your tactic works, the aliens won't have human beings to kick around anymore.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Correct. Now, the question is, how do I get the ball rolling -- and rolling fast?

(Gets idea)

Gentlemen, I have it! Oh, what a revelation can lurk in even the simplest comment!

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

May I ask, in what comment, sir?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

"Ball rolling!" Who would have thought of it, that is, before I began to think?

NICK DIXON

Thought of what, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I will break the news at halftime.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
Halftime?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
During the Superbowl. As luck would
have it, Superbowl Sunday is
tomorrow.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
Why do it then?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Can you think of any other event
that attracts such an enormous
worldwide audience?

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
I congratulate you, Mr. President.
Brilliant! But will you tell them
the worst possible news? Consider
the panic the knowledge will cause.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
I intend to refrain from such a
revelation for now. Let's just hope
what I do say works. Nick, call the
NFL. Tell them we're preempting the
half-time show.

NICK DIXON
I'm not sure that's advisable, sir.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Why not? I'm a fan. You're a fan.

NICK DIXON
I know that. But think of all the
fans you're going to disappoint.
Lots of them live for the halftime
show.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN
He's right. Good as your intentions
are, the move may be political
folly.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Even to save the human race?

GENERAL PRECIPITOUS
For any reason whatsoever sir. I'm
a football fan myself, and I would
resent anybody interfering with the
halftime show.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
OK, OK, I've preserved enough of my
inner child to get it. So here's
the workaround. Tell the NFL that
this year the halftime show will be
twice as long as usual.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is sitting up in bed, tapping on a small
laptop.

MELINDA
What are you doing, dear?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Working on my Superbowl speech.

MELINDA
How much longer? You're keeping me
up.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
As long as it takes. Would you
rather I go to my study?

MELINDA
Do you mind?

He tears aside the blanket and begins to get up.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
You're right, dear. I should be
able to save the human race without
disturbing our domestic
tranquility.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is at his desk. His secretary enters.
Holds out speech.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Please, make sure it gets entered
into the teleprompter.

SECRETARY
Yes, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
And this time, please, no typos.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUPERBOWL - NIGHT

Halftime show in progress; as it wraps up ...

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL TV ADDRESS - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA at desk with bookcase behind him.
Teleprompter visible from time to time.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Good evening, my fellow Americans
and football fans worldwide. I'm
sorry to extend the halftime, but I
have an important message.

(Turns and gestures to
books)

And I have these books displayed
behind me to demonstrate that I'm
educated enough to pay attention
to.

(Back to camera)

I must ask you, at this trying time
in human history, to make a
historic change. It's based on
something I learned during my brief
visit with the aliens. And I can
tell you this: it is the only
chance the human race has for
survival. Starting immediately, I
ask that every human being on earth
work on realizing that it is a
great privilege to be alive in this
vast universe. I urge you to lay
aside all the usual negative
attitudes toward life and begin to
appreciate it as the biological
wonder we have come to understand
it is and that it is the foundation
of all you can experience. The
aliens tell me that they planted us
here. And the only way to change
their minds about us is to
demonstrate that we appreciate what
they've done.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

So, instead of continuing to treat life like a bus stop on the way to a better place, we must begin to see the earth as our home. Then we'll be inspired to devote ourselves to life and the fulfillment of our own and other people's greatest potential. We must, in conclusion, demonstrate to the aliens that we are, in fact, too good to eat. And now back to the Superbowl!

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE - REACTION SHOTS - DAY/NIGHT

People of different nationalities, looking at each other askance and laughing at his suggestion. Mix in shots of people giving the idea a try.

FIRST MAN

No, no, anything but love of life!
I couldn't stand the soap opera.
And I can't stand it in real life!

FIRST WOMAN

Ha, ha, ha! I'm supposed to be
happy with life? Is he nuts?

SECOND MAN

I give up! Let the aliens eat me
now!

SECOND WOMAN

Laugh all you want, sonny. Just
don't come crying to me when you're
a hamburger patty!

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE - PEOPLE ATTEMPTING TO BE GOOD - DAY/NIGHT

Shots of people smiling at each other and helping each other; include the classic of a guy helping an elderly woman across the street; person breathing in the pure country air with delight; another one stopping and picking up a piece of trash and depositing it in a wastebasket; a terrorist throwing an AK-47 in a river.

MAN

Ah, it feels so good just to be
alive, especially compared to being
eaten!

WOMAN

Why didn't I see it before? Who
could ask for anything more than
life in the universe?

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

NICK DIXSON and VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN are meeting with
PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA.

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

Great news, Mr. President. At your
urging, the people of America and
the world at large have modified
their behavior.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

In significant numbers?

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

Literally, millions of them.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Millions? That won't do. We need
billions. Schedule another
television address.

NICK DIXON

But what more can you say to
persuade the public, not to mention
me?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

I'm afraid the time has come --

VICE PRESIDENT FRYDEN

-- to mention the unmentionable?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

If not now, when?

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is making his second TV address on the subject.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

It is my sad duty to report that, at this very moment, billions of people around the globe are still behaving in ways that the aliens consider all too edible. This sort of behavior endangers us all. So I will now reveal something I had hoped to withhold for fear of unnecessarily alarming you -- the ultimate price of failure. Unless we can change their minds, the aliens plan to annihilate the human race. That's right. To wipe out every last human being on earth. Why? Because they think our continued existence threatens the very life of the earth. Obviously, we must prove that their fears have no foundation whatsoever. Our very survival depends on, not merely millions, but billions of people making the case for the human race.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE - DAY

More people trying to be good.

CUT TO:

GRADE SCHOOL CLASSROOM

TEACHER

Now, children, today we're going to learn how lucky we are to be alive. Let us count the ways. We have our minds to think; our five senses to see, smell, taste, hear, and feel, and our voices, so we can commune with our world and with ourselves; and, of course, we have our bodies. What do we use our bodies for?

BOY

Baseball!

TEACHER

Yes, sports. What else can we use them for? Oh, we better not go on. We don't want to see teacher in jail, do we?

CUT TO:

MEGACHURCH

PREACHER haranguing members.

PREACHER

I know I told you to live for the next life. But I was wrong. The surest way to get there is to thank God almighty for this world and devote yourselves to it as if you just got a new-time religion. Then ye shall be saved from the griddle!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOVERS - NIGHT

Young guy and gal, sitting side by side on a park bench.

GUY

Just think how lucky we are to be alive, sweetheart, and have the potential of our minds and your body. I mean, our bodies!

GAL

Oh, David, I love when you talk that way. I can feel the wonder of it all!

She touches him between his legs, and he strokes her breast through her dress lightly.

GUY

Oh, how wonderful life feels!

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA is having dinner with MELINDA and his two daughters.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Tell daddy. Have you been good
today?

FIRST CHILD
Yes, daddy.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
And what do we mean by good?

FIRST CHILD
I woke up, just happy to be alive
on our beautiful planet.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Good.
(Turns to other child)
And how about you?

FIRST CHILD
I'm studying harder than ever, so I
can make the most of my life.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Excellent.
(Looks at wife)
I trust you've been setting a good
example.

MELINDA
Yes, dear. Not a moment goes by
that I don't appreciate all the
chemical reactions that are going
on inside of me and the
inconceivable balancing act of all
the planets and stars just so I can
sit here and have dinner with you.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Very well said, Melinda!
(Raises glass)
Here's to life. And here's to
doing our best with it, not only to
please the aliens, but because it's
the way we can all have the best
lives, too.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

NICK DIXON enters; PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA at desk.

NICK DIXON

I have an update.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Let's hear it.

NICK DIXON

The human race may have reached the tipping point. As a result of your last speech, billions, not merely millions, of the earth's inhabitants have now converted to love of life.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

And just in time. Now, it's time for me to have another talk with the aliens.

NICK DIXON

How, sir?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

(Picks up Blackberry)

I have their leader on speed dial.

CUT TO:

REVERSE - BLACKBERRY

He presses speed dial letter "G."

CUT TO:

INT. STARTSHIP - DAY

LORK is pointing to a monitor and SCARF is looking at him incredulously. The Son of Scarf looks on.

SCARF

Good? Did you say the humans on this planet are becoming good?

LORK

Unlikely as it sounds, Commander, that does appear to be the case.

SCARF

Look at that! Life-devoted behavior everywhere.

SON OF SCARF
It's enough to turn my stomach.

SCARF
Only one creature could have pulled
this off?

LORK
Hohobama, aka Superperson?

SCARF
Who else?

SON OF SCARF
Just goes to show you. One good
creature can spoil the planet.

Scarf's handheld rings. He opens it.

SCARF
Commander Scarf here.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION - SCARF and HOHOBAMA.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
President Hohobama.

SCARF
Change your mind, Superperson?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Not necessary, Commander. It's my
privilege to report to you that the
human race has finally caught on.
Billions of human beings are now
behaving in a way that I believe
you will find entirely
unappetizing. And I assure you that
I am correct. Otherwise, I wouldn't
waste my wireless minutes.

SCARF
I'm checking on the situation
myself.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA
Want to call me back?

SCARF
Hang on. It will only take a
moment.
(To Lork)
Re-scan the earth for edible
humans.

Lork turns some dials on the console. Images of people doing life-enhancing things.

SON OF SCARF

Look, Dad. Humans beings acting like higher beings.

SCARF

Hmm, so they are. Quite a surprise, to say the least. Did you have anything to do with this?

SON OF SCARF

I have only done what I have done.

SCARF

My omniscience is telling me something, but a good result is a good result. Whatever role you may have played, I forgive you, Son.

SON OF SCARF

Thanks, Dad.

LORK

The change is good news and bad news. The bad news is, of course, from a nutritional point of view.

SON OF SCARF

Yes, but the good news appears sufficiently meritorious. Don't you agree, Father?

SCARF

Despite all odds, I am well pleased.

(To Lork)

Do we have enough supplies to make it to the next planet?

LORK

No, sir. We need some food for the journey.

SCARF

(Into handheld)

All right, this is the deal, Superperson. You appear to have done the improbable, and I commend you.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Does that mean the human race can live on?

SCARF

Yes, it does. Well, most of it. We have some needs for our journey.

SON OF SCARF

This is the Son. We will be merciful and only choose from the worst malefactors.

SCARF

But I warn you, if we come back in a hundred-thousand years, as planned, and the humans have sunk once again to their recent level, we will not make another exception. Got it?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Yes, Commander. May I say thank you to you and to your son.

SCARF

We do not need gratitude. We need what you have somehow wrought. Congratulations!

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Thank you. Go easy on us, OK?

SCARF

As easy as possible, Superperson. Over and out.

(Hangs up; to Lork)

Spare anybody with a quality score of five or higher.

LORK

Yes, Commander. What are we going to do if humans stay good?

SON OF SCARF

Not to worry. Tomorrow is another planet!

LORK

Wonders never cease.

SCARF

As they should not. After all, we
planned the universe that way,
didn't we? Oh, wonder after wonder
after wonder! I do love it so!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN SPACESHIPS - DAY

Flying all over the earth. Glowing numbers begin to appear on
people. Those who have a "5" or over are spared. Those with
less than a "5" are captured. Screaming. Mayhem. Precooking.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

EXT. ALIEN SHIPS - NIGHT

They speed off into outer space.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE - SURVIVORS COMING HOME - DAY

Wireless fence comes down. CAPTIVES are free. Scenes of
various SURVIVORS coming home and reuniting with LOVED ONES.

CUT TO:

INT. STARSHIP - NIGHT

The aliens appear to have eaten their fill.

SCARF

Anybody got some dental floss?

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA, having dinner with wife and kids.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Although I grieve to think that
many humans have suffered the fate
they have, I am relieved when I
consider what might have been.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

And imagine! Now the human race has a hundred-thousand years to prove itself.

FIRST DAUGHTER

Daddy, how long is a hundred-thousand years?

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

Ask not how long a hundred-thousand years is, but what a hundred-thousand years can do for the human race.

EXT. THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

NICK DIXON and PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

To assure that there's no backsliding, I'm creating a new office. Secretary of Life Appreciation. And I'm offering you the job.

NICK DIXON

Me, Mr. President? I'm touched, sir, but I don't know if I'm worthy of the position. You see, I just squeaked by the aliens. I'm still not quite as satisfied with life as I really ought to be. After all, I still know it doesn't last forever.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

We all know that, Nick. And that's why I'm appointing you. It will give you a chance to grow.

NICK DIXON

Do you think I can? I've always been kind of morally relative.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

We all have relatives we're not sure of. But I have faith that you can.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA (CONT'D)

I know that deep within every human being there is the wisdom to know how to live, latent as it may be, which only needs to be brought out. And yours, too, Mr. Dixon, can surface. Now, do you accept the office?

NICK DIXON

Humbly, sir. But I can only promise that I will do my best.

PRESIDENT HOHOBAMA

But that is all any human can do. And all I or any alien can ask for. And, Nick, if life is logical, which I believe it is, you know enough to do it.

FADE OUT.