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### Ex Astris - 30 minute sketch comedy concept

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**Loyola Marymount University**  
**University Honors**  
**Program**

# **Ex Astris - 30 Minute Comedy Concept**

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction  
of the requirements of the University Honors Program  
of Loyola Marymount University

by

**Grayson McKim**

**5/4/2022**

**SCRIPT**

EX ASTRIS

Written by

Grayson McKim

(Sketch Show)

FADE IN:

\*

INT. 60'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A decaying TV SET flashes on. Some light jazz accompanies a series of images depicting a BERTRAM ALISON- an esteemed astronaut- in modern day.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
(old-timey accent)  
Bertram Alision. Astrophysicist,  
civil rights activist, and  
astronaut. Truly an impressive  
career! Lets get to know this stud.

INT. 60'S SCIENCE FAIR - DAY

We're now watching a spectacled Bertram present his 2nd grade science project. It's called "space paper".

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
1968. Alison invents "space paper"-  
a material you can write on in  
space.

Bertram is crowned winner of the science fair. Resounding cheers echo as cameras flash around him.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
It was clear from this early age  
that young Alison was destined for  
greatness.

Off of Bertram's smile-

INT. 70'S HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - DAY

15-year-old Bertram takes his diploma from the principle and shakes her hand. He smiles out into the audience- no one seems to really know him.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
Alison managed to graduate both  
middle school and high school in  
just 4 years, much to the chagrin  
of his classmates.

EXT. 70'S UC BERKELEY ASTROPHYSICS CLUB - DAY

Bertram and associates, all wearing headphones, stand around a makeshift rocket with a small frog inside the cockpit. It launches straight up in the air- a successful launch!

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

In college, a crafty research project performed in collaboration with the astrophysics club earned Alison recognition across the whole campus. In no time, he was swimming in research grant and fellowship offers.

INT. 80'S NASA LABORATORY - DAY

Bertram walks around giant rocket ship parts, giving each an inspection.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Bertram quickly made his way to NASA- his dream job. But our story doesn't end here.

Bertram finds a loose screw in the engine. He calls over some people.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Finding a critical flaw just days before launch, Alison saved the lives of several astronauts. Upper management caught on to his heroism, and not two years later, he was promoted to the role of astronaut.

INT. 90'S NASA ROCKET - DAY

Bertram sits in the cockpit, preparing himself for liftoff.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

And just like that, Bertram achieved his life's mission.

EXT. 90'S NASA ROCKET - DAY

From far away, we watch as the rocket lifts into space. We linger for a bit as it flies away, slowly fading out.

OVER BLACK:

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - LOUNGING AREA

Modern day. Bertram Alison, now in his 60s, sits in a corner, eating a baloney sandwich and reading. His hunched posture and sullen look are hardly the picture of confidence and charisma we say before.

A piece of baloney falls onto the page he's reading. He lets out an old man groan, reaches to pick it up.

THWAP! Something smashes into the window behind him- Bertram spins around and sees...

A MAGENTA SPONGEY TENTACLED SPACE ALIEN staring at him through the window.

BERTRAM

AHH!

Bertram looks around- no one else is with him. He returns his gaze to the alien. It doesn't seem to be harmful... if anything, it looks curious.

Bertram meets its gaze. They share a moment. Something profound seems to be happening to Bertram- his eyes grow wide with a sense of wonder.

ECHOS OF SHOUTING MEN reverberate through the cabin, breaking Bertram's attention. He stumbles away from the alien to go meet the voices. Before reaching them, he turns his head around- the alien is still there.

INT. SPACE BALL ROOM

Bertram stumbles into a group of cocky young astronauts playing a version of volleyball in 0G- colloquially known as "space ball".

BERTRAM

(panting)

Hey... Alien...

The group turns around. The uncontrolled ball bounces around the cabin.

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1

What'd you say old man?

Bertram can't catch his breath- he tries to say something but nothing comes out.

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 2

Dude, you're getting old!

All the other astronauts laugh.

BERTRAM

Alien-

He points towards the way he came.

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1

Holy shit you really lost it old man.

More chuckles.

BERTRAM

Please...

The astronauts look to each other. Astronaut 1 shrugs, shakes his head, annoyed.

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1

Alright man, show us.

INT. LOUNGING AREA

Bertram stumbles up to the window from before. The alien is gone.

BERTRAM

No, no, no...

The other astronauts look on with concern.

BERTRAM (CONT'D)

I swear to God. There was a purple, sponge-looking squid thing right here. It looked right at me. It was trying to communicate something- I don't know what-

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1

Get a grip dude. You interrupted our game for this. I can't believe you, fellas, lets get out of here.

BERTRAM

Wait-

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1

Leave it alone dude. You know NASAs trying to get rid of you, right? Just sit back and take your retirement. You're not helping anybody by being here.

The young astronaut turns around, shakes his head.

YOUNG ASTRONAUT 1 (CONT'D)  
 (to another astronaut)  
 Sheesh man. Some people can't take  
 a hint.

Bertram sadly watches as the other astronauts leave. He slowly turns around- SQUISH. He's stepped on his baloney sandwich.

Bertram takes a deep breath and looks out the window. Was anything really there? Something about his look tells us he isn't done fighting yet.

TITLES

INT. EVANGELIO HOUSEHOLD - URIEL'S ROOM - EVENING

URIEL EVANGELIO, 17, dressed casually nice, diligently works on a high school math assignment.

??? (O.S.)  
 Uriel! We're leaving!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Uriel steps out of his room and sees his parents STEW and ELENA getting ready to leave. Neither are dressed particularly fancy.

URIEL  
 Heading out?

STEW  
 Last chance for you to tag along.  
 It's not like you to miss family  
 dinner night.

URIEL  
 Aww thanks dad. Homework's just  
 taking longer than usual and I  
 don't want to get behind.

Elena walks up to Uriel.

ELENA  
 We're so proud of you son. You're  
 doing really good.

STEW  
 We should head out, gotta be back  
 by 8:30 for rehearsal.

Elena puts on a coat.

STEW (CONT'D)  
 And hey- no parties!

It's clear from his tone that Uriel is not the kind of kid to throw parties.

URIEL  
 Haha, come on dad.

Stew opens the door for Elena.

ELENA  
 By sweetie!

STEW  
 Seeya!

URIEL  
 Bye!!

The door closes. Uriel steps up to the window, watching his parents head to the car. They give him a quick wave goodbye. He returns the gesture.

All of a sudden, Uriel's demeanor completely changes to something serious. He whips out his phone and dials a number. He looks at the clock in the kitchen- it reads 7:01 PM.

The person on the other side picks up.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
 Plan's a go. We got an hour and a  
 half tops.

Uriel kicks up a floorboard revealing a trove of nice wine and... Potatoes? He grabs the goods and starts throwing them on the kitchen table.

KNOCK KNOCK. The FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN- in steps DAMIEN DETULI, Uriel's age, nicely dressed, and a group of 4 other similarly aged peers.

Uriel turns to them, very leader-like.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
 This is going to be a tight one.  
 Laney, start the base. Kristof, get  
 the table settings going.

(MORE)

URIEL (CONT'D)  
 Everything's in the left drawer.  
 And Adya, I need you to start the  
 salad.

They all nod. This seems to be some sort of prepared drill  
 for them.

Damien walks up to Uriel.

DAMIEN  
 Keys?

Uriel silently tosses him a pair of car keys. Damien nods and  
 hustles out the front door.

Meanwhile, a flurry of activity consumes the kitchen. The  
 high school students rapidly cut various vegetables, toss  
 salads, prepare placemats, etc.

PERSPECTIVE - OVEN INTERIOR: A pair of hands place bread into  
 the top shelf and close the door.

JUMP CUT - SAME POV: the bread is instantly cooked. The same  
 pair of hands pull it out of the oven and close the door.

We return to the same kitchen, but time has advanced 10 or so  
 minutes- Adya tosses a nearly complete salad, Laney stirs a  
 big pot of delicious soup. Kristof places the finishing  
 touches on a beautiful table set with fine silverware,  
 plates, and glasses of wine and Perrier.

Uriel taps his foot impatiently.

URIEL  
 Where is he...

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN- Damien dashes inside.

DAMIEN  
 They're here!

URIEL  
 Bring them in!

Uriel dashes to the front door, straightens his shirt. Damien  
 steps out the front door, and returns with...

A COHORT OF HOMELESS FOLKS. They step into the house, for  
 some reason not skeptical of this arrangement.

TERRY, an older woman from the group, enters and gives Uriel  
 a big hug.

TERRY

So good to see you Uriel. I can't wait to see what you made this time.

URIEL

Nice to see you too Terry! You'll have to tell me how Arthur is doing.

TERRY

Mmm.

The rest of the homeless folks enter- around 10 in all. They take a seat at the table, which has been extended with fold-outs.

SWEEPING MUSIC dominates the scene.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. People serving themselves with soup, bread, salad, and wine
2. Terry takes a swig of the wine, nods in approval
3. A homeless man gestures with his hands. His friend tosses him a piece of bread from across the table. He catches it! Everyone cheers
4. Adya listens intently to a younger homeless person recounting a story.
5. Kristof refills glasses.
6. Uriel slowly lifts a copy of scattergories from under the table. Everyone gets crazy excited. We slowly fade out as they set up the game...

INT. EVANGELIO HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

The homeless folks depart.

TERRY

Thank you Uriel. That was a terrific night.

The rest of the homeless crew echo the sentiment. The door closes.

URIEL

Nice work team.

He checks his phone.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
Shoot, parents are inbound in 3  
minutes! Time to clean!

The room bursts into chaos.

CONTINUOUS SHOT: Laney throws the salad and bread dishes into the soup bowl and takes them to the kitchen. Uriel starts stacking the other dishes. Kristof pulls off the table cloth and sprints outside. Adya whips out a vacuum and starts cleaning. Damien begins washing dishes.

In almost no time, the place looks brand new.

Uriel checks his phone-

URIEL (CONT'D)  
20 seconds!!!

Everyone finishes up and darts through the back door, vaulting over the fence. Except Damien- he's still washing dishes.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
I'll finish it! Just go!

Damien doesn't get far before A KEY BEGINS TURNING in the front door.

Damien tries to open the back door but it stuck.

THE DOOR OPENS...

STEW  
Urielllllll we've got food for-

Stew and Elena see Damien, acting noncholent.

ELENA  
Damien! What are you doing here?  
Were you an Uriel doing homework  
together?

DAMIEN  
Oh, yeah! We uh just got done  
actually, I was about to head out.

URIEL  
Thanks for the help, I'll text you  
if I have any more questions.

STEW  
(suspicious)  
Through the back door?

Damien looks sheepishly back at Stew, who SNIFFS.

STEW (CONT'D)  
You guys had another soup kitchen,  
didn't you.

Damien looks to Uriel, who stares down at the ground.

URIEL  
Yes dad.

Stew walks over to Uriel, places his hand on his shoulder.

STEW  
Son, we've been over this. Feeding  
the homeless is a fine hobby, but  
you can't sacrifice your schooling  
for it.

Uriel nods.

STEW (CONT'D)  
And I don't much like being lied  
to.

URIEL  
Sorry. I just missed them a lot.

Stew turns around. Looks at Elena- she seems to be some combination of proud and disappointed. They're a weird family.

ELENA  
(to Uriel)  
Well, it seems like you have a bit  
of extra time on your hands- both  
of you- so why don't you join  
another club or something?

STEW  
That's a great idea.

ELENA  
Damien, we hope you'll consider  
joining him, since you were a part  
of this.

DAMIEN  
Of course Mrs. Digby!

# OUTLINE

# EX ASTRIS OUTLINE

- ACT 1 -

## 1. (Main Story) Space Ball

1. We see a decaying TV sitting on a coffee table. It flashes on, and begins playing an old, jazzy documentary about the life of Bertram Alison, an esteemed scientist and astronaut
2. The narrator runs us through Bertram's absurd achievements: things like getting his masters in aeronautical engineering at the age of 13. He soon makes his way to NASA
3. The narrator tells us what a life his has been, and how we can't wait to see what happens next.
4. We see Bertram in the modern day, much older now (early 60s). Hardly the picture of success we saw before- he sits alone aboard the ISS, reading a book about the history of square dancing in the corner. He looks a bit sad.
5. He sees aliens outside the window. They seem to be trying to say something to him. Trippy colors and visual effects. Something changes in him
6. His experience is interrupted. A bunch of young astronauts are playing "Space Ball" (basically volleyball in 0g). One of them is trying to get him to play. He looks back at the window- aliens are gone.
7. They yank him up- he tries to explain what's going on. After enough pestering, he gets them to follow.
8. They arrive at the window... there's no more alien. They all leave disappointed. On their way out, one of them mentions that "it's no wonder why NASAs planning on retiring him". This is news to Bertram. He looks back to the window- he sees a twinkle in the distance.

## 2. (Sketch) Soup Kitchen

9. Uriel (17) says bye to his parents- they're off to get dinner or something really short (30 min). He meekly asks if he can use the kitchen while they're gone. They know something we don't- they proudly agree to let him do whatever they were talking about
10. The moment they leave, Uriel's demeanor completely shifts. He calls up a series of friends, talking ambiguously about the "plan being a go"

11. Moments later, hoards of teenagers start piling through his front door. Uriel takes on a very leaderly persona, directing each person to complete different tasks around the house (peeling potatoes, setting up the table, and taking the family van to the westside encampment, etc.). We're not sure what they're doing, but this clearly isn't a normal high school party
12. Uriel pivots his way through the house, helping people avoid disasters. They forgot the chives; he sends someone out to a neighbor's vegetable garden to grab some. There isn't enough cutlery for the table; he shows the person the family china cabinet with extra utensils. He tastes the broth someone is cooking; "needs more turmeric!" Everyone respects his calls.
13. A teenager approaches Uriel and tells him that Laney is three minutes out. This freaks him out- he gets everyone working double time. He corrects the table setter- knives on the left of the plate! He gets hot pads right as the soup pot carrier sets it down. He turns on the fireplace.
14. A knock at the front door. Uriel yells at everyone to hush and get into place.
15. The door slowly opens- a large crew of homeless folks stands outside, alongside Laney. Everyone in the house welcomes them all in.
16. Everyone takes a seat around the giant dinner table. This seems to be a common occurrence for both the high schoolers and the homeless. Everyone serves themselves and begins talking. We cut around to different intriguing conversations, stories, and games. They make their way to the living room to play scattergories
17. We eventually reach the end of the night. The visitors head out, just as Uriel gets a text from his parents- "on our way back!". He and his friends frantically clean up the place. His friends leave just in the nick of time- his parents walk through the front door as someone jumps out of the window.
18. Uriel's dad, Stewart, finds a red solo cup hidden under the couch. He chews Uriel out. Uriel's mom leaves to change out of her dress. Uriel and his dad crack up- Uriel's dad was in on the plan the whole time. End on a happy beat.

- Act 2 -

### **3. (Main Story) Reentry**

19. Bertram opens his front door, still clad in astronaut gear. He sullenly walks inside and starts making himself a sandwich. He overhears a TV in the room over- something about a crazy new movie
20. Bertram drops the knife he was using to spread mustard. We hear a yelp nearby. Bertram takes a deep, sad breath
21. A woman we haven't met yet walks into the room. She yells at Bertram. We eventually learn that this is his wife, Eleanor. She chews him out for not telling her he was back.
22. He reveals NASA's plan to fire him. And the alien sighting. She takes pity and tries to comfort him. Makes sure he's been taking his meds. She follows him to the living / TV room, and tries her best to give him some optimistic views- "you'll bounce back, find something else. Or maybe you finally retire?" They continue talking for a bit.
23. The TV gets a bit louder. Bertram begins to pay attention to it. Suddenly he's entranced. On set footage of Hans Oswald II directing scenes from Spaces plays. He's commanding everybody's respect. He looks happy. Audio from an interview plays over the footage. Hans talks about "no one really seeing things the way he does. Cinema is the only way for him to truly express". The strikes a chord with Bertram. Produced by Rodney Wolfbolter
24. We blink and suddenly Bertram is on the set of the interview. Start a musical number about self expression and movies.
25. At the climax of the song, we jump back to reality- Eleanor can clearly tell he's not listening. "I have it"- Bertram completely cuts off his wife mid sentence about vacation ideas. "What?" Bertram starts mumbling things about educating the new generation, making his mark on culture, etc. etc. Eleanor's just about had it. "Where are you going?!" "Can't talk now- gotta go!"

#### **4. (Sketch) The Damien DeTuli Review**

26. We see Damien DeTuli enter his lush home. His mom Frances asks him how Uriel's party was. He says fine, he's about to head out again. She's concerned - you're not getting into trouble are you? He shrugs her off.
27. He arrives at a boutique Hollywood fashion shop with his friends / camera crew. We're now watching Damine's YouTube show. The premise- He goes

around stamping merchandise with a “Damien DeTuli stamp of approval”, inadvertently / inadvertently ruining it.

28. We watch him review a number of articles, talking about really dumb selling points that make it clear how rich of a family he comes from. Lo-fi beats play in the background.
29. After stamping a few articles of clothing, the security catch on and chase him out. “You’ll never get me!”. He runs into a motorcyclist and the security pin him down
30. We see him once again detained at the police station, pissed and bandaged up from the collision. He stares down the officer behind the counter. She’s not having his sass.
31. Somebody walks in. We don’t see his face, but Damien is astounded by them. The mysterious figure talks to the officer behind the desk. She looks over to Damien, back to the figure, and nods. The figure leaves.
32. “Dad?” Damien lets out. The figure keeps walking.
33. The officer uncuffs Damien. “You’re free to go”. Damien immediately gets up and tries to track the figure outside. He’s nowhere to be seen. Damien looks down, and finds a DVD for *Spaces*...

## **5. (Main Story)**

34. Meet Rodney Wolfbolter, an uber-successful producer in his late 40s with a thick new york accent. The posters, globes, and model rockets lining his office tell us he’s a big space movie guy.
35. Rodney walks around the office, calling some other bigshot. It’s a tense conversation. Plenty of “stop busting my balls” and “aw come on!”s are thrown out.
36. Rodney hears commotion going on outside his window. His office is right on a production lot. He sees Bertram Alison pointing up towards his window, and a security guard giving him a rough time.
37. Quick cut to Rodney walking down stairs towards the commotion. He yells at the security to knock it off. “I don’t believe my eyes. We’ve got Bertram god damn Alison on the lot” Rodney, in his fanboyish love for all things space, actually knows Bertram. “I know every fucking astronaut we’ve sent to space.”

38. Rodney asks Bertram to come up to his office. They shoot the shit for a bit. Rodney can't get enough of Bertram's space stories. We soon arrive at the big topic- Bertram wants to make a movie. Rodney presses him for more information. Bertram wants to make something that shows how space really is, using first hand experience (of aliens). Rodney warns him about the endeavor it would be- "filmmaking ain't much like astronauting you know." "That's why I need your help". Rodney asks him if he really saw aliens up there. "Yes". He thinks with an astronaut's approval, the movie could make millions. The deal's a go! But Rodney makes him promise to tell absolutely no one- this has to be a big reveal on release.

# ADDITIONAL SKETCHES

I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE ANYMORE

Written by

Grayson McKim

(Sketch Show)

INT. LA SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

A DOORBELL RINGS. We follow an unidentified figure to the front door. It swings open-

TROY

Eyyyyyy!

TROY, a well-dressed man in his early 30s, tackles MARKUS, 30s, similarly suave. They knock into a painting.

MARKUS

TROY!!

They do a cool little handshake routine.

MARKUS AND TROY

Oh! Oh! EY!!!!

ALLAN, mid-30s, holding a bouquet of flowers at the doorway, awkwardly watches the display of affection.

Markus notices him-

MARKUS

Allan! Come on in, please!

Stepping inside, Allan admires the LUXURIOUS DÉCOR lining the walls. Paintings, sculptures, all sorts of modern art.

ELLAINE

Troy!

ELLAINE, early-30s, beaming, places down a charcuterie board to embrace Troy.

ELLAINE (CONT'D)

Wow, you look great, did you lose weight?

TROY

(snarky)

You can blame Tash's cooking for that.

Markus, Ellaine and Troy laugh a bit too much at the stupid joke. Allan, standing a bit off to the side, forces a smile.

Ellaine walks over.

ELLAINE

And Allan. Mark's told me all about you.

Allan takes just a second too long to respond-

MARKUS

Well come on in, the show's about to begin!

ALLAN

Could you tell me again what we're seeing?

TROY

I told you he wouldn't get it man, we should've stuck with the originals.

MARKUS

Don't be a dick man, spread the love!

(to Allan)

Back in our Phi Kappa Theta days, Troy and I new this guy Bruce. Craaaaaa-zy guy, lemme tell you. Always finding himself in trouble.

TROY

The kind of guy who'd end up in Area 51 and ask you to pick him up, like, what!?

MARKUS

Let's just say he did a LOT of laundry.

ALLAN

I'm confused, so he's coming tonight? And we're just eating with him?

Troy and Markus give knowing looks to each other.

MARKUS

That's not really how these sorts of thing go.

Ellaine reaches behind the couch and pulls out a stack of ponchos, begins distributing them.

Allan examines his.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

You're going to want to put that on. Ellaine did you have the ear plugs?

ELLAININE

Right here-

Ellaine tosses a ziploc bag full of ear plugs onto the coffee table in front of them. Markus and Troy quickly grab a pair and insert them.

Allan tentatively reaches out and grabs a pair. He examines them.

ELLAININE (CONT'D)

You better put those in quick.

The front door suddenly EXPLODES.

A MAN, covered in GREEN ALIEN GOO, with sci-fi cables covering his arms, chest and legs, stumbles into the room, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Allan jumps in his chair. The ear plugs fly away.

Markus and Troy turn around- a knowing grin develops on their faces.

The man stops and turns to the group, breathing heavily. He stares.

TROY & MARKUS

BRUCE!!

Bruce suddenly sprints through the foyer, slathering the walls with green goo and knocking over precariously balanced statuettes. Markus doesn't seem to care at all.

ALLAN

Markus-

A DEAFENING BASS NOTE suddenly shatters the home's windows, throwing Allan back into his chair. He covers his ears in pain.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

What's happening??!

MARKUS

(gesturing to his ear)

Ear plugs!

Allan frantically grabs another pair of ear plugs from the ziploc and puts them in.

Just as Bruce makes it to the kitchen, FUTURISTIC BEEPS AND BOOPS emanate from the front door.

TROY

Uh oh Bruce! They're comingggggggg!

An ALIEN, shaped like a peanut, wearing a futuristic space suit and wielding a matching gun, hustles through the front door and heads towards the kitchen.

MARKUS

(playfully)

Incoming Bruce!

The alien finds Bruce in the kitchen, aims... BOOM!

A GIANT LASER BEAM explodes the back of the kitchen. Bruce nimbly dodges the shrapnel.

Allan desperately reaches out to Troy and gets a cold shoulder.

TROY

(over his shoulder)

Don't ruin this for me man.

Bruce maneuvers his way over to the alien. It winds up to hit him with the hilt of the gun- Bruce dodges at the last second.

Bruce hits aside the alien's rifle and begins pummeling it.

TROY (CONT'D)

Get 'em Bruce!

MARKUS

YEAHHHH!

After a few more direct punches, Bruce throws aside the alien. He looks up, straight at Allan. Allan shakes his head.

FOOTSTEPS- hundreds of them- echo from the front door. Bruce looks over dramatically before standing up.

He smoothly dusts off his leather jacket and walks over to the alien's discarded rifle. He cocks it with one hand, very bad-ass, and looks over to the group with a cocky expression.

BRUCE

Looks like it's gonna be one loooooong night.

Troy and Markus SCREAM and WHOOP.

DROVES OF THE PEANUT ALIENS start piling through the front door. Bruce turns around and sprays his gun into them, yelling unintelligibly.

More and more peanut aliens stream in, quickly overrunning him. An unlucky shot STRIKES HIS FOOT, blasting him against the living room wall.

All seems to be lost. Troy and Markus gasp.

One of the aliens approaches Allan. It raises its gun directly to his forehead.

ALLAN  
(shaking)  
No... no... no...

Allan closes his eyes. A tear streams down his cheek.

...

BANG! Allan nervously opens his eyes, finds himself covered in disgusting green goo.

Bruce, magically recovered from his injuries, smoking gun in hand, beams over him. In between them- the peanut alien with a whole in its peanut head.

Everyone stares at Bruce, awestruck. Allan more so dumbstruck.

BRUCE  
(to Allan)  
Watch yourself out there kid.

Bruce tips his hat and slowly meanders to the front the door. On the way he shoots a half-alive peanut alien.

All is quiet.

MARKUS  
You totally just got good dude!!

ELLAINAINE  
That was crazy, I've never seen  
that much in my LIFE!

TROY  
Goey Allan! Goey Allan!

Markus and Ellaine join the chant.

ALLAN  
Goey Allan Goey Allan Goey  
Allan!

Allan emotionlessly stares at the wall.

FADE OUT.

-

A green MPAA warning screen pops up, advertising an R-rated trailer. "Hero" by Family of the Year starts playing.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

MASON, a dreamy-eyed teen, lays in the grass silently looking up towards the camera.

OVER BLACK- "In 2014, Richard Linklater released *Boyhood*- one of the most revolutionary films of the decade."

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Mason walks along a row of trees, reaching his hand out to touch the leaves.

OVER BLACK- "Today, Hollywood visionary Oswald Hans II releases the next chapter in young Mason's life-"

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

ECU: Mason's face.

OVER BLACK- "Examining his life not through the perspective of time..."

EXT. BACKYARD

Mason stands in front of an open gate.

OVER BLACK- "But rather, *space*"

Mason steps through the door. The music escalates.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mason sprints through a desert, giddily smiling.
2. Mason spins around in the middle of a little-league baseball field.
3. Mason examines a graffiti tag on a street corner.

4. Mason runs his hand through a stream of water, examines the reflection.

OVER BLACK- "Shot in over 30 Locations"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mason walks along the edge of a rural highway as cars whiz by.
2. Mason blows dust off a diary.
3. Mason, wearing a suit, pensively stares out the window of a metropolitan high-rise.

OVER BLACK- "A quiet meditation on the unspeakably profound impact our environments have on us. -Forbes"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mason eats a burger alone at a fast food joint.
2. Mason, sweaty, digs a hole in the middle of a forest at night.

OVER BLACK- "Hans II has done the unthinkable, the impossible- and humanity is all the better for it. -Us Weekly"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mason runs through an airport.
2. Mason delivers a speech in front of congress.

OVER BLACK- "There are two days I will never forget- the day my first child was born, and the first time I watched this film".

Mason, clad in soccer gear, slide tackles an opponent

OVER BLACK- "And to be honest, I don't remember what my baby looked like that much. He wasn't particularly remarkable except for his blue eyes, I think. But this film- wow! Good luck forgetting a single pixel! -Burt Ormisten"

1. Mason watches giraffes from the top of a zoo tour bus.
2. Mason kayaks down a raging rapid.

OVER BLACK- "Nothing more than the perfection of human expression. I don't want to talk to anyone who hasn't watched this film. -Noam Chomsky"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Mason milks a goat.
2. Mason delivers the final blow on a nail at a suburban construction site.

OVER BLACK- "Featuring Patricia Arquette, Ethan Hawke, Elijah Smith, and Bràs Detuli"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. A cashier- played by who will come to be known as BRÀS DETULI- at a boutique fashion store gives Mason a knowing smile as he scans a t-shirt.
2. Mason climbs to the top of a mountain in the midst of a raging blizzard.
3. Mason gets his eyes checked at the optometrist's.

The music subsides.

OVER BLACK- "The Places I Am, by IFC Films, directed by Oswald Hans II"

FADE TO:

INT. COLLEGE HALL - EVENING

TRAVIS, halfway-punk clothing, listens to The Who with wired earbuds. He cross-references a flier for ROCK CLUB against doors lining the hallway.

He finds the one he's looking for, takes a deep breath, enters.

INT. ROCK CLUB - EVENING

15 or so eccentric college students line the small classroom, chatting up a storm. Each wears an outfit more eccentric than the last.

Travis looks around, trying to find somewhere to fit in.

ABE, a Junior, adorned with a lip piercing and a flayed pair of jeans, approaches Travis.

ABE

What's up dude! I'm Abe.

TRAVIS

Hey! Travis, nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

ABE

You new here? I can't say I remember you from last year.

TRAVIS

Naw, I just transferred here-

AWEN

Alright everybody! Circle time!

The members of the club quickly form a circle and lock hands. Travis shyly follows.

Awen steps to the side and picks up a gnarly-looking electric guitar, begins strumming a gritty tune.

Everyone begins humming an eerie, strangely melodic tune. Travis struggle to follow along.

Awen eventually hits a resolving chord, queueing everyone to take a seat.

AWEN (CONT'D)

Nice! Welcome everybody- it looks like we've got some new members- Why don't we all go around and introduce ourselves. I'm Awen, I'm the club president, and I'm a huge Bandana Thrash gal. Been listening to a lot of the Cramps recently. Also into Gothabilly here and there. Any Ghoultown fans out there?

A few murmurs of approval.

Travis gives a curious look. None of those words made sense.

AWEN (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's me, you go next Cece.

CECELIA, also wearing the same pair of black jeans- in fact, it seems like everyone has the exact same jeans- gives a wave.

CECELIA

Hello! I'm Cecelia, club VP, and I'm kind of the Pagan Metal person here. Ha! Uh, I also listen to some Krautrock, sort of like Butterfly Temple vibes.

The other members nod and murmur in approval once again.

EMILY

Oh hey everyone! To be completely honest I thought this was more of a geology rock club than music.

Everyone stares blankly at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

But while I'm here, my dad and I like to listen to Led Zeppelin sometimes when we make dinner.

TRAVIS

Oo-

AWEN

Oh yeah. Led Zeppelin. Mhm. Yeah. Cool. Oh what, they singlehandedly set the genre back 30 years? They are bad Emily! Bad! Very bad, very bad! Don't say that you like them! Bad bad bad!

EMILY

Oh I'm sorry-

Awen stands up and throws a desk across the room.

AWEN

Get her out of my club!

Two club members get up and menacingly walk over to Emily.

EMILY

I'm sorry! I didn't know-

The club members LUNGE. Emily spins around and bolts through the door before they can grab her.

AWEN

Let's keep the ball rolling- Lopez?

Travis hazily attempts to process what just happened.

LOPEZ

Hey y'all! My name's Lopez. Uh, favorite genre... I can say its definitely not Bandana Thrash!

AWEN

(playfully)  
Hey, fuck you too.

LOPEZ

Uhh... I'll go with Krautrock.  
Grobschnitt and the like.

AWEN

Nice nice. And how about you?

Awen looks towards KENT, a sheepish-looking Freshman, next in the circle.

KENT

Oh hi everyone! I'm Kent... I'm a little lost with what's going on, but I'll do my best to check out these news bands when I get home, they all sound cool!

AWEN

Favorite genre?

KENT

Oh I don't know, I don't have any niches, I guess just Indie rock.

Everyone, save for Travis and the new members, stomps twice.

ALL

To the reformation chamber!

The people sitting next to Kent grab ahold of his arms and legs and start dragging him.

KENT

Huh?!

One of the members opens a closet door, revealing A HARSH RED LIGHT.

KENT (CONT'D)

What is that?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHR!!!

Kent disintegrates. The members carrying him return to the circle like nothing happened. Travis' face turns a ghostly white.

Travis turns to Abe, to whom everything that just happened seems normal.

TRAVIS

(meekly)

Abe... What is this place?

Someone else's voice overpowers him-

AHMAD

Hey, name's Ahmad, huge indorock  
guy with a little bit of Madchester  
thrown in there.

LOPEZ

Wait do you know the Stone Roses?

AHMAD

Yeah! My cousin's lowkey besties  
with John Squire.

LOPEZ

No fucking way-

Travis turns towards Abe.

TRAVIS

(whispering)

Dude what the fuck is happening?

ABE

What's up?

TRAVIS

I only listen to classic rock and I  
feel like that's somehow a wrong  
answer to this question.

ABE

Yeah you can't say that around  
here.

AWEN

All you Abe!

ABE

Cool yeah. I'm Abe, I'm the  
secretary or some shit.  
My taste isn't too crazy. Just some  
sadcore and shaman rock.

Once more, approving murmurs from the audience.

AWEN

(to Travis)

And how about you?

Travis, startled, whips his head to look at her. Sweat  
streams down his face.

TRAVIS

Oh! Yes! Hi, uh, everyone.

He meets expectant stares from the other members. His heart starts thumping.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
My names Travis... And, uh, I  
like...

The heartbeat intensifies. Travis eyes dart rapidly between the others.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Swamp Street Raggae.

Some of the other members raise an eyebrow.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
I've been listening to... The  
Straws, and uh... Lance Hoist and  
the Favorable Five?

CECELIA  
Aren't the Straws an old Yacht Rock  
group?

Deeper thumps.

TRAVIS  
I think they rebranded recently-

AWEN  
(suspicious)  
I've never heard of Swamp Street  
Raggae. Or Lance Hoist and the  
Favorable Five. What's the style  
like?

TRAVIS  
It uh-

ABE  
What genres does it inherit from?

Even more sweat!

TRAVIS  
Like Jazz?

CLUB MEMBER #1  
What's the country of origin?

TRAVIS  
I don't know-

CLUB MEMBER #2

Is it an underground movement?

TRAVIS

Yes-

LOPEZ

When did it start?

The questions accelerate- the club members are getting suspicious.

AHMAD

Mainstream or indie?

CLUB MEMBER #3

I feel like I would have heard about a new subgenre...

CECELIA

Are you in a Swamp Street Raggae band?

AWEN

Are you just trying to coin your own subgenre?

CLUB MEMBER #4

Could you play us a song on your phone?

TRAVIS

I- I- I- I-

CLICK.

Awen holds a gun to Travis' head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Buh-

AWEN

Tell me the truth. Is Swamp Street Raggae real?

TRAVIS

Y- Yes...

AWEN

Then sing. Sing a song for us.

Travis gulps. He meets the expectant stares of the other club members.

He takes in a deep breath, closes his eyes.

TRAVIS  
 (off-key)  
 Ooh-girl  
 Ooh-swampy girl  
 Step on up  
 Step up with me girl  
 Let's fall in love  
 Ooh fall in love  
 Ooh-swampy girl  
 Let's fall in loveeeeeee

Everyone stares at him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
 That was Swampy Girl, by Lance  
 Hoist.

Silence.

AWEN  
 You forgot about the Favorable  
 Five.

Everyone gasps. Travis doesn't break eye contact.

TRAVIS  
 He broke off for a solo career in  
 '79.

Conflicted whisperings from the audience. Awen squints at him.

Her glance darts towards the person sitting next to him.

AWEN  
 Alright you go.

The world around him goes silent- he made it out! He falls to the ground, gulps in deep breaths of relieving air.

He looks around- all attention is off of him.

ABE  
 (sotto)  
 Nice dude, you killed it!

Travis nods, barely registering the comment. He closes his eyes, finally calming down...

Awen's voice pierces through his meditation-

AWEN

HA! The Who! You got an actual answer?

An innocent looking Freshman shakes his head in confusion.

AWEN (CONT'D)

Travis, show this rat bastard that you're one of us. Tell him what you think of The Who.

Travis lurches back up.

TRAVIS

Huh?!

AWEN

The Who, any thoughts?

TRAVIS

I... uh... I-

EXT. COLLEGE HALL

An exterior view of the club meeting room.

TRAVIS

I actually think they've got some interesting-

A GUNSHOT.

FADE TO:

A Youtube intro pops up alongside some jamming lo-fi music. This is "The Damien Conway Review".

INT. UPSCALE LA CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Upper-middle-class customers pleasantly meander around the boutique shop.

DAMIEN CONWAY, 20s, wearing boundary-pushing leggings and an oversized t-shirt, jumps into frame.

DAMIEN

What's popping goons! Damien C. here at Gerard's Luxuries in WeHo. Let's see what we can find today. Come on!

Damien gives an over-exaggerated wave to the camera. More lo-fi comes in.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Damien contemplates a sweater that says "Burden."
2. Damien comes out of the dressing room wearing a plaid overcoat; gives it a spin.
3. Damien compares two identical shirts by hovering them over his chest.

The lo-fi fades out as Damien walks up to a rack of faded white v-necks.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Alright gang, check these bad boys out.

A series of over-produced shots of the t-shirts entails.

DAMIEN (V.O.)  
100% Cotton. Hand spun. Locally sourced in the U.S. of A. This statement piece feels good to buy and better to wear! And check this out-

It's \$65. The camera returns to focus on Damien.

DAMIEN  
With all money you're saving you can send a hefty Patreon donation my way. Ha!

Damien ruffles through his pocket and pulls out a weird looking stamp.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
BOOM! Damien Conway stamp of approval!

He slams the stamp against the first t-shirt in the rack, smearing it with red ink that reads "Damien Conway APPROVES!"

A cashier looks at him.

Damien gestures to the camera. The lo-fi comes back.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Let's keep going!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Damien pops his head over one of the dressing room stalls, feigns a fake look of surprise for the camera.
2. Damien thoughtfully nods at a stack of Nike sweatpants that have "Just Do It" printed on the butt.
3. Damien holds a t-shirt against a random guy's chest, nods, and throws it into the guy's cart.

Damien walks up to a stack of torn jeans and picks one from the bunch.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Now take a second to admire these baddies.

Close-ups of the jeans ensue.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Normal jeans, you say? Oh no, my friends, far from it. These were torn according to randomness gotten from atmospheric readings or some shit. 100% random, 100% art.

The camera returns to Damien.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

You know these are getting the stamp. BOOM!

Damien once again slaps the stamp onto the merchandise. The lo-fi comes blasting in once again.

A floor attendant notices.

ATTENDANT

Hey-

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Damien flirts with an uncomfortable cashier.
2. Damien bursts out of a dressing room wearing something reminiscent of Neo's outfit from The Matrix.
3. Damien imitates a mannequin.

The lo-fi fades out. Damien approaches a set of hoodies with a hole in the lower chest area. He picks one up.

DAMIEN

These might be the baddest of all.  
Look at how freeing they are-

ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
That's him! The vandal who's been  
stamping our merchandise!

Damien swivels his head to see the attendant from before pointing him out to a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD  
HEY!

The security guards sprints straight at Damien. Damien whips around with the camera man and starts running for the exit.

An unknowing customer in his early-30s gets in their way- Damien pushes him over.

Damien makes it to the door and slams it open.

EXT. GERARD'S LUXURIES - DAY

The cameraman turns around- the guard is still chasing them. He returns focus to Damien as they sprint away.

DAMIEN  
Alright guys, apparently Gerard is  
a total dickhole.

They arrive at a intersection. Damien runs up to a Subaru Forester.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Oh look at this beaut! Good gas  
mileage, high safety rating, and-  
its a hybrid?!

He looks at the camera. The car's owner watches through his window, confused.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
You know it deserves this!

Damien pulls out his stamp and slams it against the car's passenger window.

DRIVER  
Hey! What the hell!

The Driver whips open his door and jumps out of the car, ready to fight. The security guard, now just a few yards away, points at Damien.

SECURITY GUARD  
Stop him!

DAMIEN  
Sorry for this-

Damien shoves the driver aside and jumps into the car. The cameraman vaults into the passenger side as Damien locks the doors.

DRIVER  
HEY!

The security guard runs up and pounds on the window.

SECURITY GUARD  
You bastard!

The light turns green. Damien screeches away.

DAMIEN  
Phew! That was a close one!

Damien drives in silence for a bit.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Fun fact, the Subaru Forester is  
one of only four cars that had  
three cupholders-

Separating from the handheld camera, in slow-motion, Damien notices his SOULMATE in line at a Street Food Truck. They lock eyes for a moment.

Damien screeches to a halt, blocking the street, and gets out of the car. A chorus of honks echo behind him.

SLOW MOTION: He approaches his Soulmate. Less than a yard away now, they stare at each other, smiling flirtatiously.

Damien pulls out his stamp and gently presses it against Soulmate's chest. They start making out. Emotional music starts playing.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Damien and Soulmate kiss in an alpine meadow.
2. Damien and Soulmate walk through Disneyland, amazed by / pointing at everything they see.
3. They giddily run across a beach.
4. They sit on the roof of an LA condo complex, staring out at the city lights.

5. They're getting married at a beautiful yacht club! They kiss each other- Damien pulls out his stamp and stamps Soulmate's chest. Massive applause.
6. Damien stamps a formal-looking document. He shakes a realtor's hand- they just bought a house!
7. A newborn coos in Soulmate's hands. Soulmate nods to Damien. Damien stamps it.
8. Damien and Soulmate play with the baby, who's now 4.
9. The three of them point at stars in the sky as the music dies down.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Damien, now looking a good bit older (40s), walks down the hallway.

DAMIEN  
Are you home honey?

Damien opens the door to find Soulmate in bed with a STRANGER. Damien watches in horror as the stranger stamps Soulmate with his own stamp.

Damien slams the door shut and crumples to the ground crying. More emotional music comes in.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Damien and Soulmate argue in the kitchen.
2. Damien drives to work crying.
3. Damien and Soulmate lie awake in bed, turn away from each other.
4. Damien and Soulmate endure couples counseling. Soulmate looks at Damien with understanding.
5. Damien comes home to find a beautiful dinner prepared by Soulmate. They hug.
6. They go to their 13-year-old's play. They give a standing ovation and scream- they're extraordinarily proud parents. Soulmate puts his hand on Damien's. They share a knowing smile. The music fades away.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Damien, now in his late 60s, intubated, lies in a hospital bed.

Soulmate sits next to him, trying to keep it together.

Damien reaches his hand out and places it on Soulmate's. They share an emotional look.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Hundreds of people in fashionable black attire, either themselves or their clothing bearing the Damien Conway Stamp of Approval, sit in fold-up chairs along the cemetery lawn.

Soulmate stands with his kid, now late 20s. Soulmate dabs his eyes with a tissue.

Another attendee approaches him and places his hand on Soulmate's shoulder. Soulmate nods.

Damien's coffin- a replica of his stamp- is lowered into the ground. Soulmate dawns a slight smile. He holds his kid tightly.

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. "THE DARKROOM" TALKSHOW

A behind-the-scenes view of a stereotypical Hollywood talk show. This one is decorated to look like a darkroom: pictures hang from the walls, tubs of liquid sit off to the side, etc.

OSWALD HANS II, illustrious director, wearing a well-tailored European suit, sits in a beautiful leather chair. Beside him sits LIZA, early-30s, the host.

CAMERAMAN

Live in 3... 2...

The Cameraman nods.

LIZA

Welcome back everyone to The Darkroom! On our show today- Hans Oswald II! Hans, so great to have you!

They share a cursory handshake.

HANS

(thick German accent)  
Happy to be here Liza.

LIZA

I know every host of every talk show says this, but believe me when I say I've *always* been a fan of yours. When I was 13 I had a "Four Promenades and a Poet" poster taped right above my bed. I'd go to bed imagining the waffle cone scene, laughing my ass off. My parents eventually had to take it down 'cuase I was making too much noise!

HANS

Ah yes, you like Four Promenades. That was very a fun film.

LIZA

Of course though, we're here to talk about your new project, *The Places I am*. Somewhat of a departure from your established style, isn't it?

HANS

Yes. I, like many artists do, felt stuck in the zeitgeist. Nothing felt fresh anymore, ya? So I wanted to do something to escape, something profoundly different from those Marvel movies.

LIZA

Mhm. Now I want to ask you about the casting of the film. I saw that you were able to recruit most of the cast from the original *Boyhood*, which the film is based on. But you also casted Bràs DeTuli, who many are now calling Hollywood's Summer Fling. Can you tell us about that choice?

HANS

Ho ho, I would call him Hollywood's next Bradley Cooper! That kid's something else. When he auditioned, my casting director called me and said "Hans, I've found *the one*". She never does that.

LIZA

Bràs has managed to stay out the public eye even now, so you'll have to tell us what it was like working with him.

HANS

Bràs is certainly a mysterious fellow. He would show up to set everyday with a briefcase, the contents of which I never saw. Some think it's full of cash, others say it's simply a fashion accessory, but no one could say for sure. My hypothesis is that he ran out of paper bags for his lunch! Ho!

LIZA

Now Hans, asking for a friend, do you know if he's taken?

HANS

Mmm. I saw many try, but none succeed.

(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)

He would leave directly after shooting to go home, so there weren't many opportunities to get to know him. He keeps to himself very much.

LIZA

That makes him all the more intriguing! Well Hans, it was so great having you on today. And folks, watch "The Places I am" on all streaming platforms now!

Liza and Hans smile at the camera.

**END**

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

MADELINE, early 40s, sleep-deprived and exhausted, pushes a shopping cart full of store-brand cereal, spaghetti, and other cheap staples down the canned foods aisle.

A few paces behind, PRYCE, Madeline's eight year old daughter, runs her hand over the aluminum cans.

MADELINE

Pryce, don't do that. You're going to catch a cold.

Pryce pulls back her hand.

Madeline finds what she's looking for- a huge can full of cheap chicken noodle soup. Places it in the cart.

Pryce investigates the other brands. She touches a can of CHEF BOYARDEE CANNED RAVIOLI.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Pryce!

PRYCE

Can we get Chef mama?

MADELINE

Sweetie, you don't even like ravioli.

PRYCE

But I like chef.

## MADELINE

Chef Boyardee doesn't exist Pryce,  
he's just a mascot they use to make  
it seem like their food is made by  
an *actual chef*.

Pryce locks eyes with Chef Boyardee on one of the cans.

## MADELINE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Madeline pulls Pryce along. Pryce continues to stare the  
chef, until they reach the edge of the aisle.

The camera slowly pulls up on the can Pryce was staring at.  
Closer, closer... *It smiles?*

## INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT STAND

Madeline places her groceries on the conveyer belt while  
Pryce plays with a handful of green twist ties.

The CASHIER, late 40s, having a bad day, scans a cheap bucket  
of ice cream and gives Madeline a half condescending, half  
concerned look. Madeline is too busy to notice.

In the background, a CAN OF CHEF BOYARDEE falls off the  
shelf.

## EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Madeline packs the groceries into the trunk, SLAMS it shut.  
She enters the driver side door, starts the car, and pulls  
out of the parking lot.

The grocery store door opens for seemingly no one.

## EXT. RURAL BRIDGE - DAY

Madeline drives while Pryce sits in the back, wistfully  
looking out the window.

An INDISTINGUISHABLE BLUR blasts across the bridge behind  
them.

## INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pryce sits on the ground, playing with an old set of Lincoln  
Logs.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SHOWER - DAY

Madeline takes off her sweat-stained top, looks at herself in the mirror.

EXT. SUBURBAN NIEGHBORHOOD - DAY

No one seems to be around.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pryce continues building up the tower. It's a few stores tall now.

A RING AT THE DOORBELL. Pryce places a final log on the structure before getting up and walking over to the door.

She opens the door to find nothing. She looks around, taking note of the kids laying motionless on the ground. She quickly closes the door and locks it.

She returns to the Lincoln Logs. *A can of Chef Boyardee sits motionless at the corner of the hallway.*

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SHOWER - DAY

Madeline sits on the closed-lid toilet. Notifications pops up on her phone:

DAVE (TEXT)  
You know that's not fair

DAVE (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
I'm coming Saturday like we said.

Madeline rests her head in her hands.

The bathroom door creaks open. Madeline jumps.

MADELINE  
Pryce honey, I'm trying to take a shower.

PRYCE  
(distant)  
Okay?

Madeline looks around trying to make sense of the situation. She gets up and closes the door, walks back to the toilet.

Suddenly she's falling. She hits the ground, lets out a cry.



INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pryce enters the kitchen to find a heaping portion of Chef Boyardee Raviolis laying in a frying pan. The stove is on.

Pryce's face lightens up.

PRYCE  
CHEF!!!

**END**

INT. OFFICE CUBICLES - DAY

MERL FEDERMAN, mid-30s, not particularly invested in his outward appearance, reads through tax documents at his cubicle

LILLIANA, a coworker, pops out from behind her desk.

LILLIANA  
Merl- Hey Merl? Is everything set  
up for the Juvitech account?

MERL  
Yes...?

LILLIANA  
Kurt just emailed me saying he  
hasn't gotten the I-403s yet.

MERL  
I put them on his desk yesterday.

Lilliana shrugs.

MERL (CONT'D)  
I'll print them out again.

LILLIANA  
Thanks Merl!

INT. OFFICE - PRINTER STATION

Merl picks up a stack of papers from the printer and begins walking down the row of cubicles.

Ahead he notices KRISTEN, another coworker, walking towards him. She notices him too and gives a cursory nod.

Merl steps to the right to give her space to pass, but she makes the same move.

MERL

Oop.

They're dangerously close. Merl steps to the left this time, only to find that he's mirroring Kristen.

She smiles as they stop in front of each other.

KRISTEN

Crazy how frequently this happens.

MERL

I blame the density of the office layout.

KRISTEN

Here, lets go both go to the right-

Kristen steps to her right. Merl, seemingly unconsciously, takes a step to his left, blocking her once again.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Other right silly. Ah whatever lets just go with the left-

Kristen steps to the left only to have Merl once again match the movement.

A look of panic dawns on Merl's face.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Alright Merl, enough joking. We've both got work to do.

MERL

Kristen I don't know how to explain this-

Kristen tries to step around Merl but he mirrors the movement with impressive speed.

KRISTEN

Merl!

MERL

I can't stop it I don't know what's happening! Something else is doing this!

Kristen gives him the stink eye. She leans forward and charges into him. He doesn't budge.

She doubles her effort. Still, he doesn't budge.

KRISTEN  
Do you want me to get Tori?

MERL  
No, I-

She tries to step around but once again he matches the movement.

KRISTEN  
Fuck this.

She turns around and walks towards the back of the office.

Merl stares down at his legs and grabs one of them, trying to move it manually.

MERL  
Come on!

He shakes it frantically. A nearby coworker peaks out from their cubicles to see what's going on. Merl locks eyes with one of them.

Merl punches the back of his knee, trying to buckle it. No luck.

TORI (O.S.)  
Merl?

Merl looks up to see TORI, early 40s, his boss, walking up with Kristen beside her.

TORI (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to stand for harassment in my office. Please move out of the way.

MERL  
Tori you don't understand-

TORI  
Merl. Move.

Merl shrugs helplessly.

TORI (CONT'D)  
Kristen call security.

MERL  
No-

Tori pulls out her phone, dials a number.

KRISTEN

Hello, I'd like to report an obstructive harassment incident on Floor 23.

TORI

What happened to you Merl? I thought you were normal.

MERL

I-

A DING emanates from the elevator. A half-dozen security guards burst through the doors, one carrying a battering ram.

GUARD #1

There he is!

The guards sprint over and line up in front of him. Two set up the battering ram.

MERL

(pleading)

You've gotta help me-

Four of the guards pick up the battering ram.

GUARD #2

Clear.

GUARD #1

3! 2! 1!

MERL

NO!

GUARD #1

GO!

The battering ram explodes backwards on contact with Merl's chest, throwing the security guards into the cubicles behind them.

Merl slowly looks down at his chest- he's completely fine.

The security guards look to each other in disbelief. Guard #1 gathers himself together and stands up

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Again!

MERL

No! Stop!

The other guards follow suit and line up, a faint look of fear growing in their eyes.

They thrust the battering ram forward once again-

It fully EXPLODES, this time throwing the guards backward with enough force to incapacitate them.

Merl looks on with horror. Tori and Kristen gasp. Everyone in the office stares at Merl.

ALARMS begin to blare. Tori looks around in confusion.

She spots a ROBBER, 220+ pounds and densely muscled, leave her office with a small safe.

TORI

My hedge fund!

The robber breaks straight for Merl.

ROBBER

Get out of the way!

The robber pulls out a gun. Tori, Kristen and the other employees hide behind cubicle walls, stranding Merl.

The robber is less than 20 feet from him.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

MOVE!

MERL

Just go around!!

BANG! The robber suddenly drops to the ground, his gun smoking, with a bullet wound in his thigh.

Merl looks down at his chest to find a bullet-sized scratch on his shirt, then returns his gaze to the robber, incapacitated on the ground.

His coworkers begin to peer over their cubicles. Noticing the robber on the ground, they slowly emerge.

Someone begins clapping. More and more follow suit.

Merl looks around, alarmed. The applause grows.

Some of the coworkers begin whooping and screaming. Others begin chanting his name.

Merl looks around, growing only more concerned by the reaction.

**END OF SKETCH**

INT. URIEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A pleasant little suburban house. Family photos and "bless this house"-style décor line the walls.

URIEL, 17, walks down the staircase to find his mom ELENA waiting at the front door.

URIEL  
Weren't you guys supposed to head  
out an hour ago?

ELENA  
You know your father.

Elena pauses. Something's suspicious.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
...Are you waiting for us to  
leave?

URIEL  
What? No.

ELENA  
Well if you're going to throw a  
"rager"-

URIEL  
I'm not throwing a party!

MARK (O.S.)  
Don't get too crazy while we're  
gone champ!

Uriel sighs as Mark enters the foyer.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Alright let's go.

ELENA  
By sweetie!

Mark and Elena leave. Uriel watches them through the window as they enter their small sedan.

Elena looks through the car window and gives him a wave. Uriel shoots back a smile.

The car slowly makes it's way out of the cul-de-sac.

Uriel's expression suddenly turns dead-serious. Intense background music begins to play. He whips out his phone and dials a number.

URIEL

We got a departure, send in the alpha crew.

MAN (O.S.)

What took so long?

URIEL

It'll be fine, just get here as fast as you can.

Uriel smashes the hang up button and pockets his phone.

He heads over to the kitchen and picks up a massive pot from the cabinet, begins to fill it with water.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR- Uriel rushes over and opens it.

A group of four or so high school students- STEVE, DESTINY, HANK, DOM and TAYLOR- rush in with bags of potatoes, fine wine and various other foodstuffs.

URIEL (CONT'D)

Thank God. Destiny and Hank, start rolling up the carpet. Steve do you remember how to extend the kitchen table?

STEVEN

On it.

The crew disperses to take on their tasks. DOM looks around confused.

DOM

How about m?

URIEL

Start folding these-

Uriel tosses a bag of cloth napkins towards him. Dom seamlessly turns around and starts folding them on a coffee table.

Uriel returns to the pot, now full of water, and places it on the stove. He cranks the heat to max.

Destiny and Hank walk by with a rolled-up area rug.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
Throw it in my bedroom and get started on prep!

DESTINY  
Got it!

STEVE  
Uriel?

Uriel whips around to find Steve struggling with one end of the table.

URIEL  
Levers on the bottom!

Dom walks over to Uriel as he folds a napkin.

DOM  
You think we're going to make it?

URIEL  
We'll just have to do our best.

CUT TO:

INT. URIEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Uriel carefully seasons the giant pot. Others run around the kitchen, frantically filling jugs of water, setting up cutlery and preparing side dishes (cheeseboards, poppers, bread and butter).

STEVE  
Salt and pepper?!

URIEL  
Upper left cabinet!

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Uriel rushes over.

JENNA, a fellow high schooler, stands outside with a crew of 15 or so homeless folks. She shrugs as if to say "what's taking so long".

URIEL (CONT'D)  
One more minute!

He slams the door shut and returns to the kitchen.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
They're getting hungry out there,  
let's wrap this up!

Uriel picks up the pot of now soup and carries it to the center of the extended kitchen table. Destiny and Dom lay out the side dishes while Taylor fills glasses with water.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Bring them in!

Taylor whips open the door and enters, followed by the homeless folk. They enter cautiously.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
Hello, hello! Thank you all for  
coming, please take a seat.

They disperse around the table and sit down, almost as if they've done this before. Uriel and the others sit down with them.

URIEL (CONT'D)  
Well let's eat!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1. Uriel serves a young woman.
2. Taylor takes a sip of the soup- it's delicious.
3. A older gentleman points out the poppers to Dom and gives a thumb up.
4. Inaudibly, one of the guests recounts a story and gets the whole table to laugh.
5. One of the guests points towards the ceiling, causing Destiny to look up. The guest jokingly attempts to steal her plate of food. She nudges his shoulder.
6. Uriel sips a glass of wine. It's exquisite.
7. A guest holds out her cup to receive wine from Uriel.
8. The whole table relishes the good food company as the scene fades to black.

INT. URIEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Uriel waves goodbye to the guests. The final one flashes a smile before closing the door.

TAYLOR

What time are they due back?

Uriel checks his phone.

URIEL

They're just around the corner!

They scramble to clean up the scene- Destiny and Dom clear the table, Hank brings the rug back into the kitchen, Taylor picks up a trash bag and ties it up, Uriel whips out the vacuum and starts cleaning up crumbs.

Uriel checks his phone again-

URIEL (CONT'D)

You all need to leave now!

The crew quickly finishes their tasks and line up in front of the back door. Taylor lingers behind.

URIEL (CONT'D)

Go!

She picks up the garbage bag and sprints out with the rest of them. KEYS RATTLE IN THE FRONT DOOR.

Uriel notices a bottle of wine standing on the counter and sprints over to dispose of it. His parents enter before he's able to. He hides it behind his back.

MARK

Hey kiddo!

Elena locks the door behind them. She sniffs.

ELENA

It smells delicious in here- were you cooking something?

URIEL

Made myself so mac and cheese though.

Elena squints her eyes.

ELENA

Hmm...

She takes a look around the kitchen, suspicious. Nothing seems out of place.

MARK

Well I'm exhausted, I'm heading to bed.

ELENA

I'll join you.

They head towards the hallway, nearly out of sight. Elena takes one look back and squints. Sweat drips down Uriel's brow.

She dips around the corner. Uriel gasps for air, and quickly hides the bottle of wine under a paper bag in the trash can.

He glances outside to see Steve giving him a "everything okay?" look. Uriel takes a deep breath and gives a thumbs up.