

TO SERVE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WIDE CITY STREET - NIGHT

On a lamppost lit city street. Traffic is sparse. SIMON (any adult age) in trench coat, walks with a purpose.

He ducks into some concealment.

From his pocket he takes out a small radio. He extends the telescoping antenna and turns it on. There is a low HISS.

Simon sweeps the antenna around. He stops when there is a faint odd SIGNAL in the hiss.

He turns the radio off and collapses the antenna.

He moves out in the direction the antenna had been pointed when it picked up the signal.

STREET CORNER - LATER

Simon again extends the radio antenna and sweeps the area. The odd SIGNAL is strongest down one street.

Collapsing the antenna he heads towards it's source.

RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Simon stands in a doorway. He points the antenna back and forth at the houses on the opposite side the street. The SIGNAL is strongest from one of them.

There is a light in a 2nd floor window. The shade is drawn. A woman's shadow crosses past the shade.

Simon turns off the radio and collapses the antenna. He pockets the radio.

From another pocket he produces a pistol.

Simon leans out of the doorway to glance up and down the street. It's empty. He leans back.

He fidgets with the gun.

Again he leans out and checks the street. Empty, he leans back.

Taking a deep breath he crosses the street, keeping the gun close to his hip.

## RESIDENCE ENTRANCE

At the doorway Simon looks up and down the quiet street.

He prepares to knock, but sees the door is ajar.

Pushing the door open it SQUEAKS loudly.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Come on up.

## INT. BUILDING STAIRS

Simon ascends the CREAKY stairs almost sideways, ready to run back down and out. He maintains the gun at his hip.

## APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

The room is minimally furnished. Couch opposite an easy chair. A coffee table in the middle. No decorations. No TV.

AMANDA (any adult age) casually dressed, leans and waters two small, obviously artificial flower arrangements on the coffee table.

Amanda stands up straight.

AMANDA

Clair, I was thinking --

She freezes seeing Simon in the doorway, pointing the gun at her.

SIMON

Thinking what?

AMANDA

That we should go to a movie. Not you "we," but her "we."

Simon motions with the gun for her to sit on the couch. She complies.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I don't have any money.

SIMON

I don't want money.

Amanda scowls.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
I don't want that either.

Simon moves to the easy chair and sits.

AMANDA  
Well, what do you want?

SIMON  
You know what I want.

AMANDA  
Ah... no.

SIMON  
I want to know why your here.

Amanda looks around the room.

AMANDA  
Because the rent is cheap?

SIMON  
Not here, but HERE. Why are you on  
this planet?

Amanda stammers.

The stairs CREAK as someone is ascending them.

Simon extends the gun threateningly at Amanda, and puts his  
finger vertically to his pureed lips.

CLAIR (O.S.)  
Amanda, I was thinking--

Clair (any adult age) casually dressed and carrying a butcher  
paper wrapped book, steps into the doorway and freezes.

SIMON  
That we should see a movie? I meant  
not we, but you two.

CLAIR  
How'd you know?

SIMON  
You're programming is the same.

Simon waves Clair to the couch.

Clair sits beside Amanda. They sit exactly the same, except  
Clair has the parcel in her lap.

CLAIR  
(to Amanda)  
"Programming?"

Amanda shrugs.

CLAIR (CONT'D)  
Does he want money?

AMANDA  
No.

CLAIR  
Does he want...

Clair scowls.

AMANDA  
He says not.

CLAIR  
Then what does he want.

AMANDA  
He wants to know why we're here.

CLAIR  
The rent is cheap?

AMANDA  
HERE here. On this planet.

Clair stammers.

SIMON  
I'm right here.

They look blankly at Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Same responses. Same words. You  
really need to vary you  
programming.

CLAIR  
(to Amanda)  
"Programming" again.

AMANDA  
Uh huh.

Simon points the gun an the parcel in Clair's lap.

SIMON  
What's that?

CLAIR  
A gift.

Simon waves the gun for Clair to hand it to Amanda. She complies.

Amanda unwraps the gift from the butcher paper.

AMANDA  
It's a cookbook.

She holds it up to show Simon the book with a cover picture of a meat dish and title "TO SERVE GUESTS." She places it back in her lap.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

CLAIR  
Welcome.

SIMON  
Figures. Human's must be a delicacy where you come from.

CLAIR  
What makes you so sure we're from another planet?

SIMON  
The signal.

AMANDA  
What signal?

Simon gets the radio out of his pocket and shows them.

He extends the antenna using his gun hand, and turns it on. It emits an uninterrupted HISS.

Simon points the antenna at them. HISS only.

He points it all directions. HISS only.

SIMON  
It was coming from here. I know it. You turned it off, or this room is shielded, or something.

He turns off the radio, collapses the antenna using his gun hand again, and pockets it.

A moment passes.

CLAIR  
Mister...

SIMON  
Simon, just Simon.

CLAIR  
Simon. I think you might be... just  
a little bit...

AMANDA  
Paranoid?

CLAIR  
Delusional.

AMANDA  
Paranoid delusional.

CLAIR  
Of grandeur.

Simon smirks.

Another moment passes.

Amanda looks at the cookbook in her lap.

AMANDA  
Would you like something to eat?

SIMON  
Not a cannibal, thank you.

CLAIR  
He's polite.

AMANDA  
Something to drink?

SIMON  
Not interested in being drugged,  
thank you.

CLAIR  
(dry-hoarse)  
Well, I'm thirsty.

Amanda nods her head questioningly toward the kitchenette.

Simon wave the gun for her to go to the kitchenette.

In unison Amanda and Clair both begin to get up.

Simon waves the gun.

SIMON  
(indicating Amanda)  
Only her.

Clair plops down.

Amanda goes into the kitchenette, taking the book with.

INTERCUT - KITCHENETTE AND LIVING ROOM

CLAIR  
Simon, are you seeing anyone about  
this?

SIMON  
No. I'm not crazy.

Amanda opens the book and looks something up.

AMANDA  
(to herself)  
That really works?

CLAIR  
Are you taking any meds?

SIMON  
No. I don't need to.

Amanda closes the book and puts it down.

She fills a long stem wine glass with water. She also fills a sparkling crystal glass with water and puts a shiny spoon in it.

LIVING ROOM

Amanda returns with the two glasses of water. She puts the one with a spoon in front of Clair.

AMANDA  
(to Clair)  
I know how much you love your sugar  
water.

Amanda stirs the spoon in the water once giving Clair a raise of one eyebrow.

Clair long blinks once.

They turn their attention to Simon.

SIMON  
So again, why are you here?

AMANDA  
We're on vacation?

SIMON  
It's dangerous on my world, crime,  
wars and such.

CLAIR  
It's boring on our planet. So it's  
like a roller coaster ride here.

AMANDA  
Exciting.

Simon Scowls waving the gun.

SIMON  
(angry)  
The real reason this time.

AMANDA  
Okay, okay. The truth. We're  
here...

CLAIR  
...to prevent?

AMANDA  
...humans from?

CLAIR  
...destroying?

AMANDA  
...yourselves?

In unison, Amanda and Clair smile sweetly.

Simon regards the answer.

Clair begins to stir the spoon in the glass of water. The spoon is shiny. The reflection of light refracts mesmerizing through the crystal glass.

Simon watches the continued stirring of the glass of water.

SIMON  
So, you're... here... here to...

Simon's eyes blink slowly.

Amanda dips her finger tip in her water and begins to rub it around the rim of her glass, producing a soothing musical tone.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
... you're hear, HEAR, to... um.  
Where... were we again?

AMANDA  
(soothing)  
We're here, on your lovely  
sleepy...

CLAIR  
(soothing)  
...sleepy little cottage of a  
world.

Simon's eyes are near closed.

SIMON  
(drowsy)  
...sleepy...

The gun slips from Simon's hand. He relaxes back in the chair and SNORES.

Amanda and Clair both stop.

CLAIR  
That really works.

They turn their attention to Simon

AMANDA  
Simon, you will go home.

SIMON  
(slowly)  
Home.

CLAIR  
If you have any liquor, you will  
drink some. Not all, just a little.

SIMON  
(slowly)  
Rum.

AMANDA  
You will pour half the bottle down  
the drain leaving it uncapped.

CLAIR  
Nice touch.

AMANDA  
And have a nice dream.

CLAIR  
Everything was just a dream.

AMANDA  
You wont remember anything.

SIMON  
(slowly)  
Cookbook.

Amanda and Clair frown at each other, then shrug in unison.

AMANDA  
Go ahead, move along.

CLAIR  
Nothing to see here.

Both Amanda and Claire SNORT in an effort not to laugh.

CLAIR (CONT'D)  
Got that from a TV show.

Simon rises robot like out of the chair. He turns and goes  
out the door.

His footsteps CREAK down the stairs turning into a momentary  
STUMBLE.

They cringe again.

The FOOTSTEPS resume and the sound of the DOOR OPENING THEN  
CLOSING come up the stairs.

Clair examines Simon's small radio.

AMANDA  
Phase modulated receiver. Clever.

CLAIR  
And tasty looking too.

AMANDA  
Now remember--

CLAIR  
Yes, only if we fail.

AMANDA  
They might just make it.

CLAIR  
If they don't then they're fair  
game.

Amanda turns series and looks around the room.

AMANDA  
Now we have to move.

CLAIR  
And vary our programming.

FADE OUT.

END