

FADE IN

EXT. AMERICAN RESIDENTIAL YARD - EARLY EVENING

BROTHER AND SISTER are having fun playing in the sprinkler.

MOTHER

(O.S.)

Dinner is in ten minutes!

We are taken directly from there up into the sky, through the clouds, outside Earth's atmosphere, past the Moon, and beyond Mars where we come to a slow stop before Jupiter and one of its moons. CREDITS appear and atomize along the journey. Once done, the WISTFUL MUSIC, which began in the void of space now turns more MAJESTIC. An American satellite's commanding presence enters INTO FRAME bearing the national flag. Its life is represented by a blinking and BEEPING light.

As the satellite begins to diminish in perspective, a flying saucer approaches undetected from directly behind it. Almost as soon its outline becomes visible, the MUSIC stops and the tranquility is shattered by a loud, AUTOMOTIVE HONK. The saucer rapidly grows, HONKING a second time just before impact. Once the saucer CRASHES into the American satellite, it ZOOMS overhead and shrinks from view en route to Earth. The sound of the second, CONTINUOUS HONK fades with it.

A moment of SILENCE, then a LOUD, SUDDEN, SHRILL sound accompanies the TITLE, which is followed by a hokey half science fiction, half ROCK & ROLL COMPOSITION.

SILENCE is restored for a few seconds before the now incapacitated satellite floats back INTO FRAME. With it resumes the majestic, but now slower and warped MUSIC. The blinking, BEEPING light has slowed down as well. Out from the satellite's gaping wound floats its telling contents: a baseball and a shrink-wrapped apple pie, followed by an autographed picture of Elvis. The beeping FLATLINES.

EXT. SATELLITE TRACKING STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A row of enormous satellite dishes point towards the sky.

INT. SATELLITE TRACKING STATION - DAY

Radar operator LENNY BUTCHER sits at his highly individualized workstation, with décor that reflects his multitude of interests and a less than stellar attitude towards work (with posters such as *The Job That Ate My Brain* and *You Want It When?*).

He is simultaneously shopping for golf clubs on eBay and chatting online with a friend. When his work, which is in a small window at the corner of his desktop, flashes to alert him of a problem, Butcher quickly clicks the "Add to Watchlist" button and texts his friend, "emergency- gotta go (pile of poo emoticon)." Maximizing his work window, he is the first to see and sound the alarm, followed immediately by SEVERAL VOICES in the background.

LENNY BUTCHER

Commander!

COMMANDING OFFICER

What is it Butcher?

LENNY BUTCHER

Impact Alert. I've lost contact with the Vespucci satellite. One second it was there, and the next second- nothing! Now there's a second object moving towards Earth at a phenomenal rate of speed.

COMMANDING OFFICER

(double-checking the monitor)

That's it alright. Keep your eyes glued to that screen!

The commanding officer quickly picks up the nearby red phone. Lively CONVERSATION escalates behind him. Rather than keeping his eyes glued to the screen as ordered, Butcher is sharing the experience with his co-workers. While waiting for the pick-up on the other end, the commander's eyes drift to a monitor on the wall which is playing a TV sitcom. He initially disapproves. Then, without realizing it, he gets caught up in the broadcast of the *Gilligan's Island* episode *Don't Bug the Mosquitoes* (The Honeybees are performing *You Need Us*).

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - THE PENTAGON - WASHINGTON D. C. - AFTERNOON

The room is ABUZZ with representatives of the NEWS MEDIA, who are wondering why this special briefing was called. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE TRUETT MULLINS enters the room and motions for everyone to get quiet.

SECRETARY MULLINS

All right, let's settle down People.

He looks over the crowd and draws a deep breath.

SECRETARY MULLINS

(continued)

The Pentagon has learned- and has confirmed by a number of sources- that an unidentified object in our solar system is on a path that intersects with Earth, and, is rapidly headed our way.

The news media BUZZ with excitement.

SECRETARY MULLINS

(continued)

There is only one object as far as we can tell; it's not particularly large. Unless it is something extraordinary, it should easily burn up when it hits our atmosphere.

The news media MURMUR in disappointment, then try to shoot questions at the Secretary. He cuts them off.

SECRETARY MULLINS

(continued)

That's all we've got right now. I strongly caution you members of the media against any public speculation that would stir folks up. You know how you are. It's not that big a deal. I mean it, now. You know the drill. Say it after me. Cooooome on.

NEWS MEDIA

(unenthusiastically, in unison, as Mullins conducts with his arms)

It's no... big... deal.

INT. TYPICAL AMERICAN LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A FAMILY is on their devices in front of the TV. The show being ignored by everyone but Grandma is *Shooting Star*, a singing competition. A CONTESTANT has just finished her solo and now stands with the HOST amid ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS, eagerly awaiting THE JUDGES' verdicts. The three judges are sitting at stations that have a prominent "W" and "C" on the front of each one.

JUDGE #1

Fabulous, just fabulous. That is easily the best performance of the evening; I'm serious- I worship you.

The judge's "W" lights up and DINGS, and the contestant reacts excitedly.

JUDGE #2

Alright Courtney, you're on the clock; your 15 minutes of fame has begun. I worship you!

The large "W" in front of her lights up and DINGS, and the contestant reacts even more excitedly.

JUDGE #3

I hate to be the one to burst everyone's bubble, but I'm not seeing it.

A smattering of BOOS come from the audience.

I'm sorry, I'm not. Maybe it was the wrong song choice, maybe the outfit- I don't know. At any rate, I'm going to have to...

The big "C" in front of him lights up, but we are left to wonder what it stands for. An on-screen insert, "Special Report" preempts the broadcast.

TV ANNOUNCER

(O.S.)

We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring you this Special Report.

Grandma takes this opportunity to go to the kitchen.

INT. A NETWORK NEWS STUDIO

NEWS ANCHOR

KXTV News has just learned that an unidentified object from outer space is on a course to intercept Earth within the hour. I'll say that again: something from outer space is on the way. Let's go to our news editor, Carrie McCroan, who is live at The Pentagon.

EXT. THE PENTAGON

A NEWS REPORTER, who is recognizable as one who was sitting in the front row at the Pentagon briefing, speaks into the camera.

CARRIE MCCROAN

Roger, I've just come from a briefing with the Secretary of Defense, and he assures us there is no reason to get excited at this point. The military is tracking this object- whatever it is- and will keep the public posted should there be any cause for concern. Chances are it's just a harmless meteor that, up until now, has somehow escaped detection. The official word from Washington is it's no big deal.

INT. SAME NETWORK NEWS STUDIO

NEWS ANCHOR

Business Editor, Franklin Carter is on the floor at the New York Stock Exchange. Franklin, has the news hit Wall Street yet, and how is it playing there?

INT. TRADING FLOOR- NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

FRANKLIN CARTER

Most the people here have left to get an early start on the weekend, Roger, but straggling brokers received the news a few minutes ago. No panic yet, but I would characterize the atmosphere here as jittery. We'll see what happens when the bell rings Monday. This could be a big deal.

The family "watching" is still unfazed.

NEWS ANCHOR

Thank you Franklin. Entertainment Editor, Dottie Ebersole joins us. Dottie, what kind of buzz do you expect this to generate across America?

DOTTIE EBERSOLE

Are you kidding me? The crowds are already lined up for the World Premiere of this thing. The red carpet has been rolled out; the only question is, *what* will come down the aisle? With the season's first big budget movies stumbling out of the gate, this could be just the thing to jump-start the summer. This is a *big* deal!

Now that the news has been made personal (and sensational), the whole family is glued to the TV, with the younger members right in front of it.

INT. TRAILER - ARKANSAS TRAILER PARK - AFTERNOON

A SHABBY MAN and his SHABBY WIFE are at home in their run-down and bare dwelling, reclining in front of a BIG-screen TV. The man has the remote, but the wife is calling the shots. When the man first turns on the TV, news of the UFO is being broadcast.

NEWSCASTER

(on the TV)

We now know that whatever the UFO is, something intelligent is guiding it. It has successfully entered Earth's atmosphere and is orbiting our planet at an alarming rate of speed. Unable to intercept it, jet fighters have been dispatched in every nation to defend logical targets and landing sights.

WIFE

You know I don't like science fiction, Pa.

HUSBAND

I don't think they're making it up, Ma.

WIFE

I don't care. Pass the Cheetos.

HUSBAND

(flipping from network to network)

It's everywhere.

WIFE

You gotta start at channel 400 if
you want anything good.

The husband enters 4-0-0 on the remote; *Earth Versus the
Flying Saucers* is on.

WIFE

(continued)

I said no.

The husband flips through the channels.

ANNOUNCER ON THE HEALTH CHANNEL

Have you thought about losing
weight?

WIFE

No.

PASTOR ON THE FAITH CHANNEL

Have you thought about where you
will spend eternity?

WIFE

No!

FATHER-SON TALK ON TVLAND

Have you used your brain for
anything recently?

WIFE

I said no!

PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER

(grabbing the announcer's
microphone, lunging at
the camera)

Men quake when I walk by. Women
throw themselves at my feet.
Children would give anything to be
in my shoes. I am everything you
could ever desire, dread, or
disdain wrapped up in one hunk of a
man!

WIFE

Yep; gimme the Corn Nuts.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - JAMESON HOME - HOLLYWOOD, CA - AFTERNOON

Professional singer LAURA JAMESON and her pre-teen son JIMMY are listening to the news on a smart phone. Laura is at the mirror, fixing her face. Jimmy is sitting on the counter.

LAURA JAMESON

I can't believe this is really happening.

JIMMY JAMESON

I believe it. I'll bet it lands in Hollywood, too.

LAURA JAMESON

Don't be ridiculous. If there really is intelligent life on board, what business would it have in Southern California?

JIMMY JAMESON

We live here.

LAURA JAMESON

That's another story.

JIMMY

I'll bet you five bucks it lands in Hollywood.

LAURA

You don't have five bucks.

JIMMY

Will you give me five bucks if it does?

LAURA

I'll give you fifty bucks. Now get a move-on young man; we need to be on Sunset Boulevard in half an hour.

EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP - HOLLYWOOD, CA - LATE AFTERNOON

A GROUP OF BLACK YOUTHS are hanging out under a "vanity board." There is RAP MUSIC coming from their boom box. The billboard features the glamorized picture of rap singer. We look up at him from the waist. His foreshortened hands, shoulder height are holding marionette sticks. Strings from the sticks seem to connect to the youth- his puppets. The copy reads:

Do AS I Do
 The latest CD from Licorice Whip
 ImageMaker Records

The ImageMaker logo is a stylized Elvis statuette on a potter's wheel.

The flying saucer crosses the sky from left to right. When the youth spot it, they suddenly freeze, then race OUT OF FRAME to the right, leaving Licorice Whip without any subjects.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM -LOS ANGELES, CA

FANS in the stands are CLAMORING for autographs from passing MEMBERS OF THE LOS ANGELES DODGERS as they leave the field.

The flying saucer crosses the sky from left to right, only a little slower. When the fans spot it, they suddenly freeze, then quickly race for the exit, leaving the forlorn baseball players holding out finished, but unwanted signatures.

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD, CA

A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE waiting to get in for the taping of *The Kelly Clarkson Show* are getting restless. SECURITY OFFICERS try to keep them in line. The flying saucer crosses the sky from left to right even more slowly. Everyone stops suddenly to watch. Then, all but a few race OUT OF FRAME. Those remaining are torn between getting the choice seats and seeing the alien landing. After the security officers take off after the saucer, the stragglers follow them.

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATER - HOLLYWOOD, CA

The MUSIC of *The Wells Fargo Wagon* from *The Music Man* begins. PEOPLE begin gathering and lining the Walk of Fame. The MUSIC continues until the completion of the song, except where indicated. Note: camera placement and movement are intended to match those from the original movie. The scene reveals the variety of anxious hopes and fears held by world citizens, who all seem to be represented in the Los Angeles area. The Jamesons are the calm, sensible exception.

EXT. "YARD" OF A GHETTO HOUSE - LOS ANGELES

GIRL #1
 (talking)
 Hey look! A strange flying object.

GIRL #2
A strange flying object?

GIRL #1
(singing)
*Oh yeah, a strange flying object
has-a come to see us.*

GIRL #2
O please let it be for me.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET

HOMELESS MAN #1
(drunk)
*Oho, a strange flying object has-a
come to see us.*

HOMELESS WOMAN
*I wish, I wish I knew what it could
be.*

EXT. ORANGE GROVE - LOS ANGELES AREA

ORANGE FARMER
(throwing down his tools
and getting into his
truck)
*I had an uncle who was snatched
away by Martians.*

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING LA

FITNESS NUT
(breaking from a power
walk into a run)
*I had a wife who disappeared on a
jog.*

INT. OFFICE - HIGH TECH BUSINESS - LOS ANGELES AREA

COMPUTER GEEK
(changing the In/Out sign
on his office cubicle to
"Out")
*I saw the movie Close Encounters
ten times over.*

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD

GLITZY SOCIALITE
(hurrying out of Sephora
with two shopping bags
and three fussy dogs on
leashes)
*The Bermuda Triangle took a
boyfriend and my long-lost dog!*

INT. LAURA JAMESON'S CAR - SUNSET BLVD.

Laura and Jimmy are driving down Sunset Boulevard listening to the RADIO with the windows down. The MUSIC stops.

CAR RADIO ANNOUNCER
(O. S. - filtered)
The flying saucer has come to a
halt. It has come to a halt in the
skies over Los Angeles.

JIMMY
Whoo-hoo! This is great!

LAURA
(stunned)
It hasn't landed yet.

JIMMY
Close enough. Where's my fifty
bucks?

LAURA
I don't have fifty bucks. Why in
the world would it come here? LA
has no strategic military or
political value.

JIMMY
I don't know. Maybe he wants to
meet some celebrities.

LAURA
Yeah, and maybe it's Elvis himself.

MAN
(passing them in his
convertible)
The flying saucer is hovering over
Griffith Park!

JIMMY
Let's go!

LAURA
Oh brother!

EXT. RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT MUSEUM - HOLLYWOOD

The MUSIC continues where it left off. Just as A COUPLE MORE PEOPLE join the end of A LINE OF TOURISTS AND ASSORTED CALIFORNIANS assembled down the Walk of Fame, the crowd breaks into song.

CROWD
(singing)
*Oho, a strange flying object has-a
come to town. Is it a gross thing
with germs that we should flee?*

TREKKIES
It could be Klingons,

USC FOOTBALL COACH
A tailback,

HOUSEWIFE
Maybe, our next Governor,

MICKY MOUSE
Or it could be...

CROWD
*Yes it could be, yes you're right,
it surely could be...*

MAN IN DRAG
Something savage,

CROWD
Something very, very savage now,

LITTLE BOY
To eat me.

CROWD
*Oho, a strange flying object has-a
come to town, O don't let it be a
bore.
Oho a strange flying object has-a
come to town,
I wish I knew what it was comin'
for.*

SCIENTIST
*Could it be an advanced life-form
like in Contact?*

CHINESE PERSON

*Or killers like in War of the
Worlds?*

HISPANIC GANG MEMBER

*Should we pre-prepare for an a-lien
a-ttack?*

A QUARTET OF PEACENIKS

*Or should we welcome it with open
arms and flags unfurled?*

HARE KRISHNA

*(with a lisp - pushing his
way between the peaceniks
and into the street)*

*Oho, a thrange flying object hatha-
a come to town, I don't know what
this scumbucket hath to thell,
Could be a thuperflouth thavior of
his own creathun,
Or it could be, thumthin'
thickening, thraight from hell.*

CUT TO:

A CLOSE SHOT of A PAIR OF FEET in the crowd straddling Michael Jackson's star on the Walk of Fame. As the crowd begins running towards their cars or Griffith Park, cut to feet trampling one offbeat celebrity's star after another: Pee-Wee Herman, Mickey Mouse, Alice Cooper, Bob Eubanks, Ozzy Osbourne, etc.

CROWD

(O.S.)

*Oho, you strange flying object keep
a comin', Oho, you strange flying
object keep a comin',
Oho, you strange flying object,
Don't you dare to land until you
land for me.*

As the MUSIC fades out and the flying saucer moves on, everyone's cell phone simultaneously DING (or something) notifying them of an incoming text. Most everyone stops running to check it.

INT. A MALL ON THE EAST COAST OF AMERICA - EVENING

SHOPPERS' cell phones DING signaling an incoming text. Most everyone checks it immediately.

INT. A FACTORY FLOOR IN CHINA - EARLY MORNING

WORKERS' cell phones DING signally an incoming text. Everyone checks it immediately.

INSERT - HAND HOLDING A CELL PHONE WITH THE MESSAGE:

Greetings from outer space. I, Krouton, come bearing music. Get ready to rock! Visit www.kroutonrocks.com to see my promo video. Or get the app.

The hand touches the link, launching the website.

INT. AMERICAN HOME - A TEENAGER'S BEDROOM

THREE TEENAGE GIRLS are crowded around an iPad watching Krouton's promotional video. The production is long on hype and short on substance. AUDIENCE NOISE can be heard, but no audience is seen. The footage shows a man in a spacesuit (the helmet obscuring his face) PLAYING a futuristic guitar. At the end of the brief clip, the musician strikes what proves to be Krouton's signature pose. The VOICEOVER dominates the MUSIC in the background.

VOICE OVER

He's out of this world! The singing sensation of the galaxy. The one and only Krouton- coming to your planet! Welcome him at Griffith Park, Los Angeles, California, USA at 9 PM local time. Then be on the lookout for Krouton's upcoming CD wherever music is sold.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - EVENING

COLONEL HUSEL

The FBI, the NSA, the HSA, and our own crack team are trying to determine how this entity could have hacked into every smart phone on the planet simultaneously.

SECRETARY MULLINS

What about the message?

COLONEL HUSEL

We scanned the text and the web site thoroughly. There's no threat, no secret message, no virus.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 You're telling me you think it's
 really just an advertisement?

The Secretary of Defense's cell phone RINGS.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 Yeah?
 (beat)
 Okay, okay. Listen, don't call back
 unless you've got something hot.
 (hangs up)
 Congratulatory calls and e-mails
 are pouring in. Seems we're the
 envy of the world for being
 "chosen" by this alien.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Why shouldn't we be? We're the...

GENERAL BIAR
 Chosen? Chosen for *what*?

SECRETARY MULLINS
 That's what I want to know.

COLONEL HUSEL
 If you ask me, it's a trap.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 Nobody's asking you.

The Secretary of Defense's cell phone RINGS again, this time
 playing *Hail to the Chief*, commanding everyone's attention.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 Yessir?
 (beat)
 No sir. Not a thing.
 (beat)
 No, I don't think AI can do that
 yet.
 (beat)
 Well, if we take this promotional
 video at face value, it's more akin
 to The British Invasion than an
 alien invasion.
 (beat)
 Code Red, why?
 (beat)
 I hadn't really considered that.
 (beat)
 We'll be good hosts. Innocent until
 proven guilty, I always say.
 (MORE)

SECRETARY MULLINS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I saw that movie, too. No, we'll do everything within our power to make sure that it or they- whatever- are protected. Everything's in place, or like us, on the way. There's really nothing more to do but wait.

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

TIME-LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY causes the sun to go down quickly over the soccer fields as a large CROWD gathers and SOLDIERS and POLICE get coordinated. Within five seconds it is dark. Armed soldiers are now in a large circle, facing the crowd, keeping the area directly under the spaceship crowd-free. A circle of lit flares marks the landing spot inside that circle. Police are spread out at the edge of the roped crowd, also working to keep them back. Makeshift army lighting at intervals between the flares and the soldiers is throwing some illumination on the people. Just prior to the saucer's descent, Laura has a word with Jimmy.

LAURA

Do you realize just how bad an idea this could be?

JIMMY

Mom! Shhhhhhhhhhh!

At exactly 9 pm PST, onlookers are holding up their smart phones, ready to capture the imminent and momentous landing. Many are poised to take selfies with the saucer.

INSERT (superimposed over a LONG SHOT of the scene): Three selfies, each overlapping the previous one(s). The first has a single subject with the saucer in the background, the second has two subjects with the saucer in the background, and the third is a guy who has timed the shot so it looks like the saucer has landed in his extended palm.

INSERT: smart phone recording of the spaceship landing in the ring of flares.

The ship is obviously much smaller than the army prepared for, but that doesn't dampen anyone's excitement. An expectant HUSH has come over the crowd that has gathered now that the ship sits grounded within the circle of flares. The soldiers around the circumference have their weapons pointed towards the people, not the spaceship.

A good 12 seconds of nothing, during which time...

LAURA
You ready to go yet?

JIMMY
Stop!

Eventually, one person starts a rhythmic clap. Which grows until the entire crowd is doing it, like trying to draw a performer out for an encore. CHEERING begins mingled with SHOUTS of "C'mon!" "Hey!" and "Hello in there."

No one can hear the HUM as a ramp begins to appear from the previously seamless spacecraft. It is carpeted in red. CHATTER starts with those nearest the ship and works its way back. A HUSH falls over the crowd (with GASPING) when a lone figure emerges from the ship. We see little more than a silhouette. He is carrying a something like a gun. The soldiers are less sure who to aim at, but their orders are to protect the alien(s).

EXT. NEARBY ELECTRICAL BOX

LA PARKS AND REC. EMPLOYEE
Why the devil aren't they using the
field lights?

He flips all the soccer field light breakers at once.

BACK TO THE FIELD

The alien and his (now identifiable) guitar are suddenly flooded with light. ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERING. He runs down the ramp and leaps, landing at the bottom where he strikes a pose identical to the one in his promotional video. The crowd bursts into HYSTERICS reminiscent of the Beatles at Shea Stadium. Camera flashes go off in the crowd, many SHRIEK in ecstasy, and SEVERAL GIRLS faint. The alien is waving and eating it up.

The MUSIC of *America* from *West Side Story* begins as the crowd rushes forward. The soldiers, who have now locked arms, are only marginally successful in keeping them from touching the alien. The song reveals exactly why the alien chose an American landing site.

ONE MEMBER OF THE CROWD
(shouting/singing)
What marvel did outer space bring?

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CROWD
We hope you are the next big thing.

A THIRD MEMBER OF THE CROWD
All that you have to do is sing.

THE WHOLE SECTION OF THE CROWD
And we will gladly make you king!

KROUTON
*I like it here in the U.S.A.
 I'll make it big in the U.S.A.
 Like Elvis did in the U.S.A.
 Pity the fool who get's in my way.*

ARMED SOLDIERS approach Krouton.

SOLDIERS
*Please sir, now won't you come with
 us?
 Quietly without a big fuss?*

KROUTON
*Okay, but my hair you can't muss.
 Pretty soon, I'll have a tour bus.*

CROWD
*We're glad you came to the U.S.A.
 We have no shame in the U.S.A.
 It's you we'll blame in the U.S.A.
 If it turns out that you're not
 okay.*

The last stanza is sung by the crowd as it breaks its restraints. Soldiers pick Krouton up like a Super Bowl winning coach and press through the crowd to a waiting Army jeep. Krouton quits waving and giving "high fives" long enough to sit and turn to the soldier driving.

KROUTON
 This is going to be easier than I
 thought.

The MUSIC FADES as the jeep pulls away from the throng, with some of the people running after it.

They've got a big surprise coming.
 (beat)
 In about three, two, one...

OMINOUS MUSIC prompts those in the dispersing crowd to look around and find that a second figure has emerged from the spaceship. It is a LARGE METALLIC ROBOT that looks like a larger, more muscular version of the alien (sans helmet). People SHRIEK and flee.

He looks athletic, but the robot, in copying Krouton's entrance, can only manage a lumbering jog to the end of the ramp, where he barely hops forward. The music and crowd stop. The crowd looks back, and the robot slowly strikes the same pose that Krouton did at the same place (guitar and all). A rocket FIRES from the neck of the guitar and EXPLODES in the sky. A mix of GASPS, SHRIEKS, CHEERS, followed by a SMATTERING OF CLAPS from the people.

TIM THE ROBOT
(in a robotic Elvis-like
voice)
Thank you very much.

He then assumes a fixed, sentry-like pose.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - JAMESON HOME - NIGHT

Laura and Jimmy are watching a replay of the end of the alien landing.

LAURA
Can you see us in the crowd?

JIMMY
No, everybody's too small.

LAURA
Listen- I think that's you
screaming.

JIMMY
Stop. Man, would I love to have a
robot like that!

LAURA
Give it about six weeks; there'll
be one in your Happy Meal.

JIMMY
I don't eat Happy Meals any more!

LAURA
That's right, and you haven't been
happy since.

JIMMY
Did you see the spaceman's gun?

LAURA

That's the weird thing. It wasn't a gun, I don't think. Unless he shoots with it and plays it. Kind of a twenty-first century Gene Autry.

JIMMY

Who?

LAURA

Never mind. If he sings anything like you, he won't need a gun. Haaah! You and I have to get to bed.

JIMMY

Haaah! Are you singing tomorrow?

LAURA

Yes, and you'd better come with me to the studio. I don't want you home alone until this thing pans out.

INT. GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Krouton is already seated at a large, long table with a tall and slender MP on either side. The room is lined with ARMED SOLDIERS. The Secretary of Defense, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, THE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, and TOP ARMY BRASS look the alien over as they enter the room;

BLACK GENERAL

(under his breath)

Yay! Another white guy.

They proceed to sit at the table or to stand at the back wall across from Krouton.

SECRETARY MULLINS

I understand you speak our language.

KROUTON

Perfectly.

SECRETARY MULLINS

I am the highest-ranking military authority in this nation next to our president. This is our highest-ranking ambassador, and this is our ambassador to France.

(MORE)

SECRETARY MULLINS (CONT'D)
 I have asked him to come because
 France is... well, it's the closest
 thing to... never mind.

KROUTON
 I am Krouton, from Tarshish Five.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 Crouton? You mean like the, uh...

SECRETARY OF STATE
 (taking a step forward
 from the back wall)
 Ahem.

Secretary Mullins looks back at the Secretary of State, who
 shakes his head.

SECRETARY MULLINS
 Uh, Tarshish Five? Where is
 Tarshish Five?

KROUTON
 Right next to Tarshish Four.

Stymied, Secretary Mullins motions to the Ambassador to
 France.

AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE
 How is it that you are able to
 speak Eeenglish?

KROUTON
 Speak what?

SECRETARY MULLINS
 How can you speak our language?

KROUTON
 Our people have been monitoring
 your broadcasts for some time.
 (half singing)
She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah.

The officials all grimace.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Krouton, what is your purpose for
 coming all the way to Earth? Are
 you an ambassador from Tarshish
 Five?

No response.

BLACK GENERAL
Are you some kind of scout?

No response. A bottle of water and a package of peanuts have been provided on the table for Krouton. He hands Hanson the peanuts for him to open. Hanson struggles with it for some time, finally using his teeth, to the chagrin of the general seated across from him.

SECRETARY OF STATE
Do you bring us a message or a warning from the deep reaches of space?

KROUTON
Didn't you watch my video?

The officials look blankly at Krouton, then quizzically at each other.

SECRETARY MULLINS
That's it, then? You've come to put on a concert?

KROUTON
Not just one concert. I intend to live and record and perform here. I am, as the video says, a singing sensation, known throughout the galaxy. This planet is the last inhabited world I haven't conquered... so-to-speak.

Military types bristle at the word "conquered."

AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE
Inhabited worlds? Where? How many?

SECRETARY MULLINS
Not now.
(to Krouton)
Then, you want to stay here?

KROUTON
For awhile, anyway. I think it would be to our mutual benefit. I have much knowledge useful to you.

The Secretary of Defense makes the "huddle up" signal, then he and the officials on either side of him get their heads together for a brief SIDEBAR, then face Krouton again.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Well, Krouton, this is not really a contingency we prepared for. It is very important to us that we be able to reassure our citizens- and the citizens of the world- that neither you nor your people mean us any harm.

KROUTON

I do not. Just to show that I mean well, I have brought a gift for your president.

Secretary Mullins looks to the MP on Krouton's right.

MP NELSON

We've checked it out, sir; it's perfectly harmless.

He takes from underneath the table and places in the center of it what looks like a futuristic boom box.

SECRETARY MULLINS

What is it?

KROUTON

It's a radio.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Surely you must know, we've had radio technology for some time now.

KROUTON

This device is able to locate and acquire radio waves from any source anywhere that transmits them.

(pointing to the "knobs")

Rotating this thing to the left turns it on, and this thing is the tuner.

The Secretary of Defense turns it on, and adjusts the tuner, but all he can find is a variety of bizarre and irritating alien MUSIC, mixed with a snippet of *Afternoon Delight* by the Starland Vocal Band.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Is this representative of the kind of "music" we can expect from you, sir?

KROUTON

No. My music is more like your popular Rock & Roll songs. A couple of years ahead of their time maybe, but I am sure the public will buy it.

COLONEL HUSEL

What about your robot?

KROUTON

Oh, Tim. Tim is harmless... unless someone tries to harm the ship. After all, it is my only means of getting out.

Another SIDEBAR.

SECRETARY MULLINS

What do you guys think? Would letting this guy stay be a breach of our immigration policy?

SECRETARY OF STATE

Listen to yourself. You're talking like the sky was our own private border. Besides, it's just one guy.

SECRETARY MULLINS

This "guy" isn't exactly from South America; he's from outer space.

AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

That's profiling.

The Secretary of Defense gives him a dirty look.

COLONEL HUSEL

I say- let's not do anything that would antagonize him. For all we know, his people may be watching us right now to see how we treat him.

SECRETARY MULLINS

That's the president's position. I'm inclined to agree. Ballistically, you know they've got to have the drop on us.

All affirm.

SECRETARY MULLINS

(continued)

Krouton, we are going to allow you *restricted* freedom, with a couple of conditions. We will have to fit you with an ankle bracelet that lets us know your exact global position at all times.

KROUTON

(interrupting)

GPS, of course.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Also, Nelson and Hanson here will need to accompany you wherever you go, for awhile.

MPs Nelson and HANSON roll their eyes at each other.

SECRETARY MULLINS

(continued)

I'll have to okay it with our commander-in-chief, but I think he'll agree. We will need to impound your spaceship- and your robot- until we get to know you better. We will also need to search you- no offense. And if it makes you feel any better, you can search the Ambassador to France.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - JAMESON HOME - NIGHT

Back at the Jamesons, Jimmy gives Mom a goodnight kiss and heads upstairs to bed. Laura looks back at the newscast one last time, turns the TV off, then looks again in the direction where Jimmy left, and sighs.

INT. ARMY BARRACKS - NIGHT

Krouton's eyes investigates his temporary dwelling. He is wearing army khakis out of necessity.

KROUTON

(to neither MP in particular)

Is this the way you treat all your VIPs?

No response.

KROUTON
(continued)
Can a person get some dinner
brought in?

Hanson and Nelson CHUCKLE.

HANSON
Breakfast is at 0600.

KROUTON
And they serve until...?

HANSON
0630.

KROUTON
(fondling his new ankle
bracelet)
Uh-hum. You guys will need to make
some appointments for me tomorrow.
I want to talk to a banker and a
talent agent.

HANSON
We're supposed to drive you where
you want to go, within reason, but
that's it.

NELSON
We're not your servants.

HANSON
You can use the phone at the PX.

KROUTON
(lifting the face of his
"wrist watch" to reveal
hidden buttons and LEDs)
I'm going to be living in style by
tomorrow or the next day at the
latest. You two will be glad that
you are assigned to me then.

Nelson silently mimics Krouton's last words for Hanson.

INT. LOS ANGELES RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Laura comes through the back door with Jimmy

LAURA
Your daddy always thought I should
pursue a singing career.
(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)
After he was killed in combat, and
once you were old enough to start
school, I decided to go for it.

JIMMY
It's too bad he can't see you now.

LAURA
Yeah. See me struggle so far.

JIMMY
So what are you doing today?

One of Laura's CO-SINGERS walks across the floor.

LAURA
(to the co-singer)
Girlfriend! Love the new 'do.

CO-SINGER
Thanks honey. Better limber up.

LAURA
(to the co-singer,
singing)
Me, me, meeeee.
(to Jimmy)
There's three of us singing the
theme song for a TV pilot. That was
one of them.

JIMMY
TV pilot? I didn't know people
flew TVs.

LAURA
Har-de-har-har.

The EXECUTIVE PRODUCER of the show enters. Director DAN
WEAVER rushes up to greet him.

DAN WEAVER
Good morning, Mr. Sandler.

MR. SANDLER
Have we made any progress Weaver?

DAN
Yes sir. As soon as the third girl
gets here, you can hear for
yourself.

MR. SANDLER
Where the devil is she? It's 8:30!

DAN
I'll call her cell.

MR. SANDLER
Let her have it.
(noticing Laura)
Ooooh. Still working your way up
the ladder, eh Laura?

LAURA
Good morning to you too, Mr.
Sandler. To what do we owe this
privilege?

MR. SANDLER
(looking Laura over)
Just checking on my interests You
know Laura, I always say, why use
the ladder, when there's an
elevator. My old offer still
stands.

LAURA
That's flattering Mr. Sandler, but
that is not how I intend to get
ahead.

DAN
Okay, sir. She just walked in.

MR. SANDLER
(clapping his hands
together)
Alright. Wow me.

Dan Weaver scurries away. Mr. Sandler starts to follow, then
looks back at Laura and winks.

MR. SANDLER
Ding. Top floor, record contract.

Mr. Sandler walks off.

DAN
(from off in the distance)
It's going to take her just a
minute.

JIMMY
What did he mean "My offer still
stands?" Do you want me to bop him
one?

LAURA

Yes. But you'd better not. He's the head honcho.

JIMMY

That happens to you a lot, doesn't it Mom?

LAURA

Mmmm-hmmm.

The MUSIC to *I Cain't Say No* from *Oklahoma!* begins.

LAURA

(singing)

*It's not that I'm complaining 'bout
the hand that I've been dealt.
A lot of girls would kill to look
like me.*

*But they don't know how dangerous
it is just being svelte.*

*'Cause some guys only see a piece
of meat.*

*I reckon that it costs me lots of
dates,*

*But I'm a firm believer True Love
Waits.*

*I'm just a girl who can't say yes,
Until I'm legally hitched.*

*So all of those suitors feigning
love,*

*Will have to be gentle-ly ditched.
When the male sex gets all fresh*

with me,

*I know that they just want to have
some fun.*

But why should it be at my expense?

*That's why I always pack a loaded
gun!*

Jimmy's mouth falls open as Laura reaches into her purse.
What she produces is merely a can of mace.

LAURA

(CONT'D)

*I'm on the defense when lights are
low,*

So don't be actin' the clod...

I won't surrender my bod...

How could I do that to God?

I can't say yes.

A "thumbs up" from Jimmy. Laura, who thought she and Jimmy were alone, is greatly embarrassed to find that she has drawn an audience.

EXT. USBANK BUILDING - MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. MAIN LOBBY OF USBANK BUILDING - MORNING

A bank employee is unlocking the President's office. He then hollers the length of the fancy foyer.

BANK EMPLOYEE

You want your keys, Mr. Wahlstrom?
Or should I leave them on the desk?

MR. WAHLSTROM

(hollers back after
smiling uncomfortably at
his guests over this
breach of decorum)

Just leave them on the desk, Brian.

(to his guests)

Sorry. To be honest with you, I
thought this was going to be a gag,
especially on a day we're closed,
but you do look like the robot on
the news last night.

KROUTON

He looks like me. Just ask these
men. Show them your credentials,
Boys.

HANSON

(he and Nelson hand over
their Army IDs)

It's true, sir. We have been
assigned to be with the alien
around the clock.

KROUTON

(reacting to the word
"alien")

Pleeease.

MR. WAHLSTROM

Believe me, I'd like to be the one
to help you out with a loan Mr.
Krouton, but given the sum...

(MORE)

MR. WAHLSTROM (CONT'D)
tell me, what on Earth could you
give me as collateral?

KROUTON
Ever owned a flying saucer?

MR. WAHLSTROM
I'll draw up the paperwork!

He leaves in a hurry.

KROUTON
I'd like to see him try and take
it.

Nelson and Hanson look at each other and offer forced, silent
laughter.

INT. ARMY VEHICLE - MORNING

KROUTON
(brandishing his new
charge card)
Well Boys, I'm one-for-one. I got
the bank loan. I'll have an agent
before the day's over. Then I'm on
my way.

NELSON
Way where?

KROUTON
Immortality. The next order of
business, however, is a new car,
and new clothes. You, too. The army
is really cramping my style.

HANSON
The Colonel won't go for it.

KROUTON
We'll see about that.

INT. CALIFORNIA GOVERNMENT BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

REPORTER #1
Mr. Secretary, a flying saucer,
from outer space- definitive proof
of life on other planets- and not
just algae, mind you- but a man-
has landed on Earth.

(MORE)

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)
And you won't you tell us what you know? I ask you: is that fair?

THE NEWS MEDIA
Yeah, yeah.

SECRETARY MULLINS
Life isn't always fair, now is it?

The Secretary points to REPORTER #2.

REPORTER #2
Can you tell us where he is staying?

The Secretary points to REPORTER #3

REPORTER #3
You're acting like Krouton just belonged to you. He belongs to us, too. And to the whole world.

SECRETARY MULLINS
I appreciate that. We're checking out his story ladies and gentlemen. Don't worry, the United States will keep the governments of the world- and you- appraised of any hard news when it is safe to do so.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD
Do you have a picture of this Krouton?

SECRETARY MULLINS
We didn't take any mug shots of him, if that's what you mean. People, this man is a guest on our planet. I don't want you hounding him like you do everyone else.

A SECOND VOICE
What about freedom of the press?

THE NEWS MEDIA
(perturbed)
Yeah, yeah.

A THIRD VOICE
The people have a right to know!

THE NEWS MEDIA
(really perturbed)
Yeah, yeah!

SECRETARY MULLINS

The people. Listen, it's the people we're looking out for. Trust me, the man is not camera shy. We at the Defense Department would just like to get to know him a little better before we allow the media to give him a platform. Unlike you, we can't afford to let every nut have his say.

THIRD VOICE

Can we quote you as saying that Krouton is a nut?

SECRETARY MULLINS

That's it right there! That is exactly why you and your friends in the media will have to hold your journalistic horses.

MURMURING and one, loud WHINNYING SOUND comes from the crowd of reporters.

EXT. FANCY LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT - DAY

A black Lincoln Town Car pulls up to the curb. Nelson and Hanson get out, looking every bit the part of Secret Service, complete with dark suits and their soon-to-be trademark sunglasses. Nelson opens the door for a very dapper Krouton (who will wearing shades until the night he sneaks out with Jimmy) while Hanson walks ahead, casing Krouton's route. Their new image has made all the difference in Hanson and Nelson's attitude and loyalty.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Krouton and talent agent MARTY FULTON eat lunch and talk business while Hanson and Nelson sit rigid except for their heads, which are slowly surveying the restaurant.

MARTY FULTON

So, Krouton, how did you come to call me out of all the agents in town? Did somebody drop you my name or something?

KROUTON

Your web site came up first in the Google search.

MARTY

Oh. As a mega-star back home,
surely you had an agent, a manager,
a publicist- the whole works. Why
did you come alone?

KROUTON

I wanted the challenge of starting
from scratch again. Just me, my
guitar, and my songs.

They are interrupted by a couple two tables over when the
husband raises his sloshed voice.

HUSBAND

Oh! I'm not supposed to believe
that we landed on the Moon, but I
am supposed to believe that a
spaceman landed in my back yard!

WIFE

Lower your voice Lyles. It's all
over the news.

HUSBAND

So was the Loon manding.

WIFE

Moon landing. Eat your quiche.

MARTY

(chuckling)

Speaking of songs, we're going to
need a demo; did you bring one of
your CDs?

KROUTON

On Tarshish, we advanced beyond
compact disks. Unfortunately, you
don't have the equipment necessary
to play our medium.

MARTY

You didn't bring the equipment?
There isn't a player in the
dashboard of your spaceship or
something?

KROUTON

No, there isn't.

MARTY

Great.

A COUPLE walk by and slow to a snail's pace to get a good look at Krouton. When Hanson and Nelson start to rise, they scurry on their way. Marty dials his cell phone.

MARTY

(continued)

No matter, I think people would pay to listen to you cough.

(into the phone)

Marge? Draw up a standard contract. We'll be there in thirty minutes.

(to Hanson and Nelson)

Aren't you guys going to eat anything?

Hanson and Nelson turn their heads slowly in unison to face Marty. They just glare.

INT. TALENT AGENT MARTY FULTON'S OFFICE

Marty is behind his desk, filling in blanks on Krouton's contract. Krouton is seated on a couch, flipping through Marty's portfolio.

MARTY

I'm good friends with the head of a label called IdolMaker. Sure wish you had a demo; it's gonna take a real sales job to get him to sit still for a...

KROUTON

What is this?

MARTY

That's my book. Those are the other clients I represent.

Krouton has stopped at Laura Jameson's picture.

MARTY

(continued)

You like her?

KROUTON

Very nice.

MARTY

She's paying her dues now, but that girl's got a bright future ahead of her.

KROUTON
She's got a bright future with *me*.

MARTY
Is that so? I'll introduce you to
her.

INT. LOS ANGELES RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

DAN WEAVER
Okay girls, I think that's a wrap.
Can you leave tomorrow open just in
case?

LAURA AND THE TWO OTHER VOCALISTS
Sure/Yeah/Okay.

A telephone rings (O. S.).

TECHNICIAN
(O. S.)
Laura! It's for you.

Laura goes into a room adjoining the sound stage to take the
call. Jimmy is waiting in there, playing on an iPad.

LAURA
Thanks Davion. Hello?
(beat)
Hello Marty.
(beat)
What am I doing tonight? You're
married, that's what I'm doing
tonight. Have you got work?
(beat)
Very funny Marty. I've heard that
one twice already today.
(to Jimmy)
The spaceman wants to take me to
dinner.

JIMMY
Can I come?

MARTY
(on the phone in his
office)
I'm telling you, he wants to record
music here and he wants to meet
you. He saw your picture in my
office.

LAURA

I probably remind him of his sister, right? No, the last alien you set me up with was all tentacles.

(beat)

Tentacles, Martin!

(sighs)

Tell him if he's hungry, he can have goulash at the house with Jimmy and me.

JIMMY

He's coming to the house?

LAURA

No, he's not coming to the house.

MARTY

Okay, I'll tell him to come over about 6:30. He'll be the one escorted by two Secret Servicemen.

LAURA

That's fine.

(like she is hollering to someone far away)

Call back when you've got some work.

She hangs up, looks at Jimmy, and rolls her eyes.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - LA - EVENING

Truett Mullins is standing at the workstation of one of the employees tracking Krouton, coat in hand, on the way "home."

SECRETARY MULLINS

Our boy gets around, doesn't he?
Where's this?

WORKER

Residential neighborhood in Burbank. Not far from the Disney Studios. Also Warner Brothers.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Alright. Well, give me a call if anything interesting comes up.

INT. DINING ROOM - JAMESON HOME - EVENING

Laura and Jimmy are eating at the kitchen table.

LAURA
You can sleep at Sammy's house as
long as Mr. and Mrs. Wood are
there. You know that.

There is a knock at the door. The Jameson's dog EZEKIEL
starts BARKING and goes to the door. Laura follows.

LAURA
Here's one of your football buddies
now.

Laura peers through the peep hole first.

LAURA
(continued)
It's a man.

She latches the chain and unlocks the door.

LAURA
(to the dog)
Get back Zeke.
(opening the door)
Hello?

KROUTON
(with flowers)
I believe you have some goulash for
me.

EZEKIEL
Ruff, ruff!

LAURA
What?

EZEKIEL
Ruff.

LAURA
Ezekiel, hush!

KROUTON
Marty sent me.

Krouton holds up flowers. Hanson and Nelson, who have been
out of view until now, step forward. Laura GASPS.

INT. DINING ROOM - JAMESON HOME

Laura, Jimmy, and Krouton are all at the breakfast table. Krouton is eating, Jimmy is staring, wide-eyed at him, and Laura is trying to hold a conversation while keeping an eye on Hanson and Nelson, who are perusing the living room.

KROUTON

Goulash is not too bad.
Interesting spices. Where did you
say you learned to make this?

Ezekiel sniffs Krouton and GROWLS.

LAURA

My hometown- Round Rock, Texas.
Texas is one of the 50 states in
our nation.
(to Jimmy)
Jimmy, put Zeke outside.

KROUTON

You don't have to tell me about
Texas. Yeeee-haw!

LAURA

Well Partner, Marty Fulton has been
known to pull some pretty elaborate
jokes. I wouldn't put it past him
to...

JIMMY

(with the dog, from behind
Krouton, mouths the
words)
He looks just like the robot!

LAURA

I know.
(to Nelson, who is
examining a vase)
Would you mind putting that down?
My grandmother gave that to me.
Thanks.

KROUTON

Actually, the robot looks just like
me. I'd like you to help me look
for a place to stay tomorrow
afternoon. I'm not spending another
night in an Army bunk.

LAURA
Look Krouton. It's been real nice
meeting you. I think you've made
Jimmy's decade, but I don't...

No sooner does Jimmy sit back down than he jumps up from the
table and runs around the corner. This puts Hanson and
Nelson on alert. Jimmy motions for his mother to join him.

LAURA
(to Krouton)
Just a minute.

Laura follows Jimmy into the kitchen.

LAURA
What is wrong with you?

JIMMY
You aren't going to turn him down
are you?

LAURA
Of course I am.

JIMMY
Aren't you always telling me I
should branch out, try different
things. *This* is different.

Laura starts to object, but can't argue with the point.

EXT. IDOLMAKER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. HALLWAY - IDOLMAKER'S OFFICE BUILDING

Nelson, Hanson, Krouton (with his guitar) and agent Marty
Fulton are outside the door of record producer STEVE MAXWELL.

MARTY
Remember what I said.

KROUTON
Wait in the reception area while
you two talk first.

MARTY
That's right. Let me sell him a
little first before he hears you.

Marty enters, then Nelson and Hanson, then Krouton.

INT. RECORD PRODUCER STEVE MAXWELL'S RECEPTION AREA

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Mr. Fulton. Mr.
Maxwell is waiting for you.

Marty leaves, directing Krouton to the waiting area. Krouton glances at the RECEPTIONIST, directs Nelson and Hanson, sits, then looks through a stack of magazines, rejecting *Newsweek*, *National Geographic*, and *Smithsonian*, in favor of *GQ*.

INT. STEVE MAXWELL'S OFFICE

STEVE MAXWELL

I don't care how big he is on Alpha
Centauri, Marty; this is America.

MARTY

I'm telling you Steve, it won't
matter if he plays the spoons and
yodels, people are going to flock
to see the *spaceman*.

STEVE

Sure, but for how long? If we don't
sell CDs, we don't make money.

MARTY

And if kids don't stream, you
scream- I get that. Just give him a
chance.

STEVE

I'm not running a freak show here.

MARTY

Listen to him. Three songs.

STEVE

Three songs?

MARTY

Three songs.

STEVE

Okay. But if this is a no-talent
freak, the only thing you'll get
from me is a one-way ticket to the
circus.

MARTY

Deal.

INT. STEVE MAXWELL'S RECEPTION AREA

Marty bolts through the door. Krouton is now sitting on the corner of the receptionist's desk, flirting with her.

MARTY

Come on, come on! We've got a shot.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

We look on with Steve and Marty as Krouton is finishing up his final SONG on his electric guitar.

MARTY

(clapping)

Bravo, bravo.

STEVE

(gives Marty a perturbed look, then addresses Krouton)

Okay, I'll be real frank with you... Cretin, is it?

MARTY

Krouton.

STEVE

Your voice is tolerable. Your guitar playing is... tolerable. Your "dancing" is intolerable. Your material, however, is extraordinary. Any more songs where those came from?

KROUTON

About ten years worth.

STEVE

Have you considered sticking to songwriting? That's really your strength. I would be willing to buy...

KROUTON

Nobody is going to record these songs except me.

STEVE

Listen buddy, five percent of a million is still better than 100 percent of...

KROUTON

Nobody!

Marty steps in before Steve starts swinging.

MARTY

Excuse us a moment, Krouton, while we discuss this a little more.

Marty takes Steve aside.

STEVE

It's the circus, Marty; he's a Bozo DE-luxe!

MARTY

He may be a little rough around the edges Steve, but look again. Surround this guy with the best band and the best background singers, get Frank to produce it, let him be the draw, and the songs will sell themselves.

Steve contemplates for a second, chomps down on his cigar, then returns to Krouton without responding to Marty.

STEVE

Coupon...

KROUTON

Krouton!

STEVE

I'll handle everything. I'll push for the soonest possible recording and a quick release date. We'll make the most of your novelty as a spaceman.

MARTY

You'll have the hottest band and singers.

STEVE

Right. So what are you guys going to call yourselves?

KROUTON

It's not us *guys*; it's me. I am going by my name; *They* are the band.

STEVE
Oookay. So what name? Crouton what?

KROUTON
Just Krouton.

STEVE
That's like Bacon Bits. No. No
salad toppings.

Krouton starts for the door.

MARTY
(blocking Krouton's exit)
Trust Steve, Krouton. He knows his
business. How about something
futuristic, like Johnny Lightyear?
That's catchy, huh?

KROUTON
My name, my one name, is going to
be famous. Jesus, Elvis, Krouton!

INT. KROUTON'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jimmy is in the front seat between Hanson and Nelson. Laura
is in the back seat beside Krouton, who is beside a REAL
ESTATE AGENT. They are driving through a Beverly Hills
neighborhood en route to a prospective rental property.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
The roof is only seven years old.
Did you notice the covered rain
gutters? It only...

LAURA
Pardon my curiosity Krouton, but
how are you going to pay for a
Beverly Hills address? Did you
bring diamonds or gold- something
to barter with?

KROUTON
I secured a loan.

LAURA
A loan? Like from the government?

KROUTON
I got a bank loan yesterday
morning, an agent by noon, a
girlfriend over dinner, a record
con...

LAURA

Whooooa right there! What do you mean you got a girlfriend over dinner?

KROUTON

You didn't let me finish. I got a record contract this morning. We are selecting a residence. You and your son can move in. I want you to sing back-up on my CD. Then, we'll start touring...

LAURA

(sucking for air)

Wha-hah!

(to the real estate agent)

You're a witness to this!

The real estate agent has quickly transitioned from sales automaton to confused professional to concerned citizen to panicky individual.

LAURA

(to Nelson, who is driving)

Stop this car right now and let my boy and me out!

Jimmy has turned around and is on his knees glaring over his seat at Krouton. Hanson is turned, poised to grab him.

LAURA

(continued)

I've seen some fast movers in my time Buddy, but you take the cake.

KROUTON

What did I do?

LAURA

You got the wrong idea about Earth girls somewhere- okay, maybe not all of them- I'm not anybody's girlfriend. And I'm not moving in with any...

KROUTON

I've upset you. I didn't mean anything. If you don't want to be my girlfriend, that's fine. You'll still sing back-up for me though, yes?

Laura, trying to regain her breath, is speechless.

KROUTON
I'll talk to Marty about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Only we don't know it's a furniture store- we only see Krouton and Laura talking on a couch.

LAURA
I'll admit I overreacted. You seem like a typical American male, so I assumed you knew exactly what you were doing.

KROUTON
I'd like another chance if you'll give me one.

LAURA
Well... sure. I wouldn't be much of a Christian, I guess, if I didn't. I'll bet Jimmy will give you one too- won't you Jimmy? Jimmy?

The CAMERA PULLS OUT to show Jimmy on the same couch playing on a new hand-held gaming console. The box and wrapper are on the floor beside him. On the floor beside Laura is a shopping bag.

JIMMY
Oh, yeah. Yeah, sure.

The CAMERA PULLS OUT MORE to reveal Hanson standing next to Jimmy, holding a stick of cotton candy. Jimmy reaches without looking to get some cotton candy from Hanson, who extends it to him. The CAMERA PULLS OUT EVEN MORE to reveal that they are on the showroom of a furniture store.

KROUTON
Great. Now that that's all settled, help me pick out some furniture.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAMESON HOME - NIGHT

Hanson and Nelson watching Jerry Lewis. Lewis goes into a funny schtick routine. They are glued to the TV, but don't crack a smile.

Laura, Jimmy, and Krouton are at the dining room table playing *Scrabble*, snacking, LAUGHING, and having a big time together on a Saturday night.

LAURA

...and so my dad goes into his war veteran routine and tells the poor guy, "You're starting to look a whole lot like a Viet Cong to me Charlie."

Everyone BREAKS UP, Jimmy more because he is caught up in the others' hilarity than he does because he gets the humor.

LAURA

While Dad makes like he's going for a gun, my date runs out the door and down the street. His car sat in front of our house for two weeks before he had the nerve to come get it.

More LAUGHING.

LAURA

Needless to say, he never called on me again.

JIMMY

That's a good one. Your turn Krouton.

There are only two words on the board: RAT (from left to right, with the T on the middle square) and TEAR. It is now Krouton's first play. He has the letters "I, I, Z, M, O, F, A."

Krouton lays all his letters down, in the same order as on his tray, playing left to right off of Laura's "R."

KROUTON

There. How many points do I get for that?

JIMMY

You don't get any points silly; you have to make a word.

KROUTON

It is a word; it's a Tarshite word-from my language.

LAURA

Oh yeah, does it mean?

JIMMY

You aren't allowed to use foreign words.

KROUTON

It's not foreign to me. Riizmofa. It's kind of like your milk shake, but with hair.

LAUGHS combined with GROSSED OUT SOUNDS.

JIMMY

That's 18, 19... 22 points for the word, and you're on a double word score square. Plus, you get 50 more points for using all of your letters.

LAURA

Ninety-four points. Very convenient. I've got four.

JIMMY

My turn.

Adding to the "A," Jimmy proceeds to lay down "O, G, R, W, A, K, A. When he's done he looks up and heads off his mother's challenge.

JIMMY

It's another Tarshite word.

LAURA

Jimmy.

KROUTON

No, he's right. Ograwaka. It's a kind of strainer. For milk shakes with hair.

Everybody LAUGHS again. Hanson and Nelson take a break from the movie long enough to perk up and try to hear what all the laughter is about.

INT. KITCHEN

Laura is getting a glass of water. Jimmy hurries in.

JIMMY

Mom! I think Krouton really likes you.

LAURA
I know he likes me.

JIMMY
Are you going see him again?

LAURA
That depends. I'm fixing to give him the big test.

JIMMY
What are you going to do?

LAURA
Just watch.

She walks back to the dining room with the water. Jimmy is right behind her. Hanson and Nelson wander in about that time with an empty bowl and glasses.

LAURA
Krouton, we've had a lot of fun,
but Jimmy and I should call it a
night; we've got church in the
morning.
(beat)
You wouldn't want to come with us
would you?

KROUTON
Thanks, but no thanks.

LAURA
(taking a couple of steps
closer to him)
Awww, that's too bad.

KROUTON
What difference does it make?

LAURA
Oh, I couldn't possibly have a
relationship anybody who didn't go
to church.

KROUTON
(looking sick)
Well... if that's how it is.
Alright.

LAURA
Good. We'll pick you up about 9:45.

KROUTON

9:45? Ah, I think I'm supposed to meet my publicist in the morning.

LAURA

On a Sunday? Stink. Just when we were getting to know each other.

KROUTON

Fine, 9:45, but we'll pick you up. What is proper attire?

LAURA

Anything's fine, really. I dress up, though.

(referring to Hanson and Nelson)

I'm sure these boys will dress up, won't you?

HANSON

(annoyed that she would even ask)

Of course.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK LANDING SITE - NIGHT

FOUR YOUTHS are standing before Tim the robot at a distance. One is filming the other three trying to get a rise out of the robot (two verbally and one doing the Elvis lip thing). TWO SOLDIERS guard the robot, one on either side, but do not interfere.

YOUTH #1

Thank you very much.

(beat)

Thank you very much. Come on, say it you dork.

YOUTH #2

Thank you very much.

(beat)

Nothing.

YOUTH #1

Thank you very much.

(beat, then to neither soldier in particular)

Does he ever say anything to you guys?

Only smiles.

I wonder what would happen if I
bounced this off his head.

YOUTH #3

The video of your death would get
millions of YouTube hits.

YOUTH #2

You're lame, robot. Lame! We are
not coming back here anymore.

The youths leave. Once they are out of earshot, the
experienced soldiers look at each other, wait for it, then
point up- without looking- in unison at Tim.

TIM THE ROBOT

Thank you very much.

INT. JAMESON CAR - MORNING

Nelson is driving with Hanson riding shotgun. Krouton and the
Jamesons are in the back.

KROUTON

(to himself mostly)

Krouton. Going to church on Earth.

JIMMY

Do they have churches on your
planet? I mean, people worship God,
right?

KROUTON

Right.

JIMMY

Are you a Christian?

LAURA

Jiiimyyyyyy.

KROUTON

You could call it that. Churches
didn't dare meet out in the open,
though.

LAURA

Why not? Was an underground church?

KROUTON

Literally. Oh, now and then one would venture to pop up somewhere with a "message from God." The authorities would go after them. Just as soon as that one was silenced, another one would pop up somewhere else. It was endless. Kind of like your Whack-a-Mole game.

IN-DASH GPS NAVIGATOR

In 1,000 feet, your destination will be on the right.

EXT./INT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - MORNING

Krouton is now wearing sunglasses in addition to Hanson and Nelson. He almost hides behind Laura on the way in the building. ONE MALE AND ONE FEMALE GREETER at the door recognize and GREET the Jamesons right off. They and ANOTHER MALE GREETER turn their attention to the men.

MALE GREETER

Are these Friends with you?

LAURA

Yep.

He and the other two greet, Krouton, Hanson, and Nelson like long-lost friends.

NELSON

Do we know these people?

KROUTON

You told them I was coming!

LAURA

Nope and nope. You guys are in for quite a few surprises.

The Jamesons attend a lively multi-cultural church with worship led by a handful of SINGERS and a BAND. Everybody in the CONGREGATION is genuinely friendly. The building itself is more contemporary than religious, except for a cross prominently featured on the wall at the back of the platform. Krouton has a hard time not staring at the cross, although it has a Dracula-like effect on him.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY

The SONG SERVICE is underway. Auditorium lights are out and spotlights are on the singers. Words to the songs are projected on a screen on each side of the platform. From left to right on their row, the order is: Hanson, Krouton, Laura, Jimmy, Nelson, and OTHERS. Everyone in the congregation is standing; many are CLAPPING and/or moving with the beat. A few have their hands lifted.

LAURA

(to Krouton)

If you would spit your gum out, you
could sing with us.

KROUTON

I can't read the words.

LAURA

You can so read English.

KROUTON

Yes, but it's an optical phenomenon
peculiar to our people- we are
unable see projected images.

LAURA

Is that so? Can you hum?

Laura looks Jimmy's way and sees Nelson getting heaving into worship. She nudges Jimmy and directs his attention that way. Then together they look to the other end to see Hanson getting heavy into it.

Sermon time. The MINISTER is animated, moving and gesturing as he speaks. Members of the congregation RESPOND after many lines of the minister's sermon with a modest chorus of "Amen," "Uh-huhs," "Alrights," and "Tell its."

MINISTER

If I might be so bold as to
paraphrase the psalmist, "Lord,
where can I flee to escape your
omnipresence? What hideout is there
that your Spirit is not already
there? If I make my bed in some
dive, your hand will still guide
me. If I lurk in some underwater
cave with the eels, even the dark
there will be as light to you.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

If I stowed away on a space ship
bound for Mars and crouched behind
a rock, you, Almighty God, will be
there waiting for me with the
question, "Whatchu doin' here?"

KROUTON

(to Laura)

Where's the bathroom?

LAURA

Back that way.

Krouton quickly exits down the row and up the aisle. Laura's eyes follow him for a few seconds, and then return to the preacher. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Krouton as he passes through the auditorium's back door. He is so unnerved by the preacher's message that he does not hear the him as he continues.

MINISTER

(O. S.)

Friends, don't you know that it's
vain to try and run from the Lord?
Do you enjoy beating your head
against a stump?

INT. CHURCH MEN'S ROOM

Krouton bolts through the door, finds the sink, looks into the mirror, and washes his sweaty face.

KROUTON

I'm not going through this again.

As Krouton catches his breath, he eventually realizes that sound of the preacher's SERMON is being piped into the bathroom.

MINISTER

(filtered)

C'mon People! Turn in your running
shoes. They've only ever given your
heart callouses and blisters. God's
arms of mercy are stretched out to
you, even now. If you keep on
snubbing the mercy of God, you will
eventually run smack into His
Justice. And trust me Children, you
do not want to do that.

KROUTON
 (uttering a muffled,
 throaty scream))
 Aaaaaaaargh!

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - NOON

The church crowd streams out after the service's conclusion.

EXT: RESTAURANT VERANDA - HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

Laura, Krouton, Jimmy, Nelson and Hanson are eating lunch outside after service.

JIMMY
 Hey Krouton, what did you think of
 our church?

KROUTON
 (acting like he is really
 pondering)
 That was the best service I've been
 to in a long, long time. In fact, I
 can't remember a better church
 service.

LAURA
 Is that why you looked sick the
 whole time?

KROUTON
 (scolding)
 Laura. That's not so. The people
 were all really... friendly. And
 the mole- I mean the preacher- was
 really....uh...loud.
 (under his breath)
 Whack!

JIMMY
 How'd you like the singers on the
 stage?

KROUTON
 Not bad. They could use some more
 voices. Why aren't you in it Laura?

JIMMY
 She is. Most the time.

LAURA

Half the time. That means if you come back next week, you can hear me sing.

KROUTON

Greeeat.

Krouton immediately and silently signals to Hanson and Nelson, who are across the table, his intentions to not come back. They exchange puzzled glances.

INT. DINING ROOM - JAMESON HOME - DAY

Laura and Jimmy are coming in the door after church and lunch.

LAURA

He still wants to see me again.

JIMMY

Are you going to?

LAURA

I guess I am.

(beat)

Krouton wants me to sing backup on his CD and on the tour. Can you believe that? Me, Laura Jameson, recording a CD.

JIMMY

So, is it okay to tell my friends that my mother is officially dating the alien?

LAURA

(amused)

Yeah, I guess so.

JIMMY

Yay!

Jimmy takes off running up to his room.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - JAMESON HOME

We see Jimmy reaching the top of the stairs, running into his room, and leaping on top of the bed. The lights are off with the blinds closed. Jimmy looks up at the ceiling that is studded with glow-in-the-dark stars. The MUSIC of *Wouldn't It Be Lovely* from *My Fair Lady* begins.

JIMMY

(out loud)

Wouldn't that be something if
Krouton actually wound up being my
stepfather.

(singing in his mind)

*All I want is a dad at home.
Doesn't matter where he comes from.
Just so. ..*

(out loud)

*he's not a bum.
Oh, wouldn't it be fatherly?*

Mama's had her some foreign bows.

(looking up at the stars)

None as foreign as this, God knows.

(shrugging)

*One head, two eyes, ten toes.
Oh, wouldn't it be fatherly?*

*No more having to go on Scouting
trips with stand-in pops.*

*That's be-cause I'd have my own!
Here's hoping he's the tops.*

*He could give me some dating tips,
Take me to ball games on business
trips,*

Teach me to drive... space ships!

Oh, wouldn't it be fatherly?

(swinging back-and-forth
on bedpost, alternating
between baritone and
alto)

*Fatherly, fatherly, fatherly,
fatherly.*

INT. LOS ANGELES RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Krouton, BAND MEMBERS, BACKUP SINGERS, and producer FRANK FOSTER begin rehearsals for Krouton's CD. We catch the tail end of a song. The lead guitarists ends it with a FUNKY, IMPROMPTU RIFF that CRACKS everybody but Krouton up.

FRANK FOSTER

*Awesome, babies, awesome! Anybody
would think you've been working
together for months. No, years!*

A couple of band members give each other a "thumbs up" sign, Laura and the other two background singers exchange "high fives."

KROUTON

More bass. The chorus is supposed to have more bass.

FRANK

Okay. We can try it that way. Just chill.

KROUTON

And the drums are too, too prominent.

FRANK

(to everyone else)

Take five gang. . . and remember- NO ONE outside this room is to know.

Several band members join Frank saying the "No one!" part. Frank walks over to Krouton to speak to him privately.

FRANK

(continued)

Listen, Krouton, it's great that you've got a vision for your music, but Steve did hire me for a reason, okay? Let's work together.

KROUTON

Okay. I'll try to relax.

FRANK

Now, I'm hearing a lot about what you don't want, but can you try to articulate exactly what you do want? Like, what did you have in mind for the drums? Less beat fills and more brush, or what?

KROUTON

Ah... well... It's... Whatever you decide!

Krouton walks off leaving the befuddled producer scratching his head.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - IDOLMAKER RECORDS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Krouton, Marty Fulton, Steve Maxwell, and DALTON NEEDLES, the Director of Marketing for IdolMaker, are deciding on a marketing strategy for Krouton's CD, *Made In My Own Image*. Advertising Account Executives KEN WOOD and REBEKAH GREY are making the presentations.

REBEKAH GREY

This approach ties into the graphic scheme used by Krouton in his original video. It also plays on his universal reputation. We're pushing Krouton as a proven talent.

Krouton, bored, is twiddling his thumbs.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nelson and Hanson are engaged in a Thumb Wrestling match. Hanson wins, then basks in his victory.

NELSON

Okay, best 25 out of 49.

Back inside.

REBEKAH GREY

(continuing)

He's sold more recordings than Elvis and the Beatles put together.

(to Krouton)

How many did you say?

KROUTON

2.1 trillion.

Several look at each other and mouth, "trillion?"

STEVE MAXWELL

Yeah, and two trillion Ewoks can't be wrong, is that it?

KEN WOOD

It also plays on Krouton's good looks. It draws attention to...

STEVE

Everybody's good looking! We've got an alien that doesn't look like an alien- that's the problem!

KROUTON

Maybe you'd like it better if I had horns.

STEVE

Well...

MARTY FULTON

Has anybody ever had plastic surgery to make themselves look worse?

STEVE

Not on purpose.

KROUTON

Why doesn't anyone ask me? I've thought this through already. My identity is a secret. I've kept it that way on purpose. The public doesn't know what I look like.

MARTY

(getting the idea)

Yeah, and they're dying to find out.

STEVE

(playing off of Marty)

And we won't show them until they shell out some bucks. His picture will only be in the CD liner notes- not the advanced copies, though. We'll wrap the CDs themselves in brown paper.

REBEKAH GREY

Until then, we run ads, much like this one, but with a blank face.

KEN

(framing his face with his hands)

Or a big question mark right here.

MARTY

Krouton. What does he look like; what does he sound like?

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)
Four weeks until his identity is
revealed. Two weeks until his
identity is revealed.

STEVE
That's it! Work it up Dalton;
you've got two days!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - IDOLMAKER RECORDS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Krouton's BACKUP SINGERS are trying on their skimpy futuristic costumes for the upcoming concert tour and checking themselves out in the mirror. Everyone seems to approve except Laura. She tries in vain to make the top cover more of her breasts.

BACK-UP SINGER
What's the matter, honey?

LAURA
Where's the rest of it?

Her fellow singer just LAUGHS it off like Laura is joking.

INT. MEETING ROOM - IDOLMAKER RECORDS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A ROWDY staff of about 30 PEOPLE are waiting for Steve to begin their meeting. A sheet veils a large poster at the front of the room. It is an enlargement of *Spotify's* Weekly Top Albums chart. Krouton's CD will be highlighted for emphasis at #24. Steve arrives to CATCALLS.

STEVE
Alright, alright. As you all know,
Krouton's *Made In My Own Image*
debuted this week. Heavy pre-sale
orders have put us on the map,
Children.

A VOICE IN THE CROWD
Did you buy those all yourself,
Steve?

The crowd ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

STEVE
Very funny, very funny.
(beat)
Yes.

MORE LAUGHTER.

STEVE

All right, let's see where we rate.

He unveils the poster. The crowd GOES WILD.

STEVE

(yelling over the noise)

You know what that means, don't you?

THE CROWD

(chanting in unison)

Free lunch! Free lunch! Free lunch!

INT. KROUTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hanson's cellphone RINGS.

HANSON

Hello.

(beat)

Yessir, Just a moment, sir.

Hanson hands the phone to Krouton.

KROUTON

(puts it to his ear but
doesn't think to say
anything- finally...)

Hello!

SECRETARY MULLINS

(on the phone in his
office)

Mr. Krouton, I'm so glad you're
having a grand time here in
America. But we do wish you would
give your friends at the Pentagon a
call now and then.

KROUTON

I've been a little busy.

SECRETARY MULLINS

We appreciate that. But I can't
help but remember our little deal-
we'd grant you a measure of freedom
and in return, you would share a
little of your cosmic know-how. Can
we still count on your support?

KROUTON

I'd rather concentrate on my singing career right now if you don't mind.

SECRETARY MULLINS

That's just it- we do mind. It is also one of the conditions of your getting to sing here. By the way, I got my hands on an advanced copy of your CD for my kid. It's all he plays.

KROUTON

Wonderful. Make the arrangements with Nelson.

Krouton slings the phone at Nelson, and it lands in his cereal bowl.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

INSERT:

A prominent sign is posted outside the entrance that reads, "Absolutely NO photography of ANY kind is permitted!" AN ATTENDANT at one end of a long table filled with cameras and phones is taking them from an OFFICER who takes them from PEOPLE at the door.

Inside, on stage, Krouton, wearing sunglasses, is seated at a table with Nelson and Hanson on either side. In the seats facing them are SCIENTISTS OF MANY NATIONALITIES. Krouton's cooperation is sparing.

MODERATOR

The University of California at San Diego would like to thank Krouton for graciously meeting with us and welcomes all who have joined us for this historic opportunity, to say the least. I am sure everyone here is just as excited as we are.

At this statement, Krouton blows a big bubble with his gum.

The first question will be from Dr. Bonitez of Argentina.

DR. BONITEZ

(standing at a lone microphone)

Thank you. Mr. Krouton.

KROUTON
Just Krouton.

DR. BONITEZ
Krouton. What is this most remarkable substance that your spaceship is made of? We have tested it again and again- I hope that's okay.

KROUTON
I guess. I wouldn't try forcing the door, though.

DR. BONITEZ
Of course. What then is the vessel's composition?

KROUTON
We call it Timtromene. Robot's made of the same stuff. That's why he's "Tim."

MODERATOR
Can you explain Timtromene?

KROUTON
Um, fine. It's actually an alloy composed primarily of the transition metal, which, if you had discovered it, would be element 131 on your Periodic Table. An unusual kind of atomic bond gives it incredible strength and heat resistance.

DR. BONITEZ
No please, seriously.

KROUTON
Seriously, I don't know. I'm a singing sensation, not a scientist.

MODERATOR
Then how did you make such an incredible machine?

KROUTON
Make it? I just drove it off the lot like everyone else.

A photographic flash goes off in the audience. Krouton only has to turn his head that direction for Nelson and Hanson to take off after the perpetrator.

MODERATOR
Er, uh...Dr. Ownbey from Great Britain.

Dr. Ownbey comes to the mic, but has to dodge Hanson, who is headed up the aisle after the photographer.

DR. OWNBEY
(distracted by the sounds of a struggle O.S.)
Do you know, then, what the power is that propels your ship?

KROUTON
I think it's a plasma something or other.

DR. OWNBEY
Er. . . thank you.

MODERATOR
I believe that Dr. Schulz is next, via satellite, from Germany

DR. SCHULTZ
(in fish-eye lens close-up on a huge screen above Krouton)
Have you found that moral advancements in your society have kept pace with scientific advancements? Can we look forward to a more enlightened future?

KROUTON
What kind of advancements?

DR. SCHULTZ
Moral advancements.

KROUTON
I don't know. I mean, just take a look at me.

LIGHT GRUMBLING, except for one loud, abbreviated "HA!"

MODERATOR
Dr. Fao Chee from China.

DR. FAO CHEE speaks to his translator through a mask and a shield.

TRANSLATOR

Mr. Krouton. How successful have the people of your planet been in finding cures for diseases?

KROUTON

More successful than you. But then we have more diseases. That's the crazy thing- soon as science stamps one out, three more crop up.

A FEW AUDIENCE MEMBERS begin heading up the aisles towards the exit.

MODERATOR

Dr. Peveiznik from the Ukraine

DR. PEVEIZNIK

Has your planet found a solution to war and aggression?

KROUTON

All the planets of the Tarshish system agreed that advanced weapons were a bad idea, so we made a pact to destroy the ones we had and to quit manufacturing any more. We also came up with a way to police ourselves that works.

There is a CHATTERING OF APPROVAL among the audience. Those on the way out stop. Finally, some hope.

DR. PEVEIZNIK

So all aggression has ceased?

KROUTON

Oh, hell no. We still have clubs and pointed sticks. Wars take forever.

There is a COLLECTIVE GROAN from the audience. More get up.

MODERATOR

Dr. Argenbright from the United States.

DR. ARGENBRIGHT

You didn't happen to bring any copies of your album for purchase, did you?

KROUTON

Finally, a man after my own heart.

(produces a black
briefcase from under the
table)

I have signed copies for each of
you. Take them back to your own
country and share them with radio
stations.

Scientists flock to the front as the moderator tries in vain
to restrain them.

INT. DINING ROOM - JAMESON HOME - NIGHT

Jimmy and Krouton are playing the board game *Clue*. Meanwhile
Hanson and Nelson are in the living room eating popcorn and
watching the scene from the *The Day the Earth Stood Still*
where Klaatu and Bobby are sightseeing.

JIMMY

Who do you think did it? Miss
Peacock or Professor Plum?

KROUTON

Doctor Dipstick. I don't know, and
I don't care. Isn't your mother
supposed to be home by now?

JIMMY

11:00. You knew that.

KROUTON

I can't believe I agreed to
babysit.

JIMMY

I'm not a baby. You're just keeping
me company, that's all.

KROUTON

Do you have anything else to eat
around here?

JIMMY

I think there's some chips, Cookies
maybe.

KROUTON

I'm talking about real food.

JIMMY

Not really.

KROUTON
Let's get out of here then.

JIMMY
But, but...

KROUTON
(puts his finger to his
lips, tilts his head
towards the living room,
and leads Jimmy upstairs)
Don't get worked up; we can make it
back by eleven.

Krouton pushes a button in his watch, removes the ankle
bracelet, and tosses it on Jimmy's bed.

JIMMY
What's that?

KROUTON
My leash. Now out the window.

JIMMY
What? What about Nelson and Hanson?

EXT. JAMESON HOUSE

Krouton, followed by Jimmy, climb out of the upstairs window
and down the adjacent tree. Ezekiel wants to follow, but
can't.

KROUTON
Jimmy, you're always going to
remember this night.

JIMMY
Why? Because it will be the night-
ouch!- I got in big trouble?

KROUTON
This may be the last time I'll be
able to go out in public without
being mobbed by adoring fans.

EXT. BURBANK NEIGHBORHOOD

Krouton and Jimmy walk down the sidewalk.

KROUTON
So Jimmy, does your mother have any
boyfriends besides me?

JIMMY
Of course not. Why do you ask that?

KROUTON
Just curious.
(beat)
We'll have to stop by my spaceship
for a minute.

JIMMY
Really? What for?

KROUTON
I need to get some... nose spray.

JIMMY
From inside the ship?

KROUTON
No, I keep nose spray on the
outside.

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK

KROUTON
(breathing heavily)
It was a little farther than I
thought.

Krouton and Jimmy approach the defense perimeter around the spaceship. Krouton looks at the two guards, then turns his attention to the robot.

KROUTON
(continued)
Boy, you're good-looking.

Krouton flips the face of his watch up, then pushes three buttons in succession. As he pushes each button, we hear a MUSICAL NOTE. As a result, the teeth in Tim's smile separate and a ray SHOOTs out which renders the soldiers and any TOURISTS present unconscious. They drop. Then, Krouton makes the THREE NOTES that deactivate Tim, as evidenced by the light in his eyes turning off. Together, as we later learn, the three notes are exactly the same as the Jameson's door chime.

Krouton begins approaching the ship, but Jimmy doesn't follow. He is staring at the fallen soldiers.

KROUTON
Come on, they're not dead.

Jimmy follows hesitantly. Krouton makes three different NOTES with his watch and the spaceship door opens with a WHOOSH.

KROUTON
Don't touch anything.

INT. KROUTON'S SPACESHIP

JIMMY
Wow!
(looking at something
else)
Wow!
(looking at something
else)
Wow! What's...

KROUTON
(sniffing his "nose
spray")
Not now.

Krouton is obviously enjoying his nose spray more than a person should enjoy nose spray. Jimmy is frustrated, because he is busting with unanswered questions. Before leaving the scene. Krouton uses his watch to make the three NOTES which reactivate Tim.

INT. SERVICE COUNTER - FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - BURBANK, CA

CASHIER
(to Krouton)
Can I help someone?

KROUTON
(loosening up from the
effects of the "nose
spray")
I am someone.
(to Jimmy)
Did you bring any money?

CASHIER
You're Krouton!

KROUTON
Who?

JIMMY
I'd just like a medium dr...

CASHIER

Krouton! I recognize you from the robot. OMG! Can I get a selfie with you? Please, please!

KROUTON

Shhhhh! Nooooo selfies.

CASHIER

Could you sign a napkin or something for me?

KROUTON

Do I have to?

JIMMY

A medium drink, please.

CASHIER

(ignoring Jimmy)

Oh, yes. Please, please, please.

Krouton sticks out his open hand, looking for something to sign with. The cashier scrambles to find a pen.

KROUTON

I wish I had a trillion fans like you.

CASHIER

(handing Krouton a pen)

You do?

KROUTON

(signing a napkin)

Yeah, I've got two trillion.

Krouton winks at an annoyed Jimmy.

INT. DINING ROOM - BURBANK MCDONALDS- NIGHT

JIMMY

Can you tell me now what all the gadgets are in the spaceship?

KROUTON

I could tell you, but you wouldn't understand. It's beyond Earthlings.

JIMMY

So why did you turn the robot off?

KROUTON

So he wouldn't bug me. He's just like a little kid... no offense.

JIMMY

(beginning to understand that Krouton doesn't care about him)

So, just how far ahead of us are you?

KROUTON

It's hard to say exactly. We're way ahead of you in some things, and in other things, waaaaaaaaaay ahead of you.

JIMMY

What kind of things can you do beside travel from planet to planet?

KROUTON

(taking another snort of "nose spray")

Welllll, let's just say, your people can blow up cities; my people can blow up everything.

JIMMY

Nuclear weapons!

KROUTON

Yep, mega-nukes! We've had nukes a lot longer than you. Everybody on my planet had robots... er, nukes.

Jimmy's eyes get big on the word "robots."

JIMMY

So how did you guys keep from blowing everything up?

KROUTON

(high on "nose spray," his guard is down)

Huh? Oh, we didn't. What do you think I'm doing here?

JIMMY

Wow!

(taking a moment to let that sink in)

So, did anybody else get away?

KROUTON

Those dim-wits; I doubt it. I didn't care for either of the alternatives we were given, so I came up with a creative solution.

JIMMY

I don't get it.

KROUTON

That's because you're a dim-wit Jimmy. Repent or perish. What kind of choice is that? Soooo, I picked door number three- keep... the party... going.

JIMMY

What party?

KROUTON

Jimmy, I take it all back. You'd have to get much smarter to be a dim-wit.

INT. ENTRYWAY - JAMESON HOUSE

Laura has unlocked the front door and is entering the house.

LAURA

Helloooo? Where is everybody?

Nelson and Hanson are watching the scene from *The Day the Earth Stood Still* where Gort is approaching a horrified Patricia Neal. They hear Laura, but don't answer. Laura sees and addresses them.

LAURA

Where are Jimmy and Krouton?

Hanson and Nelson perk up, look around, then spring into action, scouring the house.

EXT. JAMESON NEIGHBORHOOD

As Krouton and Jimmy walk home, Krouton realizes that he has let the cat out of the bag.

KROUTON

Don't say anything about our talk to your mother, okay?

JIMMY
Why would I?

KROUTON
That-a-boy. I like your mother.
I'd hate to see anything happen to
her.

JIMMY
Why would anything happen to my
mother?

KROUTON
No reason. But if the whole world
blew up, she'd go with it, of
course. And you. Have you got your
key?

JIMMY
The robot.

KROUTON
Yup. Key?

Krouton enters the Jameson house, but Jimmy remains outside.
As the MUSIC to *Maria* from *The Sound of Music* begins, we hear
the animated VOICES of Laura, Krouton, Hanson, and Nelson
from within the house. The scene shifts back and forth
between Jimmy on the Jameson's porch and the PRESIDENT AND
HIS CABINET in the Oval Office.

JIMMY
(half-singing)
*I think my mother likes him, but he
likes no one but him.
The whole world likes his music,
but he'd nuke it on a whim.*

INT. CABINET ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

SECRETARY MULLINS
(going from half to full
out-singing)
*I hate to have to say it, but I
firmly am convinced,
This Krouton's not an asset to the
planet.*

Cabinet members shake their heads at Mullins' last, sour
note.

THE PRESIDENT

*How do you stop an alien like
Krouton?
How do you send a space bum back to
space?*

SECRETARY MULLINS

*How do you thwart a famous guy like
Krouton?*

SECRETARY OF STATE

The talk of the Earth

SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY

A real piece of work.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

A jerk.

JIMMY

*There's many a thing you bet I'd
like to tell him,
But it's a lot like talking to a
wall.
To get through that big, fat head,
without ending up so dead,
Or worse, have him taking out us
all.*

THE PRESIDENT

*How do you stop an alien like
Krouton?*

CABINET MEMBERS

*How to set up a hot shot for a
fall?*

JIMMY

*But his robot's the big deal, like
a time bomb made of steel,
And I don't know how to shut the
dumb thing down.
Only Krouton knows the code; don't
know where he keeps it stowed.*

THE PRESIDENT

*(hamming a little to light
applause)
He's a sneaking, interplanetary
clown!*

JIMMY

*How do you stop an alien like
Krouton?*

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It may not be in th' pow'r of any man.

Of course! I'll pray and get The Lord to help me.

He'll find a way, I know that He can...

(to the camera)

...a plan!

SPLIT SCREEN of the Jameson's yard and the Cabinet Room.

ALL

How do you stop an alien like

Krouton?

You look to God to give you a hand.

INT. MEETING ROOM - IDOLMAKER RECORDS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Steve Maxwell is leading another ROWDY staff meeting. A sheet veils a large poster at the front of the room. It is an enlargement of *Spotify's* Weekly Top Albums chart. Krouton's *Made In My Own Image*, highlighted for emphasis, is now at number 5.

STEVE MAXWELL

Alright children- without any further ado, let's see where we're at this week. Drum roll please.

The whole CROWD makes a DRUM ROLL noise. Steve unveils the poster and the crowd GOES WILD.

MONTAGE of brief scenes chronicling Kroutonmania. Krouton, his CD, and his tour are all smash hits. Things are going exactly as planned for the alien. Things are going less well in the hearts and minds of the Jamesons. One of Krouton's songs and is dubbed over the scenes unless otherwise indicated.

1) EXT. AMERICAN CITYSCAPE - DAY

Krouton's tour bus is rolling.

DISSOLVE TO:

2) INSERT - KROUTON CONCERT TICKET

3) INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Krouton is performing a SONG live in concert. He is clad in his space suit (minus helmet, plus rhinestones) and playing his futuristic guitar. The stage backdrop has a landscape reminiscent of Georges Melies' *Trip to the Moon*. In the sky is Earth with a spaceship in the eye. The CROWD is heavy into the music.

4) INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

BOWLERS have all stopped to watch monitors showing the music video of the same song. Krouton is singing solo and glowing in front of a backdrop of *Earth vs The Flying Saucers*. CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of the monitor to watch the music video for a few seconds. Subtitles are in Arabic.

5) INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Krouton is sitting at a table next to a cardboard cutout of himself in his spacesuit signing CD after CD.

6) EXT. AMERICAN CITYSCAPE - DAY

Krouton's tour bus rolls through another city on the tour.

DISSOLVE TO:

7) EXT. OUTSIDE CONCERT VISTA - NIGHT

An electronic marquee advertises Krouton's upcoming concert. In the arena, Krouton is doing the Elvis thing, teasing the GIRLS closest to the stage. CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of Laura singing, watching Krouton, and rolling her eyes. CUT TO Steve Maxwell and Marty Fulton watching Krouton from the wings. In SLOW MOTION, we see them punching the keys and pulling the levers on imaginary adding machines in unison. We can read their lips as they say in synchronization, "Cha-ching."

8) INT. HALLOWEEN AISLE - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of a Krouton costume (complete with space suit, Krouton mask, and Space Zapper). A HAND takes the next-to-last costume. Then, TWO HANDS grab the last costume at the same time. SOUNDS from an O.S. tussle ensues.

9) INT. MEETING ROOM - IDOLMAKER RECORDS OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Steve Maxwell unveils *Spotify's* Weekly To Albums chart, revealing Krouton's CD now at number 1. The crowd spontaneously CHEERS, jumps to their feet, and throws up their hands. EMPLOYEES at the four corners of the room SET OFF confetti canons.

10) EXT. CONCERT HALL - DETROIT, MI - DAY

The MUSIC stops.

NEWS REPORTER

This is Derrill Dixon reporting to you live from outside Comerica Park in Detroit, Michigan where fans have been braving below average temperatures for two days just to buy tickets for the October 12th Krouton concert.

(turning to address those behind him in line)

Hey gang, do you guys want to see Krouton, or what?

The CROWD GOES WILD, mugging for the camera.

NEWS REPORTER

Detroit hasn't seen anything like this since the Beatles. It's, it's... Kroutonmania!

The MUSIC resumes.

11) INSERT:

Krouton on the cover of *People* magazine. Headline reads, "Outta This World!" Subtitle: Krouton: He came, he saw, he rocked."

12) INSERT:

Krouton, topless, sporting a new "Earth Girls Are Easy" tattoo on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. The headline reads, "He's Young, He's Hot, and He's an Alien."

13) EXT. HOTEL - AMERICAN CITY - DAY

Krouton comes out of his hotel to the waiting Town Car, but FANS mob him. Hanson and Nelson try in vain to keep people away.

14) INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

We see Jimmy at the concert, but squeezed on the front row with all the CRAZIES who are dressed as spacemen and space creatures. They are not so much into the music as they are into being wild.

16) INT. NBC STUDIOS - EVENING

JIMMY FALLON and Krouton are yucking it up. The MUSIC stops.

JIMMY FALLON

Krouton, I hear you are dating one of your back-up singers. Is that true?

KROUTON

Yes it is. She's a beautiful girl; the first one I ever met with less than three eyes.

The studio audience LAUGHS.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - JAMESON HOME - NIGHT

Laura is watching *The Tonight Show* broadcast in bed with the lights out. She is not laughing. She uses the remote control to turn the TV off, causing the scene to go black. The overdubbed MUSIC resumes.

17) INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The MUSIC resumes. Jimmy is being crowd surfed against his will.

18) INT. KROUTON'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Krouton is hosting a wild party. Laura is off by herself, nauseated, watching Krouton and his SLEAZY GUESTS all snorting "nose spray." MUSIC fades out.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

A tired and pensive Laura slowly approaches her and Jimmy's room, unlocks the door, walks in, and stubs her toe on Jimmy's bed.

LAURA

Owww!

(to herself)

Shhhhhhhhhhh!

Laura puts a couple of things down on the counter, turns and gazes lovingly, yet sorrowfully at her sleeping son, then goes over to Jimmy's bedside. CLOSE-UP of Laura kissing Jimmy on the forehead.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

DREAM SEQUENCE

1) EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Jimmy's forehead becomes the sun, which is breaking the horizon at the hotel where Laura and Jimmy are standing outside Krouton's tour bus. Laura is holding a pillow, purse, and carrying case; Jimmy is in his pajamas.

LAURA

Are you sure you won't come with us this trip?

JIMMY

Touring is the worst, Mom. Besides, I don't trust these people.

LAURA

I know. They need us, though. Go back to bed. I'll see you in a few months.

Jimmy promptly gets in bed, which on the ground directly in front of the bus.

2) INT. KROUTON'S TOUR BUS

Laura finds her seat in the bus crowded with slovenly band and crew members, most of whom are trying to go back to sleep.

DRIVER

We're on our way Folks. Please make sure your seatbelts are fastened.

BAND AND CREW MEMBERS
Please make sure you go to
hell/I'll fasten your
seatbelt/Screw yourself/Shaddap!

The bus starts forward, immediately rolling over something large (like a boy in bed). No one seems to notice although everything and everybody in the cabin get rocked. Then Laura goes bugged-eyed, realizing what has happened.

3) INT. JAMESON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy is standing beside Laura's bed in his pajamas, trying to wake her up.

JIMMY
Mom, Mom!

LAURA
Huh. . . wha?

JIMMY
I had a dream that a bus rolled
over me!

LAURA
(without looking up)
No, Honey. This is the dream;
you're still under the bus.

4) EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

Laura gets off the bus- which now has a bed under it- and crawls under the bus to check on Jimmy.

5) INT. KROUTON'S TOUR BUS

CREW MEMBER
Boss! I left my wallet in the hotel
room.

KROUTON
(wearing night shades)
Too bad, so sad, Maxx.

MAXX
Boss!

KROUTON
Alright. Eddy! Back to the hotel.

EDDY

Okay. I'll turn around.

KROUTON

We haven't gone 10 feet, you idiot.
Just back up.

EDDY

The Jameson girl is under the bus.

KROUTON

Do what I tell you.

The bus driver shrugs his shoulders, shifts the transmission to Reverse, and backs up. Another major bump.

6) INT. THE JAMESON'S HOTEL ROOM.

Laura wakes up, shakes herself, and looks over at Jimmy's bed. He's still there, asleep. She then looks at the clock.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

Krouton is talking to an uncomfortable Laura at very close range under a one of a series of small, overhead spotlights that shine on the center of an otherwise pitch black hallway. EXIT MUSIC can be heard from the arena. Laura is directly under the light; he is more in the shadows. Laura is wearing a long, white robe over her costume. Jimmy, coming around the corner, stops when he sees them. He takes a step back into the shadow to avoid detection. Krouton gives Laura a ridiculously expensive necklace.

KROUTON

Try this on for size.

LAURA

(gasping)

Oh my!

She reaches for it, but Krouton rocks back, making her reach into the shadows for it.

LAURA JAMESON

C'mon.

KROUTON

That's not all- I'm going to let you sing a duet with me at the Nashville stop and maybe on the next CD.

Laura is clearly excited. Krouton kisses her. She stiffens at first, but relaxes mid-kiss. Krouton draws her to him and they are both enveloped in darkness. Jimmy returns the way he came.

LAURA
(her playfulness returns
briefly)
We could wear matching spacesuits
for the song. What do you think?

KROUTON
We'll see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE BACK-UP SINGERS' DRESSING ROOM

As Laura comes happily humming around the corner, Jimmy steps into the light to confront her.

JIMMY
I saw you kiss him on the lips.

LAURA
You saw me kiss who on the lips?

JIMMY
Was there more than one?

LAURA
Jimmy! You saw him kiss me.

JIMMY
You let him.

LAURA
Well... I've never kissed an alien
before. It was a science
experiment.
(beat)
I might get to sing a duet on the
next CD.

JIMMY
You kissed him.

LAURA
One kiss.

JIMMY
Has he tried to get you to sleep
with him yet?

LAURA
Jimmy!

JIMMY
(sadly)
Has he?

Laura gets sullen. The rest of the lights come on illuminating the grungy, cluttered, trashy back hallway. Laura notices, then averts her eyes, starting her defense.

LAURA
A duet on a hit CD, Jimmy. That's got to be God's doing, right? Krouton might just be the instrument God is using to give my career the boost we've been praying for.

JIMMY
No Mom. Krouton is using you.

Laura hangs her head in resignation, then starts walking.

JIMMY
(continued, walking beside his mother)
What is that you are always telling me about compromise? Any time you compromise...

LAURA
Anything you compromise to get, you will ultimately lose.

JIMMY
You need to lose Krouton Mom. He's bad.

LAURA
(stopping)
I know. I'll... I'll keep our relationship strictly business. I'll have to break it to him. And give this back.

JIMMY
Can't you just quit?

LAURA
I've thought about that, Jimmy. A lot, really. Let me think a little more.

JIMMY

And pray?

Laura nods.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

INSERT - DOOR SIGN

"Willie Covet, Attorney at Law"

KLEIN FREEHOLT

So, what do you say Mr. Covet?
Will you represent me?

MR. COVET

Let me see if I've got this
straight. You say that Krouton has
plagiarized a song of yours.

KLEIN

Yes sir.

MR. COVET

How much do they sound alike?

KLEIN

Exactly. It's the same song.

MR. COVET

He stole your song?

KLEIN

Yes!

MR. COVET

Just how did he do that when you
haven't recorded it yet?

KLEIN

I don't know, He's from outer
space! Maybe he's a mind reader or
something!

MR. COVET

You don't really have any evidence,
do you?

Klein Freeholt just drops and shakes his head.

INT. THE DEN - KROUTON'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Hanson lets Krouton's agent in.

KROUTON

What is it that's so important that it couldn't wait?

MARTY

I don't know exactly how to tell you this, but we've begun to get complaints in our office from lawyers representing different songwriters.

KROUTON

How many?

MARTY

Let me put it this way: you recorded eleven tracks, right?

No reply.

MARTY

So far, five different songwriters are saying that you recorded their material.

Hanson and Nelson exchange glances. Krouton notices.

KROUTON

Can any of them prove it?

MARTY

If they could, they wouldn't have bothered to call. Probably just fishing for a settlement.

KROUTON

What do you think it will take to buy them off?

MARTY

Depends. Whatever it is, the sooner the better. The more money we make, the more money they'll want. They've threatened to go to the press. You know, the newspapers.

KROUTON

I know what the press is. The public won't care.

(MORE)

KROUTON (CONT'D)
As long as they get their music. If anything, a scandal would increase sales.

MARTY
You know, you're right. I hadn't looked at it like that. Okay, if nobody goes to the papers, I'll leak something myself.

KROUTON
Now you're thinking.

Nelson, who has squirted hand sanitizer into his hands at the kitchen sink, passes the dispenser to Hanson.

INT. DOOR TO JORDAN ROTTWEILER'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING

INT. JORDAN ROTTWEILER'S OFFICE

THREE YOUNG MEN of the band *Disarmament* are sitting in Mr. Rottweiler's office.

ROBERT
What do you say Mr. Rottweiler?
Will you represent us?

MR. ROTTWEILER
Let me see if I've got this straight- you say that Krouton has plagiarized a song of yours.

ROBERT
Yes sir.

MR. ROTTWEILER
So, just how much do they sound alike?

MARK
(volatile)
How much do they sound... it's a total rip-off man, note-for-note!

ROBERT
Mark, we agreed that I would handle this. Please! How much do they sound... it's a total rip-off man, note-for-note!

VINCENT

It was going to be our big
breakthrough single!

(beat)

When we got a label.

MR. ROTTWEILER

This sounds like one of those "our
word against their word" deals. I
don't do those gentlemen.

ROBERT

(producing a DVD)

We've got proof.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mr. Rottweiler and *Disarmament* watch the DVD of the band in a
garage, PLAYING ONE OF THE SONGS Krouton recorded.

MR. ROTTWEILER

Okay, so what does this prove? You
could have easily videotaped this
after Krouton recorded his CD.

ROBERT

But look at the date in the lower
right corner.

MR. ROTTWEILER

Boys! You can manually enter any
date you want on the camera's menu
screen. Is that all you've got?

ROBERT

Do you see that guy playing drums?

MR. ROTTWEILER

Yeah.

ROBERT

That's Greg Jablinski.

MR. ROTTWEILER

So?

ROBERT

He died a year and a half ago.

Mr. Rottweiler goes inert, then a flash of revelation comes
over his face.

MR. ROTTWEILER

It's future piracy!

ROBERT/MARK/VINCENT
(crying in unison)
He stole our fame and fortune!

INSERT:

Newspaper front page with the headline, "Unknown Band Accuses Krouton of Plagiarism."

INSERT:

Newspaper front page with the headline, "Inquiry Set For Allegations Against Krouton."

INSERT:

Internet News App top headline, "Krouton Starts a GoFundMe to Offset Legal Fees."

INT. KROUTON'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Hanson's cellphone RINGS.

HANSON
Hello? Yessir. He's right here.
(to Krouton)
It's for you.

KROUTON
What?
(beat)
Make the arrangements with Nelson.

Krouton slings the phone at Nelson. It lands in his cereal bowl again! He is less surprised and more annoyed.

INT. LAURA JAMESON'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Laura has her Bible open. She is alternately reading and thinking very circumspectly.

INT. MEETING ROOM - GOVERNMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

A third person takes down whatever is said, to Krouton's chagrin.

SECRETARY MULLINS

I understand you laid an egg at your Q & A session with the world's scientists.

KROUTON

The conference was your idea; I can't tell them what I don't know.

SECRETARY MULLINS

But what you told us on the night you arrived was, and I quote, "I have much knowledge useful to you."

KROUTON

Okay, let's downgrade that to "some" knowledge useful to you. But my activities here have been beneficial to your country.

SECRETARY MULLINS

Just how is that?

KROUTON

Wherever I have toured, the local economy has gotten a boost. And you are taxing the daylights out of me.

SECRETARY MULLINS

And you haven't done bad for yourself either, have you? What about this lawsuit against you? Have you stolen some people's music Mr. Krouton?

KROUTON

I haven't stolen anything.

SECRETARY MULLINS

I'm very glad to hear that. I'd hate for you to have to spend your time with us in confinement.

(beat)

One more thing...

(holding up a newspaper
for Krouton to see)

It says here that 17 people at your Des Moines concert had to be hospitalized.

KROUTON

A promotional gimmick- the producer's idea.

SECRETARY MULLINS
To arm the first thousand people
with a... a...

KROUTON
Space Zapper.

SECRETARY MULLINS
They were stun guns!

KROUTON
Something like that.

SECRETARY MULLINS
I'm afraid you may be wearing out
your welcome on this planet. We
will be watching your trial- if it
comes to that- with great interest.
But know that even if you are
acquitted, we will be watching you.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONCERT HALL - EVENING

Jimmy is walking quickly backstage with a smart phone in his
hand. MUFFLED CONCERT MUSIC can be heard. As Jimmy turns the
corner to go into Krouton's dressing room, he runs into a
SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
Hello there.

JIMMY
Hey.

SECURITY GUARD
You wouldn't, by chance, be trying
to get into Mr. Krouton's dressing
room, would you?

JIMMY
I was going to.

SECURITY GUARD
(he studies Jimmy for a
few anxious moments)
Alrightee. That mom of yours is
sure a beautiful woman.

JIMMY
(entering through the
door)
Yes sir.

INT. KROUTON'S DRESSING ROOM

Jimmy looks for a good hiding place, turns on the Voice Memo app on the smart phone, hides it, then hurries out.

INT. CONCERT HALL

Krouton and company finish their last encore SONG and say their FAREWELLS to the AUDIENCE.

EXT. KROUTON'S DRESSING ROOM

Jimmy approaches the dressing room, now guarded by Hanson and Nelson. Increasingly more the Jamesons' pals and less Krouton's minions, Hanson and Nelson give Jimmy an animated GREETING and high-five. He is not in the mood, but obliges.

INT. KROUTON'S DRESSING ROOM

There is a KNOCK on the door.

KROUTON
What is it?

JIMMY
(from the other side of
the door)
It's Jimmy.

KROUTON
(fully robed)
I'm getting dressed.

JIMMY
I need to talk to you; it's
important.

KROUTON
If you must. Make it quick, though.

JIMMY
I've been thinking about what you
said. You know, about being able to
blow up the world.

Krouton pushes the boy aside and hurriedly SLAMS the still cracked door behind Jimmy.

KROUTON
Shhhhhhhhhhhush! I told you never to
bring that up!

JIMMY

I'm sorry. But you mentioned my mom
and...

KROUTON

Your mom. Set your mind at ease;
I'm not going to nuke your mommy.

JIMMY

How about the whole world?

KROUTON

Is that all you came in for?

JIMMY

(glancing at where he
stashed his phone)
I didn't really think you could
blow up the whole world anyway.

KROUTON

(unable to contain his
pride)
Ha! You didn't, huh? What do you
think Tim, the robot is for,
decoration?

JIMMY

So Tim really could destroy the
whole world?

KROUTON

I'm done talking about it.

JIMMY

You would kill everybody and not
even be a little bit sorry.

No response.

JIMMY

Don't you fear God at all?

KROUTON

You'd better leave God out of this,
Boy!

JIMMY

But He loves you Krouton. It's
never too late for anybody to
repent. Not while they're still
breathing.

KROUTON
 If you want to keep breathing, I
 suggest you get out of here. Now!

Jimmy grabs his phone when Krouton marches towards the door,
 then exits.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - JAMESON HOME - AFTERNOON

JIMMY
 (on the phone)
 Hello, Sammy. It's me. Are you and
 your brother getting along?
 (beat)
 I really need him to drive me
 somewhere; it's important.
 (beat)
 The Police Station.
 (beat)
 I'm serious. I'll have to tell you
 later.
 (beat)
 He wouldn't do it as just a favor?
 (beat)
 I don't know. Close to ten dollars.
 (beat)
 Well ask him, will ya?
 (beat)
 Okay. Call me back.

The doorbell RINGS. Ezekiel starts BARKING. Jimmy throws on
 his robe and runs down the stairs to answer the door.

JIMMY
 Who is it?

KROUTON
 (from the other side of
 the door)
 Open the door.

JIMMY
 Oh.

He reaches the door the same time as Ezekiel. As he unlocks
 the door, Ezekiel GROWLS.

KROUTON
 (still outside)
 Get the lead out.

JIMMY
(letting Krouton in)
Mom should be home any time.

KROUTON
(pointing behind Jimmy)
Look!

As Jimmy turns to look, Ezekiel YELPS O.S. When Jimmy turns back around, Ezekiel runs out the open door.

JIMMY
Hey! Look what you did.

Jimmy runs out the door CALLING after Ezekiel. Krouton motions to Hanson and Nelson, who are still on the porch, to go help him.

EXT. JAMESON'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Hanson and Nelson chase the dog in vain individually around the neighbor's yard amidst Halloween decorations. Jimmy calls a huddle, then directs a successful team effort. This scene is INTERCUT WITH the next scene.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - JAMESON HOME

Krouton noses around the house as he waits for Laura. SAMMY calls Jimmy back. Krouton lets it RING the first THREE TIMES and then answers it just to make it shut up. We only hear Krouton's side of the conversation.

KROUTON
What?
(beat)
No. He's chasing a dog. Yeah...
yeah... that's fascinating... He
wants you to do what?

Jimmy, Hanson, and Nelson come through the door LAUGHING. Jimmy is holding Ezekiel. Nelson and Hanson are acting out the others' vain attempt to capture the dog on their own.

KROUTON
Hey kid. I just talked to some guy
named Sammy.

Jimmy suddenly stiffens.

KROUTON
He said that his brother agreed to
take you where you wanted to go.

JIMMY

Thanks.

KROUTON

Why don't you ask Nelson here to take you if you want to go somewhere, since you two are such great buddies.

JIMMY

That's alright; I'll wait.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLOWEEN - AFTERNOON

CAPTAIN O'JANSKY

Say that again Son, slooowly.

JIMMY

My mother dates Krouton, the alien. So I know him, and I recorded him threatening to blow up the whole world.

CAPTAIN O'JANSKY

Quite a coincidence you coming in on Halloween now, isn't it? You boys wouldn't be trying to pull my leg?

JIMMY/SAMMY/ERIC

No sir/ No way; not us/Uh-uh. Honest.

ERIC

Honest officer. Jimmy's mom really does date Krouton. She sings on his CD.

CAPTAIN O'JANSKY

Alright, let's have a listen then. Is it on the phone there?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM NEXT DOOR

A REPORTER and her CAMERAMAN from station KOPP have overheard the conversation. The reporter has moved to the cracked door, and we see the remainder of the scene from her POV.

JIMMY
(filtered)
But you mentioned my mom.

KROUTON
(filtered)
Your mom. Set your mind at ease;
I'm not going to nuke your mommy.

INT. POLICE STATION

Captain O'Jansky and OTHER POLICEMEN are now huddled closely around the tape player.

JIMMY
(filtered)
It's not too late for anybody to
repent. Not while they're still
breathing.

KROUTON
(filtered)
If you want to keep breathing, I
would get out of here. Now!

CAPTAIN O'JANSKY
Jumping catfish! Duncan! Put out an
APB on the alien Krouton. Tudor!
Find out who's in charge of
guarding this fella's flying gizmo
and get them on the horn.
(to Jimmy and his friends)
You boys don't make a peep about
this to anybody, you hear me?
(to Jimmy)
And you Son, do your dead-level
best to remember the three-note
code that turns off that robot of
his! Gracious sakes alive!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM NEXT DOOR

The reporter and her cameraman scurry out the back way to
break the story.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - SUNSET

The Army has set up a keyboard and a speaker next to Tim in
an attempt to discover the code that deactivates him.

MAJOR VORLOP

Just three different notes in some combination to turn off the robot. That's all we know. Might as well approach it systematically.

KEYBOARDIST

Right. E-G-E

Another SOLDIER transcribes the NOTES each time the keyboardist names them. Then the keyboardist plays them. Nothing happens the first time.

KEYBOARDIST

E-G-G.

Nothing.

KEYBOARDIST

E-G-B.

Tim's head swivels 180 degrees.

MAJOR VORLOP

Do the same three again.

The keyboardist obeys, and Tim's head returns to the previous position. Major Vorlop motions for the keyboardist to continue.

KEYBOARDIST

E-G-F. No, E-G-D.

Tim starts walking slowly backwards.

MAJOR VORLOP

Again, quick!

The keyboardist does, and Tim stops.

KEYBOARDIST

E-G-F.

A bolt of fire SHOOTs from the end of Tim's guitar.

MAJOR VORLOP

This could be riskier than anyone figured. We'd better quit for now.

The keyboardist and transcriber voice their AGREEMENT.

MAJOR VORLOP

Break it down while I report this.

Major Vorlop and the transcriber walk off. The keyboardist turns the keyboard and stand 90 degrees (so that Tim is now behind it) and unplugs the power cord from the keyboard.

KEYBOARDIST

Nope, no. The Army way- other end first.

He plugs the keyboard back in and leaves. A passing BLACK PRIVATE does a double-take, then tests one note.

BLACK PRIVATE

Hey! Why didn't somebody tell me about this?

He plays a FAST, FUNKY SOLO on the keyboard, making Tim (over the musician's shoulder), perform a wild series of random moves and SHOTS that look like half dance, half destruction. One result is that Major Vorlop's hat is toasted.

INT. JAMESON HOME - HALLOWEEN - EVENING

The doorbell RINGS, setting Ezekiel to barking. Laura, wearing an angel costume- minus wings and halo- hears it, but is in the middle of a load of laundry. Krouton cannot hear the doorbell because he is SHAVING. He has wet hair and a towel around his waist. His "watch" is on the counter. The doorbell RINGS a second time, and Laura scurries to answer it. It is a group of TRICK-OR-TREATERS.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS

(in unison)

Trick-or-Treat!!

LAURA

Look how cute y'all are. There's a princess, Spiderman, Krouton- ha ha. And a couple of demons- sweet.

(beat)

I'm going out tonight; I didn't think to buy any treats.

(beat)

Do y'all like Goldfish?

The kids CLAMOR in the affirmative.

LAURA

Okay. Be right back.

She closes the door and heads for the kitchen.

INT. JAMESON FAMILY ROOM

A special news report comes on the TV that has been left on, but no one is watching.

NEWSCASTER

We have just received a tape from station KOPP in Los Angeles with a startling revelation. Listen carefully and you can hear the voice of Krouton making boastful threats against our planet.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - LA

The same government worker assigned to keep track of Krouton's whereabouts is on the phone.

WORKER

It says here that he's still at the Jameson residence. Been there most the afternoon.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - JAMESON HOME

Krouton's ankle bracelet is on the night stand.

INT. KITCHEN

Laura, collecting five of ten small Ziplock bags of Goldfish from the kitchen counter, takes them to the waiting children at the door. The kids CHEER. Laura, SHOOS Ezekiel away, says FAREWELL to the kids.

LAURA

(looking down the street)
Where is that boy?

Just then, Jimmy comes in view. When he sees Mom, he tosses it up, drawing attention to it.

LAURA

There you are. I asked you to be back by 6:30. It's almost time for Krouton and me to leave.

Laura spots more Trick or Treater's on the way over Jimmy's shoulder. They continue talking as they go in and as Laura fetches the rest of the Goldfish.

JIMMY

Sorry Mom. Do you have to go?

LAURA

I told Krouton I would. This party is a big deal, I guess, with a lot of important music people there.

The doorbell RINGS, SETTING EZEKIEL OFF again.

LAURA

What's more, a big music executive is coming to pick us up in his limousine. Whoop-de-do, huh?

JIMMY

An angel, huh? What's Krouton going as?

LAURA

A spaceman.

JIMMY

Wow. here's Nelson and Hanson?

LAURA

I think they went to the movies. They're sore because Krouton got permission to go to the party without them.

The doorbell RINGS again. This time it dawns on Jimmy that the chime notes are the same as the code to deactivate Tim.

JIMMY

I thought it sounded familiar!

Jimmy races up the stairs, leaving a bewildered Laura to receive the TRICK-OR-TREATERS.

INT. STAIRWAY

Jimmy runs up the stairs, into his bedroom, and closes the door behind him. Krouton sticks his head out of the bathroom to see what the commotion is, then goes into the guest bedroom and closes the door.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM

Jimmy is turning his room upside down looking for something. He suddenly stops.

JIMMY
Owww! I left it with the police.
(several beats)
Mom's iPhone!
(beat)
I don't dare tell her. Krouton
would get it out of her somehow.

Jimmy runs out of his bedroom and into the master bedroom. Krouton, wearing his spacesuit (he is going to the costume party as himself), sticks his head out of the guest bedroom again to see what the commotion is, then closes the door.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

Jimmy runs down the stairs.

JIMMY
Mom!

LAURA
What?

JIMMY
Where are you?

LAURA
The laundry room.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Laura is still doing laundry when Jimmy sticks his head in the room.

JIMMY
Mom! Where's your iPhone?

LAURA
(mimicking his urgency)
Jimmy! In the kitchen, I think!
Why?

He's gone.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Jimmy, not thinking clearly, takes the iPhone to the front porch to record the doorbell chime.

JIMMY

That's dumb; the chimes are in the hall.

He goes back inside.

INT. HALLWAY

Jimmy runs down the hallway, stopping where the door chimes are. He holds the iPhone up to it, but realizes that he won't be able to do that and ring the doorbell. He hastily leaves and returns with a decorative ladder. He hears a noise upstairs- more haste. He opens the Voice Memo app on the iPhone, pushes the record button, lays it on top of the ladder, and runs out. The CAMERA STAYS on the hallway and the recorder until the doorbell RINGS.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Laura is putting the finishing touches to her hair.

LAURA

(speaking loudly to no one)

We're all out of Goldfish!
(to herself)

Maybe they'll go away.

Jimmy sticks his head in the doorway.

JIMMY

Mom! I have to run down to Sammy's house right now. I'll explain later.

Jimmy rushes off.

LAURA

Wait. Who was at the d...

Laura GROWLS in frustration. Krouton sticks his head out of the guest bedroom again.

KROUTON

What's the matter? Why did Jimmy leave in such a hurry?

The doorbell RINGS again. Now it dawns on Krouton that the chime notes are the same as the code to deactivate Tim. He looks suddenly at his wrist- no watch.

Why that little...

He runs to the bathroom.

KROUTON
Where's your car key?

Krouton looks where his watch was- yep, gone.

LAURA
In my purse! Why?

KROUTON
Where's your purse?

LAURA
In my bedroom! Why?

Krouton rushes to her bedroom. Laura grabs her halo and is right behind him.

LAURA
Where are you going? The Steiners
will be here any minute. You'll be
mobbed if people see you.

KROUTON
I'll have to chance it.
(chucking the purse at
Laura)
Find the key!

Laura does. Krouton grabs it, heads down the stairs and out the door with Laura right behind him.

LAURA
Would you mind telling me what's
going on?

KROUTON
Go on to the party without me.
I'll come when I can.

LAURA
(calling after Krouton)
You don't even know how to drive!

Ezekiel runs out the door after Krouton.

LAURA
Ezekiel!
(beat, then to herself)
Thanks a lot.

Krouton starts the car, GRINDING the ignition in the process. Suddenly, the wheels SCREECH, car jerks, runs up the curb a couple of times (the second time scattering Trick or Treaters), and SPEEDS away. Ezekiel chases the car out of view, BARKING all the way. No sooner is he gone then MR. STEINER'S limousine pull up. The dilemma of what to do next is written on Laura's face. MR. STEINER'S CHAUFFEUR gets out of the limo and opens the door for Laura.

LAURA

Ooooooh, let me get my wings!

EXT. THE STREETS OF BURBANK, CA. - EVENING

Government vehicles are racing to get to the Jameson house.

INT. MR. STEINER'S LIMOUSINE - EVENING

A seriously distracted Laura, wearing her angel costume-complete with wings and halo- gets in the back in where Mr. Steiner, music executive, dressed as King Midas, is waiting.

MR. STEINER

Good evening my dear. You must be Laura Jameson. You're even lovelier than Krouton let on.

LAURA

Good evening Mr. Steiner.

MR. STEINER

So formal. I insist that you call me Aldridge... or King Midas, Heh heh.

LAURA

Thank you... Aldridge. I'm afraid that Krouton won't be riding with us. He said he'd come a little later, though.

MR. STEINER

I really must meet him. Nothing wrong, I hope.

LAURA

I don't think so. He didn't explain, really.

(beat)

Where is Mrs. Steiner?

MR. STEINER
Clarissa hates these fancy parties,
especially costume parties. I told
her if she came as a witch, she
wouldn't have to dress up. Ha ha.

Laura smiles politely.

MR. STEINER
(scooting towards Laura)
I prefer angels myself.

LAURA
I'm sorry, what?

MR. STEINER
(putting his hand on her
leg)
I said, I prefer angels myself.

Laura just glares at him.

MR. STEINER
(continued)
Krouton tells me you have an
excellent singing voice.

LAURA
(taking his hand off her
leg)
Some people think so.

MR. STEINER
Hmmm- you didn't turn to gold.
Must be losing my touch, How would
you like to audition for me? You
wouldn't even have to be all that
good.

LAURA
To be honest, Mr. Steiner, I'm
thinking seriously about giving up
show business altogether. I was
raised in a small town, have gone
to church all my life, and the
whole scene is really starting to
gag me.

MR. STEINER
You really are an angel aren't you?
I go to church myself, you know.

No response.

MR. STEINER
(continued)
It's called The Church of the
Living Way. Live any way you want
to!

LAURA
That's humorous.

MR. STEINER
Get it? Live any way you want to.
Ha ha ha.

He humors himself so much that he GUFFAWS until he starts
CHOKING and can't stop.

LAURA
Mr. Steiner. Are you okay? Mr.
Steiner!

EXT. JAMESON HOME

Several official vehicles converge in front of the house.

INT. LAURA JAMESON'S CAR - NIGHT

A harried Krouton is driving through Burbank, trying to find
Griffith Park. When he runs a stop sign, TWO SMALL TRICK-OR-
TREATERS and their MOTHER have to dive out of the way.
Unfazed, Krouton fiddles with knobs and buttons in the car.

KROUTON
Where's the busneefnagin?

A CARLOAD OF TEENAGERS pull even with Krouton. One of them
recognizes Krouton.

TEENAGE BOY
Isn't that Krouton in that car?

TEENAGE GIRL
They're probably just dressed up li-
Oh my goodness! It *is* Krouton.
Look, it's Krouton!

TEENAGERS
You're right/It's him/Krouton!/OMG

Krouton glances their direction, but then seeing the hills
between two houses, he accidentally- but not regrettably-
runs them off the road when he turns in front of them.

KROUTON
Nitzma! That's a few less fans, I
guess.
(beat)
What's this?

He pushes the power button on the radio next.

DISK JOCKEY
(filtered)
Keep it tuned right here to The
Wild, the radio station that pays
you \$10,000 if you can guess the
three notes that deactivate
Krouton's robot.

A SONG begins where the DJ leaves off.

KROUTON
Bazno? Taramahuna!

Krouton tries other buttons until he finally finds a news
report.

NEWSCASTER
(filtered)
If you have any information
regarding the whereabouts of
Krouton, the rock star turned
terrorist, call us here at 1-800-
WITNESS, that's 1-800-948...

KROUTON
(SMASHING the radio off)
Booganitizti! Or, in your soon-to-
be-extinct language: That does it!

INT. SAMMY'S BROTHER ERIC'S CAR - NIGHT

JIMMY
(holding his mother's
iPhone)
Hurry, will you. Before he finds
out his watch is gone.

ERIC
I'm hurrying; I'm hurrying!

EXT. STREETS OF BURBANK, CA.: RESTAURANT VERANDA - HOLLYWOOD,
CA.

Ezekiel passes the sideswiped teenagers.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HILTON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Laura and Mr. Steiner walk in together.

MR. STEINER

Once we get inside, you're on your own, my dear.

He walks off, leaving Laura standing alone. As she hesitantly walks across the ballroom, we see partiers who are already there, from her POV. There is A DEMON, FRANKENSTEIN and HIS BRIDE, THE MUMMY with an ARCHEOLOGIST, KEN and BARBIE, a CAVEMAN and DINOSAUR, a COUPLE OF PRO ATHLETES with a PERSON IN A DOLLAR COSTUME, ELVIS, MICHAEL JACKSON, GENE SIMMONS (of KISS), MARILYN MONROE, and JAMES DEAN look-a-likes. Then she sees a MAN at the drink table from the back wearing a Krouton costume and thinks it is Krouton. She walks over to him.

LAURA

(turning the man around by the shoulder)

Hey. How'd you get here before us?

KROUTON II

Well hello there. Do I know you?

LAURA

I'm sorry. I thought you were Krouton.

KROUTON II

Who do you think I am, Whoopi Goldberg?

The Hunchback of Notre Dame passes in front of the two, leading us to where Elvis and Michael Jackson (at their fattest and most androgynous respectively) are chatting. Elvis is wearing shades and a holding a drink. The Hunchback continues, but we stay.

MICHAEL JACKSON

(in character)

I've always been a big fan of yours. Envious, really. I'm the King of Pop, but you are... well... you are *the* King.

ELVIS

(also in character)

No, don't say that, Michael. There's only one king, and it's not me. I knew that growing up, but I got off-track.

A JOHN LENNON look-a-like comes strolling by looking like he just walked off the *Abbey Road* album cover. He catches Elvis and Michael Jackson out of the corner of his eye and stops.

JOHN LENNON

No way! Can you believe the three of us together in one place? Elvis, Michael Jackson, and John Lennon. Imagine the music history we could make if we teamed up! We'd be bigger than Jesus Christ for sure then.

Elvis and Michael Jackson look at each other unamused.

MICHAEL JACKSON

You've been dead forty-five years and you still don't get it? What's wrong with you?

JOHN LENNON

(sitting down)

Ah, you're drunk.

MICHAEL JACKSON

Maybe. But it's the meds that make you melancholy.

ELVIS

Yeah they do.

JOHN LENNON

Elvis, man, people still talk about you all the time. You're huge. I mean, you're really popular still. What are you doing with yourself now that you're dead?

ELVIS

You really want to know?

JOHN LENNON

Yeah!

The MUSIC to *I Wonder What the King is Doing Tonight* from *Camelot* begins.

ELVIS

(talking poetically)

I can guess what my fans are thinking tonight,
As through the rooms of Graceland
they wander.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Everyone smirking in fiendish
delight,
As mem'robilia they ponder.

(singing)

*My stomach ties up in such knots,
When I imagine their thoughts.
I wonder what The King is doing
tonight.
I wonder what angels he's wooing
tonight.
The rhinestones on his coat never
shined so bright.
I wonder what The King is doing
tonight.
How goes the everafter?
Is it fun and games and laughter?
As you face the music do you feel
prepared?
I'll tell you why my hips are
shaking tonight-*

Elvis rips off his sunglasses.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I'm scared! I'm scared!

PARTY GUESTS

*You mean that a man who pleased the
masses,
Bested men and bedded lasses,
Faces God with terror and distress?*

ELVIS

Yes!

PARTY GUESTS

*You mean that a man who topped the
charts,
Raked in cash,
Got movie parts,
Waits for his just desserts with
fright?*

ELVIS

*Right!
You wonder what The King is wishing
tonight?
He's wishing that he'd only sung
Gospel tonight.
What occupies his time while
waiting to be judged?
He's wishing the morals Mamma
taught him weren't fudged!
I was raised upon the Good Book,*

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)
But another path's what I took.
*Shoulda punched the Colonel right
between the eyes.*
*You wonder what The King is doing
tonight?*
*He dreads, he sweats, he groans, he
frets.*
*And that's what The King is doing,
tonight!*

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

As Jimmy, Sammy, and Eric approach Griffith Park, they run into a traffic jam. While some MOTORISTS are waiting in a line of cars to get in, others have ditched their car and continued on foot (a la Woodstock). Some are clad in Halloween costumes, and most have a musical instrument or some device for trying to make the three notes that deactivate Tim in order to win the \$10,000 prize.

ERIC
Oh man, look at this!

JIMMY
Great!
(beat)
Pull over here Eric. We'll have to
go the rest of the way on foot.

ERIC
How 'bout I just let you out and
turn around?

SAMMY
Yeah, we're supposed to be home by
now.

JIMMY
(opening the door)
Thanks.

INT. POLICE CAR - THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOOD, CA - LATE EVENING

TWO POLICEMEN are patrolling the area not far from Griffith Park when a call comes over their radio.

DISPATCHER
(filtered)
Car 76, car 76 come in.

OFFICER EASLEY
(answering on the radio)
This is car 76. Over.

DISPATCHER
(filtered)
Teenagers in a sideswiped vehicle reported seeing Krouton in the 1700 block of Alameda Avenue. While not known to be armed himself, the alien's robot is armed and very dangerous. Krouton must be kept from Griffith Park at all costs. I repeat, Krouton must be stopped before he reaches Griffith Park. Do you copy? Over.

OFFICER EASLEY
Copy that. Over and out.

OFFICER BREWTON
I still say we should be getting holiday pay.

OFFICER EASLEY
(out loud to himself)
They didn't give details about the vehicle or anything. Typical.
(to his partner)
Why Brewton? Why should we get holiday pay?

OFFICER BREWTON
Having to work on Halloween, that's why.

OFFICER EASLEY
Brewton, Halloween isn't an official holiday.

OFFICER BREWTON
Yes it is; I think it's the devil's birthday or something.

Krouton comes into view driving fast and reckless.

OFFICER EASLEY
Speak of the devil.

Officer Brewton turns on the car's SIREN, which startles Krouton, who runs into a fire hydrant, causing it to ERUPT.

OFFICER EASLEY
That should cool off his act.

The police car fishtails to a stop with its headlights shining on Krouton's car. The officers get out and approach the car on the driver's side. Krouton is struggling to get out.

OFFICER BREWTON
Hey, isn't that the spaceman?

OFFICER EASLEY
(pulling his gun)
It sure is.

Krouton sees them approaching and makes a break for it.

OFFICER EASLEY
Stop Krouton! In the name of the
law!

Officer Easley pauses, but when Krouton does not stop, he FIRES and misses. A second SHOT seems to hit Krouton. He falls some distance away from them, but then gets up and hobbles around the corner and out of view.

OFFICER EASLEY
Tell the dispatcher where he's
headed, then follow me.

OFFICER BREWTON
Right.

Just then, Ezekiel the dog runs past both policemen in pursuit of Krouton. They turn to look.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HILTON BALLROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT of Laura trying to make polite chit chat with the alien from *Alien*, who is looming over her. She fidgets and looks around. We hear only background PARTY NOISES.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

When Jimmy gets to the landing site, he sees SOLDIERS encircling the robot (who is still in his funky pose). There is a crowd of people packed pretty tightly around the soldiers. Outside that, there are more crowd members, but the farther away from the ship they are, the more the crowd thins out. An army ANNOUNCEMENT prohibits anyone from playing any musical notes.

ANNOUNCEMENT

(filtered)

...music-producing instruments of any kind. We don't care who promised you what. It is unsafe. Violators will be subject to military tribunal. We mean it.

Using shields and threats, armed soldiers are more than busy trying to keep the crowd back and note-free. There's much CHATTER and MURMURING among the crowd, but the soldiers react only to anybody who tries to get past them or who successfully sneaks out THREE NOTES here and there.

Unable to get through the inner circle of the crowd, Jimmy attempts to PLAY his RECORDING in vain. It can't even be heard above the MURMURING.

EXT. CITY STREET - HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

Officer Easley, in pursuit of Krouton, approaches an intersection on the run. Suddenly a BOY in a Krouton costume darts across the street. Officer Easley, stops and points his flashlight and gun at the boy, but before he can fire, a SECOND BOY in a Krouton costume darts across the street behind him. Officer Easley shakes his head and continues running. He runs a little further and comes upon Krouton's empty (face down) spacesuit, including the shoes, lying on the ground. There are small piles of dirt where the head, hands, and ankles would be. Ezekiel is already there sniffing around. When he lifts his leg, officer Easley SHOOS him away and unzips the suit. It is filled with dirt. Officer Brewton catches up with his partner and stops.

OFFICER BREWTON

What the...? What is that?

OFFICER EASLEY

It's the alien. I shot him. He must have decomposed immediately.

Both men stare at the sight.

OFFICER EASLEY

(continued)

One thing's for sure: aliens are made of dirt, just like us.

OFFICER BREWTON

Another thing's for sure- aliens don't wear underwear.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

Krouton, dressed only in boxer shorts, is skulking around a corner house in the neighborhood, trying to find something to cover himself with and something that will make the right musical notes. He uses a rock to STRIKE pots, wind chimes, anything he can find. He hides when he hears VOICES. It is the TWO BOYS dressed in Krouton costumes.

KROUTON'S POV

The boys stop at the side door of the house where Krouton is hiding. The OWNER comes to the door, motions for them to go around to the front of the house, and closes the door. Krouton approaches the side door, cracks it open, peeks inside, then enters through it.

INT. RESIDENCE

Krouton finds himself in the kitchen. He quickly looks around for something to cover himself with. He is trying to figure out how to put on an apron when he notices that the curtains are made of a fabric similar to his spacesuit.

EXT. SIDEWALK - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

The two Trick-Or-Treaters in Krouton costumes are between houses. Krouton leaps out from behind a bush into their path. His covering looks like half spacesuit, half mummy wrap job. The boys are startled initially, then recognize him.

BOY #1
Are you Krouton?

BOY #2
The real Krouton?

KROUTON
That's right boys. Have you two
ever flown through space?

They shake their heads.

KROUTON
Would you like to?

BOY #1/BOY #2
You mean it?/Neat-o!

EXT. BUSHES

Boy #1 flies into the bushes without his mask on. Boy #2 flies into the bushes minus his mask.

EXT - THE STREETS OF BURBANK - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of a taxi pulling up to a curb. The back door opens, and a passenger gets in.

INT - YELLOW CAB

Only when he sits down do we see that it is Krouton, now wearing the two Krouton masks (though together they look like just one).

KROUTON
Griffith Park, driver, and make it fast.

The driver is a HUSKY MAN.

TAXI DRIVER
That's a good one Mac, but two other Kroutons tried that already.

KROUTON
I'm serious. Take me to Griffith Park now!

TAXI DRIVER
Look buddy, if you want to play spaceman, that's your business. But try to get tough with me and I'll throw you out on your pointy ears.

KROUTON
I don't have pointy ears.
(beat)
Take me to the Beverly Hills Hilton.

TAXI DRIVER
That I can do.

On the drive, Krouton looks through one kid's plastic Jack-O-Lantern Trick-or-Treat receptacle. He takes out and rejects several items, including a Ziplock bag of Goldfish. He opens and examines an orange Wowie Whistle. He finally bites it, likes it, and consumes a good part of it.

TAXI DRIVER
You like those wax harmonicas, huh?
Me, too.

KROUTON
What did you say?

TAXI DRIVER
I said, you like the wax harmonica?

Krouton BLOWS THE LAST WORKING NOTE, CURSES IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE and frantically digs through the pumpkin to find another one. Nothing. He dumps out the contents of the second kid's receptacle on the seat.

TAXI DRIVER
You're not making a mess back there are you?

Krouton finds a second harmonica, opens the package, and BLOWS EVERY NOTE.

KROUTON
Good enough!

EXT. THE BEVERLY HILLS HILTON - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up to the curb and Krouton gets out.

TAXI DRIVER
Hey Mac, that's fifty four twenty.

Krouton reaches back into the taxi, grabs the first receptacle of candy, and tosses it in the driver's lap.

TAXI DRIVER
What the...? Heeey!

The driver starts to get up, but settles down and starts digging through the goodies.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Back at Krouton's spaceship, the Army has taken to blaring a single droning note through its speaker system to drown out any attempted note combinations from the crowd, which is growing more even more restless. Suddenly, the note stops and is replaced by the following MESSAGE:

ANNOUNCEMENT
Citizens of Greater Los Angeles-
the alien Krouton is dead.
(MORE)

ANNOUNCEMENT (CONT'D)
 He was shot and killed as he tried
 to evade capture at approximately
 8:45 Pacific Standard Time. The
 danger is over... and, the need for
 the three-note code has expired. No
 claim for reward will be honored.
 Go back to your homes, or your
 parties, or whatever.

REACTION SHOTS of PEOPLE in the crowd BOOING and GRUMBLING.
 They start to disperse, leaving a very relieved Jimmy the
 only static figure. Then his thoughts turn to his mother.

JIMMY
 Mom.

INT. A BEVERLY HILLS HILTON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Krouton enters the party with the Krouton masks on. He is
 scanning the CROWD OF REVELERS for Laura when Krouton II
 approaches him, looking over his suit.

KROUTON II
 Couldn't decide whether to be
 Krouton or the Mummy, huh?

Krouton ignores him. He finds Laura, grabs her hand, and
 leads her to an empty table. She resists until he lifts up
 his masks to show that it is really him.

LAURA
 Oh my, I thought you were Krouton.
 I mean, the other Krout- what
 happened to your suit?

KROUTON
 You need to get me out of here.

LAURA
 You just got here. Besides, I
 didn't drive, remember.

Krouton CURSES AGAIN IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE, startling Laura.

LAURA
 (continued)
 What is going on?

The DISC JOCKEY who has been playing music for the party has
 also been following the news on his phone. He quickly rigs it
 so that the phone's audio will come through the system
 speakers. Using a microphone, he addresses the ballroom.

DISC JOCKEY

Could I have everyone's attention?
 Sorry to interrupt the party, but
 you guys are music people; you'll
 want to hear this news:

He slides a volume control up on the sound board.

NEWSCASTER

(filtered)

...where the remains will be
 examined by the Army's forensic
 team.

(beat)

If you just joined us, it has been
 confirmed that Krouton, the alien
 rock star, the alleged plagiarist -
 who, as we now know, had secret
 plans to blow up the Earth- has
 been shot dead.

LOUD, EXCITED CHATTER erupts among the crowd. LAURA'S SCREAM
 can be heard above it, drawing everyone's attention to
 Krouton.

LAURA

Aaaaaaah! You! I should have known.
 (to the crowd)
 He's here! Krouton is right here!
 He's not dead! He's right here!

Krouton puts his masks back on, backs away from Laura and
 into a table. The crowd, which has gathered, is now facing
 him. ANGRY VOICES can be heard amid MURMURING. The man
 masquerading as THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME sneaks up beside
 Krouton and rips off his outer mask, revealing no change in
 his appearance. This confuses him. Krouton just glares.
 Krouton takes the remaining mask off himself. His eyes dart
 back and forth following the source of each grumbling.

VOICES

And I bought his CD!/My kid has a
 poster of him/Let's get him; he's
 unarmed.

Throughout the following exchange, Krouton cases the room for
 an exit route. He tries to inch towards the back door, but
 the crowd inches with him.

MAN DRESSED AS A BURGLAR

So you did steal all those songs!

WOMAN MADE UP AS BARBIE

You think you know a guy!

KROUTON

Ha? You think you know me? Why,
because you saw my interview on
Good Morning America?

MAN MADE UP AS GENE SIMMONS OF KISS

We know you're a wolf in sheep's
clothing.

KROUTON

It's amazing what passes for sheep
on this planet of yours, isn't it?
I knew that all I had to do was
sing a little, dance a little, and
you would worship me like a god.

MAN IN DOLLAR BILL COSTUME

We didn't worship anybody. You're
sick!

KROUTON

You want to see sick? Start with
the man in the mirror.

Side-by-side Michael Jackson characters turn to face each
other.

KROUTON

(continued)

Masquerading as your favorite
idols. Which of them ever did
anything for you?

ELVIS

Maybe they didn't, but none of them
threatened to blow us up either!

KROUTON

That's just what I'm going to do.
And I'm going to do it with this!

Krouton holds up the wax harmonica that he's held onto this
whole time, only now it has melted to conform to the shape of
his hand. He CURSES in Tarshish and SLAMS the wax on the
ground. The crowd takes a step towards him. Krouton is now
close enough to a serving table that he can snatch a fondue
fork (which still has a little hot dog attached). He then
grabs Laura and points the fork near her throat.

KROUTON

Get back! Take another step and
I'll let her have it.

The crowd slows, but continues forward.

KROUTON
 (putting the fork against
 Laura's throat)
 I mean it.

The crowd stops. Laura is horrified, but gets distracted by the wienie.

KROUTON
 (continued)
 Keys! I need some keys.
 (pointing to "James Dean")
 You! Take me to your car right now
 or the girl gets it.
 (pointing to Krouton II)
 And you! Give me that spacesuit!

INT. KROUTON'S GETAWAY CAR - VENTURA FREEWAY - GRIFFITH PARK
 EXIT - NIGHT

Laura is driving with Krouton beside her. Krouton is wearing the borrowed space suit and pointing the fondue fork at Laura.

LAURA
 What are you goin...

KROUTON
 Hush!

Still looking for a way to activate Tim, he tries WHISTLING THE RIGHT NOTES. As they approach Griffith Park, heavy traffic the other way thins as foot traffic increases from people leaving the landing site. One of the walkers is Jimmy. Laura spots him first and looks to see if Krouton has noticed. He has.

LAURA
 Jimmy, no.

KROUTON
 Pull over!

LAURA
 You wouldn't.

CUT TO:

INT. KLAATU'S GETAWAY CAR - ZOO DRIVE - GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

KROUTON
 All right Jimmy, where's the watch?

JIMMY
The police have it.

KROUTON
I ought to kill you and your mother
right now.

At this moment, Jimmy realizes that his mother's phone is in his pocket. Jimmy pulls it out, looks at it behind Krouton's seat, spies music app icons, and tosses it out the window in front of an oncoming car, which crushes it.

LAURA
What are you going to do?

KROUTON
Just what everybody said; I'm going
to blow up your planet.

JIMMY
But if you blow up the whole world,
you'd blown up, too.

KROUTON
Well kid, it doesn't really matter
whether I blow up on my planet or
on your planet, does it?

LAURA
He doesn't have any intention of
blowing himself up, Jimmy.

KROUTON
Why Laura, I think you're finally
beginning to understand me.

There is a car seat and toys in the back seat with Jimmy. In looking for something to clonk Krouton with, Jimmy sees a toy xylophone at his feet. When he tries to move it to the floor behind Krouton, the plastic mallet strikes a bar, making a MUSICAL NOTE.

KROUTON
What is that?
(looking in the back seat)
Give it to me Jimmy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO DRIVE - GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Krouton's getaway car comes to a stop. Laura and Jimmy get out. Krouton climbs awkwardly behind the wheel.

KROUTON

(holding up the xylophone)
To think, you actually helped me
blow the Earth to tiny bits- *with*
this. Well, it's been real, and
it's been fun. But it hasn't been
real fun. Keep this as a memento.

Krouton tosses the fondue fork towards them, then departs
with a wave of his hand and a running up on the curb.

See you two in hell!

Jimmy looks into his mothers frightened eyes. They embrace,
but are rudely interrupted by the honk of a passing delivery
truck that almost flattens them.

JIMMY

He's not going to see me in hell.

Jimmy falls to his knees, followed by his mother. They clasp
hands and bow their heads. Jimmy's mouth starts moving in
prayer, but no words are heard. Laura begins sobbing.

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Krouton arrives at the site of his landing. He hides behind
some cover and plays THREE NOTES on the toy xylophone as loud
as he can to bring Tim back to attention from the funky pose
he was left in. The few soldiers remaining at the site react
in rapid succession.

PRIVATE #1

Where did that come from? Who did
that?

PRIVATE #2

Show yourself!

When they notice Tim returning to his original pose, the
soldiers race to grab their rifles. In fact, anybody who's
packing, be they Texan or gang member, reach for their
weapons. Krouton plays THREE NOTES and Tim shoots a RAY that
drops only those who are armed. The unarmed, unaffected
CITIZENS get PANICKY. NEWS CREWS scramble back in action,
though they aren't sure where to point their cameras.

EXT. THE STREET - ZOO DRIVE - GRIFFITH PARK

Jimmy wraps up his prayer.

JIMMY
...in Jesus' name. Amen.

Laura rises as she adds a very firm...

LAURA
Amen!

The music to *Show Me* from *My Fair Lady* begins.

LAURA
(to God)
*I've been a fool,
The devil's pawn,
I see the dawn,
Know me.*

*Look in my heart,
I do repent,
The night is spent,
Know me.*

Laura heads in the direction of Ferraro Fields, followed by Jimmy.

*My soul has been delivered
By your wisdom from above.
No more deceived,
You're my first love.
Anyone whose ever
Played with fire has been burned,
Consider this lesson learned.*

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

Krouton emerges from his hiding place and heads to the base of the spaceship's ramp next to Tim.

KROUTON
(loudly)
Ladies and gentlemen of the media,
you'll want to put your cameras on
me. I have some news that will be
of interest to everyone. First- I'm
not dead. Second- you soon will be.

Krouton plays another THREE NOTES and the door to his spaceship opens with a WHOOSH. Krouton heads halfway up the ramp.

KROUTON
Three more notes is all I intend to
play. Call it my swan song.

INT. TYPICAL LIVING ROOM - AN AMERICAN CITY

A FAMILY, huddled around the TV is watching a broadcast of Krouton's speech.

KROUTON
(filtered)
Or rather, *your* swan song.

EXT. ZOO ROAD, NEARING FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK

The MUSIC from *Show Me* continues.

LAURA
*I went awry
Looking to man.
Never again.
Grow me. Grow me.*

During the following stanza, Laura pushes up her sleeves and adjusts her halo, moving it to a more forward position. She is starting to look like a warrior angel.

*That alien ran over me
To get to where he's got.
Use me, O Lord, to thwart his plot.
Stall him 'til I get there
And then show me what to do.
O Lord, my eyes are on you.*

*I'm ready now
Krouton's all wet.
I'll be your net.
Throw me! Throw me!*

Laura, who's been running, now breaks into a sprint leaving Jimmy in the dust. The music and Laura's last line trail off.

JIMMY
(struggling to catch her)
Hey Mom! Hey! Wait up.

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK - NIGHT

KROUTON
When I've played the third note,
Tim will initiate...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRONICS STOREFRONT - PEKING, CHINA - DAY

Passersby have stopped to watch their impending doom.

KROUTON
(filtered)
...an atomic chain reaction that
will disintegrate your planet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK

KROUTON
By that time, however, I will be
safe within the confines of this
spacecraft which can easily
withstand the blast.

INT. SIERRA LEONE BAR

The few patrons who remain watch Krouton's speech.

KROUTON
(filtered)
Then I will move on and find
another ridiculous world like yours
that I can bleed.

A RANDOM KID breaks from the crowd and runs up to Krouton
with a marker and a piece of paper.

RANDOM KID'S MOTHER
Joey! Stop! Nooooo!

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRARO FIELDS - GRIFFITH PARK

RANDOM KID
Can I have your autograph, Mr.
Krouton?

KROUTON
Get out of the way kid; I'm blowing
up the planet!

RANDOM KID
Make it out, "To your bestest
friend, Joey."

Koruton kicks the kid off the ramp. Laura arrives, followed by Jimmy. She quickly assesses the situation and hurries unnoticed, and in the nick of time, into hearing range.

KROUTON
 (looking over the edge of
 the ramp on the second
 line)
 Is everybody ready? Are you ready
 Joey? One...

Krouton strikes the FIRST NOTE.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN BAR

Hugging and SHRIEKING.

KROUTON
 Two...

Krouton strikes the SECOND NOTE. REACTION SHOTS of the terrified PEOPLE IN THE CROWD. Laura gets in position.

KROUTON
 Wait for it... Threeeee...

Krouton is poised to strike the last note when all of a sudden Laura sings the THREE NOTES of her doorbell chime in perfect pitch. The light in Tim's eyes go out. Krouton, incensed, plays THREE NOTES on the xylophone to reactivate Tim.

Laura sings her THREE NOTES, turning the robot back off, followed by Krouton playing his THREE NOTES, turning the robot back on. Laura SINGS again; Krouton PLAYS again. Laura SINGS; Krouton PLAYS.

This cycle repeats in increasingly rapid succession until they finally make their notes at the same time, creating a NEW MELODIC COMMAND. In response TIM shoots up both arms and the ramp retracts rapidly out from under Krouton with the same HUM it made when it came out, only much faster. He falls to the ground with a THUD. The stunned crowd watches helpless as Krouton gropes for the xylophone. Running across the field, Ezekiel comes to the rescue to the tune of *Ride of the Valkyries*. Once reaching the remaining crowd, he runs around and through human legs, then attacks Krouton, biting and shaking his arm. The onlookers regain their wits and rush Krouton as one. They grab him, pry the xylophone away, and remove him from the scene. Krouton tries in vain to sing the THREE NOTES that will activate the robot (he is off-key).

Someone in the mob finally reduces his efforts to MUFFLED SOUNDS by covering his mouth as he is whisked away. Laura and Jimmy joyfully hug. Laura looks to the sky in thanks to God.

The mob passes by a STATIC CAMERA. When they are mostly past, a NEWS REPORTER AND CAMERAMAN remain CENTERED IN THE FRAME. The news reporter begins her commentary.

NEW REPORTER

I think it's safe to say that Kroutonmania is officially over! You just witnessed the singing sensation turned apprehended alien being subdued and taken away by an angry mob right here where he landed five months ago. And just in the nick of time. Earth was only one note away from annihilation. Three notes saved it. On a final note- the 21st century embraced... and rejected, one jerk too many, just for his entertainment value, and this time it almost proved fatal.

INT. CABINET ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES and his CABINET are seated around a conference table.

THE PRESIDENT

Well, If we can't move the spaceship, we'll just have to leave the dumb thing as a permanent monument to Stupidity.

His Cabinet members CHUCKLE.

THE PRESIDENT

What about the robot?

SECRETARY MULLINS

It's deactivated now. We're working to permanently disable it.

THE PRESIDENT

And then what?

SECRETARY MULLINS

I don't know, sir.

THE PRESIDENT

Has anything been done for the boy
who blew the whistle on Krouton?

Everybody looks at each other, then at the president, but with a sweep of his index finger, he puts responsibility back on them. Cabinet members exchange shrugs and answer.

CABINET MEMBERS

No/I don't think so/ I don't know/
Do you know?

INSERT:

State Border "Welcome to Texas" sign.

EXT. THE NEW JAMESON RANCH - ESTABLISHING

The entrance to the ranch has a fancy sign that says
"Jameson" and has a big "J."

Laura, her MOTHER, and her GRANDMOTHER are sitting on the front porch swing, CHATTING, and sipping lemonade. Ezekiel is in Laura's lap. Jimmy is playing football in the front yard with the NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS. Nelson and Hanson, now Jameson Ranch hands, are acting as referees for the game.

LAURA

No Ma, I'm not sure what I'm going
to do next exactly. I have an
invitation to sing at the White
House. Maybe I'll open up this big,
fancy ranch to serve disabled
veterans, God willing. But one
thing I do know- I'm never going to
forget my roots again, that's for
sure.

One boy on Jimmy's team scores a touchdown.

NEIGHBORHOOD KID

Okay Jimmy, you know what to do.

Jimmy's team sets up to attempt the extra point. Jimmy is the kicker. The snap, the hold, the kick. The ball sails through the upraised arms of Tim the robot. Nelson and Hanson shoot up their hands to signal that the extra point is good. The Jimmy's team and the ladies on the porch all do likewise and GO WILD.

LAURA

I'm trying to convince Jimmy to get rid of that robot. It stops traffic. Besides, it reminds me too much of Krouton.

The ladies share a laugh.

NELSON

(referring to the football
in Hanson's hands)
Give me that. I'm going to present Laura with the game ball.

HANSON

How do you figure?

NELSON

I think her cheering made the difference in the victory.

HANSON

No, I mean why do you get to give it to her?

NELSON

It was my idea.

HANSON

But I'm the head referee.

NELSON

Since when?

HANSON

Since always.

NELSON

You're crazy. Give me the ball.

HANSON

I'm giving it to her!

NELSON

No me!

HANSON

Me!

Menacing MUSIC begins just as Tim's shadow (upraised arms and all) climbs the feuding figures.

As it reaches their faces, they turn and look in horror. The music quickly rises to a dramatic height.

FADE TO BLACK

The End

Laura's singing the three notes that deactivate Tim begin the EXIT MUSIC and the CREDITS.