

MIDDLE MAN MICK

Written by

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EXT. SPACE

We're somewhere in the COSMOS. That forever blackness, lit by the backdrop of countless stars.

To the right, a GALAXY SPIRALS, like a cinnamon swirl of light, mystery and colour. Spectacular as it is beautiful.

Everything is so serene, undisturbed and celestial...

SWOOSH!

A MASSIVE UNEARTHLY SPACECRAFT FLIES RIGHT THROUGH OUR SHOT.

Leaves a cloud of blue smoke in its wake.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - SPACECRAFT

An unseen BEING sits in its seat facing its dashboard and monitor. Only its long, thin grey arms are in sight as they frantically function into the controls.

Everything in this room is very white and very abnormal.

THE MONITOR

Seemingly a lightning-fast space version of TETRIS is being played but with blocks replaced by little creature shapes. They fall and spin at an express rate with green alien face emojis flashing every time a solid line is scored at the bottom.

This steadfast frenetic gameplay continues until...

A BEEPING ALARM sound.

Distracts the being, creature-shape lands incorrectly, red angry alien face emoji flashes, followed by an obnoxious game over sound. The being lets out a high-pitched grunt.

In sync with the alarm, a RED BUTTON flashes on the dashboard. The being's long grey finger reluctantly creeps towards it... and presses it.

The still unrevealed being starts to speak. Sounds like a SQUIRREL SQUAWKING - subtitles to the rescue.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)
Systems control?

On the monitor we see a new space-Tetris game commencing.

Squirrel dialect then emits from the BEEPER -

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)
 Plazbum, time to run the annexation
 selection programme.

The being ignores the request for a moment, concentrating
 wholly on its game.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)
 Negative, just in the middle of
 remapping intergalactic wormholes.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)
 I see...

On the monitor, the steadfast frenetic gameplay continues
 until...

TETRIS SHUTS DOWN.

The being squeals. Places its alien hands behind its alien
 head in despair.

The Tetris is replaced by what looks like an electronic
 ROULETTE WHEEL. Appears to have hundreds of PLANETS
 surrounding its rim.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)
 Spin it.

The being grunts. Then its long grey finger hits a button.
 The wheel starts to spin...

Soon slows to a stop, tantalisingly, and the planet that sits
 top-vertical starts flashing.

It enlarges on the monitor, along with some nonsensical info
 symbols. This planet appears totally desolate.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)
 Kinesis.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)
 Kinesis? The infertile mud whole?

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)
 Affirmative.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)
 Spin.

The being grunts again. Long grey finger presses the button.
 The roulette wheel spins again. Slows to a stop...

Lands on a planet.

It enlarges on the monitor. We instantly recognise it.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Earth.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

The terrestrial Aqua-planet?

BEING (O.S)

(reading from nonsensical
info on monitor)

Affirmative, emergent Aqua-planet,
Milky Way system. Rich biosphere.
High species count. We've got two
thousand and forty-two specimen
abductions to date.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

Excellent. Governing inhabitants?

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Insubordinate type. Advancement
stage 9, grade D7 defences. No
history of interplanetary warfare.
But likely hostile to Tradaccian
terms. Won't be the easiest
annexation.

A moment to consider.

DIALECT FROM BEEPER (SUBTITLE)

Fuck 'em. Plazbum, set the course.
Destination Earth. Identify a
native for instigation.

BEING (O.S) (SUBTITLE)

Affirmative.

The skinny grey hands key into the system once more.

MONITOR - Some advanced alien GPS goes into motion. Light
speed route planner. Passes Solar systems, Galaxies --

Culminating on a flashing RIFLE SCOPE TARGET on our PLANET.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The alien craft warps out of shot, leaving us in that once
again tranquil space.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE UNIVERSE.

FADE TO:

SOUNDS OF LOUD ANGRY CAR HORNS...

EXT. JAMMED FREEWAY - EARTH - MORNING

The queue of vehicles is endless, making the winding freeway now a river of automobiles - no end in sight.

The other side of the road is clear. Insult to injury.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside his 1990's Honda Accord sits frustrated MICK Macmillan.

An early 40s everyman, whose face was born frustrated - an embodiment of the long-suffering.

Suited Mick huffs and puffs, on the verge of sweating.

Checks his watch, then stares ahead at the eternal deadlock.

His eyes zero in on the traffic lights in the distance. He eyeballs em, hard.

Red goes to amber... Amber goes to green.

Mick's eyes show promise.

But then... Nothing moves. He's at a complete loss.

Switches on the CAR RADIO - queue a dog food commercial where a MAN WITH an ANNOYING VOICE is addressing a DOG.

MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE (RADIO)
Hungry, hungry, hungry. You always
seem to be hungry. Here you go
Drago, gobble down these delicious
chipolatas.

DRAGO THE DOG actually responds.

DRAGO THE DOG (RADIO)
Woof! woof! woof! woof-woof!

MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE (RADIO)
Hounds of Grub? What in high
heavens is that, Drago?

Mick's glares at the radio. This is hurting his ears.

DRAGO THE DOG (RADIO)
Woof! woof! woof!

MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE (RADIO)
Wow. I didn't realise it had all
the nutrition you need, and was so
tasty. And \$2.99 a can, what a
barga--

Mick switches station. Exasperated.

Next up is 'Axel F', CRAZY FROG. It's just naturally loud.

Mick's jaw clenches. His eyes plead for mercy.

Hits the channel up button with his FIST.

The next station is in the middle of a debate. A MAN
PRESENTER is debating with a WOMAN GUEST.

MAN PRESENTER (RADIO)
So when situations arise that we
can't control, should we not just
be more accepting of the
circumstance, rather than worrying
about finding the solution?

Staying on Mick, feeling both relieved and intrigued.

WOMAN GUEST (RADIO)
Well yes and no, Steve.

MAN PRESENTER (RADIO)
Yes and no, I feel an intricate
answer on its way...

WOMAN GUEST (RADIO)
Well intricate and complex just
about sums us up as beings. I've
always said, hypothetically of
course, that visitors from another
planet, would likely be astounded
by the pure calamity human minds
succumb to--

MAN PRESENTER (RADIO)
I think they would be astounded by
a lot of things...

WOMAN GUEST (RADIO)
Indeed. If the situation is beyond
your control, then it must be put
into a perspective, to allow your
mind to breathe...

This is resonating with Mick.

WOMAN GUEST (RADIO)

...Of course, this doesn't mean you should be inactive though. Sitting there idle will do nothing for the situation or your mindset...

Mick eyeballs the surrounding JAM that he is stuck in.

WOMAN GUEST (RADIO)

...Never be afraid to take the bull by the horns.

Mick is inspired. He checks his watch, then declares -

MICK

Damn straight.

He checks the surroundings of his car - wing mirrors, rearview mirror.

Gear gets hit into reverse, inches backwards. Steering wheel veered sharply to the right.

Gear into drive, Steering wheel veered sharply to the left.

Mick is attempting to squeeze out of a serious tight one.

Reverses again, taps the car behinds front bumper.

Rearview mirror: The heavy-set female driver in that car is mouthing words and offering her middle finger.

Mick gives her a reverse middle finger, hits drive and --

ESCAPES, albeit nearly scrapping the adjacent queue of cars.

The radio station is again changed. Springsteen's 'BORN TO RUN' belts out.

MICK

(re song)

Now we're talking!

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The ACCORD drives down the narrow hard shoulder, finding a lucky gap in the barrier.

Hits a short incline of grass and then finds its way onto a new road. WHICH IS CLEAR.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Song still blaring, Mick's car flies down the streets at speed.

INT. MICK'S CAR - CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mick is loving his progress, taking that bull by the horn, mouthing the chorus to Springsteen's belter.

He goes left down one street, right down another - not another car in sight.

MICK

Man, this is the route from now on.

Takes another left...

Mick's face hits THUNDERSTRUCK.

His car screeches to a stop. As does our song.

A line of cones block the road.

Next to them, a ROAD WORKER stands next to a massive ROAD CLOSED SIGN. An opposing big fella armed with quite the nonsense expression. He holds his arm out signalling stop - directly at Mick.

Mick looks about the street - everything appears perfectly fine. There is no road work activity or other road workers to be seen.

He winds down his window signalling the road worker.

MICK

Excuse me?

The road worker lowers his hand and takes some outrageously cumbersome steps towards Mick's car window.

ROAD WORKER

Is there a problem?

MICK

Hi, what's going on here?

ROAD WORKER

The road is closed, sir.

MICK

Noted. I'm running late for work. I just work on Maple street, that's like several blocks down Kennedy. Because of the river, this is the only road to Kennedy.

ROAD WORKER

That's correct sir. I am also familiar with the geographics of this district.

MICK

Sure -- I don't see any problems with the road, I just need to go past your sign a 100 yards and I'm good.

ROAD WORKER

The road is closed, sir.

MICK

Thanks, I get it. May I ask why the road is closed?

The road worker just nods.

MICK

Why is it closed?

ROAD WORKER

Traffic surveillance cameras. Placement, sometime this week.

Mick stares.

MICK

Traffic surveillance cameras, sometime this week? So my morning is screwed, because of traffic surveillance cameras, sometime this week?

The road worker shrugs.

ROAD WORKER

Look, though it isn't in my job description, I can advise you that Maple street is accessible via the freeway, which is very well signposted from this point.

MICK

Yes. I just came from there. The freeway is an eternally jammed, useless waste of tarmac. It was designed to suck our morning souls into the 5th circle of hell. Nothing moves. For the first time in my life, I've managed to escape this great evil -- so please, kind fella -- show me some mercy.

The road worker shrugs.

ROAD WORKER

Not that it is in my job description, but there is a car park a block down there.
(gestures direction)
Thirty dollars for the day, park up, brisk walk to work, and enjoy your day. Now please would you move your vehicle, sir.

Mick, angry and late, realises he doesn't really have another choice.

MICK

Thanks for your assistance...

Mick reverses the car, and off he goes.

EXT. CAR PARK - LATER

The Accord drives into the car park.

It is CHOCK-A-BLOCK with cars.

Mick glares at it all through the windscreen of his car as he crawls down the aisle.

INT. MICK'S CAR - CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Mick's eyes still search for that space. They suddenly light up as 10 adjacent empty spaces come into view, but --

They're all armed with a DISABLED SIGN.

He stops the car. Sits there silently growling.

Checks his watch - 9:15 AM. Looks increasingly desperate.

He then stares at those disabled spaces hard. Fuck it.

The car screeches aggressively in their direction.

--MOMENTS LATER

Mick is parked, engine off, mobile phone to ear. He is waiting for the phone to connect...

DER-DA-DING, 'Sorry your server connection is unavailable at this time'.

Convulsions are sent through his body.

Tries again - DER-DA-DING, 'Sorry your server connection is unavailable at this time'

MICK

Don't sorry me, you useless piece
of--

Mick spots a car leaving a non-disabled space. Hallelujah!

Moves quickly. Engine on, into gear, then...

KNOCK KNOCK.

A stringent-looking TRAFFIC WARDEN stands outside his car window, with book to hand.

Mick's face hits rock bottom. He winds down his window.

MICK

Good morning. Um, yes I am
currently in a disabled space, but
as you can see, nobody needs it.
I'm now going to park over there in
that free space, and um, no harm
done -- wouldn't you agree?

The Traffic Warden's face answers the question. Unanimously.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - LATER

Mick walks fast in suit, jacket and tie, and it's a sunny morning. His face is etched with every one of today's frustrations.

He stops, knackered and sweating.

Gathers his breath, checks his watch - 9.45.

Then looks up at the BUILDING he has arrived at with a notable degree of contempt.

It's modern, it's massive in length. Almost a snobbery in its structure.

Big sign by the entrance: CONSORTIUM OF CORPORATE INTERMEDIARY ENTERPRISES (CCIE).

To Mick, his incarceration rather than his place of work and he is late. He looks to the heavens.

INT. CCIE - DRINKS VENDING MACHINE - LITTLE LATER

Mick approaches the vending machine with a plastic cup in hand and an ill-fated expression on his face.

Places the cup, presses the button and watches.

What unfolds is the weakest dispensary of water on record. It might take an hour to fill.

MICK

Why can't you cut me a break? Just this once. Please. Have a heart you mechanical piece of monkey sperm.

On queue, the water stops dispensing completely.

Mick glares at the vending machine. Questions his whole morning. Whole life.

Then grabs the micro-filled cup of water from the dispenser. Brings the cup up above his mouth, and trickles the measly contents down his throat.

Amazingly, it invigorates him that little bit.

He chucks the cup away, where his eyes catch a LITTLE GREEN MEN TEDDY (Three-eyed aliens from Toy Story) perched on a cabinet. He addresses it -

MICK

Do you ever feel that bad days gain their own momentum, kinda like a flu does?

The little green men teddy fails to answer.

But is looking right back.

MICK

No answer is the right answer. See you later.

INT. CCIE - OFFICE - LITTLE LATER

Door swings open, and in walks Mick. Big smile on his face, feign of the century.

MICK
Burt, morning.

Sitting at his desk is BURT GRIFFIN (50). Reeks of pompous.

He's sitting there with his arm and WATCH raised, staring at it - ensuring Mick knows his late.

MICK
Again, apologies for bringing this forward. No doubt we can get this all tied up quickly, get that time back for you.

Griffin just glares at him for a moment.

BURT GRIFFIN
Macmillan, time cannot be retrieved like a lost file. Now take a seat as I need to explain the meaning of certain words to you.

Mick's spirit sinks, he knows what this means.

MICK
I know that there's been a few issues with your machines running pinnacle and sage. Apologies of course, but more importantly, give me the bullet points and I'll go away and we'll get this dealt with. No cost to you, my word.

BURT GRIFFIN
Take a seat, as I am going to define certain words for you.

Mick stands there for a moment. Yields. Takes the seat.

His face just says - somebody shoot me.

Griffin picks up a paper from his desk and starts to read.

BURT GRIFFIN
Word one - Agreement: 'A negotiated and typically legally binding arrangement between parties as to a course of action'.

(MORE)

BURT GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Word two - Binding: 'Of an agreement or promise involving an obligation that cannot be broken.'

We stay on Mick, staring ahead into the abyss - cannot believe his life at the moment.

BURT GRIFFIN (O.S)
 Word three - Obligation: 'An act or course of action to which a person is morally or legally bound to a duty or commitment.' I'll send these all over to you by way, so you won't forget.
 Word 4 - Commitment: 'The state or quality of being dedicated to a cause, activity, etc.' Word 5 - Dedicated: Devote Time or...
 (Fading out)

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CCIE - DIFFERENT OFFICE - LATER

Mick sits there, expression a match from the last scene, but now there's a different voice speaking to him, a surly feminine voice.

FEMININE VOICE (O.S)
 Here at CCIE, we adhere to high standards in all our practice, particularly in direct dealings with our clientele. As you know, we present ourselves as a world-class enterprise.

The 30-something sharply dressed lady that is speaking to him has a large name plate on her desk - DANA MUNROE.

DANA MUNROE
 With that in mind Mick, is there any reason why you walked out of a very important meeting today with a principal client?

Mick just nods, wearily, past fed up.

DANA MUNROE
 Ok, could you enlighten me? Mr Griffin was quite upset, apparently, you just got up and left without a word or gesture.

MICK

Incorrect. I told him to mail me
when he actually has a point.

She returns a total reprimand of a look.

MICK

I'm sorry, but I cannot be dealing
with people like that face to face
anymore. History lessons,
dictionary lessons. Deliberate and
insidious wastes of everybody's
time and well-being.

DANA MUNROE

But Mick, you're an Intermediary, a
negotiator. You're supposed to set
expectations and form strong
relationships with clients such as
Mr Griffin. That's our business.

He stares at her. Can't hide his frustrations.

MICK

Intermediary, is that what we are?
I thought we were just pointless
middlemen, who spend their lives
relaying selfish demands between
egocentric clients and stingy good-
for-nothing vendors -- who, by the
way, share the same ambition of
wanting to rip each other off. What
chance we got? It's like lions and
hyenas fighting over a carcass, but
we're the carcass. Stuck in the
middle, getting chewed up, left for
the vultures. What is the point in
what we do? What is the point?

He's finished his declaration, arms now folded.

Dana has to pause for thought.

DANA MUNROE

Mick, I'm not sure where you are
right now, but it appears you need
to think very carefully about your
position with this company. That's
if you have any intention of
remaining here with us at CCIE?

He contemplates. But not for that long.

Then returns a wry smile.

INT. CCIE OPEN OFFICE - LATER

Mick strides triumphantly through the busy open office.

He spots a blonde, glamorous lady at a desk, TIFFANY (30).

Stops, looks at her - makes a quick but momentous decision.

Walks over to her desk, a little nervous. Tiffany looks up.

MICK

Tiff, I've actually just left the company.

Tiffany's face - do I even know this guy?

MICK

Always kinda liked you.

(stalls, nervous)

Think we've always had a connection, me and you.

Basically, before I go, I gotta ask you out for dinner. Something you might consider maybe -- like a reward for the courage of asking?

TIFFANY

No thank you.

Tiffany's phone rings and she answers it instantaneously.

TIFFANY

CCIE, how may I help you?

Mick watches her forget him in an instant.

MICK

(to himself)

Clear and concise. Goodbye then.

He makes a sharp exit.

INT. VETERINARY - DAY

A HAMSTER dangles with its tiny hands from the top of its cage. A swinging and active little fella.

Two female VETS stand, looking at him with an air of concern.

One of them, a junior vet, LINDSEY, late teens, and she is just gawping towards the hamster cage. The other is ALICE, late 30's, eternally youthful breezy nature about her.

LINDSEY
Have you ever performed surgery
when they're like that?

ALICE
No. The Ketamine usually would have
kicked in by now.

LINDSEY
Oh. Ketamine -- thought you said
Amphetamine.

ALICE
Uh. That makes sense now.

The sound of a mobile phone ringing.

LINDSEY
Shall I give him the ketamine?

Alice reaches into her pocket and pulls out her mobile phone.
Puts it to her ear, looks over to the younger vet with a
smile.

ALICE
We better wait till tomorrow.

Hits answer on her phone.

ALICE
Total pets vets, Alice speaking?

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME - INTERCUT

Mick, walking, phone to ear.

MICK
4th avenue north, Mick speaking.

ALICE
Ah, hi Mick.

MICK
Jus calling because -- got reason
to celebrate today.

ALICE
Oh yeah?

MICK
Jus quit that life block of a job,
and I'm kinda buzzing about it.

She looks concerned for him, takes a moment to reply.

ALICE
Oh... well done.

MICK
Thanks.

ALICE
Quit your job?

MICK
Uh...yeah.

Alice's eyes divert to the hamster cage. The hamster has managed to pull open the cage door.

ALICE
Lindsey, watch out he's free.

Lindsey toddles over to the cage.

MICK
Free I am. Don't worry, wasn't thinking of becoming a vet, Lindsey can relax.

ALICE
Ha? Um, no. Not you, Um, never mind.

Alice is also having to concentrate on Lindsey chasing the hamster around the room.

MICK
Anyway, wondering whether you were free tonight, maybe help me mark the occasion?

ALICE
Oh, sorry, can't tonight. Got that date, remember?

MICK
Wait a minute, not douchebag Brett that works at CCIE?

ALICE
Yeah. You introduced me at the party -- he's cute.

Mick stops walking as he has entered his car park. Also, this news immobilises him.

MICK
I didn't. Cancel it.

Meanwhile, Lindsey is trying to poke the hamster out from under a cupboard with a broom.

ALICE
Don't scare him, Lindsey. Sorry, Mick?

MICK
Cancel it. He's pure slime. No woman should go through such an ordeal.

ALICE
No, c'mon Mick. We gotta try these things now. The both of us.

Unbeknown to Alice, Mick is shaking his head, absurdly.

MICK
...Sure. But don't say I didn't warn you.

ALICE
Mick -- it'll be fine.

MICK
Well, be sure to ring me later with your account -- if you survive it.

Mick hangs up his phone and enters his car.

Back in the vet, with the phone still to ear, Alice watches Lindsey continue to prod that broom under the table.

The hamster is also watching, now back on the table next to his cage.

EXT. MICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Ford Accord pulls up to the three-story, modern but modest apartment block and parks.

Mick exits his car. Slams the door.

Stops for a moment.

Opens the door, grabs the parking ticket. Slams the door.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mick marches in. Tosses the car parking ticket in the bin.

Grabs a bottle of lager off the counter. Marches out.

A moment in this empty, surprisingly well-kept kitchen. Just tarnished by a half-eaten pizza that rests among a number of empty lager bottles on his tabletop.

Mick then marches back in. Grabs the car parking ticket out of the bin. Tosses it onto the counter. Marches out.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mick slumps onto his sofa. Lager bottle in hand.

Takes a long-needed swig.

Sits back. Enjoys the moment. A free man at last.

MICK

Yeah...

He just sits there. King of his small but modernised room.

Starts to look a bit lost. Looks up at his 'The Empire Strikes Back' wall clock - 2:35 pm.

Looks about aimlessly.

Switches on his TV. Some chat show. Mick resigns to his day, sits back and watches.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Slobbered on his sofa, Mick has tired eyes on some ludicrous black and white, flying saucer sci-fi movie.

There are about 7 empty bottles of lager on his table.

His home phone rings, which he reaches for, without taking his eyes off the TV. Turns it down via the remote.

Puts phone to ear.

MICK

It was that bad, ha?

ALICE (O.S)

(voice at over end)

Yeah...

MICK

Did he invite you to his flat or
just try and nail you right there
and then?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Alice stands with phone to ear, glammed up in a 'date' dress.

ALICE

Um... Both. Thought you were maybe
jus doing the jealous ex-thing, but
yeah, he was scary. Thanks for the
warning.

MICK

Totally. Might've been an incy bit
of jealous ex-thing.

ALICE

Mick, is it me? Do I attract bad
guys? Like a douche magnet?

MICK

No, definitely not. Maybe you're
just too nice.
(thinks about it)
Whoa, am I in the douche bracket?

ALICE

...uh...no.

Mick ponders things for a moment.

MICK

You know, if you don't ever find
that guy...I'm kinda sure I'll
always be...um...

This seems to put Alice on delicate ground.

MICK

I know I screwed up and all, but...
maybe we could...
(her silence speaks
volumes.)
I'm sorry, don't mean to bring that
all up right now.

ALICE

It's okay. Maybe um...

MICK
 Maybe I should just be happy you're
 still my pal.

ALICE
 Totally. Always your pal.

They both go quiet. Awkward takes charge.

ALICE
 What were we talking about again
 before?

MICK
 Brett, dating and things. Before I
 screwed it up n'all.

ALICE
 Oh yeah. Um...you tried any of that
 online dating stuff yet?

MICK
 Nah. Not keen. Dunno who you're
 speaking with. Could be like Fatal
 Attraction types on there.

ALICE
 Could be, but there are plenty of
 normal people too. I mean if you
 feel you can get dates another way?

Her sentence has given Mick food for thought.

MICK
 Well, maybe I'll check it out as a
 last resort.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Fingers tap into a keyboard.

On a COMPUTER MONITOR, we see a CHAT SITE.

A user named '*MICKEY BORED EYES*' has left the message -
 '*Hello anybody, how are we today?*'

Mick sits at his computer station looking dubiously at his
 monitor and his message.

An innovation suddenly comes to mind, he changes his username
 to '*MIDDLE MAN MICK*'

Deletes and retypes his intro text: *'Have had another bad day, is it me or is this just a bad world? Anyone?'*

He sits there and waits. With minimal optimism.

--LITTLE LATER

Mick is STARING at his lonely introduction message, but now slouched and fed up.

--LITTLE LATER

On the desk table, the computer mouse is lethargically been dragged forward left. On the computer screen, the cursor is heading for the close icon in the top left.

MICK (O.S)

Always go with your gut, Mick.

Suddenly, low and behold, a message appears -

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

'Hello Middle Man Mick'

MICK

Ah, hello guest 1.

He types a response.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)

'Hi Guest1, how's it rolling today?'

A short wait.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

'Not rolling today'

MICK

Tell me about it, pal.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

'Are you a middleman, like negotiator?'

Mick is taken aback but replies -

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)

'Yeah'

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)

'Excellent'

Mick considers WHETHER and what to reply with next.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
*'Well was. Not anymore though, I
 quit. Had enough.'*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'You can do other negotiator now?'

MICK
 Is this an actual person?

He types -

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
'Am I talking to a fucking robot?'

Doesn't send, deletes and re-types.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
*'Yeah maybe. What do you do for a
 living?'*

Again, Mick is made to wait. He sighs.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'Explore'

Mick shakes his head, close to hitting close, but ploughs on.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
*'Cool, like explore science?
 Nature? New worlds?'*

Another wait.

MICK
 That's it, I'm out of here.

He moves the cursor to close, but then two quick-fire responses from GUEST1.

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'New worlds'

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'You do not like your world?'

The last question just about keeps him in the conversation, at least for one more response.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
*'Not really, perhaps should be
 extinct, much like this
 conversation'*

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'Understood'

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'We will meet soon in person'

Mick eyes widen. Disbelief and boarding fear.

MICK
Not if I see you first, buddy.

But he just needs to know one last thing --

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
'Can I just ask, are you a gent or
a lady?'

GUEST1 (SCREEN TEXT)
'Neither'

MICK
Ok, bye.

MIDDLE MAN MICK (SCREEN TEXT)
'Bye'

He closes the chat page down in rapid fashion.

MICK
Right, let's never do that again.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick slobbered on his sofa is watching the television again. Another sci-fi movie, he appears to be a fan.

This time it is the 1951 version of 'The Day the Earth Stood Still': A flying saucer has landed in front of the military and press.

--LITTLE LATER

Mick is still laying there watching and is tiring.

TV - One of the military guys has just opened fire on a martian who emerged from the flying saucer.

Mick's eyes steadily close, but he forces them open.

TV - The badass 'Gort' martian emerges from the saucer, the military look worried.

Mick's eyes flicker, the action not keeping him in. They soon enough, steadily close...

FADE TO:

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Close on Mick's eyes.

Steadily they creep open.

They flutter side to side - don't believe what they are waking up to.

SEVERAL ABNORMAL BEINGS STAND AROUND HIM.

Remarkably slender, big head on skinny body, large dark eyes, CLASSIC GREY ALIENS LOOK.

Lying on an unusual declined seat, Mick is understandably shocked. Tries to move his arm but finds they are held down by HOLOGRAPHIC type restraints.

The BEINGS stand around him in an observatory stance. Two of the aliens have some kind of COMPUTER DEVICES to hand.

They seem to be conducting some kind of analysis on their guest.

Mick can only gaze.

But soon the penny drops - this simply can't be real.

MICK

O...kay...

One of the aliens, who appears slightly taller than the others, who we will know as LEADER ALIEN, starts to address Mick. Though in a seemingly oriental dialect.

LEADER ALIEN

Huānyíng zhōngjiānrén Mick wǒmen
shì láizì xī wài háng xīng TuSopa-
4138b de trandaccian.

Mick just STARES.

Leader Alien reacts to that and shoots a look to a FELLOW ALIEN, one with a computer device to hand, who immediately keys into it.

Leader Alien turns back to Mick and now addresses him in a totally bizarre dialect. Now like a DUCK --

QUACK, QUACK, QUACK

Mick just STARES at the alien. Soon decides to make his feelings known.

MICK

Um, subconscious, can I have my
aliens speak English in this dream,
please?

Peeved, Leader Alien folds his arms and shoots daggers at
FELLOW ALIEN who quickly keys into his device thing. Again.

Leader Alien turns back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

My apologies. Welcome, Middle Man
Mick. We are the Trandaccian from
exoplanet TuSopa-4138b, the
Palomian solar system,
approximately sixty-five hundred
light years from this solar system.

Note - The Aliens English speaking voices are comically
childish.

MICK

Just a stone's throw then.

LEADER ALIEN

Negative. Is equivalent to thirty-
nine billion earth miles. After
five thousand human years, our
reconnaissance of planet Earth has
now come to an end and it is now
time to commence expropriation of
your planet.

MICK

Exploration of the planet?

LEADER ALIEN

Negative, expropriation. We would
like you to be the negotiator and
negotiate your planet's
dispossession. This will help
reduce intergalactic hostilities
between our kinds. Remove the
necessity of extinction,
eradication, et cetera, et cetera.
A peaceful negotiation of your
planet's repositories is our
preferred option.

Mick STARES at the Alien.

MICK

...Cool

Mick then gapes around his surroundings.

POV - 6 or so Aliens gazing at him and just pure whiteness.

MICK

Wow, this must be as lucid as lucid gets.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative.

MICK

You guys do realise that Earth sucks, right?

LEADER ALIEN

This is the planet's defence mechanism?

MICK

No, as in sucks ass. Earth's totally overrated.

Leader Alien gestures an order to the FELLOW ALIEN, who makes a note on his computer device.

Mick watches satirically. Then there is just silence. The Trandaccians just stand there, staring at him.

MICK

Well as fun as this has been, I would kinda like to jump dreams if you don't mind.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. But you are happy to be confirmed as negotiator of planet Earth?

MICK

Yep, sounds good. Now please gentlemen, if you wouldn't mind helping me back to my comfortable couch, would be much appreciated.

Leader Alien looks towards the other Aliens with a nod.

FELLOW ALIEN keys in his device again.

A Strange noise sounds, room shakes, BRIGHT FLASH.

We stay on white.

FADE TO

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mick is asleep on his sofa.

Eyes gradually creep open.

Television is still running - It's only the live commercial of HOUNDS OF GRUB.

That MAN WITH THE ANNOYING VOICE is back talking to DRAGO the DOG. But this time we can see the man's preposterous red suit and silly walrus moustache. He is holding a can of Hounds of Grub in his hand. DRAGO, a German Shepherd, sits listening to his cartoonish owner, on a farcical studio home porch.

MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE (ON TV)

Wow, fifty per cent extra free! But Drago, surely your stomach has no more room for more Hounds of Grub today?

Drago barks at him.

MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE

(addresses camera)

Knew that was a silly question...

The MAN WITH ANNOYING VOICE gives us a monstrous cheesy grin.

Mick switches off the tv, shakes off the commercial and then recollects the night's events.

MICK

Trandaccians...

(shakes his head)

Need to go easy on the Sci-fi.

He just closes his eyes and drifts off back to sleep.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - ON THE MOVE - DAY

An old rusty CHEVROLET cruises down the TENNESSEE wilderness.

BOBBY (40), a country-type guy. Cowboy hat. Almost caricature western accent is manning the wheel.

BOBBY

Yeah man, think your ass did the right thing.

Bobby has a cigar in one hand and a can of beer in the other and is somehow managing to steer the truck. Mick the passenger, is not entirely comfortable with this.

BOBBY

I mean all you did is bitch all day
- all night, how ya job use to
stick it to ya. Speaking suicide
and shit. You had to bitch out
dude.

MICK

...Yep

BOBBY

Damn straight. Just pray your ass
don't get raided in your next job.
Can't be hearing it all, y'know?

MICK

Appreciate the sentiment.

Bobby takes a puff of his cig, swiftly followed by a swig of his beer.

Mick, a little fumed out by the cigar smoke, begins to peer out the window, has a little think...

MICK

Y'know, this kind of thing looks
decent. Driving around, making some
deliveries, chilling, own boss. How
many more we got?

BOBBY

Seven more stops. Then we can
knuckle on down at the bar.

MICK

Cool.

Bobby takes another swig of his beer and it empties. He tosses it out the window. Goes to grab another beer from his bag in the middle. Mick intervenes, guards the bag with his hand.

MICK

No, I don't think so.

BOBBY

What you -- my missus?

MICK

No. I'm your passenger.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

Loud country music. Lively. Bustling.

Bobby is in the process of downing a bottle of beer.

Mick can only watch, more pitifully than impressed.

Bobby finishes. Looks unsteady.

Slams down the bottle. The following burp is OUTRAGEOUS.

BOBBY

Well, I can see why you wanna get
back with her, cute ass n' all.

Mick's face - not coinciding, he takes a sip of his beer.

MICK

Yeah, but that's not the thing. She
was the one. She actually cared for
me. I mean actually gave a shit.
You know -- like your Janey.

BOBBY

(dismissive)

What?

(then)

Look dude I get it. You messed up
and you're looking for a little
redemption. But she ain't taking
you back. Not in that way.

Bobby looks, somewhat lecherously, towards the several nearby
YOUNG WOMAN that are joyously dancing to the music.

BOBBY

Maybe it's time you started playing
again?

MICK

I don't think so.

BOBBY

Suit yourself.

(gestures at the women)

But if those buns can't distract
you, I'd say you were a little low
on 'pick up' juice.

(gestures at his beer)

Bobby proceeds to grab another beer bottle from his 10 or so
that are lined up at the bar. Mick meanwhile has been
contemplating.

MICK
Had this bizarre dream last night.

BOBBY
Ha?

MICK
This dream last night, was bizarre.
Like vivid, y'know?

BOBBY
Oh yeah man, I do vivid dreams.
Last night or the night before had
this mad one. Shania, Dolly and
um... some other chick -- we're
stuck in this lift, right...

Mick - already wishing he hadn't brought up the subject.

BOBBY
...Janey is not there, and it's
just me and these three girls. We
can't fix the lift, even though I'm
good at that kind of shit. Then
we're just waiting. And I can feel
they're all proper hot for me. Well
you know, everyone gets bored and
um, before you know it, I get
jumped. Smothered by the best tits
and ass this side of the quator,
and I've only got one pair of
hands. Well -- you can picture it.

MICK
Yeah, I think so...

BOBBY
It was a sticky morning.

Mick is momentarily stunned.

MICK
Right. Thanks for sharing that. I'm
gonna pop to the wee room.

BOBBY
Sure dude.
(at beers)
I'll be right here with my buddies.

Mick gets off his stall and heads to the toilets.

INT. CUBICAL - LATER

Mick, seated on the toilet, gazes into his cellular phone.

A peaceful moment, just a man, a cubical, and his phone.

Suddenly - KNOCK, KNOCK on the door.

Mick is somewhat ruffled by this intrusion.

MICK

Hey buddy, won't be long.

A strange but seemingly familiar voice responds.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S)

How you getting on?

Mick's face - is somebody really asking me how I'm doing on the shitter??

MICK

Fine buddy, bit weird talking about it right now though.

STRANGE VOICE (O.S)

I understand. I'll wait.

MICK

Thank you

Mick shakes his head - WTF.

INT. BAR TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet flushes, door opens, Mick exits the cubical.

Looks about for the STRANGE VOICE person, but nobody is there.

He brushes it off and heads towards the sink basin.

Turns on the tap and washes his hands.

A long finger protrudes into shot, taps him on the shoulder.

Mick glances behind him, then performs a DOUBLE TAKE.

A GREY ALIEN STANDS THERE, exactly like that from his dream.

GREY ALIEN

How have you got on? Any contact with your world leaders?

Mick is FROZEN, motionless to what he sees. Grey Alien looks curious to it.

GREY ALIEN
Middle Man Mick?

MICK
What is this?

GREY ALIEN
I'm PLAZBUM T0713. I was in the salutation room during your recent visit. I was also the one who connected to you on your world wide web.

Mick needs a moment. Evaluates his current psyche.

MICK
Ok Plazbum, that's great. I'm just gonna go now.

He slowly manoeuvres away from this sure-fire illusion.

PLAZBUM
I do require a preliminary update. How have your world leaders reacted?

Mick takes another beat. Then responds with an I-don't-believe-whats-happening-here promise.

MICK
Haven't told em yet. Will let you know though.

Plazbum with computer device to hand makes a note.

Then the sound of somebody else entering the toilets. Plazbum, privy to this, presses one button and VANISHES.

Mick just stands there, visibly shocked. Looks like he's seen a ghost. Or Alien.

Another cowboy-dressed man (TOILET COWBOY) strolls up to Mick. Is curious about Mick's stunned posture.

TOILET COWBOY
Bad bog episode, son?

The cowboy laughs.

MICK
You could say that again...

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Mick lies back in a doctor's chair, like THERAPY position.

MICK

So this is not completely unheard
of?

Young DOCTOR SHILTZ (30), with his European accent, sits
close by in his wheeled office chair.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Absolutely. Visual and vocal
hallucinations are more common than
you would think.

MICK

Ok.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

And we're sure this was not a
friend in costume?

MICK

We are. The thing disappeared in
front of my eyes.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

It left the room?

MICK

No. Disappeared.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Hmmm. Well...given that you were
drinking, plus the ordeal of losing
your job-

MICK

Quitting my job.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

This history of self-hatred.

MICK

I didn't quite say that.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

These are hallucinatory symptoms, a
temporary psychosis. I see post-
traumatic stress disorder here.

MICK

Really?

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Certainly. That or early signs of dementia. Either way, you're in good hands. Easily treatable.

MICK

Even though these things are speaking to me?

Shiltz has shuffled his chair over to his desk and starts to key into his computer.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Yep. I'll arrange the applicable medication, along with the direction of use, and we should all be back to normal in no time.

Mick thinks, possibly buying into this.

MICK

If it happens again, just come back, right?

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Yeah, book an appointment and we can refer you to the psychiatrist, which will probably be me anyway. I'm confident your craziness won't be ever-lasting, Mr Macmillan.

MICK

...Well that's good then.

INT. MICK'S CAR - GP CAR PARK - LATER

Door opens, Mick jumps into his Honda Accord. The seatbelt is yanked on.

He stalls for a moment, unsure of things.

Soon decides to get moving, ignition switched on, gear into reverse, checks his rearview mirror and...

PLAZBUM

(in rearview mirror)
What did they say?

Mick jumps in his seat - AHHHG!

PLAZBUM

Is this where your world leaders congregate?

Mick is motionless.

PLAZBUM
Middle Man Mick?

Mick looks away from the rear view mirror.

MICK
(to himself)
Just a temporary psychosis, he'll
go away shortly. Just stay cool.

PLAZBUM
Affirmative. Though update is still
required.

MICK
Ok, put the radio on. Drive out of
the car park slowly. Stay cool.

The radio is switched on, queue - Boy meets girls 'WAITING
FOR A STAR TO FALL'.

MICK
(to himself)
Yeah, great tune this.

He then proceeds to reverse out of the parking space,
ignoring the BEING in his back seat.

Slowly drives towards the exit. Starts to sing along -

MICK
Trying to catch your heart is like
trying to catch a star...

Plazbum stares, appears curious about the song.

MICK
...Waiting for a star to fall,
carry your heart into my arms,
that's where you belong in my arms
baby yeah...waiting for a star to
fall, 'lalalaalalal-laalalala', in
my arms baby yeah, yeah...

Plazbum has been listening and formulating.

PLAZBUM
Approximately 5.4 billion earth
years.

Mick stops singing. Instead just bops to the music. Works
hard to ignore the talking spectre behind him.

Plazbum has still been paying heavy attention to the lyrics.

PLAZBUM

If he's referring to your systems
star, its gases will likely
disperse in approximately 5.4
billion years. It's a long wait.
However, there are dwarf stars in
the Sardox system which only live
between 100 and 200 million years.
That will reduce the wait by 5.2
billion years.

Mick still works hard to deny the existence of this voice in
his car, but he's visibly irritated. Concentrates on driving
on the EMPTY RETAIL ROAD he has just entered.

PLAZBUM

Though 100 million years is still a
substantial time to wait to see a
star fall. This human would also
likely disband under the temperate
conditions of the Sardox. Unless...
Would this artist be interested in
acquiring a brand new Trandaccian
cryogenic-S2 hypersleep pod? They
can withstand temperatures
exceeding 100 kilo-therms and are
now equipped with unlimited
hibernation. A highly recommended
choice for perpetual suspension.

Mick's jaw stiffens. He slams on the brakes.

Spins around to face the alien in his back seat.

MICK

Could you please shut the fuck up.

Plazbum looks at him. Unsure. But detected the tone.

PLAZBUM

Are you referring to a period of
mute?

MICK

Yes. Period of mute.

Mick switches off the radio and sits there. At a loss.

Plazbum sits quietly in the back seat looking at Mick -
before raising his hand like a school child.

Mick feels it - but ignores it.

Plazbum uses his long finger to tap him on the shoulder.

PLAZBUM

If I may just say seven words --
please provide update on earth's
surrender negotiation.

Mick takes a deep breath, turns around to the alien.

MICK

Do you realise how humiliating it
is to have a hallucinatory alien
sitting in the back of your car?

Plazbum shakes his head.

MICK

Didn't think so. Now please eject
your imaginary self from my head.

Mick turns back around and vacantly stares through his
windshield.

PLAZBUM

Imaginary self? Do you require
verification of Trandaccian
existence?

MICK

Go away.

Plazbum thinks it over.

PLAZBUM

Would something like vertical
propel suffice?

Mick doesn't answer.

Plazbum then keys into his device thing. Mick turns back
around --

MICK

Goddamn it, would you just
disappea--

SUDDENLY THE CAR RISES INTO THE SKY AT TREMENDOUS SPEED.

Mick goes ARRRRRGGGGGGHHHH! Gripping the steering wheel for
dear life.

The force is overwhelming, blasting his face downwards.

Plazbum sits there completely undisturbed.

The car then quickly stops dead, way above the clouds.

INT. MICKS CAR - EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Mick gathers his senses and breath. Looks around his surroundings.

The aerosphere. That darkness with Earth's blue glow.

He's completely bamboozled.

MICK

You gotta be kidding me.

PLAZBUM

Negative, but does this help
validate Plazbum existence?

Mick looks at the alien. His face etched with this mind-boggling reality.

Looks out the windows again - this can only be real.

Looks back at Plazbum, a yielding, yet still somewhere in denial NOD.

PLAZBUM

Excellent.

Plazbum then keys into his device again.

Mick realises what this might mean.

MICK

No -- wait!

THE CAR PUMMELS DIRECTLY DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH. IN
LIKE 3 SECONDS.

Enough time for Mick to shriek and very nearly hurl.

INT. MICK'S CAR - EMPTY RETAIL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car stops precisely at the point from which it departed.
It doesn't hit the ground it just LANDS. No damage, no shock.

Mick however has turned blue. He gripped the steering wheel
so hard that his hands need to be unstuck from it.

MICK

Don't do that, ever, ever again.

Plazbum checks his device thing.

PLAZBUM

I must go now.

Plazbum then hands Mick some kind of bleeper thing. It has a little flashing red button.

PLAZBUM

When your world leaders have decided between dispossession or extinction, press that button and you will be transported to the salutation room for further negotiate.

Mick sits quietly for a moment, evaluating this outrageous predicament.

Turns around to address the alien.

MICK

Right. Hold on, what if--

Plazbum has VANISHED.

Mick sits there in his car, super overwhelmed.

Left to hang out and dry.

MICK

...Shit.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alice has a hair dryer to hand, but she is not drying her hair, she is vigorously attempting to dry a pair of wet jeans on an ironing board. It's looking like a struggle.

Doorbell rings. Alice looks over in that direction. Switches the Hair dryer off.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alice opens the door, Mick stands in the doorway.

ALICE

Oh hi. Wasn't expecting anyone tonight.

MICK

Yeah, sorry for the surprise visit.

Alice walks back towards the living room, still with hair dryer to hand.

MICK
Sorry, you just had a shower?

ALICE
No, tumble dryer broken.

MICK
...Makes sense.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick is perched on the sofa, posed for a big reveal.

MICK
Um...basically I got a bit of an issue.

Alice is seated opposite.

ALICE
(obliging)
Money thing?

MICK
Nope. Actually -- an extraterrestrial type thing?

ALICE
Oh?

MICK
I'm just gone say it as it is. Basically, I've been visited by these like... aliens. And they want me to negotiate the surrender of planet Earth.

She looks at him. Casually. Little smirk creeping in.

ALICE
Oh.

MICK
Am I to presume from your reaction that you're not gonna take what I just said -- too literally?

ALICE
Um...should I? Not sure what we're doing here?

MICK

Um...it's like a conundrum, brain-teaser. If you were approached by aliens and they wanted you to negotiate Earth's surrender, what would be your next move?

ALICE

Am I like the President or an ambassador?

MICK

No, you're you.

ALICE

Hmmm. Interesting question. Well, I would go see a doctor.

MICK

After that. Let's say the doctor confirms it's all real.

ALICE

Be a silly doctor... Oh, I was gonna ask if you wanna go see that new horror flick next weekend?

Mick just stares at her.

MICK

Sure. Back to next move, alien thing?

ALICE

Um... Easy. Tell 'em they got the wrong person. I'm not qualified, right?

Mick considers this hard. And is then enlightened.

MICK

That's a staggeringly good point.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM

Mick holds an A4-sized photo of the president of the United States. He is surrounded by several on-looking grey aliens, including Leader Alien and Plazbum.

MICK

(insultingly slow)
This president of United States.

Mick next holds up a magazine, which has the White House on the front cover.

MICK
He live here. The White House in
Washington D.C.

He then scrolls through some pages of the magazine and presents one to the aliens showing a photo of the president of Russia.

MICK
This president of Russia. You need
to speak to these leaders about
your plans for planet Earth. These
important men.
(signals a phone)
Contact 'em first, don't just turn
up on doorstep, right?

Leader Alien just looks at Mick momentarily.

LEADER ALIEN
Negative.

MICK
...Negative?

Leader Alien nods. Then silence.

MICK
Why would that be negative?

LEADER ALIEN
You to negotiate with world leaders
and return surrender terms to us.

MICK
...Um, I do apologise if I gave out
the wrong impression -- you see
this isn't going to work. If I go
up to any world leader about this,
I'm likely to be committed. It's
insane. They won't believe me.

LEADER ALIEN
It will work, as this is your
skill.

MICK
No it isn't.

PLAZBUM

(to all)

Middle Man Mick is our best option.

MICK

On what grounds, Plaz-bum.

(to all)

That was just the name on the site.
I can't negotiate a cup of coffee,
I'm not your guy.

The aliens share a look, then turn back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Please advise the necessary leaders
of the planet's surrender and
report back at your earliest
convenience.

MICK

Excuse me, fucktard's.

The Trandaccians appear affronted by that.

MICK

Oh, that's a compliment where I
come from -- I can't do it. You've
got the wrong guy. I retire. Sorry,
you'll have to sort it out
yourselves.

Leader Alien pauses for a moment. Then turns to another Alien
who is seated at some kind of control panel. He gestures an
order.

#SEATED ALIEN acknowledges with a nod, then spins his chair
around and starts keying into his control panel. Mick is
watching.

MICK

(to Plazbum)

What was that about?

PLAZBUM

Order for phase 1 of non negotiate
seizure. Eradication of all
planetary cities beginning with
letters A and B.

Mick very quickly springs to life --

MICK

Guys! Second thoughts, I'll give it
a go.

INT. MICKS CAR - OUTSIDE SETI INSTITUTE - DAY

Parked up, Mick sits in his driver seat, stalling.

He checks out the buildings sign through his window - SETI:
SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE.

He rocks nervously then grips the steering wheel hard, tries
to talk some sense into himself -

MICK

Somebody, please stop me. Anyone.

But there's nobody in the car to stop him.

He sighs and opens the car door.

INT. MEETING ROOM - SETI INSTITUTE - LATER

A SETI SCIENTIST MAN (50), BURSTS OUT WITH LAUGHTER.

Embarrassed Mick sits opposite with a table between them.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

(still chuckling)

Sorry...excuse me...

(tries to be professional)

We weren't expecting such a --
critical scenario from your
original mail.

MICK

Thought maybe such news would be
better in person?

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

...Yeah.

A SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN (40) also sits in the room, hiding a
smirk.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN

So you were contacted by these
visitors through a dating site?

MICK

Yeah, a chat site.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN

Wow. We didn't think of that.
All this time and money spent on
astrobiology when we could have
just hit cupid.com.

SETI scientist man can't help but chuckle.

MICK

Guys, I feel like you might not be taking me too seriously here. I know it sounds nuts, but it's the truth, this is happening.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Mr MacMillan, we take every intelligence brought to us very seriously. However, to raise this with the U.S government and potentially cause mass hysteria around the world, we would need a little more evidence to go on.

Mick knows he is looking silly here but suddenly remembers some potential evidence. He pulls out the BLEEPER thing.

MICK

Well actually -- they gave me this.

Both SETI scientists stare somewhat dubiously at the device laid on the table.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN

What's that?

MICK

Well, it's like a pager, to contact 'em with.

SETI SCIENTIST WOMAN

It looks curiously like a computer mouse with a flashing red button.

Mick is preemptively embarrassed by his next sentence.

MICK

Well if I press that red button, they should beam me to their ship.

They both stare at him.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Really? Wow. So you should vanish?

MICK

...Yeah.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN

Go ahead.

MICK
Right. Here we go.

Mick slowly moves his finger towards the button, to almost increase the climatic tension.

The SETI Scientist's watch - could they be witnessing a historic moment?

Mick closes his eyes. The finger and button connect and...

NOTHING

Mick opens his eyes, he glances from side to side, he's still in the room.

The SETI Scientists are STARING at him.

SETI SCIENTIST MAN
Mr Macmillan--

MICK
Hold on, one more try.

Mick presses the button again. Closes his eyes...

And...

NOTHING.

Mick then hits (a lot harder) the button about ten times.

The SETI scientists are still STARING at him.

He looks back, with an appropriately embarrassed wry smile.

MICK
Who thinks I should leave the room
before security do that for me?

The SETI scientists both raise their hands.

INT. MICKS CAR - OUTSIDE SETI - LATER

Door opens, Mick gets in his car and slams the door closed.

He sits there like a man who is either seriously constipated or has the fate of the world on his shoulders.

MICK
Macmillan -- we have a problem.

He switches on the ignition - looking royally screwed.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mick is on his computer.

MONITOR: 'HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ALIEN ABDUCTION'.

He scrolls down: 'ALIEN SHOT AND KILLED AT U.S AIRFORCE BASE'

On Mick - speculative look.

--MOMENTS LATER

MONITOR shows - 'A HOLLYWOOD GUIDE TO KILLING ALIENS'

Mick scrolls down - Photo from the film 'THE WATCH'.

Then screen TEXT: *'While the earth intruders may have superior firepower and defences, it shouldn't be too difficult to do since they have one hidden weakness: As Vince Vaughan soon discovers, "You can only kill these guys if you shoot them in the dick"*

Mick sighs. He then grabs his phone, plugs in a number.

It rings.

ALICE (O.S)
(voice at the other end)
Mick?

MICK
Yep. You busy?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick is on the sofa, with a black cat on his lap, which he repeatedly strokes. Alice is in the room, up on her feet by the kitchen table.

Her full attention is on a syringe that she is administering with various liquids. She wears her veterinary scrubs.

MICK
(re cat)
What's his name?

ALICE
What's who's name?

MICK
The little fur ball on my lap.

ALICE
Oh, that's Hans.

MICK
(for the cat's ears only)
Hello Hans. I'm Mick and I'm in a
seriously pooped situation.

Alice remains focussed on her apparatus at the table, whilst
Mick goes into a rather dispirited train of thought.

MICK
Remember that alien question the
other day?

Her attention is still entirely on the apparatus.

ALICE
Oh yeah? How did that go?

MICK
Not brilliant.

ALICE
Bummer.

MICK
Bummer, indeed.

Alice finishes administering the liquids and actually looks
towards Mick, with her syringe in hand.

Moves towards him and the cat.

MICK
I take it that's for Hans?

ALICE
Yeah, we couldn't leave him too
near the other animals, he could
have a louse infestation. I offered
to bring him home.
(then at the cat, in a
doting voice)
That's right Hans, isn't it?

Mick's face is a picture, looking down at Hans on his LAP.

Alice quickly jabs the cat on the paw with the syringe, Hans
meows.

ALICE
Good boy, good boy, see that didn't
hurt.

Beat.

MICK

So with the alien conundrum -- not being qualified didn't work. Do you think maybe one should try and deal with the situation themselves? Take some weapons, try and take 'em all out?

Alice takes a seat, gives Mick her full attention.

ALICE

Um... So is this like a new course or summit, you're doing?

MICK

A summit.

ALICE

Yeah, just do that.

Mick thinks about it. Hard.

MICK

But I'm just not sure I'm capable of that. And if I screwed it up, they'd take out the planet for sure. And that would totally suck. Need another plan.

ALICE

You need another question. This alien one is really stupid, right?

He looks at her for a moment - not gonna be that easy.

MICK

Gotta come up with an answer I'm afraid. So you're negotiator for planet Earth. Need to tell the government about potential invasion. Aliens won't talk to the government. They want you to talk to the government, but if you try and tell anybody about it they laugh you out the building -- so what do ya do?

Alice thinks it over for a moment.

ALICE

Well...you would just get them to meet each other then.

Mick glares at her.

ALICE
The Martians and the government.

MICK
They won't meet anybody.

ALICE
Trick 'em then.

MICK
Trick 'em?

ALICE
Yeah. You just need the aliens and
the government in the same place at
the same time.
(she shrugs)
Right?

He thinks... And is then enlightened.

MICK
Right. Shit. Brilliant.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Leader Alien, Plazbum and a few other grey aliens are
standing before the seated Mick.

MICK
Ok, firstly thanks for fixing the
bleeper.

He gives Plazbum a cold stare whilst holding it.

MICK
Spoke to the world leaders, re your
intentions towards the planet, and
you'll be pleased to hear they're
happy to make a peaceful surrender,
a.s.a.p.

Mick is so casual in this particular exchange, he is sipping
from a plastic bottle of MILK.

MICK
So with that in mind, I just need
your terms of surrender
documentation, get it signed off by
the president, get this thing all
wrapped up. Ok?

The Aliens stare, looking a little stumped for words.

MICK

I take it you have that for me?
Coming all this way and stuff?

LEADER ALIEN

Terms of surrender documentation?

MICK

Yep. The things you actually want
from Planet Earth?

Leader Alien looks ambiguously over to his fellow Aliens.
They all appear thrown by this. Plazbum shrugs.

Leader Alien looks back at Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. You will receive in
due course.

MICK

Great. Let me know when that's
done. Well, that's all for now.

PLAZBUM

Before you go, would you be able to
assist with some questions?

MICK

Some questions?

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative. We have been unable to
classify certain behaviours of some
of the inhabitants of your planet
during our many years of
expedition. We would really value
your input.

MICK

Um... No. I don't know anything.
Sorry, I'm of no value.

The Trandaccians all stare at Mick - WRONG ANSWER.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL PROJECTION ROOM - LATER

Mick and his Alien hosts are now positioned in front of a
projector screen (A futuristic alien version of one).

One of the grey aliens is operating it.

A video clip of several GAZELLES stotting up and down is playing.

Mick watches. Looks weary, might have been here a while.

The clip finishes. Leader Alien turns to him.

LEADER ALIEN

Do you know what this specie of Antelope is demonstrating here?

MICK

...Jumping comes to mind.

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative, but can you elaborate on their reasons for doing so at this particular juncture?

Mick stares.

MICK

Fuck knows.

Plazbum immediately makes a note on his handheld device, then turns to Mick.

PLAZBUM

Can you verify Fuck's location?

Mick stares at him. Prolonged. Finds an answer.

MICK

Try Bangkok.

Plazbum keys the information in.

PROJECTOR-ALIEN clicks for a new clip. A SPIDER inhabiting the middle of its WEB.

PROJECTOR-ALIEN then speeds the clip up. Night to day, day to Night. Night to day, day to night. The spider has not moved.

Mick watches, eyes struggling, as the clip comes to an end.

LEADER ALIEN

Forty-nine Earth hours and this specimen has adopted zero locomotion, nil movement of any bodily function, despite clearly omitted signs of life. What is the general consensus regarding this unique behaviour?

Mick's stare is satirical as can be.

MICK

The consensus is -- nobody gives a
shit.

Leader Alien gestures towards Plazbum, who keys into his
device.

MICK

Glad you're getting this all down.
Exactly how many of these questions
have you got?

Plazbum peers over at his device to check.

PLAZBUM

Seven...

Mick looks contented with that.

PLAZBUM

...Hundred and Twenty-three.

Content just fell off a cliff.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - ON THE MOVE - DAY

BOBBY is driving and singing, loud, and a little theatrically
to the radios - 'YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN YET' as his Chevrolet
coasts the outskirts of Nashville.

This is visibly troubling his passenger, Mick.

The song mercifully comes to an end, Bobby turns the radio
down.

BOBBY

So you didn't know I delivered for
the Governor?

MICK

I didn't.

BOBBY

Twice a month. Office utility and
shit,
(gesturing behind him)
hence that big old desk in the
back. Never would have spotted you
as a political guy?

MICK

Well, it would just be nice to meet him. And you needing help with that big old desk n'all.

BOBBY

Well, his security guys use to handle that kind of shit, but they're kinda cool with me now. Won't see 'em.

Music to Mick's ears.

MICK

That's good.

EXT. GOVERNOR BALDOCKS ESTATE - LATER

The truck pulls into a large, lavish and remote estate. White in colour, somewhat befitting of a political residence.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

I'll have a word. Don't see a problem, he's a good guy n'all. He's always happy to meet your average, no-hope, shit-for-brains, devotee.

MICK

Cool.

BOBBY

Be back, before you can say 'holy shit I'm just about to rub balls with the state governor of Tennessee.'

MICK

Ok.

Bobby leaves the truck. Mick waits inside.

INT. BOBBY'S PICKUP TRUCK - LITTLE LATER

Mick is alerted to the return of Bobby and another man.

Tall, impeccable attire, suave. This is GOVERNOR BALDOCK (50). They approach the truck.

Mick sighs, perhaps in anticipation of something.

He then exits the truck to greet his state governor.

EXT. GOVERNOR BALDOCKS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

Governor Baldock -- Micky
Macmillan. Micky Macmillan -- The
State Governor of Tennessee.

They shake hands.

MICK

Wow, honour to meet you, sir.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

My pleasure Mick. And thank you for
coming out here and lending your
hand. A true Republican.

MICK

Not a problem, sir,

Beat as Mick stalls before he has to do, what he has to do.

MICK

(at Bobby)

Um... Do you mind if I take the
governor on a little excursion?

BOBBY

Ha?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

I'm sorry?

Mick meanwhile has pulled out a TRANQUILLISER GUN from the
back of Bobby's truck.

MICK

Apologies for this.

Before governor Baldock can react, Mick has fired a dart into
his leg.

The governor stares at Mick, eyes super wide in shock.

Then slumps UNCONSCIOUS into Mick's open arms.

Bobby stands shocked.

BOBBY

What in fuck's name?

In the meantime Mick has thrown the Governor's limp body into the truck, swiftly followed by himself into the driver seat.

Engine is immediately switched on, he looks through the window at Bobby.

MICK
Sorry -- necessary.

Mick speeds off, with the STATE GOVERNOR.

Bobby is left at the side of the road - WTF just happened?

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - LATER

The truck is parked outside a FARMHOUSE. Mick in the driver's seat, puts his mobile phone to his ear, and it dials.

ALICE (O.S)
(voice at the other end)
Oh, hi Mick.

MICK
What you up to?

ALICE (O.S)
Oh, what an afternoon. I've just been mopping up nonstop diarrhoea all day.

Mick looks anxious, doesn't need this story.

INT. VETERINARY ROOM - SAME - INTERCUT

Veterinary Alice stands with her phone to ear.

ALICE
They brought Bruno in, because he looked unwell, but left out the part about him tucking into their curry dinner last night. He's covered the place. Ew, it was so gross.

On the floor, BRUNO the BULLDOG gives us a kinda guilty look.

MICK
Well, that's nice. Um...could you maybe come out and meet me at the old Liberty farm?

ALICE (O.S)
What? Why? What you doing there?

MICK
Um...there's a...somebody told me
there might be animals still there.
I came out to have a look and
there's...some pigs, piglets. I
think they need attention, urgent
attention. They're in bad shape.

ALICE
What seriously?

MICK
Yeah.

ALICE
Seriously, seriously?

MICK
Yeah.

ALICE
Oh my god, I'll get down there.

MICK
Thanks, that's a load off.

Mick hangs up his phone, looks appropriately guilty.

INT. ALICE'S CAR - LATER

Alice pulls up to the FARMHOUSE in her little Volkswagen
Beatle. See's Bobby's pick truck - she looks on dubiously.

INT. FARMHOUSE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Alice enters the barn. It's an old deserted haystack-filled
space. There is a separate section ahead with another door.

ALICE
Hello?

The other door opens, and Mick appears in the doorway,
seemingly anxious. Also, a murmuring can be heard in the
background, like a GAGGED PERSON.

MICK
Hiya.

ALICE
 (gesturing at murmur)
 That doesn't sound like pigs?

MICK
 ...Yeah, the pigs are cool now. But
 I need your help anyway.

Mick slips back into the other section, leaving the barn door wide open.

Alice, both intrigued and concerned, follows him through...

Then FREEZES to what she sees on entry --

Mick has the GOVERNOR gagged and tied to a wooden post.

MICK
 Um...meet state governor Baldock.

ALICE
 What!

Mick approaches the governor.

MICK
 Again, state governor, my
 apologies.
 (takes the gag down)
 Think I can remove this now.

Baldock gathers his breath, turns to Alice.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
 Ma'am, if you're friends with this
 person, I implore you to talk some
 sense into him, before this
 situation becomes untenable.

ALICE
 (to Mick)
 What are you doing?

MICK
 Um...that alien conundrum. A little
 bit more real than I may have led
 on.

Alice looks at him, perplexed.

MICK
 So I've got the governor here to
 meet the aliens like you quite
 smartly suggested.
 (MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

Appreciate this all might sound a little nuts right now.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

(to Alice)

I seriously recommend we contact the federal office immediately, this man is in need of close psychiatric attention.

MICK

(to Baldock)

We're all gonna need psychiatric attention shortly.

(to Alice)

Sorry to bring you in on this, but I can't do this on my own anymore, it's too big for me.

Alice shoots Mick a long "Have you lost your mind" look.

ALICE

Mick, that's the state governor. You've kidnapped him? And I'm here too?

MICK

I know, I know. But there are greater matters at stake here. Trust me.

They stare at one another.

ALICE

Ok, ok. let's all be calm, nobody has been hurt. Untie the governor, let's sit down and talk it over.

(then to Baldock)

I'm so sorry, he lost his job recently, and things have been difficult.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

I understand perfectly ma'am, that is the exact course of action to take here.

One can't help but feel that the governor will pounce on Mick as soon as he is freed. Meanwhile, Mick's heard enough.

MICK

Right, showtime then.

Mick pulls out his bleeper device and speaks into it.

MICK
Hello, hello, Earth to Plazbum.

Alice and Balldock just stare, as Mick waits for a response.

MICK
Could you get down to my position
straight away? Have a couple of
experts here who have some more
ideas on that woodpecker query.

PLAZBUM (O.S)
(muffled from bleeper)
Excellent. Affirmative.

MICK
Ok guys, here we go.

An awkward silence.

Alice looks on with concern for her close pal.

ALICE
I'm going to untie him now, Mick.

She moves in the governor's direction and crouches down to
free him... When --

PLAZBUM (O.S)
Middle Man Mick, are you in there?

Alice and Baldock immediately turn in the direction of the
voice.

MICK
Yep, in here.

PLAZBUM THEN STROLLS THROUGH THE DOOR.

AS SLEEK AS YOU LIKE.

Alice and Baldock freeze. Big Time.

MICK
Here you go guys, this is Plazbum
the Trandaccian.

The alien nonchalantly waves in their direction.

MICK
He's from...
(to Plazbum)
Where you from again?

PLAZBUM

Palomian system, outside the Sortex region, planet TuSupa-4138b.

(then, directly at Alice and Baldock)

I understand you have formulated theory's regarding the incredible resistance of the woodpecker's skull.

Alice and Baldock both sit there. Motionless.

MICK

If we could just get on to that in a minute -- could you just remind me as to why your species came down here in the first place?

PLAZBUM

As previously advised, the exploration and potential dispossession of planet Earth.

MICK

Oh, that's it --
(intensified for Alice and the Governor)

The dispossession of planet Earth.

But they just gape, eyes and mouths wide open.

MICK

What was it again, if the humans don't surrender?

PLAZBUM

Usually, an extinction plan is activated with expectancy of habitant eradication within seventy-two Earth hours.

MICK

Oh, eradication in seventy-two hours.

PLAZBUM

Affirmative.

MICK

Sounds serious, something you've done before?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative, our last planetary cull was on Chisuna R-434, Triangulum region. The chafuwawa species would not trade any of their universally rare nitrous oxide rock salt, a highly sought-after galactic substance. Also, their general attitude was very negative towards the Trandaccian.

Plazbum pulls out his device thing, and it suddenly projects this stunning, near-life-like HOLOGRAM of the Chisuna planet, along with the combatively surrounding Trandaccian space crafts.

Alice and Baldock watch on. Practically benumbed.

Mick himself is blown away by this barn-filling space display.

PLAZBUM

So launching operation snuffuwawa, we positioned fleets in sector x, sector z, and in-behind the spectrum quantum, creating an annular attack sphere around the chafuwawanian defence systems...

Note - Plazbum's space battle projection animates the action as and when he narrates.

PLAZBUM

..Within eight earth hours, we had penetrated their solumbian asteroid shield. With the shield down we could then deploy the biotic attack cannon.

MICK

Biotic attack cannon?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Our primary weapon. When fired it targets only the enemy species biological DNA ensuring there is no unnecessary collateral to non-hostile organisms.

MICK

(to Alice and Baldock)
You getting all this?

PLAZBUM

As you can see the pre-configured chafwarian biotic blast engulfed the entire aerosphere of planet Chisuna, vaporising all targeted cells in 17.4 earth seconds. It was the second fastest planetary extinction programme executed this mega-annum.

MICK

So you just went and took their rock stuff and left?

Plazbum has since switched off his space display.

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Once the planet was cleared of all hostiles, extraction of the nitrous oxide rock salt was uncomplicated. Chisuna is now exclusively used for the cultivation of the substance to maintain our leisure and more recently, intergalactic trade.

MICK

I see. Out of interest, has an extinction programme ever been considered for this planet?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Will be executed in the event of a no-deal resolution.

Mick turns to Alice and Baldock with a telling expression.

Who both remain in their state of oblivion.

A somewhat unique silence ensues.

Alice suddenly perks up.

ALICE

Whoa, hold on guys, am I being punk'd here?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mick is escorting a somewhat ZOMBIFIED Alice to her apartment.

On reaching her apartment door, Mick assists her in opening it, such is her state of shock.

She then stands idle in the doorway.

MICK

I know, pretty heavy shit, right?

She's unable to speak.

MICK

Look, I'm sorry for dragging you into that, um...I better go check on the governor.

She nods like a puppet on strings before pulling her door closed. Mick gets moving straight away, the urgency of things, hitting home.

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mick exits the apartment building but is blinded by BLUE and RED FLASHING LIGHTS. He is surrounded by COP CARS. Surrounded by OFFICERS pointing GUNS at him.

MICK

(surrendering his hands)
Don't shoot!

A LEAD OFFICER barks into the police car's megaphone.

LEAD OFFICER

Kneel to the ground, and put your hands behind your head!

Mick obliges, knowing this might have something to do with his recent escapade.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Mick sits alone, apprehensive in the room.

Door swings open, and in walks the LEAD OFFICER accompanied by a FELLOW OFFICER.

Both are in uniform and both glare at Mick.

LEAD OFFICER

(pains him to say)
Well, it appears your remarkable story checks out. Governor Baldock will not be pressing any charges.

MICK
Told you, just a training exercise.
Pure roll play.

LEAD OFFICER
Indeed. Seems our seven hour
pursuit was in fact, needless.

Mick gives them a cheeky shrug.

LEAD OFFICER
So apologies for any firm treatment
endured, we take this kind of
situations very, very seriously.

MICK
Would expect nothing less.

They stare at him. Wanna book him for life.

LEAD OFFICER
Also, the state governor would like
to speak to you in person.
Imminently.

MICK
Thought he might.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Mick sits in the same chair waiting.

Baldock bursts into the room, Mick gets up to greet him,
extends his arm.

MICK
Thanks for sorting the cops out,
appreciated.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
Fuck that, what's our plan?

MICK
What? I told you.

Baldock's eyes are intensely serious.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
I was a little too traumatised to
listen earlier.

MICK

You need to speak to the President.
Have you not spoke to anybody?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

No, of course not.

MICK

What do mean? Did you not hear the severity of the situation? You're in a credible position, the president would listen to you, right?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Wrong. We need to all go, including your extraterrestrial friend, it's the only way we can approach this.

MICK

He's not my friend. Look, they're refusing to meet world leaders. They just want me to speak on their behalf, like the middleman. They're not budging.

Baldock answers with a hole-burning stare.

MICK

Look, I'll speak to them. In the meantime, please, please raise it with the president. Remember the biotic gun thing? Y'know, I think he needs to know about this shit.

Baldock weighs it up. Concedes.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Ok. In the meantime, speak to 'em, convince them into the White House. Don't tell anyone. And for the love of god, don't screw things up here. You do understand the consequences if you screw this up?

MICK

Yeah, get it already.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alice's mum, JULIA (60), armed with her 'Blanch Hudson' alike stare, sits with a cup of tea, holding it tight to her mouth.

JULIA

So, what has that "I thought we would never mention him again, waste of space" done now?

Alice sits opposite, not entirely on board with her mum's description.

ALICE

Oh...I don't know where to start. Nothing he's done, It's...

JULIA

Then let's not spend another second on that loser.

Julia takes sips from her tea.

ALICE

It's not what you think. He's got this big problem. Big problem, mum.

JULIA

Not news, dear.

ALICE

Mum. Listen. He's got this really important...job. And he needs to do it right or things could get pretty...screwy.

JULIA

Darling, A, nobody's going to give Mick an important job. And B, it's not your problem anymore. Let him handle his own screw-ups. It's his speciality.

Julia's words barely register, Alice's mind firmly on Earth's fate.

ALICE

God, I think he's with them now.

JULIA

With who?

ALICE

Them.

JULIA

Lucky them.

ALICE
 Could be the end, mum. Hold my
 hand?

Julia looks her daughter over.

JULIA
 Y'know, they never confirmed your
 autism but I was never in doubt.

They share a look, miles off the same page. Alice's doorbell
 then rings, she gets up and heads down her HALL.

She opens her front door revealing --

BOBBY
 Howdy girl, you know where Mick is?

She lets out a big sigh.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Several grey aliens including Leader Alien and Plazbum stand
 around the casually seated Mick.

MICK
 So how's that list going?

LEADER ALIEN
 Negative.

MICK
 Not well. Ok, no problem. should I
 come back in let's say two months?

LEADER ALIEN
 Negative.

MICK
 Three months, year?

LEADER ALIEN
 List no longer necessary. We now
 only require one fulfilment from
 your planet.

Mick stares for a moment.

MICK
 Really?

LEADER ALIEN
 Affirmative.

Mick waits for more information. Doesn't get it.

MICK
Which would be?

LEADER ALIEN
The substance you kindly left us on
your last visit.

MICK
Sorry?

PLAZBUM
The white nutrient-rich liquid that
you kindly left.

MICK
What?...the milk?

LEADER ALIEN
It was a stiff plastic block shape,
with substance within.

PLAZBUM
(uses hands to demonstrate
size)
It was about this size.

MICK
Yeah, the bottle of milk?
You want some milk?

The aliens nod. Then they just stand there.

MICK
That's all you want? Like no more
dispossession and stuff?

LEADER ALIEN
Affirmative, providing you can
dispense this unique substance to
us on a timely basis.

MICK
(staggered by it all)
...Cool.

The two aliens continue to stand there in silence.

MICK
How many do ya need?

The two aliens look at each other. Then Leader Alien turns
back to Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

Can you procure 20? Weekly?

MICK

No problem.

LEADER ALIEN

Excellent. We can cover the monetary expense for you. What cost is 1 container?

MICK

Um... What if I said twenty thousand dollars?

Leader Alien turns to Plazbum, who immediately starts keying into his device thing.

PLAZBUM

Done. Four hundred thousand dollars has been transferred into the monetary account.

MICK

What? What monetary account?

PLAZBUM

Your monetary account. Infiltration of Earth systems is uncomplicated.

MICK

No doubt -- you just transferred four hundred thousand dollars into my account?

LEADER ALIEN

Is this a complication?

MICK

...Nope.

LEADER ALIEN

Excellent Middle Man. Please let us know when you have procured the substance.

MICK

Wow.

(takes a moment)

Um...before you beam me back, how is it suddenly all about milk?

LEADER ALIEN

It's nice.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Mick's Accord parks up outside the store.

INT. MICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mick dials a number on his cell, then puts it to ear --

MICK

Can I speak to the governor,
please?

(beat)

It's spectacularly important.

(beat)

No, I'm not from the tax office --
jus get him to ring Mick, as I have
some good news.

Mick hangs up the phone.

Then thinks and then looks out his window towards the
convenience store. More specifically an ATM.

EXT. ATM - MOMENTS LATER

Mick loads his card, inputs his pin.

Stares at the option named BALANCE. Presses it.

...\$400,245.45.

Mick's eyes gleam.

MICK

You crazy skinny little bastards.

Then hits quite the grin.

QUEUE SERIES OF SHOTS - FUNKY SOUNDTRACK

EXT. Mick arrives in his Ford Anglia outside of a SUPER
STORE, exits his car, smile as wide as a Cheshire cat.

INT. Mick is motoring an empty trolley around the store,
looking for the milk.

INT. MILK AISLE - Mick casually chucks milk cartoons into the
trolley. Then looks out at the rest of the huge, enticing
store. A sea of goodies. SPENDING TIME.

INT. SWEETS AND CHOCOLATE AISLE - Mick can't decide what he wants. Settles for MOST. Mountains of the stuff are shoved into the trolley.

INT. ALCOHOL AISLE - Raided. Beer, champagne and more champagne, all dumped into the trolley.

INT. GAMING AISLE - Mick has a PS5 game in his hand, checks it out. Checks another game, then another. There's 10 or so piled in his trolley. A PS5 CONSOLE lands on top of them.

INT. AISLES - Mick rides his STUFFED Trolley, victoriously down one aisle. Then down another, arms spread, Titanic - king of the world.

INT. CHECKOUTS - An exhausted-looking female CLERK, checks the last of Mick's items.

CLERK

Ok, that comes to 4,493 dollars and
43 cents.

MICK

(handing her his card)
Is that all?

EXT. OUTSIDE SUPERSTORE - Mick is carrying his massively packed shopping bags to his car.

INT. MICKS CAR - Whilst joyfully driving, Mick notices a posh car dealership, BENTLEY'S. His face gleams. The steering wheel turns sharp.

EXT. DEALERSHIP FORECOURT - Mick is standing in front of a real beaut of a Bentley. He sees the cost - \$280,000.

INT. INSIDE BENTLY DEALERSHIP - Mick is shanking hands with a smartly dressed BENTLY DEALER. They both sport huge smiles.

EXT. OUTSIDE HIGH-CLASS CLOTHES STORE - Mick exits the store, dressed in a real FANCY SMART SUIT. He adjusts the gold cufflinks a little, along with his seemingly new GOLD WATCH.

Stands outside the store, happy as Larry, however, something catches his eye across the street --

Two old HOMELESS MEN, seated against the wall in their well-worn sleeping bags. They have a spare change bucket.

An essence of guilt creeps in. Mick has an idea.

--MOMENTS LATER

On BUCKET: A couple of coins are thrown. Then a couple more.

THEN A BIG WAD OF CASH LANDS.

The two homeless men peer into the bucket - WOW.

Look in the direction of the man who threw it.

Mick is walking away and offers them a thumbs-up and a smile.

They return the gesture. Astonished versions.

Look at each other - "What the hell just happened?"

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Governor Baldock stands nervously outside the door to the OVAL OFFICE.

Puts his hand on the door handle. But doesn't twist it.

Just glares - "Can I go through with this?"

Senses the stare of a SECURITY MAN who is close by. They meet eyes. Baldock sheepishly smiles.

He takes his hand off the handle, takes a few steps back. Alters his tie. A token dust off of his suit. Checks the shine on his shoes.

Is he actually gonna step through the door?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - SOMETIME LATER

A PORTRAIT of LINCOLN keeps a watchful eye over proceedings.

The PRESIDENT (50's) is seating at that desk, behind those windows. He is granting his signature to some papers.

He's interrupted by a knock on the door. Baldock enters the room.

THE PRESIDENT

Clarence. Is it that time already?
How is my Tennessee Grizzly?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Fine Mr president. Grizzlies is
Memphis, sir.

THE PRESIDENT

Whatever, any distraction from these vetoes, is a welcome one. Take a seat.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Thank you, Mr President.

Baldock takes the seat, one can feel his apprehension.

THE PRESIDENT

By the way, well done with cleaning up all that oil mess down your end. That was a fine job. Tough job. Didn't get the chance to thank you in person -- until just then.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Thanks, appreciate that sir. We certainly operate a lot slicker now.

The President takes a moment to get the punch line.

THE PRESIDENT

Haha, that's my boy. Anyway, what issues have the fine folks of Tennessee brought to my door on this fine day then?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Um...yes, Mr President, we got an issue.

Baldock leaves it there. The president waits.

THE PRESIDENT

Ok, all ears.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Um...sir, if I could ask you to be at your most objective before I um...proceed.

THE PRESIDENT

Of course.

(a moment)

C'mon Clarence, spit it out.

Baldock can't, he just Produces a HOPELESS SMILE.

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

On the grass, a little white POMERANIAN dog looks up with its cowering doe eyes.

A cross-faced Julia towers over the little pooch.

JULIA

Hurry up and do your business you ungrateful, carpet-pooing waste of 500 dollars.

An edgy-looking Alice stands close by, watching unfavourably.

ALICE

Mum, go easy on her. It takes time.

JULIA

Excuse me, young lady, If I went easy on you, you'd probably still be pooping on carpets. Advice dismissed.

Alice just takes that on the chin. Her attention is then diverted to the noise of a car pulling in.

Julia looks in that direction and scowls.

A flashy sports car pit stops just a few yards from them.

Out of the car, steps a trendily dressed, designer shades-wearing Mick. Buoyancy and swagger in full flow.

Alice is immediately relieved to see him and scuttles over.

ALICE

Mick. Where have you been? What's happening?

MICK

Me, I've just been out doing a bit of shopping.

(gestures at Bentley)

What do you think of this beaut?

(sees Julia)

Hi Julia...

Julia returns her middle finger.

ALICE

What? No, what's going on with the...

(hushed from Julia)

You know -- Earth situation?

MICK
Oh, that's all cool.

ALICE
Really?

MICK
Yeah, all under control.

Alice, so happy with the news, clamps Mick with a hug.

ALICE
Geez, I so needed to hear that.

She Peppers Mick's cheek with some kisses. He laps it up.

Alice realises she might be a little too excitable here and releases that hug. Mick would rather she didn't.

ALICE
Thank god, right?

MICK
You can call me Mick.

ALICE
Jus so happy we're not all gonna be
like...vaporised and things.

Julia watches on like they're both completely mental.

ALICE
How did you do it?

MICK
Well...
(Mick's phone rings)
Excuse me.

Mick pulls out his phone and turns towards his car. Alice turns to Julia and her Pomeranian. Notices something.

ALICE
Mum, she's pooping, see.

By his car, Mick has his phone to ear.

MICK
Hello?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK (O.S)
(voice at the other end)
Ok, gonna need to get your alien
friend in front of the president.

MICK
Hi -- is this the governor?

INT. BALDOCK'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

The governor is standing and is looking intense.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
That's right, the man you kidnapped last week. The man whose leg you fired a tranquilliser dart into, remember?

MICK
How ya doing?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
We need to persuade the extraterrestrials to speak to the White House direct and get this situation in the open. Is that clear?

MICK
Clear, but not necessary.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
Excuse me?

MICK
You've spoken to the president?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
Yes, I did, against my better judgement. I've since been temporarily suspended from my post, pending a psychiatric evaluation.

MICK
Oh.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
So it's showtime. The president must be presented with these beings directly and it needs to happen now.

MICK
Seriously, Governor, you don't need to worry, we have an arrangemen--

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Listen to me -- this is the cluster of all clusterfucks of a situation we got here.

MICK

Good phrase--

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Hear this, If you think I'm gonna let the fate of the planet rest in the irresponsible hands of you, an immature punk, I don't think so. So with all due respect, shut up, make the arrangements and get them in the White House. Get it done.

MICK

Look, don't worry. As I said the situation--

Baldock HANGS UP. Mick just glares at the phone in his hand.

MICK

(loud)

What the hell! Why doesn't anybody listen to me?

JULIA

Because you're a useless asshole?

Mick shoots her a middle finger, before hearing the noise of his ALIEN BLEEPER, bleeping. Pulls it out from his pocket.

MICK

(under breath)

Really?? No rest for the rich.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

Leader Alien and Plazbum stand in front of a slouched Mick.

LEADER ALIEN

We have good news. A member of our research unit has located several samples of the milk substance at a much reduced cost. We can now minimise the monetary transfer into your personal funds to a mere ten dollars.

Mick is not overly sold on this 'good news'.

MICK
 Ten dollars. Well, that's if you're
 happy with shit.

The two Trandaccians stand confused.

LEADER ALIEN
 Shit?

MICK
 Yeah, shit. A low-standard
 substance. If you want the top
 shit, the top gun of milk...

Mick pulls out a raspberry-coloured milk cartoon and slams it
 down onto the alien table.

MICK
 ...Then you have to pay the top
 dollar.

LEADER ALIEN
 (enthused)
 What's that?

MICK
 That my friend is Uncle Sam's
 supreme raspberry milk mixture.

This appears to excite Leader Alien and Plazbum.

LEADER ALIEN
 Supreme?

MICK
 Yep.
 (handing milk to Leader
 Alien)
 Would you like to try it?

Leader Alien takes the raspberry milk cartoon. Takes a few
 steps backwards and turns his back, as though sampling in
 private.

Takes a swig from the carton, and then stands motionless for
 a beat.

Then starts to wiggle his stick man body. Performs a
 ridiculous belly-type dance. A bizarre show of exhilaration?

Mick certainly finds it absurd.

Leader Alien Composes himself and turns around.

LEADER ALIEN
 (to Plazbum)
 Exceptional.
 (to Mick)
 What dollar does Uncle Sam require
 for this?

MICK
 For that, um...think they're around
 about...fifty thousand dollars
 each.

Leader Alien debates this in his mind.

LEADER ALIEN
 Would the transfer of such funds be
 acceptable to you?

MICK
 Well, I cannot deny the
 difficulties holding this kind of
 money brings. But look, I am
 dedicated to supplying you guys
 with the highest quality of
 substance, and keeping relations
 between Earth and um...

PLAZBUM
 Tusopa-4138b?

MICK
 Yeah there, at an all-time high,
 because I'm the guy.

LEADER ALIEN
 Excellent.

Leader Alien nods approval to Plazbum, who duly keys into his
 device.

Mick sits there with an astonished smile - 2 Million
 dollars!!

LEADER ALIEN
 I must leave you now. However, I
 believe Plazbum requires your help
 with a question.

Mick's smile drops quickly.

MICK
 Seriously?

LEADER ALIEN

We would be most grateful.

Mick sighs.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE LAB - LATER

A longer room on the Alien ship. There is an immediate change in vibe to this room, busy with Trandaccians going about their work. Like a science lab. Testing, experimenting or doing whatever it is that they are doing.

These Trandaccians appear oblivious to Plazbum and his human acquaintance, leisurely walking through.

Mick can only stare in wonder.

MICK

What's this -- the mail room?

PLAZBUM

Negative. This is one of our exploration facilities.

They walk past various TERRARIUMS, with all kinds of exhibits inside. Some, just bizarre objects, others appear LIVING --

Two six-armed TROLLS - who continuously throw three glowing balls at each other. Surprisingly gleeful and dedicated to it.

A horde of little winged GOBLIN creatures - who seem to be doing nothing else but flying around having a mass BRAWL.

An electronic OCTOPUS-looking thing - who just enthusiastically bop dances with its tentacles. Non-stop.

Mick can only look on, hardly surprised by anything anymore. A bit further, something particularly catches his attention. Behind some glass, in a small room, sits a small creature.

It looks like something between SONIC the HEDGEHOG and GIZMO. And it's studiously reading from one of those Trandaccian handheld devices.

MICK

What's he doing?

PLAZBUM

Reading.

MICK

Rephrase, what's he reading?

They stop by the creature's enclosure and Plazbum checks an info point on the wall.

PLAZBUM

A Rapala from planet Kepler-438b. Highly intelligent but potentially belligerent species. It's on a disciplinary programme for destructive behaviour, which it's displayed ever since its abduction.

MICK

Can't imagine why...

PLAZBUM

It's reading our inter-specie code of conduct. We're expecting a dissertation on the subject. That's if he wants to be fed today.

MICK

Bet he's enjoying that...

The RAPAL still has his head into the device, whilst Plazbum checks the info point again.

PLAZBUM

(reading info)
He isn't.

MICK

...You have a question for me, I believe?

PLAZBUM

Yes. I wanted to show you the Trogolo species from the outer cosmos.

(directs to a terrarium in the corner of the room)

A curious race.

They wander over.

MICK

Actually, talking of questions, I have one for you if you don't mind?

PLAZBUM

I do not mind.

MICK

Well, you know I'm supplying you guys with the milk, right.

Plazbum nods.

MICK

Well, why don't you just take it all yourselves? Just beam it up, like you did to me?

PLAZBUM

That would qualify as theft, middle man.

Mick stops walking and stares at Plazbum, who stops too.

MICK

Theft?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. Would be entirely illicit against Trandaccian code of conduct.

Mick stares at him.

MICK

Really? Whilst abductions, experiments and planet-wide annihilation is all licit conduct?

Plazbum nods.

MICK

Glad we cleared that up.

Plazbum walks over to the Trogolo terrarium, Mick follows.

Inside we see several quite revolting-looking little creatures. About 5 inches high, they kinda resemble a LIVING TURD, with arms and a face.

Not having legs, they appear to SLUSH their way around in a puddle of what best could be described as DIARRHOEA.

One of these creatures is positioned ahead of the others, with its back turned and arms seemingly folded. Appears to be dismissing its fellow Trogolos.

Mick is between intrigued and repulsed.

MICK

What in gods name are these?

PLAZBUM

The Trogololian. It is breeding season for their species.

(MORE)

PLAZBUM (CONT'D)
 Unfortunately though, breeding is rare.

MICK
 I think that's probably fortunate.

PLAZBUM
 (pointing)
 You see this one at the front.

MICK
 Aha.

PLAZBUM
 This is the female. Those behind are the males. As a species, males outnumber females by approximately ten to one. They are all attempting to lure the female into breeding.

On closer inspection, the male Trogolo's do seem to be exhibiting some MACHO TYPE DISPLAYS.

PLAZBUM
 The female, however, has rejected all the males in this group. She has determined that they are all sub-standard. Regrettably, this is a common occurrence, and sadly the species is in threat of extinction.

MICK
 (to male Trogolo's)
 Feel that rejection buddies.

PLAZBUM
 Which brings me to my question for you.

MICK
 Yeah?

They both turn their attention away from the Trogolo.

PLAZBUM
 The female human, Alice?

MICK
 Yeah?

PLAZBUM
 Is this an individual that you have bred with?

Mick is immediately unnerved by the question's direction.

MICK

Um...you could put it that way.

PLAZBUM

And Alice would be deemed an attractive human being?

MICK

For sure.

PLAZBUM

Yet she will happily mate with a substandard human being. Do you know the reasons behind this distinct behaviour? Was there no equal mates left at that particular phase of breeding?

Mick stands mortified.

PLAZBUM

Middle man?

MICK

Substandard?

PLAZBUM

Affirmative. As in inferior, inadequate.

He glares at Plazbum.

MICK

Presumably, you're referring to me?
(Plazbum nods)
Do you realise how offensive that is? Do you have no understanding of sensitivities?

Plazbum shakes his head.

PLAZBUM

It's all based on information that is read from our memorex sensors.

MICK

Is it? I see. Well did those memorex sensors also explain that you and your kind are the blandest, most soulless and frankly the silliest-looking dipshits in the entire Universe?

Plazbum now stares.

PLAZBUM
Negative.

MICK
Is affirmative.

PLAZBUM
Negative.

MICK
Affirmative.

PLAZBUM
We are deemed as the highest-
ranking beings in the S-23 Galaxy.

MICK
That's not what I heard, I heard
everybody in that galaxy thinks
you're complete dicks.

It's now Plazbum who stands mortified.

PLAZBUM
Well, I don't believe I need your
attention anymore, middleman.

MICK
Suits me.

Plazbum turns his back and scuttles off.

MICK
(to himself)
Sub-standard. No. Na. No way.

INT. PSYCHIATRY GROUP ROOM - DAY

Group therapy session. MALCOLM (35), bushy-bearded, wide-eyed, and intensely focused on his story, is orating to the group.

MALCOLM
The way they walk, you watch
closely, each step they take is a
scheme. They're silently plotting.
See that great evil in their eyes.

Amongst Malcolm's audience are several equally focused patients, and one who cannot believe he is among these people
- GOVERNOR BALDOCK.

MALCOLM

I believe the leader sits across the street. A fat tabby. I see him conspiring with the other cats. Giving out the orders. The mastermind. But I see you Mr fat tabby. I'm on to you. Let the great battle begin.

With the exception of Baldock, the room applauds the story, including the facilitating DOCTOR SHILTZ.

INT. PSYCHIATRY GROUP ROOM - LATER

The patients are leaving the room as the session has ended. Baldock waits behind and approaches Dr Shiltz at his desk.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Doctor.

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Governor. How did you enjoy the session?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Inspiring, though I'm guessing you agree with me -- this is not a suitable place for a state governor. May I suggest we sign it off, free up some space?

DOCTOR SHILTZ

Um...you need to attend a minimum of five sessions before any referral can be considered. I'm sorry Governor, my hands are tied.

Baldock shoots the look of a man whose tether is very close to being breached.

INT. PSYCHIATRY WARD - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Baldock has his cellular phone to ear, it rings. Mick's voice mail message answers --

'Thankfully my phone is off, if you're worth talking to, please leave a message after the stupid tone, thank you.'

Baldock's face INCENSES. His veins nearly pop. He squeezes his phone so hard we hear it crack.

INT. DREAM-SPACE, UPMARKET ESTATE AGENT - DAY

Mick, seated at the table, is closing a deal on a penthouse with an AGENT. They shake hands.

AGENT

Well Mr Macmillan, thank you for coming to see us today.

MICK

The pleasure is all mine.

On the table, we see the penthouse in question is worth 1.5 MILLION DOLLARS.

AGENT

And you're still looking to make the full payment today?

MICK

Can't see why not.

INT. MICK'S BENTLEY - CAR PARK - LITTLE LATER

Mick steps into his Bentley in a triumphant mood. He rubs his hands, times are good.

Goes to turn on the ignition but as he looks into the rearview mirror...

ARRHG!

Baldock rises, back seat. Looking very serious.

MICK

What the fuck are you doing?

GOVERNOR BALDOCK

Listen to me. You are going to get the extraterrestrial and we are going to present him and his plans to the President of the United States, today. Is this clear?

MICK

No, it is not clear. You can't just show up like this. And in any case the situatio--

THE COCK OF A GUN.

Baldock has a meaty-looking HANDGUN pointed directly behind Mick's head.

MICK
Whoa...ok. Take it easy man.

GOVERNOR BALDOCK
Let's go for a ride.

EXT. DESERTED CARPARK - LATER

Standing close to his car, Mick has the alien bleeper to hand.

Baldock stands a few feet away, gun half concealed under his suit jacket, but pointed at Mick, along with his piercing glare.

Mick presses on the bleeper, but nothing happens.

MICK
I'm not sure this is gonna work.

Baldock fires a SHOT right near Mick's feet.

MICK
Jesus christ man! Alright, alright.

Mick gets to it, pressing down on the bleeper multiple times.
Soon enough there is a weird frequency noise...

PLAZBUM (O.S)
(muffled from bleeper)
Greetings Middle Man Mick. Was awaiting your apology.

MICK
(into bleeper)
Yep, apologies -- could you and your leader come meet my leader, the president of America?

PLAZBUM (O.S)
Negative.

Mick shrugs at Baldock, who returns a death stare together with a motion of his gun from under his jacket.

MICK
(into bleeper)
Um...it's about Uncle Sam, the president wants him to stop.

Baldock looks on oddly to that.

PLAZBUM (O.S)
Stop producing the substance?

MICK
(into bleeper)
Affirmative.

PLAZBUM (O.S)
Regardless of consequence?

MICK
(into bleeper)
Afraid so.

PLAZBUM (O.S)
One moment, please.

MICK
(off Baldock's dubious
stare)
Don't worry, alien talk.

Mick and Baldock then wait. They maintain that stare.

Weird frequency noise returns...

PLAZBUM (O.S)
Ok -- meet president.

Plazbum instantly drops off, Mick turns to Baldock.

MICK
Looks like it's on.

Baldock acknowledges. Mick looks duly concerned.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT sits at his desk on the phone, waiting to get a word in on his telephone conversation.

THE PRESIDENT
I appreciate your fears, you've
stepped into a new world of trade,
but if anything the world is your
oyster.
(beat)
Absolutely, we can strike a deal.
(beat)
(MORE)

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 Yep, the beginning of an even
 stronger union between our two
 great nations.
 (beat)
 Yep, you take care too, Mr Prime
 Minister.

The president hangs up the phone and then mutters cynically -

THE PRESIDENT
 Yeah, good luck with that Rishi.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BATHROOM - LATER

The President enters the toilet. He pulls his trousers down
 and sits on the luxurious seat of the toilet basin.

A seemingly nice leisurely trip to the gents.

Until suddenly --

PLAZBUM (O.S)
 Excuse me, Mr President, I can now
 transfer you to our ship if it is a
 convenient time?

Startled, the President whips his head round in the direction
 of --

PLAZBUM STANDING IN HIS BATHROOM, STARING AT HIM.

The president just gawps. Like a guppy fish.

PLAZBUM
 I'm confident we can resolve the
 uncle Sam issue without obstacle.

The President sits motionless on his toilet seat.

PLAZBUM
 Mr President, you appear to have
 momentarily frozen, but I can
 assure you that this does not cause
 any complication to your transit.

The President PASSES OUT, slumped against his toilet wall.

Plazbum looks on oddly.

Then mutters to himself in his own SQUIRREL language.

PLAZBUM (SUBTITLE)
 Why do they also do that upon
 introduction?

FADE TO:

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHITE ROOM - LATER

THE PRESIDENTS POV:

BLACK TO... BLURRY TO... FOUR GREY ALIENS PEERING OVER HIM.

Eyes widened, the president needs to blink about 5 TIMES.

He checks his position, laying back on an inclined seat.

TROUSERS and PANTS still draped around his ankles.

STARTLED, he tries to clamber for an escape, but to no avail,
 he is held down by HOLOGRAPHIC LASER TYPE STRAPS.

THE PRESIDENT
 What the hell is going on! Is this
 a joke! I'm the goddamn president
 of the united states!

LEADER ALIEN
 Your a God damned president?

The President stares widely at his counterpart.

Mick abruptly appears out of nowhere with a BLANKET.

MICK
 (to Trandaccians)
 Guys, as I said, Presidents tend to
 negotiate better with their pants
on.

Mick chucks the blanket over the president's exposed area.
 Which we thankfully never saw.

THE PRESIDENT
 Who the hell are you? What is this?

MICK
 It's Mick -- you know?

The President clearly doesn't, still staring widely.

MICK

Don't be too alarmed, I thought you should meet the um, Tradaccian guys in person. They're alright guys, and we'll keep everything as it is, and no hostilities, you can go back to the white house, and um, everything is cool.

Mick shares a look with the Aliens, like for assurance, they nod. The President meanwhile just looks on perplexed.

THE PRESIDENT

What? Nothing right now is cool!
You better start cooperating, son.

LEADER ALIEN

(at the President)
Excuse me, fucktard.

THE PRESIDENT'S FACE IS A PICTURE.

LEADER ALIEN

Failure to meet our proposed deal, by means of Uncle Sam's enforced retirement, would force us to consider a hostile action program against your planet.

THE PRESIDENT

...What!
(to Mick)
What is this thing? What's it talking about?

LEADER ALIEN

Plazbum, please launch the Chafuwawa, Zabrak and Gamorren extinction streams so the president can be clear about a no-deal outcome.

Plazbum acknowledges and starts keying. The President lays there, in his state of bewilderment.

Mick stands there - doesn't like the direction things are heading.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President, Baldock and two government officials (ADVISOR#1, ADVISOR#2) sit silently in the room.

The main door is opened by a SECURITY OFFICER.

SECURITY OFFICER
Mr President -- Mr Macmillian.

The security officer leaves and Mick strolls in.

MICK
Morning guys. Let me explain
everything.

THE PRESIDENT
Sit down and shut up.

Mick reluctantly obliges, they all look expectedly serious.

ADVISOR 1
Mr Macmillan, Tom Burges -- Senior
national terrorism advisory.

MICK
Terrorism?

ADVISOR#1
Mr Macmillan, given that you are in
the unprecedented position of
negotiation with external beings,
and given that these external
beings have made a credible threat
to our planet--

MICK
Actually that threat--

THE PRESIDENT
Shut up Macmillan and listen.

ADVISOR#1
Now as these beings will not allow
a professional negotiator into the
proceedings, and as you are neither
trained nor qualified to carry out
such negotiation, we have drawn up
a word-to-word script for you to
use, in all exchanges with these
beings.

ADVISOR#2 hands the script from across the table, Mick takes
a reluctant look at it.

ADVISOR#1
You must now only speak these words
to the visitors.

(MORE)

ADVISOR#1 (CONT'D)

Any questions they ask, you come back here for the answers. Any information they divulge, you only disclose to those in this room. Are we clear?

Mick just nods, not going to get a word in edgeways.

ADVISOR#2

We would have course fit you with a wire, but NASA can't even see 'em. We have no idea where they are.

THE PRESIDENT

Which means we have no means of a pre-emptive strike here, and that Death Star biotic gun thing, represents a seriously bad day for humanity.

(directly at Mick)

Humanity, kaput. Done. Au revoir. So it is imperative that you follow our instruction to the letter. Then Earth might live, capeesh?

MICK

...Capeesh.

They all look at him. Serious, evaluating.

THE PRESIDENT

Right. Good. These proceedings do not leave this room. I'm talking to all of you. We don't need any other nations sticking their snouts in this. Yes the threat is global but it's one that only this great nation can conquer -- So God bless America!

Baldock, and the two advisors get to their feet and salute.

BALDOCK, ADVISOR#1, ADVISOR#2

God bless America!

Mick looks at them like they're the aliens - and he's royally miffed with his directives too.

INT. MICK'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Mick slumped on the sofa is reading from the SCRIPT, unenthused, like a boy reading that book he hates in front of the classroom.

MICK

And within any subsequent terms that are agreed upon under section 8 of the proposed bill, the constitution of the United States has the right to evaluate all requested prerequisites...

PLAZBUM also sits in the room. His attention is ENTIRELY on an episode of SCOOBY DOO that plays on the television.

MICK

(still reading script)

...Prior to any set agreement or treaty between our two factions and seek a fair resolution in the face of any conflict or hostilities, the United States govern--

(Mick interrupts himself, and address's Plazbum)

Are you actually listening?

Plazbum doesn't register, big eyes glued to the TV.

MICK

Alien in my room, are you listening to the United States of America's terms of negotiation?

PLAZBUM

Negative. Have they included confirmation that Uncle Sam will continue to produce his raspberry substance?

Mick acknowledges that there is only one safe answer here.

MICK

Yep.

PLAZBUM

Excellent, that is all that is required by Trandaccian.

Plazbum turns back to Scooby Doo. Mick watches Plazbum watch Scooby Doo.

MICK

So what's the deal, you just gonna sit there watching that all day?

The alien, engrossed, takes a moment to answer.

PLAZBUM
 What frequency is this programme
 on?

MICK
 Cartoon Network.

Plazbum pulls out his device, makes a note and then switches
 the TV off via the remote.

PLAZBUM
 I do have a question if I may?

MICK
 A question or an abusive assault?

PLAZBUM
 Question.

Mick nods, apprehensively so.

PLAZBUM
 So you and Alice are no longer
 mates? No longer partners?

Mick's eyes are already pleading.

PLAZBUM
 This question will be sensitive.

MICK
 It certainly is. No, we are no
 longer partners.

PLAZBUM
 Did you and Alice make good
 partners?

Mick nods.

PLAZBUM
 What about the terminology love?
 Did you associate that with her?

That strikes a cord.

MICK
 Yes. Very much so.

PLAZBUM
 So..why you no longer partners?

The question digs deep, but there's a part of Mick that wants
 to answer it. He takes a long deep breath...

MICK

Me and Alice are no longer Partners
because...I'm a stupid asshole.

Plazbum just stares.

MICK

A stupid substandard inadequate
asshole.

(a moment)

I cheated on her. Infidelity, Plaz.
Can you believe that? I cheated on
the girl who's miles outta my
league. Just one time. Drunk. Some
women who meant nothin -- cost me
the woman who meant everything.

(reflects)

That was dumb but... if I'd just
told her straight away, come clean,
told her jus how much she means to
me...

(reflects)

But I didn't. She was the last
person to find out.

Near tears swell in his eyes.

MICK

Two timed her and humiliated her.
Took away every ounce of trust.

(reflects)

If I could only turn back the
clock. Can you guys do that? Take
me back a few years so I can scream
some sense into myself.

PLAZBUM

It's possible. We would need to
reconstruct your torso into a
titanium exoskeleton so it can
withstand light-speed trav--

MICK

Don't worry about it.
I would do anything to take it all
back. But...guess that ain't gonna
happen

(a moment to sum it all up)

So I guess the shorter answer to
your question, Plaz -- I fucked up.

Plazbum computes it all in his likely substantial brain.

PLAZBUM
So that's a fuck up?

Mick sensitively nods.

PLAZBUM
Thank you, middleman.

Plazbum immediately switches his attention back to the television and turns Scooby Doo back on.

MICK
You're welcome.

INT. MICK'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Numbers are dialled on the hotel room's phone, Mick puts phone to ear.

ALICE (O.S)
(at other end, panicky)
Mick? Oh no, what's wrong? They
gonna vape us all? We need to get
out of 'ere, right?

MICK
Nope, they're still cool, jus felt
the need to talk to my fav advisor.

INT. ALICE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME - INTERCUT

She's on her feet, phone to ear, pacing the floor.

ALICE
Oh, thank god again. Every time
your number comes up I think it's
vaporise time.

MICK
Everything is cool. The president,
however, is not being cool.

ALICE
The President?

MICK
Yeah, the President and his dick
advisors. Basically, they want me
to continue peace negotiations, but
the aliens are already cool. I got
a deal with them, but nobody will
frickin listen to me.

ALICE
Deal? What's the deal?

MICK
Um, I just supply them with cartons
of um...milkshake.

ALICE
...Oh, ok.

MICK
And they're giving me like...fifty
G's for each one.

ALICE
Oh ok-- What! Fifty thousand
dollars!

MICK
Yeah, I exaggerated the price a
little.

ALICE
Fifty thousand dollars? That's how
you got the flashy car and stuff?

MICK
Yeah, car, penthouse...

ALICE
Penthouse!

MICK
It makes no difference to them.

ALICE
But you're lying to them, like
deception. What if they get pissed
and like -- cannon-thing everybody?

MICK
Yeah, I have thought about that.
Look, I'm gonna stop the fifty G
thing. Anyway, I need to tell the
President and co about the milk
deal to shut them up. Dunno if
they'll buy it though, sounds nuts.

ALICE
True. But the Aliens would confirm
it, right?

MICK

The Aliens won't talk to anyone else now, just me. And they just want milk. The president is expecting some kind of list of terms, demands. Hell, they'd probably meet them too.

ALICE

To avoid an alien war, right?

MICK

That's right.

She ponders.

ALICE

So you're the only one speaking to the aliens?

MICK

Yep.

ALICE

And the Aliens are happy?

MICK

Yep, as long as they get their milk.

ALICE

So maybe just come clean to the president about the milk thing, or make your own ones up?

MICK

Ha?

ALICE

Come clean or just make up your own demands, right?

Mick thinks hard for a moment. Then the penny drops.

MICK

Woah. Shit. I love you.

Mick hangs up the phone, like a man on an instant mission. Alice keeps her phone to her ear anyway.

ALICE

Oh, Okay. Love you too, I think.

INT. MICK'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Fingers lay idly on a laptop keyboard.

The Monitor: A word document. Titled - Trandaccian list of demands. The rest of the page is uninhabited.

Mick sits on the couch, staring into his laptop. Stumped is an understatement. Major case of writer's block.

He sighs and gives up for now.

INT. MICK'S HOTEL ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A sugar sachet is poured into a mug of tea. We can hear the television in the background.

Mick stands idly by the MINI KITCHEN SECTION - mind clearly distracted.

Picks up another sugar sachet, pours it into the mug. Then another. He's on autopilot.

Stirs his mug with a spoon. For way too long.

Picks up the mug but doesn't drink it, he just stares into the abyss whilst from the TV, we hear a NEWS REPORTER -

NEWS PRESENTER (O.S)

With the recent spate in homeless numbers in America, a four per cent increase in Tennessee alone, Anne Summers caught up with Ted, an ex-council worker who, for the last 10 years, has called the streets of Nashville his home.

It grabs Mick's attention, he looks in the TV's direction.

Television: Ted (50), Bearded, street-worn, talks into the camera to the backdrop of the run-down streets of Nashville.

TED (ON TV)

How I got here? Lost my job. Year later, lost my home. Then my wife. Then my friends. Then my self-respect.

Ted hits a long-suffering smile.

Mick stands engrossed. And sympathetic.

TED (ON TV)

I'm now just a fifty-year-old bum,
No priority to anybody. Least not
the government. This be my home
now. You beg enough -- you get by.

Close on Mick - Epiphany landed, work to do.

Takes a swig of his tea, recoils.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT inspects a document. Focussed. Glasses on.

Mick apprehensively sits opposite.

The two ADVISORS sit on either side of the president, armed
with their super-serious speculative stares.

THE PRESIDENT

(reading from document)

Power nations to quadruple their
efforts in tackling disease and
famine in the third world.

(then, at Mick)

Power nations? Who do they proclaim
as the power nations?

MICK

Us...Russia...um...I'll get
clarification.

THE PRESIDENT

(back to document)

The United States to initiate a
100% housing resolution for all
homeless citizens, with no
exceptions.

(looks up at Mick, alarmed)

100%, that's gonna be one hell of
an expensive programme. Why is it
their concern?

MICK

No idea.

THE PRESIDENT

Why just the United States?

MICK

Dunno, I'm just the messenger.

THE PRESIDENT

(back to document)

This will take precedence over all other spending and has a deadline date of a hundred days from today.

(looks up at Mick, alarmed)

A hundred days from today!

MICK

I'll get back to 'em, try and get some more leverage, Mr President.

THE PRESIDENT

You got that right.

(back to document)

Preservation of endangered species, yep, ok. Involuntary 50% tax donations from all billionaires, like that one. Substantial decrease in gas omissions. Abolishment of all unnecessary road works and parking restrictions.

Looks up at Mick dubiously, who just smiles.

THE PRESIDENT

(whilst reading the rest of the doc)

Yep...

(reads on)

Ok, If it's that important to them.

(reads on, then freezes)

Finally, twenty cartons of raspberry milk per month?

The president and his advisors all stare at Mick.

MICK

That's right. But don't worry, I'll be taking care of that one.

ADVISOR#2

Don't worry? After hearing that ridiculous list of demands? This can't be serious?

THE PRESIDENT

Tom?

ADVISOR#1

Um...Mr Macmillan, we're gonna need some further verification from these extraterrestrials, regarding these terms, before we would ever consider moving on any of it. Is that understood?

MICK

I'm afraid they made it very clear that me and this list would be the only verification, adding that failure to move on these terms would result in a full extinction programme, commencing on the east coast of the United States at twenty-two hundred hours -- is that understood?

The president and his advisors all stare sceptically, but at the same time, highly concerned.

All realise the stakes are just too high. The president then gets to his feet.

THE PRESIDENT

Right, we better get into operation. Tom, initiate an emergency UN assembly for nine am tomorrow. I'll go live tonight.

ADVISOR#1

Um...sure.

THE PRESIDENT

Mr Mcmillian, I guess you better get back to our somewhat tenacious extraterrestrial friends. Earth accepts the conditions.

(looks to his advisors)

We'll get you the official terms of agreement written up immanently.

MICK

That's a load off.

THE PRESIDENT

I suppose I should say thank you.

Mick gets to his feet, the president extends his arm.

THE PRESIDENT

You may have just saved Earth's ass.

Mick shakes his hand.

MICK
Thank you, Mr President.

Looks over at his made-up list of demands document.

MICK
Maybe I just did.

INT. SPACECRAFT - EXTRATERRESTRIAL CORRIDORS - LATER

Mick wanders the alien ship unsupervised and lost. All the Trandaccians he passes completely ignore his presence.

He approaches one that is pressing various buttons on a wall computer thing.

Taps it on the shoulder.

MICK
Hey, excuse me, do you know where
Plazbum or your leader alien is?

The Grey Alien shakes his head and goes back to his work.
Mick is unimpressed.

He sees another Trandaccian who is walking towards him in the spaceship corridor - HELPFUL ALIEN. Mick walks up to him.

MICK
Any idea where Plazbum is?

HELPFUL ALIEN
Affirmative, exploration centre.

Helpful alien goes on his way. Mick looks stumped.

Runs ahead of the Helpful alien. Blocks his path.

MICK
Sorry, where's that again?

HELPFUL ALIEN
Right, left, right, vertical, left.

Mick just stares.

HELPFUL ALIEN
Follow me.

INT. EXTRATERRESTRIAL EXPLORATION CENTRE - LATER

HELPFUL ALIEN is leading Mick towards Plazbum and Leader Alien.

The two aliens appear to be standing before two YOUNG CALF COWS, who are in a mini den, eating grass.

MICK

Hi guys. What are you, farmers now?

LEADER ALIEN

Negative. Plazbum has been researching the origins of the raspberry milk. We plan to take these two cow specimens back to Tusopa, and begin a breeding and extraction programme.

Leader Alien then gestures over to the section next door, which appears to have a growing raspberry bush, with an artificial light beaming down upon it.

LEADER ALIEN

And we have started growing the raspberry.

Mick gives their set-up an underwhelming look.

MICK

Well, good luck with that...

One of the COWS then MOUNTS the back of the other. And MOOS.

They all watch it in its full glory.

PLAZBUM

Unfortunately, we have been unable to postpone the breeding programme.

MICK

Cows don't do postponed...

Plazbum makes a note in his device thing.

They all then turn away from the cow den.

LEADER ALIEN

We now can relieve you and uncle Sam from your ongoing duties.

MICK

Well...Uncle Sam is willing to sell it for a lot cheaper now.

LEADER ALIEN

Negative, we are to depart this galaxy imminently.

MICK

Really?

LEADER ALIEN

Affirmative, our work is done. We have discovered a substance of great significant and am extremely satisfied with the exploration.

MICK

Wow. Ok.

PLAZBUM

We could never thank you enough for bringing this indigenous pleasure to our attention.

MICK

Seriously, don't worry about it.

LEADER ALIEN

And thank you for your intergalactic negotiation. We now see that peace is a far more economical conclusion than extinction, and have considered changing our ethos.

MICK

Well worth considering.

LEADER ALIEN

We likely won't be back for many a millennium. So this is goodbye.

MICK

Whoa...I'm actually gonna kinda miss all this. It's been kinda emotional.

Mick then extends his arm in the direction of Leader Alien.

MICK

Shake hands?

Leader Alien mimics Mick's pose, arm out. But then just wobbles his hand.

MICK

Not quite.

Mick grabs Leader Alien's hand and shakes it.

Then directs his hand towards Plazbum who knows to shake it.

Then they all stand poignant for a moment.

MICK

Well, feel free to drop me a beep.
Even a silly question, Plaz.

Plazbum nods. Then a moment between the three.

MICK

Ok, au revoir my alien friends,
time to get back to my old life, I
guess.

Plazbum and Leader Alien nod, then Plazbum pulls out his
device thing, and keys into it.

The two aliens then stand in a show of sentiment.

Then on Mick --

A GENUINE EMOTION AS HE BEAMS AWAY INTO TRANSPORTATION...

FADE TO:

INT. CHAT SHOW SET - EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE - '3 months later'

Seated HOST, female (30's), buckets of flamboyance.

HOST

Now, I'm trying to put this into
perspective -- there's you,
ordinary guy, everyday man,
suddenly propelled into this
unthinkable scenario, where the
stakes were critical. I mean, what
was going through your mind through
it all?

Mick, seated opposite, searches for an answer...

MICK

One word really -- shit.

Audience laughter.

MICK

No, seriously it was quite a trip. Would be lying if I said I wasn't frickin terrified.

HOST

I can imagine. You're in a situation where these visitors come to our planet, from god knows where. They abduct you. They threaten the planet. I mean we're talking about wiping out the whole of humanity here, and they had the technology to do it. They then ask you to negotiate a peaceful agreement between them and Earth. How can one engage in -- how can one keep their cool in such a high-pressure scenario as that?

MICK

Um...

HOST

We're frickin glad you did, by the way.

Audience applause.

MICK

Thank you, not sure I class crapping your pants as cool, but...

Audience laughter.

MICK

On a serious note, I appreciate that there is still a lot of hysteria around the world about the threat of these... Trandaccian's. But I'm absolutely confident, they have no intention of returning. They were delighted with the terms we have promised. The threat is over. They're not that bad guys, y'know.

HOST

Well, let's just talk about those terms. The UN has now agreed to a one trillion dollar programme to help the countries of the third world. Homelessness in this country has been reduced by fifty per cent.

(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D)

Fifty per cent in the last month alone. These are staggering figures.

Audience applause.

MICK

I know, I know. It's amazing the leverage a biotic attack cannon can have, right?

Audience laughter and applause...

EXT. CHAT SHOW STUDIO - NIGHT

Mick exits the gates to the studio. 3 TEENAGE FANS are excitedly waiting for him. They laud him on arrival.

Alice watches from a distance.

Mick obliges a couple of selfies, a little humbled by it all.

Pulls himself away and heads towards his lady in waiting. She's looking a knockout in her enchanting one-piece.

MICK

Howdy, purty.

ALICE

Howdy...hero.

(referring to the fans)

Wasn't this supposed to be the secret way out?

MICK

Apparently.

She looks at him, locks on her tender eyes.

ALICE

Who would've thought Mick the middle guy would become Mick 'the save the world' guy?

He meets those tender eyes.

MICK

Not me. I'll never know why they chose me.

A moment.

She then moves towards him. Links her arm to his. Plants a kiss on his cheek.

They share a look. It's charged.

MICK

Um...do you think maybe...Mr save the World guy, could um...ever be forgiven, for screwing up the best damn thing that ever entered his sorry-ass life?

Alice looks back. No words, but eyes locked.

MICK

I'm sorry. Sorry for everything I put you through. You never deserved that. I never deserved you. As long as you're happy -- I'll always be happy.

Emotions run through Alice's glittering eyes.

ALICE

Y'know, saving the world isn't a bad way to impress a girl.

Mick smiles. Alice smiles.

Then with arms linked, they walk to Alice's parked Beetle.

Affectionate energy flows with every step.

They reach the car. Arms detach as Alice walks over to the driver's side.

Suddenly Mick's BLEEPER beeps from his trouser pocket. He looks down in the direction of it. A long-suffering look.

MICK

Why did I keep the bleeper?
Sometimes they give up after about half an hour.

Looks toward Alice for her verdict.

ALICE

Better get it -- unwise to ignore aliens who can wipe us all out with one push of a button.

MICK
Trust me, that scenario is
preferable to Plazbum's
preposterous nature questions.

He pulls out the bleeper from his pocket and hits the button.

MICK
(into bleeper)
Yes, what now Plaz?

PLAZBUM (O.S)
(from bleeper)
We would very much like you to help
us negotiate various substance
trade, including uncle Sam's milk
with other planetary authorities.

MICK
Would you...so in other words, you
want me to join your intergalactic
drugs cartel?

Short pause.

PLAZBUM (O.S.)
Affirmative.

Mick shares a look with Alice.

She just hits a resigned smile, then enters her driver's
side. Starts the engine.

MICK
Yeah, I'm afraid, I just don't
think I'm gonna add any valu--

PLAZBUM (O.S)
We realise we may need to
compensate you for such endeavour.

Mick is stopped in his tracks.

MICK
Compensate me?

PLAZBUM
That's right. You greedy dipshit.

Mick smiles then looks over at Alice and shrugs.

She rolls her eyes then puts the car into gear and gestures
for Mick to get in.

MICK
(into Bleeper)
Step into my office...

Alice hits the RADIO - An UPLIFTING TUNE blasts through the speakers.

Mick steps into the passenger side with the bleeper still to ear and quite the optimistic smile.

Alice then hits DRIVE.

The car accelerates away with our couple.

The Volkswagen Beetle flies off into the distance.

We watch the car disappear into the city lights.

THE WONDROUS, ILLUMINATED, NASHVILLE LIGHTS.

ABOVE THE LIT BEAUTY.

THE NIGHT SKY LOOMS.

THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT.

THE GALAXY IS IN VIEW TONIGHT...

THE END.