

Untitled Dan Fogelman Project

by

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EXT. OUTER SPACE - LUNCHTIME

We drift away from EARTH, past the planets which grammar school made us familiar with. And then beyond. A left turn. A sharp right. See ya, Pluto. Then: A PLANET.

CHYRON: 2001

INT. UNDISCLOSED ALIEN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Two notes: 1) Everything "alien" is shot so we never get a pure look at one 2) Dialogue is alien-ese (subtitled).

TWO GREEN ALIEN FEET march to front, leaving GREEN GOO in their wake. The footsteps silence those in attendance.

LEADER (O.S.)
My fellow Zabvronians. We have intercepted a transmission from a different galaxy.

Excited CHATTER. TIGHT ON two GREEN HANDS slapping five.

LEADER (CONT'D)
SILENCE!
(then)
But yes, we're pretty pumped. Behold.

His ALIEN FINGER points at a MONITOR: an INFOMERCIAL.

VOICE-OVER (O.S.)
The Knob Hill Development in Manalapan, New Jersey offers luxury townhomes on an eighteen hole golf course. All units are available and--

LEADER
(over commercial)
Research shows this land called Jersey is known as The Garden State. We have obtained an image of one such garden.

IMAGE: a LUSH GARDEN. Off-camera, aliens COO in unison, like E.T. having an orgasm.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Yes, I know. New Jersey looks delightful. Planet Jersey harbors a race called humans.

His finger points at an image of BRAD PITT. Instant pandemonium: "Turn it off, I'm gonna throw up, etc."

LEADER (CONT'D)
 Silence! They can't all be so revolting.
 Ambassador?

A PAIR OF FEET stand.

LEADER (CONT'D)
 You will lead an exploratory mission. Go
 in human form and secure this village.

His HANDS grab a SILVER BOX with a blinking red light.

LEADER (CONT'D)
 Bring the Pupar and await further
 instruction.

The box gets handed over: from one alien hand to another.

LEADER (CONT'D)
 Don't forget to recharge it.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - EVENING

We're outside the CONDO DEVELOPMENT from the commercial.

CHYRON: TEN YEARS LATER

INT. CONDO LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the silver box (Pupar). PULL BACK: an ODD MAN.

ODD MAN
 Well, another week, still no word.

He talks to a group of ODD HUMANS. An ANGRY WOMAN stands.

ANGRY WOMAN
 We should have gotten further instruction
 by now. We must recharge the Pupar!

MURMURS. The Odd Man looks to his BEAUTIFUL WIFE, petite
 and blonde. She stands nearby, looks concerned. An
 ANGRY MAN stands next to the Angry Woman.

ANGRY MAN
 For ten years we have waited, prisoners
 behind these gates! The two of us are
 leaving! We have sold our unit.

ANGRY WOMAN
 Got above asking price if you're curious.

More MURMURS. *Wow: more than asking price?*

ANGRY MAN

We're leaving... and in our original form. Perhaps you remember what that looks like?

They CLAP twice, as if activating a clapper. A FLASH and ALIEN FEET EXIT, leaving a trail of GREEN GOO behind. Everyone springs into cleaning mode (*"get a wet paper towel, sometimes vinegar works, get it before it sets"*).

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON ALIEN FEET walking up a RAMP. After a beat, a ROLLING SUITCASE follows. We're outside...

EXT. CONDO DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

A SPACESHIP takes off. PAN DOWN to the Odd Man, watching. A hand tugs his shirt. He looks down: an ODD LITTLE BOY.

LITTLE BOY

Father, if they sold their unit, it means humans will move in. What will we do?

MAN

Let us see who it is who comes, my Son. Only then might we have reason to worry.

EXT. BAYONNE APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A MOVING VAN is parked out front.

CHYRON: YESTERDAY

TIGHT ON the tear-streaked face of AMBER WEAVER (16).

AMBER

THIS BLOWS! THIS TOTALLY BLOWS!

Amber screams again abnormally, clears frame. Two children enter: MAX WEAVER (9) and ABBY WEAVER (7).

ABBY

Mom! Max told me to shut up!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't say shut up, Max.

They clear frame, DEBBIE WEAVER (early 40's) enters.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kids, give your mother a break, okay?

Debbie shoots a glare backwards.

DEBBIE

Oh, shut up.

She clears and MARTY WEAVER enters, early 40's and sweating like a mother-fucker. He's carrying boxes.

MARTY

I may be the bad guy now but you'll be thanking me soon. It has a golf course!

AMBER (O.S.)

I HATE YOU!

Marty loads boxes in, closes the trunk. He looks upwards.

MARTY

Please God: help me out here. No leaky faucets. And no termites, okay?

(beat, then)

Oh, and let the neighbors be normal.

As he gets in and takes pulls out toward the New Jersey Turnpike we CUE:

TITLE CARD

INT. WEAVER TOWNHOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - AFTERNOON

Marty moves one end of a SOFA against a wall, directly in front of a window. Debbie moves the other end of the sofa into place and plops down, testing its positioning.

Marty sits next to her on the sofa, puts his arm around her. She smiles weakly. There's tension here.

MARTY

Place is pretty spectacular, huh?

DEBBIE

(not convinced)

Uh huh.

Out the window behind them (they don't see this), a man drives by in a GOLF CART. Marty treads carefully...

MARTY

You told me you wanted me to start taking "initiative."

DEBBIE

This is true. I did say that.

MARTY

You said - and I'm not trying to fight here, just reminding you - you said: "Marty, after eighteen years of marriage it'd be nice if once in a while you took initiative and surprised me."

DEBBIE

Right again. I said that too.

Silence. Behind them (again unseen), a man and woman pass in a SECOND GOLF CART. Marty tries again.

MARTY

So...

DEBBIE

I meant flowers, Marty! I meant a new crockpot! I didn't mean for you to make a down-payment on a townhouse and uproot our family without consulting me!

Marty takes this in.

MARTY

Is something wrong with our crockpot?

Debbie closes her eyes. Silence. A HOARD OF GOLF CARTS pass outside. It's a ridiculous sight: one that Marty and Debbie are not yet privy to. Marty tries again.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's got a golf course.

DEBBIE

(sarcastic)

I can take up golf.

MARTY

First available unit in ten years and we got it!

DEBBIE

Yay.

Marty hesitates, unsure how to proceed. As he thinks,

MAX (O.S.)

Mom, Dad! People are here!

MARTY

Oh, thank God.

(hopping up)

Let's go meet the neighbors!

EXT. WEAVER TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The family emerges. Out front stands the ENTIRE COMMUNITY (standing in front of their golf carts). Everyone holds a PIE. They just stand there.

DEBBIE

Hello.

TOWN

(in unison)

Hello.

The ODD MAN from earlier approaches, hands Debbie a pie. Marty extends his hand.

MARTY

How ya' doin'. Marty Weaver.

The man mirrors Marty, sticking out his hand (but not shaking). His hand will remain outstretched for a while.

ODD MAN

I am Wilt Chamberlain, leader of this community and immediate neighbor to your west. We bring you pie, as is your custom, as a gift of welcome.

Debbie and Marty share a look. Town members begin lining up, bowing and piling pies in their arms.

WILT

I will familiarize you with my family and we will take our leave.

(then, loudly)

WIFE! STEP FORWARD!

They JUMP, startled. His WIFE (seen earlier) steps up.

WILT (CONT'D)

My wife, Jackie Joyner-Kersee.

Marty and Debbie LAUGH, stop short when no one else does.

DEBBIE

Hi, Jackie. Joyner-Kersee. I'm Debbie.

Debbie extends her hand, Jackie Joyner-Kersee extends hers (again not shaking, just holding it there). Debbie awkwardly changes topics.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Is that your little boy?

Hiding behind her is the ODD BOY we met earlier.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Our youngest, Lennox Lewis.

Debbie's doing her best to keep it together.

DEBBIE

Of course. Max, maybe you can be friends?

Max steps forward, eyes him suspiciously

MAX

You into Barbie dolls or boogers or anything weird?

LENNOX

No.

MAX

He'll do.

They run off together. Abby follows.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

My gratitude. It has been difficult for
Lennox to make friends.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

(explaining)

Thus far we are the only family in this
development to have bred.

Debbie nods, lost. Amber EMERGES, a picture of
sadolescent insanity.

MARTY

(awkward segue)

And speaking of breeding, here's our
oldest, Amber. Amber say hello.

AMBER

I can't find my I-pod. I NEED MY I-POD!

And like that, she returns inside.

MARTY

She scares the hell out of us.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

(waving him off)

We too bear the burden of an unhappy
teenager.

She points up at the window of the townhouse next door.
Looking out is a handsome, ASIAN TEENAGER.

WILT

Our eldest, Joe Montana.

Marty begins LAUGHING.

MARTY

Joe Montana.

(off their looks)

Fun. Another fun name.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Tomorrow you dine with us, a display of
neighborly hospitality. But now, we take
our leave.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

COMMUNITY DISPERSE!

The crowd departs instantly, leaving them holding huge stacks of pies, confused.

MARTY

They seemed nice, no?

DEBBIE

Marty, I swear to God, if you set up some kind of candid camera thing thinking it would be funny--

MARTY

I didn't.

DEBBIE

Okay. So we're just living amidst a cult of golf-cart-driving pie-makers with the names of pro athletes? Marty, seriously, what are we gonna do?

MARTY

We'll make it work. I'll buy a golf cart, you can legally change your name to Martina Navratilova, it's all good.

Despite herself, Debbie LAUGHS. Even when fighting, you love these two together. Marty takes her hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm sure there's an explanation. Let's have dinner with them tomorrow. Give them a chance at least. Okay?

Debbie nods, still wary.

DEBBIE

Dinner better not be weird.

INT. WILT CHAMBERLAIN'S TOWNHOUSE - NEXT EVENING

Dinner. Yep, it's weird. There are full plates of food in front of Marty's family but the plates in front of Wilt's family are topped by... well, BOOKS. They're reading while the Weavers eat. Again: weird.

DEBBIE

Dinner is wonderful, Jackie. But it feels a bit... strange, you know, that only our family is eating.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

We receive nourishment through our eyes
and mind, rather than our mouths.

(then, noticing)

Joe Montana, why aren't you reading?

JOE MONTANA

I'm not hungry.

Weird. Marty and Debbie share a look.

WILT

As is customary, the leader of the host
family will now direct a toast of
welcome. FAMILY, WE TOAST!

In unison: Wilt's family snap their fingers, bang twice
on the table, stomp their feet once, pull on their ears,
and shout... "HEAR OUR CALL, WHOOP-WHOOP" and bang their
fists on the table one last time.

Then, they immediately resume eating (well, reading).
Marty and Debbie look on, horrified. MAX STANDS.

MAX

Me and Lennox want to go play.

LENNOX

Father? May I be excused?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

You may go.

MARTY

(trying)

Maxwell, do you wish to be excused?

Max FAKE FARTS. He and Abby crack up.

MAX

Excuse me.

MARTY

You may go.

The kids all run off. Amber STANDS, grabs Joe.

AMBER

We're going upstairs.

Joe looks to his parents who NOD. He follows Amber.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Can I grab a soda or something?

She opens the fridge, it's filled to the brim with BOOKS.

JOE MONTANA

No.

He closes it. Back to the table, Marty changes topics:

MARTY

I can trust your son upstairs with my little girl, right?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Worry not. My son is incapable of breeding with your daughter.

MARTY

Good enough for me. Pass the potatoes?

Jackie Joyner-Kersee STANDS.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Debbie, let us excuse ourselves and do dishes while our men converse like men.

Debbie LAUGHS, then realizes she's serious.

DEBBIE

Oh. Okay.

She raises a brow at Marty and follows her out...

INT. JOE MONTANA'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Walls covered in posters of the real Joe Montana. Weird. The teens ENTER and Amber closes the door.

AMBER

Alright, I start school tomorrow. I need names: who's running the show over there?

JOE MONTANA

Oh, I do not attend school. We are taught at home by our mother.

Amber SCREAMS, horrified by this. Joe JUMPS.

AMBER

(looking around)

Wait, where's your computer?

JOE MONTANA
I don't have a computer.

AMBER
How do you IM?

JOE MONTANA
What's IM?

Amber SCREAMS again. Joe looks both confused AND smitten.

INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

At the sink: Debbie hands Jackie a dirty dish. Jackie opens the window above the sink and throws it out the window. It CRASHES in the distance. Debbie shakes her head, tries conversation.

DEBBIE
So you're home full-time with the kids, huh? I was doing it too until things took off with my company.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE
You mean... you have an occupation?

DEBBIE
Well, I was home, started sketching, wound up creating a line of handbags. Just got a shelf at Bloomingdales, actually. Never thought it'd go this far.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee looks shocked. Debbie hands her another dish. Jackie throws it out the window.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE
And your husband allows you to occupy yourself with such things?

Debbie puts down the dishes.

DEBBIE
Okay, Jackie. Joyner-Kersee. What's your story? Are you guys Amish or something? Like... Amish athletes? Cause if Marty talked to me like Wilt talks to you, I'd filet his genitals in his sleep like sashimi.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee LAUGHS, quickly covers her mouth.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

I should not be amused. It is disrespectful to speak this way of them.

DEBBIE

Well, it's disrespectful when they turn their backs to us in bed and fart in our faces. I think we're entitled.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee busts out laughing again as we ...

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Where Marty and Wilt Chamberlain "talk like men." Marty chews on a toothpick.

MARTY

So, basically I'm in strollers and diapers. You go into Toys 'R Us: anything that's not a toy: I decide what shelf it goes on. What do you do, Wilt?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

I do nothing. We are independently wealthy and spend all our time within the confines of the community.

MARTY

Lucky bastard. Any hobbies?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Hobbies?

MARTY

You fish, or work on cars, or... I don't know...

He pulls his toothpick out of his mouth...

MARTY (CONT'D)

Build things out of toothpicks?

Wilt shakes his head no, confused. Marty notices the Pupar off to the side, reaches for it...

MARTY (CONT'D)

What's this thing--

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
DO NOT TOUCH THE PUPAR!
(then, covering)
I mean ashtray.

Marty slowly pulls his hands back. Tries a new topic.

MARTY
Soooo, Wilt, you a big Niners fan?
(off his blank look)
Your kid is named Joe Montana?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
We believe there is no greater tribute to
this planet than to name ourselves in
honor of its finest physical specimens.

MARTY
(shaking his head)
No way I could get Debbie to go for that.
Would have named the boy Mookie Wilson.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
My wife does what I tell her.

Marty looks up, wide-eyed (*no way!*). Wilt nods seriously
(*you bet your ass*). Marty smiles and lifts a glass.

MARTY
I like your style, my friend. To you,
Wilt Chamberlain.

Wilt lifts an imaginary glass and just holds it there as
Marty drinks. It's weird.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Max is BLOWING spit bubbles as Abby STANDS ON HER HEAD.

ABBY
Look what I can do! Look what I can do!

MAX
(to Lennox)
My sister is such a dork.

LENNOX
She seems to admire you greatly.

MAX
She's a dork.

LENNOX

Oh. Okay.

MAX

C'mon, you're a kid! You must know a trick or something!

Lennox shakes his head, embarrassed.

MAX (CONT'D)

Magic? Armpit noise? Something!

They look at Lennox expectantly. He wants to so badly.

LENNOX

Well... I do have one trick. But you musn't tell anyone.

ABBY

Cross our hearts, hope to die.

Max nods. Lennox hesitates, he shouldn't. But the pull of peer pressure is too strong. He closes his eyes. Max and Abby smile, waiting. Max CLAPS twice, then...

FROM BEHIND

AN ALIEN BACKSIDE. In foreground, Max and Abby's terrified FACES.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the couples are having coffee. Marty is mid story.

MARTY

So to make a long story short --

DEBBIE

The moment passed ten minutes ago, Hon'.

MAX and ABBY fly past, SCREAMING LIKE CRAZY. They're out the door. Amber follows, concerned. A beat, then...

MARTY

If you'll all just excuse us a moment.

INT. MARTY AND DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Marty and Debbie SIT at the bed's end. Amber STANDS in the corner. Max and Abby hide under the covers.

MARTY

Guys, I promise you he's not an alien.
He's just a little strange, that's all.

Max and Abby POP OUT out from the covers.

MAX

No, Dad. Justin Bernstein ate his
boogers. He was a little strange.
Lennox Lewis is an alien.

They SCREAM and pop back under cover. CUE: DOORBELL.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Marty (with Debbie and Amber behind him) answers the
front door. Wilt Chamberlain stands there.

MARTY

Hey, Wilt Chamberlain. Sorry for-oh okay.
Wow. You brought the whole gang, huh?

WILT ENTERS, followed by THE ENTIRE TOWN. They fill the
room.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

So your children had a scare?

MARTY

Oh, just kids with wild imaginations.
They're convinced Lennox is an alien.

Marty and Debbie LAUGH. No reaction elsewhere. A beat.

DEBBIE

Can I get anyone some pie?

Wilt and Jackie share a look, turn back to Marty,
dramatic.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

You were bound to find out eventually.
You may want to sit down.

MARTY

Okay, you're starting to freak my kids
out and by my kids I mean me. I'm gonna--

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Zabvronians!

They all CLAP TWICE in unison.

MARTY
 (still going)
 --have to ask you to-- holy hogs in
 heaven.

THE MONEY SHOT: We see ALIENS IN FULL for the first time.
 More precisely: a room full of green goo dripping aliens.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY AND DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The entire family now LIES side by side in the bed,
 tucked tightly under the covers. From under covers...

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 It's got a golf course, and great schools-

MARTY (O.S.)
 Now's not the time, Honey.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 First available unit in ten years and we
 got it! Oh yeah, just one little hiccup:
 OUR NEIGHBORS ARE GREEN!

Marty sits up in bed. The family emerges behind him.

MARTY
 Let's think. We haven't gotten sleep and--

WILT CHAMBERLAIN (O.S.)
 I am sorry to interrupt, Weaver family.

Marty SCREAMS and pulls the covers back over his family.
 Wilt and Jackie ENTER (in human form). They sit at the
 bed's edge.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE
 An explanation is in order. We hail from
 the Planet Zabvron. A decade ago we were
 deployed to investigate if Earth might
 make a nice home should temperatures on
 our planet continue to rise. You follow?

From under the covers, the family answers in UNISON.

FAMILY (O.S.)
 Yes.

MARTY (O.S.)
 I'm thinking of getting a Prius.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

You are the first humans to enter our development. If you wish to reveal our secret we will not stop you. We hope, however, that you will consider trusting us... and staying. We've had no real contact with humans and believe there is much we could learn from one another.

They go to exit, then stop.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Debbie Weaver, in their excitement, I fear my brethren have dripped green goo all over your new carpet. We will pay for the cleaning.

They EXIT. After a beat (from under the covers)...

DEBBIE (O.S.)

(yelling out)

Thank you.

MARTY (O.S.)

(yelling out)

Very generous of you. And thanks again for dinner!

As the family remains under the covers we:

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO:

INT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - NEXT MORNING

The family stands at the window, looking out. A NEIGHBOR waters his lawn (well, he's not really watering it, he's more just shooting a hose up in the air and drenching himself). He catches them looking and WAVES. Caught, they wave back. Marty rips the blinds closed.

MARTY

Okay, the point of this family conference is to decide what to do.

AMBER

ABOUT LIVING WITH ALIENS? THIS IS SO RETARDED!

MAX

I'm not going to school.

MARTY

Why not?

MAX

What if the aliens come and eat Mommy?

ABBY

Yeah, what if the aliens come and eat Mommy?

MARTY

What about me? What if the aliens come and eat Daddy?

The kids shrug. The DOORBELL RINGS. Everyone freezes. Marty CROSSES himself and opens the door, revealing...

LENNOX LEWIS. All 4'10 of him. He wears a backpack. Marty, flustered, backs up quickly, TRIPPING over a box.

LENNOX

I convinced my parental unit to enroll me in school! I wondered if Max and Abby might take the bus with me. I know not how.

Max steps in front of his sister.

MAX

Stay away from my sister you freak!

Lennox's face drops.

LENNOX

Oh. My apologies.

(a beat, then)

I'm sure I can figure it out.

Lennox turns to go, wounded. Debbie softens.

DEBBIE

No, no, no. Lennox, wait a second.

Debbie APPROACHES Lennox. Unsure of how to touch him, she gingerly places a hand on his shoulder.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Max, apologize.

MAX

He's an alien, Mom!

DEBBIE

Well, he may be, but I did not raise you to be rude to anyone - even aliens.

(then)

Abby, Max, go to the bus with Lennox.

Your father and I need to talk.

Max takes Abby's hand. He steps up to Lennox, protective.

MAX

I box on the Wii like six hours a day.

You do not want to mess with us, Son.

The children EXIT, leaving Amber behind with her parents.

AMBER

(as if on phone)

Hi, child services, I'd like to report my parents. They just sent their seven and nine year old to school with an alien.

(screaming)

What's wrong with you!?! They drip goo and-

JOE MONTANA (O.S.)

You look amazing, Amber. You will be the most desired girl in all the high school.

At the door stands Joe Montana. Amber turns on a dime.

AMBER
Peace out bitches.

Like that she EXITS, leaving Debbie and Marty alone.

MARTY
You see? The kids are fine. Once you
get past the initial shock of things--

DEBBIE
Tell me you're kidding.

MARTY
Honey: they're peace-loving aliens!

DEBBIE
So if they were warmonger aliens we'd be
leaving, but since they're peace-loving--

MARTY
I'm just asking we be rational here.
Mortgage rates are way up since we
bought, we can't afford this square
footage anywhere else. I don't even know
where we'd start again--

DEBBIE
So we're stuck, is that it? Fantastic.
The one time you make a decision on your
own...

She trails off. Marty STIFFENS, challenged.

MARTY
You wanted me to take initiative, well
here you go: I'm the man of the house and
you're my wife and you'll do what I tell
you! WE'RE STAYING.

Debbie's eyes practically roll back in her head. Marty
realizes what he's done.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Unless you don't want to stay. We can
talk about it.

INT. WILT CHAMBERLAIN'S KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Wilt sits at the kitchen table. He is creating some sort
of enormous TOOTHPICK SCULPTURE, a hobby induced by his
conversation with Marty.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee goes to the refrigerator and takes out a NEWSPAPER. She brings it to him.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

What do you think they'll decide to do?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Well, Marty seems a reasonable man. Hopefully the wife will mind her business and they will stay.

This seems to irritate Jackie. She starts to say respond... but holds back. She looks at the Pupar, sitting on the counter. A beat. Up on the table, Wilt takes in his TOOTHPICK SCULPTURE: a life-sized TOOTHPICK VERSION OF MARTY.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

So... I've been thinking, Husband. Considering the discontent in our community, perhaps it is time to consider recharging the Pupar and reestablish contact with home.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Perhaps. Or perhaps it is time for you to entertain the idea of leaving big decisions to me and getting me the *New York Times* out of the freezer. I'm starving and the *Bergen Record* just won't tide me over till lunch.

Jackie Joyner's eyes practically roll back in her head.

BACK TO:

INT. WEAVER CONDO (LIVING ROOM) - MEANWHILE

Fight is on. There's no holding back anymore.

MARTY

ADMIT IT! YOU'RE JUST FINDING FAULT WITH THIS PLACE BECAUSE I BOUGHT IT WITHOUT CONSULTING YOU!

DEBBIE

Honey, I assure you: I'm nine steps past finding fault because you bought this place without consulting me.

Marty goes to respond, stops.

MARTY
 (confused)
 Really? When did that happen?

DEBBIE
 THE MOMENT THE ALIENS STARTED DRIPPED
 GREEN GOO IN OUR LIVING ROOM!

CUE: DOORBELL.

MARTY
 WHAT NOW!?

He answers. Wilt Chamberlain stands there. He looks horrible. He holds a small suitcase up.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN
 (child-like)
 Jackie Joyner-Kersey kicked me out.

MARTY
 You know Wilt, it's not a good time--

DEBBIE
 No, you two deserve each other. I live
 within ten yards of the biggest schmucks
 on two different planets.

She STORMS OUT. Suddenly, WATER starts pouring out of Wilt's ears. Wilt notices Marty noticing, dabs at them.

WILT
 This is how we cry. It's very hard to
 explain.

INT. JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Where Jackie and Debbie vent. There's no bed in the room, just two LARGE GREEN PODS which hang from the ceiling. As they vent, Jackie goes about "cleaning" the pods, starting by dragging a huge bucket underneath one.

DEBBIE
 He keeps throwing "initiative" back at
 me. I said it once! I just wanted
 flowers, maybe a little surprise sex in
 the shower. Instead, he moves me in with
 E.T.'s creepy cousins.
 (then)
 No offense.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Don't even understand the reference.

(then, her own rant)

I'm not even saying I WANT to recharge the Pupar!

DEBBIE

No, you just want to discuss recharging the...

She pauses, unsure.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

(helping)

Pupar.

DEBBIE

Why'd you give it such a weird name?

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

I don't know.

(enraged)

I wasn't consulted on that either!

She switches a lever on the pod... the bottom opens up and GREEN GOO pours into the bucket.

INT. WEAVER CONDO (LIVING ROOM) - MEANWHILE

Where Marty and Wilt Chamberlain engage similarly.

MARTY

I just didn't want my kids growing up in a crappy apartment in Bayonne like I did. I saw an opportunity and I took it. One minute she wants me to take initiative, the next she's mad at me for taking it. My hands are in the air, Wilt! I'm throwing them in the air!

He throws them in the air. Wilt follows suit. They both remain like this (arms up) for the rest of the scene.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

On our planet, the leader leads. I'm trying to lead. But I respect my wife! I've loved her since day one at Kilikiwaka school.

MARTY

That like high school?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

The highest.

Confusion. After a beat, Marty presses on.

MARTY

(then, admitting)

You know what drives me crazy? She's right. She's always right. I should have talked to her before I made a down-payment. And it is weird that you guys are aliens. Although, in my defense, you guys seem pretty harmless. And you brought me that cool toothpick sculpture which was really sweet and frankly, kind of amazing...

IN THE CORNER: a life-sized toothpick Marty. It's weird.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

(also admitting)

And I should have consulted my wife about the Pupar. They're always right, aren't they?

Water pours out of Wilts ears. Marty, now used to this, dabs at them with a roll of paper towels by his side.

INT. JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Back to the women (as Jackie drains the second pod).

DEBBIE

You know what, Jackie: if you want to recharge that Pubic Bar--

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Pupar.

DEBBIE

You want to recharge it, I say you recharge it. Forget what he says.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

He has his reasons. I understand them, believe me. But we have not heard from home and we have a responsibility--

DEBBIE

So do it! Recharge that...

She searches again.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Pupar.

DEBBIE

It's really a very unusual word.

Jackie Joyner-Kersee nods. She empties the bucket of GOO out a window, quickly backs away as a BURST OF FLAMES shoots past. Just then... Lennox ENTERS from school.

LENNOX

I'm home, Mother!

They turn. Lennox stands there, a big smile on his face.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late! I knew more than my teacher and kept correcting her and it upset her and I got detention!

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

That's wonderful, my Dear.

(then)

Lennox?

He looks at her serious face. His face turns serious.

LENNOX

Is it time?

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Go to the garage and prepare the Pupar.

Lennox smiles. He approaches his mother. Hugs her.

LENNOX

It is my honor to serve you, Mother.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

I love you, My Son.

They finish embracing. Lennox runs out the door.

DEBBIE

Wow! I mean, wow. I can't even get my kids to take out the garbage without a fight. What an amazing kid.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Yes.

(then)

I will miss him very much.

Debbie's smile drops instantly.

DEBBIE

Wait, what?

Her confusion is magnified by the fact that water has started pouring out of Jackie Joyner-Kersey's ears.

INT. WEAVER CONDO (LIVING ROOM) - MEANWHILE

Wilt explains to Marty:

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

The youngest born in the community is the only one who can recharge the Pupar. Though considered quite an honor, the child who recharges it will break from Earth's time continuum and make a molecular break consistent with the rotational spin of Zabvron. You follow?

A beat.

MARTY

No.

He tries again.

WILT

By recharging the Pupar, he will shift five minutes into the future. Though safe with Future-Me, he will only be able to communicate with the Current-Me via written word he leaves behind. I will never see our son again. I mean, I will... but it will be Future-Me.

A beat.

MARTY

Nope, not even close.

Max and Abby ENTER.

MAX

Hey Dad.

They TURN.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Mr. Chamber-alien. Lennox is in the garage. His mom sent him to recharge his poopie or something?

Marty and Wilt share a look and jump up.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage holds a SILVER SPACESHIP (the garage fits two cars but only one spaceship comfortably).

Lennox has changed into a silver space-suit, a huge smile on his face. In the history of little aliens in human form, there has never been a cuter one.

The Pupar rests in his palms, his arms completely outstretched before him. Twenty feet in front of him, a BEAM OF BLUE LIGHT shoots down from the ceiling.

LENNOX

See you in five minutes, Mommy.

He begins a slow walk toward the blue light.

MARTY AND DEBBIE BURST IN simultaneously.

	MARTY	DEBBIE
NO!		LENNOX, STOP!

Lennox turns, startled. Doing so, he drops the Pupar...

SLOW MOTION. Marty DIVES for it. But he's not in time, the Pupar hits the ground and Marty actually lands ON it. He gets up. It's completely smashed. He looks Debbie:

MARTY

Ooops.

Jackie Joyner arrives just then. She runs to Lennox.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Son! Thank Heavens!

She HUGS him. Lennox doesn't understand the fuss.

LENNOX

I would have seen you in five minutes.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN bursts in, out of breath.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

My Son!

He runs to Lennox, embraces him.

LENNOX

I mean seriously, would that much have changed in five minutes?

Jackie looks at Wilt.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

You were right, Husband. I can't bear to lose him, even to ourselves in five min--
(then, realizing)
Wilt Chamberlain, have you been crying?

ON WILT

Two handkerchiefs stick out from his ears.

WILT

A little.

(then)

I'm so sorry, Wife. Even if I'd been designated leader of this mission by the most important life form in the galaxy - which I basically was, don't want to fight but you need to know where I'm coming from - we still must communicate.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

This is all I ask for.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

I feel so deeply for you, my dear. I am going to pleasure you all night.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

I thought we were out of asbestos.

WILT

I have a secret supply.

She GIGGLES. They turn, realizing Debbie and Marty are watching, now concerned.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

We can't thank you enough, Weaver family.

DEBBIE

Wait, what was that with asbestos?

Marty grabs Debbie, changing topics.

MARTY

I just wanted my kids to grow up in a nicer place than I did.

DEBBIE

I know.

MARTY

Tomorrow I'm getting you a crockpot filled with flowers.

DEBBIE

It's all I require.

He smiles, then.

MARTY

We should stay here, Babe.

DEBBIE

Well, the square footage is amazing. Not to mention the mortgage rate. And I really don't want to move again.

MARTY

Plus, think about the possibilities. We can train them.

DEBBIE

Create the perfect neighbors.

MARTY

And they're screwed up, way more than us. There's something comforting about that.

DEBBIE

Totally. They were about to sacrifice their son for the fubar.

MARTY

Pupar.

DEBBIE

Why can't I get that?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

We're pleased to hear you're staying!

They turn, surprised. Jackie points to her ears.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

These things aren't just for crying.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

This could be the start of a really wonderful friendship. If we could just give one word of advice?

MARTY

Please.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

No matter what you do, never, ever, drink the tap water.

JACKIE JOYNER-KERSEE

Or bathe.

As Marty and Debbie process this we...

END SHOW

TAG

INT. WILT CHAMBERLAIN'S SPACESHIP

Marty and Wilt sit in Wilt's spaceship. It's surprisingly low-tech. There is a switch that says: ON/OFF. Lots of other blinking lights. Behind them sits LIFE-SIZED TOOTHPICK MARTY. He's now wearing the same shirt as Marty. Weird.

Marty sips a beer and "aahs." Wilt peruses his "Bartending for Dummies" book and "aahs."

MARTY

So... was I right about last night?

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

You were. Even after we made amends with one another, she insisted on carrying the argument over late into the evening.

MARTY

They like to do that. But sometimes you need a good long fight to clear the air.

WILT

I agree. It was a good fight. And, in the end, I emerged the victor.

MARTY

Well, good for you, Bud. Not often we win one of those.

Wilt NODS.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN

Yes. We will not be hearing from her anytime soon.

Marty lowers his beer, concerned. Wilt, smiling big, clinks his book against Marty's beer.

WILT CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)

Another beer?

And we...

FADE TO BLACK.