MISS UNIVERSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

Outer space.


There’s Earth. Small and fragile against the vast blackness. It slowly rotates before reaching the familiar land mass of America.

Peaceful. Majestic. Until--

HOT PINK SCRIPT scribbles across the screen!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It’s “The 2013 Miss America Competition!”

An UPBEAT ORCHESTRA KICKS IN!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK by night:

The Borgata. Bally’s. Caesar’s Palace.

Glitzy monuments to decadence.

IN A CASINO

Playing cards fan across green felt.

Dice tumble across a craps table.

INT. BOARDWALK HALL

The Miss America pageant in full swing. BATHING BEAUTIES, sashed and smiling, parade across the stage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Brought to you by Maybelline! Maybe she’s born with it, maybe it’s “Maybelline!”

Miss Florida, JANE BRESLIN, struts to center stage. She’s a blonde-haired, blue-eyed 24-year-old knockout, built like a Barbie Doll recalled for promoting an unrealistic body standard.

She stops, poses, and flashes her best superficial smile.

The SCREEN SPLITS to give us her bio and stats. She’s originally from Pensacola and hates phonies.
Pull back to reveal a TV in a

FLORIDA CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL

SICKLY KIDS watch from their beds. Some bald, some hooked up to IVs. They’re watching clips from last year’s “Miss America” pageant.

IN THE HALLWAY

Jane is accompanied by her obese mother/manager ALMA and her Guido-handsome boyfriend, LYLE (26). Alma helps Jane into a bulky, full-body HazMat suit. Lyle holds Jane’s purse; a Chihuahua named CHEWY peeks out.

ALMA
Jane, honey, you’re gonna scare the shit out of them.

JANE
I can’t take any chances, momma. Not this close to Miss Universe.

ALMA
You think I’d let that happen? I went over everything with the staff. You can’t catch anything, Jane, they’re not that kind of sick!

JANE
Can you just zip me up, please?

Alma sighs and zips up Jane’s suit.

LYLE
Sure you don’t want me to come in with you, babe?

JANE
No, you wait here. Technically, Miss America isn’t supposed to have a boyfriend.

LYLE
Okay, well, knock ‘em dead.

JANE
Inappropriate, Lyle. A lot of them are dying.

LYLE
Right. Good luck, I mean.
He leans in to peck her on the cheek but she pulls the plastic visor closed. He kisses the mask on the cheek.

    JANE
    Thanks!

ON THE SCREEN

Tears of joy stream down Jane’s face as she’s crowned Miss America. RUNNERS-UP adorn her with roses and the sparkling crown.

A chirpy NURSE (20s) turns the TV off.

    NURSE
    Okay, children, here she is! The most beautiful girl in America...
    Miss Jane Breslin!

Jane lumbers in, ominous in her radiation suit. The air filter on the mask makes her breath like Darth Vader.

Children’s eyes go wide in terror.

    JANE
    Hello, kids!

The nurse is thrown, but covers with awkward clapping.

    NURSE
    (to the kids)
    Jane heard you guys weren’t feeling well and she wanted to come here personally to cheer you up. Wasn’t that nice of her?

The children weakly ‘Yay.’

    JANE
    I’m super excited to be here with all of you! We’re gonna have so much fun today!
    (aside to Nurse)
    Is the photographer here yet?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Jane poses for a picture with her arms around two CHEMO GIRLS.

- Jane kisses a weak YOUNG BOY on the forehead through her face shield.
- Jane and a SMALL GIRL wave at the camera. Jane has her hood off but covers her mouth with a handkerchief.

INT. CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Jane sits at the head of the room, hood off. She gives a clearly well-rehearsed speech without enthusiasm.

JANE
I’ll be representing our country in the Miss Universe pageant, an annual tradition that was started in 1952 in Long Beach, California. It is one of the largest beauty pageants in the world. The iconic crown was remade once after being lost in 1988. It contains many rare gemstones, some not found anywhere else on Earth, as well as...

(trying to remember)
Sapphires... Burmese rubies... and...

(gives up with a shrug)
...Adamantium and Kryptonite.

Two YOUNG BOYS share an impressed look. ‘Whoa!’

JANE (CONT’D)
The Miss Universe organization is proud to promote the voices of young women in culture, politics, and the community. Any questions?

A LITTLE GIRL raises her hand.

LITTLE GIRL
Could I be Miss Universe some day?

JANE
Of course you can, sweetie! You just have to believe in yourself and be super hot.

Jane signals the nurse with her eyes.

NURSE
Okay, I think that’s all Jane has time for today.

JANE
Aw, really? Boo! We hate you, nurse!

(MORE)
(laughs, to Nurse) I’m just playin’.

NURSE
Let’s all give Miss America a big thank you for coming by to see us today.

The kids shout their ‘Thank You’s.’

JANE
Thank you, kids! I hope those of you that are still with us will root for me in the big Miss Universe pageant! It’s in two days so hang on ‘til then!

She does her ‘pageant wave’ as she backs out of the room.

EXT. ALMA’S TRAILER HOME – DAY

Alma hobbles in the front door of her Airstream mobile home as Lyle and Jane wait patiently.

A couple beer-bellied, good-old-boy NEIGHBORS in lawn chairs take a break from crushing a six-pack to wave ‘Hello.’ One guy, BIG EARL, sits in a motorized scooter with a small American flag atop it.

BIG EARL
Lookin’ good, Janey!

JANE
You too, Earl! You guys still keeping the park safe?

The guy in the NRA HAT picks up his rifle and holds it up proudly.

NRA HAT
Always, baby girl!

INT. ALMA’S TRAILER HOME – CONTINUOUS

In the cramped trailer, Alma ambles toward the kitchenette, trailed by Jane.

JANE
First thing I’m gonna do with the prize money, mama, is move you to a bigger place with a better class of neighbor.
ALMA
I told you, Jane, I don’t need a bigger place. I like it here. And some of those neighbors you’re turning your nose up at helped raise you, so don’t go thinking you’re better than any of ‘em, just ‘cause you turned out prettier than they did. Now, you kids want something to eat?

JANE
No, ma. We gotta get to the airport.

Lyle hangs back and examines Alma’s makeshift SHRINE to the Miss Universe pageant: Her old photos, press clippings, and mementos like old crowns and scepters in display boxes decorate the wall.

ALMA (O.S.)
I’ll fix you some sandwiches for the road.

Jane approaches Lyle.

LYLE
It’s hard to believe there was a time your mother could have won this pageant.

JANE
It was easier back then. There were less people on the planet. Plus, it was before hi-def so you could barely make anything out.

Lyle puts his hands on her waist and pulls her close.

LYLE
Or maybe sexiness just runs in your family...

Jane pulls back.

JANE
After the pageant, Lyle.

Lyle throws up his hands in frustration.

LYLE
But there’s always a pageant, Jane! Miss Florida, Miss America, Miss World!

(MORE)
LYLE (CONT'D)
Are we sure there’s nothing after
Miss Universe? Miss Afterlife? Miss
All of freakin’ Time and Space?

Jane turns away and crosses her arms, hurt. Lyle gently lays hands on her shoulders.

LYLE (CONT’D)
Sorry. Look, I’m just frustrated.
We haven’t done it in months. You
know that’s not easy for me.

JANE
So what do wanna do? Break up with
me until it’s time to have sex
again?

LYLE
Is that an option?
(off her glare)
I’m joking. Of course not!

JANE
(under her breath)
Guess you could always call Miss
Kentucky again.

LYLE
Oh, stop it.

JANE
How could you? She’s a state! I out-
rank her!

LYLE
Are you seriously bringing this up
again?

She turns to him.

JANE
Lyle, you know how hard I’ve worked
to get to Miss Universe, how much
I’ve sacrificed. I haven’t had ice
cream in two years! I can’t do
anything to jeopardize this now.

LYLE
I know, but--

JANE
Getting pregnant is what cost my
mother the crown.

(MORE)
JANE (CONT'D)
Getting pregnant with me. I cost her the crown, don’t you get that?

LYLE
Yeah, but Jane--

JANE
She gave up everything for me. She raised me single-handed after dad abandoned us. I owe her.

LYLE
Jane--

JANE
After the pageant, Lyle. I promise. But I need to win this. For me and for her.

We MOVE IN on the old photograph. The young, thin, happy Alma alongside the other contestants in front of the MISS UNIVERSE BANNER...

MATCH CUT TO:

The MISS UNIVERSE BANNER hangs in the

INT. MINSKOFF THEATER - NIGHT

A packed house in the 1600-seat Broadway theater in Midtown Manhattan.

BACKSTAGE

Jane and other the Miss Universe CONTESTANTS mill about.

Two gorgeous mean girls, MISS GERMANY and MISS RUSSIA, both in skimpy swimsuits, hassle cutesy MISS SWEDEN, who wears a conservative one-piece.

MISS GERMANY
Nice pigtails, little girl.

MISS RUSSIA
You call that a bathing suit? You look like a nun.

MISS GERMANY
Which is about what her chances of winning are.

They laugh.
JANE
Hey, back off, Axis of Evil!

The two regard Jane, annoyed.

MISS GERMANY
Neither of our countries were part of that.

MISS RUSSIA
Once again, America is sticking its nose in where it doesn’t belong.

JANE
Just leave her alone, you bullies. She’s neutral!

A harried P.A. interrupts.

P.A.
Ladies, I need you to keep this pathway clear. USA, you’re out next.

Russia and Germany leave. Jane faces the stage, steels herself.

MISS SWEDEN (O.S.)
Jane?

Jane turns.

MISS SWEDEN (CONT’D)
Thanks. They don’t know what Miss Universe is all about.

Jane isn’t sure what she means by that but whatever.

JANE
Don’t mention it. Good luck.

They hug.

IN THE COMMENTATORS BOOTH

Two coiffed, smiley COMMENTATORS report from the booth.

MALE COMMENTATOR
We are down to the final round of this competition and the electricity in this room is simply... electric.

(MORE)
Coming to the stage for her final interview question, representing the United States, Miss Jane Breslin. Isn’t she ravishing?

FEMALE COMMENTATOR
Absolutely, Chuck. Fun fact, if Jane wins, it’ll be the first time in the pageant history a mother and daughter have both worn the crown.

MALE COMMENTATOR
Guess the sexy apple doesn’t fall far from the attractive tree, huh?

FEMALE COMMENTATOR
You’re making it weird, Chuck.

ON STAGE

Jane steps to center stage next to our handsome HOST, for her final interview question.

HOST
Miss America, you have selected Judge number two.

AT THE JUDGE’S TABLE

A trio of celebrity JUDGES comprise the table. Judge #2, KHLOE KARDASHIAN, reads the question.

KHLOE KARDASHIAN
Jane Breslin, as Miss Universe, how would you make life better for all the people of Earth?

JANE
(stilted)
I personally feel that I, as a U.S. American, would make life better for all the people of Earth by treating everyone with respect and understanding. Because although some people may not look very good, you shouldn’t judge a book by its cover because true beauty is only skin deep and it’s what’s on the inside that counts. Thank you.

The Judges exchange a look, ‘Was that a good answer?’

IN THE WINGS
Miss Russia and Miss Germany look on and scoff.

MISS RUSSIA
She makes no sense. I don’t care what she look like, there is no way she will win with that.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Jane, in her sparkling new crown, arms out-stretched, screams from the limo sun roof.

JANE
Whooooo! I’m Miss Universe, bitches!

MONTAGE - PARTY!

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Jane and her entourage (Two female FRIENDS of Jane, two male FRIENDS of Lyle) walk toward the front doors, photographed by PAPARAZZI. The BOUNCER ushers them through the velvet ropes, past a long line of waiting CUSTOMERS.

IN THE CLUB

Jane and company down shots at the bar.

Jane thrashes on the packed dance floor, a party girl in her natural habitat.

VIP AREA

The gang receives bottle service at the best table in the house.

OUTSIDE THE CLUB

Jane and the girls playfully pose for paparazzi.

IN THE LIMO

They all laugh and pour glasses of Cristal. One of the couples drunkenly makes out.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS - LATER

The evening ends back at Jane’s luxurious new penthouse in Trump Towers, part of the Miss Universe prize package.
Tasteful design, contemporary furnishing. The girls excitedly run around the new digs.

LATER THAT NIGHT

As the dancing, laughing, and loving continues inside, Jane slides open the door to the balcony.

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Lyle, near-naked, waits in the hot tub. He casts off his boxer shorts with a sly smile.

Jane approaches in high heels and a silk robe. She dramatically drops the robe, revealing her competition one-piece, complete with scepter, sash and tiara.

Lyle pops the cork on a bottle of champagne. He fills two crystal flutes.

Jane kicks off her heels and steps in the water. She wades over to Lyle. He hands her a glass. They toast. CLINK!

Beat.

BLAST! A blinding WHITE LIGHT blows Lyle out of the water and off the roof!

He falls from the building, bounces off the awning above Prada and smashes ass-first onto the windshield of a parked car on Fifth Avenue.

Groaning, he looks up to sky in time to catch the beam of the light as it blinks off.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

He’s on the hood of a police car. Two COPS step out...

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

A drunken COUPLE stumbles out onto the balcony.

DRUNK GIRL
Hey, Jane, can we use the hot tub when you guys are...?

She looks around. No signs of life. All is quiet.
INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/TRANSPORT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alarms blare, sparks fly, steam hisses from burst pipes. This isn’t the sleek, futuristic starship we’re used to. It’s industrial. Steel and exposed girders. More practical than impressive.

A STEEL DOOR rises. Enter the awkward yet goofy-handsome and human-looking HAZZ MATHERS (40s). He’s followed by a few members of his alien crew. Together, they look like a freakier version of the Star Trek team.

Jane materializes inside a large pneumatic tube. A BLOBBY GREEN CREATURE mans the nearby control board.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Transport complete.

The Creature throws up his gelatinous tentacles victoriously.

BLOBBY GREEN CREATURE
(subtitles)
I did it!

HAZZ
Yes! You go, Gort!
(to the others)
Step back, everyone. Let’s not overwhelm her.

A tall CREWMAN, who’s head resembles an Alpaca, chips in:

ALPACA CREWMAN
Rowr! Rowr!

HAZZ
English, everyone, please! Let’s make our guest feel welcome.

The doors of the tube part, revealing Jane, dazed and disoriented.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
Miss Universe! Thank God you’re here! I’m Captain Hazz Mathers of the science vessel Excelsior. Welcome aboard.

Jane lurches forward and VOMITS. The crew recoils. A meek, TURTLE-Y alien cowers behind Hazz’s leg.

TURTLE-Y
It’s attacking!
HAZZ
Relax, she’s just spitting up. Some beings react that way to their first phase.

TURTLE-Y
I hear they spit acid!

HAZZ
Will you let me handle this, please?

JANE
Where am I?

HAZZ
Apologies for the abrupt transport, Miss Universe. I wish I could give you time to acclimate but there’s not a moment to spare!

He takes her hand, helps her out of the tube and over the vomit puddle.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
(to a nearby crewman)
Have janitorial dispatch a team to the transport tubes.

JANE
What’s going on?

HAZZ
It’s the Kar’uton, your majesty. They’re on the verge of attacking.

He leads her out of the room.

JANE
(tasting her mouth)
Does anyone have gum?

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Hazz takes Jane into the ship’s main command center. Various CREWMEN monitor screens and controls. Hazz sits Jane in his captain’s chair.

Hazz looks to a mixed-race woman, HULU, (30s, high-tech aviation goggles) seated before an advanced radar screen.

HAZZ
Hulu! Status.
HULU
Coming back online now.

HAZZ
How much time is left?

HULU
Linguistics are still down, Captain-

HAZZ
Gimme a guess!

HULU
Thirty seconds.

HAZZ
Nevermind the linguistics. She’s here now. Just get us back online.

Hazz’s second-in-command, a slight, dark-haired man named BOTT, stands beside Hazz. Life-like, but his artificial mannerisms suggest cyborg.

BOTT
(off Jane)
Is that her, Captain?

The crew turns a curious eye toward Jane.

HAZZ
Now, Hulu!

HULU
Yes, sir. Kar’utton Queen online.
Restoring visual.

Through static, we hear what sounds like counting in a unknown language.

HAZZ
Queen Kar’utton, I don’t know if you can understand me now, I’m told our equipment is down, but I have someone here who can help walk us through settlement negotiations.

A shaky HOLOGRAM aligns to reveal a hideous lizardy-looking creature, QUEEN KAR’UTON. Scaly skin, reptilian eyes, razor teeth, and oozing slime. Classic evil alien. She speaks in stream of angry, guttural growls and roars.

QUEEN KAR’UTON
Jane stares in slack-jawed horror.

Finally, the creature stops ‘speaking.’ Hazz turns to Jane.

HAZZ
(intense)
Now... what is she saying?

All eyes go to Jane. She stares frozen at the screen. Like everyone else, she awaits an answer. Until finally, she realizes--

JANE
You’re asking me?!

HAZZ
Yes! Please! Talk to her! Get them to call off the attack!

JANE
What are you-- How can I-- I don’t even understand what I’m looking at!

HULU
Captain, they’re firing again!

HAZZ
Raise port shields!

CREWMAN
Shield sensors unresponsive!

JANE
I am freaking out right now!

HAZZ
Prepare for impact! Brace yourselves, every--

BOOM! The ship gets rocked.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
Hard to starboard! Evasive action! Hassab, F.P. status!

HASSAB
Flash propulsion nominal!

HAZZ
Then flash us forward, Hassy! Get us out of here!
HASSAB
    Flashing forward in three... two...

HAZZ
    Hit it!

Everyone strains against the G-Forces.
The ship BLASTS into the distance.
BLACKOUT.
FADE IN:
ON JANE’S CLOSED EYE
Long, pale fingers lift her eyelid. A light shines into her pupil. It dilates.
REVEAL

The light shines from the mouth of an androgynous, iridescent alien creature, the ship’s DOCTOR. A soft white glow perpetually shines from its mouth and eyes. Its beanpole body is draped in a lab coat. It makes a note on a glowing pad.

Jane lays on a stretcher in a type of hospital gown, attached to machinery. She stirs.

Hazz enters.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
    Status, doctor?

DOCTOR
    She fainted, Captain. Regaining consciousness now.

Jane’s eyelids flutter and open. She focuses on Hazz.

HAZZ
    Are you okay?

JANE
    What happened?

HAZZ
    The Kar’ution attacked. You passed out during the flash. We barely escaped with our lives but we’re safe. For now.

JANE
    What was that thing?
Hazz is surprised she even has to ask.

HAZZ
It was the Kar’uton Queen! Hive
leader of the Kar’uton! Who did you
think it was?
(to Doctor)
Are you sure she’s okay?

DOCTOR
Vitals are functional, captain.

Jane is startled.

JANE
Holy shit, I thought you were a
lamp.

HAZZ
What happened to you out there? Why
didn't you use your diplomacy
skills to negotiate a settlement?

JANE
Do what now?

HAZZ
Why didn’t you get ‘em to call off
the attack?!

JANE
What? How? That thing wasn’t even
speaking English!

HAZZ
So? Aren’t you fluent in all alien
languages?

JANE
Huh?

HAZZ
Aren’t you Miss Universe?! Earth’s
ambassador? The human
representative of your planet?

JANE
Look. Weird-o. I don’t know what
you’re talking about. I represent
the Miss Universe pageant, okay?
Nobody said anything to me about
talking to monsters. My duties
mostly involve... waving.
HAZZ
Waving?

JANE
You know, like...

She gives a weak smile and a pageant wave. Hazz puzzles at her.

HAZZ
(to Doctor)
How is her brain functioning?

DOCTOR
Normally, captain.

HAZZ
(surprised)
Huh.

DOCTOR
Trace levels of intoxication.

HAZZ
Maybe that's it.

JANE
What are you trying to say?

HAZZ
So are you telling me you’re not the most evolved life-form on your planet?

JANE
No! I’m the prettiest.

Hazz rubs his face in frustration.

HAZZ
This must be a mistake.

DOCTOR
Bio sig is a match, captain.

JANE
Okay. There’s obviously been some kind of mix-up. You know what? Call Donald Trump. He’ll get this straightened out, he solves all our problems on Earth.
HAZZ
(to Doctor)
Alert senior staff. Conference room. Five minutes.

DOCTOR
Yes, captain.

He walks away.

JANE
Hey, where are you going?

She detaches herself from the machinery.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Hazz storms down the hallway. Jane hurries after him, dragging a small monitor still attached to her.

JANE
I’m supposed to be at a press conference today! If I’m not back in New York in ten minutes, I will sue your alien asses!

Hazz wheels on her.

HAZZ
Hey! You nearly got my entire crew killed back there! So it’s up to me to figure out what to do now that it turns out our “last great hope” is a dud! So I’m sorry for the inconvenience “your majesty,” but you’re no longer my most pressing concern. But if you wanna get out and walk, be my guest.

He punches a button on the wall then storms off. The steel shutters SNAP OPEN to reveal a picture window. Jane GASPS. Deep space. Swirling cosmos. Stars streak by.

She feels something she’s never felt before: Insignificant.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

In an interrogation room, Lyle is naked and wrapped in a blanket. On the other side of a table are the two gruff COPS, looking un-amused.
LYLE
I told you. There was some kind of explosion. One minute I was in a hot tub on the roof, next thing I know my naked ass was splattered across your windshield.

COP #1
Yeah, we remember that part.

COP #2
You said you saw a UFO.

LYLE
I don’t know what else to call it. A white light came down from the sky. For all I know it vaporized my girlfriend! Maybe we could focus on that?

COP #1
Right. Your girlfriend who’s...
(off notepad, incredulous)
"Miss America."

LYLE
(under his breath)
Was Miss America. Now she’s Miss Universe.

The cops laugh.

LYLE (CONT’D)
She is! Look, I passed your Breathalyzer and I told you everything I know. I’ll pay for whatever damage my ass did. Can I go now?

BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR
A third, older COP observes the interrogation. He turns to two intimidating men in BLACK SUITS.

COP #3
Anything else you fellas wanna know?

BLACK SUIT #1 whispers into the ear of BLACK SUIT #2.

BLACK SUIT #2
(to Cop #3)
No. Let him go.
A roundtable of strange alien creatures. It's like the United Nations meets the Cantina scene.

In the center of the table is a 3-D HOLO-VID of the Miss Universe pageant we saw earlier. It's faded and fritzing like an old tube TV. They watch Jane being crowned, given flowers and the scepter.

HAZZ
Look, they're crowning her! And worshipping her! Why would they do that if she isn't their queen? I mean, it's an honest mistake.

A pale SHROUDED ALIEN at the table speaks up.

SHROUDED ALIEN
We must return to the King at once.

HAZZ
It's too risky. The whole planet's under siege.

Jane storms in and marches up to Hazz.

JANE
Seriously, dude?! You kidnapped me and took me to outer freakin' space?

HAZZ
This meeting is for ship personnel only.

JANE
I'm warning you, my friends are going to be looking for me! If I don't update my Facebook status in the next twenty minutes, people are going to know something's wrong.

HAZZ
Miss, please! We're in the middle of something here.

He motions to the room. Suddenly, Jane notices all the strange aliens staring at her. She's taken aback.

JANE
Oh my god, did you guys ever see Star Wars? Swear to god, you look just like that one part.
Could you please wait outside? I’ll have someone show you to a room.

Captain? Might I suggest that perhaps there is something to be learned from the Earth being.

There isn’t. Trust me.
(sigh)
Fine. Everyone. This is Jane Breslin. Originally thought to be the most evolved human on Earth.

(meek)
’sup.

Jane smiles weakly and does her pageant wave.

And for the record, we didn’t kidnap you, we rescued you.

Rescued me? From who?

The Kar’uton.
The what?

Bott rises from the table.

The Kar’uton is a deadly, parasitic race that has been terrorizing the galaxy. We have reason to believe that you were their next target.

Why would they be after me?

For the same reason we were, because you’re Miss Universe!

You guys are making such a big deal out of that.
(MORE)
I mean, yeah, it's cool and I'm honored and whatever but it shouldn't make aliens fight. Because it's like, it’s not even about that.

Hazz shakes his head, exasperated. A blue-skinned, expressionless female warrior with a furrowed brow, ZUMBA, raises her hand.

HAZZ
Yes. Zumba.

JANE
(cracking a smile)
Her name is Zumba? Oh my god, that’s too funny.

Zumba stands and speaks, revealing that her furrowed brow is actually a mouth on her forehead.

ZUMBA
(to Jane)
As Chief Science Officer, perhaps I can--

JANE
No! Way! Seriously?! (to the room, off Zumba) Are you guys seeing this? This bitch has got a freakin’ mouth on her forehead! That is so freaky!

Everyone glares at Jane. Realizing her faux pas, she switches to pageant mode.

JANE (CONT’D)
(to Zumba)
What I meant to say... was that, as a U.S. American, I think all life is precious and beautiful and not at all weird and I totally respect your right to have a mouth on your forehead.

ZUMBA
Um, thank you. May I...?

Jane bites her lip and nods. Zumba pulls up a new Holo-vid of a green planet, lush with plants and foliage.

ZUMBA (CONT’D)
The creature you saw was the hive leader of the Kar’uton. (MORE)
Their species has gone from planet to planet wiping out civilizations.

Jane tries not to stare at her forehead.

This once fertile land was overrun and destroyed by the Kar'uton offspring in a matter of days...

Small scampering MONSTER-LIZARDS hatch from giant EGGS.

TIME LAPSE

shows the creatures voraciously devouring the vegetation like a plague of locusts, until the planet is left stripped and barren.

What planet was that?

Mine.

Hazz lays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

But it’s happened to all of us. Each of us represents the last of our race.

Jane takes this in.

They’ve been spreading though the universe like a cancer. They can mimic any species, so a population doesn’t know they’ve been infiltrated until it’s too late.

To put it in Earth terms, it is comparable to the brood parasitism of your slave-making ants. The queen infiltrates the hive colony, kills off the original queen and takes on her pheromones, fooling the colony into becoming her servants.

Ants do that?
HAZZ
They can assume a host, body and mind, essentially blending with the planet’s environment. Not unlike your Hydranus chameleon.

JANE
(intrigued)
Ooh, what's that?

Hazz rolls his eyes.

HAZZ
It's a reptile indigenous to Earth. (sigh)
You know, we went to all this trouble to learn about your planet and it's like, why did we bother, because you don't know anything about it anyway.

JANE
Well, excuse me, I didn't know there was going to be a test on chameleons.

ZUMBA
For years we've battled the Kar'uton menace. You were supposed to be the key to stopping them.

JANE
Where'd you hear that?

SHROUDED ALIEN
It was foretold in the prophecies.

JANE
Is that like your guys's Twitter?

HAZZ
The king told me himself.

ZUMBA
We followed the Kar'uton to Earth, where they were about to assimilate the ruler of your planet: Miss Universe.

BOTT
Once a leader has been assumed, it is the beginning of the end for life as you know it.
Jane looks concerned.

HAZZ
Lucky for you, we got there first...

EXT. PENTHOUSE/BALCONY - DAWN

The early morning sun glints off the still water in the hot tub. All is quiet.

Then, the water begins to bubble... until it reaches a boil.

ALIEN JANE slowly rises from the pool like the early man from the primordial ooze. An exact clone of Jane, down to the competition one-piece. The only difference is a quick flash of reptilian pupils, which soon morph into Jane’s baby blues.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alien Jane enters the suite, still trashed from the party. She impassively scans the room, coldly absorbing information.

The landline rings. Alien Jane curiously picks up the receiver, sniffs it, then puts it to her ear.

ALIEN JANE
Engage.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

INTERCUT fresh-faced, up-to-the-minute hip JIMMY FLY (20s, flamboyant, trendy dress) on the phone in his feng shui’d office.

JIMMY
Oh-Em-Gee, Jane Breslin! I can’t believe I’m speaking to you! What an honor. I’m such a fan. This is Jimmy Fly, publicist for the Miss Universe organization. I’ll be working with you during your reign. First off, congrats! You must be so psyched! Any idea what you wanna do for your first act as Miss Universe?

ALIEN JANE
(emotionless)
I must prepare this world for the coming of the new age.
JIMMY
Fierce! Love the attitude. Listen, meantime, you’ve got a press conference at the Hilton today. I’m sure your agent told you. No big whoop, standard procedure for every new Miss U.

ALIEN JANE
Press conference?

JIMMY
Yeah, you know, just a quick Q and A with some select media.

ALIEN JANE
And this "media," they will spread my message to the people of this planet?

JIMMY
Uh, yeah. Exactly.

ALIEN JANE
Then perhaps the humans can be persuaded to surrender willingly.

JIMMY
(confused)
...Right... but no one has to surrender. You already won, so--

ALIEN JANE
I will be at this press conference. Transmit to me the coordinates.

JIMMY
I'm gonna have a car pick you up.

ALIEN JANE
Very well.

JIMMY
I'll see you in an hour.

ALIEN JANE
Rejoice. For the time of purification is at hand.

JIMMY
(concerned)
Ooookay, sounds good. Maybe you should take a nap first?
ALIEN JANE
End communication.

She hangs up.

A GROWLING comes from behind the couch. There she finds Chewy the Chihuahua, snarling up at her. She goes to pick him up. He backs away fearfully.

Lyle bursts in, frantic. He wears an NYPD sweatshirt and pants.

LYLE
There you are! What the hell, Jane? I called you fifteen times! What happened? Are you okay?

ALIEN JANE
Affirmative. All vital systems are functioning nominally.

LYLE
Oh, well, good for you! I’m fine too by the way, just got my ass blown off a skyscraper. No biggie. Thanks for asking.

ALIEN JANE
Your speech patterns denote hostility.

LYLE
Oh, ya think? I could have died, Jane! I was just naked in a police station for the past four hours and you’re just hanging out in the hot tub like you don’t even care!

ALIEN JANE
Emotional impulses are inessential.

LYLE
Oh, that’s typical Jane, isn’t it? As long as you’re happy nothing else matters. I swear, Jane, it’s like, sometimes I don’t even know why you want this relationship.

ALIEN JANE
The purpose of inter-gender relationships is procreation.
LYLE
Well, yeah!

(alternate)
Wait, what?

ALIEN JANE
It is our biological imperative to populate the planet.

LYLE
Hold up. Are you saying that, now that you’re Miss Universe, you might finally want to start a family?

ALIEN JANE
Procreation is necessary to ensure the survival of our species.

LYLE
...I’ve never heard you talk like this.

ALIEN JANE
Do you wish to engage in the mating process?

LYLE
Um...

That’s a big Yes.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDORS – CONTINUOUS

Hazz marches purposefully through the hallway with Jane, Zumba, and Bott in tow.

ZUMBA
So, on Earth, Miss Universe is merely a beauty pageant?

JANE
Yes! You know, you guys should really check Wikipedia before you go around abducting people.

Hazz fumes.

ZUMBA
(to Hazz)
But if she’s not their leader, why would the Kar'uton be after her at all?
HAZZ
They’ve been tracking our movements since Ringalupis Four. They know we’ve been trying to intercept their targets, maybe they saw us going after her and assumed she was their leader.

BOTT
The Kar’uton does not assume. There must be another explanation.

HAZZ
Okay, well, if their object is to mate and procreate, maybe they reasoned that it would be just as easy to do with a being that’s supposedly attractive.

Jane stops in her tracks, aghast.

JANE
What do you mean “supposedly attractive?”

Hazz turns to her.

HAZZ
Nothing. I just mean I assume you’re considered desirable to other Earth people.

JANE
So what are you saying? You don’t find me “desirable?” Where are you from?

HAZZ
I’m from a little planet called Mannitol, just outside the Tellion star system. I’m sure you never heard of it.

JANE
But you look so human.

HAZZ
Well, you don’t have to rub it in.

JANE
So on your planet, hot is ugly?

That tears it. Hazz turns to Bott, resigned.
HAZZ
Set a course for Mannitol. The
King’s got some explaining to do.

Bott heads off. Hazz walks off in the opposite direction,
followed by Zumba.

JANE
Wait! How long is this gonna take?
My boyfriend is probably freaking
out wondering where I am!

INT. PENTHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Lyle and Alien Jane crash into a wall in throes of passion.
Lyle’s unleashing months of pent-up desire.

LYLE
I’m the luckiest guy on Earth.

ALIEN JANE
Affirmative.

He pulls off his shirt, yanks at his sweatpants, then resumes
the kissing frenzy. Alien Jane appears indifferent.

ALIEN JANE (CONT’D)
Of all the beings on this planet,
you are the chosen one.

Lyle breathlessly kisses her neck.

LYLE
I know, it’s awesome.

ALIEN JANE
Your seed will spawn the coming of
the new age.

LYLE
Sweet.

ALIEN JANE
You will hold a sacred place of
honor as the first father of
Earth’s evolution.

LYLE
Cool. Could you stop talking now?

She closes her eyes. He thrusts into her. She gasps. Her eyes
go wide, pupils LIZARD-Y.
INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER
Jane walks through a sterile corridor. She turns to see--

AN INIRMARY

Inside, a CREWMAN removes a RAY GUN from a wall mounted cabinet. He checks the cartridge, then hurries past Jane as he exits the room.

ANGLE ON: THE CABINET

The door was left slightly ajar. Three more GUNS hang inside it.

Jane looks around. She’s alone.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Hazz pilots the ship. The barrel of the gun touches the back of his head.

JANE (O.S.)
I don’t wanna have to do this.

Hazz puts his hands up and slowly turns around. Jane takes a few steps back but keeps the gun leveled on him.

HAZZ
Okay, just relax.

JANE
Take me back to Earth now.

HAZZ
I can’t do that.

JANE
I’m serious.

HAZZ
Just lower the gun...

JANE
Beam me down, bitch!

Crewman at their stations look on, unsure what to do.

JANE (CONT’D)
Everyone stay back!
HAZZ
Miss, please. You don’t know what you’re doing.

Jane grips the gun tighter. Nervous, but trying to hide it.

JANE
You think I won’t shoot? You’re not the only one who can fly this thing. I’m sure Professor Light-Brite can figure it out.

HAZZ
You’re willing to bet on that?

JANE
Don’t test me.

HAZZ
Fine, then shoot!

Jane didn’t expect that but...

JANE
Fine! I will!

HAZZ
Fine!

JANE
Fine!

Jane feels all eyes on her. She can’t back down now.

She lowers the gun slightly, targeting Hazz’s foot, then winces and PULLS THE TRIGGER!

A huge electrical pulse ZAPS Hazz. It’s an impressive blast but Hazz stands there, nonplussed.

Beat.

*BEEP* *BEEP* *BEEP*

A tiny sound emits from the gun. Jane looks at it, confused. A digital readout display on the side appears: “183.”

JANE (CONT’D)
“One eighty three?” What’s that?

Hazz casually snatches the gun.
HAZZ
It’s my cholesterol level. I told you, we’re a science ship.
(to the others)
Back to work, everybody!

Hazz and the crew members return to their stations.

JANE
Why’d you act scared?

HAZZ
(shrugs)
I don’t know. Seemed like the thing to do.

Beat.

JANE
You’re a dick.

Hazz turns back to her.

HAZZ
(sigh)
Look, I’m sorry. I wish I could take you home, I really do, but I can’t. It’s just not an option.

JANE
I have people counting on me too, you know.

HAZZ
(snaps)
Then consider yourself lucky!

That came out meaner than he meant it. He composes himself.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
I know this is a lot to take in, but trust me, if you really wanna help your people, then help me. Because right now, I promise you, we’re the only ones who can.

Jane considers this, then, finally, she gives him the international sign for ‘Whatever’ and walks away.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
(sotto)
I wonder what that meant.
INT. HILTON HOTEL/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alien Jane is behind a podium, flanked by Jimmy and a BODYGUARD. Entertainment REPORTERS are gathered before them. Alien Jane is introduced by a perky female HOST.

HOST
Ladies and gentlemen of the press, thank you so much for joining us. It gives me great pleasure to introduce your Miss Universe for 2014, America’s own, Miss Jane Breslin!

Applause and scattered flashbulbs. Alien Jane stares, stoic.

HOST (CONT’D)
First question, Sheila Quinn, Cosmo Magazine.

SHEILA
Congratulations on the win, Jane. I’m sure our readers would love to know, what’s your secret for staying so thin?

ALIEN JANE
This is a host body. A temporal shell designed to ease anxiety and facilitate the invasion and conquest of your species.

Reporters shout for attention.

SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE REPORTER
Miss Breslin, what message do you have for young girls of today?

ALIEN JANE
Surrender willingly and you may be allowed to live.

More shouting.

TMZ REPORTER
Jane, is it true you’re dating a member of Maroon 5?

ALIEN JANE
Negative. I have never been to that planet.
PEOPLE MAGAZINE REPORTER
As Miss Universe, what do you most want to say to the people of the world?

ALIEN JANE
Cooperate fully or perish under the might of our galactic empire.

Jimmy steps in.

JIMMY
Okay, that’s all the time we have.
Miss Universe, everyone! Isn’t she gorgeous?

INT. PENTHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lyle and DARNEL, (20s, black) a friend we saw in the club, watch TV in the penthouse. Lyle is sprawled on the couch in a robe, smoking a cigarette, a dumb grin on his face, still basking in the afterglow of crazy sex.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
In entertainment news, newly crowned Miss Universe, Jane Breslin, shocked fans today with some controversial comments, notably a barrage of threats against the human race and the, quote, “people of Earth.” A spokesman attributed the bizarre tirade to “exhaustion.”

DARNEL
What’s up with your girl, man? She got something against Earth?

LYLE
Did I tell you we had sex?

DARNEL
(eye roll)
Yeah. Couple times.

Behind them, the door to the utility closet is open a crack. Inside is a large slimy EGG. It THROBS.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - SAME TIME

Jane sits in a chair, now dressed in a crew jumpsuit, futzing with her iPhone. Crew members busy themselves all around her.
JANE
(to passing crewman)
Hey, if you guys are so futuristic,
how come I can’t get a wi-fi
signal?

She pockets the phone and huffs. Bott approaches with a
covered plate.

BOTT
I have deduced you may be suffering
from nutritional depletion and have
therefore taken the liberty of
synthesizing a dish of your Earth
cuisine.

He uncovers the dish, revealing a Hot Pocket.

JANE
Awesome! Thank you! That’s so
sweet.

She eats.

JANE (CONT’D)
So you’re like, the ship’s cyborg,
huh? That’s cool.

BOTT
(hurt)
No, I am not a cyborg! Why does
everyone always think that I am a
cyborg?

He runs off, upset. He passes Zumba, who sidesteps him and
continues on. Jane is left stunned. Hulu approaches.

HULU
Did you just ask Bott if he was a
cyborg?

JANE
Yeah! I’m sorry, was I not supposed
to?

HULU
Yeah, he’s really sensitive about
that. Sorry, we should have warned
you.

Hazz approaches.

HAZZ
What’s wrong with Bott?
Jane asked if he was a cyborg.

HAZZ
Aww...

JANE
I didn’t know! I feel bad now. So he’s not a cyborg?

HAZZ
(shrugs)
I don’t know. None of my business. Says he isn’t.

Hulu scans the crew log.

HULU
I don’t think we have any cyborgs on board at the moment.

HAZZ
You know who’s a cyborg? Quart? That guy Quart?

HULU
(thinking)
“Quart”...

HAZZ
In maintenance?

JANE
What should I do?

HAZZ
I don’t know. Talk to him. I’m pretty sure he’s programmed to accept apologies.

Hazz and Hulu laugh.

HULU
That’s mean.

HAZZ
What? I love Bott!

Jane rushes off.
INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Alien Jane (still in her bathing suit) and Jimmy sit on either side of a table. Jimmy tries to phrase this gently...

JIMMY
Okay, Jane. Good interview. Good, not great. Couple notes. Try not to threaten all human life. Because I don’t know where that’s coming from. “Earthlings” are kind of our target audience, you know what I mean? They butter your bread. Okay? Now. Let’s talk about the outfit--

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER (to Jane)
Excuse me, Miss?

He places a bottle of wine on the table.

WAITER (CONT’D)
From the gentlemen at the bar.

He leaves. Jane looks to the bar. A low-rent LOTHARIO (40s) in a tacky leisure suit raises a glass to her. JIMMY chuckles derisively.

JIMMY
Wow. I guess you have an admirer.

JANE
(off the bottle, puzzled)
A wine bottle.
(to Jimmy)
What is the meaning of this?

JIMMY
You’re kidding. No one’s ever bought you a drink before?

JANE
For what purpose?

JIMMY
(shrugs)
To meet you. To break the ice.

Alien Jane stares blankly.
JIMMY (CONT’D)
You know, he’s trying to pick you up.

Alien Jane stares blankly.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
He wants to have sex with you, Jane.

She stands.

JANE
Then I shall mate with him at once!

JIMMY
What, seriously?

She charges off, leaving Jimmy in stunned disbelief.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/BOTT’S QUARTERS – LATER

In his sterile quarters, Jane finds Bott sulking on his bed.

JANE
Hey, Bott. Listen, I’m really sorry about the cyborg thing. I didn’t mean anything by it.

BOTT
(sigh)
It is not your fault. Sometimes these emotions of mine... simply malfunction.

Jane glares at him, incredulous.

JANE
Dude. You’re totally a cyborg.

BOTT
No, I am not!

JANE
Are you sure? It’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You could have been programmed to not know you’re a cyborg. Could we cut off a piece of you to check?
BOTT
No! Besides, that would not work. I could have evolved to mimic your DNA completely.

JANE
Yeah, good point. I’m just saying, you seem a little cyborg-y. No offence, but you give off a robo-vibe.

BOTT
I only wish that Zumba had not seen me in such a state.

JANE
Why? You like her or something?

BOTT
You are a female being, why can I not convince her to date with me?

JANE
Prolly ‘cause she thinks you’re a cyborg.

BOTT
What can I do to convince her otherwise?

JANE
Stop acting like a cyborg. Duh.

BOTT
I fear it is hopeless. There are so many things about your gender that do not compute.

JANE
There you go, “compute.” Why would you pick that word?

BOTT
I merely assessed which word would most effectively communicate my meaning to a woman of Earth.

JANE
You’re over-thinking. You gotta stop sounding so smart all the time. Dumb it down. I mean, if you’re not a robot, let’s show her you’re not a robot! Loosen up! Do something crazy! Illogical!
BOTT
You are obviously popular on your planet. How can I be more, as your people say, “cool.”

JANE
You can start by removing phrases like “as your people say” from your vocabulary. And while we’re at it, “affirmative” and “if my calculations are correct.” And would it kill you to throw in a contraction once and awhile?

BOTT
I understand what you are saying.
(off her look)
I understand what (with great effort) you’re saying.

JANE
We also need to work on your walk. You walk like you’re from Westworld.

BOTT
I have never been to that planet.

JANE
And fix your cadence. It’s like talking to my GPS.

INT. LOTHARIO’S APARTMENT – EARLY MORNING


The Lothario enters, wearing a silk robe and carrying a tray with breakfast for two.

LOTHARIO
Hey, sleepy head. Look what I got.

Alien Jane sits up.

ALIEN JANE
I have read about this.
LOTHARIO
Only read about it? Don’t tell me no one’s ever made you breakfast in bed before.

ALIEN JANE
Negative.

LOTHARIO
That’s a crime.

He places the tray on her lap.

ALIEN JANE
For me as well?

He sits next to her.

LOTHARIO
Of course, for you as well. Did you think I was just gonna eat in front of you? Boy, you must have dated some real jerks.

ALIEN JANE
I thought it was customary.

LOTHARIO
Customary?

ALIEN JANE
A last meal.

LOTHARIO
Whoa, Jane, listen, I don’t want this to be our last meal.

He clutches her hand.

LOTHARIO (CONT’D)
Have dinner with me tonight.

ALIEN JANE
Is it not Earth tradition to consume a final meal before a pre-appointed death?

LOTHARIO
Jane, did I do something wrong last night? I feel like you’re...

ALIEN JANE
You did nothing wrong.
He breathes a sigh of relief.

   LOTHARIO
   Good. I just... I don’t wanna screw this up.

   ALIEN JANE
   You screwed nothing up.

   LOTHARIO
   Thank God.

   ALIEN JANE
   It’s just that your life is no longer necessary.

Beat.

   LOTHARIO
   I feel like you’re trying to tell me something here...

   ALIEN JANE
   Only that it is your time.

   LOTHARIO
   What time? What do you mean?

   ALIEN JANE
   Do you not remember? Before the mating in the car? You asked what I do and I told you about my planet. And the plagues?

It’s clear he has no idea what she’s talking about.

   LOTHARIO
   (covering)
   Planet, right.

   ALIEN JANE
   The time to die?

   LOTHARIO
   (thinking)
   “Time to die...?”

   ALIEN JANE
   I am sure I told you.

   LOTHARIO
   You probably did, just--
ALIEN JANE
Once the host seed has been implanted, the seed giver is no long required. Imagine as if you were eating an orange, and all that remained was the peel--

LOTHARIO
Yeah, I get what you’re-- so what are you saying happens to me exactly?

ALIEN JANE
That would be up to your family.

LOTHARIO
No, I mean, what are you saying you’re...? You know what, forget it, because I shouldn’t even encourage this, because-- are you saying you’re gonna kill me?

ALIEN JANE
We’ve been over this.

He stands, distraught.

LOTHARIO
Look, if this is somekinda sick Cosmo ‘Test your partner’ bullshit--

A TENTACLE fires from the palm of her hand, piercing his throat, into killing him instantly.

The bloody tentacle retracts back into her palm. She blows it off like she’s blowing a kiss.

His lifeless body collapses in a heap.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A DOORMAN holds the door open as Alien Jane exits the building, a sexy alien killer on the loose.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/REC ROOM - LATER

Hazz, Hulu, and Zumba plot a course, using a topographical map of Mannitol, spread out over a table.

HAZZ
What about oxygen?
HULU
Low on the planet, but levels seem to be holding within the castle walls.

HAZZ
How close can you get us?

Jane enters.

JANE
Can I have everyone’s attention, please?

Hazz, Hulu, and Zumba look up from their work.

HAZZ
Not a great time, actually.

JANE
It’s important.
(to the room)
My friend Bott has something he’d like to share with us.
(to Bott)
Take it away, Bott.

Jane clears the ‘stage,’ and hurries over to Hazz. He looks confused. Bott enters the room in new ‘hip’ attire. A backward baseball cap and an oversized basketball jersey.

HAZZ
Where did he get that outfit?

JANE
We used the synthesizer! That thing’s awesome. I’m helping him with his look.

HAZZ
Well, stop it.

JANE
What?

HAZZ
It’s weird. Stop making my crew weird.

BOTT
(announcing)
Fellow compatriots, I have studied numerous Earth dance moves. (MORE)
BOTT (CONT’D)
With you’re permission, I wish to demonstrate them.

Jane DJs from her iPhone. Old-school rap plays.

BOTT (CONT’D)
The break-dance!

Bott goes into a stiff but well-choreographed dance routine.

ON HAZZ AND JANE

as they watch from the sidelines. Jane beams proudly. Hazz looks annoyed.

HAZZ
I thought you said this was important.

JANE
It is. It’s love.

Bott completes that routine and announces the next one:

BOTT
The worm!

Bott throws himself on the floor and executes the worm. Then, he leaps back on his feet.

ON JANE AND HAZZ

Jane leans in to Hazz.

JANE
He’s good, isn’t he?

BOTT (O.S.)
The robot!

Jane signals him frantically.

JANE
(whispering)
Not the robot!

ON BOTT

BOTT
Oh, right. Um... Freestyle!

Bott thrashes around, mimicking Jane’s moves from the club. It’s weirdly impressive. Other crewman clap to the beat.
Finally, Hazz can’t take anymore. He grabs Jane’s iPhone, killing the music. The crew GROANS.

HAZZ
(to the room)
What’s wrong with all of you? This isn’t a joke! People are dying and you’re dancing?! Back to work! Everyone! Now!

Hazz storms out. The crew slinks back to their stations.

Jane is stunned. Embarrassed, she shuffles off.

ANGLE ON: THE SYNTHESIZER

It looks like a souped-up vending machine, which is essentially what it is.

Jane’s hand types “I-C-E C-R-E-A-M.”

A series of CLUNKS and WHIRS denote compliance. DING! Jane opens the vending hatch. A glop of ice cream drips out.

JANE
Damn it!

HAZZ (O.S.)
Here.

Jane turns to find Hazz handing her a spoon and bowl.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
You gotta be really specific with this thing.

JANE
(curts)
I’m sorry about the dance party.

Jane scrapes the ice cream into the bowl.

HAZZ
I over-reacted. I know what you were trying to do for Bott and... it was nice of you.

JANE
Fine.

She walks over to a cafeteria-style table and sits. Hazz follows and sits next to her. He goes to speak, then stops himself, debating it. Finally...
HAZZ
When I first returned home, I thought everything was back to normal. Me and the crew had been on a three year mission to seek out and destroy all Kar'uton life. We thought we'd won. I was so happy to be back. Everything seemed just like I remembered it.

INT./EXT. PLANET MANNITOL – HAZZ’S HOME (FLASHBACK)

A modest crystal dome home. Standing in the rounded doorway Hazz’s picture-perfect family. A pretty WIFE and eight year old SON.

HAZZ (V.O.)
My wife. My son. They were there waiting for me. Just like I imagined they’d be... all those lonely nights in space. I remember how happy I was just to see they were okay... Maybe I wanted to believe that so much that I didn’t notice at first...

Hazz and his wife embrace tightly. A tear rolls down his cheek. He doesn’t see her pupils turn LIZARD-Y.

HAZZ (V.O.)
It wasn’t them. I didn’t know it at the time, but they were long dead.

HAZZ’S HOME – NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Hazz creeps into his son’s room. The cherubic boy is sound asleep.

HAZZ (V.O.)
When I finally caught on... Somehow the fact that I knew it wasn’t them... didn’t make what I had to do any easier.

He unsheathes his CRYSTAL SWORD.

RESET TO SCENE

Hazz stares off, haunted. Jane is moved.

JANE
I’m sorry.
HAZZ
Maybe, hopefully, when all this ends... I’ll be a little more fun to hang out with.

He gets up to leave.

JANE
Wait.

Hazz turns back, but Jane really can’t think of anything else to say. Other than...

JANE (CONT’D)
You want some?

She offers him the bowl.

HAZZ
Um, I don’t know... I’m not really that familiar with Earth food.

JANE
Try it.

He swallows a spoonful. His face lights up.

HAZZ
Holy shit, what’s this called?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Alien Jane turns heads as she walks down the city sidewalk in her increasingly dirty, yet still sexy one-piece.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Overweight, HARD-HAT workers in wife-beaters sit on a steel girder of the second-floor frame, eating lunch.

HARD-HAT #1 notices Alien Jane on the sidewalk.

HARD-HAT #1
Ho! Gedda load of this broad!
(to Alien Jane)
Yo, baby, you on Baywatch? You can rescue me anytime!

Alien Jane stops and looks up at the men, curious.

ALIEN JANE
(calling up to them)
I do not understand.
HARD-HAT #2  
Hey, I’ll take some mouth-to-mouth!

They rib each other, sniggering.

HARD-HAT #3  
Yeah. 
(to Alien Jane) 
Hey! Is it hot out here or is just you?

ALIEN JANE  
Your words are cryptic and confusing to me.

HARD-HAT #1  
Tell me sumptin,’ how do you want your eggs in the morning? Scrambled or fertilized?

They laugh. Alien Jane just stares.

ALIEN JANE  
Are you proposing we engage in sexual intercourse?

The workers slowly stop laughing. Hard-Hats #2 and #3 look to #1, unsure how to respond. It’s clear he wasn’t expecting that.

HARD-HAT #1  
Um... yes.

ALIEN JANE  
Very well.

The men look at each other, confused.

HARD-HAT #1  
(to Jane) 
What?

ALIEN JANE  
I accept your generous offer.

Beat.

HARD-HAT #1  
Wha... What do you mean?

ALIEN JANE  
I would greatly appreciate your insemination.
Hard-Hat #1 looks around. *‘Is she for real?’*

**HARD-HAT #1**
What are you, a cop?

**ALIEN JANE**
Negative. I merely wish to procreate.

He eyes her, suspicious.

**HARD-HAT #1**
...This somekinda hidden camera thing?

**ALIEN JANE**
I do not understand. When may we begin the mating process?

**HARD-HAT #1**
Well, um... thing is... I should probably get back to work.

**ALIEN JANE**
You said you would mate with me.

**HARD-HAT #1**
Look, just keep walking, lady.

**ALIEN JANE**
But I require sexual intercourse.

**HARD-HAT #1**
Lemme alone.

**ALIEN JANE**
Mate with me at once!

**HARD-HAT #1**
You’re crazy!

**ALIEN JANE**
I command you!

Furious, Alien Jane makes an impossible LEAP onto the second floor frame. The men freak. One immediately falls off the edge. The other two scramble toward the freight elevator. Jane gives chase.

**INSIDE THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR**

Panicked, Hard-Hat #1 hits the button down, while #2 slams the gate shut. The elevator descends. Safe, the men catch their breath.
HARD-HAT #2
What the hell, man?!

HARD-HAT #1
Did you see that? Bitch was scary!

HARD-HAT #2
Yeah, really scary!
(then)
Hot, though.

HARD-HAT #1
Yeah, really hot!

A THUD from above as Alien Jane lands atop the elevator. The men SHRIEK. Alien Jane peels back the steel grating like it’s aluminum foil.

The elevator lands on the ground floor.

Hard-Hat #2 lifts the gate and rushes out of the elevator, Hard-Hat #1 is left cowering in fear.

Alien Jane LEAPS down on to him as he SCREAMS!

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/EXERCISE ROOM - SAME TIME

Zumba works a heavy bag in the ship’s makeshift gym. Jane approaches.

JANE
So, what did you think of Bott’s dance routine? Something, huh?

ZUMBA
I admit, I didn’t expect that from him.

JANE
I know, right? He’s cute and fun. You ever think of hooking up with him? I mean, he’s obviously like, so not a cyborg.

ZUMBA
I wouldn’t care if he was. I’ve dated cyborgs.

JANE
Really?

Zumba towels her face.
ZUMBA
(shrugs)
A few. I went through a phase. It’s just, well, if he can be confused with a cyborg he can’t have much personality, can he?

JANE
Maybe he just needs to come out of his shell.

ZUMBA
This will probably sound shallow, but the guys I like are a little more... heroic.

Jane notices Hazz pass the window by the door.

JANE
(off Hazz)
No... I get that.

Hazz pops his head in the room.

HAZZ
Heads up, ladies. We’re here.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Jane, Hazz, and Zumba stare at the panoramic view of space. Directly ahead, the opaque planet of Mannitol.

HAZZ
(grim)
There she is. Mannitol. The latest planet to fall to the Kar'uton.

JANE
It's so funny because on my planet, "croutons" are like these little bits of bread--

HAZZ
You've told me this like, five times.

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL - SAME TIME

Along the planet’s surface, a crystal city in ruins. It glimmers like the Atlantic City skyline we saw earlier. Over this alien visual, we hear the familiar audio of--
INT. ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT STUDIO (ON SCREEN)

TV-perfect hosts NANCY O’DELL and ROB MARCIANO address the camera from the glitzy ET studio with perma-press smiles.

ROB MARCIANO
More strange behavior from Miss Universe, Jane Breslin. The beauty queen of controversy was recently spotted in Central Park, feasting on what appeared to be the innards of a squirrel!
(to Nancy)
Must be one of those new fad diets, huh?

NANCY O’DELL
Well, whatever she’s doing, it’s working! She looks fabulous!

ROB MARCIANO
That brings us to this week’s...
Who wore it best?

INSERT GRAPHIC: “WHO WORE IT BEST?”

ROB MARCIANO (V.O.)
“Animal entrails!”

INSERT PHOTO: Of Jane, caught by the camera, with a disemboweled squirrel in her hands and blood around her nose and mouth.

ROB MARCIANO (V.O.)
Jane Breslin...?

NANCY O’DELL (V.O.)
Or... this Arctic snow wolf?

INSERT PHOTO: A National Geographic photo of a wolf with blood on his snout.

CUT TO:

INT. STYLE TV STUDIO

Two snarky gay men, the FASHION POLICE, on the set of an E! talk show.
FASHION POLICE #1
Can we talk about Jane Breslin?
She’s been wearing the same bathing suit for like, five days straight.

A catty HOST laughs.

HOST
I know, right? What’s up with that?

FASHION POLICE #2
(somber)
No, seriously. We’re concerned about her.

Host doesn’t know how to respond to genuine concern.

CUT TO:

INT. TMZ (IN STUDIO)
HARVEY LEVIN presides over his bullpen of hip PAPARAZZO.

HARVEY LEVIN
What is going on with the new Miss Universe?

GIRL REPORTER #1
She’s crazy!

GUY REPORTER #1
Crazy hot.

GUY REPORTER #2
The hot ones are always crazy.

GIRL REPORTER #1
My source says she was at a baseball game with James Franco, and she tried to eat him.

HARVEY
You mean, like...?

GIRL REPORTER #1
Like, literally. She bit his arm. He had to get stitches.

HARVEY
Kinky.
GUY REPORTER #3
We caught her coming of a restaurant in SoHo and it got weird. We asked her--

INSERT ‘MAN ON THE STREET’ VIDEO FOOTAGE:

Jane exits the upscale restaurant from earlier. The TMZ VIDEOGRAPHER tries to get her attention.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)
Jane! Jane!

She turns.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
What do you think of the people who say your breasts aren’t real?

ALIEN JANE
None of what you see is real. This body is an artificial construct. You would find my true form horrifying.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)
(laughs)
Oh, come on. I’m sure it’s not that bad.

In a quick blur, her jaw unlocks and grows into a GAPING SHARP-TOOTHED MAW that envelops the screen. It goes to STATIC.

RESET TO SCENE

HARVEY
(horrified)
Holy [BLEEP]! What the [BLEEP], man?!
(to reporter)
What the hell was that?!

GUY REPORTER #3
He hasn’t spoken since, Harv.

She looks down at the Videographer. He’s curled-up in the corner, pale and shaking.

INT. DARNEL’S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Darnel watches the TMZ report in horror.
His doorbell BUZZES.

INT. DARNEL’S APARTMENT/FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The two Black Suit Agents (who we saw at the police station) are at his door.

BLACK SUIT #1
Darnel Williams?

DARNEL
Yes?

BLACK SUIT #2
(flashing a badge)
We’d like to talk to you about Lyle Waverly and his relationship with one Jane Breslin.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/KITCHEN - NEAR DARK

Chewy stands on the counter top. Alien Jane pets him, curiously. Lyle storms in.

LYLE
Finally! What the hell, Jane? Where have you been? I haven’t seen you for days! And why are you still wearing that?

ALIEN JANE
Do you find my attire displeasing?

LYLE
Well, no... it’s pleasing, just...
(shakes it off)
Look, just be honest. Are you cheating on me?

ALIEN JANE
Cheating?

LYLE
Is this about Miss Kentucky again?

ALIEN JANE
You are my chosen human mate and the seed-giver of the new world species. I have only procreated with others to ensure the survival of our hybrid race.
LYLE
Sorry, can you put a robe on or something? It’s like, I can barely hear what you’re saying.

ALIEN JANE
So your auditory senses can become obstructed by your optical nerves?

LYLE
That’s another thing, when did you start talking like this? All of a sudden you sound like Siri. Seriously, Jane. What’s gotten into you?

ALIEN JANE
I do not understand. I am now as I have ever been.

Chewy whimpers for attention. Jane casually picks up the dog, opens her mouth and--

TIGHT ON LYLE
as his face is SPRAYED WITH BLOOD. The dog YELPS. Lyle screams in terror.

LYLE
(hysterical)
Oh my God! What are you doing?!

ALIEN JANE
(offering)
I’m sorry, did you want some?

Lyle shields his eyes.

LYLE
What? No! Finish it! Kill it! Put it out of it’s misery! Oh, God...

Lyle balls up in the corner, trembling. He covers his ears from the sound of Jane eating. After a moment, she gently approaches him.

ALIEN JANE
I apologize. I should not have eaten your food without permission.

LYLE
It’s not food! It was our dog! What’s the matter with you?! You don’t eat a dog!
ALIEN JANE
But then, why would you have a dog?

LYLE
What?!

ALIEN JANE
Lyle, I--

She reaches out to Lyle, he recoils.

LYLE
Don’t touch! Don’t- just- keep away from me. Please. I just... I gotta take a walk.

He scurries out the door.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/TRANSPORT ROOM

Hazz, Bott, and Zumba suit up. Bulky spacesuits and domed helmets. Jane holds her suit up in dismay.

JANE
You guys really go out in public like this?

HAZZ
What’s wrong with it?

JANE
(an idea)
Let me just do one thing real quick.

HAZZ
Hurry up!

They each step inside a transport tube.

Jane comes back in a new version of the suit. The same material is now form-fitting with Barberella-inspired domes over the breasts. Only the helmet remains the same. She twirls, modeling the new look.

JANE
What do you think?

HAZZ
No more synthesizer for you.

Hazz signals the Blobby Alien at the controls.
HAZZ (CONT’D)

Take us away, Gort.

Light fills the tubes then, in a FLASH, they’re gone.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS (SAD MUSIC MONTAGE)

Lyle, forlorn, wanders through the misty rain-soaked streets of nighttime New York, lost in thought.

An ATTRACTIVE COUPLE kiss beneath an umbrella. A romantic scene. Lyle shuffles past, head hung low.

Lyle continues past the Film Forum, a vintage movie theater on the Upper West Side. He pauses at the movie poster for “Aliens 3.” The terrified face of Sigourney Weaver inches from a snarling alien. With a heavy sigh, he walks on.

In the window of a PET SHOP, a metal-head EMPLOYEE feeds a mouse to a python. Lyle watches sadly.

Lyle pulls out his iPhone and looks at a picture of him and Jane, happily arm-in-arm. He smiles sadly. He pinch-zooms in on her cleavage. He lower lip quivers and a tear rolls down his cheek.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Lyle stands in the hall, soaked from the rain with a bouquet of roses.

Alien Jane opens the door, surprised to see him. She looks at the roses, then at him. She almost seems to show an emotion, touched. She opens her mouth then stops short, looking up at Lyle as if for permission.

He gives her the nod. ‘Sure, go ‘head.’

She eats the head off a rose. She slowly chews as she stares into his eyes.

Lyle shrugs, ‘whatever’ and eats a rose himself.

They gaze into each others eyes, munching.

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL – DAY

A desert terrain dotted by crystal STALAGMITES jutting up from the ground. Much of the surface is covered in a slimy green algae. In the distance, a crystal kingdom, anchored by a tall, crumbling CASTLE.
The calm is broken by A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT that impacts the ground. Hazz, Bott, and Zumba materialize inside, landing a few feet from a steep ravine.

A moment later, another beam reveals Jane. She looks wobbly.

HAZZ
Are you okay?

Jane lurches forward and VOMITS. It splatters the inside of her helmet. She freaks.

JANE
Aghh! I puked in my helmet! I puked in my helmet!

She flails wildly and runs around like a headless chicken.

HAZZ
Calm down!

JANE
Get it off!

She pulls at her helmet, craning her neck to distance her head from the vomit.

HAZZ
Stop that! Leave it on!

JANE
But there’s puke in it!

HAZZ
Stop moving!

In her panic, Jane STEPS OFF THE RAVINE!

Hazz reaches out to her--

HAZZ (CONT’D)
Jane!

--but too late.

She skids down the side of the hill, gathering momentum, unable to stop. She trips on a stalagmite. She tumbles!

JANE
Aghh! It’s in my hair!

Rolling end over end, her helmet SMASHES on a stalagmite. She gasps. Still tumbling, she rolls of the cliff--
SPLASH!

Into raging river of what seems like pudding.

She’s tossed like a rag doll, buffeted in every direction by the churning water. She finally breaks the surface-- GASPIING for air-- but there isn’t any.

She thrashes desperately. Suddenly, a LOW RUMBLE. She stops, alert. The rumble becomes a ROAR. She paddles furiously the opposite direction. She’s headed toward the edge of a waterfall!

She struggles to swim against the current. She’s near the edge when suddenly--

A giant KARU’TON MONSTER FISH LEAPS out of the soup. Mouth open, sharp teeth glinting--

Hazza, piloting a jet pack, scoops her up in the knick of time. He pulls her out of the river and--

UP IN THE AIR

Jane struggles to breath. Hazza places an oxygen mask over her mouth. She gasps it in.

HAZZ
   Slow. Go easy. It’s okay. You’re safe now.

SKEEEECK!

The unearthly roar of a WINGED KARU’TON MONSTER LIZARD. Hazza looks up to see it, all talons and teeth. Its flapping wings splatter slime.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
   I lied.

Jane clutches Hazza, using her momentum to swing him around, switching positions, and kicks the beast in the face.

It’s knocked back, then shakes it off. Angry now, it dive-bombs them, baring its giant teeth.

Hazza barrel rolls. The creature CHOMPS DOWN on the jet pack, puncturing it. FLAMES explode from the pack, singeing the monster. It recoils and flies off.

The pack is damaged, sputtering. Jane and Hazza PLUMMET out of the sky, hurling toward--

--THE CASTLE MANNITOL below--
Hazz FLIPS, maneuvering his back to the ground to absorb the impact--

SMASH!

They CRASH through the ornate crystal rooftop.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

A vast hallway ordained with Royal flags.

Jane and Hazz, still intertwined, fall through the ceiling in a shower of crystal shards.

They splash into the pool of an ornate FOUNTAIN, the centerpiece of the room.

Hazz pulls himself out and flops onto the floor. Jane does likewise, collapsing on top of him. They lay on one another, recovering. Hazz pulls off his helmet.

HAZZ
Are you okay?

JANE
I think so. Thanks.

She hoists herself up on her forearms. It’s an awkward moment. Her face hovering just above his, they’re close enough that they should kiss.

JANE (CONT’D)
So... seriously?

HAZZ
Seriously what?

JANE
You’re not attracted to me?

HAZZ
What? No, I told you.

She eyes him skeptically.

JANE
Bullshit. You want me.

HAZZ
I don’t! I’m sorry, In my eyes, you’re totally grotesque. Why do you make me say these things?
She gets up, beyond insulted.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
Come on, don't be like that! True beauty is on the inside!

JANE
That’s a horrible thing to say!

She storms off. Hazz stands.

HAZZ
I’m sorry! I still like you as a friend!

JANE
You're making it worse!

HAZZ
We’re two different species! It'd be like you hooking up with... an owl!

The castle doors open. Bott and Zumba enter.

ZUMBA
Are you okay?

HAZZ
We’re fine. Good call on the jet pack, Bott.

JANE
What is this place?

BOTT
The Castle Mannitol. At least, what is left of it.

HAZZ
Let’s go see if the King is in.

They all turn and start down the great hall. Shades of Dorothy and friends going to see the Wizard.

The palatial castle is in ruins, a shell of its former glory. It’s clear a great battle was once fought here... and lost.

At the end of the hall is a set of giant doors, Hazz peeks in to see--
INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The KING, a feeble old man with a long white beard, sits on an ornate crystal throne. Though his eyes are clear and alert, his body is decrepit, as if most of his life has been drained out of him.

Hazz approaches the throne.

HAZZ (CONT’D)
(alien language, subtitled)
Your highness?

KING
(weakly, subtitled)
Hazz. Is that you? I feared you dead.

HAZZ
(subtitled)
I could say the same, your majesty.

KING
(subtitled)
What are you doing here? The Kar’uton...

HAZZ
(subtitled)
That’s why I’m here, sir. It’s Miss Universe--

He perks up.

KING
(in English)
You found the Earthite? The chosen one?

HAZZ
(in English)
She’s not what you think. There must be a mistake. She’s--

KING
Bring her to me.
HAZZ
I really must warn you, she’s a little, well...

KING
Bring her to me! And leave us be.

HAZZ
As you wish.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Hazz joins Jane, Bott, and Zumba, waiting outside the throne room.

HAZZ
(to Jane)
He wants to see you. Alone.

ZUMBA
I’ll check the observatory.

BOTT
I shall come with you.

Bott and Zumba exit. Jane gathers her courage and enters the room.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters. She looks around, sheepish.

KING
You are the one they call Jane Breslin. Visitor from Earth.

JANE
(nervously)
Yeah... that’s me. Earth. Represent.

KING
Come closer, my child.

JANE
‘Kay.

She approaches the throne.
KING
Do you understand why you are here? That only you, Miss Universe, can save the universe?

JANE
Didn’t they tell you? They thought Miss Universe was someone else. It’s all just a big space mix-up. I’m not the droid you’re looking for!

KING
Never let others decide who you are, child. You are the chosen one.

JANE
Why does everyone keep saying that? How can you be so sure?

KING
Because... I am your father, Jane.

Beat.

JANE
I can’t tell if you’re being serious right now or if that’s a joke about the whole Star Wars vibe.

KING
The truth is, I did not abandon you. I too was abducted.

JANE
What?

KING
It was many years ago...

EXT. HILLTOP (FLORIDA) 1988 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The headlights from a cherry red ‘68 convertible illuminates a picnic spread on a hill overlooking the twinkling Miami skyline.

The young King, now an all-American teenage boy named BOBBY, wearing a varsity football jacket, sits on the blanket with a young Alma, almost unrecognizable as a teen beauty queen. She’s all dolled up in her pageant evening wear, complete with sash and crown.
KING (V.O.)
After your mother was ordained Miss Universe in the Earth year of nineteen hundred and eighty-eight, she returned home. We went out to celebrate. That night was to change both our lives...

They sit together on the picnic blanket. He pours them two flutes of champagne. They toast. CLINK!

Suddenly, an eerie GREEN BEAM OF LIGHT from above.

INT. KAR'UTON SHIP - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

They’re both strapped to steel gurneys in the oozing, organic Kar’uton ship. They’re surrounded by Kar’uton creatures. They face probable dissection when--

THE WALL BLOWS OPEN! Enter a younger, stronger Hazz and his team. They fight off the Kar’uton, using crystal daggers which immediately slays the creatures. Once the crystal pierces their skin, they convulse and EXPLODE.

KING (O.S.)
We were saved by Hazz and his crew.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR - CORRIDOR (FLASHBACK)

They’re now aboard the crew’s ship. Bobby gazes out the same window that made Jane feel so insignificant.

KING (V.O.)
My eyes were opened to new worlds, new possibilities. A life of adventure and purpose. I was fascinated. I didn’t know exactly where I was, but I knew I was home.

EXT. ALIEN PLANET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bobby leads the fight against some Kar’uton creatures on a jungle planet. The team hacks and slashes with their crystal cutlery, Bobby the fiercest fighter among them.

KING (O.S.)
I rose in the ranks. The fight was in my blood. They called me a born leader.
INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS (FLASHBACK)

Bobby and Alma argue.

KING (O.S.)
But it came with a cost. Your mother didn’t want this life. She wanted things back to normal. She told me...
(sadly)
she needed her space.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/WORK STATION (FLASHBACK)

Bobby is alone, soldering a crystal into Alma’s crown.

KING (O.S.)
Before I let her go, I gave her something to protect her, should the Kar’uton ever return to Earth.

RESET TO SCENE

On the withered face of the king.

KING (CONT’D)
But that was a long time ago. Since then, we’ve lost ground. The Kar’uton forces have multiplied tenfold. Our numbers and crystal resources dwindled to virtually nothing.

Jane stares, enthralled.

KING (CONT’D)
Legend tells us that killing the head will destroy them all, but should that final crystal fall into the hands of the Kar’uton, they would become unstoppable.

He gently touches her face.

KING (CONT’D)
You, my child, are the daughter of space royalty. Your crown, coupled with the Miss Universe scepter, will reveal you for who you truly are.

He removes the crown from her head and holds it up, admiring it.
KING (CONT’D)
So you see, Jane, the power was on your head all along.

JANE
(quietly)
Seems like you could have just texted that.

The King looks at his reflection in the crystal in the crown.

KING
Oh, Jane. This life... this fight... it’s aged me terribly.

Jane nods, sadly.

JANE
That’s okay. Mom doesn’t look so hot either.

KING
Really? She was always so worried about getting fat.

JANE
Yeah, she doesn’t worry about that anymore.

He smiles weakly.

JANE (CONT’D)
But... if all this is true, then how come she never told me about any of it?

KING
Your mother told you nothing about me?

JANE
Nothing other than that you were a no-good snake who took off running the moment she got knocked up.

KING
Do not judge her too harshly, child. Perhaps there were reasons she did not want you to know the truth.

Jane eyes narrow, contemplating these “reasons...”

The throne room doors fly open.
HULU
Sorry to interrupt. There’s something you should see.

INT. CASTLE MANNITOL/OBSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER
Against a cracked opaque wall, a projection of a transmission from Earth, a weak TV signal. It’s a news program.

JANE
(off broadcast)
“CNBC?” What are you, spying on us?

ZUMBA
We can occasionally intercept signals from the satellites orbiting your planet.

HAZZ
So technically, you’re spying on you.

ON SCREEN
It’s the perky host from the Hilton press conference. She’s less perky now.

PERKY HOST (ON SCREEN)
(solemn)
...we regret to announce, that due to her increasingly erratic behavior, and failure to uphold and represent the values of the her title, Jane Breslin is stripped of the Miss Universe crown, effective immediately.

Jane is devastated.

JANE
No!

Hazz lays a hand on her shoulder.

HAZZ
I’m sorry, Jane.

JANE
But that’s not me!

The King hobbles in.
KING
The Kar'uton. So it is on Earth.

BOTT
But how?

ZUMBA
Does it matter?

JANE
(haunted)
So it’s become the most powerful thing on the Earth... a super hot chick.

ZUMBA
We’ve got to get back there.

HAZZ
All right but I have to warn you, there’s a good chance the ship won’t have enough power to make the trip. It could very well be a suicide mission.

BOTT
It may be a moot point. In all probability, it is already too late.

ZUMBA
But we have to try. Right, Jane?

Jane turns away from the others.

JANE
No.

HAZZ
No?

JANE
I can’t! Okay? I’m sorry! I can’t deal. This is crazy! I’m not a “space warrior!” I’m not an “alien ambassador!” I’m not even Miss Universe anymore! I’m a disgraced beauty queen, same as my mother.

Hazz approaches, lays a hand on her shoulder.

HAZZ
Jane, they’re right. We have to try.

(MORE)
HAZZ (CONT'D)
If we can warn them, maybe here’s
still a chance we can save them. We
could speak to your leader. They’re
your people, they’ll listen to you.

JANE
(scoffs)
Why would they listen to me? I
didn’t have much credibility when I
wasn’t spouting crazy alien shit!

PERKY HOST (ON SCREEN)
On a more positive note, it gives
me great pleasure to introduce your
new Miss Universe for 2014, Miss
Russia, Iska Ivanenko!

Miss Russia gladly steps up to the podium in the Miss
Universe sash.

JANE
(pissed)
Back to the ship, bitches!

EXT. PLANET MANNITOL – MOMENTS LATER

The ship hovers above, beaming a transport light onto the
ground. Hazz, Zumba, and Bott run into the beam and are
instantly sucked up. Jane and the King bring up the rear. But
the King stops. Jane turns to him.

JANE
What are you doing? Get in here.

KING
I’m not coming.

JANE
What are you talking about? Of
course you are.

KING
My place is here, child. A king
stays with his kingdom.

JANE
Don’t be annoying. Look around, the
kingdom is gone. God, you’re just
like mom with her stupid trailer!
Come on, I’m not losing you again!

She reaches out to him.
Beat.

The King smiles warmly and takes her hand.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Behind a desk in the Oval Office, the laid back, Clinton-esque PRESIDENT MURRAY plays a cell phone game. The two Black Suit agents are in the middle of a briefing.

BLACK SUIT #1
At approximately oh-nine hundred hours, eastern standard time, our tracking beacon intercepted a signal at coordinates forty degrees north longitude and seventy degrees west latitude--

The game CHIRPS happily. The president pumps his fist in victory.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Yes!

BLACK SUIT #1
Sir?

The President sighs and puts the phone down.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Yeah, I’m sorry, guys, it’s just that I hear a lot of these sky-is-falling scenarios. Global warming, killer bees, nothing ever happens. Remember the big “asteroid” you got me all worked up about?

BLACK SUIT #2
That wasn’t us, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Well, it was some concerned guy in a suit.

BLACK SUIT #1
I think this is a little different. We’ve been picking up extra terrestrial signatures around a woman named Jane Breslin. She was this year’s Miss Universe.
PRESIDENT MURRAY
So you’re saying...?

BLACK SUIT #2
We have reason to believe Miss Universe is from another universe.

The President digests this.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Shouldn't that disqualify her?

Black Suit 2 hands the President a photo.

BLACK SUIT #1
This is the being in question.

It’s a particularly sexy picture of Jane. His interest rises.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Wow. Seriously?

BLACK SUIT #1
I'm afraid so, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
This is her?

BLACK SUIT #1
(sees where this is going)
That's the alien, yes, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
What did you say her name was?

BLACK SUIT #1
Well... we believe it has replicated the form of one Jane Breslin. Formerly Miss Florida.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
"Jane." That's a pretty name...

The Black Suit agents share a concerned glance.

BLACK SUIT #1
Sir?

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Well, yeah, by all means, bring her in for questioning or y'know, whatever, we'll play it by ear.
BLACK SUIT #1
I would strongly recommend against that, sir.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Well, gee fellas, I hate to pull rank here but President!

INT. DINER - DAY

Lyle and Darnel face each other at a booth by the window. Lyle’s face has a patch of green scaly skin, along with some lipstick smudges and a hickey on his neck.

DARNEL
Have you noticed Jane has been acting... differently lately?

LYLE
Uh, yeah, she’s been acting awesomely!

DARNEL
Bro. Your girlfriend is an alien.

LYLE
I know. It’s okay. We talked about it. And then we had sex like, five times.

DARNEL
I don’t think you understand--

LYLE
No, I understand--

DARNEL
She’s some kind of predator.

LYLE
She’s some kind of wonderful.

DARNEL
Dude! Seriously! Some MIB dudes came to my house. They showed me all this shit on her. Apparently she’s like some interplanetary... inhuman killing machine!

LYLE
Are there things I wish I could change about her? Sure.

(MORE)
LYLE (CONT'D)
But you know what I think this is really about? You feel threatened by our relationship.

DARNEL
We’re all threatened by your relationship.

LYLE
You think now that things are heating up with Jane, you and I aren’t gonna hang out as much--

DARNEL
That’s not it.

LYLE
You don’t know here like I do, bro. Deep down, she’s a good person.

DARNEL
She’s literally killed, like, six people.

LYLE
Where she comes from, that’s not as big a deal.

DARNEL
She’s apparently mating with everybody.

LYLE
She has a career, man, and I support that. There’s mating and then there’s dating. Frankly, it’s low that you would bring that up. I get something out of it too, you know. She wants a big family just like I do.

DARNEL
Oh god, please don’t have kids with her.

LYLE
A lot of people didn’t like Heather, either. I’m just saying. She was always cold. Everywhere we went
   (mimes shivering)
   “I’m cold.”
DARNEL
You’ve got to break up with her.
And then report her to NASA or
whatever.

LYLE
She likes you, too. That’s the sad
thing. She says nothing but good
things about you.

Darnel buries his head in his hands.

LYLE (CONT’D)
I’m sorry you can’t be happy for
me.

DARNEL
(resigned)
I hope the sex is good at least.

LYLE
Aw, she’s super freaky.

INT. TRUMP TOWERS/JANE’S PENTHOUSE - DAY

The penthouse looks like an H.R. Giger painting. Incubating
eggs litter the living room, ooze drips from everything and
the floor is shrouded in a mysterious midst. Alien Jane tends
to one of the eggs.

The land line rings.

INT. JIMMY’S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jimmy’s behind his desk in his office. Intercut as needed.

JIMMY
(into phone)
Jane! You’re not gonna believe
this. I just got a message from the
White House! You’ve been invited to
meet with the President of the
United States!

ALIEN JANE
(into phone)
And this man is your leader?

JIMMY
(concerned)
Our leader, Jane.
(MORE)
He's the leader of the free world. How bad are the school systems in Florida?

ALIEN JANE
(into phone)
Take me to him at once!

INT. WHITE HOUSE/ROOSEVELT ROOM - NIGHT

An intimate, candlelight room. Two places are set on the same end of a long banquet table. Alien Jane looks like a million bucks in a green sequin dress at the head of the table. The President is also dressed to the nines as he pours Alien Jane’s wine glass to the tippy-top.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Hope you don’t mind, I went a little casual tonight. I’ve always found I do my best diplomacy in this room.

ALIEN JANE
(smiles)
Our surroundings are irrelevant.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Great. The wife’s away on some kinda humanitarian thing in Haiti so we shouldn’t have any interruptions.

He smiles dreamily as his gaze falls on her cleavage. She notices.

ALIEN JANE
Is something wrong with my physique?

PRESIDENT MURRAY
(snapping out of it)
No! God, no. Sorry, was I staring? Um, on our planet, it’s customary to stare longingly at a visitor’s chest. To make eye contact is considered... a great insult.

ALIEN JANE
This explains much.
PRESIDENT MURRAY
Jane, I can’t tell you how happy I am to have you here.

ALIEN JANE
That is atypical. Often our arrival is marred by screams and pleas for mercy.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Some people just don’t get it. How’s your steak?

ALIEN JANE
I appreciate your sacrificial animal offering, however, my true needs are of a more serious nature.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
I’m here to help.

ALIEN JANE
My species, the Kar'uton, master race of the universe, seeks refuge on your planet.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Yeah, I think I heard something about that. Well, look, I can’t speak for Earth, but I’m pretty confident that if you and I put our heads together we can probably work something out. Me planet es su planet.

ALIEN JANE
Your people would welcome a conquering species?

PRESIDENT MURRAY
(shrugs)
Hey, we’re a melting pot.

ALIEN JANE
Then perhaps mass genocide can be avoided.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
See that? It’s a win-win!
ALIEN JANE
My brethren will be pleased to hear that President America is so accommodating. It seems your species is not as unintelligent as originally believed.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Flattery will get you everywhere.

He raises his glass and winks.

INT. KAR'UTON SHIP - LATER

Five KAR’UTON CREATURES are in the galley, feasting on the remains of some unfortunate life form. Blood and organs splatter as they snap at the carcass like vultures on road-kill.

Suddenly, they all perk up at the sound of a disembodied VOICE, telepathically projected into their hive mind. It speaks in the Kar’uton’s language of gurgles and growls.

VOICE (V.O.)
(subtitles:)
“Attention, Kar’uton brethren.”

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CORRIDORS - SAME TIME

Jane marches purposefully down the hall, this time, with Hazz and Zumba in tow.

JANE
Set a course. When we get to Earth, we need to get my mother. I need to make sure she’s okay.

HAZZ
We don’t have a lot of time for social visits, Jane.

JANE
I think your king would want to save his queen, don’t you?

ZUMBA
(to Hazz)
Perhaps she’s right. If she’s half the warrior her husband was, we may need her help.
JANE
Exactly. She’s like, total warrior.

HAZZ
Fine, I’ll talk to Hulu.

JANE
Where is my father now?

HAZZ
Meditating. He asked not to be disturbed.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/GUEST QUARTERS - SAME TIME

We find the King on the floor in the lotus position, his back to us. Moving around him, we see his eyes have LIZARDY PUPILS. He continues communicating the message.

VOICE/KING (V.O.)
(subtitles:)
“Mission update: Proceeding as planned. On course to Earth.”

EXT. TRUMP TOWERS/ BALCONY - SAME TIME

Alien Jane, pupils lizardy, holds a jar of blood. She drops the jar into the hot tub. It bobs along the surface. Alien Jane communicates in a slightly higher register.

ALIEN JANE (V.O.)
(subtitles:)
“Mission update: Proceeding as planned. Human DNA prepared for retrieval.”

A GREEN BEAM OF LIGHT lands on the jar. It’s slowly sucked up into the night sky.

INT. KAR’UTON SHIP - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: The scary lizard face of the Kar’uton Queen we met in the opening. She’s inside an organic chamber.

QUEEN KAR’UTON (V.O.)
(subtitles)
“Mission update. Human DNA received.”

The chamber doors close.
QUEEN KAR'UTON (V.O.)
(subtitles)
“Genetic recombination complete.”

The doors open. Steam clears to reveal a flawless female face, features identical to Jane, but with jet-black hair.

QUEEN KAR'UTON
(now in English)
...Proceeding as planned.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/WAR ROOM - DAY

The President and his chief ADVISORS sit around a conference table. Behind them, a huge digital map of the country.

NASA SCIENTIST
The alien vessel should breach our atmosphere at approximately thirteen hundred hours.

GENERAL
Mr. President, I still say we’re making a mistake. We have no idea what these things are capable of. I recommend a full first strike, the sooner, the better!

PRESIDENT
Oh, that’s your answer for everything.

NASA SCIENTIST
Sir, if I may, I’m not normally in favor of military solutions but maybe the General has a point. We have no idea what we’re dealing with.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
I know what we’re dealing with okay? Don’t worry about it. I had dinner with one of those “things” the other night and she’s delightful!

GENERAL
It could be a trick, sir. Let me scramble some fighters, just as a precaution.
PRESIDENT MURRAY
No! C’mon! What’s with you guys?
I’m not gonna be the president who declared war on a buncha girls!

The General leans in close to the President.

GENERAL
(low voice)
Due respect, Mr. President, are you sure you’re not just thinking with your dick here?

PRESIDENT MURRAY
General, I am the President of the United States. I’m leading with my dick.

An AIDE bursts into the room.

AIDE
Mr. President! I think you need to see this, sir.

INT. WHITE HOUSE/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STAFFERS are huddled around a television. They part to let the President through.

ON TV:

Clouds whisk apart as the massive Kar’uton ship descends into the sky above the WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...Can’t be sure exactly what we’re seeing but if looks as if a large spaceship is descending just above the Washington monument...

BACK ON THE PRESIDENT

He checks his watch.

PRESIDENT
Hm. They’re early.
(to the General)
See that? They’re as excited as we are!
(to the room)
All right, it’s go time, folks!
Everybody tuck in your shirts!
EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE have amassed to gawk at the giant alien craft hovering a thousand feet above the Lincoln Memorial Reflecting Pool. News copters buzz around the ship like mosquitos.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the shadow of the phallic statue, an impromptu press conference has been staged. The President stands behind a podium, in front of two large SCREENS on either side. Above him, a banner that reads “Welcome, Alien Life!” He spritzes his mouth with breath spray.

TV CAMERAS turn from the ship to the President. He addresses them.

    PRESIDENT MURRAY
    My fellow Americans... great news!

EXT. KAR’UTON SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Along the underbelly, two large PANELS part. A beam of flickering light flashes out from between them--

AT THE PODIUM

    PRESIDENT MURRAY (CONT’D)
    You’re not gonna believe this.

--projecting the image of the Kar’uton Queen onto--

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL

Her face and torso fill the pool. More notably, she appears to be COMPLETELY NAKED. Or at least, topless.

The image simultaneously projects onto the screens behind the president, a live feed from the news choppers above.

The crowd reacts. Audible GASPS.

A MOTHER covers her child’s eyes.

Two BRO-DUDES are among the mind-blown throng.

    BRO-DUDE
    Whoa! No way!

    BRO-DUDE #2
    Holy shit, bro!
BRO-DUDE
This is my kinda invasion!

AT THE PODIUM
The President beams proudly.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Eh?

ONLOOKERS surrounding the reflecting pool crane their necks to see. A few PRUDES splash the water on the north end to obscure her nipples.

INT. TV STATION - SAME TIME
In a cluttered Network News control room, a frantic PRODUCER, observes the proceedings along with several overworked TECHNICIANS. He freaks.

PRODUCER
Holy shit, we’re showing boobs!
(to a technician)
Barry, for god sakes, do something!

Overweight techie BARRY fiddles with the control board.

BARRY
All right, I’m trying! Who knew there’d be boobs?

AT THE PODIUM
The President savors the moment.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
I wish you could see the looks on your faces.

INT. RAMSHACKLE FIRST AID TENT - HAITI - SAME TIME
A lone white woman, the FIRST LADY, in a crowd of Haitian NATIVES watch the simulcast of the ship coverage. They too stare at the TV in shock and awe.

SECRET SERVICE
I think we need to get you back to Washington.

FIRST LADY
What’s that idiot done now?
AT THE PODIUM

PRESIDENT MURRAY
(to the cameras)
Now rest assured, I have personally spoken to the alien ambassador and she is a peach, let me tell you. I’ll be honest, I think this might be the best thing that ever happened to Earth. I believe it was Teddy Roosevelt who said: What could possibly go wrong?

A female voice BOOMS from above, matching her image projected on the screens behind him.

QUEEN KAR'UTON
Greetings, people of Earth. I am Queen Kar'uton, leader of the Kar'uton, the most evolved species in the known universe. Submit to our will or face certain annihilation.

The President waves it off like ‘Don’t worry about that.’

QUEEN KAR'UTON (CONT’D)
Should you wish to live, all seed-givers will be required to aid us in the mating process, so that our species may become one.

The President puts his hands up.

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Well, listen, if we have to mate, we have to mate. I mean, you’re clearly the superior force here. I think I speak for all of us when I say, we surrender.

QUEEN KARU’TON
From this day forth, our combined species will create a new world order, and rise to become--

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Alright, you don’t have to keep selling us. We’re in! What time can you be here?

MONTAGE
Women march two by two from the ship with military precision. A seemingly endless parade of bathing beauties. They’re all the same, but with varying hair and skin tones. It’s like Invasion of the Super Models.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES fly at the screen:
- NEW YORK TIMES: Sexy Intelligent Life!
- SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN MAGAZINE: Hot Chicks from Space! (No, seriously!)
- WASHINGTON POST: White House Gladly Surrenders!
- NATIONAL ENQUIRER: PREZ TO ALIENS: E.T. PHONE ME!
- THE ONION: We have no joke for this.
- MAXIM MAGAZINE: Alien Jane is on the cover in a bikini under the heading: "The Girls of Planet Kar'uton - Resistance is Futile!"

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Hulu monitors her station. Hazz and Jane approach.

HAZZ
Location status, Hulu.

HULU
Southern tip of the United States. We need to put her down ASAP, Captain. She’s not got much left.

Jane points to the on-screen map.

JANE
Take us here.

HAZZ
(to Hulu)
You heard the lady.

Hazz turns to leave.

HULU
There’s something else. I ran a scan of the area and it’s turning up multiple targets.

HAZZ
Eggs?
HULU
There must be hundreds of them.
She’s already spawned a small army.

HAZZ
Ah, that’s not good.

JANE
Why? What happens when they hatch?

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The blood-splattered freight elevator is cordoned off with police tape. Several CDC AGENTS in HazMat suits mill about, taking readings and photos. Their focus is the OOZING EGG near the corpse of the construction worker who harassed Alien Jane earlier. Suddenly, movement from inside the egg, it pings around like popcorn kernels under foil.

A beach ball-sized LIZARD MONSTER blasts free. Reptilian eyes and sharp, overgrown teeth. CDC Agents run for their lives. The creature spins and chomps like the mutant love child of the Tazmanian Devil and Pac-Man. The deadly whirling dervish buzzes through a stack of cement bags, kicking up a cloud of dust.

INT. LOTHARIO’S APARTMENT - DAY

A LIZARD MONSTER cautiously peeks out from under the bed. It climbs up on the bed, its claws spring leaks in the waterbed mattress. It falls to the floor. Then burrows clean through a bean bag chair.

INT. PHILADELPHIA ROW HOME - DAY

A LITTLE OLD LADY stands on a chair, screaming and swatting at a snapping LIZARD MONSTER with a broom. The creature clamps down. She pulls back a chewed-up broom handle.

INT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Magneted to the refrigerator door is a photo booth strip of an IDIOT TEEN with his arm around a red-haired JANE CLONE. He makes different faces for each pic, her expression remains stoic throughout. PAN OVER to an open utility closet we find a cat doing its business in a litter box. Behind it, the sand rustles and rises.
The bump of litter moves toward the suspecting cat like Jaws. A LIZARD MONSTER rises up from the litter, mouth first, and swallows the cat whole.

INT. SPACESHIP EXCELSIOR/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

From the port window, Jane and Hazz look out onto a vast Florida orange grove, paths burrowed by the devouring LIZARD MONSTERS zig-zagging across it.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Alma’s neighbors, the butch truck-driver MABLE (50s), the beer-bellied BILLY (30s), and NRA Hat, sit in lawn furniture, discussing events of the day. They each have patches of lizard skin.

Hazz’s ship lowers from the sky, hovering just above them.

A YOUNG GIRL, wide-eyed innocence on her dirty face, stares up at the ship in classic Spielbergian wonder and awe.

YOUNG GIRL
I think... we have vistors.

The residents look up to see the bright lights of the ship.

Suddenly, the ship goes dead. Lights out. It drops like a sack of wet cement, FLATTENING the trailer below. The spell is broken.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT’D)
What the fuck?!

From the disabled and steaming ship, a ramp clatters to the ground. A hatch falls open. Hazz stumbles out.

HAZZ
Sorry! Sorry about that. Ran out of power.

NRA HAT
Who’s this guy? Where’s the hot chicks?

MABLE
(to Hazz)
You just crushed Earl’s trailer!

HAZZ
Sorry, that was an accident.
Big Earl wheels up in his motorized scooter. Jane steps out of the hatch.

**BIG EARL**
My trailer!

**JANE**
Sorry, Earl!

A CROWD of other NEIGHBORS leave their mobile homes and gather around the ship. A different class of crowd from the one at the Kar’uton ship landing in Washington.

**MABLE**
Jane! Girl, what the hell you doing up there?

**JANE**
Ohmygod, Mable. You ain’t gonna believe this shit.

**HAZZ**
Why don’t you let me handle this?

Jane huffs and crosses her arms.

**JANE**
Fine, big shot. Go ‘head.

**HAZZ**
(to the crowd)
Fear not, Earthites! We come in peace. I am Hazz Mathers, Captain of the scientific star ship, Excelsior. We mean you no harm.

**NRA HAT**
What’s an “Earthite?”

**HAZZ**
Well, you are. All you people.

**BIG EARL**
“You people?”

**HAZZ**
Yes. All people from planet Earth.

**MABLE**
We’re Earthlings, dick.

**HAZZ**
Really? Okay, well, everyone I know calls you Earthites.
BIG EARL
Screw you!

HAZZ
Okay, fine. Earthlings. I’m just telling you what other planets are saying. Anyway, I think we’re off on the wrong foot here. Just wanna say, fear not. We’re here to rid you of the alien menace.

BILLY
You mean the croutons?

HAZZ
Yes. Kar'utons. Yes.

NEIGHBOR #1
Boo!

HAZZ
“Boo?” Why would you want a parasitic race on your planet?

NRA HAT
Don’t worry about it, pal.

NEIGHBOR #2
Yeah, mind your own business!    NEIGHBOR #3
Go back where you came from!

HAZZ
We’re trying to save you! I don’t know if anyone told you, you’re being invaded!
    (to Jane)
Maybe you should talk to them.

JANE
Oh, you think so? ‘Imagine that.
    (to the crowd)
Guys, look, I know the aliens are hot. And I know these people look scary and weird. No offense. But sometimes what’s beneath the surface is more important. I never really believed it before but.. true beauty is on the inside.

MOMENTS LATER
The crew is marched out of the ship at gun point by Big Earl, NRA Hat and other MEMBERS of the ad-hoc trailer-park militia. Jane walks alongside them.
JANE (CONT’D)
(to the crew)
I’m really sorry. Not all Earth people are like this.

Billy, in a tee-shirt that’s no match for his enormous beer belly, marches Gort out the ship.

BILLY
Hey, check out this disgusting bloppy creature!

INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The President, with patches of lizard skin, sits on a couch, contrite.

FIRST LADY
Real nice going, John. I leave you alone for ten days and what happens? Earth gets conquered!

PRESIDENT MURRAY
Okay, mistakes were made. Letting them invade, that’s on me. I guess I got carried away. You know I’ve always had a scientific curiosity.

FIRST LADY
Ha!

PRESIDENT MURRAY
In my defense, honey, I think she used somekinda mind control on me.

FIRST LADY
Oh, please. I know what controls your mind.

She looks at the file photo of Jane on his desk.

FIRST LADY (CONT’D)
(sotto)
So this is how the world ends. Not with a bang, but with a blonde.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATER

The militia loads crew members onto the bed of a pick-up truck that already contains a couple CUBAN REFUGEES. Hazz and the King get in.
HAZZ
You’re making a huge mistake.

NRA HAT
Tell it to the border patrol, Star Lord.

JANE
Leave him alone!

NRA HAT
(to Jane)
Just stand back, pretty lady. You let the men folk handle this.

He turns the gun on Bott, motioning for him to get on the truck.

JANE
No! He’s not one of them. He got abducted too! He’s human!

NRA HAT
(to Bott, skeptical)
That right?

BOTT
Yup. Totally human, bro. For real. Word. Know what I’m sayin’?

JANE
See? He’s not an alien, he’s just a big weird-O.

BILLY (O.S.)
I said move, missy!

At the back of the line stands Zumba, with Hulu behind her. Billy has his gun on her, but Zumba stands her ground, defiant.

BILLY (CONT’D)
I ain’t asking you again, Avatar.

He grabs her arm. She pulls away.

ZUMBA
Don’t touch me.

BILLY
Holy shit! She’s gotta a mouth on her--
He takes a BOOT TO THE FACE and hits the ground. Zumba gives another MILITIA MAN a ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD. He goes down too.

Hell breaks loose. Hulu and the rest of the crew seize the opportunity to fight back. NRA Hat guy punches Gort in the gut and gets his hand stuck. Turtle-y bites NRA Hat’s ankle.

RESIDENT
(to driver)
Go! Go! Go!

The truck peels off, taking Hazz, the King, and the Cubans.

Zumba goes for the dagger in her boot, ANOTHER MILITIA MAN notices and aims his gun at her.

ANOTHER MILITIA MAN
Don’t move!

Bott spots this, and runs toward Zumba--

BOOM!
The shotgun in fired.

Bott dives in front of Zumba, taking the IMPACT!

Everyone FREEZES.

Bott hits the ground, hard.

ZUMBA
Bott!

Zumba KNOCKS OUT another MILITIA MAN and runs over to Bott. She kneels down beside him, cradling his head in her arms.

ZUMBA (CONT’D)
Hang on, Bott. You’re gonna make it.

BOTT
No.
(coughs)
It is too late for me. The important thing is that you are okay. Just promise me, that you will live each day to the fullest. That you’ll treasure each moment, that each breath that you take will be a testament--
ZUMBA
Um, Bott...?

Zumba motions to Bott’s torso. The giant hole exposes frayed wires, sparking and smoking.

BOTT
(sotto)
Huh. I guess I am a cyborg. How ‘bout that?
(to Zumba)
Does this mean you won’t go out with me?

ZUMBA
Oh, Bott. It was never about that. I’m just not sure if we’re compatible.

BOTT
Then let us find out.

He taps the edge of his mouth. It HIGHLIGHTS like a Word Document. He ‘drags’ it up to his forehead and places it there. His mouth on his forehead now matches hers. Zumba looks horrified.

ZUMBA
Oh my god, you’re a freak!

Bott looks shattered. Zumba smiles.

ZUMBA (CONT’D)
Just kidding. That was awesome.

They kiss, forehead to forehead.

ALMA (O.S.)
What the hell’s all this ruckus?!

Alma’s on the steps of her trailer, hands on her hip, curlers in her hair.

JANE
Mom!

Jane runs up to her. Alma folds her arms, unmoved.

ALMA
Well, well, well, look who finally decided to get off her high horse and visit her mama.
(MORE)
And here I thought ‘feelings of parental sentimentality only existed among sub-species.’

JANE
We gotta talk.

INT. ALMA’S MOBILE HOME/KITCHEN – MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Alma sit at the kitchen table.

ALMA
Truth is, Jane, I don’t remember much, just flashes. After the abduction, I told my mother what happened, she put me in psychotherapy. After awhile, I started to believe what they told me, that I was crazy or... I just dreamed it. After that I never wanted to speak on it again. I locked those memories away in that box out there and never took them out again. I just never wanted the same thing to happen to you, Jane. I didn’t want you to go through what I did. That’s why I was stripped of the crown, Jane. Not because I was pregnant. I just didn’t want you to be ashamed that you had a crazy mom.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

JANE
Mom, you’re not crazy, and I could never be ashamed of you.

EXT. TRAILER PARK – DAY

A massive shadow falls over the park. Bott and Zumba look up in awe.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK (MOVING) – SAME TIME

Hazz sits across from the King, who looks ill. Pale, sweating...

HAZZ
Your highness? Are you okay?
Slowly, the King’s skin begins to BURST and SHRED, revealing the scaly skin beneath. The truck shakes. Hazz and the Cuban Refugees look on in horror. Their eyes follow as he grows taller.

INT. TRAILER PARK

Alma’s trailer shakes. The lights flicker. A green light FLASHES through the windows.

JANE
What was that?

ALIEN JANE (O.S.)
Jane Breslin!

Jane opens the door. Alien Jane stands in road in front of the trailer, like a gunfighter awaiting a showdown.

ALIEN JANE (CONT’D)
I have been sent to retrieve the Miss Universe crown.

JANE
Oh, you can have it, bitch. When you pull it off my cold, dead head!

Jane adjusts her crown, clutches the scepter, and charges at Alien Jane. She raises the scepter over her head, ready to attack, when--

Lyle steps defensively in front of Alien Jane.

LYLE
Jane, don’t!

JANE
Lyle! What are you doing here?

LYLE
I love her, Jane. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for it to happen. I didn’t even notice at first--

JANE
I was replaced by an evil space monster and you didn’t notice?

LYLE
Well, I mean, I was a little weirded out when she ate the dog.
JANE
She ate Chewy?!

LYLE
Yeah, sorry, I forgot you didn’t know. Couple days ago.

JANE
She ate my dog and you continued to date her?!

LYLE
She understands me, okay? We have sex! I’m sorry if it’s hard for you to accept but Evil Jane loves me! And I love her!
  (to Alien Jane)
Isn’t that right, hon?

ALIEN JANE
With the crystal in our possession your life is no longer necessary.

LYLE
(to Jane)
See?!

JANE
You’re not a good listener.

A TENTACLE rips through Lyle’s chest. Blood dribbles out of his mouth. He falls to the ground in a heap. Jane is furious.

JANE (CONT’D)
That does it. No one comes to my planet, kills my boyfriend, eats my dog, and borrows my favorite outfit without asking!

She lunges at Alien Jane with the scepter.

JANE (CONT’D)
Die, you sexy bitch!

She plunges the scepter into Alien Jane’s chest. Alien Jane stands there, emotionless as ever. Beat.

Alma runs to Jane’s side, noticing the scepter still embedded in Alien Jane.

ALMA
That’s it?
ALIEN JANE
Your attempts to facilitate my destruction were unsuccessful.

JANE
Duh! I can see that!

ALMA
(nervous)
You got a plan B, baby?

JANE
I don’t understand. This was supposed to kill her. Father said--

ALMA
“Father?” Whose father? Your father?!

BOOMING LAUGHTER fills the air.

The King has taken the form of a forty-foot KAR’UTON SNAKE MONSTER. He slithers into park, knocking over trailers like toys. He slides to a stop before Jane and Alma.

ALMA (CONT’D)
I told you that man was a snake.

KING
(to Jane)
You were right, child. The old kingdom is gone. But with this crown, a new kingdom shall arise!
(to the sky)
The crystal is ours, my queen.

A BEAM OF GREEN LIGHT from the ship above hits the ground. The Kar’uton Queen (in her dark-haired human form) steps out beside the King.

The King pulls Jane’s crown off her head and places it on the Kar’uton Queen’s head.

KING (CONT’D)
All hail Queen Kar’uton! Ruler of the new world!

Queen Kar’uton struts toward Jane, smirking.

QUEEN KAR’UTON
Jane Breslin. “The chosen one.” It seems the people of Earth chose poorly.
(to Alien Jane)
(MORE)
QUEEN KAR'UTON (CONT'D)
She’s an effective human prototype.
Let her live, but barely.

ALIEN JANE
As you wish.

Tentacles shoot from Alien Jane’s palms like Spider-Man’s webs. They wrap around Jane, cocooning her, piercing her skin from all sides. Jane’s eyes go LIZARD-Y. She screams!

Like lightning, Zumba arrives SLASHING THROUGH THE TENTACLES with her dagger. Alien Jane screeches an inhuman banshee cry and recoils.

Bott weakly attacks the base of the King. He’s swatted away like a bug. He slams the side of Alma’s mobile home, leaving a dent.

Hazz and Alma race to Jane’s side, breathless. Jane writhes in pain, gasping.

HAZZ
Jane, are you okay? The crystal! I thought it would--

JANE
It didn’t work...
   (coughs)
...because I didn’t deserve the crown in the first place. Miss Universe is supposed to represent the very best a woman can be. Smart and strong and beautiful. I’m two out of three at best. I wasn’t worthy.

ALMA
That’s not true, baby.

JANE
I’m not as strong as you, Mom. I could never do everything you did. You gave up everything for me. You’re the aspirational woman, Mom, not me. You’re the one who deserves the sapphires and Burmese rubies.... You’re the true....
   (lightbulb)
Mom, it’s you!

ALMA
What?
JANE
(remembering her speech)
“The Miss Universe pageant was started in 1952 in Long Beach, California....”

ALMA
...The crown was remade in 1988 and contains many rare and precious gemstones....”

ALMA (CONT’D) JANE
“...some not found anywhere else on Earth.” “...some not found anywhere else on Earth.”

There’s a fire in Alma’s eyes. She turns toward the trailer, and charges at it like a bull.

INT. ALMA’S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: The display box of Miss Universe memorabilia.

Alma SMASHES THE GLASS!

She puts on her crown and grabs her scepter. With that, LIGHT ENVELOPES HER BODY.

EXT. ALMA’S MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Blinding light beams from within.

JANE
Mom!

The door BLASTS open. Alma stands in the doorway, unrecognizable as her 1988 beauty queen self. Her scepter GLOWS like a lightsaber.

JANE (CONT’D)

Mom?

HAZZ
It’s Miss Universe!

Suddenly, the trailer shakes. It’s HOISTED INTO THE AIR by a tractor beam!

Alma braces herself in the doorway. Furniture, plates, pots and pans, everything in the home not nailed down, crashes all around her.
The trailer hovers in the night sky, slowly creeping toward the Kar’uton ship.

Alma leaps out of the doorway, diving headlong toward the Kar’ton Queen on the ground below—

--plunging the scepter into her chest!

The Kar’uton Queen CONVULSES and EXPLODES.

The tentacles surrounding Jane explode, freeing her.

The King explodes too. As does every Karu’ton on the mothership as it, along with the trailer, CRASHES BACK TO EARTH.

EXPLOSIONS rock the park.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAYS LATER

The wreckage of the mothership still litters the area. The same press conference is set up. The worse-for-the-wear President addresses the cameras, alongside Jane.

    PRESIDENT MURRAY
    It is with the gratitude of a grateful nation that I hereby name Miss Jane Breslin Earth’s Miss Universe, official ambassador to the galaxy and award her with this, some kind of medal.

Applause. He places the medal around Jane’s neck.

    REPORTER
    Mr. President, how do you feel about calls for your impeachment?

He thinks about this, then shrugs.

    PRESIDENT MURRAY
    ...I get it.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jane joins Hazz, waiting for her on the fringe of the crowd. They smile at each other.
JANE
(off medal)
What do you think?

HAZZ
Looks good.

JANE
Thanks!

They walk away from the crowd, hand-in-hand.

HAZZ
I have a confession to make.

JANE
Oh yeah?

HAZZ
I’m not really sure how to say this but... well... thing is... you’re hot. I can totally see that you’re hot.

JANE
Really?

HAZZ
Yeah, I was just messing with you before. I guess I was angry and... I wanted you to focus so... anyway, you’re quite obviously physically attractive and I do find you appealing on a sexual and superficial level.

She stops, touched.

JANE
That’s the nicest thing anyone’s said to me.

A BEAM OF WHITE LIGHT hits the ground behind them. It’s Bott, fully recovered, in full uniform, mouth on his forehead. The crew’s ship hovers above.

BOTT
Hulu says she’s ready when you are, Captain.

Hazz looks at Jane.
HAZZ
Actually, Bott, I’m gonna take a little break from star-hopping. Maybe try to have what these Earth people call “some fun.” But you’ll be in good hands with your new captain.

He motions to Alma, back to her original shape, but squeezed into Jane’s Barberella battle armor, scepter in hand. She waves her arm, leading a charge.

ALMA
Giddyup, boys, we got ourselves a universe to protect!

Big Earl, Billy, NRA hat, Mable, and a handful of Trailer Park Residents pile toward the light beam.

Bott smiles. He turns back to Hazz.

BOTT
Good luck, Captain.

HAZZ
Same to you, Bott.

They share a salute. Then Bott steps into the light and vanishes.

Alone, Hazz and Jane walk hand-in-hand.

JANE
So... do you ever thinking about starting another family?

HAZZ
(shrugs)
Sure. I can start one whenever I want. My species reproduces asexually.

JANE
You better be joking right now.

He laughs. They lean in for their very first kiss as the Excelsior ascends. Hazz and Jane give the ship a pageant wave goodbye as it leaves our stratosphere and disappears into outer space.... Dark. Desolate. Infinite.

THE END