

TOTALLY HUMAN

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

INT. DRESSING ROOM STALL - DAY

Cold florescent light shines on ZANE (18) generically handsome and secretly lonesome. He's aloof. Always striving to suppress his emotions.

Zane studies his shirtless, SWIMSUIT-clad body in the mirror. He pinches a little belly fat.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Well?

ZANE

It's fine.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Come on out. Let me see.

Stay tight on Zane as he opens the door and walks out.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Hideous. My eyes may vomit tears.

ZANE

So... you'd buy it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Absolutely. I'd never guess you're wearing a skin suit.

Pull out to reveal they're in a sterile, white LABORATORY. Zane's been talking to COMMANDER ZALAMANDER, a scaly, bipedal lizard person in military garb.

They're both members of a cold-blooded, reptilian-looking, human-adjacent ALIEN RACE!

ZANE

This material is oddly smooth. And what in zargon are these?

He pokes his left nipple. Commander Zalamander steps forward and pokes the other nipple. She recoils.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Vile creatures.

(back to business)

Your disguise is settled. Let's review the objectives for your first mission. Planet Earth.

ZANE

I will go where the reckless and permeable young minds gather - college.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

A state school, right?

ZANE

Affirmative. I do not wish to encounter those earthlings fearless enough to graduate from private school with two-hundred thousand dollars in debt.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Clearly they fear nothing.

ZANE

While on campus I will discover the species' strengths and weaknesses--

The door slams open, interrupting.

A formidable Lizard Woman, ZANCY, barges in. She's a rank above Zane and always gunning for a promotion.

She drags a fellow alien, LIZARD FAILURE, into the room.

ZANCY

Commander, here is the planet-doomer that failed his mission.

She PHASER-whips him. He sinks to his knees.

LIZARD FAILURE

I beg forgiveness, Commander.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

There is no forgiveness. There is only duty and death.

LIZARD FAILURE

I have completed dozens of missions, but infiltrating the earthlings was impossible. That species is beyond comprehension.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

We do not abide failure.

She gives Zancy an icy nod.

LIZARD FAILURE

Wait. Give me a second chance to--

ZAP! Lizard Failure FREEZES. Zancy delivers a devastating round-house kick SHATTERING Lizard Failure across the floor.

She shoots Zane a wicked smile.

ZANCY

We do not abide failure.

She leaves. Zane feels a chill run down his spine.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Earthlings could prove a valuable labor source, but only if we understand how to control them. Over the past century, many have attempted this mission. You will be the last. The Supreme Overlord grows restless. Should you fail--

She crunches a piece of Lizard Failure beneath her heel.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER (CONT'D)

--our plans will shift from enslaving this civilization to annihilating it. Collateral damage will be inevitable.

ZANE

Worry not. I will discover how these creatures function. We will dominate their feeble minds. Muahaha!

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Was that an evil cackle?

ZANE

It needs a little practice but--

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

It reveals your sinister agenda. I forbid it.

ZANE

Sorry. Just having a little fun.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Fun. Our species has evolved beyond such emotional distractions.

He bows his head in deference.

ZANE

Yes, Commander. I hate fun. I mean,
I feel indifferent toward it.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER

Your first objective is to find a
lethal compound we can turn against
the earthlings.

Zane tucks a shiny metal PHASER into his waistband. He straps
on a CALCULATOR WATCH and steps onto a triangular platform.
Red light washes over his human facade. He nods. Ready.

COMMANDER ZALAMANDER (CONT'D)

I've locked onto a power grid
robust enough for teleportation.
Intel suggests this site is one of
Earth's most dreaded battlefields.

ZANE

Huh. Is there maybe a different--

BLEEP-BLOOP! Zane teleports to--

INT. WALMART: EARTH - DAY

COEDS push carts full of cheap dorm room essentials. Two MOMS
vie for the last shower-caddy. It gets ugly.

A MALE COED steers his cart down the FROZEN AISLE, when
suddenly, freezer lights surge CRAZY BRIGHT.

He shields his eyes. Lights soon return to their normal
brightness. Now Zane can be seen through the freezer's frosty
glass, shivering behind rows of frozen goods.

Male Coed opens the freezer door and Zane grabs his wrist.

MALE COED

Aahhh!

ZANE

Silence your mouth noise. How do I
escape this frozen tundra?

Male Coed tries to break free, but Zane pulls him closer.

ZANE (CONT'D)

I need your body for warmth. For
survival.

Male Coed rears back, pulling Zane and an avalanche of Hot
Pockets into the aisle.

Zane leaps to his feet and scans for threats. He notes the more temperate climate.

ZANE (CONT'D)
I no longer need your body. I'll survive on my own.

Zane leaves, passing a FEMALE COED.

FEMALE COED
Dumped in Walmart. Ouch.

MALE COED
Oh, it's not like that. We were fighting and--

She hands him a quart of ICE CREAM.

FEMALE COED
You need this more than I do.

WOMEN'S CLOTHING SECTION

Zane puts on a PINK POWER RANGER SHIRT, slips into some CROCS and straps a cheetah-print FANNYPACK up around his chest. He zips his phaser inside.

ZANE
(sotto)
I'll blend right in. These stupid earthlings won't stand a chance. Muahaha!

He turns to see a MOM in a beige cardigan, hand on hip.

CARDIGAN MOM
That was quite the evil cackle.

ZANE
Thank you. I mean, no it wasn't.

CARDIGAN MOM
You got some kinda sinister agenda?

They lock eyes for a long, ominous moment. He reaches for his phaser, but decides against it.

ZANE
(cursing)
Shizwak!

Zane flees, his crocs squeaking with every step.

END OF COLD OPEN