

**LOVE IN DEEP SPACE - PILOT - "FIRST DATE"**

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TEASER**EXT. SUBURBAN 70S HOME - NIGHT.**

A house in a quiet suburban neighborhood; the sounds of night, crickets, trees in the breeze and...a humming otherworldly sound.

A classic round flying saucer comes into view and hovers over the house. (*Piano intro to "Abducted" begins to play in the background.*)

**INT. SAME HOME - TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM, 1970S - NIGHT**

Birds eye view. A hand places a needle on the first groove of a 33 rpm record. We hear the crackle, then Cindy's voice.

CINDY, VO, *singing*  
I WAS UPSTAIRS IN MY ROOM,  
PRETENDING DAVID BOWIE WAS MY GROOM.

**INT. CINDY'S FANTASY CHURCH WEDDING - DAY**

We see the back of Bowie's head, classic Ziggy Stardust hairstyle, as he looks down the church aisle at the approaching CINDY, 17, in a shimmering white gown with long flowing brown hair. Glitter dots the air like sparkling rain.

DAVID BOWIE, *still facing*  
*away from us*  
Hullo Love.

CINDY, VO, *singing*  
I WAS WALKING DOWN THE AISLE DRESSED  
ALL IN GLITTER.

The spinning record becomes a pupil of CINDY's eye.

CINDY, VO, *singing*  
WHILE I LISTENED TO THE SONGS  
AS THE NIGHT ROLLED ON AND ON,

**INT. TEENAGE BEDROOM, 1970S - NIGHT**

Cindy sings into her hairbrush like it's a microphone.

CINDY (singing)  
I SANG AND DANCED AND EVEN CRIED A  
LITTLE.

Cindy's feet lift off the shag carpet, she slowly floats upward toward the ceiling, back arched, stomach up, long hair trailing toward the floor.

CINDY (singing v.o.)  
THEN I FLOATED THROUGH THE  
CEILING  
SUCH A SCARY, FAR OUT FEELING!  
THAT'S WHEN I WAS...

**EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT**

Cindy continues to float upward, caught in the saucer's tractor beam as a hatch opens and she is pulled up and inside.

CINDY VO, *singing*  
ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!  
TAKEN INTO SPACE!

**INT. SHIP KARAOKE BAR (CLUB NOVA) - SPACE NIGHT**

CINDY, now belts into a microphone, on a brilliantly lit karaoke stage.

CINDY, *singing*  
ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!  
CAPTURED BY THE GRAYS!  
I WANT TO GO HOME.  
I JUST WANT TO GO HOME

We pull out to see Cindy, center stage, in a spotlight. As the song ends, her face, uncertain and longing, melts into a smile when we hear audience applause.

O.T.T., a humanoid "cruise director," with a forced gigantic smile, throws an arm around her.

O.T.T.  
Wow! Wow, wow, wow, what a story! Let's  
hear it for Cindy!

Lights up to reveal an audience of humans and aliens in a packed bar.

O.T.T.

I'm sure you'll start loving it here in  
no time! If not, try the blue pills.  
They help. Trust me.

The audience applauds.

O.T.T.

Hell, let's hear it for Bowie, too!

The audience whoops and cheers.

O.T.T.

And now - a special guest! The Terror  
of Polaris! Breaker of Worlds! Mass  
Mauler of Personal Injury Lawyers! Here  
is Trogoth the Really Pissed off,  
singing "Oops! I Did it Again!"

Two gray aliens at a bar table lean towards each other,  
clapping.

Alien SAL

Aww, nice, nice. This guy, he's really  
good.  
His Britney? Flawless.

Camera pulls back through a porthole window,  
revealing that the karaoke bar is inside a round  
flying saucer in space.

O.T.T. (VO)

And WELCOME ABOARD! (echo effect)

**END TEASER**

**(Titles up/Theme Song)**

**INT. THE HALLWAYS OF THE GSS RHAPSODY SPACESHIP**

Close on the face of a human male, frightened, running from  
something.

It feels like a scary chase in a sci-fi action film.

We pull out to see he's a heavy-set middle-aged man in a  
Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts and flip flops desperately,  
awkwardly, drunkenly running from several gray aliens: Security

Chief Manalishi, dressed in Village People style bondage gear, and his team of (normally dressed) security guards.

SECURITY ALIENS, *yelling*  
Hey! Stop! You! etc.

The man looks over his shoulder and pretends to fire space guns at them.

FLORIDA MAN #953:  
Pew Pew! You'll never take me alive!  
Pew Pew!

MANALISHI (calmly, exasperated)  
You know, our guns are real. We don't want to hurt you.

They approach an elevator bank, where TONY, a fat, imposing gray alien in a suit and sunglasses stands behind a podium and a velvet rope, like a bouncer.

MANALISHI  
Tony! Get him!

Tony swiftly and silently swipes the screen in front of him. Only his arms move.

SCREEN COMPUTER VOICE  
Good to go!

The elevator doors slide open as Tony swiftly, calmly, silently unlocks the velvet rope barrier and Florida Man #953 runs into the elevator.

FLORIDA MAN #953:  
(As the doors close)  
You'll never find me on the Lido Deck!

Manalishi and his security team stop beside Tony, bent over, breathing heavily.

MANALISHI:  
Oh, thank God!

Into his wrist communicator.

Grapple, incoming! He's back!

They all laugh. Tony smiles just a little.

**INT. ANOTHER SHIP HALLWAY - SPACE DAY**

Cindy, totally engrossed while reading a SHIP EXCURSIONS brochure, bumps into something. We hear liquid spill.

ROSWELL, OS

Hey! Ow-

She lowers the brochure, sees nothing.

ROSWELL, OS

-Are you here about the Travel  
Itinerary?

She lowers it more until she sees ROSWELL, a short, 4-ft tall gray alien. Sharply dressed, he holds a martini in one hand as he wipes at the spilled drink on his immaculate, Mid-Century, Earth-style suit, complete with skinny tie.

CINDY:

Yes, sorry. I didn't see you... down there.

ROSWELL, *upbeat*

No problem. Nothing's gonna spoil my good mood today! You know, as far as Reticulans go, there are a lot of Thetas and Iotas that are much shorter than me. Not on this ship, but they...do exist. Come into my office.

**INT. ROSWELL'S OFFICE**

A tiny white room that's a cross between a Travel Agency and a Museum. Posters cover the walls, advertising planet destinations like Candella, Freecloud, and Zeta Reticuli, as well as Las Vegas. The shelves display a collection of vintage musical instruments.

Roswell sits behind a futuristic desk, motioning for Cindy to sit in the chair opposite.

ROSWELL

My name's Roswell. Have a seat. And tell me what you think of your first few days. You're...

Checking the file folder on his desk.

Alabama Girl #238. Cindy, from 1974.  
Quite a change of scene for you?

CINDY

Honestly, it's beautiful out here, and I know it's an honor to be chosen, but...

ROSWELL:

(mutters to himself) They always have a but. Let me guess, you miss your boyfriend?

CINDY

No.

ROSWELL:

Your parents?

CINDY:

They barely let me go anywhere, so... no.

ROSWELL:

You miss your -

CINDY:

I miss my music. My records. This place would be so much cooler if I could stare out of my porthole with King Crimson playing.. Or Yes, or Bowie or ELO.

ROSWELL: (smiles, laughs a little).

See, this is why we picked you.

CINDY:

I just don't know why I'm still here? It's been almost a week. I see other folks come onboard and then they're gone by the next day.

ROSWELL:

That's because we only keep the "cool ones."

He makes air quotes with his long alien fingers.

Our policy. Only a few get to stay on board, get to travel with us. We'll take you back home, but don't you want to cruise the stars for a few ... months, first? You learn from us, we learn from you.

CINDY:CINDY:

You mean... like on Star Trek?

ROSWELL:

Yeah, like that. But our captain won't hit on you.

Cindy studies the brochure, then the posters.

CINDY

Some of these places do look... amazing.

ROSWELL, *sing-songy*

I know you'll love it! ... And you and I both study music ... Our next stop is a wax planet that glitters...

He points to the sparkling Candella poster.

CINDY:

I do love glitter... hmhhh

ROSWELL:

And we only go to planets with good music. Good frequencies, good harmonics, catchy lyrics... That's why your planet is our favorite.

CINDY

Wow - Really? I've been wondering how you found us!

ROSWELL

Earth is our favorite radio station!

Roswell goes to the wall and pulls down a star map. The song "RADIO" begins to play. Like a moving picture, the map shows their ship going from star to star, dotted lines mark the route.

ROSWELL, *singing*  
 WE GUIDE OUR SHIPS WITH RADIO.  
 WE PLAN OUR TRIPS WITH RADIO.  
 WE GO TO THE BEST CULTURES WE HAVE  
 FOUND.  
 RADIO IS HOW THE STARS CONVERSE  
 LIKE GOSSIP THROUGH THE UNIVERSE  
 SPREADING FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF  
 SOUND.

Roswell's Star Map has now morphed into a full-blown movie screen, showing scenes illustrating the lyrics as the song continues.

WE MIGHT NOT LIKE THE SONGS,  
 MIGHT NOT WANT TO SING ALONG,  
 AND THEN WE TAKE THAT PLANET OFF OUR  
 LIST.  
 IF A PLANET JUST SOUNDS BORING  
 AND THE MUSIC LEAVES US SNORING,  
 WE JUST PASS IT BY AND REDIRECT OUR  
 DISC.

RADIO! RADIO!

IT TELLS US WHERE THE LIFE IS, AND WE  
 GO!

RADIO! RADIO!

EVERY NOW AND THEN WE FIND  
A PLANET BLOWS OUR MIND  
WITH WAVES OF SOUND AND IMAGES THEY'VE  
SHOWN US  
WHEN WE HEARD YOUR BIG BAND SOUND  
WE KNEW EARTH WAS OUR KIND OF TOWN  
AND THE CATTLE MUTILATIONS - WHAT A  
BONUS!

Star Map viewscreen shows a flying saucer beaming up a cow from  
a pasture at night.

RADIO! RADIO!  
THE WAVES BRING US THE MUSIC AND THE  
SHOWS.  
RADIO! RADIO!  
YOU HUMANS ARE THE BEST  
AND YOU'RE SUCH ENTERTAINING GUESTS!  
EACH DECADE BRINGS MORE UNEXPECTED  
HITS!  
YOU'RE THE COOL KIDS OF THE GALAXY -  
THE ONES ALL PLANETS WANT TO SEE!  
ON RIGEL 8 AT NUMBER 1, IT'S ALWAYS  
BALLROOM BLITZ!

RADIO! RADIO!  
IT TELLS US WHERE THE LIFE IS, AND WE  
GO!

RADIO! RADIO!

SONG ENDS —

CINDY, *smiling*

Wow... Okay! Yeah. A few months of Space Truckin'?

ROSWELL:

Space Truckin' round the stars! Come on!

ROSWELL and CINDY *sing together:*

COME ON! LET'S GO SPACE TRUCKIN'!

CINDY, *excited now*

Sign me up! I can't wait to tell Donna!

ROSWELL:

Great! (*to himself*) Since you didn't have a choice... Wait. You know Donna?

CINDY:

Donna was the first friend I met here. She's so nice. Said she was the Welcome Wagon here.

ROSWELL:

So nice. Yes. We don't actually have a ... Welcome Wagon? Has she mentioned-

CINDY:

Donna would LOVE your office! She's from 1962, California, and she loved going to Las Vegas... when it looked like ... (*points to his vintage travel posters of Las Vegas*) ... this.

SHIP VOICE (V.O)

Roswell to the Lido deck. Roswell to the Lido deck. You have a visitor.

ROSWELL

Ahh, that's my cue.

CINDY

When do I get to see the Lido Deck?  
Everyone says it's amazing!

Roswell, smiles, wags a finger, doesn't answer, pushes her out of the room as he leaves.

**INT. SHIP HALLWAY - SAME SPACE DAY**

Continuing down the hallway, Roswell is confronted by NEVILLE, a gruff, 30-something bulky British guy dressed in a World War II jacket with medals. Neville walks beside him, talking slowly and menacingly.

NEVILLE

I'm still pissed, you know.

ROSWELL

Still? Come on, Neville...

NEVILLE

There I was, fighting for king and country and then, all of a sudden - Poof! I'm on the S.S. Probesalot!

ROSWELL

Neville, again with this? You're not getting to me today! Why would we do that? Meet me for a game of checkers later?

NEVILLE

I know your REAL game ... To seek out new life and new rear ends.

ROSWELL

Okay, here we go... *(rolls eyes)*

As another human passenger approaches, Roswell covertly tugs Neville into a small closet-like alcove.

ROSWELL, *in hushed tones.*

Neville, don't start with your conspiracy theories. You know we're friends. You've been here for months. Do you remember - *(clears throat, tugs*

*at collar nervously*) Do you remember seeing ANY (*air quotes*) "probing" machines here?

NEVILLE, *squinting, suspiciously*  
There's one in the loo!

ROSWELL, *exhales*  
That's a bidet.

**INT. ELEVATOR BANK - SPACE DAY - LATER**

Whistling, Roswell happily approaches an elevator with a huge sign above it: "Lido Deck." It's guarded by TONY, the big gray alien bouncer.

ROSWELL  
Hey Tony, they're expecting me.

Roswell swipes his hand across the scanner - message displays - GOOD TO GO.

COMPUTER V.O.  
Good to go!

Tony silently unlocks the velvet rope.

Just before Roswell enters the elevator, CHUCK, a human frat boy in jeans and a tank top, hurriedly shows his pass to Tony and moves to get in front of Ros.

CHUCK, *frazzled, out of breath*  
Sorry, sorry! Am I too late? My number finally came up.

Tony points to the scanner and Chuck waves his hand over it. Screen says, GOOD TO GO in green. Elevator doors open. Chuck and Roswell bump into one other as they enter. Roswell steps aside.

ROSWELL  
Oh no, after you.

Roswell waves his hand, motioning Chuck toward the elevator. They both enter.

**INT. SPACE ELEVATOR**

In the elevator, Ros pushes the big LIDO DECK button.

ROSWELL

Excited?

CHUCK

Oh yeah, SO excited. Everyone raves about this place! I've heard the Lido Deck is where it all goes down!

ROSWELL

Well, they didn't lie.

Lights flash up and down the sides and corny muzak plays overhead as the elevator whisks them away. DING!

From behind, we see Chuck standing closest to the elevator doors as they open to reveal an amazing riot of color and activity.

#### **INT. THE LIDO DECK**

It looks like the Mall of America indoors - huge in scope - with a swimming pool, diving boards and water slides in the middle. Hundreds of shops around the perimeter, like "Dog Petting," "Ice Cream Emporium," and "Fantasy Forum." Escalators, people in jetpacks flying around, a merry go round, kiosks, fountains, unicorn rides, a putt-putt course. Too much to take in.

Chuck steps off and is greeted by NURSE GRAPPLE, a plump Gray alien woman with a gruff demeanor and a voice like rusty metal. She is thinly disguised in a stewardess outfit and blonde wig.

NURSE GRAPPLE, *trying to sound pleasant*

You must be Chuck. Welcome, I'm Julie, the Lido Fun Deck Director! I'll be your guide. Here's a menu, let me know what looks good.

Chuck is overwhelmed and amazed by everything on the list.

CHUCK

Bowling? Dirt bikes? Oh dang, Putt-Putt! I'd lov-

Before Chuck can finish, an aerosol spray shoots out from overhead. Enshrouded in mist, he crumples to the floor.

The "Mall of America" disintegrates around him, revealing it to be an illusion and we are only in-

**INT. HOLOGRAPHIC ROOM**

-a large, black holographic room with gridlines and yellow tape outlining the corners.

Chuck has fallen onto a foam mat with a masking tape square and an arrow - "FALL HERE STUPID" hand-painted on it.

**ACT TWO**

**INT. SHIP HALLWAY - SPACE DAY**

ZENITH, a tall-ish, thin-ish, older, attractive female gray alien walks confidently down a hallway and through two automatic sliding doors-

**INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - SPACE DAY**

-onto the ship's bridge, a large circular room with a Captain's Chair and viewing screen, a la Star Trek. She sits in the Captain's Chair. First Officer TANJEN, a yeoman, and a pilot stand at the ready.

3 CREW MEMBERS, *in unison*  
Good morning, Captain Zenith!

ZENITH  
Good morning! Okay, let's get some coffee and cookies over here! And, Tanjen, I'm ready for the daily reports.

FIRST OFFICER TANJEN  
We've had better days ... Engines are at 41%. Someone discovered that licking the flux array capacitors would get them drunk, and it became the crew's new date night fad.

ZENITH:  
Great... Get engineering on those repairs. Where's Manalishi?

Just then the Bridge doors slide open and Manalishi trots in.

MANALISHI:

Present and accounted for, Captain.  
Just taking care of some... just a  
minor...

ZENITH:

Spill it, Manalishi. What now?

MANALISHI:

Just a small.. Well, actually, he was  
kind of big ... escaped... visitor.

ZENITH:

Escaped? And he's secured now?

MANALISH:

Yes.

ZENITH:

Anything to add to today's already  
annoying Damage Report?

MANALISHI:

Just... a... no. It's fine.

Zenith's eyes narrow - he's hiding something. But  
then again, she decides, Manalishi is dramatic.

ZENITH

Okay... if you say so. As you were, crew.  
And try not to wreck the ship.  
(to herself) Captain needs her first  
cup of joe.

Zenith lovingly grabs her cup which says  
"Galaxy's Best Captain" closes her eyes and lifts  
it to take a sip.

**INT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - SAME TIME**

Suddenly, menacing music as the lights flicker.

Something large, green and reptilian appears on the bridge.

Tracking it from behind, we get only the shocked reactions of  
the crew.

Equally shocked, Zenith spills half her coffee, before she has taken a sip. Her eyes narrow angrily.

Finally, we see the invader's face!  
This is CAPTAIN STECKI, of the Ssskions, a race of chameleon-like lizard people. His crazed, googly eyes, moving independently, give him a demented and oddly comic appearance. He wears a beauty-queen-style sash that says "Captain."

Song "Annoying Hologram" begins as he sings to Zenith.

CAPTAIN STECKI, *singing*  
HELLO! THAT'S RIGHT - I'M ON YOUR SHIP.

He approaches the Captain's Chair.

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

To Tanjen.

YOUR SCANNERS CAN'T DETECT ME  
AND YOUR FORCE FIELD WON'T DEFLECT ME.

To Zenith.

THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN EJECT ME, TILL  
I'M THROUGH.

Stecki struts in front of Tanjen, then Manalishi.

STECKI (*singing*)  
I CAN BE COMPLETELY RUDE.  
I CAN SHOW UP IN THE NUDE.  
YOU CAN'T COME AT ME, BRO,  
BECAUSE THIS IS ALL A SHOW!

MANALISHI grabs for him and falls through him to the floor.

STECKI (*singing*)  
I'M A HOLOGRAM. YOU THOUGHT I WAS A  
MAN.  
I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST ANNOYING  
HOLOGRAM.

STECKI appears in the bedroom of two crew members having sex under their covers. They stop, stare at him, shocked.

STECKI  
HELLO! THAT'S RIGHT. I CAN PROJECT  
MY IMAGE ANYWHERE.  
YOUR BEDROOMS AND YOUR SHOWERS

Shower curtain is thrown open, revealing STECKI in the shower.

STECKI  
I HAVE SUCH AMAZING POWERS  
I CAN BOTHER YOU FOR HOURS, SO BEWARE!

STECKI is in MANALISHI'S face again.

STECKI  
I'LL MAKE A JOKE ABOUT YOUR MAMA  
BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY DRAMA.  
YOU CAN'T SLAP MY FACE,  
'CUZ I'M NOWHERE NEAR THIS PLACE.

MANALISHI tries to capture him with a gun that shoots out a large net. The net goes through him and enwraps the Captain. She looks annoyed.

STECKI  
I'M A HOLOGRAM. YOU THOUGHT I WAS A  
MAN.  
I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST ANNOYING  
HOLOGRAM.

STECKI whispers into Zenith's ear...

STECKI (singing)  
OKAY! YOU CAN SURRENDER NOW.  
TRY NOT TO TAKE TOO LONG.

We see the Ssskion fleet, advancing through space. The ships look like big metallic chameleons.

STECKI (singing)  
OUR FLEET IS COMING SHORTLY  
FROM THE SSSKION TERRITORY  
SO, DON'T EVEN TRY TO THWART ME. COME  
ALONG!

STECKI goes up to ZENITH and pokes her arm repeatedly. He's a hologram, so it doesn't matter. She doesn't even look at him. Stares at her watch, annoyed. He quickly kisses her cheek, then retreats as she swats at him.

STECKI (*singing*)  
 I'M A HOLOGRAM.  
 SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN.  
 I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST ANNOYING HOLOGRAM

Song ends with his tongue lashing out to steal a cookie off of Zenith's side table. He's forgotten that he can't actually grab it.

STECKI, *spoken*  
 Dammit, that's right... (*He vanishes.*)

ZENITH, *facepalms, to herself*  
 Stecki ...

MANALISHI  
 Initiate red alert, Captain?

ZENITH  
 Yeah, no. He's not Red Alert material.  
 I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

She finally takes a satisfying sip of what's left of her coffee.

**INT. - SSSKION SHIP'S BRIDGE - SPACE DAY**

Stecki returns from the Ssskion Hologram Transmission room, he sits in his own captain's chair.

STECKI  
 Jeeze, that Rhapsody captain is so HOT.

SHAVIKA, the ship's Communications Officer, squints her eyes ferociously. Her face turns red.

STECKI (CONT'D)  
 I've got to see her again. She's playing hard to get... since our first date. But I know how to get her

attention... We're doing it! (yells)  
 INVADE EARTH!≠≠

Huge dramatic moment fades as the crew calmly ignores him.  
 SHAVIKA rolls her eyes.

STECKI  
 I saw that, Shamani!

SHAVIKA  
 It's Shavika, sir. Sorry to interrupt your invasion,  
 but right before we beamed your amazing  
 performance (*sighs dreamily*) onto their ship we  
 picked up a conversation you should hear.

She presses a button and we hear staticky, broken playback of  
 the daily reports. Stecki looks confused.

CRACKLING, BROKEN PLAYBACK:  
*Engines at 41%... licking ... flux array*  
*... date night... capacitors... repairs...*  
*escaped ...*

STECKI  
 Wh-what are they saying? What does all  
 that gibberish mean?

SHAVIKA  
 Science Translator!

The SCIENCE TRANSLATOR, a disembodied computer  
 voice, replies with a heavy sigh.

SCIENCE TRANSLATOR, *sighing*  
 Their engines are damaged, operating at  
 41% of capacity. They're getting drunk  
 on date night. Repairs are ordered. A  
 visitor escaped and was caught. Oh, and  
 someone had noodles from Titan 6 but  
 couldn't figure out why they were so  
 damn spicy. Although, that last thing  
 may have been a side conversation.

STECKI  
 Oh, Reeaaaallyyyy??? It seems we may  
 finally have the advantage.

SHAVIKA

Because they can't handle spicy food!

STECKI, *sarcastic*

Yes, you nailed it! Let's invite them to dinner and serve kung pao crickets.

SHAVIKA's face brightens. She smiles at Stecki.

STECKI

No! You idiot... Their engines are damaged. And their security seems ... lax.

SHAVIKA looks away, angry and hurt.

STECKI

You know what? Let's really do it. Their ship is weak, and I've got to get her to go out with me! She won't answer my texts... COMMENCE INVASION!

Huge dramatic moment fades, and again, the crew ignores him.

STECKI

Seriously! Let's go, people! I mean it this time!  
*(looks menacingly at camera - close up)*  
 She will be mine - INVADE EARTH!

Ssskion crew stares at him, shocked, mouths hanging open. Crew scrambles, bumping into each other, not knowing what to do.

### **ACT THREE**

#### **INT. HOLOGRAPHIC ROOM, FORMERLY THE LIDO DECK**

Chuck lies unconscious on the foam mat. As the fog clears, we see a set of double doors with a sign that reads "PROBE LAB."

Nurse Grapple stands over him, now in her nurse outfit, the wig is gone and she is not smiling.

NURSE GRAPPLE, *gruffly*

Oh hey, Ros! I didn't see you there.

Wiping the aerosol from his skin.

ROSWELL

Aww, for shit's sake, you got it all over me. It's in my nose holes!

The double doors slide open, a plume of smoke puffs out, and LEWIE, a gray alien with a goatee, black beret and sunglasses peeks in. Two gray aliens, dressed in scrubs, trot out and drag Chuck, still unconscious, into the Probe Lab.

LEWIE (*sheepishly*)  
 Sorry, sorry, man, that was not cool. I hit the Sleepsville button too soon. (*chuckles*)

He gestures for them to enter.

Come on back, Ros. Did you like that mist? It's a new scent. "Out cold."

ROSWELL and GRAPPLE follow him through the double doors to reveal a proper science lab.

#### **INT. PROBE LAB**

Grapple moves to several white examination tables, arranged under complicated medical devices hanging from the ceiling. Chuck lies unconscious on one of the tables as jazzy music plays faintly in the background.

ROSWELL, *referring to Florida Man*  
 I understand we have a new visitor.

LEWIE  
 Oh yeah. This cat is baaad news.

Lewie tilts his head and yells across the room.

LEWIE  
 NURSE GRAPPLE! BRING ME THE FILE ON  
 FLORIDA MAN #953

Camera widens to reveal Grapple just behind Lewie.

NURSE GRAPPLE  
 I'm right here.

LEWIE

Whoa. It wigs me out every time she does that.

NURSE GRAPPLE, *handing him file*  
And just for the record, we should avoid that state at all costs. Regular humans are disgusting enough...

ROSWELL, *reading file*  
Okay. Damn, this is bad, really bad.

NURSE GRAPPLE  
I rest my case.

*To the 2 medics, indicating Chuck.*

Move that one to Table 3, and prep him for the "probulator."

During the rest of this scene, Chuck is put through a myriad of awkward procedures and tests in the background, flipped from his stomach to his back, to his sides, etc.

ROSWELL, *exasperated*  
Lewie, how? How did this even happen? He was loose in the lab? Drunk!? Using pick-up lines on... the maintenance bot?

GRAPPLE:  
The hilarious part is that after he got out of the lab, he wound up running right back to the Lido Deck! Ha!

ROSWELL:  
Wait - he got out of the LAB? He was running loose on the ship?

LEWIE  
Cool it, man. Calm down... I've been working on some new fog recipes you can sample. Very relaxing.

ROSWELL  
No, thanks! I'm having a GREAT day.  
(*sighs heavily*). NOTHING is going to

upset me today. *(mumbles)* And besides, I'm sure you've sampled enough for both of us.

LEWIE

Come on. You could feel even better!

Lewie starts removing vials from his lab coat.

LEWIE

I got fog in like 31 flavors. Mellow, Mellow, Coma. I like Coma.

ROSWELL, still flustered

No, I'm fine.

LEWIE

Cherry Larry, Peanut Stutter, Rocky Ride?

Roswell, annoyed, holds a dismissive hand toward Lewie as NURSE GRAPPLE sets up a big shiny silver probe over a table.

NURSE GRAPPLE

It's the Abduction Team! They beamed him up drunk. They need to screen these idiots better...

**FLASHBACK. FLORIDA GOLF CART/TACO BELL CHASE**

Nurse Grapple continues the story in Voice over as we see the events play out in a Flashback.

NURSE GRAPPLE, V.O.

We found out AFTER the fact that this particular moron had car-jacked a Golf cart and led police on a no-speed chase ending with him holding up a Taco Bell drive-thru at gunpoint, demanding-

**CUT BACK TO LAB**

NURSE GRAPPLE

- free empanadas and one more Sharknado movie.

ROSWELL

Wow. Why didn't we catch that before?

LEWIE

I've seen it 5 times. But that's not the worst part, man. We took him to the recovery pod and ran the normal memory wipe. But, dig this, it didn't take.

ROSWELL

What?

LEWIE

It didn't work. He still remembered everything! I know. Sooooo wild. How'd he do it? Is his brain different? Maybe it's his bad taste in movies.

ROSWELL

Well... I hope this is an isolated case.

LEWIE

Nah, Lots of people like Sharknado.

ROSWELL

I mean the memory wipe not working.

LEWIE

The memory wipe doesn't work?

ROSWELL (*furrowing brow*)

Are you using it on yourself?

LEWIE (*looking around, confused*)

How would I know?

ROSWELL, rolls eyes

Where is he now?

LEWIE

We're holding him in a Walmart simulation. I've upped the groove with a Mellow fog and 30%-off Teriyaki Pringles. He's digging that scene.

**INT. - WALMART SIMULATION**

Cut to Florida Man pushing a shopping basket full of Teriyaki Pringles in an empty aisle of a huge Walmart, inspecting a gigantic can that says A-1 CHEWING TOBACCO.

**INT. - BACK TO LIDO DECK LAB**

ROSWELL

We can't send him back without a memory wipe. Major protocol violation.

LEWIE:

You're not suggesting we... Keep him?

GRAPPLE:

Oh please dear God NO!

ROSWELL

Oh my god, no. Can you imagine? Holy shit! No, he is definitely not guest material. When you look up "catch-and-release" in the abduction manual, his picture's right there.

The others laugh.

LEWIE

Why can't they all be like Donna? Now THERE is a chick I could abduct all day long. She's a gas.

Lewie looks up, daydreaming. Sighs.

ROSWELL

Yeah... Donna is great. (sighs) Everyone loves - Everyone LIKES Donna. But, seriously ... Memory wipes are the cornerstone of everything we do! Without memory wipes, we'd be the most hated - well, let's just say we'd have a real PR problem.

LEWIE

I don't want to be hated, man. It's bad enough dealing with my Uncle Fritz at Thanksgiving... Such a square ...

ROSWELL

Then, get it fixed. And you're welcome to come to our place for Thanksgiving, Lewie.

LEWIE

Ooh, cool, man. I always bring the Egg Fog.

ROSWELL

It's egg NOG.

LEWIE

Not when I make it.

ROSWELL

Fix the memory wipes, Lewie. Call in Huit, call in the abduction team, do what you gotta do, but fix it. And if we can't fix it in time to get this guy off the ship TODAY, let's try a False Cover Memory. Sometimes those take better.

LEWIE:

Yeah, but a Cover Memory has to be something he really digs if it's going to stick.

ROSWELL:

Monster Trucks?

LEWIE:

Pro Wrestling?

GRAPPLE:

A Klan rally?

LEWIE:

I got it - He's cast in a cameo role as the Little Mermaid in the next Sharknado flick! Right???

NURSE GRAPPLE

Or we could just keep probing him until  
he can't speak anymore.

Lewie and Roswell shoot Nurse Grapple a nasty look.

NURSE GRAPPLE ("What'd I say")

What? (*under her breath*) I'm not wrong.

Roswell heads toward the doors to leave, and barks out his  
orders.

ROSWELL

Give it a shot and keep me posted.  
We've got to get those Memory Wipes  
back to 100%. We've got a LOT riding on  
this one!

Muttering to himself

*I've got a lot riding on this one.*

He sighs dreamily, a memory comes to him as he  
sets his martini glass down on the counter.

**INT. CLUB NOVA - LATER SAME DAY**

Match cut: Roswell sets a checker down on the  
game board.

ROSWELL, at a table with NEVILLE, playing checkers.

ROSWELL

Okay, ... and I win ... again. Gotcha!

NEVILLE

Name. Rank. And Serial Number, Mate.  
That's all you get from me.

ROSWELL, *laughs*

And your drink order.

NEVILLE

Right, I'll have a Lager then.

CINDY walks up to the table.

CINDY  
Hey, Roswell!

ROSWELL  
Cindy! Have a seat! This is Neville,  
from England. He's a World War II  
pilot.

NEVILLE stands to greet her, pulls out her  
chair.

CINDY, sitting)  
Wow, we learned about you in history  
class. I'm sorry I didn't pay more  
attention. *(laughs nervously)* Nice to  
meet you.

NEVILLE (sitting back down)  
No worries, miss. I was just saving the  
free world. Nothing important...

ROSWELL  
Cindy, can we order you something?

CINDY  
Nah, I'm waiting on a friend.

DONNA's offscreen voice interrupts.  
Hey, Space Cadet.

As if a quasar exploded and bathed them in its light, the group  
turns to see DONNA, a 25-year old blonde beauty with a 1962 flip  
hairstyle and a heaping side of "WOW!"

She is a vision of early 60s cool beauty.

Ventures-style music plays as Roswell's eye takes in Donna's  
cool early 60s dress, gradually tilting up to her face.  
Electricity.

Roswell, Neville, even Cindy - are all bewitched by her  
charisma.

DONNA (to Cindy)

You wanted to see me? What's the scoop?

CINDY

Wait till you hear! Let's go sit by the window. ... Bye guys!

Cindy stands up, and as the two leave to talk in private, Donna winks back at the table with a smile. Roswell and Neville both looked surprised.

**INT. CLUB NOVA - THE LADIES' TABLE**

The two women sit down at their own table.

CINDY

Donna! I wanted to tell you first. Today I decided to stay onboard... for months!

DONNA

YOU decided?

CINDY

Yes! I know you've been here a while, and that's one of the reasons I'm staying.

DONNA

YOU decided? *(She tries to hide a chuckle)* That's wonderful news! Why go back home when we can see the whole universe!?

CINDY

Right??? And I want to hear about last night! So, let's hear it. How was last night?

DONNA

Huh? Same old same old. Drifting through space with a bunch of aliens... Do you ever think we're actually in an episode of *The Twilight Zone*? I love that show, and I'm missing the new episodes.

CINDY

I'll fill you in. I saw all the reruns.  
'You unlock this door with the key of  
imagination...' (beat) But... didn't you  
have a date last night?

We see Donna's memory - her hand on a doorknob,  
opening a door, but it's like the Twilight Zone  
intro, and we don't see what's on the other  
side.

DONNA, *puzzled*

Weird you mentioned a date. And a  
door... I dreamt I was with ... someone.  
It's fuzzy ... but, ... did that really  
happen?

CINDY, *laughs*

Come on - Yes, it happened! You had a  
date with that guy you like... Remember?  
The mystery man that you won't tell me  
about? You were excited about it  
yesterday.

DONNA

Wait ... there is that... cute one... Did I  
see him ... last night?

**CUT TO ROS AND NEVILLE'S TABLE**

ROSWELL, (eyes wide, to himself)

Wait, did Donna wink at me? Holy shit!

NEVILLE, *smugly*

What are you on about, mate? Does it  
bother you that a pretty girl's  
flirting with me? I've had my eye on  
Donna since she got here.

ROSWELL

Flirting with ... you. Of course. Right.

NEVILLE

Well, there's no one else at the  
table...

Roswell looks annoyed, folds his arms, rolls his eyes.

NEVILLE

(laughs). Right. (laughs) She's sweet on YOU, Ros. A beautiful bird like that! The most popular gal on the ship?

ROSWELL

As a matter of fact ... *(stops himself)* ... I'll have you know... *(stops himself again)* ... Actually...

**BACK TO CINDY & DONNA'S TABLE**

CINDY

YES! You had a date! I need details! Did he kiss you? Any fireworks?

DONNA

A kiss? No. Not on a first date.

Cindy reaches into her purse and pulls out a smiley face necklace. She begins waving it slowly back and forth, like a pendulum, in front of Donna's face.

CINDY (talking in a ghostly, ethereal voice)

I saw this on TV. I'm hypnotizing yooouuu ... to unlock your meeemmmories..

Donna's eyes go round and swirly.

CINDY

Now ... How was the daaate?

DONNA

All we did was watch a movie and hold hands... and then ... Wait ... Yes, I had a date last night.

*Donna's eyes widen as the hypnosis goes deeper.*

DONNA

How did I forget it? It was ... *(breaks into a smile)* ... really... nice.

**FLASHBACK: INT. - DONNA'S QUARTERS**

Donna is in her quarters when someone knocks on the door. She opens, from her POV, we hear the familiar strands of the Twilight Zone theme and there stands ROSWELL, holding a bunch of flowers.

ROSWELL:

California woman #544? From 1962?  
(chuckles)

DONNA (laughs and smiles).  
Donna. Just Donna is fine. Come in,  
Roswell.

**CUT TO ROSWELL & NEVILLE'S TABLE**

ROSWELL

Oh, shit. I've got to tell someone.  
Neville, swear to me, if anyone asks...

NEVILLE

Name, rank, and serial number, That's  
all they get.

ROSWELL( big exhale)

I really am crazy. This is a major  
policy violation. But ... we're dating.

NEVILLE

Dating? You serious, mate? You're  
dating a human woman ... That ain't  
right. ... Is it?

ROSWELL

Not according to the Abduction Manual,  
it's not. But ... we have so much in  
common. She's from my favorite time, my  
favorite place. (sighs)... It's special  
between us. You ever talk to someone  
for hours about nothing? We like the  
same things - Frank Sinatra songs, sci-  
fi movies, holiday Jell-o molds.

NEVILLE

You're off your trolley, you know that? Where'd you take her? Down to lick the flux array capacitors? (leans in, adding quietly) Voted "Best place for a First Date" in a shipwide survey.

ROSWELL

Of course not. We stayed in. Nothing public.

NEVILLE

What if you get caught?

ROSWELL

That's why I'm careful. I wiped her memory after the date last night. She thinks it was our first date. Followed policy, you know. Gotta do the mindwipe after any Close Encounter above the 2nd Kind... and that was like .. the 8th kind?

NEVILLE

She THINKS it was your first date? What the hell, mate? How long has this been going on?

ROSWELL

I'm not at liberty to say. And technically, she THOUGHT it was our first date, but now she doesn't remember it at all. But, she definitely likes me.

NEVILLE

You and your memory wipes. It ain't right. That's your problem. Your answer to everything. Just wipe it away, just like it never happened. And you don't have to deal with any consequences or unpleasanties. Just wipe it all away.

ROSWELL

Hey, Neville, you got something on your...

He leans forward with a glowing napkin in his hand, wipes Nevill's forehead.

... There, I think I got it.

NEVILLE

Thanks, Ros. What was I saying?

ROSWELL

You were asking why that beer was taking so long. But I think you're up next...

**CUT TO CINDY & DONNA'S TABLE**

DONNA, (finishing her story)

... and he kissed me goodnight on the cheek.

CINDY (putting the pendulum back into her purse)

Wow, Donna! What a date!

DONNA, Snapping out of trance

What date? What are you talking about?

She looks at her watch.

Can't be late for the Trivia Bowl  
Catch up with you later.

Donna leaves Cindy sitting alone at the table.

CINDY

I wish someone would date me ... Even if I couldn't remember any of it. *(It dawns on her)* Heeeyyyy... You don't suppose...

She glances around the bar, smirks and shakes it off.

CINDY

There's no cool guys on this ship.

Cindy sighs, sips her drink and looks determined, then flippant.

CINDY  
I'm holding out for a rock star!

**INT. MAIN STAGE**

O.T.T.  
Wet clean up on stage left! Looks like  
slime, but bring the haz-mop just in  
case... And now, he's big, he's bold,  
he's grumpy as hell! Here's NEVILLE!"

"Abducted - Nevilles version plays.

NEVILLE, singing  
I WAS FLYING IN MY PLANE.  
I WAS SOBER. I WAS SANE.

The scene morphs into a Sepia tone shot.

**INT. A WORLD WAR TWO FIGHTER PLANE COCKPIT**

POV from cockpit of WWII British fighter plane.

From the cockpit, we see a UFO out the side window, then a Nazi  
plane in front of him.

NEVILLE (singing - v.o)  
WHEN A FOO FIGHTER PULLED UP BESIDE  
ME.  
A NAZI'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS.  
TIME TO READ HIM HIS LAST RITES.  
THEN A VOICE IN MY HEAD STARTS TO GUIDE  
ME.

Sepia image wavers and fades to black.

NEVILLE (singing - v.o)  
THEN MY EARS BEGAN TO  
RING.  
AND I COULDN'T FEEL A THING.  
THAT'S WHEN I WAS

**END CREDITS roll as chorus plays.**

NEVILLE (singing - v.o)

ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!  
 TAKEN INTO SPACE!  
 ABDUCTED! ABDUCTED!  
 CAPTURED BY THE GRAYS!  
 I GOTTA GET HOME.  
 YOU GUYS HAVE GOT TO GET ME HOME.

**INSERT B. POST CREDITS SCENE:**

**INT. SHIP HALLWAY**

*Florida Man #953 is running through the ship as in the opening scene.*

*He opens a door and runs in to hide. He immediately bumps into a large, horizontal container, smashes his face against a glass window on the top and sees, "staring" back at him, a human face, immobilized, eyes blocked, bathed in a strange, eerie light.*

*Terrified, he steps back, gasping, breathing heavily, only to see the room is filled with dozens of the containers, lined up in neat rows.*

*The nightmare jolts him awake. He's home in his bed, breathing heavily. He's still wearing his Hawaiian shirt and flip flops he was abducted in. His Bermuda shorts are gone.*

*He reaches over to his bedside table and looks at the clock.*

FLORIDA MAN #953  
 Shit, I'm gonna be late on the set!

*He grabs a long red wig and mermaid tail that are draped over a chair in his bedroom, pulls the wig over his head.*

*He sits on the bed and tries to wiggle into the mermaid tail, gets it most of the way up, but his belly is still hanging over the top. He stands up to run out the door, but immediately falls face first onto the floor, unconscious.*

**THE END**