THE COWBOY SAM CHRONICLES

"ALIENS & CROP CIRCLES"

Written by

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The life and adventures of the infamous Cowboy Sam.
EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A rainbow of lights swirl around an oval object that zips through the night sky. Plummets into a canopy of trees.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

A grassy field. Wildflowers dance in the breeze. COWS munch dew covered grass.

In the distance, perched up against a fence post, chewing a blade of straw, meet COWBOY SAM.

His large ten gallon cowboy hat casts shadow over half his angular face. His skin like tanned leather.

Emotionless, he stares out over the herd.

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
You can’t save us now. Can’t even save ya’self dude.

Cowboy Sam looks towards the voice. Old BETSY, black and white Holstein, just stares at him. Chews a herbage mouthful.

COWBOY SAM
I’m just a commonplace cowpoke Betsy, ain’t no Predator like’n in the pictures.

Cowboy Sam turns away. Eyes an old barn in the distance.

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
Uh, Sam dude, Predators came fur kill’n humans. Not savin ’em.

COWBOY SAM
Why’d they have to kill Big Thunder? Best sperm bank this herd ever seen. Enough to make me wanna...

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
Wanna what? Thunder died from too much sex Sam dude.

COWBOY SAM
Ah, nevermind’n me. I’m just down in the mud’n for the time bein’. I mean look at me...out here talkin’ to a bunch of cows.

He shakes his head, walks towards the barn.
EXT. BARN - DAY

An old structure of weathered wood. Rusted tin roof.

Cowboy Sam approaches, coiled lariat in hand. The spurs on his boots make a rhythmic JINGLE JANGLE.

He stops at the entrance. Looks up. Taps his alligator skin boots together three times.

COWBOY SAM
Could’a bet my shitty life I just hammered a new nail to keep’ n ya upright. Reckon my goodluck’s done up and left the buildin’....like’n that Elvis feller.

An oxidized horseshoe hangs upside down. Whatever luck Cowboy Sam did have, has surely run out.

He takes one last look at his only friends, the herd of cows in the emerald pasture, then enters the --

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Straw covered floor. Spiderwebs decorate the enclosure like Christmas tinsel.

Cowboy Sam walks to the middle of the stable, looks up into the rafters.

He eyes a beam, swings the lariat over his head like a wrangler about to rope a steer, then slings it high.

The rope fashions over the cross beam.

He ties off one end to a side timber; crafts a noose with the other end. Looks down. Clicks his boots together three times. Looks up.

COWBOY SAM
Big Thunder, I’m bout’n to come up there and join ya. Life’n ain’t worth a livin’ no more.

MOMENTS LATER

Cowboy Sam stands on a stack of three hay bales, his head through the lariat-noose.

His weight teeters on the unsteady rotten hay.
One boot lifts up and over. He’s about to take the plunge --

PECULIAR VOICE
(sings)
Lucy in the sky! With diamonds.

Cowboy Sam looks behind him. No one’s there.

The hay bales quake, tumble out from under him. He throws his arms up, grabs the rope above the noose now snug around his neck as he dangles and spins, suspended.

COWBOY SAM
Why don’t’cha just’n leave me lone?
Can’t’cha see I’m busy’n here? And what’s with the Beatles song man?

SNAP. The rafter breaks. Cowboy Sam falls to the hay cushion below, his lariat coils up like a rattlesnake around him.

SNICKERING can be heard. Cowboy Sam looks around. No one’s there. He loosens the noose, throws the rope aside.

He stands up, brushes moldy hay off him. Looks up. Balls his fists, dances like Muhammad Ali ready for a fight.

COWBOY SAM (CONT’D)
Real funny! I know’ya hear’n me up there. Come on down’n put up your dukes Jesus dude!

He stops, kicks up a boot, with his hand he gives the star studded spur a spin as if it’s some sort of secret weapon.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

A rainbow of plastic flora lines a walkway. Cinder block steps lead up to a metallic house box.

INT. MOBILE HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Water swirls the porcelain bowl as the toilet FLUSHES.

Hands fasten a giant silver belt buckle with gold and turquoise lettering ‘SAM’.

In the mirror, he tips his hat to oblige the fine looking fellow -- himself.

COWBOY SAM
(to the mirror)
Mirror mirror.
(MORE)
COWBOY SAM (CONT'D)
Reckon you’d’ve missed seein’ my perty face if that ole timber’n wasn’t bitch-cursed.

He spits tobacco juice in the sink, turns on the faucet to send it down the drain.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER


CHINK CHINK. The sound of his spurs as the boots travel the kitchen linoleum.

Cowboy Sam sets the microwave keypad on one minute, walks to the refrigerator, snags a tall boy.

DING. He spins around. The sound of lunch. Cowboy Sam smiles ear to ear.

He walks over, retrieves the plate.

At the table he turns the tall boy up. Guzzles the ice cold beer down. Grabs the yellow mustard.

As the mustard hits the plate, Cowboy Sam’s eyes widen.

He stumbles to a standing position, knocking the chair over. Stares in disbelief at the stockpile of fingers he was about to devour.

COWBOY SAM
Holy be’Jesus Batman! Who did that to my fangers!?

He runs to the kitchen drawer, pulls out a vintage Polaroid camera; positions himself to get a shot of the fingers.

Lined up in perfect unison, the mustard spattered chicken fingers form the words “WE CUM N PIECE”.

A blinding FLASH of light, then the old camera regurgitates an already developing photo of the ‘evidence’.

Cowboy Sam waves the photograph in the air on his way out.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - DAY

An old petro stop along a deserted highway.

A HORSE stands tied to the handle of a PHONE BOOTH.
INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Cowboy Sam deposits a coin. Dials 9-1-1.

911 OPERATOR
State your emergency.

COWBOY SAM
I need the sheriff to come out to the farm. I got an intruder I believe.

911 OPERATOR
Sam, is that you?

COWBOY SAM
Yes darlin’ now send the sheriff, mucho pronto.

911 OPERATOR
Better not be another false call Sam, you know about the boy who cried wolf.

COWBOY SAM
This time it’s for reals. Little green men messin’ with my fingers’n I’s ‘bout to eat. Just send’m.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Cowboy Sam waltzes out. Unties the horse.

He looks down. Clicks his boots together three times. Steps up into the saddle and off they go.

EXT. FARM GATE - AFTERNOON

A wooden frame straddles the entry. A big sign hangs over a once grand entrance: Celestial Sam Ranch.

Cowboy Sam and that horse are shuffling up the dirt road when a police cruiser pulls up aside.

Hanging out of the driver’s side window is SHERIFF E.T. BILLINGSWORTH, rotund, looks like a living breathing South Park character.

SHERIFF
What’s it this time Sam? Talking cows or aliens?
COWBOY SAM
Listen Sheriff, this’n time I got proof, you’ll have to see it fur yerself.

Sheriff E.T. rolls his eyes.

EXT. HOUSE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER
Sheriff E.T. follows Cowboy Sam up the cement steps.
At the door, Cowboy Sam looks down, clicks hit fancy boots together three times.

SHERIFF
New boots Sam?

COWBOY SAM
Nah, these ‘ens from the Romana Fleas Market. Right good’n deals down there Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Say, why you always clickin’ them boots together anyhow?

Cowboy Sam looks at the Sheriff. Pauses.

COWBOY SAM
It’s just a thang I reckon.

INT. HOUSE TRAILER - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER
Sheriff and Cowboy Sam stand before the masterpiece except now the design has changed quite a bit.
The chicken fingers form the shape of a cowboy hat.

SHERIFF
This some kind’a joke Sam?

COWBOY SAM
I swear on my lady’s grave’n Sheriff. They’s here. Been sendin’ me signals all week. Says they come’, in peace, but spelled it CUM haha green man with a sense’n of humor.

Cowboy Sam chuckles, elbow bumps the Sheriff.
SHERIFF
You seen ‘em?

COWBOY SAM
Nah, not really I reckon, but I’s heard ‘em. I feel ‘em like they’re eagle eyein’ us right’n this minute. For reals, deputy.

Sheriff E.T. shakes his head. He isn’t buying it.

SHERIFF
I thought Martha told ya to stay off them cow pie mushrooms Sam.

COWBOY SAM
My mushroomin’ days is over Sheriff, and I’m cereal no doubt’n.

Cowboy Sam follows Sheriff to the front door.

COWBOY SAM (CONT’D)
You don’t believe’n me do ya?

Sheriff E.T. shrugs. Grabs the door knob.

SHERIFF
What the hell?

There is green goo on Sheriff’s hand. Cowboy Sam jumps back. Clicks his boots together three times, picks up one, spins the spur.

COWBOY SAM
See!? Evidence! Now’n we’re talkin’.

Sheriff grumbles.

SHERIFF
Another one of your tricks. What was that, snot?! Next time you call, I ain’t comin’.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Cowboy Sam waves as Sheriff E.T. drives away.

He walks toward the herd in the field.
EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

Cows graze until they see Cowboy Sam heading their way.

He carries a sack of grain over his shoulder. The cows know the drill. Follow Sam over to the feed bins.

Cowboy Sam steps back to make room for the herd. His boot lands right in an oversized cow patty. SQUISH.

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
Not that one stupid.

He looks towards the voice. Old Betsy looks at Sam, who stares puzzled at such a voice coming from a cow.

Old Betsy turns and buries her muzzle back into the feed bin.

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
Just do the Cotton Eye Joe dance dude it’ll get you there.

COWBOY SAM
What’cha mean Willis?

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
Three steps right, clap your hands Sam-dude.

Cowboy Sam looks up into a cobalt blue sky ‘I can’t believe I’m doing this’. Takes three steps to the right, claps his hands then can’t help it, looks down clicks his boots together three times.

PECULIAR VOICE (V.O.)
That’s not part of the dance.

Sam’s eyes widen, he stares in disbelief at the ground and mound before him.

A giant cow patty fashioned in the shape of a flying saucer. Below the masterpiece, clumps of hay form the words: COWS ARE GOING HOME WITH US TONIGHT. YOU CUMMIN?

Cowboy Sam squats down, talks to the dung.

COWBOY SAM
Wait! Stay right here! Don’t go no where yet’n!

He high tails it towards the mobile home.
INT. MOBILE HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam hurries to the table. Grabs the Polaroid camera.

A photo sits already spit out. Who took it?

Cowboy Sam stares at it, mouth agape.

INSERT PHOTO: A little green man stands. His head covered from Sam’s cowboy hat sitting atop. His legs disappear into the oversized alligator boots. He holds up two fingers signalling ‘peace’.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Sam snaps a picture of the mound of cow shit masterpiece.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Sam waits, phone pressed to his ear.

911 OPERATOR
Nine one one state your emergency.

COWBOY SAM
Listen darlin’ before you start all that wolf cries boy stuff, listen here, Cowboy Sam’s got crop circles.

911 OPERATOR
Sam. Are you drunk again?

COWBOY SAM
I’m tellin’ ya this ain’t no hoax. I got legitimate’n crop circles left by the aliens. Well, sort’a crop circles I guess.

911 OPERATOR
What do you mean Sam?

COWBOY SAM
I guess you could say they are DIGESTED crop circles. Cows ate the grass so instead of the extratornestrials markin’ the grass, they picked the digested grass, ya know, from the cow’s well, ass actually.
911 OPERATOR
I’m hangin’ up Sam.

COWBOY SAM
Darlin’ I’m for reals hear me out!
I got serious signals from above.
They are comin’. Stealin’ my cows
this’n very night.

He looks down, nervously clicks his boots together.

911 OPERATOR
I’ll call the Sheriff Sam. Don’t
hold your breath.

COWBOY SAM
Tell him to hurry’n I ain’t got
long.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH – AFTERNOON

Cowboy Sam clicks his boots together three times, climbs on
the horse. Off they go.

EXT. FIELD – NIGHT

The sun sets over the emerald pasture. Sam perches against
the fence post, straw in his mouth.

He stares at the photographs. First the manure message. He
shakes his head.

COWBOY SAM
They just don’t treat me fair’n not
believin’ me and such.

PECULIAR VOICE
That’s why you ought to come with
us pal dude.

Sam looks for the voice. Old Betsy stands chewing herbage.
Stares right at him.

PECULIAR VOICE (CONT’D)
That Southpark sheriff thinks ya
dumb Sam dude. We know better. Let
us study you. Come on Sam dude.
Give it a whirl.

Cowboy Sam contemplates. He looks down at the boots. Clicks
them together three times. Picks one up, spins the spur.
Then lights shoot up in the sky from the treeline at the edge of the pasture.

Like mice following the pied piper, the cows form a line, head for the treeline.

Cowboy Sam follows them like a trusty caboose.

EXT. TREELINE - MOMENTS LATER

The cows all stop, congregate around Old Betsy. Sam tiptoes on his alligator boots, to get a glimpse.

Like magic, Old Betsy is there one minute and gone the next.

Standing in her place is a little green man, COWBOY ROY.

ROY
Howdy partner. Name’s Cowboy Roy.
Old Betsy was kind enough to let me borrow her body.

Cowboy Sam makes his way through the herd. Puts up his dukes.

COWBOY SAM
Where’s Old Betsy. Me and her’n go way back alien. Did you kill’er?

ROY
No worries bout Betsy dude. She’s on the ship waiting fer us. Time’s a wastin’ let’s yippe ti yi yo get on home lil doggies.

No one would ever believe him now. What other choice does he have?

The cows form a line, head one by one into the thick treeline, disappear.

Taking up the herd is Cowboy Roy and Cowboy Sam.

ROY (CONT’D)
(singing)
Happy trails to you, until we meet again. Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.

COWBOY SAM
Who cares about the clouds when we’re together? Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.
Cowboy Sam stops at the forest, looks back towards the mobile home. Clicks his boots together three times, picks up a boot, Roy jumps over beside him, flicks the spur. The little star whirls around.

Roy smiles up at Sam. ‘Friends’. They sing in unison.

ROY/COWBOY SAM
Happy trails to you, ‘till we meet again.

They disappear into the thick vegetation.

EXT. STARRY SKY - NIGHT

Like a giant dome shaped Christmas ball, lights blink on the mother ship as it hovers over the emerald pasture of Celestial Sam Ranch -- then zooms off -- disappears.

FADE OUT.